

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1501 Dawn Of The Supreme Era (Final)

It was not hard for Staff to know that she was in the Great Abyss, it helped that the earth was on fire and all form of monstrous bodies were raining down from the sky like rain.

Staff had never been to the Great Abyss despite all the many places in reality that she had visited, and this was not by design, there was simply too much to see, and the Great Abyss was on her list, but she would naturally get to it, maybe billions of years in the future, but that chance had been forcefully dragged up till this moment, where she entered her supposed homeland.

The view sucked.

She was midway in her ascension to the sixth-dimensional level when she was drawn into the Grest Abyss, and her Memory dimension was already taking shape around her, but something changed the moment she entered this place, a domain of white appeared all around her that was slowly beginning to expand from her perspective, but in truth, this domain was moving many times faster than the speed of light.

From everything she had researched surrounding the Memory Dimension, it was supposed to be intangible, a construct that was inside the consciousness of the immortal and it it was to be manifested in reality, then energy would have to be spent, why did it seem as if her Memory dimension was following the opposite pattern?

She did not know the reason, all that Staff could understand was that this process did not feel forced or painful, she was enjoying the feeling, as if a part of her that was lost was slowly taking shape, and she gloried in that sensation.

As her domain spread through the blighted land of flames and corpses, knowledge began to stream into her mind as the Memory of this place was merging into her domain, becoming her own, and she knew that she was on 7,856th Level of the Great Abyss, which meant she was deeper than any fifth dimensional immortal should have the Capacity to reach.

It was unknown how many levels there were in the Great Abyss, many said it was infinite, but it did not much matter anyway when even Old Ones from great Primordial Domains had spent an eternity inside the Great Abyss and they had not gone deeper than the ten thousandth level, at least from all available records that was the level that none seemed able to surpass.

If it was truly the case that the Great Abyss was infinite, Staff suspected that even the Demon Lords of the Abyss were unaware of it, maybe the mythical Demon Overlords might be aware but even that was not set in stone, because the deeper you went, the more potent the Abyssal energy that could be found there, which carried a massive property of corruption that was considered to be sentient.

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For foreigners in the Abyss that were not strong enough to resist Abyssal Essence, then the most likely option was death, but even their bodies and souls were not given the opportunity to rest in peace for frightening mutations would soon follow that changed the corpses into Demon Larvae, as for the unfortunate survivors of this Abyssal corruption, their fate was to become true Demons.

Abyssal Essence was so powerful, that it could twist even Angels, pure beings of light into Demons, and if Celestials could fall, then there was no hope for any living thing to resist the power of the Abyss, they could only endure for a little while before departing this place unless they would become a part of it forever.

Still, this was just the effects of Abyssal Essence in small quantities, going deeper into the Great Abyss, even Demons no matter their ranking, was no longer safe from the Abyssal energies, in large enough quantities, this energy was no longer nourishing to Demons, it became poisonous, and the true nature of this power would be revealed, because it was always hungry.

Its nature was to devour everything to make it part of itself, and the deeper you went into the Abyss, its hunger became so great that any weaker vessels that intruded upon it would become its meal, merging into a landscape made from flesh and bones.

At the level where Staff was having an ascension to the sixth dimension, the degree of Abyssal Energy was so potent that immortals who should be able to be here had to be at the seventh-dimensional level, but with just her innate talent that could absorb all forms of energy including Abyssal energy, Staff would have been fine here, even as a fourth dimensional immortal.

So she could have never been in danger of corruption even if she was unconscious, however, what was happening here as she ascended to the sixth dimensional level was extremely strange, because this white domain that blasted out of her was doing two things, the first was that it was absorbing every trace of Abyssal energy around her, and then releasing it into her body where a new change began to occur.

Her body was no longer releasing kinetic energy as it usually did, instead, it was all converted into this unknown domain, and she was becoming something like an ever-growing black hole that was drawing in enormous amounts of energy and expanding as a result.

A loud crack resounded throughout this level and the earth below her feet collapsed, the domain had become so powerful that it had sapped every trace of Abyssal energy that it contained, turning the ground to dust, and Staff fell through the earth into the level below.

It was as if reality shifted from one state to another, from a fiery world filled with falling bodies, she appeared in a world that was a massive swamp, and like a falling white sun, Staff plummeted towards the ground until she slammed against the watery surface and her domain began to eat through everything in sight.

The Abyssal energy was thicker here, and so the growth of the domain accelerated but it no longer expanded, it only seemed to grow deeper.

She spent even less time on this level, and Staff barely realized that she had killed hundreds of millions of demons in this level who had been unfortunate to be near her descending domain.

Bursting through this level she appeared in the next, and as she fell, her domain grew stronger under the stimulation of more powerful Abyssal energy and now it was began to draw upon this power from a distance, acting like a gigantic magnet, nearly half the Abyssal energy in this level was drawn into the domain before she penetrated into the next level.

It was unknown how long this lasted, as her domain plunged deeper into the Great Abyss, and yet no one stopped her. No Demon Lords came to halt her rampage, she just kept descending lower into the Great Abyss, and at this point she was traveling so fast, her domain had taken the shape of a long beam of light that vapourised everything in its path as she reached levels that had exceeded all known and unknown records.

Staff had reached areas where no one had ever seen since the beginning of the Supreme Era and even before that, and she had no idea, her mind was in a daze as countless years of Demon heritage flew threw them, and after what seemed like forever and a moment, she slammed into a ground that would not give.

The echo of this crash resounded all throughout the Great Abyss, for Staff had been traveling with such speed that it equaled those of Rowan's dimensional soul leaving Limbo, it was a speed that had long exceeded the scope of reality.

By any right, despite all her powers, this impact should have killed her, but her domain shattered into pieces and she was left unharmed, although she was dazed for a long time.

It was not because of her landing, just the flood of Memory that filled her head, but soon this feeling of bloat began to subside, as there seemed to be a great force pushing down upon it. This outside interference made her eyes snap open and her perception sweep around her.

Staff saw that she was in a desolate plain that extended for what she regarded as infinity, where no light shone except from a single red throne that was not far from her, and on that throne sat a man with long white hair and black skin that appeared to be sleeping.

Gasping in shock she got on her feet, confusion and pain filling her eyes as the man on the throne slowly opened his eyes and this time she gasped, Staff could not see anything familiar inside those eyes that should mean everything to her and her confusion began to transform into anger,

“Who are you, why do you wear the form of my father?”

