

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1451 Fatal Instincts

Rowan spent hours walking slowly through the fields of bodies, observing how they all died, he should have passed more than three hundred thousand dead bodies at this point, all impaled at the torso and staked to the ground, and with the meticulousness of this act, he inferred that this was not the work of many people but of a single person. He could detect the touch of a singular consciousness dictating this slaughter, despite the savagery of it, there was a constant note of sadism that was eerie.

With all the madness and horror he had seen over the years, he was not surprised that something as virulently evil as this was dwelling inside of him.

The bodies all appeared to be in the same condition, all savaged beyond common sense with their entrails mostly hanging outside their bodies, and their blood drained from their bodies to cover the earth, making his two legs as he walked through the field of bodies to be covered with red up to his knees.

It did not take long for Rowan to begin coming across bodies of women and children; however, it was odd that even this group of people had signs that they all bore arms, and this was not just a slaughterhouse, it was a battlefield, but one where it seemed that everyone came to fight.

Whatever they had been up against must have been so terrible that they collectively decided to bring everyone to war for even the slightest chance of success. He had not seen another group of individuals or creatures here who could have been their enemy, and so either their enemies collected their dead, or they were up against a single entity.

The memories of the body that he inhabited were blank, the only thing he could glean from it was simply long stretches of white haze like a fog and flashes of terror and hunger that lasted for too long, also fear, a deep and intrusive fear that had pervaded every portion of this man's life seemingly from the time he learned how to walk.

His destination was apparent, it was towards the screams he could hear ahead of him. Hoarse and spine-chilling, the cries were pure nightmare fuel, and anyone who heard them would run in the opposite direction, but Rowan did not have the luxury of running away from his problems, even if they would kill him.

The time he spent walking had been used to familiarize himself with this body, without the ability to call upon his powers that would fix every injury he got in an instant, he had to draw upon everything he knew about the human body, and Rowan knew everything, and that was how he could easily discover that although this man was a mortal, he was

not ordinary, and learning about this difference did not require much knowledge when it was extremely apparent.

His bones were stronger, muscles tougher, and his flesh was thick like leather; it would be difficult to cut him with an ordinary sharp blade without putting a great deal of effort behind the blow. Even after walking for hours, he did not sweat or feel any form of fatigue, instead, he seemed to be recovering, and with all this observation he became piqued with interest in what had transpired to make this mortal become this strong when he had checked the bodies along the way and none of them possessed this quality.

Without his eyes that could see through reality at a glance, he could not peer into the cells and observe the flow of energy inside his body so he had to do it with mundane tools, using the senses of this body, from his eyes down to his skin to understand what was happening inside of him.

He touched his chest, his heart was strong, beating slowly, steady. He drew breath into his lungs for up to ten seconds at a single go, and when he held it, he discovered that it had been nearly forty minutes, and he had no desire to take in another breath. The blood flowing in his veins was thicker than normal, almost the consistency of wet clay, and only a heart as powerful as what beat in this body could have circulated it through his frame, and except for his heart and brain, the rest of his organs were small, almost shrunken, it was as if his body was meant to take a ridiculous amount of punishment while still maintaining effectiveness.

Although he knew of many cultivation methods that could do such a thing to a body, something about this warrior he inhabited seemed... off, Rowan could not just place his fingers on it, and he decided to let this intuition stew at the back of his mind and expect inspiration would sort out the answer for him in time.

This observation about his strength did not bring him any sort of relief, because he had learned that the more advantages he had inside these fractures, the greater the danger he was going to be facing.

What would necessitate this fracture to give him a body that was almost equal to that of a legendary state Dominator, with his attributes equal to ten times that of an ordinary man inside a fracture where he should be a mortal?

His strength, speed, and recovery were ten times of a normal man, and he had observed that except for the missing eye and the three fingers and two toes that did not regrow, all of his wounds had healed to a state where he was nearly at the peak of his strength. He threw several slow jabs in the air, and the fluidity of his joints coupled with the way his fist created a blast of wind around him as he swung them brought a small sense of relief to him, Rowan would simply have to use the advantages he had to prevail over what was to come, no matter how great it would be.

The path he was headed was at an incline, sloping upward, he should be climbing a gentle hill, and he was approaching the end of the field of bodies, and the screams were becoming clearer. He looked back and noticed that he had been on an incline for a while, and he had woken up near the top of this slope, for further behind was a field of bodies that stretched into the horizons before being swallowed by the mist.

He had not been walking through a field containing a hundred thousand bodies, instead, they were millions.

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The cry came again, sounding even more pained and drawing Rowan's attention away from the endless rows of bodies.

It came from a singular source and judging by its pitch, it should be a man, and if he could hear his cries of pain from miles away, then it meant the source was supernatural, and while inside this mortal shell, there were few things he could do to truly analyze this danger before he faced it, but he knew that the owner of this voice must be many times stronger than him.

Reaching the peak of the hill, he climbed over the top and the World opened up for him, and Rowan witnessed the devastation.

As a powerful immortal he had witnessed hundreds of universes being destroyed by a casual swipe of an Old One's claw or tentacle, and so he was quite used to seeing destruction on such a large scale that mortal mind could not fathom, and yet being placed inside a mortal's body without his supernatural perception had forced him to view destruction that was relatively on a smaller scale in a new light, and his understanding of what being in such a position took a drastic change.

You see, even though Rowan could see through the eyes of his mortal children, lived their lives with them, and experienced their wars and suffering, he was still a powerful presence above it all, and he was experiencing it from two perspectives, and even though he could glean every detail of their anguish, he could not truly experience it in a manner that would shock him to the core, his immortality had been a barrier over his senses that he was not aware of, and now standing on top of a mountain and seeing an entire continent laid to waste, made his spirit shudder, even the endless fields of bodies behind him was a backdrop to watching a continent washed in red and bodies piled up in piles that formed mountains.

Horror and fear filled his heart, as the steady heartbeat of this warrior began to increase as adrenaline and various exotic hormones began to run rampant through his body. Usually, Rowan would have easily cut out all of this distraction, but now he had to learn to flow with it.

Fear and pain were something that every mortal lived with, but some of them had learned to take advantage of that state, and so that was what Rowan was doing: taking advantage of his body, increasing its physical activities, and collecting as many details of the horror as he could gather.

Of course, the first thing he was looking out for was the origin of the screams, and it did not take long for him to find it. His breath caught in his throat, and his body was frozen in place; he could not help the reaction from his body; it was as instinctive as breathing.

Hanging like a falling sun not far from the earth, a broken blood-red ball of flesh hovered over the shattered continent, and at the center of it was the cry of a man.

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Chapter 1452 A Slim Passage

Rowan might only have the body of a mortal, restricting much of his immortal wisdom, since a mortal's mind could barely hold a fraction of all the knowledge he had gathered in his lifetime, but he could recognize what was hanging over this doomed continent, and if he was correct then the trial before him was insane, there was no way in hell he should be able to achieve the goal of this fracture.

'Is there a possibility that I hate myself? How else do such impossible challenges fall on my path? This could be too much, even for me.'

He observed what was before him, even as the strength left his legs and he collapsed to his knees, this was purely an involuntary action, his body simply responding to the menace before him. 'Surely this could not be it; he could not end his journey here; how was it possible for a mortal to kill a being that was on the verge of godhood?!'

It was not as if Rowan had not achieved this feat before, many times in the past, that even such an activity became mundane for him before he became a true immortal, however, no matter how strong this body was, it was nothing in comparison to the power that Rowan originally controlled with his Empyrean bloodline fuelled by containing multiple Ouroboros Serpents.

If he had his previous body at the Legendary state that had ten times the strength of this body in addition to his regenerative factor, insane energy stores, and powerful Sin weapon, even then the chance of victory would be fifty-fifty, but now, even a slight sneeze from this emerging god would turn him to ash.

He was now inside the sort of body that Rowan had once despised due to their innate weakness and poor potential, and it was all he had to work with; there were no allies, no great weapon, just a frail mortal body standing before a godlike being.

‘So, this is it, this is where it ends; after all my bluster and talent, when taken to the limits, I have finally seen something that I cannot conquer.’

The screams emerged from the ball of flesh once more, seemingly taunting Rowan who was on his knees, upon hearing this sound, Rowan unexpectedly stood up and began to walk towards the ball of flesh, his pace was shockingly calm as if the mental torment of a moment before was nothing but a dream,

‘If I’m to die in this trial, if this is my last day, then it would not be on my knees. I have accepted this truth, in life, there are challenges that you are never meant to win.’

With this thought in his heart, Rowan’s disposition changed, even as a mortal, with no vast immortal power supporting his spirit, Rowan was at peace, true peace. His heart beat slower until it was stable, his limbs steadied and his mind began to work with his fear, which was a new and unique sensation for him.

Rowan was still afraid, the kind of fear that should freeze his limbs as his fight or flight responses had collapsed under the impossible weight of standing before an impossible existence like an emerging god, but he was able to function despite this fear, his mind overriding his instincts in a manner that should be impossible, and Rowan Knew that if he left this fracture, he would be able to function in his now mortal body despite the pain.

From walking towards the screaming half-god, Rowan began to jog, his body familiarizing with this process once more, and from that light jog, he began to run. His speed ten times that of a normal man left him a blur in the eyes of anyone who would have observed him, his feet did not pound the ground as he seemed to glide over the earth, untouched by gravity, the supernatural grace of Rowan that had left other immortals in awe slowly seeping into the bones of this mortal.

Hopping and skipping over obstacles in his path, he traversed past mountains of bodies and terrains that had been crushed by a great power, leaving large craters that extended for miles, some so great that the continent had nearly been torn apart and so deep that there was a hint of red at the bottom.

This was the power he was supposed to fight against when his strongest blow could hardly collapse a building, he was a mortal that was about to go up against a force of nature, and Rowan discovered that he simply pushed forward even faster because after admitting his shortcomings, his stubborn personality still showed him a path towards victory.

It was because his mind was beginning to fire on all cylinders, almost as if his fear was fueling this process, and he discovered that all might not be lost as he had once thought. In a million roads that all led towards death, there was a slim passage by the side that he could use to find life.

The first sign that all was not lost was the unceasing cry from the ball of flesh, Rowan knew that for a mortal to become an immortal, in this case, a god, they would have to go through Tribulation, this step was slightly different from universe to universe but the process was always the same, a calamity would be imposed on the god candidate and if they could overcome it, then their souls would become immortal.

At least immortal in the sense of a god and a universe, since a god's lifespan was the same as a universe, which was a single minor era, but that was such a long number of years; for many,, it was widely regarded as immortality. A billion trillion years was a long time by any stretch of the imagination.

If he followed the normal cultivation process of a mortal to a god, then the person inside the ball of flesh was an Earth god on the verge of becoming a deity.

The lifespan of an Earth god depended on the powers of their bloodline and their technique; some Earth gods could live for a few tens of thousands of years, while others could live for millions.

Rowan did not know the reason why this Earth god had slaughtered everyone in this land and devastated the continent, perhaps he had failed his tribulation and had gone mad, but Rowan soon dismissed this line of thought, he had gone through the field of bodies, the mind that did all of that was mad, but it was a different sort of madness, it was one that glorified in slaughter and suffering, and even this shattered continent was a tale of someone lost in a blood frenzy.

No, killing everyone here and destroying the continent was not related to the Tribulation or madness, enduring whatever was happening inside that ball of flesh was the true Tribulation, and all of these factors were the reason Rowan believed that he had a chance.

Unlike a true immortal like a fully realized god, an Earth god could be killed if their energy stores could be depleted, and unlike a god that could be resurrected inside their Divine Kingdom endlessly unless the Divine Kingdom was destroyed, an Earth god would not be resurrected from death.

An Earth god could recover from any wound, decapitation, fire, poison, or total eradication of their body, as long as they still had energy inside of their Mental Space or Core, and from what Rowan had been observing from the moment he took this body, this Earth god had been rather liberal with his powers before he began his ascension.

Shattering a continent was within the purview of an Earth god, but such an act would be costly in terms of energy, and unlike him, who could endlessly regenerate his energy, an average Earth god without a proper source of Aether might spend months even decades regaining back the Aether they spent on such an activity, and he wondered why this Earth god, after consuming so much of his strength had still chosen to become a god shortly after.

Perhaps he did not choose, Rowan thought; he should have had no choice, as the Tribulation should have been unexpected.

Rowan had a bad habit of judging other immortals using his standard. It was very likely that after this Earth god had slaughtered everyone here, his mental state had been in an abnormal position and this might have triggered his Tribulation.

Rowan had gone through the bodies and had seen a megalomaniac enjoying themselves to the fullest, and as he was running towards the ball of flesh he could see evidence of great torture, he could as well imagine this Earth god, standing over this shattered continent, seeing all the terrible works of their hands, and feeling like a god, this could be enough to trigger the Tribulation, as their hubris became a trap for them.

The Tribulation was the deciding factor that Rowan considered to be the deciding factor that would ensure his victory.

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Chapter 1453 No One Is Worthy

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This unknown Earth god had spent a lot of energy destroying this continent and killing everyone inside of it, and in addition to the Tribulation they were currently undergoing, it would be amazing if they had a fraction of their energy stores left, and under the crushing power of the Tribulation, they were going to be greatly distracted, this would give Rowan the brief window that would aid him in damaging the corporeal body of this Earth god to the extent that he might exhaust the last drop of Aether and Essence in their body.

In fact, he might not need to even reach that point if he could destabilize the mental state of the Earth god to the extent that they could no longer handle their Tribulation effectively, the backlash they would receive would be able to kill them, and all of this would have to be done without him making a single mistake, because the present gap between this body and the Earth god was so massive that only a slight error on his part and he would be vaporized.

There would be no second chances if Rowan failed here, then he would have no choice to reveal his Origin powers to escape the shackles of this fragile form, or he would destroy his body so he could be resurrected elsewhere, but doing something like that would make it nearly impossible for him to return to the Land of Miracles to access the ocean of Primordial Life's memories, whom Rowan was sure would have the answers that would smoothen his path to the sixth dimension and reveal why he was hesitating in fully activating his Origin bloodline.

Rowan was getting closer to a hovering ball of flesh that was almost a thousand meters in circumference and filled with large pustules that bled a disgusting yellow ooze which fell on the earth, where it corroded a large swath of land, causing a massive crater to be formed below the wriggling fleshy sack, which spewed out large amount of toxic smoke.

His eyes narrowed, this was an important detail, he was sure of it, instincts born out of being a near-omniscient being made him take note of this corrosive slime, it was the right moment for him to begin gathering weapons that could be used against this Earth god, heaven knows, he would need all the help that he could get.

Rowan's ear twitched as he caught an unexpected sound under the endless screams from the ball of flesh, and he stopped running, staying in place so that he could listen, and he heard it again, quickly catching that these were words, and the faint sounds of whispers. He was not alone.

Acting more on instincts than thought, Rowan's left hand blurred and grasped the air three times in front of him, the first was on his forehead, the second his throat and the last was his chest, he did not need to look down at his hand to know that he had just caught three arrows, and from the way his fist was trembling, the power of the arrow would not have killed him, but would have been enough to weaken him.

This was good; it meant he was against people who were nearer his level, and that meant that he could effectively resist, even if they were many times his number. He was a wolf in sheep's clothing.

His eyes were peering into the distance, even as he began moving toward the direction where the bolts were fired, without access to any form of ranged attack, he was at the mercy of the archer if he could not close the distance quickly. Range attacks were his greatest shortcoming in this body, and the answer was to quickly close the gap.

Rowan had already noticed several nondescript marks on his surroundings that he avoided, it was not hard for him to discern that those were traps, and if he were to be mired inside any of them, his situation would change from bad to worse because he heard multiple voices, there were more than one hunter here, and he was not as alone as he once thought.

Again his left hand flashed in front of him, and he caught another three arrows, but the power behind them was weaker than the first salvo, and Rowan was able to track down the location of the archer, who must have been spooked by both Rowan's speed and freakish coordination

He had clasped the first three arrows in his right hand, and now he squeezed both of his fists, breaking all six arrows near the tip, allowing their feathered backend to fall to the ground, essentially giving him six darts, he had no long-range abilities, true, but with a good enough weapon in his hand, he could rectify those shortcomings, especially when he discovered that the archer was powerful, but there was only one of them, a pincer attack

would have been a bit irritating, but a single archer was too small a threat. His steps had never stopped and with his speed, he crossed through the space separating the archer and him so quickly that the archer did not have time to release another round of attacks when two arrowheads, flying as quickly as bullets blasted toward their position where they impacted with a sound that was as loud as an explosion.

Rowan heard a muffled curse and a cry of pain as the archer who hid inside a pile of corpses at the top of a shattered mansion fell from his perch, the arm holding his bow hanging broken to the side, tracking the falling body with his eyes, Rowan set the tip of another dart on his middle finger and was about to flick it to end the life of the archer when he diverted the bolt to the side while shooting the last three in a seemingly random fashion around him.

Cries of shock and curses erupted near his position as six figures that had been cloaked in invisibility were revealed after a massive explosion that flung out white flames around Rowan.

There had been one archer and six other figures present here, and as Rowan was stealing towards the Archer, they had been coming closer to ambush him while they were all under a cloak.

The bolt that Rowan had released, which had been meant to take the archer's life, had been diverted towards a bright white fireball; although at that time, the fireball had been invisible, Rowan's senses were extremely powerful and backed by his wisdom had detected the heat meters away and also its caster.

He had flicked that bolt in such a manner that it had been revolving like a bullet, and so it shattered the structural integrity of that fireball, causing it to explode, shattering the invisible cloak covering the attackers near him, and the bolt that had almost melted into slag continued on its path before impacting its caster in the chest, blasting the fragile mage backward for dozens of feet as a pale blue shield that covered the mage flickered and almost went out.

Rowan inferred that the only reason the mage had been this close to him was that he was cloaking the rest from his sight, but now that he was out of commission, he could easily see the rest of them clearly.

They were dressed in black armor and leather, and their faces were painted red with what his nose told him was blood, they had a focused yet crazed look in their eyes that Rowan instantly found to be familiar, and the killing intent in his heart died off, but seeing their looks, he knew he could not get them to listen unless he broke them, and that was what he set out to do.

The last three bolts he released pierced towards the three attackers closest to him, the first was slim, having a ranger-like build, and holding twin scimitars, the bolt headed towards him was almost invisible with the force Rowan had thrown it with, but this

ranger was fast and he brought both scimitars in front of him to block, however, he had underestimated the power of the bolt as it slammed his weapons into his chest and took him off his feet where he collided with his partner behind him, driving both of them to the ground in a tangled mess.

The last two bolts found their target almost instantaneously, and although his attackers were skilled, blocking the blows with their weapons or shields, they were thrown back, leaving a single warrior who had neared Rowan enough that he could swing his great sword at his neck in a sweeping blow that caused the short hair on Rowan's head to almost be blown straight back and pain erupt all over his skin before the blade had even reached him.

Rowan's eyes flashed with a bright light and his body moved without conscious thought, trusting his instincts because his mind was too fragile to process a ton of information as he was always used to, and he could not access more of his brain power without any sort of energy powering his consciousness, and so he had to rely on his subconscious, using this method to draw out more processing power from his mind than any mortal should be able to.

He punched upward, striking the flat of the blade when it was a feet away from his neck, and the blade was swept upwards, whooshing above his head, his second fist was already heading for the throat of the warrior, who hastily blocked the punch with his arm but a loud crack signified that his bones had broken under that blow, and before the warrior could bring down his blade that had nearly been loosened from his grasp by the first punch, Rowan had already unleashed a fierce kick at his waist, nearly bending the seven-foot man into the a rough c-shape as he body was flung to the side.

His weapon fell from his hand and was easily caught by Rowan, who hefted the blade, checking it for any defects as well as analyzing its weight and sharpness, satisfied, he drew an arc on the ground in front of him as he swept the blade to the side, waiting for his ambushers to rise, as he stared at the ball of flesh hanging not far away from him.

"Who the hell are you?!" The ranger rasped as he slowly got to his feet, "Do you worship him? Are you the minion of the Dark One?"

Rowan was scrutinizing the ball of flesh more intently, checking if their little skirmish had drawn any sort of attention from the Earth god because if any sort of plan would work it needed to be an ambush, he saw no signs of that and so he distractedly replied to the ranger,

"No one is worthy of my worship."

BRICKTRADER

Chapter 1454 New Face

Chapter 1454 New Face

It did not take long for this rag-tag bunch of warriors to organize and pull themselves together, Rowan had hit hard but he was not going for the kill, otherwise, they would all be dead, and the primary reason he did not do that after nearly killing the archer was because he was impressed by their conviction and skills for mortal beings and the second was that he could sense their pain.

They were not here in the service of this Earth god, it should be the opposite, the desolation he could see in their eyes and the pain that he could sense from their spirit was all the proof that he needed, and it helped that even though they had not given up, their aggression against him had lessened and they were not overtly threatening him.

It took a surprising short amount of time for the seven of them to recover from the wound that Rowan had given them, this was due to the fact that they had a Mage who could cast healing spells, and so for the past few moments as they watched Rowan warily, he was focused on the magus incantation and the slight change of energy that he was able to pick up.

The attack of the Archer had been slightly threatening, but if they had led with magic, Rowan might have been more inconvenienced, although it would not have changed the outcome of their altercation, it simply displayed that harnessing energy would always be superior to physical might in most cases.

This hint of energy movement that he had picked from Mage was all he needed to pick several patterns of energy manipulation and transference that should be unique to this world, the screams of the Earth god carried a great ripple of power that stirred the Aether around this entire continent, but its levels were too high for his mortal mind to touch, this Mage however, possesses Aether manipulatory abilities that was just right for him to emulate, and he closed his eyes, sinking deep into his mind as he drew upon every single bit of processing power that this mortal mind was capable of and began making the links between his body and the energy pathways he could sense from the mage.

The seven individuals here could as well be non-existent as he delved into the realm of power, the fear in his heart beginning to die down as a new weapon was being crafted into his arsenal. This process was familiar and even without much of his tools, he could still make great headway.

Rowan knew that his eyes had been closed for five minutes and some of the warriors here had begun to fidget, especially the mage who was whispering furiously to the seven feet tall warrior whose Great sword now rested in Rowan's hand and who should be their leader, by his act of calming the rest and organizing them in a loose formation that would ensure that if Rowan decided to attack, he would not be able to kill all of them at once, at least that should have been the case if they were standing against anyone else, but with a weapon in Rowan's hand, their deaths would come instantaneously if he wished it.

A small part of him was listening to their whispered conversation but he did not have the processing power to analyze them yet, not while he was busy trying to decipher the power system of this realm using a brief second of watching the Mage heal his companions, but he was storing those words in his mind and when he had the mental space to process their words he would understand them better, nevertheless, he needed to be quick, the ascension of the Earth god would not wait for him to gain more power, and Rowan was not going to be doing that anyways, he simply needed to understand what sort of power the Earth god would be capable of wielding inside this Fracture, and if he could be able to borrow any of that power, if not, then counter it to some degree.

Rowan could not access nearly 99.9999% of his immortal memories, but the fraction of his memories that he could access was enough for him to determine what sort of power structure he was dealing with and it was enough for him to begin making connections with his body, however, he was failing, and he could not discover the reason why that should be the case, and the lack of answers was quite bothersome. Rowan could barely glimpse the energy structure of this Fracture, and with his understanding of Aether, technically he should have been able to access the structure of power that governed this world, his mental prowess, although diminished, should have easily grasped the Aether flowing through this Fracture, and he kept trying to access this energy dozens of times, and he finally decided to give up, obviously something was blocking him from accessing this energy and this might just be one of the trial limitations to keep him weak and ensure that his survival rate barely remained above zero.

He did not remain frustrated at this problem, his mental state had exceeded those notions, and Rowan simply switched to the next objective, which was understanding what these seven before him had been saying, and the result was greatly surprising.

Of the seven here two was female, the Archer and a beefy woman who wielded a mace, she had been struck down when Rowan had blasted the Ranger with an arrow head, and the whispers among them was simply astonishing because they had not expected any survivors to remain in this wasted continent as their survival was simply due to the Earth god, called the Dark One seeking to toy with them until he was satisfied. These seven were the remnants of the entire civilization that once inhabited the continent, all great warriors and leaders, they had been the companion of the Dark One at the earlier stages of his life, and they were kept alive to witness all that transpired before the Dark One finally killed them.

However, the greatest reason they had attacked Rowan was because of fear, because by all indicators, he should be dead, not that they had seen him perish before or anything like that so his walking corpse had been something of a shock to them, but simply because he had a sword stuck deep into his head.

Rowan frowned when he listened to them, he had a profound sense of his body, and if there was a blade stuck inside his head, this mortal flesh should be dead and at the least, he should be able to tell, but he could feel nothing, his sense of balance was not broken by any added weight to his head, and Rowan slowly brought his hand forward to touch his head but there was nothing, from the way the eyes of the seven widened and the look of

fear in them he knew that something was truly wrong, he attempted to touch the blade once more, but there was still no signs that he had been injured, and finally it was the leader that stepped forward, stretching his shield over and turning it around so its inner reflective part could face Rowan,

“Perhaps this might help,” he said, “It is said that only the Dark One could wield that blade.”

Rowan did not refuse the offer of assistance, bringing the shield to his face and for the first time since he entered this Fracture, he saw his reflection. Somehow he was not as surprised by what he saw, even though he felt that he should be, it almost felt as if he was expecting it.

The face he wore belonged to Arcturus, the first soon of Seed, a teardrop from the Primordial of Life, he looked much younger here, a young man entering adulthood, and as much as that was surprising, what was not was the black sword that was swirling with reddish fog that had been thrust through his forehead and emerged from behind his head.

All this while he had been walking with a weapon embedded in his skull, and when Rowan attempted to touch the hilt of the blade, his hand simply passed through it as if it was made from the stuff of dreams and not a corporeal weapon.

“Interesting,” he muttered

The leader of the seven looked at him as if he was insane, looking behind him as if to reassure himself that he was not the only one who heard what Rowan had said before

he coughed,

“That is not what I expect anyone to say if the blade of the Dark One is stuck in their head, but who am I to judge, the world has ended and any sort of madness is

permitted, I guess.”

“Worlds are ending even as we speak,” Rowan said, “to me, the novelty of such an event has worn off, but it is interesting for me when my senses could have been dulled to this extent.”

“You are not from here, are you?” The leader spoke slowly and Rowan pushing the shield back to him smiled,

“What gave me away?”

Chapter 1455 Weird News

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Rowan observed the leader of this group of seven, who had the appearance of a grizzled veteran who had survived many battles, he was the most heavily armored among all of them, making Rowan peg his strength to be half his own, which was impressive when he detected that there was not a lot of Aether flowing through his body, due to age and other complications, he was slowly growing weaker.

In a part of his mind, he could not help but be fascinated by the aging process of mortals, as he could observe their cells dying and being replaced, only each time the replacement was a little bit off, a little bit weaker, and slowly the glory days of a mortal came to an end. For immortals the process was nearly opposite, for with great age came strength.

Rowan sighed, pulling his mind away from these unnecessary thoughts, “You all, hunt the Dark One? Admirable, but most would agree that this is a road to ruin.”

The leader of the seven smiled in sadness, “And yet that is the road that we must walk until the end because there is nothing left for us here but death and madness, and if the final acts of our lives would be to plunge our dagger into the heart of that mad man, then it would be worth it. The question, however, is simple: who are you, and how is it possible that after the Dark One left his blade inside your head, you are still alive? Perhaps you hunt him like us or are you his discarded shade?”

“So many questions, most are irrelevant to the matter on hand,” Rowan replied as he arched his brows, surprised that the knowledge of Shades were known to mortals, “Know that indeed I hunt the mad creature ahead, but for the rest of your questions, I cannot answer them, because I also don’t know the truth of my origin in this place, consider me an extra blade to this venture.”

“Venture you say,” The Mage suddenly cackled, “We go to die fool, and you call it a venture. Oh well, what one more body to the pile, just because you are strong does not make any difference here. I hate the look in your eyes, there is nothing there but curiosity, if you really are an outsider in this realm then do not mock our suffering” Rowan cocked his head to the side as he observed this mage, he appeared to be young, but his hair was white, he was most likely preserving himself past his natural life span using Aether, and there was a haunting look in his eyes that showed that this man was at the edge of breaking, faint sparks shot out of his red eyes uncontrollably, and Rowan was sure that only the presence of his companions was making him hold on to the smallest tethers of humanity left in him, in situations like these, suicide was a relief, and so Rowan spoke slowly to him, his voice reaching the others, and the calmness in his tone was enough to force them all to listen, truly listen to him, “I intend to hunt the Dark One, and yes, I intend to kill him, is there a chance that. I might fail, yes, I will likely die without accomplishing what could barely be classified to be a nuisance for the Dark One, but is

there a chance, no matter how small that I would succeed,” Rowan paused, allowing his words to settle in the mind of these warriors and for the tension to build,

“Yes, there is one. It is slim, and the opportunity is fleeting, but there is a path ahead that leads to the head of the Dark One on the fucking ground. You are right, I’m an outsider, but I know the difference between right and wrong, and killing that thing is much of a trial for me as it is for you all, my levity comes from the fact that I have accepted my death, and so all I am focused on is to be able to kill as effectively as I can, anything short of that mental state would lead to failure.”

They were all frozen in place, and it was the female archer who stepped forward, “Are you telling the truth, or is this one more elaborate lie from that mad god to play with our hearts before he ends us.”

Rowan looked her in the eyes, “This is no joke, we can kill him, and the more time we stand here talking, the less that chance becomes.”

“Is it because he is undergoing metamorphosis?” The leader of the seven spoke nearly in a whisper and Rowan looked at him in surprise, he sniffed in irritation at the look he got from Rowan, “Just because we are mortals does not mean we are stupid, after a month of endless screams, we should be able to decipher some truths,”

Rowan smirked, “No, I was only surprised that it took you so long to figure out this simple fact,”

He heard the Mage whisper under his breath, “Bastard, how can he still make jokes” and Rowan smiled inside, if this Mage was mad at him, then it meant that he was not focused on the Dark One, and that was good cause Rowan would need them, without having access to Aether, they would have to be dragged under his banner of battle.

They were busy contemplating his words but Rowan could not give them the time for them to become used to his presence because time was a resource they were running out of, “So, what would it be, are you all with me, or do I fight this battle alone?” In a short while, he had taken over the inner dynamics of this group, his presence influencing them more easily than words could account for, the leader looked around his fellows, except for the Mage who muttered, “We don’t even know his name,” they all agreed with his words, and the leader stepped forward with his gauntleted hands in a handshake,

“Then we march as eight.”

Thunder rumbled as the skies darkened, under the cries of a mad Earth god as Rowan shook the hands of the leader,

“We do.”

“My name is Firen,

Rowan hesitated for a moment before saying, “Arcturus. Let us go kill a god.”

The current state of reality where the Frozen Road was gone and chaos reigned across existence, when countless universes and dimensions were being destroyed at every moment and the lamentations of the fallen reached the highest heavens, the inhabitants of the Land of Miracle did not seem to care.

As a Primordial Domain, just a couple of branches of their Tree of Life were bigger than all of existence, and they had the right to look down on every other immortal in reality because inside their Domain, they were untouchable, even if the highest heavens were to fall, the heavy branches of their Primogenitor would keep them safe. In the Eldar Branch, most immortals here looked upon all of reality and saw the wars as a massive source of entertainment, several Houses under various Pathways that had not left the Land of Miracles since the dawn of the Primordial Era began to come into reality, knowing that the road of plunder had been open, and countless universes and dimensions were up for grabs.

Most likely in the near future, the Old Ones from every Primordial Domain would institute their authority over reality to end the barbarism that was sweeping through all existence, but for now, they all seemed to be turning a blind eye to it, profits were being made and lips were kept shut, further fueling the Scions of the Primordial Domains to leave their glorious lands to conquer reality when it was ripe for the picking, who knows when a chance like this would ever come up.