“Father you say,” the man spoke, “that is odd, I never remembered siring any offspring in this Era.”

Pointing her staff to the man on the throne, Staff whispered, a terrifying calmness in her voice that promised untold amount of slaughter and pain to those that defied her,

“I will not ask you again, who are you?!”

The man cocked his head to the side in an apparent display of confusion, and gestured around him,

“I thought that this would be evident by now, I am Primordial Demon.”

DAWN OF THE SUPREME ERA (FINAL)

Chapter 1502 The Soul Of Reality

Rowan’s dimensional soul neared reality, and his timing was correct, about now, his dimensional flesh was about to meet with Seed, and not long after, Maeve would be killed.

Even though he tried not to think about it, not interfering in what was to come was difficult. All his plans, everything that he had achieved, and his present state would be lost if he could not access the Memory of Primordial Life.

Just because he knew the direction the future was going to take did not mean he would be able to change it, he did not have that power, not yet, what had happened was so monumental, reaching across countless dimensions and affecting the benefits of so many powerful individuals including the Primordials that Rowan could not bear the weight of changing the future, he could only endure.

If there was ever a day in the future that he could bear the weight of changing the past even when it involved Primordials, Rowan wondered if he would even be free by then.

‘An odd sentiment,’ he thought, ‘but reality was strange, everything made sense in one moment and then in the next, it was all madness.’

Well, all of that did not matter anymore, he had sounded the call of war, and this event was led by the actions of Seed and Elura, but that was only on the surface, Rowan believed,

‘There are no coincidences.’

He gained his Tree of Desire by connecting to a core ability of his Eldar’s bloodline, and probability bent to his Will. In this case, Rowan had been the one to pull the trigger for war, but he was not the one who placed the gun in his hand, Rowan believed that all of this, no matter how random it all was, could be traced to a Primordial.

The Primordial of Life.

This conflict that was about to erupt all over reality would bring devastation but it would ultimately benefit the Primordials the most because it would bring them closer to the price they had been craving before the dawn of the Primordial Era.

Seed had told him that the more things changed, the more they stayed the same. It may sound nonsensical at first, but peering deeper into the meaning behind these words there was so much to pull from it.

From the beginning, there were certain patterns that always repeated themselves, and it did not matter how quickly he grew or the heights that he reached, those pattern always re-emerged, as if it was a natural law of nature, the Truth behind it all.

Rowan knew that he was not conversant with all the truths about reality, and maybe when he reached the level of a Primordial, he never would, but what he did know was that he had studied the structure of power that governed reality, the Supreme Circles, a Supreme technique that Seed had given to him.

The Supreme Circle contained all the laws of power of this Era, from the first stirring of Aether in the heart of a mortal to the moment that took the first step upon the Paths of Immortality.

It was the sublimation of this entirety of reality, and Rowan had been awed by its power and majesty when he first witnessed it, and that awe had grown as he studied it and replicated it, finding that with all of his wisdom and strength, the Supreme Circles possesses areas that he could not understand, and he had to cheat just to replicate its functions.

This exercise taught Rowan everything he knew about the present state of existence, and it showed him the pattern that connected all things, but he could not have made any connection between the importance of that pattern and what the Primordials sought because he was missing a crucial piece of the puzzle, or rather from the beginning, he had been wrong about the roles of Primordials in reality.

The Primordials did not create this reality or the Nothingness that surrounded it, they had claimed it for themselves.

He did not know the forms a Primordial would take before entering reality, or if he could even comprehend the sort of creatures they were before they took the name Primordials, but from the beginning when the Primordial Record had given him a hint about the Origin of Primordials, he could never understand the significance.

Rowan remembered when he summoned the Lost Flames, the Primordial Record had stated:

The Lost Flame: Before Time and Space was born, Asteraoth claimed Light from the First Flame and he left the burning flame to be without light for countless eternities.

Asteraoth became Light.

In the twilight of the Primordial Era, Endirius stole what was hidden deep in the bowels of the Primordial, and claimed the Flames itself.

Endirius became a Ruler of Fire.

Yet Endirius saw something more in the Flames, a hidden spark that was once thought to be lost, ignored even by the Primordial, but Endirius saw promise and great power in this spark.

To hide this great discovery Endirius Separated this spark into six forms. You now control the first of that form.

Take heed, Endirius gaze searches for you.

There were so many truths hidden here in plain sight, but Rowan had no means of understanding them until he reached this level.

A single sentence resolved one of the queries in his heart— Asteraoth became Light! Primordial Light!

Light was not the power of a Primordial, it was never theirs in the first place, before finding this reality and all the power it contained Asteraoth was something else, and those things did not have any description that could be found in reality, because they had never been part of it in the first place, everything of the Primordials were taken.

When he met Caine and Shamaran after leaving Doom Star, the mad Old One had spoken certain words that Rowan now fully understood.

Caine had said he was old, and therefore he had seen things that Shamaran was not aware of, he had claimed that the Primordials had robbed him of his prize, and Rowan understood that for an Old One, the greatest prize they could ever attain was the rank of a Primordial, to become the concept that governed reality itself.

‘Caine was there,’ Rowan deduced, ‘when the Primordials had first arrived, and he had promised a piece of the book, but he had been betrayed and cast aside, whatever he was, he was not as powerful as the beings who had seized the reins of power, and perhaps his pride became his downfall thinking that there could ever be a common ground between the wolf and a sheep.

All of these resolutions were what Rowan was determined to seize from Caine’s soul, but he felt that he had basically gotten the overall pattern correct.

Primordial Essence was not the first thing that was stolen from reality, the first item that was stolen was the fundamental concepts that bound reality together, and if Rowan was correct, this had been the first necessary step that the Primordials used to gain access to reality’s essence or Primordial Essence and from this essence, there was one thing left to take...

What was it that was left to take away?

Rowan saw the pattern behind reality, he had been shown, he had learned over the years, and so he could speculate that if the concept of reality was the bones and flesh, then Primordial Essence was its blood and vitality, then what was left could only be the soul.

The Primordials were searching for the soul of reality, its last and most precious component.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1503 Origin of Evil (1)

What was the soul of reality and what form would it take?

Rowan did not have an answer to this question but he thought that he might know someone who did, but the only problem was that this person had been so carefully hidden away that there was no longer any mention of their name, and if not for the words from the Eye of Time, Rowan would not be aware of their existence, and that person would have to be the mysterious figure of Primordial Soul.

Primordial Memory, a rather hidden Primordial was still known by multiple immortals in every domain in reality, but Rowan was sure that below the Primordial level, none knew about Primordial Soul, and she might be the key to understanding what the soul of reality signified.

This speculations were not unfounded, because from the beginning Rowan always had the ability to manipulate souls, and as he grew stronger, that ability had evolved until it was a part of his Serathis bloodline, and now, even Old Ones would fear his touch, however, what was important was not his ability to collect souls, it was always his capacity to use the soul energy that he acquired and transform them into anything that he desires.

Others could easily collect souls, every powerful immortal, even those below the higher dimensional level was capable of this feat, but they could not transform the energy of the souls into anything they desired.

It was almost silly that Rowan had not delved into how he was able to perform this transformation until he reached the higher realms and came across Primordial Keepers.

During their battle, they had unleashed impressive techniques using the power of their souls, but no matter how powerful the abilities that they flung out, Rowan had always been watching out for one thing, and that was for the transformation of their soul energy into the very fundamental essence of creation, like he had been capable of from the time he was a mere mortal.

Deep down, Rowan guessed that he had always known that his ability to transform soul energy into anything in existence was broken beyond belief, containing mysteries that were so high level he did not even know where to begin, and it was one secret that he had never divulged to anybody because its potential was quite frightening.

Eva knew his powers over souls, not his ability to transform soul energy into the essence of creation itself.

From the beginning Rowan could have taken a different path in life, one where everything was centered around the soul, there were certain times he could have taken this path, but a portion of him had always been aware that it would draw far more attention than any of his bloodlines ever could, it also helped that the Primordial Record was a Singularity that gave him access to such great abilities that he could push the amazing innate talent of his to transform soul into anything to the side.

Imagine it, the power to create anything, and Rowan had only been using it to boost the growth of his bloodline.

Why did he not create entire armies of gods to take care of him as a mortal or create the most powerful weapons in existence, of course, he needed to truly understand what he could create in order to create them, and he also needed enough soul energy, but that

could have been what he should have been pursuing this entire time—knowledge, for the sake of enhancing his creations.

In his battle against the Primordial Keepers, a part of him had been afraid yet excited, he had looked forward to see what the Keepers of souls would be able to do with this power, and for this possibility, he had given them the opportunity to kill him, but they failed, their transformations were disappointing.

He had made the conclusion that this ability was innate and did not come from his bloodline, but something that he was born with.

The Primordial Record had descended from outside reality to merge with him, and Rowan believed if it was for any reason, then this innate talent should be among the top.

Without any paths of investigation opening up for him, Rowan left the issue of souls to the side until he learned that there was a Primordial Soul and she was the sister to Primordial Time.

He did not know much about these siblings, but Rowan could bet that amongst the Primordials, these two were different, more prone to take risks in order to pursue their goals, or perhaps something more had happened, most likely a betrayal.

From what he had learned, Primordial Time had not been satisfied with just being the Primordial of Time, instead, he had nearly grasped the essence of Evil before he was killed by the rest.

Rowan was now fully understanding what might have occurred here, and as always, he needed to be stronger to see more perspectives to the past. It was as if as he reached higher dimensions, he was able to view the same story from more angles, further expanding his knowledge as he intended to seek out how deep the rabbit hole goes.

If he followed his normal deductive process, the Primordials had already taken all of the fundamental concepts of reality like Time, Chaos, Life, Memory, Demon, Soul, and Light.

From these seven, all sorts of lesser concepts took shape that were inextricably linked to them.

Rowan considered that Darkness, Pain, Death, and many other negative paths had all been devoured ... Demon took all of those concepts and swallowed them all under his banner, perhaps this was not the way it went, Rowan might be thinking too small, he could go even further.

Maybe all concepts had the ability to reach the ninth-dimensional level, and when the seven Primordials swallowed all of the Primordial Essence in existence, every other concept was forced to bow down to their own.

Darkness, Pain, Death... they could no longer stand as entities that could rival Demon, Flames, Destruction, and so many others could not rival Light, and so there ever could only be seven Primordials.

Perhaps this was the real reason why Caine believed that Chaos and the other Primordials betrayed him, they took all the Essence from reality that should have allowed him to reach the level of Primordials, subjugating everyone under their thumb.

If Caine was truly that old and had the potential to reach the level of Primordials, then with no Essence, he could only languish an Old One. This also placed the entire Primordial War into a different perspective.

Rowan tried not to be sidetracked, he was focused on Primordial Time here, but everything was linked, and it was slowly coming together.

From his speculations, the next question he needed to ask was the reason Primordial Time was killed when he attempted to become the Primordial of Time and Evil.

The answer was quite simple with all the pieces now laid in front of him.

If the Primordials had taken all Primordial Essence from reality, making sure there could no longer be any more Primordials that could naturally be created by this universe, then where did Primordial Time gain the Essence to make himself the Primordial of Time and Evil?

Rowan had a perfect memory, and it was easy for him to remember the first time he had seen the vision of Primordial Time pinned to the table by several weapons and had glimpsed the face of Evil for the first time.

Among his many observances about this power, there was something that always stayed with him, he believed that this authority was foreign.

This was also confirmed when he was given the vision of Limbo for the first time by the Primordial Record, he had seen reality destroyed and out of Limbo he had seen another reality, one that was intrinsically evil.

Rowan had known no other description for this place outside of reality and he had known that the power that Primordial Time had summoned had come from this place because it was the same power he had sensed from that body.

Without the knowledge of what Primordials were, Rowan had a wrong hypothesis about the reason Time was killed, he had believed that Primordial Time had taken a foreign power into reality and the rest of his brethren had killed him for it, however, he was discovering that although that was the truth, there were more nuances to this matter.

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Chapter 1504 Origin Of Evil (Final)

As far as Rowan could tell, all Primordials came from outside of all known Reality, their origins were from a higher-dimensional land that Rowan knows as Limbo.

Of the many unknown powers that Limbo might hold, Rowan had detected a great stench of Evil from it, and perhaps the reason he could do that was that this was the only higher-dimensional energy he was familiar with at that time after observing the dead form of the Primordial of Time and Evil.

Indeed, on his second attempt to investigate Limbo, he detected a myriad of forces impossible to describe at his present sixth-dimensional level, but none had that overpowering aura of Evil.