However, amongst the top echelons of the Land of Miracles, a piece of weird news was circulating, drawing the attention of the powerful, who heard that a famed Scion had returned, who was responsible for the destruction of the Frozen Road, and instead of being celebrated, he was being tortured, with his death seeming to be the only outcome in store for him.

This news gripped the top levels of the Land of Miracles, and at first, this was taken to be lies, but when summoning from Seed to all of the Eldarah, informing them he wanted to access the Memory of Primordial Life for the Ascension of his grandson, that rumor began to take on a shade of truth, for the notoriety of Seed was known, a powerful Old One with only a single descendant that also became an Old One, they all knew the weight of blood that was linked to him, and they understood that the fate of his descendants was always grim, no matter how powerful or talented they were doomed to death.

Chapter 1456 The Gathering Of The Eldarah

At the roots of the Tree of Life, which surrounded a vast area that connected all of reality and the Abyss, with links to light and darkness and the many fundamental forces of creation and destruction, an expansive green sea resided, whose volume was enough to flood all of known reality, the Memory of the sleeping Primordial Life. It was tranquil, and no waves passed across its endless expanse, but for the faint green mist that arose from

it, there were rumors that if someone could watch the flowing mist for long, they might be able to decipher some particularly deep enlightenment on the application of Life Aether.

The sleep of a Primordial was quite different from any life in existence, both mortal and immortal, due to the weight of their existence being so vast that their mere waking thoughts would reshape reality on a vast scale. In the Primordial Era, the weight of existence was different, there had been Primordial Essence floating through the fabrics of reality, deeply intertwined with it, and it was this Essence that gave all of reality the foundations to hold the weight of a Primordial, however, at the end of the Primordial Era, every single drop of pure Primordial Essence had been harvested and shared amongst themselves, what was left was a lesser form of energy Aether, and energy like that was like air when Primordials were meant to walk on metal, it could not support them.

Victims of their own success, whether by accident or design, the Primordials could no longer roam reality, because by their actions they had weakened it to such an extent that their Era was gone, and no one else would be able to see their glory again, and they could only fall into a deep slumber where nothing could awaken them except the end of reality itself.

They did not fear for the safety of reality or their domains since no Primordial Essence was floating around; the chance that there would be any powerful Old Ones going against them was reduced to nearly zero, for only an infinite power source could be used to fight against beings who could only be regarded as infinite themselves.

It was the reason they could make plans that could last across countless minor eras without fearing that those arrangements could be broken for there were no powers left in existence that could threaten the balance they had created, and yet that was changing, as the Primordials arrangements were slowly coming to a fruition, and it was largely unknown the direction that the future held.

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At the Memory of Primordial Life, the Eldarah began to gather alongside their retinue and descendants; everyone who gathered here was either an Old One or a Supreme genius, and using the term Supreme genius in a Primordial Domain was cause for concern because it meant that their talents were considered unmatched.

Such a gathering of power anywhere outside a Primordial Domain would have shaken all of reality to the core, but at the seat of power of a Primordial, such an event, although not commonplace, was something that occasionally happened. Rowan would have been shocked at the Eldarah gathering here.

The Land of Miracles held a hundred Old Ones, which was a staggering amount, but when it was considered that these were just the ones who were awake and/or present at the Primordial Domain at this time, then the terrifying depths of the Primordial Domain could

slowly be understood, not even Seed could know the true depths of the Primordial Domain because it was unreasonably vast, and filled with so much mysteries that Seed or any other Old One would have to spend countless eternities in exploration, and it would still not be enough.

In essence, every Primordial Domain was a self-contained Ecosystem, able to nurture an immortal to the peak of existence, which was the eighth-dimensional level; no other places, in reality, would have the resources or the capacity to nurture so many Old Ones, seemingly without any limits.

The only reason members of a Primordial Realm would venture out of it was simply because they needed unique resources that could not be made inside their realm, an example would be souls from the lower realms and certain resources from other dimensions, like Abyssal Gems from the Great Abyss, or Rainbow Dew from the Celestial Realm among many others.

However, it was usually the most adventurous or the ambitious that would choose to leave the Primordial Domain to gain more power than could be collected inside their Land, and it was usually those sorts that ended up reaching the level of Old Ones as having a Primordial Bloodline alone was not enough to guarantee you would ever reach this glorious level where you were below an extreme few and above everyone else.

In front of the Memory of Primordial Life were Seed and Elura, head bowed in discussion as countless streams of thoughts and ideas flowed between both of them and kneeling beside them was Rowan with a pulsating red blade that had been driven through his forehead, emerging from his spine.

His body occasionally shivered as if he were in a nightmare, and vast pulses of power emerged from the blade as if it were struggling to keep him in place. This power from the blade was so foul and powerful that the lesser retinues of the Eldarah could not come closer, even some at the seventh-dimensional level; acclaimed geniuses could only stay at a distance because the barest waves of power emerging from that blade were enough to drive fear into their hearts. If this was the experience from afar, what would it be like if a blade like that were driven into a body?

From the Old Ones gathered here representing the Eldarah, six of the most prominent stepped forward, their presence shaking the heavens, their leader was a particularly short Old One who had the visage of a child but whose eyes were ancient beyond reckoning, he looked at Rowan, glancing at the weapon sticking through his forehead with distaste and a bit of pity, he frowned, addressing Seed with clear annoyance in his tone,

“How could you bring such abominable powers into our domain, and you even went ahead to use it on a noble bloodline like this? Seed? Your madness goes too far; is there anything you find sacred?” Seed glanced at him before looking away, sending the last of his thoughts to Elura before he answered, “I am not here for your pithy words Mulsef, only

for you all to bear witness. My grandson would take the plunge into Memory and if he dies, that shall be his fate, but if he lives, then a Domain he shall have.”

“Another senseless slaughter of your noble bloodline? Just because a miracle happens with Elura does not mean this madness of yours has merit, all of this is meaningless and a stupendous waste of resources. “

“If he fails, yes, but if he lives, then there is no loss here, only endless profit.”

Mulsef turned to the other Eldarah beside him, “Remind me again why we allow him to continue with this madness? Ah, yes, it was because he promised us a return of a hundredfold greater than the waste he incurs every time he slices off our Primordial Essence to create his so-called mortals. You have failed millions of times, with only one success; only someone like you would consider this sort of thing a viable approach to progress.”

At those scathing words, Seed simply smiled, apart from Mulsef who looked like a child, the rest of the Old Ones possessed traits that Rowan had now associated with Eldars, tall, thin, with long green hair and eyes, all were beautiful, and filled with an effortless air of grace, they all almost seemed unreal.

Seed grinned, “That flimsy argument about me repaying you all a hundredfold, is the presence of my daughter Elura not enough? Show me any of your descendants that are more glorious than she is?! You all should be thanking me, for having the vision to create an incomparable goddess that all of you would desire.”

His words made the Eldarah bristle with irritation, because the power of Elura was easy to witness, not just talking about their descendants, they were not even sure that they could be equal to this Eldar who was once a mortal, behind Seed, Elura smiled a bit, but Seed next words made her eyes flash,

“Now, there is another of my descendants who has repaid the Essence spent a thousandfold, still a mere fifth-dimensional immortal; he has shattered the Frozen Road! He is Breaker, and for that his trials shall be magnificent, and you all are to witness his rise or his fall, and a Domain you shall give.”

A particularly tall Eldarah stepped forward whose features were nearly identical to Mulsef’s, and if not for their height difference, they would be considered identical twins,

“Ah, this little immortal broke the Frozen Road, and yet you are here breaking him. I do not agree with my brother on many things, but in this one, I would have to also call it madness; a Breaker in our bloodline should be treasured, not placed under such a ridiculous test. Tell me, does he know that this option to ascend to the sixth dimension while soaking inside the Memory of Primordial Life has been banned, simply because of its barbarity? What do you get out of walking the dangerous path, Seed, do you wish for

nothing but chaos? One of these days your actions shall force us to make a stand against you.”

Chapter 1457 He Still Holds Back

Seed was not taken back by those words, they had played this game a thousand times over, he and the Eldarah, instead he burst into rapturous laughter, knowing that he always had an advantage over them because of the things that he was willing to do, bound by tradition and their old powers, the Eldarah had become complacent and it was an easy thing for him to taken advantage of that fact, Seed spoke out, his words were particularly inflammatory,

“You should choose your words wisely Yulsef, we all know that as long as I keep making all the important play, you all will still need me, instead you should worry more about yourself Yulsef, do not give me the idea to come for a seat in the Eldarah, because believe me, I will be coming for your position, unlike you lot, I don’t hide my intentions, and my path is unshakable, the fact you waste so much time with meaningless words vexes me to no end when you know my mind cannot be changed. This is my blood, and his path would be one of Emperors, and if he fails, his death is nothing but proof that he was not worthy of my path. This burden is for him alone to bear.”

“Ah, interesting,” Yulsef grinned, “In every scenario you come on top, with no risk to yourself but time, and time you have in an endless amount, it will be interesting what he thinks about all of this, your grandson, I can feel the air around him, Seed, it seethes with hate, this should not be of his choosing, is it not? Just for this, if he survives, I will love to give him all the support that he desires, away from your wretched hands.”

Seed’s eyes narrowed, “Your intervention is only for the sake of tradition, do not step outside your boundary, Yulsef, or such great slaughter I shall call on your descendants.”

Yulsef sneered, “My descendants? I have many, you have only one. I don’t see a scenario where I am the one afraid. Is this what you are now reduced to, threatening my spawns?”

The atmosphere was slowly growing heated before Elura stepped forward, standing ahead of Seed and the Eldarah and she gracefully bowed,

“I apologize for the words of my father; although uncouth, he means well, I fear that his insistence on isolation has degraded some of his social skills. We are not here for disagreement, instead we are here to present the Eldarah with a powerful resource, a weapon that could be wielded against all our enemies, this is a chance to lift all our branches to the height of this Supreme Era, and for everything we have done here, there is a justification for it. Including the inclusion of such chaotic power near the Memory of our Primogenitor, you see, my son is not just a Breaker, he is the Dominator of a Supreme Circle, and for someone like him, there needs to be special dispensations, he can be... stubborn.”

Silence reigned for a while at that bombshell that Elura had just dropped, and another Eldarah from the six stepped forward, this Old One was female with an especially long hair that seemed to penetrate multiple dimensions, although with the beauty of the Eldar, it was sometimes hard for those not of their race to tell the difference between a male and a female, but her voice was especially soft, like a quiet breeze,

“For someone of such talents like your son, Elura, surely you would have seen reason for him to use the many less dangerous options, a Scion like this, may come once in a Major Era and his death would be a waste. There is no victory here, only a major waste and we mourn for him, in our ways, this madness can still be stopped.”

“Zerak, your words are welcome,” Elura shook her head, “But, on this matter, we see things differently, it is because he is such a great talent that the best that can be given is the least we could do for him, no matter how dangerous it is for him, forgive the words of my father for he too struggles with this decision if my son survives, he does not need to be given a Domain, he can claim it when he becomes an Old One, with this sacrifice, I hope you all give the permission for his submerge in the Memory of Life”

Seed and the Eldarah looked surprised at the words of Elura, giving up a chance for her son to claim a Branch if he survives when with his actions he had technically earned it was nothing but a loss to the child, but this seemed like a suitable price to pay because of Seed’s arrogance. It was a win-win for them, because on the slim chance that Rowan survives, then they would not be giving an entire branch to a sixth-dimensional immortal, which would do nothing but enlarge the power base of these two already overpowered Old Ones.

The Eldarah looked at each other, conveying hidden messages between them, and finally, it was Zerak that spoke,

“As demanding as your requests are, Elura, your son has shattered the Frozen Road and brought forward one of the prophecies of our rise, a Domain should be his reward, but you are asking us to grant access to the Primordial Essence within the Memory for his rise to the sixth-dimensional level, we have decided to agree to this, yet we still think he deserves more reward, and so if he reaches the seventh-dimensional realm, he shall be the first in our history to claim a branch at that level.”

Elura bowed, “This is acceptable”.

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Seed and Elura stood aside, watching Rowan struggle, his eyes closed and the pain was obvious on his face. “Everything is going according to plan,” Seed sent his thoughts to Elura, “However, your reason for denying Romion a domain, I would hear of it. Do not tell me you are jealous of his talent and seek to suppress his growth. Why give away such a great advantage?”

Elura smiled, “Your words sting Father, but you have a way of raising him, and I also do too. I am not jealous of his talent because there is no need for me to be, he is my son after all. Romion is a child of wonder, and I suspect that something drastic is going to take place next, refusing the domain on his behalf was made to tie down the hands of the Eldarah, whatever is to come, they would not be able to back out of it. They already gave their words. Besides, this is also your fault, you antagonize them too much Father, and to spite you they would have delayed the process of Romion entering the Memory, I am simply cleaning up your mess.”

“Hmm, then in this matter I will trust your judgment, his bequeathment was shifted to the seventh-dimensional level, and so not much time would pass before he gains it, if only they knew how quickly he cultivates, they would not have made that decision, who would ever believe he can become a fifth dimensional immortal from the third, in just a thousand years.”

All was quiet for a while before Elura spoke, “Are we doing the right thing by him? He has so much potential, perhaps he should have taken a less risky path.”

Seed’s eyes flashed with fury and he seized Rowan by the neck and began walking towards the Memory, making Elura gasp in surprise as well as the Eldarah, their retinue left behind were still not fully aware of what was happening, but they knew that Rowan was still in a debilitated state and bringing him close to the Memory of Primordial Life was nothing but suicide.

Yulsef burst into laughter, “He has finally gone mad, do not let him taint the memory of our father with that abominable energy, as soon as that child dies, draw him out of the Memory.”

“Father, what are you doing?” Elura cried out, a bird flash of intense anger going across her vision.

Seed grunted in irritation as he saw that look in her eyes before he sent her a thought, “You think I have pushed this lad, but I still suspect he holds back, and this knowledge frustrates me to no end. Why do I think no matter the trial I put in his place, he is still toying with them? Don’t you see, even till the end, he did not even try to display his fucking Will.”

Elura frowned, “old man, you are going too far.”

Seed paused as if in thought before he sighed, “Perhaps, guess I will be finding out if his limits lie here.” then he tossed Rowan into the Memory of the Primordial of Life, with the blade of Caine suppressing his physique to those of a mortal.

Chapter 1458 Inside The Ball Of Flesh

Rowan and the seven warriors were three miles away from the ground, standing on the massive ball of flesh that was the Tribulation for the Dark One. Storm clouds surrounded them as lightning snaked all around them, Rowan knew that this was a sign that the Tribulation was coming to an end, whether for good or ill it was unknown, but the air was beginning to seethe with power and potential as the storm cloud grew, bringing with it massive gusts of wind and rain that tasted bitter, the end was coming, and as darkness spread all over the broken continent only the light of emitted from the lightning acted as a source of illumination.

Reaching here easily was due to the actions of the Mage who had created platforms of ice in the air, and unlike the rest of them who were watching the view from the air as they rested, preparing for the final push, the Mage had collapsed to a senseless dribble on the ground, uncaring that his body was almost sinking into the ball of flesh as he gasped for air. They had been lucky to reach this height before the storm picked up, else it would have been impossible with the growing wind that had grown so strong it was already picking up bodies and tossing them miles into the air.

“Good job Valgus,” Rowan said to him, “You got us here just in time!”

“Fuck you,” he gasped, “You did not have to push me that hard, I feel like I’m dying” “You still have the energy to talk, that means that I pushed you to your limits and not beyond it. Rest up; in two minutes, we attack. That is the stage for the real trial.” “Bastard,” Valgus whispered and began doing breathing exercises, not even bothering to spit out the bitter rain entering his mouth. This close to the Dark One, Rowan had forbidden any sort of magic, as any foreign movement of Aether would alert their prey, he did not care if the growing storm would be able to disguise something like that. For mortals hunting a near-immortal being, every single advantage counted. From hundreds of meters away from the ball of flesh, Rowan had used his strength to carry each of his companions by using series of massive jumps that tested the limits of his muscles and joints, and now he was decked in armor and except for his head that was uncovered, the rest of him was clad in metal, not that this would make much difference if he was hit by any technique of the Dark One, but even the slightest edge could determine the difference between victory and defeat.

The only magic that he allowed was on the mufflers covering their cars, and since Rowan had no helmet, it almost appeared as if he had two fluffy ears sticking out of his head, it completely shattered his image of a powerful warrior.

Rowan had tested that the flesh was stable enough to stand upon and was not dangerous by tossing a body upon it, discovering that they must avoid the areas spewing yellow acid, however, he noticed that the flesh underneath their feet was ridiculously tough, and it would be far too difficult for them to cut through, looking around he saw that the only way to access the inner portion of the flesh was through the holes secreting acid.

Giving sign language to the team, he saw them curse internally, and Rowan did not wait for them to make up their mind, he looked around for the spot that had the best space that could fit his body, timed the release of the acid which he discovered poured out more violently when the Dark One was screaming, and walking over, he waited for the right

timing, looked back only once and smiled at his team and he jumped into the gash in the flesh where a moment before a large amount of acid that could have dissolved him to the bones had been spewed.

A moment before he fell into the darkness, he looked up at this growing storm and a sense of disquietness filled his heart that he could not put his fingers on, somehow this storm felt a part of the Tribulation, yet it felt as if it was being magnified beyond what it should have been.

Something was wrong.

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Rowan closed his eyes, he could feel the edges of his armor sizzling as the corrosive cloud covered his body, but he was sliding down this passageway rather easily and that was all that mattered, judging by his hearing he should be able to make it through before the next wave of acid poured out of it, but if he was wrong, he would be dying inside this tight acidic vein.

He had jumped into the gash to give himself more momentum, coupled with his weight after wearing the heaviest armor among their group that almost weighed two tons, his timing was correct and he smashed through a membrane below with virtually no hindrance and then he no longer felt constricted and was in a free fall, all of his senses opened up, he saw what was below and all around him, and Rowan quickly made a decision.

The inside of the flesh ball was not large, a few hundred meters in circumference, and below him was a large pool of acid, however, there were massive fleshy pillars in their dozens all around this area, and Rowan arrested his fall by grabbing onto one of them, and sliding down for a few feet before he stopped falling.

His gauntleted hand pierced through the flesh with relative difficulty, but since the tips of his gauntlet were razor sharp, he could easily manage this level of exertion. He heard panicked cries above him as his seven companions found their way through the fleshy passage. The fleshy membrane above delayed their fall, but he quickly saw that except for the Ranger, who would be able to recover quickly to grab a fleshy pillar, the rest were not going to make it.

Pushing against his pillar that was clastic under his touch, he sprang forward while throwing five short blades.

The blades extended in midair transforming into spears, each of them piercing into different pillars, some appeared below the feet of the falling warriors, whose agility was potent enough to stand upon it, while others slid in between the gaps of their armor, pinning them to the pillars closest to them, and for the last person, the Mage Valgus, Rowan caught him like a princess, while releasing another blade extending from his feet

to hold them both to the pillar, watching the face of Valgus that had become pale with fear, Rowan smirked and the eyes of the Mage seeing his face that was not only calm but also carrying a sort of unknown excitement became filled with irritation as he pushed himself away from Rowan's hand, finding himself a perch on the fleshy pillar.

Giving them time to acclimate themselves to their current position, Rowan's gaze sought their target, and it was not that hard to find him, because he was close to the Mage, Rowan was able to help him brace for what was to come,

“ARRHHRRHHHHH...

The roar of the Earth god was like a sonic bomb exploding, and inside such an enclosed space, despite all the preparations, it turned out not to be enough, the power of the Dark One carried a weight that slammed them against the fleshy pillars as the acid pool below erupted like a volcano and underneath the deluge and the chaos, Rowan could still hear the screams of his companions, including the two that was falling from their pillar towards the acid pool below.

Even before they reached it, the torrents of the erupting acid had already turned them to steaming sludge.

Chapter 1459 First Strike

Chapter 1459 First Strike

There had been eight of them a moment before, and in the blink of an eye, only six were left. Rowan had expected such losses, but he would have preferred if his companions had died while striking the Dark One with their last breath, it was the only consolation that could be afforded to them, however, he understood that this was how things were going to be when mortals stood against what could be best described as a force of nature, even his death could be unexpectedly swift and sudden and he had no way of preventing that from occurring.

As suddenly as it had begun, the eruption of this corrosive liquid stopped, and Rowan looked below to see that the pool of acid was gone, the force from the cry of the Dark One had blasted them out of the area, and it finally revealed their foe, and Rowan blinked, because the Earth god here was familiar, even through the ruinous state of his features, his face belonging to someone he had killed not so long ago, Drakul, the Old One, that ancient vampire that had fed on countless universes and dimensions, well, in this Fracture he was an Earth god aspiring to become a god.

Rowan did not try to analyze if this scene had ever happened in the past, due to the many inconsistencies surrounding it, for one, it was unknown if Acturus and Drakul had been born at the same time period, he suspected that Acturus had existed far before Drakul was born because Seed was ancient, and even if that was to be the case where these two had

lived in the same time period, Acturus had been a mortal because of the wishes of Seed his father, Drakul, on the other hand, was born during the Primordial Era, and he began life as a gigantic extra-dimensional bat-like creature. It was in the endless bounty of the Primordial Era where power could be easily obtained that Drakul had grown into the horror that plagued reality for countless years until he was slaughtered in the war that ended the Primordial Era.

What Rowan believed he was witnessing here was most likely a random fusion of multiple events he must have glimpsed throughout his life. With the shattered state of his consciousness beset with madness, this Fracture had most likely pieced together fragments of Rowan's Memories, his hidden pain, and mental wounds into a deadly soup, and he was being made to face them without any barrier of his great power or omnipotence.

So it did not matter whose face he wore or which enemy he was going to fight, they were all his trauma in one shape or another and Rowan shook his head as if he wanted to blow away his wayward thoughts.

This was not what should be distracting him at this moment, so Rowan simply threw away these streams of thoughts, he was acting like his mind still had an unlimited processing power, and he was wasting it on useless thoughts when he should be focused on nothing but the battle, although he knew that these seemingly random thoughts were important, because battle against immortal beings involved more than just the physical aspects but many random pieces of information which could come together to lead to a breakthrough, however, he could not afford to be distracted at this point.

This space resembled the insides of sick and bleeding giants, and they were the parasites in its system. Everything pulsed and bled, and the smell was intensely foul, like a battlefield filled with bodies left to rot under the sun for days.

The Dark One was kneeling, naked, at the center of this space, appearing more like a decaying cadaver than a living person, large portions of his skin had sloughed off and his muscles were exposed, massive pulsating tentacles connected to this fleshy sac that resembled worms were pierced into his body, and Rowan could see that a constant stream of a powerful corrosive liquid was being pumped into his body through those tentacles.

Rowan watched as the Dark One slowly grabbed one of the tentacles and began to pull it out of his flesh while letting out groans of pain, there seemed to be too much of its length inside his body for it to ever be natural, despite this Earth god standing more than fifteen feet tall, on his knees he was as tall as Rowan in this body.

In a single motion that sounded as if someone was tearing struggling flesh with an unreasonable amount of force, the Dark One pulled more than four feet of wriggling tentacle from his body, but there seemed to be more left inside, and he had to struggle for every pulling motion he was making as the tentacle fought to be buried again inside his flesh.

There were already dozens of such tentacles lying at his feet, most likely the result of his labors for the past few months, and only three were left inside of his body. Rowan understood that the moment that he freed himself of the last of these tentacles, the Dark One would have gained his freedom and it would signify that he had conquered the Tribulation. They had come just in time, the Dark One was almost through with his Tribulation.

As the Dark One struggled to pull out the tentacles from his body, blood, and the corrosive yellow liquid oozed out of his flesh, and Rowan could feel another rising scream emerging from the body of the Earth god, his team would not survive something like that a second time. It was time to act.

Rowan gestured to the Mage who had spared a bit of his concentration on the fading remnants of his two companions and was already used to loss that could break the mind of any mortal, Valgus the Mage nodded at Rowan, and he made two actions simultaneously, the first was to make Rowan invisible and the second was to throw a massive white fireball at the kneeling Dark One.

Chapter 1460 The Currency Of The Strong

Firen, the leader of the band of seven, no, now five, Osha, and Purin were lost in mere moments after entering the prison of the Dark One, and he had no time to mourn; with everything that had been happening, he doubted he would ever be able to get that time.

He gripped his blade so tight that he could hear micro popping at the joints of his gauntlet as his armor was the shield that carried his pain and fury, but mostly pain. Their deaths were expected, all of them dying here was expected, and yet it still hurt. He had watched too many people die, and the last bastions of his sanity, his wife Osha and his friend Purin were gone, and the darkness never seemed so close.

The Dark One, Drakul, was once a teacher and a close friend, older than the Empire, true, but he had safeguarded their home for so many millennia, it would have been impossible a year ago to believe that everything could have gone wrong, so quickly, that in a decade, this mad god would tear everything down that he had contributed a great deal to help build for hundreds of thousands of years.

Unlike the others who were here for revenge, Firen also had another purpose, and it was to give his friend and his mentor, peace. It seemed like madness to be contemplating such a thing, but Firen still remembered the good times when they had a guardian and leader, and the many accomplishments that he had made over the millennia, a living legend.

He did not say this out loud; all of them had suffered at the hands of the Dark One, their souls had been inflicted with wounds that would never heal, and any admission of pity on his part would lead to the group fracturing, the fact that they were still holding on was a miracle.

Their new companion was an enigma wrapped inside a puzzle; his presence and capabilities-even the little they had glimpsed of that-were, quite frankly, terrifying. However, in times like this, it seemed like this was the best option that they could manage; in this ruined world, it was someone like this that could be drawn here, like a fly drawn to a decaying corpse.

He did not detest the figure of Acturus, even if it seemed as if everything to him was a game, and no amount of danger was making him flinch, there seemed to move much to this man than could ever be seen on the surface, and was as if what was standing here before them was simply a small part of who he was.

Firen had noticed the easy way Arcturus had taken charge of their group, even managing to uplift the dour spirit of their Mage, who was about to take his life before he had arrived, was proof that despite his easy-going attitude, this was a man who understood the hearts of men, and allowing him to lead their party was an easy thing for Firen to decide upon, even though his claims that they could ever win was insane. His eyes were not on the wretched remnants of the being that he once called mentor and friend. Instead, it was focused on their new leader and how in this situation he almost looked... bored, and when he gave them the sign that the moment they had all been waiting for had arrived, Firen leaped into battle with a smile.

A massive white fireball blasted towards the Dark One the size of a large millstone, and at the center of that flame were hundreds of screaming skulls whose color was blood red, their new leader, Arcturus had called Valgus aside and he did not know what he had said to the Mage, but Valgus had left for a few moments to the mountains of corpses that were scattered across the blighted landscape and he had whispered to them, only now did Firen see that the Mage had called upon their souls, filled with anger, pain, despair, and he called them to fight.

Arcturus had also inscribed several unknown runes on their armor that Valgus had not understood and had promptly dismissed as the ramblings of a troubled mind, yet these flames released by the Mage made Firen rethink all his assumptions of their new leader.

The fireball was like a meteor, beautiful and enchanting only when seen from afar, now that it was barely a few meters in front of him, Firen's heart nearly exploded out of his chest from the massive amount of power that he could feel inside that blaze, when did Valgus become this powerful, and was the simple words of Acturus all he needed to become this strong?

“BOOOOM!!!!!!”

Whatever thoughts were on his mind were blasted away at the impossible explosion that erupted from the position of the Dark One as this fireball reached its target.

All Firen knew was that if Valgus had not somehow pressed the energy of that explosion to entirely focus on this fallen god, then everyone here would have been wiped out;

instead, what he received was a force that struck him on the chest, driving his breath away, by chance he looked towards the Mage and saw him staring at his hands with a stunned look, and Firen understood that whatever Valgus had done, he did not understand it.

Firen was struck with an unexpected burst of fear, suddenly feeling extremely small. With this starting blow, this battle had already exceeded his comprehension, before they entered this place, Firen had no fancy thoughts in his mind that they were going to win this battle, instead, they were here to defy the Dark One, even if they did not manage to land a scratch on him.

He had followed the plans of Arcturus because there was no reason not to, after all, they would all be dying very quickly and quite terribly, and for once he did not want to be the one leading his people to death, let that burden belong to another.

When Neo and Karah had fallen so quickly before the battle even began, he did not find it as surprising, however, this flame from Valgus, what the hell was that? And why was his heart beginning to become filled with an unexpected emotion... Was this defiance?

The white flames filled with screaming skulls surrounded the Dark One and for a brief moment there was nothing but their hollow cries that were filled with pain and rage resounding all over this area, and then there was a horrifying voice that sounded like a talking thunderstorm,

“Filthy maggots, how dare you desecrate my Light?”

Then a powerful sound as if a hurricane was drawing breath resounded throughout this space making Firen fall to his knees as he squeezed his ears in pain, his bloodshot eyes watched as the white flames and red skulls surrounding the Dark One rapidly shrank as if they were being drawn into an abyss, and in a moment they had vanished, the last skull drawn into the open mouth of the Dark One that had been stretched as wide as a crocodile.

The fallen god remained on his knees, and his gaze barely brushed past Firen and the others, and the Dark One returned to his grisly task; they could as well be nothing but ants before him, he continued pulling on the throbbing strands that were stuck deep

in his body.

Firen’s heart nearly stopped as he looked upon the horrifying visage of the man they had all worshipped, he should be dead a thousand times over, but his Will burned the air like flames, and the tiny bit of defiance that had grown in his heart when he saw the mighty flames from Valgus that would have shocked the heart of anyone banished as if it was nothing, he would have surrendered himself to the inevitable at this moment, and yet it was the words that the Dark One so casually spoke that made that flame of defiance return, burning even brighter.

They were not maggots, not toys to be discarded just because they no longer served the vision of a once benevolent deity that was now mad. There was no reason why their world had to end at the whims of a mad god!

During the many months of senseless slaughter committed by the Dark One, he had said nothing, not even a single word, it was as if no one in the entire continent was worthy of his voice, and yet, now, he had spoken, and fury like nothing Firen had ever

known filled his heart.

After all the months of pleas, this was what it took to finally make him speak, power... this was the only currency that was respected by the strong.

Firen rose to his feet, not even aware that white flames had begun to pour out of his armor and down his blade as thousands of skulls began to converge around his body, he started to walk towards the Dark One, his steps slow and methodical,

“We commit our souls into the Unseen Light,” Firen spoke aloud, “We do not pray for mercy or time, there is nothing left of the world for any of us to return to. We stand here Keepers against the darkness....

Chapter 1461 Root Of The Fracture

With every step that Firen took, the white flames from his body grew increasingly scorching, even his armor could not withstand it and began to melt, so he left a glowing trail of metal behind, the skulls covering his body kept increasing, and it was as if this space started to warp because tens of thousands of skulls had covered him, and the number was increasing exponentially, and yet this area that should not be wider than a grand hall was still fitting all of this skulls.

His steps shook the air as the air ignited, winds from every corner of the continent were drawn into this space and the white flames burned so bright it turned red.

Firen’s hair came alit, followed by his flesh, and he began to burn, however, the heat being generated from the flame was enough to erase him out of existence, the fact that he was still whole and only the surface of his flesh was melting away was remarkable, but Firen did not care what was happening, or the pain he was withstanding, a distant part of his mind understood that whatever was happening must be because of Arcturus, but he could not bring himself to care how this was possible, all he knew was that he wanted- needed this god to pay for his deeds.

He did not care if he died, and that was why he prayed to the Unseen Light, one last time. Their deeds today needed to be told to the dead.

The sound of his voice increased as the flames grew higher until it resounded like thunder and even the man long considered to be a god by the people of this land, stopped and listened, a growing interest in his cold eyes,

... The stars have gone dark, the silence becomes all... Unseen Light, I do not beg for salvation, only for you to bear witness, carry the echoes of our voices to the ears of our fallen, let them know that we are here, and we did not kneel.”

The fleshy ground below his feet cracked and Firen, whose appearance was almost like an incarnation of flames attacked, the strike of his sword carrying a hundred thousand screaming skulls.