Rowan summarily concluded that Primordial Time had broken the balance made by the others when they invaded reality, instead of using what he had gained inside of reality to fight for its soul, he had pursued more strength by pulling power outside of reality to enhance his own.

This act had been crucial; perhaps it was one of the reasons why, after all this time, the Primordials had not succeeded.

Perhaps Evil existed inside this reality before Primordial Time brought it with him, but it must have been a fleeting thing, not as comprehensive as what he had sensed from Limbo.

Also, Rowan recalled the revelations he had gained when he accessed the Bloodline Source of Primordial Time and saw the vision of his Fate when he was taken apart by Will Chains and spread all over reality.

This act was not simply punishment, it had been necessary, and Rowan believed that the Primordials had been forced to follow along with this process because they had no choice.

Something had prevented the Primordials from devouring everything within reality, and it also bound the part of them that was within reality firmly in place, so they could not escape with what they had collected.

If they were invaders, and they had gained a lot from reality, then if finishing their invasion was becoming too difficult, they could have easily left and may have returned in the future, but they had remained behind, and instead, they seemed to have been forced to nurture the reality they had once plundered, of course, they refused to return the majority of the Primordial Essence stolen, but they had created a flourishing Era, filled with life and seemingly endless possibilities for prosperity and power.

Their bodies became the foundations of the higher dimensions, with Primordial Chaos being Space and Primordial Time becoming Time that could be bounded by Will Chains.

Now he was learning that the Primordial Domain was made from the sleeping bodies of the Primordials themselves. The immortals of this Era believed that the Primordials had vanished; only a few knew that when they looked into the distance and saw the great Celestial Domain or descended into the Great Abyss, they were walking on the bodies of the Primordials.

With his understanding of the past becoming more robust, Rowan turned his thoughts to Primordial Soul, the other half of the puzzle.

At the beginning of this invasion, upon a reality where the Primordials were taking their various Aspects and its essence was being plundered, if he was right about the soul of reality being the most important prize, then Primordial Soul had been the one to gain the most benefit, yet suffered the greatest suppression.

Her suppression was so total that even Rowan, who had arguably the greatest soul bloodline in existence, could not find any of her traces in a Memory Vision; even the Primordial Record seemed helpless in this regard.

She left behind no bloodlines; the few that existed only resided in the lower realms, and there was no higher dimensional immortal with the power over souls except for the Primordial Keepers, and even this group was no more, slain by Rowan.

The only sign of her influence over reality was the fact that souls could only be produced in the lower realms, no Primordial dimension could create new souls. How could a Primordial be willing to subject themselves to this sort of suppression?

If everything done by entities like Primordials was always premeditated and hardly random, then Primordial Soul might have expected this suppression from the others, and if she did not, if this was a sort of betrayal by her fellows, then the pool of mystery only went deeper.

There were two points of mysteries that Rowan needed to fully understand before he could infer the truths about the past because he believed they might be the principal factor that had changed the plans of the Primordials from invaders to nurturers, the first of those mysteries was who built the great wall, Aegis around reality that held back the full might of the Primordials from entering, and the second was the origin of the Gate of Oblivion.

These two mysterious entities clearly had the power of the ninth-dimensional level unless they would not be able to hold back the Primordials from entering reality and, in the case of the Gate of Oblivion, imprison both Primordial Chaos and Primordial Soul.

Rowan needed more information because he believed that these two entities were outside the sphere of control by any Primordial and if his war had any hope of succeeding, then he would need to call upon this power, it was a good thing that he believed he had the means to do so, it would just require him to be loud, very loud, and as the future events that were coming up, roughly a month from now, Rowan's storm was the loudest there was.

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As Rowan's dimensional soul sped toward reality, he had a premonition of a change coming up ahead, and he did not slow down; he had a tight schedule to keep, and he could not afford to be delayed.

Reaching into himself, he discovered that he had gained a massive amount of Soul Crystals from the few months that he had been gone, suggesting that the chaos all over reality was still unrelenting and the death toll was mounting.

Pulling upon a healthy amount of Soul Crystals, he crushed them and a flood of soul energy filled his soul, and in that instant, Rowan created.

What he did was simple: he duplicated his body signature until he had an exact copy of himself, and then he vanished, leaving this hollow shell to continue speeding toward reality.

Rowan no longer wanted to hide, but it would be foolish to give his enemies an easy target; he was needed elsewhere.

A moment later, his dimensional soul reappeared inside Booze Palace, where Circe and Archimedes had been waiting,

"Sorry I took longer than expected," he smiled at them, "I was a bit held up."

Chapter 1505 The Map of Reality

Circe did not appear startled by his unexpected appearance her connection with Rowan deeper than most would expect or understand, but Archimedes nearly leaped out of her skin, hissing like a scared viper, the Lightning Kirin beat her small black wings with annoyance, and bolts of blue lightning illuminating the surroundings emerged from them before they faded into harmless sparks, she looked away with a little huff, her behavior was unbecoming for a higher dimensional being, Archimedes thought in despair.

"Welcome back Romion, and I am sorry for what is about to happen to Maeve, I trust that they shall pay for this transgression in blood and screams. Everything you asked for has been prepared, my lord,"

Circe spoke gently, the hint of fire in her tone could barely be contained, and Archimedes looked at her in confusion, not understanding the entire words being spoken by her mistress,

“The War Room is ready for your supervision.”

Rowan nodded, the smile fading away from his face, he always tried to show a picture of gentleness when he was with his children, hiding the wrath and the pain inside his heart, but his connection with Circe meant that he did not need to do this, because she understood him.

“Lead the way.”

Circe bowed and turned around, her blue dress swirling around her like a blooming rose as she began heading deeper into the Booze Palace, this building was small on the outside, but extremely massive on the inside, it contained areas that could not be accessed by others using fundamentals that were related to Rowan’s ability to fold his dimensional space into a small area yet retaining all its internal volume.

Passing through many passages and doors that would confuse the mind of an average immortal even though this was not the point of their creation, Circe finally led Rowan to a nondescript wooden door that was similar to the hundreds that they had passed along the way and she opened it while stepping to the side.

Something flashed briefly on the surface of the door, and it was the image of the Tower of Greed, Rowan’s Source Level treasure of Time that he had integrated with this door in preparation for what was to come.

This ensured that everything inside this room was cut off from the current flow of time and space, and because it was a Source Level treasure, Memory, Fate and Destiny was forbidden from entering this place.

If anyone searched for this room, it would not exist in their mental landscape, and Rowan wanted it to remain this way.