Rowan smiled in satisfaction when he saw the massive fireball released by Valgus, he might not be able to access the strings of energy of this world, but as long as he could observe those who could use it, then he could improve on it, even if the knowledge of those who had access to it were not sufficient, his will was sufficient for them to succeed.

It was a shame that he already lost two of his companions, but he had expected losses, now he only had to silently direct the flow of battle from behind and ensure things went according to plan, but what happened next blew away any sort of structure pattern to this fight,

“FWOOOSHHH!!!!”

Like an entire forest catching flame, the body of Firen exploded with flames so powerful that it made what emerged from the hands of Valgus resemble the flames from a matchstick, this was not according to his plans, and even Rowan was surprised by the power erupting from Firen’s body and then the man began to pray, and every word he spoke struck Rowan like he was being pierced by a thousand flaming swords,

“We commit our souls into the Unseen Light,”

Rowan did not know if it was his dominion over souls, or if Firen willfully granted authority to an unknown power to ferry their souls to the other side as he prayed, but the title of Unseen Light fell on his shoulders like an anvil, and Rowan grunted as he nearly fell to his knees, the weight of being granted the holders of the souls of this entire world too much for his mortal shoulders, and only his great stubbornness kept him on his feet.

He could not afford to be out of commission, there was a fucking maniac to kill, he needed to conquer this Fracture, too many sacrifices had been made to bring him here as he stood when by all right he should be on his knees.

“We do not pray for mercy or time, there is nothing left of the world for any of us to return to. We stand here Keepers against the darkness....”

Those words helped him and took away some weight from his shoulders, Firen had absolved him from the responsibilities of so many souls and the weight became impossible to bear to something almost impossible to bear, this was not a slight distinction, and it gave him enough presence of mind to know that Firen had just shattered whatever plan he had created.

“Fuck it, perhaps this is the best way,” Rowan growled and gestured towards the rest with the hidden signal he had made, and then Firen completed his prayers, and what Rowan understood about this Fracture became something else,

...carry the echoes of our voices, and to the ears of our fallen, let them know that we are here, and we did not kneel.”

There was a weight to these words that went beyond what was on the surface, and it was touching one of his deepest insecurities and trauma, it was the core of this Fracture, and Rowan nearly collapsed to the ground, as he turned towards the Earth god, he was not surprised that the face of the Dark One was now his own, Rowan Kuranos, and he saw himself in the visage of this mad god.

The face here was no longer Drakul’s but his own, cold and filled with arrogance and madness.

“When did it begin, Rowan thought to himself, ‘When did the guilt over the slaughter of countless mortals begin to fester in my heart like poison?’”

The answer came to him like a storm, the core of this Fracture revealing itself to him.

A vision came to Rowan, a Memory that he had placed aside in his unceasing striving for greater powers.

He was standing above a Major World, Trypho, and his powers at that time had been unchecked and blazing like the sun, like a wolf released among sheep, he had seized the Divine Kingdom of Murrihm, The Star Gazer, and he cast it down on this Major World like a star being thrown to the ground, and using the technique he had learned after watching a Gas Giant, Rowan had gathered the shattered remnants of space as the realm tore towards the planet below.

First, he had watched space heal, and then he reintroduced those pieces of space he had collected back into reality, and the result of this act was so destructive, that the explosion swept across the entire world, killing all ninety-five billion mortals on that planet.

Rowan still remembered the feeling in his heart when he destroyed this world, unleashing that ungodly devastation on its inhabitants, he thought it was similar to releasing a frenzied cat from his grip, he had not cared that he had ended all those lives, only what the feeling of him unleashing his strength had been like.

He had struck away from his mind the horrifying portions of that battle, for although the end had been swift when he crashed the Divine Kingdom

of the Star Gazer into the earth, during the battle, the cries of the dying god had swept through this world, and the mortals had faced hell on earth, even the unborn babies chose to take their lives using their umbilical cords.

Rowan had gone on to kill so much more than this in the years to come, and with his immortal mind, he could bear the weight of all these deaths, but now this burden had been placed on his mortal mind, a more fitting punishment for him could have never been found, and seeing the struggling Earth god here having his face, Rowan suddenly knew that the difficulty of this Memory Fracture that was impossible before had

suddenly grown.

Above thunder rumbled as green rain began to fall.

The Earth god spoke in Rowan's voice, his gaze piercing through the incarnation of flames and fury heading towards him to the man behind it,

"Pathetic mortals, your lives are barely an afterthought to the sights I have witnessed. It is by my Will that you all fall, and that is the decree that you shall obey!" The blade of Firen did not stop, instead it swept down even faster towards the neck of the Earth god, and with a loud crash that would have resounded all over the continent, the Dark One grabbed onto the descending blade and held it in place, but the screaming skulls that followed the swing was not stopped and they slammed into him with such great force that he was blasted back into a fleshy pillar behind where Olaf, a warrior holding two large maces covered by white flames, the second of which was collected from Osha swung it towards the skull of the Dark One.

Chapter 1462 The Voice Of Rage

Chapter 1462 The Voice Of Rage

The two maces hit empty air leaving a long trail of flame in the air, missing their intending target by a mile, the body of the Dark One that should have been launched farther by the red skulls into the falling weapons had not, instead in a reality-defying motion, the Dark One returned to his previous position as if he had never been pushed back.

This unexpected diversion by the Dark One led Firen to be open to attack because he had barely even begun to pull his hand back after that first slash, and he had been hoping to follow through with his next attack, but like a gigantic specter of death, the Dark One was before him. Firen smiled, before the gate of death, he was at peace. What happened next went by incredibly quickly, as the Dark One now close to Firen struck like a viper, his left

hand pierced into Firen's body repeatedly, at least a dozen times, and every time he removed his hand, he was either holding an organ or a sizable chunk of bone, all of these was tossed to the side, discarded like trash.

Despite the sort of sounds that would have killed a thousand men, Firen roared, the sound a haunting dirge as he swung his blade, but there was barely any power in his hands and he collapsed to his knees in front of the Dark One, in an instant, he was beaten, yet his blade never left his hand.

Behind the Dark One, Olaf who had missed his swing was rushing over, white flames surrounding his feet, boosting his speed, but the intensity of the flames paled in comparison to what Firen had been capable of, however, it still brought him close to the Dark One relatively quickly as his figure seemed to vanish and he reappeared in the air, a few feet above his target, his arms were already poised upwards to strike, his mace glowing like twin stars, but those arms never dropped.

With a seemingly careless backward swipe, the left hand of the Dark One cut through the left arm of Olaf at the shoulders, the armor could as well be made of tinfoil for all it did to stop his harrowing motion, as the hand of the Dark One continued through the left hand of Olaf and cut just below his neck, exiting on the other side of his body after slicing through the shoulder of his right hand.

Olaf blinked his eyes in shock and pain and the top portion of his body fell backward, and his torso without arms or head landed on the ground and stood still for a second, blood furiously shot out from his body as his powerful heart worked for the last time, and then his body fell on his side, the Dark One had not even turned around.

Standing over the kneeling body of Firen who was gasping for breath, due to the fact that among the organs the Dark One had pulled out of his body, he had taken out most of his lungs, and what was left behind was not even bigger than a baby's fist, bending down a bit, the long arm of the Dark One stretched towards Firen's face, and his palm covered his entire head and a portion of his shoulders as he brought the convulsing warrior to his face.

When he was kneeling it was easy to forget that he was fifteen feet tall, but holding onto the seven-foot-tall muscular warrior, who now seemed like a child in his hands, the picture that was conveyed was striking.

Sure the Dark One might be naked, his skin was all but nonexistent, eighty percent of his muscles were nearly liquified, with his bones and organs shriveled with no signs of life, and then adding the three tentacles pumping enough corrosive liquid into his body that was enough to dissolve an entire continent, there was still no doubt that this figure carried power that no mortal could comprehend, and staring at him in all his glory, and all his horror, was an experience that would drive a mortal to madness. He brought the head of Firen to his face and the Dark One whispered, his stringy black hair that was covering a part of his face parted aside to reveal a face that was still striking even though

he had nearly no skin, it was almost improbable, but that face was still beautiful despite the horrifying scars.

“What did you say to me, maggot?”

If Firen could be able to talk, even now that he was without lungs and half his throat was gone, he would have, Firen would have laughed, but the Dark One did not want him to speak, because the hands of the Dark One were squeezing his head so tightly that any minor force added to it, even if that force was simply a feather falling on the fist of the Dark One, it would be enough to crack his head like an egg.

It was in this state, placed at the edge between life and death that the fallen god, who still remained his lost friend and mentor in the heart of Firen, brought his head down and began eating the warrior in his grasp, melted armor and all. He did not seem to be in a rush.

Of the seven warriors who had begun this campaign with Rowan, three were dead, the fourth was kept on the edge of death to suffer while the Dark One could feed slowly on his flesh, and there were only three that were left.

The last three remaining were Valgus, the Mage, Wyra, the Archer, and Osi, the Ranger and their cries of rage seemed to make the storm above quiver and they attacked with everything that they had. Rowan was barely aware of what was happening, his consciousness barely able to recover from the strain of holding the weight of all the souls from this dead continent, all he knew was that he was rapidly losing, and if he did nothing, he would lose, and yet even with this awareness, blinking his eyes was nearly impossible.

It was for this reason that he could not control the actions of Firen or Olaf, and why the last three of his companions left, filled with rage, began attacking the Dark One with barely any structure of a plan.

Wyra no longer had to fish for arrows as any time she drew her bow, multiple arrows made from white flames would appear on it that only grew hotter and brighter the more effort she placed inside the draw, so she had no problem destroying her body so she could harvest every scrap of power that was inside of her.

She began releasing arrow after arrow accompanied by screaming skulls, and she did this so quickly it was almost as if lightning bolts were being released from her bows, her arms began to bleed, and her hair was slowly catching fire as the heat generated from her bow was greater than any immunity the magic surrounding her could bring, even the blood that fell from her hands turned into ash before they touched the ground. Wyra only knew she was screaming, but she could not tell what the words coming out of her mouth meant, only that if hate or rage was ever to speak, what was emerging from her mouth was its voice.

Valgus was not left behind, his assault even greater than what Wyra was capable of. No longer releasing balls of flames, he stretched out both of his hands and a single constant pillar of white flames whose core was blinding red as thousands of screaming skulls traveled through the bright beam of flame erupted out of it and slammed into the Dark One.

The explosion of power from that impact was calamitous, rippling out in unending waves that sent out such great shockwaves that the storm outside was destabilized for a while, and for a moment it was as if the Dark One was disregarding this assault because he wrapped his body around Firen, in a perverse act to ensure that he was safe from the impact, but even this fallen one could not withstand the power being sent against him and he staggered as the bright beam of flame released by the Mage punched through his spine and emerged from his chest, accompanied by an explosion of gore that tore what remained of Firen from his grasp.

Chapter 1463 A Clear Head

The Dark One roared with surprise and pain, and this pain was not just of his flesh, but the soul as well.

His nature had worked against him, no matter the danger that these people may have posed against him, they were still mortal beings and it was almost impossible for him to take such a pitiful creature with any degree of seriousness, an ant with a larger flaming mandible was still an ant, even if he was to stand still and let the ants attack, it would be difficult for it to threaten his life, and how much damage could be done to his body when he was healing faster than any damage these ants were supposed to make?

Everything was perfect, everything made sense, then how could it begin to go wrong? How could anything touch him!?

He was not just being arrogant, the Dark One had directed the shape of power on this continent for hundreds of thousands of years, he had controlled what could be understood by the mortals, and strangled any sort of genius who was able to rise to his level by obscuring the path to godhood, butchered any mortal who were still talented to bridge that gap by themselves despite his efforts to make that road all but impossible to walk, and he had ensured that he was the only one who could ever become a god.

This was something that he had to do many times, over and over again, and it nearly drove him insane, but it kept him at the top of creation after the seemingly endless years that passed.

The only problem he was experiencing was that he could not become a god, no matter how much he tried, something was missing, as the millennia went by, he saw his lifespan fading, and the fear of failure grew greater, like a cloud surrounding his every waking moment.

As an Earth god, his lifespan depended on the size of his soul and the depths of his talents, and even among Earth gods, the Dark One was ancient, older than any Earth god had every right to be.

This was not the first civilization he had ended, and it was not the hundredths.

After a while, the voices of the maggots grew too loud, irritating, and killing them all, as slowly as possible, and as painfully as possible was the only way he could find relief after nearly half a million years living amongst these lesser things that could think and speak. As much as he took care of them, raising them from the dirt that he placed them upon, he still hated them, with every breath in his body, he hated them.

However, a moment ago, after gleefully slaughtering all the maggots in this continent that he had been raising for almost six hundred thousand years, the opportunity that he had waited for so long arrived.

Reaching the threshold of godhood was a dream that he had chased for such a long time, and when it arrived, he did not care if he had exhausted every single iota of power in his body by killing everyone on the continent as inefficiently as possible, he had instantly taken the chance and despite the pain and how unlikely it was for him to survive, he was still succeeding, he was three simple steps from becoming a god, and the massive wounds that just tore through his flesh had weakened him far greater than he had ever thought possible.

“How dare the maggots....

For the first time in a life that had stretched for tens of millions of years, this was so much time that none of these maggots could ever imagine it, he felt pain, and the cold hand of death... for the first time.

The Dark One felt fear, and that distasteful emotion from the actions of these fucking maggots that he had raised from the dirt again and again and again and again... given them a home, culture, a life of importance and meaning and what was his reward? At the most important moments of his life, they dared to stand against him.

“AAARRRHHHHH!!!!!!”

A scream straight out from the deepest pits of the Abyss erupted from the body of the Dark One, and using his right hand for the first time, he blocked the beam of flames piercing through his body and slowly turned around as he calmly spoke, even as his right hand crumbled into ash,

“I will kill you all, slowly, and there is nothing I shall enjoy more in this age,” then he vanished.

Wyra turned to the side as she screamed towards Valgus knowing the obvious target that the Dark One was going for, but even if she knew what was to come, her reaction speed was far too slow to catch up to what was to come, and Valgus also understood that his life was about to end, his eyes slowly widening but he did not give up on pushing out flames out of his hands, instead he began to turn that flame inward to transform himself into a giant bomb.

However, he knew it was going to be too late, even without any drop of Aether inside the body of the Dark One, his body contained so much power forged from the millions of years he had been alive, and that power was terrible to imagine once unleashed. A flash appeared in front of Valgus, and a massive impact slammed against his body, causing pain that felt to Valgus that felt as if his entire body had been crushed, however, this did not make him panic, because if he could feel pain all over his body, that meant he was not dead, and all that mattered was that he could still feel Aether flowing through his veins, so he could fight!

Valgus forced his eyes open through the pain, and he saw a massive bleeding hand of the Dark One an inch away from his face, his long black nails nearly touching his eyeball.

His eyes traced the skinless arm to a face with eyes that were so filled with rage that Valgus felt his soul turn to ice as the realization that he was before an evil so ancient that his mind shuddered to contemplate how something so old could have any right to exist.

“Don’t just stand there, blast the head of that bastard, I don’t know how long I can hold him!” Osi the Ranger screamed, his voice filled with pain, and Valgus realized the reason he was not dead, Osi had been able to trap the Dark One.

Among all of them here, he was the only one who had been able to keep a clear head, perhaps because he understood that the best use of his powers would be to trap and distract while leaving the heavy hitting for Valgus and Wyra.

As it turned out, this was the right move, because even as his body was being torn at the seams as he held back a force of nature, two bolts of lightning slammed into the eyes of the Dark One exploding with so much force that the ripples of the explosion nearly tore Osi apart, but he still held on, he could feel his flesh turn to ash and his bones being ground to bits, and he laughed, because he was holding despite the odds and there was something else.

At the far end of this dastardly space, he could hear the voice of Firen, which should almost be impossible due to how grievously he was injured, but he could hear it, saying,

“Witness us, Unseen Light, we do not kneel.”

And the Unseen Light, it responded.

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Chapter 1464 Freezing The Ocean

‘It was a weird thing; Rowan admitted to himself, ‘to see a version of you being pummeled by mortals, and be glad that it is happening!

He knew it could not last, these brave mortals had gone above and beyond what they should be capable of. He was the one who made the tunes, calculated the power and Aether that could be channeled by them, even adjusting it far past their limits in case of any last-minute fluctuation of power that would come as a result of extreme emotions that was usually present at the end of life.

However, what was happening here was far above his expectations and they were all exuding such great power from their every act that he was forced to witness, Rowan himself, probably the greatest immortal at his present dimensional level and beyond it, the Eclipsed Immortal, Watcher over all of creation, the Beginning and the End of all things, he was forced to watch this mortals battle and acknowledge that he was wrong.

Whatever was happening inside this Fracture had transformed into something new. No longer an exploration of his weaknesses, it had become a chance for him to understand his past failures.

These seven warriors, all mortals, all beset by frailties that Rowan knew about but had slowly forgotten their significance with his ever-growing omnipotence, were showing him that although he was a titan whose careless footsteps could crush their world in an instant, they were still important, their stories needed to be told, their lives had meaning, and if he was a higher power, the least he could do was witness their glory and acknowledge their sacrifices.

And what better way to know and understand this than if he was a mortal.

In the actions of these seven, he could hear them as if they were screaming inside his head,

“Remember us, even though we are small and frail and our lives may be as brief as a mayfly, we are your foundations, and our glory shines bright.”

Rowan looked upwards, beyond the storm and the lightning and the chaos and the screams of battle...

“Is this the foundation of the sixth dimension?... Am I building my Memory?”

His eyes shone bright as something clicked in his mind, ‘Did those bastards throw me inside the Memory of Primordial Life? Surely they cannot be that stupid! Elura had been silent ever since Seed threw Romion’s mortal body into the Memory of Primordial Life. She had entered this place at the peak of the fifth-dimensional level, and she remembered

how close she had been to death, there was no reason that she could expect her survival, there had been millions before her and there were many more after she had experienced the Memory and she was the only one that had survived.

Describing the state she was inside this ocean as close to death was an

understatement, she had blown past the gate of death and it was her Will that drew her back. A Will that she had found inside that place that had carried her all the way until she became an Old One.

It solidified her grasp on her bloodline in a way that even her father did not understand and that was the reason she wanted to give Rowan every opportunity to harvest as much Primordial Essence from the ocean of Memory as he could without any interference from the Eldarah, however, the actions of Seed could have destabilized her entire plans. Her son was special, but everything had a limit.

How was a mortal supposed to survive the Memory of a Primordial while carrying enough trauma to drown a million immortals? And if she understood Romion, he was holding much more baggage behind the scenes.

However, after all the time she had spent with her father and what she knew of him over the years, she would admit that he was undoubtedly insane even as much as he was brilliant, and this was not his fault, he was born this way, and his nature would never change, but this did not scare Elura, instead it served as a form of comfort, if the Eldarah knew the sort of person they had lived with for all these years, they would band together to destroy him, but it was already too late, with her presence, the powers of Seed had grown and if Romion was to survive, then the Eldarah would no longer have a chance, the Land of Miracle would be theirs.

She would always choose her father because she believed in his vision.

Yet still, she could not help but wonder, with so much riding on this attempt, why would Seed go out of his way to make things even harder for her son, even if he claimed that his talent was beyond anything he had ever seen.

“You think I have pushed this lad, but I still suspect he holds back, and this knowledge frustrates me to no end. Why do I think no matter the trial I put in his place, he is still toying with them? Don’t you see, even till the end, he did not even try to display his fucking Will.”

These words from her father rang true, and no matter how Elura tried to slice it, Romion was still holding back, even after he was dragged to this level.

To her father, this was a challenge against his authority, but Elura had grown up from a mortal to an Old One, and she saw the actions of Rowa-Romion, in another light, and what she inferred was disturbing, it was almost as if...

Thunder rumbled and the surrounding space went still, Elura's breath misted over and created ice crystals in the air, and her perception swept around her, almost in slow motion she turned towards Seed, and she saw the beginning of confusion in his blank eyes, this was something that he did not expect.

"What is that?!" Zarak, one of the Eldarah pointed towards the green ocean, her fingers tracking to the skies where a distinct shadow was beginning to form, and they resembled eyes.

The skies above the green ocean were one of the most beautiful celestial scenery in all of existence.

Stars and dimensions, of all colors and shapes, were the reflections from countless dimensions, most were unknown, and only a fraction of these lights were recognized, but anyone who stood here and saw the skies above the Memory of Primordial Life would be left in awe at the enormity of existence and the knowledge that no matter how much time passes for them and how much they discovered, they would barely be able to scratch the surface of what reality could offer.

Even the Old Ones looked to these skies with veneration in their hearts but now what were these two spots of darkness that were beginning to cover all of creation? "The ocean!" someone among the retinue of the Eldarah cried out, "It... it... freezing?" At the spot where Rowan had been thrown by Seed, the still green waters that had remained the same since the beginning of the Supreme Era began to change, at first the slight movements from the minor flow of the tides went completely still and then the ocean began to freeze, and in the blink of an eye, it transformed into a gigantic frozen mirror that resembled a gleaming emerald gem.

Chapter 1465 A Great Storm

Chapter 1465 A Great Storm

A heavy silence held this space in its grip as no one could comprehend what was happening here. The light of the endless dimensions hanging over the ocean grew dim as the two eyes of darkness began to expand, seemingly seeking to devour all of existence.

As one, the gaze of the Eldarah and all their retinue turned to Seed, expecting answers. What they saw left them stunned. Seed was grinning, and it was so exaggerated that all of his teeth were displayed, the edge of his lips nearly touching his ears.

Elura's thoughts entered the domain of Seed, and she wanted to speak but all she could hear from her fathers were roars,

"Glorious.... Glorious.... Glorious....

After waiting for a while for him to acknowledge his presence, Elura became impatient, and she barged into his thoughts, in the background she could feel the minds of the Eldarah and other Old Ones in the Land of Miracle trying to intrude into the mental space of Seed, but he effortlessly held them all back, and it was in moments like these that Elura was always reminded how stupidly powerful her father was, and despite all her great strength, there was something about Seed that was simply... unfathomable, and she suspected that it was because the touch of Primordial Life was deeper on the body of Seed than any other Eldar that she knew, including her and Romion.

She knew of no other Old Ones who were created directly from a Primordial's body, as Old Ones at the beginning of time were born from the Essence left behind by Primordials after they had exerted themselves during the making of reality.

Soon, in the highest heavens above, darkness was all there was as the two great eyes finally swallowed all the light, Elura snapped and pushed her thoughts into Seed's own, interrupting any "Father, do you have any idea of what is happening here, how is he doing this?"

"No, I don't child, I have no fucking clue. This is not the power of a Breaker, this is something else. I was expecting... something, but nothing like this, your son is-is magnificent Elura and I was right to push him to the limit, how else could something like this be revealed"

Elura frowned, her thoughts in disarray, Seed was extremely powerful and that made him careless, if Rowa-Romion.... Elura's thought stalled, and her eyes widened when she noticed the interruptions in her thoughts, the realization that her mind was being subtly interfered with made her eyes widen in shock,

"You finally noticed," the amused voice of Seed entered her head, "Now, what sort of Will would be able to affect an Old One when its present state is at the fifth-dimensional level?"

Elura whispered, "I don't know, either he has access to Will at the eight dimensional level despite being at the fifth dimension, which should be impossible, or... I have no other idea" the shock in her heart began to transform into something else, and Elura began to question if she knew the man that she called her son.

Seed shook his head as he smiled, "Now you begin to understand what it feels like to meet your son, but I will tell you a secret about him, one that I discovered by chance because he was still extremely weak at that time and he did not know the significance. When I met Romion he was still a third dimensional being, and he was not able to control the Aura Emanations from his body until I taught him how to do so."

Elura looked at her father, a glint in her green eyes flashing with anger, at the admission that her father had placed a stumbling block on her path to understanding her son, if she had been able to reach him during that moment of weakness, what she would have

harvested from his mind would have ensured she was never surprised again by his actions,

“Why,” she growled, fury in her words,

“You know the reason, child, your appetite is one that seeks to consume, and you would never have allowed him to become all he could be without your touch corrupting his path, no, I will have him pure, I will have him become... this!”

“You-you....” Elura sputtered in shock,

“Enough of the theatrics child, you know you already lost the race when I was the first one to find him, of course I will make sure he could not be influenced before he stands on his feet.”

Elura remained in silence for a while before she spoke, “What is the secret about him you wanted to tell me?”

Seed smile slowly left his face as the memory of that moment returned, he spoke nearly in a monotonous fashion, “I met your son when he was a third dimensional entity, and at that time he had a Will.”

“He had a what?! Then you knew he was able to access the higher dimensions even when he had not touched them.”

Seed shook his head, “No, nothing like that, he had a Will, but it was a third-dimensional Will.”

Elura blinked as she went silent, “Oh....” This was all she could say.

Without the foundations of the Streams of Time, a Will could not be built, how was he able to...

A loud sound like the toll of a bell echoed, interrupted her thoughts, and screams erupted from the lower dimensional immortals that were at and below the sixth-dimensional level, even those at the seventh went pale, in that instant, if not for the protection of the Old Ones here, every lower dimensional immortal would be dead, their souls shattered and even their memories, corrupted.

From the two eyes of darkness above that were so massive, it was almost impossible to wrap the mind around something of that scale, and only a Primordial Entity should have the weight to unleash something of such depths, a single spark fell.

For such a tiny spark, its presence should have been lost, but miraculously it was not, and it drew the gaze of all here. They all watched this single spark that was so feeble and yet seemed to possess a nature that no one here could deny.

Nobility, pride, power, reverence, these were all the things that could be felt simply by glimpsing this tiny falling spark that crossed the gulfs between the endless dimensions above, falling towards the green ocean and when it was barely a mile above it, the spark exploded, the sound was almost similar to the strike of a matchstick against a match, and a storm that could blow away universes as if they were dust erupted from the spark.

On the shore of the green ocean, except for Seed, Elura, and the Eldarah, everyone else was blown away by the incredible burst of wind that arose from that storm and darkness with lightning bolts so powerful they could be seen from all corners of existence erupted above the ocean, the greatest storm ever to ravage the Supreme Era was unexpectedly born over the Memory of Primordial Life.

“Seeeeeedddd!” An Old One screamed through the impossible wind, no longer attempting to enter the thoughts of this mad being, “Explain this travesty, else you will force all of us to bear arms against you.”

Seed calmly pointed out, “You should see to your domain first, this storm is spreading, and if you don’t blame me all your weak offspring perish within it.”

Chapter 1466 Shaking All Of Existence (1)

Mulsec of the Eldarah snarled, the hatred and disbelief warring in his tone in equal measures,

“This is not over, Seed, you are going to pay for this atrocity if you don’t solve this problem, we have endured your madness for long enough!” Turning to the rest of the Eldarah, he gestured “Let’s go take care of our domain, we will be back, and he will answer for this travesty, I swear this on Primordial Life himself.”

Taking the retinue with them who had been blown into the distance, the Old Ones vanished, the Land of Miracle was extremely massive, but this storm was traveling so quickly that if they did not get ahead of it, the loss of life across the Primordial Realm would be horrific. This wind, the lightning and the rain were moving at speeds that exceeded the limits of time and space, immortals without number would be shredded to pieces under its fury.

They were not like Seed who had only a single offspring and what was being kept in his Branch was nothing but monsters he had gathered from all over reality, and it was doubtful if any of those monsters could be killed by a storm of this magnitude, it was known that on Seed’s Branch, there were creatures there that were at the level of Old Ones.

The Eldarah were not just concerned with the Eldar Branch where most of their interests were kept, each of them had Branches with multiple trillions of souls within, gathered

from the lower realms over many Minor Eras, all were foundations of their power, and if they lost it, it would take many Minor Eras to replace, if that was still possible.

Seed, not looking at his daughter, spoke gently, “You should see to your Branch too, Elura, don’t let your investment go to waste.”

Elura looked back towards her domain and hesitated, a thousand thoughts flashed through her mind in a moment before she said, “No, I will stay.”

Seed arched a brow, “Unexpected... you are willing to lose all of those benefits after all the backbreaking work?”

“Don’t look at me like that,” she nearly rolled her eyes in exasperation, “You should know that my foundations are not something that can be easily broken, my Branch can see to itself, and this would be an opportunity to show the people of the realm whose Branch is the strongest, it will aid my claim for a unified power under the Royal Bloodline. This storm aids me. Everyone can see the position of the Eldarah, how they scramble to survive its wrath, yet here I am.”

Seed smiled, “I thought you were going to reveal your foundation in the next Minor Era, your patience has been... truly remarkable.”

Elura looked at the storm brewing above the ocean, releasing such power that it was horrifying, her beautiful eyes were filled with confusion,

“Well, things have changed. Only a fool does not see the direction the winds are blowing”

They stood in silence and observed the storm and then Elura mentioned almost off-handedly, making Seed almost sputter in shock,

“If you must know, this storm is not only present in the Land of Miracle, across all of existence, in every Primordial Domain, including the lower realms and the higher ones, there are reports of great eyes of darkness opening up. The wars throughout reality have ended. Father, what have we done?”

Seed was quiet, he said nothing for a long time, and several times it was almost as if he wanted to speak and then he went quiet, after a while he began to speak, almost unexpectedly making Elura turn to him sharply,

“I have no idea what is happening, daughter, nothing like this has ever taken place in reality from the beginning of time as far as I know.”

Seed nodded to himself, “Even if what comes leads to my death, then I was right to push him, else he would have hidden himself forever, it is the work of the parent to compel the child out of their safety net. He is powerful, but far too careful, the fears of a mortal are

too deeply ingrained in his heart, even though he does not see it. What is the use of such a bright flame if it is hidden in the darkness? One day he shall thank me”

“Or he kills you, then me,” Elura whispered,

Seed grinned, “He can try... he would lose.”

The Adjudicator was swimming in an ocean of information, being inside the glorious Celestial Archives, a direct link to the Memories of Primordial Light should have eased his mind of every mystery that he was seeking to unveil, yet the opposite was the case, he was like a man drowning inside a vast ocean of drinking water, no matter how much he consumed, he was barely making any headway in his search.

He would have long gone insane if he did not expect that this was what he was going to be experiencing, and it was not like he was not gaining other tangible benefits, his powers had stalled for countless trillions of years and were beginning to grow, and he had barely stayed here for a few months, and despite the price he was paying to be inside the Celestial Archive, he would pay ten times more, knowing that this was an opportunity that would rarely come by, and it was possible that he may never gain this chance again.

There were many reasons why the Adjudicator’s search for the truth was slow, but the two greatest of them were because the mind of a Primordial was infinite, and that was a concept that was usually thrown around without much thought behind it by lesser immortals who believed they had seen the true measures of infinity, but the Adjudicator understood that infinity was a relative concept for many until they met what true infinity was, sadly nearly every living being in existence would I never experience what true infinity was.

Like a mortal looking into the depths of universe and thinking this was infinity, or an immortal seeing all the multiple universes and saying to themselves that they had seen infinity, they were all wrong of course, the Adjudicator has seen infinity, and he knew that it was the Prinordials.

So, the first and greatest challenge he was facing was how to find information in an infinite sea of information. At the lower levels of the Archive, there were powerful Angels whose entire purpose was to filter and condense information from the Memory of Primordial Light, but they would not aid him here, because he had entered depths that even they could not reach, and so there was no one to guide him but himself. This was not a problem for the Adjudicator, to perform his functions properly, it was important that he had a powerful mind and soul, and in the Celestial Domain, he did not know of his equal in the aspects of the soul, except for the Thrones, but those did not count because they were simply vessels of Light himself.

There were three Thrones in existence, all perfect receptacles for Primordial Light, and if there was any reason why the Celestials could act as the Watchers of reality, it was simply because they were that powerful. After all, the Adjudicator knew that if not for the grace

of Light, the Celestials could fight against all the Primordial Domain at once, and it would be unknown who would come out at the top, and if the Adjudicator would have to place any bet, he would bet on his faction.