Within the room, there was simply a large table that appeared to be crafted out of wood, plus several similar chairs clustered around it. This table was similar in design to the one seen in the vision of Primordial Time’s death, and Rowan recreated it as a symbolic gesture.

If a Primordial had been killed upon a table such as this one, then it would serve as a potent reminder of the task he was about to undertake, one where he would have to kill Primordials.

Walking to the head of the table, Rowan sat on the chair and glanced back for a bit as he noticed the seat was subtly transforming to fit his Aura.

From wood, its materials began to darken until it had the texture of charcoal, yet interspersed throughout its form were pale golden lines that resembled branches that wrapped around the entire chair—Creation in the midst of Destruction.

Rowan looked to his side where Circe was standing, her hands folded in front of her stomach and Archimedes resting on her shoulders who was looking at Rowan with bright expectant eyes. The Lightning Kirin should not be here, soon the forces he would begin unleashing would be so mighty it would destroy her in body and soul just from being close to him, but seeing her enthusiasm, he decided to let her remain for as long as she could last.

Tapping the table with the index finger of his right hand, Rowan spoke aloud,

“Let us see what we have.”

The air seemed to shift as a subtle booming sound echoed, and the table before him transformed into the image of Reality.

If this image was static, then it would have been seen as an enormous accomplishment because not even Old Ones could claim they had mapped out all of reality, but Rowan had taken it a step further and made this to be dynamic, he was looking at current state of the entirety of reality at a glance!

Well, he should not say the entirety, it was mostly the surface of reality, but that was still extremely astonishing to see.

He could hear the gasp of shock by the Lightning Kirin whose eyes were opened so wide that it did not take long for them to bleed, and before long, Archimedes went blind, but she furiously blinked her eyes, pouring essence into it so she could heal and then she returned to staring at reality with awe in her eyes.

A faint storm began to encircle the black cat and Rowan looked on in appreciation and surprise as the Lightning Kirin began to break through.

It had barely been six hundred thousand years when she made her breakthrough to the fourth dimension, and with her talents, it was likely that she would need at least tens of millions of years to reach the fifth dimension which on the grand scale of reality was still a very short time, but she had gain a fortuitous encounter today as she saw reality spread out in a way that even Old Ones might never witness in their lifetime.

This perspective that showed the true breadth of space was enough to trigger a transformation of her understanding of the fifth dimension, and it was more than enough fuel to boost the Lightning Kirin to the fifth-dimensional level.

Rowan smiled at the changes within her, knowing she would scale through with no danger, gesturing for Circe to take Archimedes to a safe location for her upgrade and Tribulation, he turned towards the table.

Booze Palace contained many dimensions within where Archimedes could safely ascend, each wooden door was backed by the energy of the Tower of Greed, leading into dimensions that Rowan had painstakingly created, because he did not want to taint any of his personal abode with the touch of normal space, this was simply allowing Primordial Chaos a window into his operations.

Bowing toward Rowan before she left, Circe hurriedly carried Archimedes whose body was beginning to seize up as a shell of blue lightning began to cover her up.

Circe had also looked at reality spread before them, but she did not have as much reaction despite not even touching the higher dimensions, and Rowan knew that it was because the weight she bore was greater than what was shown here.

She was holding a large part of his Memories and those were powers at the sixth-dimensional level and higher, and she bore them with a grace that astonished him.

Now alone with the map of reality, Rowan allowed his mind to sink into it, as his gaze zoomed toward all the Primordial Domains at the same time.

Chapter 1506 The Primordial Domains (1)

Assigning direction, in reality, was difficult but not impossible, since cardinal points like north, east, south, and west did not have any arbitrary constant, and without the Frozen Road that could be used as a permanent Wayfinder, this task was much more difficult. Still, Rowan could simply make his own central point, and so that was what he did.

If reality was going to be changing then he preferred that he was the one that define it's direction, especially when it came to the matters of war.

Booze Palace, a small bar in the middle of nowhere became the central location where the Primordial Domain he had found revolved around, this would be a temporary solution, although Rowan had invested a considerable amount of resources into Booze Palace, this place was just a diversion.

If there came a time when his enemies rose against him, then Booze Palace would be the first to fall, Rowan was always planning for failure, he was powerful but against beings like Primordials, he was not foolish enough to consider that he would come out on top.

If Seed and Elura could cause him so much pain a month from now, forcing his hand and drastically changing his perspective on life, how much more would the direct influence of a Primordial? He was nearly a hundred percent certain that everything that happened to

him in the Land of Miracles was encouraged by Primordial Life himself, but that was the Primordial acting through a proxy, still thinking Rowan was unaware of the game, but soon they would not be this distant.

At that time Rowan would have to prepare for losses, and Maeve was only the beginning. As cold as these thoughts were, it was still pragmatic, or else he was not worthy of the battle to come, and he would be better off killing himself here if he thought everything would go his way.

Placing these thoughts aside, Rowan braced his spirit and delved into the map, and the sight he was calling upon slammed into his consciousness with all the weight of reality and he grunted his body nearly collapsing into his chair, but he slowly pushed himself to focus and steady his consciousness.

Rowan smiled, a terrifying glow building inside his eyes but he suppressed it. With everything he had learned when he was at Limbo, the only reason he remained at the sixth-dimensional level was because of the constraints of his dimensional flesh being kept at the fifth and his unactivated bloodlines, when he fused his soul and body again, then this weakness would become a distant dream.

In the meantime, he had to endure and ensure all the foundations of his plans were steady. Most see the glory, but not the sacrifice made to earn it.

In the 'North' was the Celestial Domain, from his enhanced perspective, this area resembled a gigantic golden fan spread open. The form that Primordial Light chose to take was strange, and Rowan almost felt as if a trillion eyes were embedded in this fan that was staring at all of creation, he idly wondered if the shape of the Primordial was influenced by their Aspects or if their original existence itself influenced their present shape, although since they could always assume a humanoid form, this deliberation could be considered useless.

Massive golden clouds that were heavily tinged with blue, resembling lightning extended from the fan, Rowan realized that these golden and blue Aura represented all the dimensions and domains controlled by the Celestial Domain. It was the tendrils of the power of Primordial Light reaching across Reality.

Within this Aura were many trillions of higher dimensional realms, and that was not even counting the large area of control the Celestial Domain had over the lower realms, the source of the countless brave souls that filled their ranks.