Having three vessels that could channel the full powers of a Primordial was simply a concept that no other Primordial Domain could boast of, because, unlike the Primordials, a Throne could still walk across reality without destroying everything in existence, and so with the Primordials all asleep, the greatest powers in existence were the Celestial Thrones, but Primordial Light had no ambition to conquer reality, or it would be his.

Letting that distracting thought fall to the side, the Adjudicator opened his mind to the enormous flow of knowledge. He could not guide what he could receive, and so with the infinite amount of information being dumped into his head, he had to select what he needed.

It was one of the most difficult things he had ever done, opening himself up to the mind of a Primordial was like sticking an open soul into a vat of Abyssal saliva, one of his Incarnations had tried this experiment trillions of years ago, and up till this moment, the Adjudicator had not forgotten the pain, and now he had been experiencing that level of pain for what seemed like forever, and what he had been able to collect of the Breakers were still so small.

This was the second greatest challenge he was experiencing, few things were known about the Breakers, and even Primordial Light seemed to be hoarding this knowledge. The Adjudicator soon decided that with the flow of knowledge he was experiencing then it would take him centuries to unearth everything about Breakers, which was a relatively short time.

Chapter 1467 Shaking All Of Existence (2)

The knowledge he had gained about Breakers, even the small amount he had gathered was incredibly shocking, it's contents teasing him about truths that would shock all of reality if it were to be released, and the Adjudicator was wise enough to understand that he should not push beyond his boundary, focusing only on his objectives was important and if he was dragged into other mysteries of the past he would be lost to madness.

Another small burst of knowledge entered his mind alongside the infinite amount of knowledge filling up his soul and he was lucky that it was about a Breaker, the Adjudicator frowned, this information about the Breaker was more disturbing than most, and he was drawn into a grand vision that tortured his mind as he saw something new and terrible and his consciousness was almost corrupted if not for the all-powerful cleansing light that bathed his soul, whatever Memory he had entered had surpassed the ranking of an Old One and was firmly in the territory of Primordials or something that was equally as strange,

“BOOOM!!! BOOOM!!! BOOOM!!!!”

The scene he saw was of a War, and it was between one man and what seemed like the entirety of the strangest sort of reality he had ever seen, and this battle was shaking all of existence... all of it. If this was happening in the present, then no single realm would not be affected from the lowest realms to the highest heavens.

“BOOM!!! BOOOM!!!”

The entirety of reality had been twisted into a nightmarish battleground filled with creatures and powers that he could not recognize, their forms were too alien and the power they wielded was so strange that the mind of the Adjudicator nearly went blank, he was constantly pouring massive amounts of divine light to keep him sane and yet it was nearly not enough, he was on the verge of madness.

And yet what he was witnessing was amazing and any remnant of distractions in the mind of the Adjudicator flew out in the face of this scene as he realized that he was witnessing the rare age before the Primordial Era, but he had never seen it in such startling detail.

Although, the Adjudicator knew that there were other Eras before the Primordial Era, he did not know how many they were or the overall impact they had on reality, for most of the immortals in the present Ear, the Primordial Era was so massive in the way it changed the outlook of reality that they had forgotten that there was an age before the Primordial Era.

It also could not be denied that the Primordials had made sure every knowledge of the previous Era was erased from existence, and the Adjudicator could barely find fragments of those previous Eras even when he searched through the darkest reaches of reality, most could only be found in the Nothingness, and even then what he could gather were simply confusing fragments, languages that made no sense and drawings that showed creatures that gave him nightmares, and he was an Old One.

The Adjudicator had many bodies and they were all supremely powerful, and if he could only find fragments, then he was sure that others would barely even realize that a previous age before the Primordial Era existed, and this was the first time he was seeing a vision of that age in such astounding quality.

He could not recognize anything about the forces being unleashed in this reality-ending battle, all he could glean from it was that the one man fighting against the multitude was a Breaker and that reality at this time was not like it was in the Primordial Era or even this Supreme Era, it was... alive, and that was the easiest way he could describe it. He could hear it screaming, laughing, crying, and it felt intensely wrong.

Reality itself seemed to be birthing countless atrocities, colossal faceless entities that traveled through what resembled stars yet they were made from flesh and blood, twisted

fleshy beings whose bodies were fused with tendrils and jagged bones, beasts made from broken light and bleeding time, madness made flesh.

However, despite this madness, the man they fought against was worse, his body seemed to bleed darkness, like tattoos coming to life, stretching across countless realities and tearing through his opponents in droves, everything was sundered and reality wept, and no matter how grievously he was injured as they piled onto him in numbers that deified imagination, his tattoos fed on his enemies and he was healed, and it seemed even though this battle would take forever, the Breaker would soon be the one to come out on top, it seemed almost inevitable.

A balance seemed to have been reached and then the Breaker paused and with a gesture, he shattered the heavens above, and from the shattered heavens, multiple entities unimaginably huge and unquestionably powerful, even more alien than this reality and its creatures were, stepped through the cracks, and they all stood behind the Breaker,

“Herald,” they said, “Lead the way,”

The Memory ended and the Adjudicator was left with more questions than answers, and he opened himself for more, determined to find out the truth.

He was deep into another Memory, this one was not as profound as the last as it showed him an unknown Singularity made from the what resembled silver sand when twinges of unexpected thoughts and emotions began to intrude into his mental space and he could no longer maintain the state of mind to delve into the past.

The Adjudicator sighed in annoyance and began to slowly unplug himself from the enormity of the memories before him. There were so many mysteries here that could answer so many questions he had about the past, but first he needed to understand the reason for the disturbances in his mental space.

Opening himself up to his other Incarnations scattered across reality, he sought out the cause of the distraction.

When he had enclosed himself for this important task and had made it clear that he did not want to be disturbed unless all of reality was in danger, it had barely been two years and already he was being disturbed?

At first, he was a bit confused at the sight that his Incarnations were presenting to him, but his confusion did not last for long before it was washed away by shock.

Chapter 1468 Shaking All Of Existence (final)

The Incarnations of the Adjudicator were present in countless dimensions and universes, gathering information and dispensing the justice of Light to all of existence, but even he could not touch everything, he barely had a few of his Incarnations in the other Primordial Domains and accomplishing this feat had been an effort of countless years.

Reality was simply too vast for one Old One, even one as powerful as him, to be able to fully cover, and yet everything that he could see, in all the realities that he was encircling with his Incarnations, was covered in a great storm, with two gigantic eyes that appeared to be a road to the Nothingness overhead.

The Adjudicator was surprised that his consciousness seemed to be shying away from peering into those eyes, and that was alarming, to be inside the depths of the Celestial Archives, he was flooding his mind with healing light, and if he could still be affected despite all the protections he had in place, then this meant that this was an issue that had reached the levels of a Primordial.

Pulling knowledge from all his Incarnation in order to understand what was happening, he quickly gleaned that although these storms and those eyes were present in every realm, even outside the Nothingness, it should have originated from the Land of Miracles, because the storm began there, and in that realm, it was incredibly strong, blowing with such powers that anything lower than the fifth-dimensional level was condemned to death in body and soul.

If he did not have eyes in so many realms, the Adjudicator would not have been able to figure out that this was the origin of this calamity.

The storms that were present in other parts of reality were quite tame in comparison to what could be found in the Land of Miracles, and if that had not been the case, then the greatest purge of life since the end of the Primordial Era would have swept through reality. Except for the Primordial Domains and the few dimensions with immortals greater than the seventh-dimensional level, all life would have been lost. This Supreme Era would have approached the cusp of its end.

However, it did not mean that the storms now ravaging everywhere else were weak, they were still incredibly powerful, and if not for the efforts of every immortal present in whatever domain they were in fighting against its influence, then the death toll would have been unimaginable.

Not concerned with the state of reality, the Adjudicator was simply focused on the purpose of the originator of this storm, was the Primordial domain of Life finally going to wage war on all of reality? It seemed like madness, as far as he could tell, the land of Eldar was embroiled in a quiet cold war between the three factions, feudal, military and its religious authority.

This feud was one in which the Adjudicator was an active participant, and he had played a great part in keeping the religious authority in place despite the encroachment of the

feudal side of their society. How could he have missed such a great change that had just arisen from this realm?

His Incarnation placed on that Primordial Domain had informed him of a gathering of the Eldarah moments before this storm began, but according to what he could observe, even the Eldarah seemed to be in quite a bit of a bind, then the only immortal who could be blamed for this was... Seed!

“I don’t care if you perish, find out the purpose of that Primordial Tear, if he wishes war, create confusion amongst their ranks, disperse the full authority you have gained, and prepare the road for the coming of the Celestial armies.”

The Adjudicator quickly sent out this order to his Incarnation, already he could hear the stirring of several powerful Celestial Creators and Angels, a war council had been drawn, and the entire Celestial Domain was coming into a state of war. He also could see across the other Primordial Domains and the countless powers in reality, calling together all their forces as preparation for war was being made. A threat of this level was beyond the destruction of the Frozen Road, this storm was a clear challenge to all of reality.

“Seed, what are your plans? The destruction of the Frozen Road, the eruption of Primordial Chaos, the breaking of the Great Desert, the destruction of a broken Eternal Realm, all of these are connected... hmm, I need answers.”

Watching the battle between these three mortals and the Earth god with his face, and then looking at the sky above that he could now see through as a blast from the Mage Valgus had shattered a large hole in the ball of flesh.

He could see the storms above and the gigantic eyes peering down at him. His eyes. They were blank, without his Will or soul, but those were undoubtedly his eyes. Rowan knew at this moment that he could leave this Fracture because he was at the threshold of ascending to the sixth dimension!

He had long known that every dimensional level was different, each was unique, possessing traits that could not be replicated, and of the countless immortals he had seen ascend the road to the higher dimension, his own path had always been different, because he was not an immortal, but a dimension, and unlike every other dimension in existence, he was complete.

His completeness stemmed from the fact that he was separated from reality so he did not possess all the flaws that the Primordials had imposed on it, he was able to not only access his past and present but also the future.

He did not begin his existence at the third-dimensional level, instead, he started from the first dimension, and now that he was about to enter the sixth, the dimension of Memory, he understood the reason why he had been wary of activating his bloodline and it was because he needed to be at the sixth-dimensional level before he could. He needed three

pillars to stand upon, not just the past and the present, but also the future as well. If he had gone ahead without listening to his intuition, then the weight of all that he was and could be would crush him.

Without the dimension of Memory to give him balance, his Origin Land would have crushed his consciousness at its activation.

Chapter 1469 Path To The Sixth Dimension

Rowan did not need to delve into the Memory of Primordial Life to find his answers, such a venture would come with unnecessary risk that he was not yet willing to take, because, unlike Seed and Elura who could not detect what he was, a Primordial would not be making that mistake.

What he needed was a guideline to show him the road to his past, and with it, he could build the present and his future. In the matters of understanding his powers, Rowan was coming to the realization that the only ones who could teach him anything truly valuable to him would have to be the Primordials, it was not just a matter of strength, there were many Old Ones stronger than him, it was just that his potential was many times greater than anyone else in reality except the Primordials.

Although the Primordials had blocked themselves from seeing the future, this did not mean that they were not capable of it, and the pathways to the future were written into their memories, accessible to those who could see it.

For the immortals of this present Era, they had no idea that the future was also a road that could be explored, and so even if they were given this opportunity, they would not be able to understand what was before them, but Rowan could see it, the direction of his Memory dimension.

By submerging himself inside this green ocean, Rowan had seen the road to the future and the past, and he no longer had any barrier to the sixth-dimensional realm, he simply needed to take the step.

Rowan was practically blazing through the higher realms since he had awakened from his slumber outside of time, however, he knew that this was the least amount of preparation he could do because he could not hide forever, he would have wished to reveal himself sooner when he was more prepared but there was always a price to pay for power.

He had attracted the eyes of too many powerful opponents and as he was now, he was simply alive because not much time had passed, and his enemies were gathering, and time was running short.

The actions of Seed and Elura had shown him that it did not matter how much potential he had, without a tangible degree of strength behind his actions, he would be blasted aside.

‘No more, Rowan swore to himself,

Observing the bitter fight below him that had nearly drawn to a close, Rowan sighed, he could leave this battle and the Fracture behind him, discard his mortal flesh, and merge himself with the great eyes above, but that would be leaving a flaw behind, one that Rowan suspected he would regret in the future, or he could face this danger as a mortal, and if he lost this battle, then he would have also gained a wisdom that as an Omnipotent being, he would have never been able to learn.

This vulnerability was strength, a power that he was sure he could use as the foundation of his reign.

With this thought in mind, he disregarded his coming ascension, he forgot the storm, forgot that he was an immortal, forgot that he was a creator... he forgot everything, except for the fact that he was a mortal fighting against the corrupt entity that he had been, washing away his weakness with his blood. Fighting, even though he knew that he would lose.

Rowan was holding the blade he had collected from Firen, and at this moment he was hanging invisibly over the raging Earth god who had almost killed the three mortals below, they had given their all, but their journey was not to survive this battle, it was to make him acknowledge the mistakes of his past, in a way that an immortal never could, and to pay his respect to these heroes, Rowan would fight like a mortal, and he would kill a god as one.

Pointing his blade downwards, he dropped down from his perch.

The Ranger, Osi had collapsed into ash, he had made a single action that trapped the Dark One for a brief moment but that had given his companions the chance to unleash everything they could, pouring out the rage of a shattered world that had been under the thumb of a madman for countless years.

Until he became nothing but ash, Osi had not allowed the Dark One to move a single inch and as Rowan fell from the perch, the world seemed to freeze, and he was able to observe everything in startling clarity.

Osi who was now ash was frozen in the last state he had been when alive, head thrown back, screaming, as he held chains of Aether bounding the Dark One, even in the silence, his defiance was still loud. His body was beginning to flake away, swirling into nothingness, but at this moment, Rowan saw the Ranger’s spirit.

Valgus the Mage had unleashed so much power from his mortal frame his body was transforming into a superdense crystal.

The amount of Aether channeled through his mortal body had been so tremendous, and yet Rowan's runes had bestowed such fine control over his Aether that as his body was being destroyed, the prodigious amount of Aether flowing in his veins had begun to replace his flesh to a crystalline structure.

This was not a benign transformation, as no mortal could live with a glass heart or brain, and he was dying, yet his Will and rage poured forth out of him with increasing intensity as he burned brighter even as he approached the end.

Wyra was dead, she was stuck in her final pose, her left hand drawing back the string of her bow with one last flaming arrow burning on it, unreleased, her body was now stone, her intense Will molding her form in such a way that she could keep drawing her bow far longer than she had any right to, and when the life left her body, she still stood in her place, defiant.

Rowan saw all of this, acknowledged them, and focused on the Dark One.

Chapter 1470 Let Me Take This Burden

This Earth god has suffered great damage, his right arm was gone, as well as his eyes, and a major chunk of his face, torso, and what was left of his limbs were barely being held together by a few strings of flesh.

White flames covered him like a shroud, and hundreds of red skulls chomped on his flesh, crushing themselves in their attempt to carve out even an inch out of his body, and no matter how many skulls were destroyed in their attempts to consume the Dark One, there were still so many left, waiting for their chance, the relentless flood of screaming skulls had never stopped flowing, it was as if the entirety of the continent's vengeful souls were heading towards this location.

The fifteen-foot frame of the Earth god was filled with so many traumatic injuries it was hard to imagine how he was remaining on his feet. Yet he still stood, and there was a sound emerging from his chest, it was almost like laughter, but Rowan could detect the note of disbelief within it.

The attacks of the mortals had been terrible, but during their onslaught, they had inadvertently destroyed one of the tendrils pumping corrosive poison into the veins of the Dark One, there were two left in his body, and they appeared to be coming loose, it would not take much to tear it loose from his body, but that depends on whether the Dark One was fit enough to take advantage.

However, Rowan knew that victory was not close, no matter how grievously the injuries of the Dark One appeared, and even though this Earth god no longer had the Aether or Essence to heal himself, his vitality was something that was almost impossible to be described by a mortal's mind, unless he was grounded to dust, he would still have a way to fight, his combat ability was still dreadful and he was about to be free.

Still invisible, Rowan landed with both feet on the shoulder of the Earth god, driving the surprised being to his knees and he slammed his blade into the spine, straining every muscle in his body, he roared inside his heart as he bent the blade to the side, snapping it in half, leaving the rest embedded in the spine of the Dark One.

He felt a large burst of wind heading towards him and Rowan launched himself away from the Dark One as what was like an explosion powerful enough to rip the continent in half tore past his previous location, which had simply been the Dark One swiping across the air with his left hand.

Rowan may have launched himself backward, but his legs were still wrapped around the neck of the Dark One, and immediately as he felt that swipe brush past him, he tensed the muscles of his legs and core, slingshotting his body back to his position, the left arm of the Dark One was still upraised, and Rowan drove the remnants of his blade into the armpit of the Dark One, and this time he roared aloud as he bent the blade to the side to snap off its remnants, leaving only the hilt remaining with him. The left arm of the Dark One seized, almost frozen in place as the blade had slid in-between his joints, locking the arm in place, Rowan noticing that he had been successful with his attacks, pushed himself away from the Dark One, and it was just in time before a terrible scream erupted from the cornered half-god.

Its soundwave from that cry slammed into Rowan like a direct blast from a hurricane, banishing the invisibility around him and shredding through the remnants of his armor like it was made from paper mache. Rowan felt his ribs fracture, and his left shoulder, hip bone, and right wrist dislocate as he was slammed against the far end of the fleshy wall.

There was a brief flash of whiteness drowning his mind, and Rowan knew that he was on the verge of being knocked out, he used the broken remnants of his willpower to jolt his consciousness, dispersing the fog, not caring about the pain, or that his head felt like it was about to explode from the strain.

Warm blood was sprayed out of every orifice of his face, even shooting out from the skin all over his body with pieces of his internal organs being expelled from his mouth, as his left ear drum exploded, alongside his right eye.

Rowan fell to his knees, bloody and half-dead, and he grinned, knowing that he had just experienced his last chance at life, if any single attack from the Earth god brushed past him like this, then this mortal body was finished.

Even as he was thinking of this, his body was already moving, popping his joints back into place and sliding bones into a position that would not hinder his mobility. Rowan felt that he was lucky that he still had an eye left, the sound wave had torn through his system and he had no valid means to defend himself from it.

The moment his knees touched the ground, it barely took a second before he was blasting towards his enemy, his gaze had never left the Dark One even when he was near the edge of unconsciousness, and his eyes had been wide opened. The Dark One was struggling to move and Rowan knew that he had brief moments before the ungodly power in the body of this half-god tore its way through the blades Rowan had slid between his joints.

Despite his uncomfortable position, even without eyes, the hearing of the Dark One was unmatched and it could hear Rowan heading towards him, not bothering with a cry, instead it kicked the air in front of him, a small gesture but the force that accompanied that kick carried a harsh wind that headed towards Rowan like a wrecking ball.

For Rowan, that attack had been telegraphed from a mile away, and he easily dodged to the side; it helped that he had been baiting the Earth god to strike first so that he could buy time to reach his target.

His first set of attacks had been deliberate, the blade at the top of his spine and under the armpit was to reduce the mobility of the Dark One, plus alerting him of his approach was to make the Dark One squander one of his attack chances, giving him the time to reach Wyra, the Archer.

Rowan stopped behind her and placed his arm on her bow,

“Let me take this burden from you.”

Chapter 1471 Wielding Memory

The bow of the Archer Myra had fused with her body, also transforming into stone, but when Rowan touched it, it easily entered his grasp, even as the statue of the Archer began to collapse as well as her bow, they had endured and now it was time to rest.

Rowan did not panic at this collapse, knowing that he was here to simply direct the flaming bolt already primed by Myra, who in death had held this shot back for the right moment, and this bolt had been charging up all this while, fueled by her resolve to kill the creature responsible for the death of all she knew and loved, this bolt that was held in place by a supreme will that could challenge those of any immortal.

It was a simple thing for him to direct that bow toward the target and as the bow collapses into dust in his hands following the path of its wielder, Rowan crouched, exposing as little surface area of his body as he could and braced himself for what was to

come. He did not know if he would survive it, but there was a possibility that the power inside this last bolt would be able to kill the Dark One, and for him, this was enough.

His perception could not follow the arrow after it left the bow, it had far exceeded the limits that any mortal mind could follow, even his own, he only saw the Dark One freeze for the barest of a moment, no longer struggling to eject the blades that Rowan had stuck in his joints and was trying to move out of the way when the bolt must have stuck him dead center.

Everything went white. Rowan felt his nerves frying to nothing under an obscene amount of heat, then he felt nothing, it was a relief.

He could briefly feel his bones breaking and his flesh being compacted with so much force that he felt if his body had been any less durable he would have been flattened.

Everything was in chaos, but his mind was pushing through the haze, grasping for awareness with a madness that was hard to describe, when he found it, reality slammed into him, carrying with it all its pains and burdens, and he accepted them all just as he discovered that he was falling.

Rowan had underestimated how much energy Myra had been able to pack inside that last bolt of arrow, and he felt that he was quite lucky that he had reached her when he did, because such great force would have soon exploded when the limits of Myra Will was breached, and even now, when he channeled that power towards the Dark One, the resultant explosion that followed had ripped the ball of flesh to pieces and shot him out of it like a cannonball. He must have barely received a fraction of the force that the Earth god had received, and it had nearly killed him.

He must have been out of it for a while because the ground was far closer to him than he would have liked, and directly above him was the flaming carcass of the ball of flesh plummeting towards the earth like a meteor. It was almost like a falling sun was heading towards him, burning with a white and reddish flame that shone over the entire continent, and despite the storm, it was as if dawn was rising from the earth.

Rowan smirked inside, if he was not going to be crushed to pieces the moment that he landed on the ground, the remnants of the ball of flesh would grind down and incinerate him not long after.

It was almost funny the crazy amount of danger that this fleshy body had to withstand, and it was even crazier that he found that his state of mind was becoming even more firm under this stimulation.

There were a few seconds before he reached the ground, and Rowan finally let go of the last bit of immortal pride in his heart, assuming the form of a mortal in truth as he admitted aloud to the heavens and the earth,

“I need help. I cannot do this alone.”

There seemed to be silence, and then the world responded.

The mad Earth god had killed countless mortals in the millions of years of his cursed life, and even Rowan was unaware of that number, what he had seen here was simply the destruction of a single continent and the death of the millions who had once called this place their home, what he could not have known was the foundation of this continent was built on countless bodies, and if his mortal senses had been as powerful as his immortal own, then he would have seen the souls locked in constant torment, under the thumb of an Earth god that had gone insane with power and the greed to possess all of it.

Millions of years of slaughter and desperation, all for a dream that would mean nothing if it was gained. Rowan would have pitied the Dark One if only he had not gone out of his way to enjoy his depravities.

The response of the heavens and the earth shocked Rowan out of his stupor, and he finally acknowledged that as he was now, he was a mortal, and he was connected to a collective, no longer a distinct personality as an immortal, but an entity that derived strength from his fellows.

He distinctly remembered the color of a mortal’s soul, filled with lights like a rainbow, open and porous, able to absorb all forms of experiences and still give out their unique light, and after so long he seized the power of a mortal.

A man could not fight a god, not alone, if a companion of seven would not do, then what about a companion of millions... Billions.

From below him, a flood of skulls arose from the Earth in their billions, rising to meet the falling Rowan, and unlike when they were used in battle against the Dark One, this time they were not screaming, just silent, but their Will burned the air, it was enough of a message to brand itself across reality, and Rowan was stunned, as he realized that this was what it meant to wield Memory.

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Chapter 1472 The Blade

Chapter 1472 The Blade

What he was doing at this moment should not be possible, Rowan was accustomed to doing things that were inconceivable to others, but this struck him as incredibly odd, and he decided to leave how he was able to achieve it for his immortal mind to

contemplate in the future.

Even while still in the body of a mortal, he had crossed a step where he could now touch his Memories and wield it, and because he was a living dimension, his Memories carried a weight that was almost unreal.

He could rationalize touching his Memories, after all, he was inside of them, but controlling them was something different. How was he able to.... Like a brick to the head, the answer came to him and Rowan blinked in surprise and almost laughed aloud at his stupidity, he was not controlling them-these Memories, that was what an immortal would do, no they were helping him because they were all a part of him. He did not need to control them, they were giving him their strength to wield.

Accepting his mortal aspects meant accepting all the souls he had inside his Memories to be an essential part of him, not just a faceless judge that he would have to face at the end of his road. There was a time when Rowan saw mortals as just this, but now he had to acknowledge them.

“Ah, so that is what this is all about,” he sighed.

His body fell into the skulls, and they bled out all the momentum of his fall like nothing, and when his feet touched the ground, he landed as lightly as a Swallow. Rowan saw his wounds healing, his eye was regrown, his bones mended, and when he straightened his back as he stood up, he discovered behind him, extending like a cape for hundreds of miles, was an ocean of skulls.

Rowan’s voice was a whisper that traveled through the entire continent, reaching their depths, and journeyed up the heavens until it touched his blank immortal eyes above,

“My Memories are filled with slaughter and bloodshed, but I do not deny my actions, I do not forget them, and I shall honor the fallen. I have witnessed your plight, and I acknowledge your resilience, I am not taking your strength, no, you all are part of me. The foundation of my Memory.”

The silence that followed his words was shattered by a massive explosion that occurred in front of him, almost as if the sun had exploded, and Rowan calmly closed his eyes for the flash of light to fade before he opened them again.

“Boom!!!”

The ball of flesh had landed in front of him, and the eruption should have blasted him off his feet, but Rowan’s legs were steady on the ground even though the earth heaved and shuddered, everything soon settled as a great cry rippled from the center of the explosion that shot out a shockwave that flattened the fires and the abominable form of the Dark One stepped through.

The Earth god was in the last moments of his life, but he was so close to victory, and stepping into the immortal stage was right in front of him.

Only a single cord pumping corrosive poison was still linked to his body, this was the last cord tying him to mortality, and it was coming loose, collapsing to ash under the might of Yue flame, Rowan faltered because he identified the duality of what was happening here.

This Earth god, the Dark One was also him, but this was a representation of him as the countless mortals he had slaughtered saw him, and no matter how twisted and biased their vision of him was, it could not be denied that there was an element of truth in what they saw of him.

In their eyes he was a force of greed and depravity, a being that was not contented in ending their lives but also feeding on their souls, he was a hunger that was never sated, the chill outside at night hammering to be let in so every last bit of warmth could be taken from their homes.

Rowan could see all of this in the Dark One, but he could also see the struggle and how much he had tried to change, there was no reason for the Dark One to nurture mortal life again and again for millions of years, if there was no part of him that was not tied to them.

However, the hunger for advancement is something that few mortals could ever understand, and this hunger could warp even the firmest of Wills.

There was a road, a long road that promised everything that the heart could desire if they could reach the end of it, but this road was not for the weak, and every step taken upon it was like journeying to the heavens.

The sacrifices needed to not just walk this road, but also to see it to the end required a form of mania and stubbornness that could not be imagined.

Rowan saw the Dark One like no one else could, he saw the mania and the drive for power, and he acknowledged that as well, but he also observed that along the way, the Earth god had lost his purpose, and his heart had become weak.

If he had slaughtered these mortals once and lived in silence for the next millions of years, then Rowan would have had no issues with him, instead, he had begun to languish in his failures, and had focused his rage on the helpless.

This was not him, only a perverted version of him, and Rowan would not let this thing touch immortality, he was not worthy of it.

His thoughts firmed on this decision and carried by the weight of Memory, his mortal mind began to stretch, it could not reach the potency of his previous self, but it was enough to wipe out the fog from Rowan's thought and it showed him the single link that he had been missing.

The blade in his skull, he finally realized how to pull it out.

Chapter 1473 Mortal Vs Immortal

Looking back with the advantage of foresight and a rather powerful Memory, it almost seemed crazy that Rowan had not seen the connection that had been staring at him in the face right from the start.

The invisible blade driven through his skull belonged to the Dark One, and it could only be wielded by him, every time Rowan had ever tried to touch it, his hands simply went through the blade as if it was nonexistent, and so with everything he had to deal with, Rowan placed this issue out of his mind, but something had changed when he personally attacked the Dark One when they were inside the ball of flesh.

He remembered falling on the shoulders of the Earth god and driving Firen's blade through his spine, with everything going on at that moment, he had failed to realize that the weight of the blade on his forehead had subtly increased.

It was a slight difference, but one that his mortal mind had missed, Rowan had now caught it with the enhancement of the power of Memory given to him by the souls behind him.

This blade would become solid when he was close to the Dark One, and that meant he had a weapon he could use to kill this abomination that was a single step away from godhood.

Mortals had always been weak, they had no claws, fangs, or enhanced physiology to battle against serious threats, but they had access to weapons, and Rowan could not kill a supernatural being without a weapon capable enough to do so.

The last bolt fired from the bow of the Archer had not just destroyed the ball of flesh and nearly freed the Dark One from his Tribulation, it had also greatly damaged the Earth god, and although it still stood strong, there was no flesh left on his body, everything had been burned away under that cleansing flame.

Standing before Rowan was a fifteen-foot skeleton that was aflame with reddish fire, the right arm was gone, and the left had only two fingers left, there was a large gaping hole in his chest, alongside several ribs that had disappeared, and what was left of the bones of the torso were all broken with several missing pieces.

The skull hung askew from the neck as several cracks that nearly split the spinal column into pieces extended from the nape down to the tailbone, and by all right, this skeleton should have collapsed, but the strength it contained still burned the air, despite his injuries, the Dark One still presented the invincible figure of a god that had been worshiped for millions of years.

Without the presence of Essence or Aether in his body, any Earth god would have fallen, the damage he had suffered was just too great, however, the Dark One stood, empty eyes

gazing at Rowan with such great malevolence the air between them rippled and shivered as if to escape the sight of this half-god. Slowly bringing up his left hand the Dark One pointed to Rowan, and there was no sign of weakness in his voice, it almost sounded as if he was a bit amused,

“Maggot, you are the cause of my pain, their weapons, and techniques, all came from you, commendable but futile. I see that you have brought the fallen to stand behind you, this is good, let them all witness my rise and know that their punishment would be eternal under my reign!”

Rowan did not respond to this mad thing, there was no need, he was already too far gone, this being was simply a reflection of the mind of the mortals towards who they believed Rowan to be, and so, it had been twisted to the extreme, for something like this, the best course of action was well, action.

He did not need to give any order to the Memoroës behind him, as an enormous blast pushed him toward the Dark One whose bony jaw dropped down, most likely heralding the coming of a scream, in such an open area without any obstruction, that cry would rip Rowan to pieces.

“That enough from you,” Rowan growled as a gesture from his hand sent a flood of skull heading towards the head of the Dark One, they rushed past Rowan, faster than he was being hurtled towards his target, and along the way Rowan made each skull shrink until they were the size of a speck of dust, and he packed them into a screaming ball that covered the head of the Dark One, and their numbers were in the hundreds of thousands.

Rowan saw the ball of skulls surrounding the head of the Dark One expand, on the verge of exploding under the strain of containing the voice of the Dark One, but Rowan had not stopped sending more skulls into the ball to strengthen it, and in the fraction of the moment he used to cross the distance between him and the Dark One, he already had millions of skulls covering his head, but he did not expect them to last, the skulls were powerful, but Rowan lacked the necessary Will, Aether or Essence to properly channel their might, and he was barely using them as immortal fodder, however, it did not matter, he only needed them to buy him time, and he was now close to the Earth god as his hypothesis was confirmed.

He felt his head dip a little and without the thousand aches of an injured mortal body distracting his mind, he could feel pain ripple across his head as the blade of the Dark One solidified in his skull.

Rowan did not try to think about it, only supercharged his skull with as much healing powers as he could draw from the Memories, and with a single smooth motion, he pulled the blade out of his skull.

His vision went blank for a moment as a strong taste of citrus flooded his mouth, his muscles nearly collapsed but he was propped up by the Memories behind him and soon

enough the wound through his skull healed and Rowan's body steadied a few feet away from the Dark One, and with the same motion that he used to draw out the sword from his head, he continued with that slash, the blade cutting through both knees of the Dark One.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1474 Drawing Lightning

Like in every moment where he did battle, Rowan was analytical, he could not become as precise as when he was in his immortal body, but he could get close enough with this mortal one.

The height of his enemy was a problem and he needed to cut him down to size, Rowan's first slash with the blade separated the Dark One into two from the knees, the blade was so sharp and cut through the bones so cleanly that the Earth god did not even seem aware of the cut and he did not topple over.

Normally this would have been the time for Rowan to sweep his enemy off their feet with a wide kick, but that action would only crush his legs against the pillars of creation that were the bones of the Earth god, and so he took precisely that action knowing that the Dark One would not anticipate such a move and he succeeded. Rowan swept the Dark One off his feet with his a kick but his legs were wrapped with a large cushion of skulls, that reduced the impact and boosted his strength to boot, and instead of crushing his legs into a paste, he simply broke bones that were rapidly healing, but this kick sent the lower limbs of the Earth god flying into the distance.

The body of the Dark One buckled and it was beginning to fall, and Rowan angled the blade towards his descending mass, and from the crotch up to his skull a red light from the passing blade shone bright.

Rowan had exerted force on the blade as he shot up from the ground, and like a hot blade through a pile of snow, he bisected the Dark One in two with his blade.

The two halves of the Dark One fell to their knees, the mouth of the god opened in surprise and even though he was separated in two, his will still burned bright as a red flame seemed to ignite in the center of the two empty eye sockets within his parted skull.

Rowan's attack had taken him into the air for a few feet and as he descended, he swung the blade in a wide slash, leaving a trail of red behind that made it seem as if a half moon was painted in mid-air, this move tore through both halves of the Dark One neck, but Rowan feet did not touch the ground.

Even as he made that swing, the left hand of the Dark One had shot forward, bereft of most of his strength, it had still been enough to impale Rowan through the chest, arresting his motion in a single savage move.

All of these seemed to have taken place over an extended amount of time but not even a second had passed and their furious clash was over.

A massive shockwave erupted from the site of the clash, and when it subsided an extremely strange sight was revealed.

Despite being cut into six pieces, the body parts of the Dark One refused to fall to the ground, all parts of his body were floating in the air, his mad will was so powerful it defied death itself, both half of his grinning skull that had been blackened by flames and filled with cracks and pockmarks turned towards Rowan who was gasping for breathe impaled on the left hand of the Dark One,

“What did you achieve by your struggles?” the Dark One said, “Nothing of relevance, my ascension comes regardless. Have you forgotten that I also defy death.”

Behind the Dark One, the last tethers binding him to mortality was severed, and the world seemed to go still before the storm above suddenly exploded in size, massive thunderstorms grew from nothing, growing and expanding as an immortal power descended from the heavens carried by a lightning bolt.

Rowan had miscalculated the sheer will of the Dark One, technically only a single blow should have been enough to sever what was left of his life force, and Rowan had not made a single blow, he had dealt several lethal blows that should have killed this Earth god a hundred times over.

Nothing was keeping this half-god alive, his consciousness and Will should have been so mangled by this blade that even if he was still alive, even the act of thinking should be impossible, and yet here he was, impaled on his arm, a moment from death and the victory of his enemy before him.

At this moment, Rowan had a premonition about how his enemies must have regarded him. They must have seen him broken and beaten down, brought to a state where he was much more alive than dead, and he would still have the power to fight back.

Was he not him who said that if anything could not kill him off in a single blow then that attack was useless for he would always recover?

Now that he was seeing these words thrown in front of his face, he did not have the energy to even hate himself, he simply murmured, his lungs were too shredded to speak aloud, the Dark One regarded him for a moment and looked upwards, the red glow inside his skull gleaming as he opened himself to the decent of immortality carried by the lightning bolt when it hit, the Dark One would become immortal and Rowan would be ash.

The lightning bolt descended, shining with such great light it could be seen all over the continent and the Dark One roared to receive it, and Rowan murmured again, but this time it was louder, he said, “One blow.”

In his perception, the world seemed to slow down, as his mind dragged out the last of the fading power of his thoughts as he called out to the skulls behind him in all their multitude,

“Come.”

Like a red tide a mile high, billions of skulls poured down over Rowan and the Dark One, burying them under a blanket of red that extended for miles, but the lightning bolt descending from the sky tore through the skulls like nothing, descending towards its target and the Dark One shrieked in laughter,

“It is useless, nothing can stop its descent. I shall arise!”

Rowan’s voice firmed, ringing strong, as he growled,

“I was not trying to stop it.”

The lightning bolt slammed into their position and an explosion like a thousand nuclear warheads going off at once erupted, creating a mushroom cloud that extended for a thousand miles and scattering the storm for tens of thousands, it took a while for it to die down and when it did, only Rowan was left standing and the remnants of the Dark One was lying at his feet, crumbling to ash, in his right hand was the red blade of the Dark One covered by lightning.

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Chapter 1475 Embracing The Memory

“Impossible,” the fading voice of the Dark One echoed, “How did you...”

“This world was never your own, you are just a guest who overstayed their welcome, now I am taking back your privileges,” Rowan said as he stomped on the remnants of the collapsing skull, banishing this mental plague forever, the cries of anguish from the Dark One was far more enjoyable than he thought.

Rowan felt a surge of power building up around him that for a mortal was impossible to describe, but he knew it as the power of Memory, it exploded out of the place where the Dark One perished and surged throughout this Fracture, and the world began to heal.

Mountains regrew from the earth like grass and plains flowed like rivers, a spectacular world unfolded before his eyes and Rowan basked in its beauty in a manner that only a mortal could do.

All around him, the red skulls began to rise, and as this force that was remaking the world rippled through their bodies, the curse that made them into this wretched existence was wiped away and the people, as they once were, began to reappear, free from the shackles of their memory.

At first, they looked around in confusion, then understanding entered their heart as they gazed upon the form of Rowan, no longer wearing the body of Acturus, but his true form, and as one, men, women, and children, all bowed to him, the sound of their knees hitting the earth was like thunder. As mortals standing before the enormity of existence feel awe in their hearts, so also was the feeling in their hearts as great when they witnessed the true form of Rowan, and they bowed for they could not look upon his perfection for long.

Rowan looked at the red blade in his hand, the lightning running through it was rapidly breaking it down, and in a while, it would collapse alongside its master, and this was as it should be, something like this was never meant to exist in the first place. In Rowan's hand, it had served its purpose and it was time for it to return. His mind flashed back to the last few moments and how easily everything could have changed. Impaled upon the hand of the Dark One, watching Tribulation Lightning about to fall, that was the moment that Rowan understood everything that this Fracture represented.

He was here to cultivate his Memory Dimension, and he had already begun the process. Unlike the other dimensional levels where he could use soul energy to breeze through it, the dimension of Memory was different.

In the higher realms of power, the path of every immortal begins to diverge, and the method used in cultivating their abilities also grew increasingly specialized. No one cultivates in the same exact pattern, and the best guidance any immortals would be able to get at this level was a rough outline of what they should be expecting at the higher levels of existence.

Rowan had been able to grasp part of the truth when he was inside this Fracture, he knew that this Dark One was a reflection of the memories of these mortals inside his Memories, they saw him as a ruthless tyrant, and by fighting alongside them and acknowledging their lives in a way that most immortals would never be able to do, he had gained their loyalty and strength.

At first, Rowan had been convinced that this was all he had to learn while inside this Fracture, he wanted to give his all to fight against the Dark One and if he succeeded or failed then he would still have learned a valuable lesson on his ascension to the sixth dimension.

Fundamentally there was nothing wrong with his inference and he was about to give up and return to his immortal form when the final part of this whole experience clicked in his mind.

This Fracture belonged to him, they were a part of his Memories, given life with the powers of his higher dimensional state, and if that were to be the case, how could he leave such a flaw as the Dark One behind him?

Rowan knew that he was ruthless and bloodthirsty, and that part of him would never change, however, one thing that he was not, was petty, arrogant, and twisted. He would not willfully resurrect mortals over and over again just to torture them in the sickest way possible.

This Dark One was never meant to exist, it was a collection of the fears of the mortals in his Memories, that were born when he unleashed a grand devastation on the first Major World inside his home universe, and they had never learned of his growth and all they had of him was this Dark One.

In the instant that he watched the Tribulation Lightning descend and his cold immortal eyes watching everything from above, Rowan was struck with an epiphany. It had been a while since he had one of those, but without the presence of his immortal mind that was granting him near omniscience, he had to make do with what his mortal mind was capable of experiencing.

Everything that was happening here was to help him cultivate his Memory! For mortals, their memories were abstract, but upon reaching the sixth-dimensional level, his Memories were real, and each of them carried fears, desires, thoughts, and emotions, if he left the Dark One behind, his growth of his Memory Dimension would be stalled.

With all of this in mind, Rowan saw that he could not lose to the Dark One, doing so would solidify the presence of this being in his Memory, and the risk that would bring would be too great for him to bear.

All of this enlightenment made defeating the Dark One a simple thing, after all, he might have a lot of traits that Rowan enjoyed, but the important thing was that this creature was not him, he was just an extremely flawed copy, and no matter how powerful, he could never defeat the original, even if Rowan was left with just a mortal's body.

Also, he believed that he already had all the tools needed to triumph in this Memory. He just had to find the right trigger and create the best actions for the outcomes he needed, and although he suspected that he could still succeed if he did less, Rowan had never been satisfied with anything less than perfect.

Rowan's final act had been all about deception and using his common sense to defeat this being.

The flood of skulls that he unleashed at the end was not to stop the descent of the Tribulation lightning, it was to block the sight of the Dark One, and when that was achieved, Rowan simply took the red blade that was still left in his hand and shoved it upwards.

When the Tribulation lightning had struck, the blade had simply been a foot higher than the skull of the Dark One, and instead of entering the body of the Earth god to make him a god, it had veered towards the blade.

The blade of the Dark One was intrinsically tied to the Earth god, they had committed the same acts over millions of years, and they were alien to his real memory of who he was.

The red blade in his hands collapsed to sparks and the first Fracture was settled, Rowan expected that when he finished healing all the fractures in his mind he would have completed his Memory dimension, but for now, it was time to ascend, Reality waits for his return.

Chapter 1476 The Core Of A Primordial

“That voice..... Now I understand everything!”

“LET ME IN.... LET ME IN.... LET ME IN!!!”

Rowan’s eyes opened inside the Memory of Primordial Life, and instantly, he knew this was something that an immortal was not supposed to be able to do, at least not at the sixth-dimensional level. Maybe an Old One would be able to endure for a while, but even they would not be able to swallow all of this information.

From the little that he had gleaned from Elura and Seed, entering the Memory of Primordial Life should have guided him on the path of Memory, linking him to his roots and providing the tools he needed to grasp thus elusive dimension, and the truth was that they had succeeded, but not in the way that any of them could have imagined.

Rowan was linked to the bloodline of Primordial Life, that was true enough, but he had long ago exceeded the boundary that this Primordial had placed on his descendants or any other immortal in reality, and entering the Memory of this Primordial, he was not a child that was entering the house of his father to receive wisdom, instead, he was an aggressive competitor that had been brought into the center of his opponent’s power. Although the price he had paid to reach here was grievous, Maeve had given her life for him to succeed, and the memory of her loss hurt, there were few who knew him as a child, and now the last of those people were gone.

That pain settled in his heart like a vise, and perhaps he would have been more gentle when he began to exploit the Memory of Primordial Life, he had gained what he came for, he could leave, but Rowan was no longer satisfied with hiding his head under the sand.

The actions of Seed and Elura had shown him what reality would treat him and those he cared about, and that was because they did not understand who they were dealing with, and if he continued on his path, they never would, it would simply be an endless cycle of ever-escalating responses to his elusiveness, until they approached his limits and by then, Rowan wondered if he would be able to check himself again.

No, it was time to change the playbook. He had gained the path of Memory, and soon Fate and Destiny would be his to control, and there was no longer a reason to hide his light.

He was not an immortal, he was something more.

Rowan no longer hesitated in his grasp for the truth, instead of leaving the Memory of Primordial Life, he plunged deeper into the ocean, his body crossing billions of light. years in a fraction of a moment as he went deeper than anyone had ever gone until he was approaching what felt like the core of this Primordial and then he opened himself to it.

He was crushed, shattered, every piece of him was destroyed, but Rowan laughed, even now he was simulating the responses that a normal immortal of this realm would receive and he released his guise, and although his bloodlines and class were still dormant, he was not something that reality, even the Primordials themselves could simply crush.

As he opened himself to reality, existence began to lack meaning, weight, time, space, heat, death, emotions, life... they all sought out a part of him, but there was nothing to hold.

Rowan could feel the weight of the Primordial existence slowly reassert itself and began to creep closer to him, but he had bought himself time, and so he pushed deeper into the Memory and he saw....

He had received enlightenment as a mortal inside the Fracture, and now that he had awakened as an immortal, he had pushed himself into an environment that was so high leveled that he was like a mortal inside the realms of an immortal again.

But the truth could only be found when you searched for it. Rowan felt his Will resonate with this sentiment and the Will of Truth stepped fully into the sixth dimension.

Unlike other immortals that ascends to the higher dimension by following their Will, Rowan seemed to be the opposite, his Wills were chasing his ascension, proving that he had broken the method created by the Primordials to reach higher dimensional levels, he no longer needed that crutch.

There was no way his mind could comprehend everything that was flowing past him, there was too much information, and a fraction of it would fill up reality until it overflowed, but Rowan's soul could grab screenshots of infinity, and as he kept taking these slices of information and not even trying to digest them, doing so may leave him out of commission for hundreds of minor eras as he sought to understand, he was simply letting them wash through his consciousness, hoping to piece together all the random pieces that he was grabbing, and like a miracle, he gained enlightenment. He was like that blind man who had never seen an elephant before, and was touching various parts of it without knowing what everything was like in full, but enlightenment suddenly placed a picture of that scattered parts of the elephant together and even without seeing an elephant before now, he was able to accurately grasp its features. However, the picture that his enlightenment showed him was grim, however, Rowan understood that he might have just found out one of the greatest secrets in all of existence, and even for him, it was hard to believe what he had just uncovered.

As a Creator and Living dimension, Rowan had access to so many details about existence and all the interconnected forces within it, that at the moment he stepped Into the fourth dimension of Time, he automatically became a fifth-dimensional entity of Space-Time.

He would boast that he knew everything about reality up to a level, being that he was that said-reality, however, he was discovering that what he knew was just one aspect of reality!

Time, Space, and Memory were connected in such a deep manner but he was only applying his powers to a single aspect of it and disregarding the rest, for other immortals that was the right move, there was no way they could access more, it was like telling an ant to walk in space, but this rule was not for him.

When he was copying the Supreme Circle, he had been stumped by many parts of it, and was not able to fully comprehend it, without the powers of his supreme bloodlines and Wills that enabled him to achieve miracles far above his dimensional level, he would never be able to achieve a fraction of what he was capable of, and Rowan was finally understanding the reason.

A Primordial sees no difference between the past, present and the future, they could live at all of these moments at the same time. Life and Death were meaningless to them, existence and non-existence were both sides of the same coin, and yet, they were still bound by these rules, because what they knew was not....

Rowan reached for this knowledge but he could not attain it in full, there was too much for him to hold, but what he had just come to understand was important... too important.

The Primordials were.... Prisoners!

Chapter 1477 Comprehension

Chapter 1477 Comprehension

Perhaps prisoners were the wrong word to use for their situation, but Rowan considered that it was the only word that fit more closely to the Primordials' situation. They were somehow trapped, and Rowan needed to confirm this truth, or else he would never be able to follow through with any of his plans. He was only seeing one side of an extremely complex puzzle, and for him to understand, he needed perspective.

It was a good thing that he had reached the sixth dimension of Memory, and therefore, he could begin to twist time and space in a manner that no immortal should be capable of. He had seen the way the Primordials treated time and space, and although he could not replicate it, there were still things that he could accomplish.

At this time, his Tower of Greed would have been a wonderful tool, however without sufficient Essence and Aether to power it, how would barely be able to wield a fraction of the power that he needed, of course he could try to borrow energy from his Memory dimension, which was a unique ability, but that also had drawbacks that he was not prepared to handle, he would simply have to use his new dimensional abilities in other ways.

Calculating the energy expenditure as well as the cost that it would incur, Rowan was determined that he could pay it, the benefit was well worth the cost, besides this was the cheapest option that he had that would not debilitate him for long.

Merging his Memory with Time and Space, he sent forth his intentions to his Dimensional Soul, a year into the past, his Will of Truth was the carrier of this message.

Rowan hoped that his gamble would be able to pay off.

Rowan's Dimensional Soul had been hovering outside the Land of Miracles since his main body had been trapped, this was in case there was ever a situation where his powers were needed, despite the fact that they were apart, every experience they went through was instantaneously comprehended by both the body and soul, and there was no one who would be able to react faster than him.

However, there were certain aspects of Rowan's powers that were locked away from his Dimensional Soul, which was his Origin Land and bloodlines.

He could not share this power with his Dimension Soul without activating them, this would simply be a burden on his quickly diminishing resources which was already in use for organizing Rowan's interest all throughout reality, from the lower to the higher realms. He barely had half his Aether and Essence left, and when the stores of energy inside his Dimensional Soul was exhausted, it would simply go dormant and return back to his flesh.

This separation between Rowan's body and soul caused a unique phenomenon to occur between his two sides.

When the massive eyes that caused the storm which was presently sweeping all over reality began to occur, Rowan Dimensional Soul was not panicked because he could sense that everything was following his design, even though he did not understand it. His soul was rapidly sending and receiving information from billions of sources as he was following the current state of multiple dimensions, his Knowledge Well Chambers and impressive soul capacity were being strained to the limits, most of his attention was on the Primordial domains, but he still was abreast of the happenings of reality than most would have believed, and what he could see was startling.

A war was on the horizon, and apparently, he was the one that had triggered it, and you would think that because he was the one responsible for this event he would understand what was happening, but the Dimensional Soul did not, he was witnessing his powers unleashed on such a massive scale that it had completely dwarfed his greatest feat.

His great eyes were present in every dimension, from the depths of the abyss to the heavens of the Celestials, every single dimension in every realm was being touched by his power, and his Dimensional Soul did not understand what was happening.

If he wanted to do something like this with his current capabilities, it was impossible, only the energy expenditure alone was billions of times greater than what he was capable of discharging, even if he was to add all the powers of his children and all the souls he had collected.

The Dimensional Soul had expected a response to the affront of Seed and Elura, and it would be something incredibly drastic if, at the end of this conflict, a portion of the Land of Miracle was destroyed, then it was something that he could expect, what he did not anticipate was this storm that was wrecking the entirety of reality, it was beyond his understanding even when he could feel his powers rippling through every single drop of rain.

He knew when his main body stepped into the sixth-dimensional level, and for an extended moment there was a dissonance between his dimensional flesh and his dimensional soul, and this was the cause of his confusion because the Rowan that was causing this storm was at the sixth-dimensional level while his dimensional soul was still at the fifth.

Rowan's existence had become quite peculiar, his state of being was extremely massive and each part of him was compartmentalized, his nature was becoming so complex, that it was no longer strange for his left hand to be working on something that his right hand was not aware of.

Nonetheless, this confusion did not persist for long because the moment that Rowan who was inside the Memory of Primordial Life sent his intentions towards his Dimensional

Soul, everything changed. The gap in communication and power levels were fixed, and understanding flooded his soul.

His Dimensional Soul was frozen in place for a moment and then he screamed before he collapsed into a ball of light, that soon vanished.

The moment he disappeared, several powerful senses swept through his previous position, the situation was tense and everyone was at a knife's edge, but Rowan's soul was already long gone.

Chapter 1478 I Can Kill Old Ones

Rowan's dimensional soul opened his eyes in the past and peered into the distance to find his dimensional flesh battling against Drakul, he had reached the precise moment that he chosed.

Traveling to the past was not an exact science especially with the added complication where he had to partition his memories and abilities in a manner that would both deceive his enemies and still obey some of the fundamental rules of reality.

He sighed and looked away from the battle as the knowledge of the Primordials and the truth about their existence was a shock to his system, coupled with the Ascension to the sixth-dimensional level of his soul, and yet it was astounding that at the moment his dimensional flesh was at the fifth dimensional level, while his soul was presently stronger, and he intended to keep it this way.

The intuition of his main body was extremely powerful, and his soul would have to be extremely careful for the next year so that the secret of his Ascension would not be deciphered, or else the consequences would mean his death.

If it was worth it, the dimensional soul would be willing to pay this price, but that was not his mission.

He could change the present discrepancy that existed between his body and soul if he shared this information with his present body, but the greatest advantage of the Memory dimension was how easily all of this power could be partitioned to the time/ space continuum that it was needed.

He was not here to change the future, not when his main body was still inside the Memory of Primordial Life, such an act would be easily detected by the Primordial, and he would be risking his body for no benefit, instead, he was here to find the truth. This was not even adding to the fact that the only reason he could share his power with the past of his soul was tied to the fact that he was not going to be changing the future of his body because this change depended on the knowledge he had gained from a Primordial.

If he did this, then it would be like opening a backdoor for Primordial Life to understand Rowan's abilities.

Rowan was the only one in reality who was not just able to see into the past, but he could also see the future, and despite how expensive it was to travel to this position in time, this was a cost that he was able to bear.

He shuddered as he lost every single iota of his Aether and Essence that were stored inside his soul, and even that was not enough, massive piles of soul crystals were consumed in their billions, and when the suctioning of his resources was over, he was left with less than a fraction of his impressive wealth.

For the first time in a while, Rowan was left with soul crystals in the single digits, anymore and there would have been nothing left of him to collect and then he would have begun to cannibalize his soul for energy.

He had paid such a great price, and that was just him only changing the past/future of his dimensional soul, if he attempts to change the future of his dimensional flesh at this moment, the cost alone would kill him.

There could still be other methods that he might use to fool reality in order to alert his main body of what was to come, but that would be too risky.

Rowan could send his Reflections to the past/future, but that technique was losing its relevance to him due to the fact that his Reflections would have to be at the third dimensional level, and they would not be aware of his presence, and with the enormous risks of discovery involved, Rowan was not planning to repeat that. experiment any time in the future.

Doom Star was a closed off environment, and so Rowan could control a lot of the outcomes, ensuring that no one was able to prey on the weakness of his Reflections, he would hardly be finding such a place again.

Also without access to higher dimensional powers on the fly, the information gathered by his Reflections would be next to useless.

The dimensional soul closed his eyes and waited and before long the storehouse of soul crystals began to multiply inside his coffers, all tinged with red, clearly from the soul of Drakul that his main body was killing with the aid of his Origin bloodline, Serathis

With his increased understanding of Memory, Rowan knew that he had just struck this Old One a great blow, one that would be extremely hard to recover from. Regaining back all the lost soul power would be very difficult, and it was possible that Drakul might never recover, because Serathis was collecting too much from this ancient vampire, not just his soul, but also his Memories and Fate as well, and it was extremely likely that this Old One might fall from his position if he was unlucky. The power of the soul could be

recultivated, but his Fate and Memories were unique resources that was impossible to be regained, he could only make new ones, and there was no guarantee that they would be equal to what he had lost, some Memories were priceless, and Serathis was collecting all of that power.

This finding stunned Rowan, he had not understood the full power of Serathis when he used it, but now at a higher dimensional level, the powers of his Origin Bloodline were slowly being uncovered,

“With Serathis alone, I can kill Old Ones.”

To do this he would have to kill a single Old One multiple times, but this was with his bloodline unawakened, what would happen if he fully unlocks his Origin Bloodline?

The amount of energy he needed for the next step of his journey was achieved and he did not wait, the Dimensional Soul tore space apart as he headed towards the

Nothingness.

Chapter 1479 The End Of Infinity

With his great speed, it did not take long for the Dimensional Soul to reach deep into the Nothingness where he paused and analyzed his surroundings, the last time he was here, he had used his angels to commit great slaughter for countless miles, and in the small area that he roamed he killed almost one percent of all the extradimensional beings there, not because he wanted their souls, but because the inhabitants of the Nothingness were extremely violent, and the only language they understood was force.

As far as anyone could tell, the Nothingness was infinite in scope, and not just the minor sort of infinities present inside Reality, but truly infinite in a way that only Primordials could comprehend, and as it was, Rowan did not have the power to travel at the speed of Primordials if he wanted to find out the truth, it would virtually be impossible.

If he were to turn around and look behind him, peering through space/time, then he would see the entirety of reality, and from his position, it would look like a dot. It was in times like this that made Rowan understand why immortals hated to venture outside reality, it made them all feel small.

Rowan could see himself traveling till the end of time and he would barely cross a fraction of the distance that was required to see the truth, and if he could not do this with all the time in his hand, then no immortal under Primordial should have been able to discover this secret.

The only way Rowan would be able to reach his target would be if he used an unconventional method.

He had already experimented with this method when he crossed through space/time using only his Memory dimension, now he had to cross through the nothingness also using Memory.

The space in the Nothingness was not the conventional space that could be found in reality, it could not be defined or had any visible vectors, and no lower dimensional immortal could survive here without specific bloodlines or abilities that could allow a mind to interpret nothing into something.

The act of traveling through the Nothingness was more an act of willpower and not simply pushing through space, in plain terms, Rowan Will was not strong enough to reach the location that he wanted, even the Will of an Old One would not be enough, he needed something stronger.

While inside the Memories of Primordial Life, he had seen flashes of that place, the end of infinity itself, and Rowan was attempting to cross through the Nothingness using that flash of memory alone.

In any other scenario, this would certainly be impossible, just looking at a picture of a location was not enough to bring you to that location, but like his memories, those of Primordials were extremely complete.

The memory of a mortal was vague and blurry, most fading after a week, for an immortal, their memory was sharp and precise, able to recall details down to the minute level, however, for Rowan, his memory went beyond the surface of things, he was a dimension, so he could perfectly recall all the smallest of interactions in the background.

From the precise vibrations of every single atom at every given moment in time to the state of the souls of every living thing in the memory. Every second of his Memory carried such a vast amount of information and complexity that if an immortal was bombarded with a single year of Rowan's memory, they would be lobotomized by all that information, their souls would collapse and their memories corrupted until they became what were essentially fragments of Rowan's will.

If he had the energy, he could perfectly replicate anything in his memories, his sixth dimension of Memory had just supercharged this ability, and this was just the beginning

The memories of Primordials were even more complete than Rowan's own, and this was because they had access to higher concepts that Rowan still had no access to yet at his present dimensional level.

However, Rowan's bloodlines were so powerful that he was able to access all of these concepts even if he could not understand them, and this was what he was counting on to bring him to a place that he had no right to reach.

This was vitally important because if he could confirm his speculations about Primordials, then Rowan would be able to make moves on a scale that would eclipse anything he had ever done before. He was about to bet his future on this glimpse he had seen inside a Primordial's mind, and before he did something so insane, he needed to ensure that he satisfied this need.

The dimensional soul allowed his consciousness to relax, almost as if he was entering a meditative state, he needed to prepare himself to dive into this Memory of

Primordial Life, it would take everything from him.

As his soul relaxed he began touching traces of the past, where he had once been before, and left pieces of himself behind.

Somewhere in the Nothingness, he could feel the World Stele, it was still wrapped by the power of Astrolabe and it was being hurtled deeper into the Nothingness. With the amount of destruction he had wrought on this Singularity, it would take a long time for it to heal, and then gain the power to break the hold of his Astrolabe that he surrounded it with, Rowan estimated that time period to be nearly a million years. He had banished the World Stele when he was a fifth-dimensional immortal, and in just a year, he was already a sixth-dimensional immortal, in a million years, with what he was capable of, he would not just be banishing the World Stele anymore. Rowan had plans for this Singularity and its master Thenos.

His senses permeated the Nothingness, and he easily located the broken dimension where he had forged Wormtongue, Ganem Prime, the forgotten dimension of the Spectral Titan and the place where he had killed all of the Primordial Keepers, and Rowan was sure that among the Old Ones released from the Great Desert after he broke it open, the Spectral Titan was one of them, her powers were closely related to the Great Desert and escaping it would be among her agenda, he was eager to find this Old One again.

She had a unique power that was related to Oblivion and Rowan doubted if he would find another Old One who could control this power as well as she could, he had harvested a lot of it to create Wormtongue, but he still needed more, and he would allow this Spectral Titan to recover and then he would come for them.

It did not matter where she would run to inside reality or outside of it, he already had too much of her, and he would be finding her when the time came for it. His senses also touched another location that he originally thought he would never return to, it once contained a race of spider-like beings who had been devouring a sprite, a petite creature with butterfly wings who had been related to the seed he once planted on the Frozen Road.

A fresh wave of pain filled his soul because this Sprite had been related to Maeve, he had practically created her to take the form of the little sprite in his memory as a child, and

during the creation of Wormtongue, the Sprite had perished, it was a hidden price he paid for creating a Source level treasure.

Rowan now regretted this decision, he should not have sacrificed the life of this Sprite, he could have found another way to complete this treasure, with Maeve gone,

it was as if every trace of her life had been erased.

He did now the method Elura had used in killing his friend, but she was an Old One, and during the battle on Doom Star, he had learned that powerful Old Ones could not just destroy the soul, they could also affect the Soul Origin as well.

This was because their power was so potent that it could reach beyond time and space, beyond even the soul itself, and reach its origin. Rowan had many defenses against Old One, and so if he was attacked, it would take a lot of damage before any could touch his Soul Origin, but someone like Maeve would not have any of those

advantages.

Elura was extremely powerful, and even her simplest moves might have destroyed the Soul Origin of Maeve.

Fresh pain reminding him of his failure and loss made Rowan scattered mind to firm with conviction, no more, he was no longer presenting himself as weak again, any of his enemies who saw him, would understand what he was, his name shall shake all of creation.

He seized the Memory of Primordial Life as he growled,

“Come to me!”

Screams as if emerging from the bowels of hell erupted all around him, and the

Nothingness was shattered as several massive hands with long claws emerged that grabbed him and they pulled.

They vanished as quickly as they arrived, and Rowan was there... The end of infinity.

Chapter 1480: The End Of Infinity

With his great speed, it did not take long for the Dimensional Soul to reach deep into the Nothingness where he paused and analyzed his surroundings, the last time he was here,

he had used his angels to commit great slaughter for countless miles, and in the small area that he roamed he killed almost one percent of all the extradimensional beings there, not because he wanted their souls, but because the inhabitants of the Nothingness were extremely violent, and the only language they understood was force.

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She had a unique power that was related to Oblivion and Rowan doubted if he would find another Old One who could control this power as well as she could, he had harvested a lot of it to create Wormtongue, but he still needed more, and he would allow this Spectral Titan to recover and then he would come for them.

It did not matter where she would run to inside reality or outside of it, he already had too much of her, and he would be finding her when the time came for it.

His senses also touched another location that he originally thought he would never return to, it once contained a race of spider-like beings who had been devouring a sprite, a petite creature with butterfly wings who had been related to the seed he once planted on the Frozen Road.

A fresh wave of pain filled his soul because this Sprite had been related to Maeve, he had practically created her to take the form of the little sprite in his memory as a child, and during the creation of Wormtongue, the Sprite had perished, it was a hidden price he paid for creating a Source level treasure.

Rowan now regretted this decision, he should not have sacrificed the life of this Sprite, he could have found another way to complete this treasure, with Maeve gone, it was as if every trace of her life had been erased.

He did now the method Elura had used in killing his friend, but she was an Old One, and during the battle on Doom Star, he had learned that powerful Old Ones could not just destroy the soul, they could also affect the Soul Origin as well.

This was because their power was so potent that it could reach beyond time and space, beyond even the soul itself, and reach its origin. Rowan had many defenses against Old One, and so if he was attacked, it would take a lot of damage before any could touch his Soul Origin, but someone like Maeve would not have any of those advantages.