Even with the massive processing powers of his consciousness, Rowan was careful enough not to allow his mind to sink into all the details of the Celestial Domain, not until he was complete, else he could be stuck in one place for millions of years just observing the sheer size and scope of this domain, and that was him not even focusing on the 'fan' itself which was the true Celestial Domain, the body of Primordial Light.

With the power of the Tower of Greed embedded in every room here, a million years inside this place could be a few weeks in real-time, but time was still very precious to him at this point and he could not afford to waste a single second, with the size of reality before him, every single move he made had to be planned flawlessly and with the amount of data he was working with, he would collapse if he did not have the time dilation capabilities of the Tower of Greed.

Rowan looked at the Celestial Domain for a few moments observing the magnitude of this power spread before him and knowing that he was only looking at the surface, if he wanted to win against Primordial Light, he would have to defeat all its tendrils stretched across Reality, only then would its true body be opened to him.

A single Primordial Domain was problematic enough, but he would have to deal with all of them at the same time. The strongest forces he had were barely at the seventh-dimensional level at this time, and only a single Primordial Domain had multiple Old Ones in undefined numbers plus many hidden capabilities that he was not yet aware of, the task almost seemed too big...

“Great things have small beginnings, focus on the little things, gain the advantage, and build from there,” he muttered to himself as he turned his gaze towards the second most dominant Primordial Domain in reality, the Land of Miracles.

Resembling a gigantic tree, this Primordial Domain like the Celestial Domain was deeply connected with him, in fact, he had a connection with all the Primordial Domains but none as deep as this one, because their touch shaped his childhood.

Rowan had more in-depth knowledge about the breadth of this Primordial power as his body would be entering it a month from now, plus the few descriptions of its internal structure by Old Man Seed had painted a deeper light on its operation, but Rowan believed that he knew less of the true power of the Land of Miracles than the Celestial Domain.

Chapter 1507 The Primordial Domains (2)

Old Man Seed may have appeared to give him a lot of information but most of them had been of surface value and Rowan had not visited any of the Branches before he was pushed towards an inevitable confrontation with Fate when he was tossed into the Memory of Primordial Life.

There had not been much for him to learn or personally observe in the Land of Miracle and Rowan believed it was deliberate.

With what he had learned from observing Seed, Rowan knew that without falling under his control, this sneaky old man would not allow him any advantages, no matter how slight.

He might look brash on the surface, but Seed had always been an enigma wrapped in a mystery, but it no longer mattered what sort of being he was, he had placed himself firmly on Rowan's radar, and that meant that Rowan would be dismantling the man to his core.

Rowan liked Seed, he was charming and his brashness was a welcomed addition to a world that feared his presence, but he had killed his friend, and for that, he would pay dearly.

The inhabitants of the Land of Miracles before the destruction of the Frozen Road did not venture out of reality as much, most of their presence had been kept inside the Eldar Branch since the dawn of the Supreme Era, but now their tendrils had begun to reach across reality, and in the map, Rowan saw a green mist emerging from the massive tree that was swallowing the dimensions around them, its reach did not equal to those of the Celestial but it was quickly growing.

Such quick responses to the destruction of the Frozen Road were all the evidence Rowan needed to confirm that indeed, the Primordial Domains had been waiting for such an event to happen because it was impossible for such rapid proliferation of forces into Reality without much planning going into it.

There was an opportunity here, and Rowan would not be missing it.

On his map, if the Celestial Domain was 'North' then the Land of Miracles was 'South.' there seemed to be a subtle sense of balance between these two forces as they strived to devour everything around them.

Rowan's gaze shifted once more after a few moments observing the movements of both Primordial Forces and he turned towards the 'East' to the Inheritance Ground, the Domain of Primordial Chaos.

Instantly he could see the difference between this domain and the first two that he observed.

The Inheritance Ground was small, but this was relative to the other two Primordial Domains here if he compared it to any other average dimensions, it would be like comparing a grain of sand to the sun, but Rowan was not dealing with average dimensions at this point, what was on his mind were the Primordial Domains, and compared to the two, the Inheritance Ground that resembled a broken throne made from stone and dried blood seemed like an ant before two giant.

Rowan suspected if it was not for the presence of this broken throne then this Primordial Domain would be crushed by the others, and it was unknown what price Primordial Chaos had to pay to ensure that it remained in the higher realm keeping a home for all Chaos Bloods.

However, this small Primordial Domain held its spot firmly in the 'East' and the red Aura that was emerging from it representing its influence may be small in comparison to the two, but that was only in the higher realm, in the lower realms it was mostly dominated by red, and the other Primordial Domains were struggling to entrench their influences in the lower realms, but all their struggles only gave them surface control, the foundations of the lower realms belonged to Primordial Chaos.

"Interesting," Rowan muttered to himself, Primordial Chaos had sacrificed the ability to root his body in the higher realms, instead he had conquered the lower realms, but had to be chained to the Gate of Oblivion, and if he knew the reason this Primordial accepted such a deal it would go a long way to understand the unknown dynamics between all seven Primordials.

Something sparked in the midst of all the red Aura that was Primordial Chaos in the lower realms and Rowan eyes brightened, the glow emerging from it would have frightened any of his children if they had seen it.

If Rowan's perception were a fraction of a hair less perceptive, he would have missed the Orange Aura that was deeply intertwined with the Red Aura of Primordial Chaos, seemingly suppressed, yet still so persistent, Rowan's dimensional soul vibrated as he felt the connection he had with this Orange Aura

"Primordial Soul, what is your story?"

He suspected that without the knowledge of the Primordial Soul granted to him by the Eye of Time, he would have never been able to see her Aura, and he believed that was because of the influence of the Oblivion Gate and the rest of the Primordials who made sure that there was no knowledge of her existence, but unlike the Primordial Beasts, she could not be easily suppressed.

The yellow Aura that belonged to Primordial Soul was faint, almost appearing as if it would vanish in the next moments if a harsh wind swept across it, and yet it still held on.

Rowan saw no domain associated with Primordial Soul and believed it was one of the Primary reasons her influence was so minimal when she technically could have been the most powerful Primordial in reality by the fact that she controlled Soul Energy.

Turning his gaze to the 'West' he was met with a confusing jumble of three Auras, a Yellow Aura that he knew belonged to Primordial Memory, a Purple Aura that represented Primordial Time, and finally a Black Aura that represented Primordial Demon.