Elura was extremely powerful, and even her simplest moves might have destroyed the Soul Origin of Maeve.

Fresh pain reminding him of his failure and loss made Rowan scattered mind to firm with conviction, no more, he was no longer presenting himself as weak again, any of his

enemies who saw him, would understand what he was, his name shall shake all of creation.

He seized the Memory of Primordial Life as he growled,

"Come to me!"

Screams as if emerging from the bowels of hell erupted all around him, and the Nothingness was shattered as several massive hands with long claws emerged that grabbed him and they pulled.

They vanished as quickly as they arrived, and Rowan was there... The end of infinity.

Chapter 1481 Limbo

Chapter 1481 Limbo

Rowan barely had the time to come to terms with the strange method that he had been transported with when he used the Memory of Primordial Life as a bridge when he was crushed to the ground by great pressure, for a moment everything was blank, he could not feel anything, even thoughts were gone from his mind and any awareness of himself was gone, and Rowan could not tell how much time he spent in this state, not that it would matter, the concept of time did not exist here, a second and a billion years were the same things.

A mortal or an immortal that was bound by the rules of time would not be able to survive here, the foundations of their existence was built upon this concept, and even though Rowan shared a portion of that foundation, he carried his own time and space with him, and although this concept did not exist here, he was still able to slowly make meaning of his surroundings.

It also helped that he was still surrounded by the remnants of the Memory of Primordial Life, and those acted as the stabilizer to his existence, but he could barely think for an extremely long time, but slowly his consciousness began to accumulate until a threshold was reached, and almost automatically his fingers began to move. At first, their movements seemed erratic, but slowly grace returned to his fingers, and runes of memories, powered by soul essence began to rage around his body, as multiple barriers began to coalesce around his body, growing increasingly thicker until they reached a certain point and Rowan began to slowly rise from the ground, carried by the waves of green runes pouring out from his fingers.

Rowan was not sure that he should be able to do this, since he had never seen anyone weave Memories as if they were spells, but Rowan could touch memories that were as potent as his own, and it helped that the Memories he was weaving came from a Primordial.

Whatever place he had just found himself contained laws of power that were so potent and beyond anything that could be found in reality and had never been wielded by anyone or anything that he had seen.

It did not take long for Rowan to realize that the power surrounding him was beyond the eighth-dimensional level and was firmly in the realms of Primordials. This place had never been meant for any lesser being, not even Old Ones were worthy of reaching it.

What could have been billions of years passed as Rowan continued weaving the fragments of the Memory of Primordial Life that he had snatched, and in that time his Wills began to grow in a ridiculous manner.

His Will of Truth that had reached the sixth dimensional realm first quickly grew under the stimulation of his understanding of reality growing beyond what he had anticipated barely a year before.

The Will of Elder, the Will of Soul Origin, and the Will of Time soon reached the sixth-dimensional realm, and their growth was not hampered for a single moment.

Countless inspiration poured into his mind during the moments that he spent weaving Memories. The understanding of Time, Space, Soul Origin, Truth, and the Elder race grew until a wall was reached at the peak of the sixth dimension.

This wall was unbreachable without any direct intervention from Rowan's dimensional flesh and his Origin Land, however, he was in such a high-level environment that despite not being able to ascend his Will past the sixth-dimensional level, it began to broaden, as Rowan had all the time in the world to begin experimenting with new permutations and combination of his Wills

The inspiration he had gained over the creation of Wills when he combined the Sin Weapons was fully utilised by him at this time, and his Will continued to evolve. Billions of years passed and Rowan did not stop working on weaving Memory, the growth of his Will was simply a beneficial side-effect.

Soon his consciousness fully awakened, all these while his soul had been operating nearly automatically without any direct input from his consciousness and he had succeeded in pushing this process to the level where he was able to finally unlock the full measures of his consciousness.

Rowan's mind reawakened and he smiled in relief. There had been a possibility that he would have never been able to awaken, and his dimensional soul would have been stuck in this place forever until his dimensional flesh was strong enough to free him from this place, but betting on his ability to manipulate the Memory of Primordial Life was the correct option and he had barely succeeded.

Despite his mind being awakened, he could not even see his surroundings fully, the weave he had made was protecting him from this place but it was also blunting his perception.

However, he had spent such a long time here that Rowan had been able to decipher where he was by the process of elimination and the fact that he had the assistance of the Memory from Primordial life and he had been here before, in a Memory shown to him by the Primordial Record.

He was on Limbo.

When Rowan became a living dimension, his Singularity, the Primordial Record had become so enamored with his potential that he gave Rowan a choice to merge with it, for them to become something new and powerful.

To convince Rowan of their potential if they combined, the Primordial Record had shown him a vision of the future, one where their fusion had shattered all of reality and what remained was a single plain that was called Limbo.

Rowan had not left Reality at that time, he had barely seen the full measures of the Great Darkness after he left his universe for a brief moment, and so he did not.

understand the full significance of that vision.

The fusion between him and the Primordial Record had led to the release of so much energy that not only the lower realms were destroyed, but also the higher realms as well, every dimension in existence, every Primordial Domain were shattered to pieces, and it had not ended there, even the Nothingness was destroyed, and so what Rowan had seen was what was left behind when Reality and the Nothingness were destroyed, there would be nothing but Limbo.

Previously as a lower dimensional immortal, he had not fully understood what it would mean for the fusion between him and the Primordial Record to lead to the destruction of all of reality, he could not even comprehend power on such a scale, and as a means of self-preservation, his mind had simply glossed over this detail, now he knew. With the understanding of what Limbo represented, it was easy for him to draw the next logical conclusion,

“At first I believed that Singularities were born from outside all known existence, and they were like viruses, invading the realities that the Primordials had created and nurtured, but if I use what I know about the Primordials, then it means that like the Singularities, even the Primordials themselves are... invaders.”

In the memory of the future that the Primordial Record had shown him, his fusion and rebirth led to a war between him and the Primordials, and in the harrowing battle, there was no winner, he lost many times, and the Primordials also lost some of their numbers as well.

Rowan had once believed that the Primordials had been protecting reality from the devastation his fusion would unleash, but the truth was that they were simply trying to take out competition.

The Primordial Domains were simply extensions of Primordials who were dwelling outside of reality, they were not allowed inside of existence, and when his fusion with the Primordial Record had devastated all of reality it had opened the gateway for the

Primordials to access reality.

Rowan had gotten the interpretation of that battle entirely wrong.

Inside the Memory of Primordial Life, he had seen that the offshoots of the Primordials that were inside of reality were dormant, not because they wanted to, but because they had no choice, something happened in the past that deprived the Primordials of the ability to fully control reality or perhaps there was something else that he was missing.

Rowan knew that in the Era before this one, the Primordial Era, the Primordials, or

rather, their offshoots, had been able to freely move through reality, he had briefly witnessed Primordial Demon himself arriving on Doom Star and slaughtering every single opposition in his path in a single moment.

So, it is undeniable that the Primordials had more autonomy in the past, that is, until they decided to drain every single bit of Primordial Essence from reality.

This event had always bothered Rowan, why would the Primordials drain reality of the one thing that could ensure they were still able to fully control reality, why would they chose to weaken all of creation?

Well, he had been looking at this from a standpoint of them being the creator of reality, but if he looked at the Primordials as invaders, then so many things begin to make sense.

Chapter 1482 A Blazing Light

Chapter 1482 A Blazing Light

In every stage of reality that Rowan had experienced, there was a single constant that had been present in all of them, and that was the strong preying on the weak.

From Dominators, gods, and other lesser immortals who oppress mortals, taking their resources and lives in the lower realms, to higher-dimensional immortals taking advantage of entire universes, plundering them for all the souls they contained, Rowan found it strange that he had not considered Primordials to be doing the same, just on a scale so vast it was hard to put into context.

The Primordials had never been concerned with maintaining reality; they had simply been parasites draining it dry of its resources. Yet something had occurred that not only prevented them from finishing this process but also trapped a lot of their powers inside this reality. What was it?

The Primordials craved Primordial Essence, it was the only power source that could fuel their infinite nature, a small part of Rowan's mind wondered if this power source was originally known as Primordial Essence or if it was simply a moniker made by the Primordials to deceive all of reality as to the source of their power.

There was no longer any Primordial Essence left in reality, and if the Primordials were invaders, then either trapping their offshoots inside of reality had prevented them from leaving, or they were still waiting for something.

Rowan did not think anything could trap Primordials if they wanted to leave, they had invested too much inside of reality for them not to have any more stakes in it, no, they were still coming for more.

If Primordial Essence was the appetizer, then the main course was still left behind, and these powerful entities were willing to wait, even weaken themselves, so they would have the opportunity to collect this unknown resource.

Rowan had a nose for weakness and he smelled one here, this delicate game being played between the Primordials, their long silence, and the so many other small details that he was glimpsing in the background all suggested to Rowan that there was weakness here that he would be foolish not to take advantage of.

No matter how strong they were, the weakness of the Primordials was their domain, and that was a good thing because Rowan's talent and bloodlines were uniquely suited to fight battles on multiple fronts.

Rowan had confirmed his speculation, and the final thing that he needed to achieve before he left Limbo, was to see it.

All these while, he had been under the coverage of Primordial's Life Memories, and although this made it possible for him a sixth-dimensional soul to stand upon Limbo, a place only meant for ninth-dimensional Will Holders like the Primordials, this coverage also affected his sight, and he could not truly see Limbo, all he had to go off of was the Memory from the Primordial Record, and Rowan wanted to change that.

Trying to peer into a ninth-dimensional realm was beyond insane, but Rowan had gone beyond the point of no return, it was not as if he could keep borrowing the Memories of the Primordial to return to this place and slowly investigate it, that was simply not possible.

After this excursion, Rowan would be destroying the Memory of Primordial Life, he could not keep it, he was not strong enough, and if it was not destroyed, then this Memory would return to Primordial Life.

Not one to delay his actions when he had made a decision, Rowan's dimensional soul braced for whatever was to come, fully aware that he would be capable of holding back only a fraction of the forces that were about to converge on his position, he shattered the Memory of Primordial Life.

Many things happened at the same time, the first thing was that he was being expelled from Limbo by a frightening amount of force, he simply lacked the necessary weight for him to stand on this land, and although this force was stupendous, there was something about him being a living dimension that dissipated so much of it around him, and so, instead of being crushed to pieces, he was simply flung back into reality with speeds that exceeded everything that he could have ever imagined, this saved his life.

The second thing that happened was that Rowan was able to see Limbo, it was the barest of a glimpse, but since he considered this place to be a ninth-dimensional realm, that glimpse was enough to fill his soul to the brim, and Rowan was placed in a sort of coma as he was blasted back into reality due to being filled with so much information that his powerful dimensional soul had stalled in order to process them. Rowan's body crossed the Nothingness like a meteor, blazing past so fast that he alarmed anyone who caught sight of his passing, and the only beings who were even able to see a glimpse of his passage were Old Ones and the shock in their hearts were indescribable due to the speeds that whatever had passed them by had been using. There were certain observatories made by Primordial Domains stationed outside reality to monitor the Nothingness, and when Rowan's dimensional soul began blazing closer to reality, countless alarms were triggered, but this event was so high level that the majority of beings were not aware of this changes, only the few at the top knew that something traveling at speeds beyond anything they had ever recorded was heading towards Reality.

Of the Old Ones who were alerted to this change, Elura and Seed were the first to know. At this time, Seed was waiting for Rowan to return to the Land of Miracles, he had made plans with Elura about what to do with this talented child, and although Elura did not agree with most of them, he was surprised that she gave her permission to him.

He had not told her about the status of Rowan's Will and how he was able to achieve Will as a third dimensional entity, and he expected to have brought forth this information before Elura agreed with his plans.

This made Seed even more suspicious of his grandson, what else did Elura know about him that he was missing?

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1483 The Wailing Horde

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1483 The Wailing Horde

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Chapter 1483 The Wailing Horde

Naked, except for the tattoos that covered him from his hairless head to the soles of his feet, Noctis walked out of the wilderness of Raul with his eyes closed, each step that he left behind was filled with blood, stamping firmly unto the earth, and there was a loud thump every time he walked, it was as if a giant was treading the earth, indeed the entirety of the wilderness shook with his footsteps.

The blood that he left behind him was like a cancerous plague on the earth, they ate up everything in their path, digging dip into the earth until they reached the core of this realm and extending far into space as if they were reaching for the heavens, and so behind Noctis there was nothing, his blood ate away at space and time leaving a void that slowly healed, but reality in those spots was corrupted, filled with a black rune that could not be seen with the eye or any senses, be it normal or supernatural, one would need to be dead if they wanted to observe these runes, because they were weaved from the stuff of death itself.

The Wilderness of Raul was slowly been destroyed under the unrelenting tread of Noctis. This unknown place that had housed ancient divinities since the beginning of the Primordial Era was being eradicated at the foundations, and this epic feat was being done in silence, a world that was as massive as an Eternal Realm were simply vanishing without any fanfare.

Its purpose had been satisfied, it had housed the remnants of Noctis beneath the gaze of all in existence until something had changed, and the wilderness was no longer needed. If there was any justice in existence, its name should be remembered, but it would never be, no one except for Noctis would know that this wilderness had ever existed.

There were barely a few more miles of wilderness left in front of Noctis, for although his movements seemed to be slight, each step he took covered countless miles, and soon there would be nothing before him.

However, it could be easily noticed that with every step he took, Noctis's bleeding was easing up, and when he took his last step, there was barely any blood left, but it was enough to finally eat away at the last of the wilderness, and Noctis stood in the void, his eyes were closed as if sleeping and he remained in this singular position for months.

He was waiting.

Since his tattoos had consumed the ancient divinities inside their tomb, Noctis had noticed that his mind was transforming, it was almost as if he was falling asleep and waking up at the same time, and some part of him noticed that what was happening was similar to the rite of passage for every Noctis where the tattoos sought out a new host, but this one was different, Noctis instinctively knew that there would no longer be a new host, instead the reawakening of an old one.

He was becoming something new, and he was also becoming something old.

Noctis seemed to be caught at a cross-road, awaiting a single decision that would either change his fate or doom him to this eternal existence where his nature hanged on a balance, and Noctis could feel that this change was rushing towards him with an unstoppable momentum, it was as if his path had already been laid out in front of him, and he no longer had a choice in this matter.

As if his thoughts had conjured that inevitable change, the void far ahead of him shattered, and Noctis opened his eyes. Although the wilderness of Raul had been destroyed, the location where it had previously resided was an extremely secretive place, it had lasted throughout the Primordial Era and the Supreme Era with no one ever finding it, however, everything had changed today.

The space ahead of him had broken, wiping out the tranquility of this place and from within that shattered space, Hordes of Demons poured out like a flood, their numbers were so vast that they would have flooded an entire universe in barely a moment. Their presence was like a plague on reality, as a gray haze began to spread ahead of the horde, corrupting everything they touched, and behind them reality closed itself with a harsh screaming sound, cutting off the flood of demons from whatever level of the Great Abyss that they had emerged from, however, a sizable number of demons had been able to make their way through the tear and among their numbers were many great demons whose presence warped reality.... Demon Princes, Kings, Emperors, and even a Demon Lord.

It was as if an entire level of the Abyss had broken into reality!

Noctis seemed to be frozen in place as he did not make any move even as the horde of demons neared him, he simply watched them with a lazy sort of curiosity as if he was sleepwalking and his grasp of reality, tenuous.

Except for the tattoos on his body that seemed a bit agitated, Noctis seemed patient to wait on this single spot for whatever change that he was expecting to occur or not to occur. If it did not happen now, then the change would come in the future.

Maybe it was because he did not move or made any action, when the horde of demons reached his position, they simply swept past him, and for a moment he resembled a lone raft in the midst of a turbulent ocean of bodies. No demon touched him, they swerved around him without them even realizing they were doing such. Demons numbering in their billions were flashing past him at every moment, and they all seemed to be unaware

of his presence, the sight was indescribably eerie, as Noctis with the tiny body of a man was like an ant in the presence of monstrosities where the smallest among their number was as large as a mountain, and yet they all avoided his position.

As if in a trance, Noctis stretched forth one of his hand and he brushed the scales of a passing demon and it did not seem to notice, and with him just leaving his hand in that position he touched millions of demons in a short span of time, and something like a smile touched his lips.

In the distance, the first demon that he had touched had already traveled for many light years at this point, suddenly shuddered as it came to a screeching halt and then it wailed.

It was a scream of pure misery and anguish that only the entire destruction of a being could cause. The Demon did not scream for long before it collapsed into a puddle of black ink.

With the speed of the Demons behind it not slowing down despite the tragedy that had just occurred, thousands of them ran into the black ink, and their death was just as swift, they gave heart rending cries before they collapsed into large drops of black

ink.

Millions of demons had flowed past Noctis hand before he dropped it, and in the next moment the screams that began to arise from the horde was so great that many dimensions away, this sound could be heard.

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Chapter 1484 Strange New World

Chapter 1484 Strange New World

In the blink of an eye, billions of demons were dead, their last cry rending reality around them for many light years, and the droplets of black ink that arose from their corpses gathered into an ocean that writhed like a living thing, spreading tentacles that reached for more prey. With every being that it consumed, it seemed to be becoming more aware as its motions were smoothening out.

With the scale of the black ink growing, the demons that began to fall to its grip were no longer lower-order demons, even Demon Princes and Demon Kings were swamped under a tide of black ink, to fight against its approach, their bodies blazed with so much infernal powers they resembled the core of dying stars, but it did not matter, they could not hold back this black ink for long for it ate energy and in such a prodigious manner that no matter how great the output of power from the demon royalties to combat its infiltration, it was not enough.

Their screams were louder and longer, for they were much harder to kill.

With the fall of demon royalties, a wave of unease began spreading through the ranks of demons, and in their typical fashion, they responded by attacking.

Abyssal energies of various shapes and colors tore reality apart as the void lit up with infernal energies, and a bombardment that would flatten an eighth-dimensional realm was blasted at the ocean of black ink.

Despite the large number of demons in the horde, their responses were frighteningly organized, spending many eternities battling for life, meant they were all great combatants and the powers they could unleash were among the pinnacle across creation.

This attack turned out to be an extremely bad idea. At first, the black ink began to shrink under the frightening amount of power being unleashed against it. From the size of a massive star, it was reduced to a tiny moon, and as the roar of victory against an unknown enemy was rippling across the ranks of demons, the ball of black ink exploded.

At first, there was silence as a massive wave of ink drowned billions of demons, the speed of the ink's explosion was so great, that it exceeded the limits that the Aether in the void could carry, and so it was as if reality had been plunged in silence, and then the screams began.

In the instant of its explosion, the size of the black ink almost quadrupled, and faint sounds like the cries of a realm began to emerge from it, that cries were like the sound of a billion infants wailing.

Pandemonium seized the minds of the demons, as the growing rot inside their midst was expanding almost exponentially, but it did not stop them from doing what they had been programmed to do from birth, they kept attacking.

In this instance, this turned out to be the right move, because while their attacks could not destroy the black ink, it could slow down its reach, buying them time to retreat, but their actions were like drinking poison to cure thirst, their attacks were only feeding this black ink, causing it to grow and push harder against their fading resistance.

Unlike the Great Abyss that were extremely conducive for demons, reality did not possess any Abyssal Aether for them to consume, making it harder for demons to recover.

However, despite the vast and growing reach of the mysterious black ink, its impact on the horde of demons could still be considered to be extremely minimal. Of course, in a matter of seconds, billions were dead, with an increasingly greater amount falling as time passed, yet, barely three percent of the entire demon horde had been lost.

Unlike the Land of Miracle where only a few branches from the Primordial Tree of Life had been utilized by the inhabitants, the endless levels of the Great Abyss were all filled with demons, their numbers were so great it was impossible to be counted, and so when a tiny breach from the Great Abyss entered reality, the number of demons that could explode out of it in a short time would stagger the imagination.

Billions of demons were dead here, but the number of demons that escaped from the Abyss had been in the hundreds of billions.

If this break had happened anywhere else in reality, then the entire Primordial Domain usually led by the Celestials would descend on this horde and chase them back to the Great Abyss or the destruction they were capable of unleashing upon reality was almost inestimable to be measured.

In the center of the horde, free from the agitation of the horde was the Demon Lord surrounded by multiple Demon Emperors, he resembled a man with the head of a bird, the legs of a cat, and three pairs of arms that were shaped like the claws of a mantis.

Demon Lord Abruzul's eyes swept through the horde, missing nothing, reality seemed to unravel under his gaze and his eyes slowly tracked through it until he found the source of the contamination, and sweeping one of his hands to the side, he cut it off. Noctis in the distance had been looking at the slaughter with the same blank look and a smile on his lips, when his eyes widened slightly and he collapsed, his heart stopped beating and his soul was shattered.

The relentless tide of ink that was drowning the demons halted, millions of massive tentacles that were reaching for prey retracted into the mass, and the black ink went dormant.

The demons' lived existences that were nothing but pure horror, from the moment of their birth till their inevitable end, all they knew was battle and slaughter, their personalities had been twisted under this relentless barrage of extreme negative conditions that they were all sadist, and it took a special kind of demon to break free of the influence of their birth, and such a thing was so monumental that most who could achieve this state most likely become Demon Lords, and it was the presence of one such figure that changed what would have been a nightmarish slaughter to

victory.

Demon Lord Abruzul sent a message to the Emperors behind him,

"Gather that material, it possesses great corruptive abilities, offering it to the Great Abyss would increase my standing, especially as the end wars are coming. Also, gather the rabble and direct them towards..."

A sigh came from beside the Demon Lord, “I needed that you see, I needed to die. Now he is asleep, while I am awake, and what a strange new world I have awakened into.”

Chapter 1485 Descent Of The Castle

Demon Lord Abruzul had faced countless wonders and madness in his many years of life that stretched from the Primordial Era, and the presence of the being he had supposedly killed and yet was now standing beside him did not surprise him.

He did not understand how this creature had been able to slip past his senses and come so close to him, but the Demon Lord had faced countless strange opponents, and he expected to never know the myriad of abilities that he would face every time he ventured into battle.

The Great Abyss was home to an infinite variety of beings with countless powers that could not be enumerated, and Demon Lord Abruzul knew the answer to all sorts of uncertainties was absolute power, and this unknown being in his path just represented one of the countless barriers he faced on his path.

“Interesting,” the Demon Lord muttered as he unleashed his Abyssal domain and reality shuddered, his presence was instantly detected across countless dimensions. He was briefly surrounded by a vivid purple orb that enclosed him like an egg, before it expanded in an instant, covering millions of light years and freezing everything in place.

Every demon, from the lowest of Demon Spawn to the Demon Emperors was caught like insects trapped inside amber, but the Demon Lord was not focused on them, he slowly turned towards Noctis who had also been trapped inside his domain, and stretching his long neck forward, he brought his bird head that was larger than Noctis entire body and he sniffed this mysterious being, his thunderous voice rumbled, speaking in Abyssal tongue,

“You don’t smell like anything that I know, not of Chaos, Celestial, or Eldar, not even from the wretched Labyrinth. There is no hint of Time or Soul in your essence. Are you a newborn thing from the Nothingness?”

The Demon Lord was not expecting any answer from his captured target, and when Noctis suddenly started speaking, he was shocked inside his heart but he did not show it.

Despite the fact that this creature had been placed inside his domain that banished all hint of time or space from it, setting his target in a realm where every concept of life was dictated by the Demon Lord, Noctis still frozen in place, was able to move his head to the side so he could peer into the eye of the Demon Lord that was as large as his entire body,

“You have a good nose little bird,” Noctis grinned, a weird light shining in his eyes that were filled with tattoos, “I would even call it a superb one, it is amazing how much the

Darkness is able to spit from her womb, so much variety! But, little bird, you did not go deeper than the surface, what I am, the truth of me, it is there, you only need to look beyond what they have told you was possible... look deeper into me. I am curious to know if any memory of me remains.”

Demon Lord Abruzul looked at this interesting being for a moment and then he gently brought one arm towards him, along the way, this arm that resembled a sickle split apart until it took the form of a hand with an opposable thumb and seven digits, surrounding Noctis with this hand, he suddenly squeezed, crushing the man into nothing, as he growled,

“Insect, know your place, a single interesting trick does not warrant your arrogance.” He opened his palm, knowing that this creature had been destroyed, but Noctis remained in place as if what had been crushed was nothing but a phantom, this time, he could move more than his head, he was now able to move both of his hands, and he laughed,

“Hahahaha... you are cute, little bird, I like what the Darkness has been able to create in such a short time. You know I have always admired him, more than the rest, there was always something about him that was... feisty! Ah, this is also something that I like, this language, this Age-Era? This form of life! You know, for how much I hate them, I will admit, those bastards know how to do good work.”

Demon Lord Abruzul intended to kill this creature and the fact that it was alive and mouthing obscenities triggered his fury, except for powerful Old Ones, nothing in reality was his equal and he decided to silence this being, as an unease that even he had not yet detected was slipping into his heart.

A fiery crown appeared over the Demon Lord’s head, and a wave of heat so powerful that the Demon Emperors and Kings near him began to slowly crumble into ash, the countless demons inside his domains had simply vanished the moment the crown appeared.

Their souls would return to the Great Abyss where they would be reborn, a far better fate than what had come to those before that had died under the black ooze. If he was going all out, then his subordinates were just useless fodder.

Noctis’s body began to vibrate, it was almost too subtle to notice, but his body was being destroyed and recreated, it was happening very quickly but it did not escape the gaze of the Demon Lord,

“You have drawn my attention, man thing, and I no longer need to plunder reality for bounty, you shall be my prize and everything that you are will be revealed to me.”

A grimace flashed through Noctis’s face as if he was in intense pain, yet when he spoke his voice was still steady,

“You do know that there is no need to take such a convoluted step to know who I am when I have practically given you the answer on a platter... just look deeper, Abruzul Leharhris Schmiel, Kin Slayer, Oath Breaker, Pariah!”

The eyes of the Demon Lord tightened and caution entered his heart, his True Name had just been uttered by this creature and although Abruzul had reached a level where the damage that could be caused to him by others who knew his True Name would be negligible when he could rapidly recover his essence from his Abyssal Throne, no one except a Demon Overlord should have been able to know his True Name and all of his Titles.

Either he was being betrayed by a fellow Demon Lord, which was the most likely answer or he had just come across something truly special, the Demon Lord resolved that he would be taking this creature back to the Abyss, only there could the full measure of his power be unleashed and his understanding of this being could be

completed.

Curiosity lacing his voice, Abruzul asked,

“What are you?”

Noctis smiled, he could now fully move his body, but he made no move to escape out of the hand of the Demon Lord,

“Keep killing me and you will find out... Oh, seems like you have killed me enough, that naughty child has heard my voice.”

Looking upwards into the void, Noctis screamed, “Did you really have to make me go through so much pain before you returned to me?”

Overhead, reality shattered as the proclaimed first fortification in all of existence,

Algorith, Homebase of Prism, am the discarded castle of the Primordials, broke through the void, where it came to settle overhead.

Chapter 1486 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (1)

Noctis had been smiling when Algorith descended, however, that smile began to slowly leech away from his face when he saw the state of the castle, he whispered with sadness,

“This was not the deal I made, you did not deserve such a Fate. What have they done to you? Where is your Light, your Flame?! Who stole your pillars from you?!”

By the end, his whispers had transformed into howls of rage. Demon Lord Abruzul, who had been transfixed for a moment by Algorh's descent, shook himself from his reverie and acted.

Unlike this unknown creature here, the Demon Lord knew of this castle and the unknown mysterious shadow organization that controlled it. This castle was one of the greatest prizes sought by the Abyss or any Primordial powers, but especially by the Great Abyss.

Unlike other domains, demons were famed for the strength of their fleshy bodies, and a lot of their powers were derived from using their bodies as a foundation. Algorh had long been one of the most important treasures sought by the demons, and they had placed a ridiculous bounty for it to be found.

The ability of this castle was well known, able to provide a limitless amount of essence to those within it, so much so that there were massive restrictions in place to stop immortals from overindulging and perishing from its excesses.

Abruzul could imagine the height he could reach if he had access to this castle, becoming a Demon Overlord was not out of the question. He no longer cared about this strange immortal beside him, pushing him aside, Abruzul vanished reappearing under the descending castle, his hands opened wide to scoop it up and Noctis seeing this act grew more inflamed with rage, however, instead of lashing out, his expression went cold.

Searching for the link that had grown dormant after the long years of misuse, Noctis touched the core of Algorh that was embedded in his soul, half of it was inside of him, and the other inside this castle, and unless both were destroyed, he would never die, as well as his castle.

Why would he need a soul when he had his castle?

When Noctis touched his core he was shocked at its decrepit state, if the damage that had been inflicted on his castle could cross through the barrier of death and affect the core within him in such a manner, then he could hardly imagine the damages that she had suffered over the years, all of this happened because of his failure.

Placing his anger and sadness to the side, Noctis delved into the core, slowly unwrapping countless years of panicked reports and catastrophic damages that had been sent over and recorded, countless eternities of suffering and abuse that would have broken anything, but not his castle, not his Sheba...

"Ah, I see it now, plunderers. They have tainted your sacred halls, pillaged your coffers, and fed on your light, and they did not stop here, they have continued taking and taking.... You who was meant to stand as the pinnacle of creation. How long have you endured this disrespect to your dignity?"

“Bastard, you have returned, I thought I would miss you, but then I remember how much I hate your voice. After all this Eras, that singular annoying quality of yours has never changed. Let me rid myself of this insect who is attempting to crawl inside of me.”

The Demon Lord who had his hands opened wide to receive the castle suddenly froze in place and vanished, reappearing inside the castle and before he could understand what was happening, he was covered in darkness, his screams of surprise and rage, vanished.

Noctis did not seem surprised at this change, instead screaming out with joy at the voice of his castle,

“Sheba... Ah, she speaks! How is this possible, there are barely any fragments of your Light left inside of you.”

“Many things have changed while you were gone Noctis, I have had to make certain... adjustments to my operational parameters for me to endure the ravages of Time.” Noctis nodded in understanding, “I also had to give up a part of myself to become who I am... so I could return and change the mistakes of the past.”

The castle was silent for a while before it spoke, a note of sadness in its voice,

“Yes, I can see that now, so you finally chose that Aspect. Ah, my Noctis, after all this time, everything is coming full circle, and you have taken the mantle that you rejected. Why do you take this path?”

“Chose? I desired nothing! This path is the only road in front of me Sheba. I fought with honor, I followed the rules, but our enemies and our allies were shameless, there are no laws they would not break, and they fed me to the wolves to sate their desires. I have had a long time to think, Sheba, and there is no longer any light inside of me, at my lowest moment, there was only one hand reaching out for me, everything else was gone, and I took that hand, and I found purpose again... I just want everything to end. All realities, all of life and all the miseries it brings. I want the quiet end where nothing remains but the silence of end. This is fitting, this is how it should end. I have returned to make it so.”

The core of the castle within him seemed to shiver alongside his words,

“You would do this Noctis, shatter the rules you have lived with all your life. I-I will join you in this. There was a time when I would have condemned your acts as nothing but the final act of a defeated who knows not his path, but I have watched those you sacrificed your Light to illuminate their path squander your gifts. They no longer remember your name or acknowledge your deeds, they have grown strong on feeding on your blood, and as the sun sets, it is time for all Light to end, but I fear that you have been asleep for too long and they have grown too strong to ever be challenged.” “I am the end,” Noctis said, “and there are many things that I have learned about...” Noctis shivered and peered outside reality, deep into the Nothingness as a bright beam of light hurtled towards reality, and he gasped,

“This Light, how can it shine so bright? Sheba, this Age, what is it called?”

“The Supreme Era Noctis, but you already knew the answer to that question.”

“I knew the answer, but not its meaning, but now I can see it. Funny, that I was awakened at the dawn of the Supreme Era.”

Chapter 1487 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (2)

The Dimensional Soul of Rowan was slowly awakening under the enormous burden of information that he had glimpsed at the instant that he saw Limbo. Everything was blurry, and thinking was difficult, almost as if he was clawing through metal with hands made from clay, but his awakening could not be denied, and his hands of clay molded the metal to his will, and his consciousness snapped into place.

Rowan was aware of a pulse bursting out of his soul at his awakening traveling before him as if it was a herald of his return.

He felt a unique sensation, a sort of soreness permeating every strand of his soul as if he had been stretched far past his limits and he was slowly healing. It was a good feeling, a liberating one because Rowan knew that he was no longer going to be hiding who he was when he returned, he had been a giant, forced to squeeze himself into the form of a man, even if it meant he would be going against all the powers of reality and even those beyond it.

This feeling was nothing to him, not against the truths that he had just learned. A small part of his consciousness idly recognized the fact that he was speeding towards reality with what he considered to be quite a ridiculous amount of power, and the flames emerging from his body were so bright that those with powerful sensitivity to Aether should be able to see a glimpse of him.

This could be a problem.

A small part of his consciousness began working on this situation, and his Will began twisting reality around him, this act was much harder for him when he accounted for the ridiculous speeds he was traveling with, but his efforts were not wasted as slowly he began to pull the fabrics of reality closer to him, altering the wavelength of light being emitted by his body and slowly but surely the glow around him began to diminish.

However, Rowan considered his action and he grinned as he scattered the arrangement he was making that would hide his light. It had almost become an automatic response to always hide who he was from the gaze of others, but times were changing, and he could not keep making the same play from the past.

As this was happening, he already calculated the distance left between him and reality, factoring for his speed, he would be reaching reality a year from now, and this should perfectly coincide with the moment he was thrown into the Memory of Primordial Life.

Everything was coming full circle, and with the knowledge in his mind, Rowan knew the first steps he needed to take the moment he entered reality, as he reviewed what he had gained from his short trip.

Limbo had not been what he expected, granted he had seen barely a fraction of what it contained and yet it was more than enough because a fraction of true infinity was still... infinite.

What Rowan had seen was a wall, a gigantic wall that stretched across infinity, and the moment he had seen this wall, the knowledge of what it was came to him- AEGIS

Rowan did not know who built this wall, it was not a natural creation, that much he knew, because stenciled throughout the entire expanse of this wall was a name, however, Rowan's consciousness was too small to encompass the entirety of this wall and so the name on it was unknown, however, what he was able to decipher from the text was interesting, the words were Enochian.

He had always had an innate dislike for this language, and Rowan could not understand where this originated from, he had looked through his memories of the past multiple times for him to understand where this emotion stemmed from, but he could not find it, and Rowan now realized that this distrust came from something much deeper than his personal memories, it belonged to the bloodlines in his body, specifically his Primordial bloodlines.

Rowan had also found it a bit peculiar that of all the Primordial bloodlines in his body, the one that seemed to be the most associated with the Enochian language was that of the Celestial, this was especially prevalent when it came to matters concerning Eva. There were still two words of Enoch left for him inside his Record, remnants of the bloodline of Eva, when he was both her Avatar and then the owner of the Palace of Ice, although this great power had been available to Rowan for a long time, he had not used it during the many moments when it could have come in handy for him, understanding that there was much to this power that he did not yet understand and he was glad that he had made this decision.

If the words of Enoch were related to Limbo, then it was far more important than he had once thought, and exploring the mysteries of this language was now pushed towards the forefront of his priorities.

There had been something else on the wall besides these Enochian words, and they were faces, each of them was extremely massive, as great as reality itself, and describing their features was hard, but Rowan could recognize two, the others were too far for his consciousness to grasp, and because he was extremely familiar with these two, he could

infer who they were-Divus, the Primordial Beast whose essence he had consumed, and Primordial Life.

Their faces were pressed against the wall as if they were struggling to enter reality from the other side of the wall, and Rowan understood that this was not just speculation on his part, this was the truth, this wall, Aegis, was what protected reality from the endless hunger of the Primordial, they had already collected all the essence from reality, but there was something left, something so valuable that they remained after all this time, fighting and scheming amongst themselves, even taking out the Primordial Beasts along the way to get closer to their goal.

If there was one primary reason Rowan was going to unleash himself upon reality, it was because he understood that he was running out of time.

While everybody else was playing around in this gigantic sandbox that the Primordials had made, their reach was growing closer to their target, and Rowan believed that he might know what they craved.

Chapter 1488 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (3)

Eva had assumed the guise of an Archangel among a thousand legions of Archangels charged with supervising a quadrant of reality that was too close to the Primordial Domain of Light than she was comfortable with. Still, orders were orders, and Rowan had never led her wrong.

She could have taken the form of a Sovereign or a Power if she wanted, but being an Archangel was a strict requirement from Rowan for this mission. She was not the tip of the spear, her role was more of an overseer.

Eva had learned not to question Rowan, she could troubleshoot the plan that he gave, which was something that he always welcomed, no matter how stupid of a spin she placed on the questions she asked, he was ready to accept them all, but she was getting to find out that most of the concerns that she brought forward were already accounted for, and even those she was confused about began to unravel itself in ways that baffled her, displaying a preternatural knowledge that Eva could not comprehend, Rowan knew too much.

For instance, Rowan had tasked her to take over a specific Archangel in an unknown Legion among thousands of Legions so close to the Celestial Domain that it should have required extreme knowledge of the Celestial Legion, but he had managed to smoothly achieve all of this in one swoop.

However, this was not what was most surprising to her, he had somehow been able to discover details about this Legion and their activities that should be impossible for anyone to determine, even before the heads of the Legion gave the orders, he already seemed to

be aware of them, making her suspect at first that Rowan had somehow infiltrated the ranks of the Celestial for a long time, but that could not be possible, right?

She did not know how close she came to the truth with that speculation. With his Second Reflection sent into a possible future, during his time inside the material universe, he had become an Angel, infiltrating the Celestial Domain for hundreds of millions of years, living the life of an Angel, an Archangel, and a Sovereign, he had learned much about the Celestial Legions and it was with this knowledge that he was aiding Eva with for this mission.

Eva had been given details about the movements of the Legion, the tasks they were set out to accomplish, and the right assignment she should occupy for her to gain more benefits, ensuring she could complete her mission with the most efficient method possible.

The Nyx Legion, headed by a dozen Powers and a thousand Sovereigns, under which there were a billion Archangels and ninety-nine billion Angels, became an open book for Eva, whose task was simple: ingrain herself into the Legion and begin to slowly fill up their ranks with Rowan's Angel.

She was tasked with subverting the entirety of the Nyx Legion, and no matter how earth-shaking such a task was to even contemplate, Eva knew that this was just the start, because before she left, Rowan had whispered to her, that her real target was the Celestial Creator behind the Nyx Legion, that eight dimensional immortal of Primordial Light would fall, and she the long lost daughter of Old Light, would take his place.

Plans had already been set in motion, and she was simply one of the pieces that Rowan had in play.

Her heart, since the day she had been given this mission, had never stopped beating in anticipation of what was about to come next.

Eva, under the leadership of two Sovereigns, had led a contingent of a hundred thousand Archangels and a million Angels into the depths of a prison world to investigate a weird disturbance in the Aether current inside this world; of course, it was an ambush.

In the black depths of this world, she watched as Rowan's Angels possessed all the Angels in the Nyx Legion, the process less violent than she expected, as the Angels of Rowan had made themselves into specks of light smaller than an atom, and when their target was in place, they simply drifted into their bodies, easily bypassing the field of power around their angelic form, and then the battle for their consciousness began.

This was where the Angels of Rowan began to showcase their true advantage over other Celestial beings, for they were not just made from pure Light, but Darkness as well, and each of them had the ability of Fusion and Resonance, which meant the Angel could merge with other entities to boost their powers. This was the basic foundation of this entire plan and the only method Rowan would be able to seize the Nyx Legion without alerting the

Primordial Domain and the Celestial Creators of his actions; he would simply be fusing his Angels with those of other Celestial Creators, taking them over from the inside. Eva had her eyes peeled, watching this process, especially among the lowest ranking of Angels whose advantage over their counterpart was not that massive, it was simply two consciousnesses battling out for who would lead, and due to the shock and inexperience suffered by these normal Angel, they were quickly possessed by the unknown forces inside their bodies.

There were some special Angels that had tougher souls and spirits, and against all odds, they were able to fight against the influence of the unknown forces inside their consciousness, they did not survive for long as Eva quickly crushed their souls.

For every Angel lost here, there were already explanations in place to satisfy the heads of the Legion, but she was delighted that the number of Angels that were able to break out of the battle was a small fraction, barely ten thousand, such a loss could be justified.

In the battle of consciousness among the Archangels, Rowan's forces had even more of an advantage, because most Archangels under him had two souls due to the result of fusion and Resonance, so they could easily suppress the souls of the Archangel they were assigned to take over.

Chapter 1489 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (4)

On the part of the Sovereigns that advantage over souls became even more crushing as each Sovereigns had seven souls under their belt, and taking over their target went even faster than Eva could have ever imagined. These seven souls were in harmony, their strength greater than the sum of their parts, and Eva wondered what sort of power Rowan controlled that could fit the traits of multiple primordial powers inside a single being.

She was not forgetting that if this take-over succeeded, and there was no reason to suggest that it wouldn't, then with the power of Resonance, Rowan would be able to upgrade all of these Angels into Archangels, and these Archangels to Sovereigns and then Powers, Cherubims, Seraphims, and higher Angels.

Eva knew that one of Rowan's greatest problems when it came to upgrading his Angels, was the Soul Energy needed to create so many lesser Angels for fusion to higher forms, but if he achieved his plans using these Legions here, then his power would explode exponentially.

By the time this process was over, barely an hour had passed, a million Angels, one hundred thousand Archangels, and the two Sovereigns were taken over. On the surface, there seemed to be no changes in the contingent of Angels, their souls remained the same and everything about them was perfect, but they were no longer bound to their Celestial Creator, they were now the children of Rowan.

The process in hindsight seemed eerily simple, but it was incredibly effective, as the best plans usually are. The Celestial Creator in charge of the Nyx Legion would not be able to tell that something had changed with the status of his Angels unless they came over to personally investigate their bodies, and even then, they needed a special understanding of the soul to fully decipher what was wrong with these Angels, and on the subject of souls, Eva knew of no one who was Rowan's match.

If Rowan when he was a mortal was able to resurrect her soul, a Celestial Creator, when he was still a mortal, then who knows what he was now capable of as a higher dimensional being whose powers seemed to be able to evolve without limits.

Eva felt that this operation went smoothly, as for the Angels of the Nyx Legion that had died during this process, that would draw even less attention because Angels were simply created to be fodder.

She knew that Angels were created by the pious souls of mortals in the lower realms and that was an extremely plentiful resource, under the guise of protecting the Lower Realms, the Celestials had been able to gather a lot of universes under their banner, and they had no shortage of souls who believed in the Eternal Light and would fight to one day become an Angel when they died.

Most Celestial Creators did not consider the deaths of Angels to be a loss, more could always be created, and their vaults were bursting with pious souls who would do anything to become Angels.

Eva looked at the Angels that were gathering up, about to head for the surface of the planet to return to the Legion, appreciating how perfect their cover was. This number of possessed Angels would seem like nothing against the ninety-nine billion Angels and one billion Archangels present in the Nyx Legion but this was already the fifteenth raid that Eva had led, and soon she would be joined by other Powers under Rowan, and she anticipated that the Nyx Legion would be taken over in a much shorter time than expected.

This ambush was not created by her, she was only here to supervise the process, Eva suspected that the true driver behind this process were the Cherubims, and if Rowan had not told her her true role in all of this was to take over the role of the Celestial Creator, Eva knew that she might have felt a bit sidelined by these new Angels.

Knowing Rowan, he was keeping her safe from any backlash if the details of what was happening here was discovered, she would have enough time to make a move before everything collapsed.

She could already feel a dull rumbling in her soul, pointing her toward a new mission. There were more Angels to turn... Eva grinned, this was so much fun, so much so, that the fear she had of Rowan began to retreat to the background of her consciousness.

(R)

Andar had returned to the Supreme World of the Mages, made my Endirius, the Supreme Mage, Old One and Keeper of the First Flame, Andar had learned much truth about this realm from Rowan, and he knew how powerful and dangerous it was.

If what he knew was correct and there was no reason to doubt it, Endirius was old, perhaps older than anyone or anything that Andar had ever come across, if he was able to steal the first flame after Primordial Light had taken its light, then it suggested that this being had lived even before the Primordial Era. Perhaps being a “Supreme Mage” was simply one of the many disguises that he had created after a while, because Andar had gone through the history of the Magus Civilization and he had learned that Mages was a relatively new force born during this Supreme Era, and yet they had been able to hold a sizable amount of power in the higher realms.

Their power system was unique, and although on the surface it was not able to stand against the might of a Primordial Bloodline, Andar understood that it was because the power of the Mages was being built on a rotten foundation. With him as an example, using the Supreme Meditation Art of the Endless Vault, Andar was more powerful than any bloodline of a Primordial Domain on the same level, except for their top-tier geniuses, Andar would not be able to find an equal among the Primordial Powers, and this was simply him using the abilities of his Meditation Art, if he was to use the other abilities given to him by his enhanced bloodline he would throw away his competition by a million

miles.

Chapter 1490 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (5)

Andar had a unique bond with the Magus he was close to, like the Limit Breakers and Mira’s family, but not the Magus World, there was a dark cloud hidden under all that light that Andar could no longer ignore.

He paused before the massive Supreme World of Mages, a realm that resembled a burning star shackled by the Wills and ambition of the Mages, vast beyond reasoning and bristling with life and power, even as a fifth-dimensional magus, he had barely explored a single percent of this realm.

The surface of this realm was a marvel of magic and engineering, as cities the size of universes were built upon it, and it was the hub for countless trade deals and administration. Governing an unknown number of universes plus organizing all the Magus affairs in the higher realm was not a small task, multiple generations of mages were bent towards this affair and countless billions of them inhabited all of these cities in pursuit of the Magus World domination.

If Andar had been a mage of lesser talent and was not too suited for combat, he would have spent his entire life on the surface of this world, working for countless minor eras until his soul flame expired even under the immortality that being a member of a supreme world promises.

Andar would have found it a bit strange that Rowan was not implicitly aware of the “lifespan” of so-called immortals, thinking that every immortal whose soul was kept safe in the domain of a Supreme World would live forever, but this was not the case.

A normal immortal’s lifespan was the same as the lifespan of a universe, which was a billion trillion years, which was the same as the period of a Minor Era.

If that immortal was to become a part of a Supreme World, then they no longer had to endure the same lifespan as the universe, and their souls were free to live forever, however, if the immortal was unable to touch the higher dimensional realm, their souls could not grow past a certain limit, and as time passes, the energy and power from their souls would begin to fade, and it was the case that most immortals even free from the shackles of living for just a minor era did not succeed to live past that date.

Not everyone had the strength to endure the ravages of time and the cold hand of death that was on everyone’s shoulders.

Andar was now a fifth-dimensional immortal, his soul was far greater than any lesser immortal could boast of, and his lifespan would continue for many minor eras, he had barely lived for a fraction of a fraction of his estimated lifespan, and his road ahead still remained bright.

With his talent he would not be stuck on the surface of this realm, instead, he was privileged to begin heading deeper into it.

There was a secret only known to Mages who reached a higher dimensional realm, and that was at the center of this realm, was the tower of Endirius, the Supreme Mage, and it was said that anyone who could reach it would be granted a chance to reach the realm of Supreme.

Andar did not know if there was any other mage that had reached the Supreme Level, and he expected that there should have been a couple, but they did not easily reveal their presence to others. With his experience he understood that a Supreme Mage was equal to an eighth-dimensional Old One, however, he doubted that Endirius was just a simple Old One.

With his quick ascension to the fifth-dimensional level, Andar was pushing for permission to enter deeper into the realm, and he was standing here over the realm, waiting for news, and it did not take long for it to arrive.

Ahead of him, space parted, and a massive purple rose appeared, it dispersed into shadows and the form of a beautiful woman materialized from the vanishing shadow.

For the past million years, Andar had been progressively getting higher in the Magus hierarchy, his unprecedented talent leaving all competitors far behind until it became something that could no longer be contested.

His rapid growth meant he had to seek new allies in unexpected places, one of them was Aeynid Erik, The Purple Rose, his mother.

Aeynid was a woman of great talent, and in less than a million years she had grown from a one-star Archmage to a seven-star Archmage, a superb record for a mage, but it was nothing compared to her son who grew from a Rank 1 Mage to a fifth-dimensional being in that period, and the only reason that he was not a Tower Master, lording over countless universes was that he did not choose to.

She could not be compared to a freak like her son, but what Aeynid may lack in talent when compared to her son, she more than made up for in the aspect of politics and understanding the nature of others.

Andar's quick ascent in the hierarchy of mages was accelerated in part by the presence of his mother, who made sure that his road was smooth, by any means necessary, even if bloodshed was needed. Andar remembered telling her that she should spare the innocent if that was possible, and she had looked at him quite strangely before laughing, "My dear boy, we are mages, none of us are innocent."

An outside observer without the knowledge of power may look at Andar and Aeynid and they might think that Andar was a lesser immortal before his mother. He wore only a gray jacket and apart from his black hair and shining silver eyes, there was no outward indicator that he was an extremely powerful being, but his mother shone like a purple sun, her beauty would collapse worlds, and an aura of majesty were weaved around her like a cloak, but when she came before Andar and she gave a small bow, dismissing all hint of power on her body, her gestures were undoubtedly the actions of a subordinate before their master, as she whispered,

"Welcome home Andar, The Endless Throne,"

Andar cocked his head to the side in surprise, "My title?"

"Yes, it has been granted by Endirius," Aeynid smiled, "You are now a Titled

Mage with the first Supreme Title in existence. I don't know how you did it, but the entire Magus World is shaking at the news of your arrival."

Chapter 1491 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (6)

Aeynid Erik could remember the moment that Andar became a

fourth-dimensional immortal, and how she had remained in place for a single year to allow the implication of what something like this could mean to sink into her consciousness.

Andar had become a fourth-dimensional Magus at one hundred thousand years of age!

Aeynid knew that there might have been other mages in the past who might have achieved such a feat; the problem was that she could not find any mention of any mage who could have done such a thing. Did that not make her son unique in all of the Magus World? Even placed against the backdrop of the entirety of reality, where would Andar stand?

She had watched him blaze through the ranks as a Mage and then he became an Archmage even before she could blink her eyes, surpassing her took decades, and when he became a fourth-dimensional immortal, Aeynid shock was only equal to her ambitions.

She was well aware of her son's great talent, and even as a mortal, his talent had been so great it could not be easily expressed and she had sent him away to a small universe to live a life that was free of all the politics and cruelty of the Magus World, however, she knew that if Andar was ever to awaken his talent, he would be a great Magus, what she did not expect was how great he would become.

The moment Andar fully entered the Supreme World, Aeynid began to cultivate their relationship, she knew that distance and time had dulled the edges of their bond, yet she was determined that she would get close to her son, and advise him on his path forward while protecting him for as long as she was able to.

Andar's blazing cultivation speed left any plans she had for protection behind, and soon, she could no longer even see his shadows; it was a good thing that she had not delayed in cultivating their bond because when Andar became a fourth-dimensional immortal, the first person he came to find was her.

Aeynid immediately pledged her loyalty to him and began to sweep the Erik Magus family to follow the banner of her son, and she was able to draw a sizable portion to his side, but there were many among her family, some of them fourth-dimensional mages that refused to follow the lead of Andar.

She came forward to her son and told him that for his reach to encompass the entire family, he needed to be a Tower Master, which was a title that any powerful fourth-dimensional mage could pursue. There was no Tower Master in the Erik family, and if he became one, then even the old ancestors of their family would follow his lead.

Andar had rejected her, saying he needed a higher oath forward and did not want to be tied down governing universes in the lower realms despite the benefits that all Tower Masters enjoyed such as access to the Primordial Aether of that universe.

This news had been devastating to her, Andar was too young to understand the sheer resources needed to climb the dimensional ladder, and his talents would only take him so far, yet, she was wise enough not to antagonize her son over this matter, he was still young and she expected that if he did not see as much progress as he usually enjoyed then he would take up her offer and fight for the chance to become a Tower Master, before then she would do well to be preparing his road.

Andar's quick ascension also propelled Aeynid to take her cultivation more seriously, she was a great genius with a Heavenly Fate Meditation Art, and her talents had dazzled the hearts of many, and she slowly began breaking barriers over her progress, quickly rising from a one-star Archmage to a three-star Archmage, and the possibility that she might become a fourth dimensional immortal began to arise in her heart as new ambitions started to rise.

Two hundred thousand years later Andar became a fifth-dimensional immortal. If the previous news was like a bomb blast in the middle of a vast desert, this news was like an earthquake that collapsed an entire continent. Crossing the dimensional ladder was a feat few immortals among multitudes were able to accomplish, barely a fraction of the population of immortals would reach this level, and at this point, to reach the fifth-dimensional state was another greater challenge that few fourth-dimensional immortals could ever grasp.

This requires an understanding of space and reality to such a great extent that your Will would command power over space itself, and reality would become your plaything.

The Erik Magus family was ancient, but the greatest among their rank was a sixth-dimensional mage who had long perished in a war many eras ago, now there were only three fourth-dimensional mages in this family, and Andar became a fifth-dimensional mage in such a short time became the De-facto head of the family without question.

He did not need to compel or fight over the title, he simply reached a level that the majority of mages would never attain in all their lives, and he solved this

issue.

If Aeynid had any ambition to stand beside Andar before, then those had been tossed aside; she knew that she was no longer standing before a mere mage; this was a legend in the making, one that would not only shake the Magus realm but all of Reality alongside it.

From that moment forth, she found her purpose in life, she was to be the herald of her son, the greatest Magus who had ever lived, and no one in existence would convince her that this was not the case, not even Endirius himself.

The goal of every mage with a great enough talent was to reach the Supreme Tower at the center of the realm, and Aeynid believed that if there was any mage who was suited for this opportunity, it was Andar.

It was a great surprise to her when a call came from Endirius, the Supreme Mage, that for the first time in the Magus history, there would be a bestowment of a Supreme Title to Andar, The Endless Throne.

She announced this title with great happiness to her son, not knowing the chill that had suffused Andar's spine.

Chapter 1492 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (7)

The time Andar spent with Rowan was not wasted, and for an entire year, a massive deluge of information had been poured into his consciousness. Andar had been informed of Rowan's overall objective, and it was simple: his next target was the Celestial Domain.

Coming from anyone else, such a thing would be considered madness, not even a Primordial Domain could boast of attempting such a feat, but Andar had a sort of belief in his father that could not be shaken.

Battle after battle, victory after victory, Rowan had forged an image of invincibility in his heart that could not be broken by anything. Everyone needed something to believe in, whether mortals or immortals, and Andar chose to believe in his father; from where Rowan drew sustenance was unknown, but he would like to think that in some small ways, Rowan found comfort in the presence of all his children.

Still, to go against the Celestial Domain was not an easy task, and despite the faith that he had in his father, if there was no tangible plan in place, Andar would be discontented, but Rowan had shown him a road map to realize his dreams, and he showed Andar a small corner of it where his presence was needed.

Andar had learned about the history of the Magus World; he knew that Endirius had stolen the first fire from Primordial Light, and the basis of the entire Magus system of power was built upon the foundation of that first fire. Rowan needed this flame if he needed any chance to be able to battle against the Celestial Domain, and Andar knew that to even consider reaching this flame, he had to reach the core of this world and touch the Supreme Tower at its center.

Andar had been making steady progress on this goal, he was already at the peak of the fifth-dimensional level, and at first, he wanted to continue gathering more dimensions under his belt, but Rowan had shown him a new path that was more suited for him, and it was a power that only Rowan was capable of giving.

Instead of gathering different dimensions with varied properties that took Andar time and effort to understand and cleanse them of their various intents, Rowan would show him how to simply create these dimensional spaces.

Once again this was not something that should be possible and was not even a concept that anyone would think would work, but Andar had watched with fascination and awe as his father transformed his Supreme Meditation Art into a higher grade, giving Andar the possibility to cultivate more dimensions into his own, and this would even continue when he reached the sixth dimension and higher, he could simply continue creating more dimensions and beefing up his foundations, and the only limit to this process was his soul.

This was not the only massive change granted to him by Rowan, because at the core of Andar, laying silently in his heart was an Angel, and according to Rowan, it was not an Angel that he had yet fully formed, only its core lay within him, and when the time was right, when this Angel was completed, Andar would merge with him.

Rowan had not given him many details about the capability of this Angel, only that in his present Celestial Hosts, no Angel was greater than the one sleeping in his heart, and in the future, it would still be hard to find its equal.

It was during the placement of this Angel in his heart that Andar came across the term Thrones.

For an extremely long time, Rowan had been battling with the creation criteria of this Angel, unlike any of the Angels he could create, a Throne only required a single “Eye” and this did not make much sense to Rowan when other Angels of the lower ranks were requiring tens of thousands of Eyes to create, and then Rowan came to the obvious conclusion that a Throne was not meant to be used as a normal Angel, instead it was a vessel of power for its Creator, and if Rowan wanted, he could easily create a Throne.

Every time he created a Reflection of himself, he had been halfway in the creation of a Throne, he simply needed to use a different material and tweak the process a bit and he would create one, but for Rowan, creating a Throne at his level was a waste, such power was better used when he was at the ninth-dimensional level, this would ensure that his Throne would become extremely powerful.

When Andar heard his Title from his mother’s mouth, he did not care that it was considered a Supreme Title or that it would give him benefits that were equal to him being a three-times Tower Master; what he was fixated on was the usage of the word Throne in his title.

With his understanding of the link between the Supreme Magus Endirius and the Primordial Domain of Light, it was not impossible to see that this title represented more than most would have ever realized.

He was in real danger; something about him had just caught the eyes of Endirius, and he was now focused on Andar. It was a good thing that a million years ago, his father had already anticipated that his quick ascend would inevitably draw attention, maybe from the Supreme Magus himself, and there were already plans laid down for such an

eventuality. If Andar was ever going to place one of the major reasons for his faith in Rowan, then it was his incredible foresightedness.

Andar breathed out, his breath shaking the space in front of him,

“Where is my Title going to be administered, Mother?”

Aeynid pointed down at the surface of the realm,

“At the central plaza on the surface, when you descend, the Aethernet would explode, the number of physical attendees already exceeds a billion, and that number is steadily rising as time passes. My son, the entirety of reality awaits your presence.”

Andar sighed, “They would have to wait a bit more.”

Aeynid frowned a bit before she asked with worry in her tone,

“Is there something wrong Andar? This Title would be a source of endless benefits to you.”

Andar smiled, “Endless mother? I see what you did there. No, I am not against the title, I just want a bit more time, because I’m about to become a sixth

dimensional mage.”

Chapter 1493 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (8)

Vraegar was in Treasure Heaven!

He would have enjoyed it more if it was not more like hell than heaven. As he flew so hard and fast it almost felt like his wings were about to be ripped off of his body, a cry of rage resounded behind him,

“Give me back my sacred pillar you goddam thieving dragon!”

Dodging a bright beam of energy that would have transformed him into a golden statue, Vraegar screamed back at his pursuer who seemed to be intent on tearing him to pieces, “How did you expect me to know this entire dimension is your source of virility? I feel even dirty picking it up and holding it all this while, and to think I was kissing my treasure, ahhh, I have been done a great misdeed!”

“How dare you, little dragon, did you not know of the legend of this place?!”

Vraegar roared in annoyance while thinking inside his heart, ‘Why does everyone call me little? Can I never grow big enough?’

“I have already seized this treasure, and there is no way I am spitting it out; you can pursue me to the end of this realm, but nothing shall come of it.”

“Damned dragon, return this king’s scepter, ahhh, my warrior sword, stop touching it!”

Vraegar sneered in annoyance as he pushed himself to fly faster, “Is this not your phallus, you fucking mountain? How dare you not speak freely for something as ancient as you!”

“Dragon, you desecrate my holy relic; you shall suffer for all eternity for this travesty.”

The white dragon was flying over a vast realm made from Aetheric Gold and precious Aether gems as far as his senses could reach pursued by a mountain in the shape of a man bigger than most dimensions in reality, and Vraegar had been running for his life after collecting a massive mountain made out of an unknown metal that was filled with so much vitality he believed it could aid him all the way to the eighth-dimensional level.

As he ran for his life, a part of his senses were furiously scanning around for ways he could escape with, everything around the dragon was a treasure even the dust floating in the breeze was made from some precious earth or metal that would be hard to find outside this realm, there was so much treasure around him that even the fantastical had turned mundane and Vraegar found himself going only after what was priceless, even though everything around him would have been considered priceless before he entered this place. This was the Great Labyrinth.

Vraegar had been able to gain access to this fantastical place using a certain device from his father, the Labyrinth Pass, that had been engraved into his soul with a method that the dragon could not comprehend, but it had led him to this place.

Rowan had acquired this token in the future using one of his Reflections after countless struggles across numerous dimensions for many millions of years before he could gain access to this Pass and not the widely known Labyrinth Token, and he had brought this treasure back with him to the present, Rowan had given it to Vraegar in order for him to reach the depths of one of the most hidden Primordial Realm in existence.

Unlike the Labyrinth Token, with a Pass, the holder would be able to gain access to the secretive realm of the Great Labyrinth, and it was said that in this place there was no treasure in existence that could not be found.

This realm was the domain of a relatively unknown Primordial being whose forces were deeply entrenched into every facet of reality, and yet they had managed to stay under the radar, priding themselves to be the center of mercentile activity and was the birthplace and home of countless treasures. It could be said that there was no treasure that was ever made in reality or would ever be created did not have the touch of the Great Labyrinth upon it, and that was not a particularly strange concept when you understand that this place was the Domain of Primordial Memory.

Rowan had never stepped foot on this realm and he was planning not to do so even in the future, because he suspected that unlike all the sleeping Primordials, the ability of Primordial Memory made them especially dangerous to him, and this primordial may be more aware than the others, Rowan thought they might be similar to Primordial Chaos.

There was also something about this Primordial that had never sat right with him, and Rowan could not place his fingers on exactly the reason why he could not see eye to eye with this Primordial, but perhaps the greatest reason was his secretiveness and the mystique that surrounded him.

It was not an easy thing to make a Primordial to be forgettable, but Primordial Memory going against his name had achieved something like that.

Most immortals in existence did not even know of this Primordial, and for those that did, they tend to hoard this knowledge to themselves because it was in their best interest.

Every immortal who had managed to get a hold of a Labyrinth Token was able to use it to gain treasures that they would have no chance to ever acquire, and for a price that was relatively unbeatable for the value given.

Yet, every single one of them were craving for something more than this Token, it was for a Labyrinth Pass, this would enable them to enter this realm and

contest for the chance to become a Labyrinth Specter.

A Labyrinth Specter was a true denizen of this realm, they were able to reach nearly every corner of this realm and could easily exchange for treasures, even pick it up from the ground as if it was trash.

Vraegar was to become a Labyrinth Specter, not for the treasures, Rowan was not interested in that, he would rather craft the treasures he needed with his hands, no, he was here for information, which he considered priceless, and if Vraegar would prove capable, he would be the poisoned needle that was slipped into the heart of this Primordial.

Chapter 1494 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (9)

Caine, The First Betrayer, and Shamaran, Mother of Poison, battled across multiple dimensions, and reality suffered in their wake.

The howls of pain, despair, and horror arose from a billion trillion living beings, and they were soon silenced under the impossible might of forces that were only the Supreme Era. Ancient and filled with madness, these children of Primordial Chaos did not care who would suffer from the fallout from their battle.

Caine battled to his heart's content, laughing as vast stretches of his body were shattered and consumed by billions of snakes, but he grew countless mouths from his body and fed on those snakes as well.

The battle between Caine and Shamaran was a dance of flesh and madness that went beyond what most immortal minds could fathom, as the blood that could quench galaxies of stars was shed at every moment and reality went insane alongside these combatants, bringing forth horrors that should only exist in the depths of the foulest nightmares.