Something odd was happening with these three Domains, because, unlike the previous three Domains of Life, Light, and Chaos, the influence they had placed upon the higher realms was almost non-existent.

Rowan could understand why the forces of Primordial Time were almost non-existent, but why was Primordial Demon and Primordial Memory contented to watch Light, Life, and Chaos devour the higher realms without much interference from them?

Chapter 1508 The Primordial Domains (3)

1508 The Primordial Domains (3)

From all Rowan could understand of Primordial Memory, he preferred to keep himself away from the limelight, but was that the case?

With his present understanding of Primordials, he knew that these entities were not benign, and if he understood anything about the pure Evil that existed outside Reality, then he would never underestimate any single Primordial, they were here to plunder, and being quiet didn't necessarily mean docile.

How much was Primordial Memory hiding and would he be able to tackle such a nondescript power? Rowan had no bloodline that was related to Primordial Memory nor did he possess any of his innate techniques, but that was an oversight that he aimed to soon correct.

It was strange for Primordial Memory to keep his influence from reality, unlike Primordial Demon who was essentially barred from Reality, but if a fraction of what he knew about the Great Abyss was true, then Rowan could justify this action.

Despite the conflicts between the dominant Primordial Domains in Reality, they could still coexist with one another, sharing resources and advancing their various agendas without causing too much disruption to the affairs of the other, however, the nature of the Great Abyss was to devour, it was the corruption taken beyond the absolute limit and allowing the Domain of Primordial Demon to remain unchecked on the higher realms was like placing a lump of bloody meat in front of a starving wolf and not expecting the animal not to consume it.

Rowan could stand behind the thought of the Great Abyss being suppressed, there was too much chance for an unknown outcome if its gate were fully open.

Looking at the last of the three Primordial Aura here which was the purple Aura belonging to Primordial Time, he considered that this was also special situation, and only with careful discernment was Rowan able to notice that the fate of Primordial Time was nearly the same as that of Primordial Soul.

Throughout the higher realms, there was a faint purple Aura that could barely be sensed, and this should be the body of Primordial Time that had been scattered and shackled by Will Chains. He had watched this act being performed on Primordial Time and also saw

him walk away, barely standing on his feet before he tried to merge with the concept of Evil brought from outside Reality,

If Primordial Soul was imprisoned inside the Gate of Oblivion, then Primordial Time was imprisoned in the higher realms by every higher dimensional immortal in existence, because as new higher dimensional immortals were created, a new Will Chain would be born to bind Primordial Time further.

Inside his Destroyer were billions of Will Chains and he had seen what he could do against Primordial Time when it was fully unleashed.

No wonder this Primordial would love nothing more than to kill every single immortal in existence, for they were all his jailers, and unlike Primordial Chaos, Primordial Time had a different agenda that Rowan believed had diverged from what the rest of the Primordials were going for.

These two siblings had suffered under the hands of the other Primordials, they had no domain or worshippers, suppressed and exploited, they had been made a mockery of their previous glory, so would it be possible for Rowan to drag them to his cause?

This was a rather interesting stream of thought and one that should be considered further.

There were no eternal enemies, only eternal interests, and Rowan knew the advantages of placing the right pieces in the best positions. With his great powers, he usually did not need to search for allies or those who shared the same interests as him, but things were changing and he needed to change accordingly, he was no longer the strongest or the wisest in this conflicts, and in many ways he was the weakest party here, and any advantages was essential.

These thoughts would go nowhere without more information and so Rowan dismissed them out of his mind for the moment as he settled upon the next stage of his analysis. The table which was his map had shown him all the Primordial Domains, and now he could go more in-depth.

The Domain of Primordial Memory was hidden, not existing in the higher realms or the lower realms but seemed to be somewhere in between. It could almost be thought of as non-existent but it was there, its yellow Aura proved its existence.

On the surface, Rowan was unable to find anything on his map that would show the Domain of Primordial Memory except for the Yellow Aura, but he already had plans in place to change all of this.

Not needing to make any gestures or speak any words, seven powerful arms made from complex arcane energies so powerful that the surrounding room thrummed with power appeared behind him.

This was a spell he had been working on for months in real-time, while inside the accelerated time factor of his dimensional soul, it had almost been a million years, and they were one of the most complex Spell craftings that he had ever done. They were not yet complete, because he wanted to anchor them to his dimensional flesh for their true powers to shine, but for now, they would have to do.

These arms stretched forward like serpents and began to make multiple complex gestures with nine nimble fingers over the map of reality, each motion leaving trails of light that would drive a seventh-dimensional immortal insane, and it was not long before the first of the connections he made sprang into place.

One of the arms jerked as if it had seized something substantial, and in front of Rowan, the Yellow Aura of Primordial Memory that was insubstantial began to rapidly coalesce, and before long a seven-pointed deep yellow star appeared. The table shook and the air in the room grew heavier as an intense presence filled it.

There were dull creaks around the room as if it was expanding, and Rowan stayed still because the Aura of this star had frozen him in place for a while before it finally settled, and he could move once more. What he was doing here was intensely dangerous, and this was a reminder of it, he was playing with Primordial forces and the chance that he could get burned by it was significant.

“Nothing ventured, nothing gained!”

Rowan reminded himself of these words as he braced for what he had just unearthed, and it turned out to be more substantial than he had expected.

Chapter 1509 The Primordial Domains (4)

1509 The Primordial Domains (4)

This star was the gate to the Domain of Primordial Life, and with its appearance, vast thin steams of yellow Aura shot out from the star, each Aura stream was like a thread that was spread across all of Reality, from the higher realms to the lower realms, creating a massive web that shook Rowan’s heart, and in the instant he saw that web, it mysteriously vanished.

Although the web vanished in an instant, its remnants were embedded in his mind, but before Rowan could analyze the depths of this unknown change, that memory began to vanish also, and Rowan’s mind could grasp onto anything and struggled to hold even fragments of the web he had just seen.

The only consolation that he had was the fact that he was able to remember that there had been a web in the first place, a detail he suspected that only his dimensional state had bought him.

Rowan wanted to curse but he suppressed the emotion of annoyance, it was difficult for him to come to terms with how easily the mere influence of Primordial Memory had been able to reach across into his mind and ripped away the memories of what he had seen.

The force was not the same as the power of Oblivion that simply made one forget but did not necessarily tamper with memories, but this force from Primordial Memory could reach across and claim anything that it wanted, even in a place as sacred as his mind.