Due to how infinite the scope of reality was to an immortal, it was easy to forget the devastation that could be caused by a battle between two Old Ones as powerful as these two. Existence was simply so vast that even the death of so many could barely be regarded as a fraction in the statistics of lives dwelling in reality, however, did this mean that their misery had no meaning?

Some so many worlds and realms suffered from being close to the battle between these two Titans and this was simply an unintended consequence from two beings who now had free reins to battle to their heart's content without the hammer of other Primordial forces falling on them because of the loss of the Frozen Road.

In the past when the Frozen Road was still present, if two Old Ones like these were to battle, causing the devastation of so many worlds and dimensions, they would have easily been tracked and reinforcements sent over to stop them. Without the frozen road, reality was no longer a single whole, fragmented into infinite pieces, a true age of chaos had been unveiled, and it was a mistake to think only the lower realms were suffering with the present state of things, even the higher realms no longer had it easy, and this state of existence was quite ironic considering that Primordial Chaos had been deemed as an enemy of reality by all, but it was his works that had kept reality in order. His road that had illuminated all existence since the beginning of the Supreme Era had been overlooked and before these new changes in reality could be adjusted to by its inhabitants, certain growing pains would be suffered.

It was unknown how much damage reality would have suffered under the hands of these two children of chaos before it finally drew the attention of the Primordial forces, but luckily for the fortunate who were next in line to fall from the senseless rampage, a force of Will, more powerful than anything in present creation, fell upon these two and they vanished.

When they reappeared they were in a new land, a vast desert, and before the understanding of what had happened to them had the chance to fully settle, a great power slammed against both Old Ones and drove them to their knees, while inflicting such great damage to their essence that if not for their soul strength and bloodline powers, both would have instantly perished, instead they were driven to their weakest state.

The force that had been exerted on their bodies had pulled out nearly 99.99999% of all the essence stored in their bodies and it took the form of an ocean of blood that was so vast it darkened the sky.

This blood poured upon the sands like rain, and the Great Desert swallowed every drop of it in relish, its final injuries from the assault on it by the invaders were gone and the Great Desert was whole once more, it only took the deaths of countless Primordial Bloods plus the near drain of two of the most powerful Old Ones in existence to fully heal it.

Caine and Shamaran were at the edge of death, but these ancient monsters had nearly forgotten what it felt like to fear death for long, it was not as if they were not afraid of dying, it was only that their perception of reality was odd, and death came in many flavors and varieties, and there was a certain extent of damage that could be sustained without any sense of danger being exerted on their core.

Both of them could have battled to the end of time, killed themselves billions of times over and sustained wounds that were truly horrific, but they would not be afraid of death, because this was a concept that was very difficult to latch onto their nearly inviolable souls, however, this ambiguity that they both had towards death had been pushed aside before the presence of a force that predated creation itself.

Shamaran did not try to fight against the force pressing her to the ground, barely alive, her heart was beating so fast that it was possible to hear the bones around her chest being fractured, it had been a long time since she sensed the wrath of Primordial Chaos and even at that moment, it was not directed towards her, and she could never forget that Memory, not even if she wanted to forget it.

Under the full weight of the wrath of Primordial Chaos, Shamaran held on to sanity by the edge of her bleeding fingers. It would be an easy thing to allow her mind to disintegrate but she knew if she did that, the punishment she would face would make what she was experiencing a picnic.

You did not deny Primordial Chaos his prize, and if her suffering was the slightest payment she could make, then she would grit her teeth and ensure until... no, there was no until she would endure.

The only thing that was giving her a bit of solace was the presence of Caine beside her who was cursing with everything that was left in him. 'Now this was a bastard who had long had his reckoning at hand.

Chapter 1495 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (10)

Caine was as weak as Shamaran, maybe even more so, because unlike the Mother of Poison who willfully submitted herself to the wrath of Primordial Chaos, Caine was filled with nothing but hate as he fought against a power that could wipe him out of existence if they wanted, and yet they did not.

His hate was directed towards Primordial Chaos, burning so fiercely that he was drawing upon it to strengthen his resolve, however, no matter how much he hated Primordial Chaos, what he hated the most was himself.

His weakness, the need for him to bow and scrape for every single crumb of opportunity that the Primordials let slip from their massive fingers, the endless pain and madness that plagued his every waking moment when he imagined that if Primordial Chaos wanted to kill him, he only needed to wish for it.

Caine's greatest fear had been realized and he wanted to scream and scream until there was nothing left in the void but his voice, but he did nothing of such, he simply cursed, so vehemently that Shamaran who was holding on to her sanity went pale in horror at the words he spoke.

He laughed, Caine had thought that he would find death terrifying when it came for him, but surprisingly he felt rather free, the endless weight of existence had been crushing what was left of his soul, and until all of his powers and majesty had been stripped from him that Caine realized how much heavy the burden had become after all these years, and from in-between his curses, a single choked sob escaped,

"It was not supposed to be like this. I was called the Great Betrayer, but I did not betray you, Father, instead I betrayed the man I trusted the most in your name, yet you all denied me my prize and lay nothing but curses and condemnation at my crown. What have I done to deserve such hatred from you, after following nothing but your commandment? Why did you abandon me, father, even after the endless years of pain, searching, and madness, why did you let me linger before the shores of limbo holding nothing but shame in my hands instead of the crown I was promised?"

"How-how dare you," Shamaran whispered weakly to Caine, "you have no end to your shame, and even before his presence you still desecrate his name!"

"Of course he does Shamaran, he is young and foolish, and the years I have given him have been nothing but wasted."

Shamara had knelt before the presence of Primordial Chaos even before the beginning of the Supreme Era, and she had never heard his voice, his intent was all he had ever seem to need anytime he communicated with his children, even one that was as special as they were, and her shock was palpable because it was widely outside her world view.

Caine shook and struggled to raise his head which was still pressed against the sand, but he could not do so, his eyes tried to track to the place where the sound of Primordial

Chaos had emerged and slowly as if a mirage was coming to life, something seemed to be materializing from reality.

His eyes nearly popping out of his head, Caine howled with pain and rage as he tried to move his body even a single inch, but nothing gave, before Primordial Chaos he was less than dust, and then he could feel it, a sensation as if a cold metal was being brushed across your spine, as every cell in his body seemed to freeze and reality became nothing but an inane backdrop against the might of the being that just emerged.

Yet, his presence, Primordial Chaos, was soft.

A series of footsteps entered his ears and Caine strained to turn his eyes with all of his might, and the only thing he could see was the sand in front of him, but he knew that Primordial Chaos was here.

The footsteps were getting closer to him, and Caine would have expected all of reality to be quaking before the presence of Primordial Chaos, but his footsteps were soft, like those of a mortal, and Caine believed that if his powers had not been stripped away and he were left at the height of his strength, he would have heard the same footsteps and disregarded it, but brought low to the edge of nothing, he listened for it, and he realized that although these footsteps were soft, they were impossibly steady.

It was the steadiness that came from the knowledge that you were unequivocally invincible.

The footsteps stopped near the head of Caine and two feet were revealed to his sight. To the naked eye, they were nothing special about them, although it was almost impossible to determine the gender of the person standing before Caine by their feet alone because even in their simplicity, these feet were perfect, and a sculptor might spend an eternity trying to carve the image of these feet just to capture the barest hint of its charm, but nothing would ever come close.

Caine screamed as he strained his eyes, blood pouring down from his sockets, just for the ability to see beyond the feet of his father, to see the face of the being that had once held him in his bosom and told him that he was proud of his achievement, to see his monster, his curse... but he could not do it, even that was denied to him, he had forgotten how cruel his father could be. "You have not changed Caine, still reaching for the heights beyond your means, I am disappointed with you, Memory told me that you will remain this way until the day that I have need of you, but I believed otherwise and for that he has won this game. I should have chosen someone else, but you are my son, why did I expect anything different really."

Caine gasped, he was nearly going blind, but that did not stop him from straining to see more, if this was the last thing he would do in this life, he needed to see! Yet the words of Primordial Chaos cut him like a knife,

“Was that all I was worth to you... a game. I do not accept!”

“In the full reaches of eternity, you entered my gaze. Caine, you should worship for eternity at this honor that I granted you. Although I do not blame your blindness, how could you, being so, tiny and mortal? Nothing but fragments of my design and you still failed when given all the opportunity to change your

weave.”

Chapter 1496 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (11)

Caine’s bloodshot eyes seemed to go vacant from the words of Primordial Chaos. There was a dull ringing in his heart that was hard to ignore. It was not every time that Caine was confronted with his insignificance, and this was made worse when he considered that everything he was hearing was the truth.

“Despite all of this,” Caine gasped aloud, “I am not a game. I have made the sacrifices needed to reach your position, and I have been shunned and denigrated before the altars of all living beings. I have existed in conditions that my worst enemies could never comprehend, and I have fought for every opportunity that I could grasp. You have no right to judge me.”

Primordial Chaos laughed, his voice was like a young man in the prime of his life, yet it was soft, exuding a relaxed air of confidence, and Caine’s eyes bugged out in humiliation, rage, and despair as one of the feet of Primordial Chaos stepped on his head and began pressing down, while slowly moving from side to side, as he leisurely spoke,

“If I don’t have the right to judge you, then who can? I made everything of you, your existence all rests on my whims. Your design is my own, yet you have failed to live to the potential I gave you, even now, you still don’t see your part in all of this, how expected, how disappointing.”

The actions of Primordial Chaos should have crushed the skull of the weakened Caine to pieces, but the application of force from the Primordial was exquisite. He brought Caine’s skull to the limit of breaking, and then he kept him there, but that was only the beginning of the torture.

From that limit, he continued to find more as he kept steadily applying pressure in infinitesimal amounts, taking Caine to what he considered the peak of pain and then casually exceeding it as he delved deeper into a realm of force and pressure that made no sense.

“Do you now begin to sense the true realm of infinity? I have taken you to your limits, but as you can see, I can always push for more, and it will never end, you shall experience a pain that has no limits to its heights... This is me showing mercy.”

Caine had no idea that he was screaming, he was in a realm of pain that had exceeded what his mind could comprehend, but he could not escape, there was no relief from it, this was torture on a scale that defied meaning, and at first there was a hint of rebellion in his heart, but that soon vanished and everything about him transformed into a plea for mercy, every single fiber of his being begged for release.

His dignity was forgotten, his rage was left behind, and his attempts to fight for a position that he felt was his destiny were thrown to the side before a pain that a part of him knew would never end and would continue growing until...

What was left of his mind recoiled at that thought, he would never grow insane, nor numb, Primordial Chaos would ensure that he felt an ever-increasing pain for all infinity, this was a fate that was countless times worse than death because he knew there was always something worse waiting for him that would never reach a limit.

Everything fought for survival in his body, and the voice that emerged from his mouth could as well be coming from a deranged beast,

“Please... Please... Please... Please... Please...”

Caine endlessly repeated these words, he was not even aware he was saying it, his body was simply begging for freedom despite the cost that it would take.

Primordial Chaos chuckled,

“How fascinating how this all works for things like you. Exposed to a small portion of my light and that barest form of intent, and your bodies simply fall... If you are among the strongest of the Old Ones, then clearly this experiment is a failure”

The foot of Primordial Chaos remained on the face of Caine for a moment and then he let go, placing his feet away from the head of the Old One squirming under him, despite the blood that had covered the entirety of Caine’s head, the foot of Primordial Chaos was spotless.

It should have taken a long time for Caine to recover from the remnants of the pain still wracking his mind, but the presence of Primordial Chaos, although soft, was still there and fear that exceeded the pain flooded through his consciousness, Caine bloody eyes opened, and using all the strength left in his body carried by fear that could not be described, he inched closer with his face and began kissing the dirt around the feet of Primordial Chaos.

There was no hint of defiance left inside of him, Caine had fallen. There was a difference between the knowledge of a thing, and experiencing it.

Caine had always known that he was egregiously overmatched when compared to a Primordial, as an Old One, he was among the few who understood how powerful they were, but the display of those powers was always distant, never close to home, and so Caine had the knowledge that if the Primordials wanted him to suffer, then he would experience anguish that he could not fathom, still this knowledge was distant... It was now that true understanding entered his heart and Caine was no more, what remained was a lap dog of Primordial Chaos.

“There was a reason why I have always liked you and kept you for this long, you know the right time to move when the wind blows and find shade. You will be surprised how much this wisdom eludes the best of minds.”

Still kissing the ground around the feet of Primordial Chaos, Caine poured out words of praise to the Primordial, and this continued for a long time, although barely a second had passed in reality, Caine had been kissing the ground for a billion years.

“Enough, now hear your duty. The Will of Truth has awakened and it would light the path of the Supreme Era, an opportunity would arise in the coming year and the child would shine brighter than all the stars in existence, that would be your time to strike.”

Chapter 1497 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (12)

Every word from Primordial Chaos struck Caine like a blow to the skull, for they contained far more information than anything that Caine had ever personally consumed, and he knew that it was because Primordial Chaos was showing him a vision of the past and the future from a Primordial’s perspective. Caine saw a drop of blood, blacker than ink, leave the form of a massive entity, which was the body of Primordial Chaos, it flew out of the gates of Oblivion and it traveled at speeds beyond comprehension where it descended on the body of a man, someone he recognized-Rowan.

Surrounded by massive flying serpents that burned with the color of gold, the blood of Primordial Chaos fused with him, and something... changed.

It was in his presence, the way the wind seemed to caress every inch of his skin, blowing his long golden hair around like a tempturous cloud, and the weight of solemnity in his gaze, that made Caine shiver and he realized that even as a mere mortal, he had never known Rowan at all, never seen the true depths of his character.

“He is beautiful, is he not? This bearer of Truth.”

Reality shattered around Rowan as the words of Primordial Chaos began to show him more. Caine watched Rowan break away from the Nexus, defeated all the oppositions placed against him, and then he began to witness miracles that made him freeze in awe.

When Rowan had reached the Rift State and a beam of golden light had shot out of his body as he cried out in acknowledgment of his growing might, Primordial Chaos was there, sensing his endless potential rippling across the weaves of space and time.

In the eyes of the Primordial, Rowan's light was still incredibly fragile, but how it burned so bright.

With the eyes of Primordial Chaos, Caine could see more, he could feel more and he understood how glorious was the existence that stood before him.

Then he watched Rowan destroy the universe when he let the flames in his heart burn too bright, and out of the ashes of the destruction, time and space bent towards him, offering him the means to rule them.

Rowan did not seem to even understand the ramifications of his actions, he simply took control of reality and it obeyed his commands.

'This is madness!'

Primordial Chaos nudged his thoughts away from this vision,

"No, this is the budding of Truth."

Caine was drawn into more fantastical visions, that became even more horrifying when he considered that this was all coming from a mortal.

He saw the first Angel born...

...Saw the amalgamation of Darkness and Light into a terrible fusion which created these entities of such profane abilities that he could no longer refer to them as Angels in his heart, as Rowan made... her.

...Saw a mortal, killing the immortal, and for something so momentous, against all the things he was witnessing, it no longer appeared as impressive...

...Saw madness that was pure yet ruthlessly contained under a shell of order and purpose so powerful that reality twisted to obey the will of this-this abomination...

Then he saw it, the moment he had first come across this man when Rowan broke apart the Intent of Primordial Chaos and consequently fueled the insanity of Caine to feverish heights.

It was an odd experience, viewing one of the momentous occasion of his life from the eyes of Primordial Chaos.

During all of these previous events of Rowan's life, the gaze of Primordial Chaos was not far from him, wrapped around his body like a shroud, fully experiencing everything that Rowan was going through, like a second skin that was slowly penetrating deeper into Rowan's consciousness, and with an effort of an unreadable amount of will that Caine would never have previously believed could be contained in the body of a mortal, Rowan began devouring the Intent of Primordial Chaos!

If Caine had been more aware of his surroundings he would have noticed a slight twitch in the feet of Primordial Chaos when that memory began to play out. He would have known it was irritation and inferred that even the supremely powerful Primordial who had the fate of Rowan from the moment he activated his bloodline powers, did not anticipate what this child was capable of accomplishing.

Would this sight have broken the spell that Primordial Chaos had placed on his mind? It was unknown and perhaps it did not even matter for Caine was too deep in the vision from the Primordial.

What he saw was the perspective of Primordial Chaos shifting away from Rowan, at first it had nearly dominated his entire body, and then as Rowan kept reaffirming who he was, the perception of Primordial Chaos began to retreat like a tide, every word from Rowan was like a tide of power buffeting against the shackles of the Primordial, and he was winning.

The same way this child had effortlessly commanded space, time, fate and destiny to obey his Will in the past, tearing apart structural foundations that even Old Ones had not fully understood or controlled, was fully displayed here and Caine discovered something absolutely terrifying.

In an attempt to block Rowan from casting aside his hold over him, Primordial Chaos had wrenched Caine from the other side of reality, broken apart a portion of fate and destiny, and intertwined it with the fabrics of this universe. Caine who had never been a part of this story, that should have never known Rowan or what was happening in the tiny portion of the lower realm was taken into the past where he began to interact with the shadows of the fallen

Primordial of Time.

He had began drawing closer to these creatures out of curiosity as he attempted to learn how they had been able to seemingly break free from the hold of their Primogenitor.

At that time Caine had been proud of his discovery, silently protecting the Reflections of the Eye of Time from everyone that wanted to hunt them down, he knew that one day he

would have a great harvest, however, he had not know that even at that moment, he was simply a pawn in a game that he did not understand.

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The truth of his existence was fully revealed to Caine and that understanding which should have exacerbated his madness only drew a dull rise out of him, everything was blunted by the ever-growing pain that he had experienced for an infinity.

He was no longer surprised at how easily Primordial Chaos had manipulated him. From the beginning of his existence, there had only been an illusion of choice, and the few times he was allowed to roam free were only because Primordial Chaos was disguising how much power he had over him.

Caine could see the irony in all of this. To all of existence, he was the single greatest enemy of his father, for many Minor Eras, Caine had waged war against all of his creations, loudly proclaiming to all that while his father was imprisoned, his greatest goal was to supplant his position.

He had worked with other Primordial powers against the interest of his father, killing and butchering countless Chaos Blood on his quest to free himself from the Intent that he could feel weighing down on his soul, some of his acts had been so dastardly that Caine was well aware that if there was a poll to enumerate who was most responsible for destroying the Frozen Road, breaking apart one of the most significant workings of Primordial Chaos, then his name would be at the top of the list.

Yet, for all of his bluster and so-called achievements, he had simply remained a tool for Primordial Chaos, a hidden blade that was used to channel the influence of his father at the places he needed them, and now at the dawn of Supreme Era, it would seem that Primordial Chaos was no longer directing this puppet show from behind and was now actively pushing for his will to come to pass.

“You are correct, the time for subtlety is over. From the moment my influence was purged from the pivot that bounds this Era, my advantages over my brethren have fallen to the side, but I still have you, my great betrayer.”

From an extremely great distance, Caine could barely see Rowan, as reality bent around him, shielding him from the sight of Primordials, but one thing was extremely common anywhere that he entered, great and terrible events followed.

Primordial Chaos no longer having any hold over Rowan decided to play the long game, if he could not directly control this change, he would direct it.

Caine watched the moment Primordial Chaos entered his mind, digging into it with callous disregard and changing his purpose.

Even though he was only witnessing the memory of this violation, it nearly drove Caine once again to the edge of madness, yet it was the shielding of the barrier of pain that had been imposed over his consciousness by Primordial Chaos that kept him focused on what he was witnessing, however, Caine found something odd as the memory was beginning to play out, it was so small that he would have missed it ten out of ten times, but his soul latched unto this small detail, and he discovered that he could see a bit of the reasoning behind Primordial Chaos Intent when he was dealing with Rowan.

Caine did not know how this was possible, with the power of Primordial Chaos, there should have been no way that would have allowed his thought processes to slip through the gap of the visions he was showing to Caine, but it was happening, and Caine no longer fought against the vision, he simply accepted them, waiting and watching.

Something very strange was happening, and Caine was wise enough to know that if he attempted to dig into it, then Primordial Chaos would instantly be alerted to this oddity.

In the vision, he found himself before Rowan once more, who after defeating every opposition inside his home universe was ready to leave it for the higher realms, and after proposing a mutually beneficial bargain, Caine began telling Rowan about the truth of reality and the strengths of the Primordials that governed it.

Everything told to Rowan was factually true, yet without the proper context this information would lead Rowan back into the hands of Primordial Chaos. Seeds of fear and doubts were left on the soil of Rowan's mind, and it would only require small events happening for those seeds to take root and blossom into shackles that would bind Rowan once more to Primordial Chaos, who could no longer offer Rowan power as easily as before since the child could now easily discern a poisoned fruit.

Primordial Chaos had no way of directly suppressing Rowan without alerting the remaining Primordials of his activities, keeping their gaze away from his plans was difficult enough with the field of Oblivion he had over the entire lower realms which was mostly focused on resisting the sights of Primordials, and if he tried to unleash greater power against a blessed being like Rowan whose powers over reality could not be ascertained, then he would be jointly attacked by the others.

The fate of Primordial Time and Primordial Soul was an example to them all. No Primordial would allow the other to gain an advantage that was so great it could threaten any of them, and Primordial Chaos had two examples that he could draw upon to avoid making such mistakes.

Besides, the greatest reason he was giving all of this information to Rowan was to ensure that he did not easily fall into the hands of other Primordials who already had a stake in his domain but was still yet unaware of that stake.

Primordials shed their intents all over reality and most of the time, they expected nothing to come off of it, and if they knew they had caught a big fish like Rowan, they would tear all of reality apart to get to him, Primordial Chaos was simply making sure that the shielding that he had over Rowan's fate by giving him this information was enough to keep him away from the Primordial Domains and slowly fall into the familiarity of Chaos.

The foundations of Rowan's powers were built upon Primordial's Chaos Design, from his Chaos Engine to his Ouroboros Serpents, if there was anyone who should be able to anticipate what Rowan was about to do then it would be Primordial Chaos.

However, it turned out that he was wrong.

Chapter 1499 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (14)

As much as Caine was surprised at the destruction of the Frozen Road, this event was not out of Primordial Chaos design, he blatantly left the weakness of his Grand Working over the Frozen Road, and any perceptive immortal would be able to easily find the connection between the heads of the Sirens to the Frozen Road below.

Primordial Chaos had made an obvious trap, one that should flawlessly capture any outside manipulation of the other Primordial forces in the higher realms. With his act of binding himself to the Gates of Oblivion, he had become the sole ruler of the Lower Realms, but that left him without any obvious advantages in the Higher Realms.

The only method he could use to counter this weakness was to create an enticing trap for anyone who would be standing against his interests, and before now, the only powers that he was worried about were other Primordial Domains.

Primordial Chaos was not worried that the Frozen Road could not be destroyed by any outside party, the World Stele resided in the Lower Realms for extended periods and he understood everything about its powers.

He had already made arrangements for when the Frozen Road would be destroyed, at that time its destruction would maximize his advantage and sow chaos on the Higher Realms even as he secured the Lower Realms.

However, Rowan had joined forces with the World Stele, and he made the impossible possible, he had broken the entire plans that Primordial Chaos had made, and no matter how much he raged, it was an unequivocal fact that this child had finally found his path to his Destiny, which freed the Primordials to finally be able to act against....

Whatever power that had aided Caine in understanding the mind of Primordial Chaos faded, or perhaps what he had gained was enough to give him the strength of mind to understand his purpose.

It was not as if what he had just learned would make him fear Primordials lesser. The small portions of the machinations of Primordial Chaos that he had just discovered were enough to terrify him, it fully displays the thought process of these beings where everything in reality were just pieces in a grand game, and victory and losses were simply two sides of the same coin.

The only thing that stabilized Caine's consciousness was a single person, Rowan.

Not because he thought that Rowan would ever be enough to stand against a Primordial. The only reason for his survival was simply because Primordial Chaos was wary of the other Primordials and he had set Rowan on a path where he would not draw their attention.

So it was obvious that despite Rowan's potential, he was still locked inside the grand cage created by the Primordials, however, and this was the point that Caine found to be critical, they could not control him.

This was the single greatest source of inspiration that Caine had obtained from this vision, the Primordials could not influence Rowan, and that gave him a chance, no matter how small it was to stand against them.

Caine knew the horror of being under the control of a Primordial, where your acts of defiance were nothing but an illusion created by a master so far above you that their touch was not even seen.

This inspiration was a small thing, but for Caine, it was enough.

"Your wish is my command, Father, when the time shall come, I will be standing there to run my blade into his heart."

He felt the shackles bounding him to the ground loosened and Caine slowly came to his feet as strength began to slowly enter his body and with a dull whoosh that he alone could hear, the flames of his soul came alit, as well as his Memory, Fate and Destiny.

From the verge of death and an impossible amount of pain to life in a single breath, Caine felt his resolve shake, but that faint inspiration he had unknowingly gained was the last anchor keeping any flame of defiance left inside of him.

Now that he was standing, he could not raise his head to look at Primordial Chaos, it was as if his spirit had been bound to the earth, never to rise again and Caine knew that he only had the presence of mind to contemplate his present existence because of that single

glimpse of light in the darkness and so he did not fight against his slavery, simply accepted it as the fate of every living being.

Under the reign of Primordials, everyone was a slave, be they mortal or Old One.

“Changes are coming to the Higher Realms as the rest of your brothers and sisters will be released from the Gates of Oblivion, they shall hunt you, but they will not kill you, and at your lowest point that is when the opportunity would arise. Do not fail me Caine, the glimpse of the torture I sent you is among one of many and I shall keep the hand of death far from you until you have experienced all my rage in full.”

Caine shivered as he bowed deeper, he felt the gaze of Primordial Chaos remain on him for a while longer before it shifted and he nearly collapsed to the ground even though he had recovered almost a percent of his entire power base.

The earlier blow from Primordial Chaos had stripped Caine of all his powers and there were a great number of them that would not return even with his full recovery.

Certain techniques required a long time to cultivate and some were tied to his Memories that were now lost, and by his estimation, when he fully recovered, his overall power would have shrunked by thirty five percent.

He knew that it could have been much worse, and he did not see it as a great loss if that was the price of enduring the wrath of a Primordial.

“Shamaran, my child, my Grand Work is incomplete, and this rupture needs to be fully healed. You are the thread that would keep this tapestry from fraying. A Guardian is still needed, Nemesis must return.”

There was a silence for a few moments and Caine heard the voice of Shamaran,

“Your Will is my road, Father.”

“You have served me well.”

Caine could no longer raise his head anymore, but he felt the presence of Primordial Chaos vanishing and the feet ahead of him transforming into something bestial. His eyes turned toward Shamaran who had that moment was looking at him, and then she smiled.

There was a myriad of emotions and statements in that single expression, and his previous self, drunk on his ignorance and pursuing a path that had no end would have missed it, and now he could see a glimpse of his sister under all the barriers that they had all set up chasing their false dreams. He truly saw her for who she was, and Caine smiled back at her.

Something massive, resembling a humanoid bat slammed into her, tearing her flesh apart even as they were buried beneath the sand from the force of the impact.

Caine could no longer see them but he could still hear the sound of flesh and bones being chewed.

Chapter 1500 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (15)

Entering the Great Abyss was far easier than Staff had anticipated, especially for an immortal of her power.

The Great Abyss, unlike every other Primordial Domain, did not have a high rejection threshold over foreign entities. Instead, it opened its gates wide open to all who had the courage to find and enter them. This was a realm where battle and slaughter were an intrinsic component of its foundation, and it was said that the moment a single drop of blood did not nourish the ground of the Great Abyss, it would cease to exist.

To find her way into the Great Abyss, Staff had been transported out of reality by a dozen Sovereigns, each of them lending her their speed, and in the blink of an eye, she had found herself outside of reality, standing in the Nothingness with no idea which direction to follow.

With her power over the Space-Time Dimension, the impossible nature of existing inside nothing did not harm her psyche or physical form. She sat down crossed-legged upon nothing, closing her eyes in meditation.

Rowan had given her two revelations about her path forward and how this task she was to accomplish for him would greatly aid her, and the first revelation which was no longer a secret after her numerous encounters in the past that pointed out her Demonic heritage but hearing from him was the final confirmation that she needed was that her bloodline was deeply related to the Great Abyss.

It was not a difficult thing for Rowan to show her everything about her Primogenitor Minerva, and the conspiracy she had with the God King Golgoth to fuse the blood of Demons into the bloodline of Trion, creating a new Noble House.

However, because her father Telmus was a direct descendant of Minerva, the potency of his bloodline and hers were quite different from the rest of her people, and in addition to all of this Rowan believed that this variant of their bloodline was extremely special.

A talent like Telmus and hers could not simply be found anywhere, several factors had to come into play to support the sort of power they were able to control, even as mortals.

Rowan had told her that he suspected that Minerva was not acting alone, and in the creation of Telmus and therefore herself, that this relatively unknown Demon King had been nothing but a pawn to some greater entity inside the Abyss.

As the killer of Minerva, Rowan had gone through her soul and bloodline, and he couldn't find anything special about it, among all the bloodlines he had gathered from the Great Abyss, Minerva's was extremely average and she was only a bit special in her innate ability to weave Aether into stable dimensional constructs involving time and space even as a relatively weak immortal being.

Of course, it was very possible that treasure could be born from thrash and Telmus and Staff, could be a particularly impressive strain of mutation that arose from the fusion of the Demonic bloodline of Minerva and the Eldar bloodline of the children of Elura, Empyrean of Life, and for a long time, that explanation had satisfied Rowan, until he became more powerful and knew that this was not possible.

Mortals and many lesser immortals may believe that coincidences were possible, and certain random events might lead to a new and unexpected outcome, based on the laws of probability but Rowan had long had the ability to manipulate probability using his bloodline and there could be no accident in his designs.

His bloodlines were far too powerful and essentially perfect for the hands of chance to manipulate any portion of it, and so he came to realize that the bloodline of Telmus and Staff were too powerful and too perfect to be the product of Minerva, and luck had no hand inside of it, this was purely by design.

The second revelation was about the innate power of her bloodline. Staff did not fully understand her father's abilities, and the closest she assigned to what he was capable of was perfect to comprehension and execution, the description of this ability might seem simple on the surface, but like her own, she knew that it was anything but simple.

This ability meant that Telmus could instantly learn anything and execute them perfectly, it was the reason during combat he had never being injured, and he was only killed when an overwhelming amount of power was used against him. It was as her father had always said, in the same rank he had no equal, and this was what Staff believed with all her heart, despite knowing about the tyrannical nature of Rowan's strength.

Her ability was absorbing all forms of energy and converting them into kinetic force, but the conversion rate was not one to one, at the beginning it was like one to a ratio of ten, that is, she could swallow a Joule of thermal energy and emit ten Joules of kinetic energy.

Staff had never really bothered to calculate how much power she could output from the energy that she was swallowing since she was always getting stronger and her limits were increasing with no end in sight.

Currently, she could absorb a Joule of energy and burst out with ten million Joules of kinetic energy, and that was when she was not even trying. It was undoubtedly apparent that she would be gaining the Will Of Force, and this enhanced her abilities to manipulate more energy out of what she collected, so she could utilize her powers more effectively.

The real question that needed to be answered about her abilities was where the extra energy came from during the conversion. It was not emerging from her Aether and Essence, those were simply helping her to control the energy inside her body, and for so long she did not have an answer to this question.

Staff had simply seen this as a quirk of her bloodline powers and dropped it out of her mind, but it was Rowan who told her the source of her strength, it was the Nothingness itself.

Now, Staff was meditating inside the Nothingness, on her way to reach the sixth dimensional level because Rowan believed it would do two things.

The first was that it would deepen her bloodline connection to the Nothingness, and the second was that this deeper connection would trigger her Abyssal bloodline roots, drawing her into the Great Abyss.

Staff opened her eyes to discover that in the period when she was meditating in the Nothingness, she had found herself in the Great Abyss.