Rowan felt that he had to become used to sensations like this, and instead of getting annoyed it panicked at the abilities of Primordials, he should be thinking of countering them.

Immediately it was not hard for him to come up with a countermeasure to the powers of Primordial Memory, it was a rather simple solution in theory but executing it might be tricky.

If Primordial Memory could collect the memory of anything he wanted from the mind, then he could counter this power by keeping a continuous stream of the information that he wanted in his mind always.

So in essence, if Primordial Memory wanted him to forget the web of influence he had spread all over Reality, Rowan could simply keep the image of the web running constantly on his map.

Unlike him, the map has no memory that could be siphoned away, and it did not matter how many times Primordial Memory stole his memories when he could easily look at the map to bring back what he had just lost.

A simple solution that required so many things going right for it to work. If the power of his map could not handle the weight of holding the domains of the Primordials it would be crushed to nothingness, if his mind was not potent enough to handle the influence of a Primordial constantly scrapping through it, then insanity would be a mercy, and so many other unique factors that only Rowan had gave him the ability to counter Primordial Memory.

Sending his intentions of the Arcane arm above him holding the reins that monitored the domain of Primordial Memory, Rowan gave instructions for the web to be revealed again, and he waited, and nothing happened.

Reality shivered and buckled around him as the Arcane arm struggled to resurrect this memory but even though it could touch the web, it kept slipping through its fingers.

This change surprised Rowan, and no matter how much he tried to trigger this manifestation again, it did not appear, only the yellow star slowly rotated over the map, as if it was mocking his efforts.

Rowan did not think that his speculations were incorrect, perhaps it might just need a little more adjustment to make everything work in the way he intended.

Closing his eyes he ran some certain calculations with his consciousness and discovered the reason he could no longer see this web and it turned out that it was because the medium he had used to transmit information from the Great Labyrinth, which was the Domain of Primordial Memory was still too weak.

“So, it comes down to power. Even if I have the lever, without the strength to pull on it, I cannot move this mountain.”

He had sent his child into the Great Labyrinth, but Vraegar was not yet a Labyrinth Specter, although he was well on his way, his fifth-dimensional level and his incomplete merger with the Domain of Primordial Memory meant he could not fully activate the potential of Rowan’s map.

This was a bit frustrating but Rowan knew that his move was made for a long-term duration and it was amazing enough that he had been able to gain so much from Vraegar with the many limitations that his child would have to face while he was inside that Domain, however, he believed that if Vraegar played his cards correctly then this place could turn out to be the greatest opportunity that he would have for the elevation of his powers.

Placing that aside, the brief glimpse that Rowan had seen of the extent of Primordial Memory’s infiltration over reality was alarming, and it would seem that ignoring this Primordial just because of his apparent silence would be a great mistake because he was the one with the greatest hold over Reality!

Watching the seven-pointed star as it slowly revolved, Rowan could not help but frown a bit, but he shook his head and placed the expected challenges he was anticipating when it would come to the moment he would face this elusive Primordial.

Rowan was not looking forward to it, as his intuition was telling him it would be an incredibly dangerous and annoying affair.

The other six ethereal arms of power above the map were still moving, and soon another one grounded to a halt, Rowan watched the Purple Aura of Primordial Time begin to gather and before long, a flickering image of the Bloodline Source of Primordial and Evil appeared beside the seven-pointed star of Primordial Memory.

This was the same image he had seen when he was inside Doom Star when he had unlocked the Bloodline of Time. Rowan’s eyes flickered in thought as he examined what he was looking at, he had made arrangements over the Bloodline Source of Time, but it would seem that he would have to accelerate his plans.

Chapter 1510 The Primordial Domains (final)

What Rowan considered important was that even without placing any of his children into the Bloodline Source of Time, the arrangement he had made with the Draconic God Vyraak, who was now an Old One, bearing the Red Moonlight blade which was crafted from Rowan's flesh and blood.

He had not closely monitored the activities of Vyraak, but the connection between that blade and its master had deepened quite rapidly which was a sign that this Dragon had been going on a rampage, whether it was the Children of Chaos or the Celestials, he must be rapidly growing to be a thorn on their flesh.

This Dragon God had survived his encounter with a Celestial Creator and the unknown power in his soul that had forcefully pushed him to the level of an Old One while seeking to corrupt his soul and consciousness, and if not for the Proto-Source level treasure given to him by Rowan, Vyraak would have been reduced to become nothing but a shell of Primordial Time's will.

To strengthen this blade and fight against the corruption of Time that had grafted itself to the soul of Vyraak, he would need to kill and feed his blade with the blood and souls of the Children of Chaos and the Celestial. Vyraak was a powerful Dragon and with the addition of this weapon, he was nearly unstoppable.

However, this was not what Rowan wanted from this immortal, to be nothing but a butcher, he only gave him this tool for the Dragon to be strong enough to fight against the influence of Primordial Time.

Primordial Time had left arrangements inside of Vyraak that would accelerate the healing of his Bloodline Source, and Rowan inferred that this should be the first step that this Primordial needed to create his Domain.

Rowan was also sure that Vyraak was not the only immortal that had fallen under the hands of Primordial Time, and if not for chance, Rowan would have been unaware of this arrangement made by this Primordial, and he was planning to search for more of these candidates selected by Primordial Time, so he could also place an anchor into their souls as well.

This could be the only opportunity that he might have to interfere with the plans of a Primordial to such an extent, and no matter how risky this might turn out to be, Rowan did not reach his present level by always playing it safe.

Primordial Time was dangerous, this was an undisputed fact, and if he was allowed to create his Domain he would become even more so, but there was a divide between the

Primordials that Rowan needed to exploit, if not for anything, this should give him the space to grow to their level while they were busy fighting with each other.

In this case, Rowan wanted to aid Primordial Time to recreate his Domain, but if he was going to do that, then this Primordial would have to forgive him when he made certain... changes to his Bloodline Source.

If Primordial Time was given the opportunity to fully resurrect and recreate his domain, it would mean the end of every higher dimensional immortal, and only those inside a Primordial Domain and powerful Old Ones would escape this purge.

Rowan had no ties with space or time of Reality since his dimension was made with Time and Space created by him and not borrowed from the Primordials, so even if the resurrection of Primordial Time would not affect him as much, he could not stand by and watch as an unfathomable number of people perish and their paths towards the higher dimension shattered forever.

Although knowing how things were changing, this might just be what the future might hold for so many immortals in Reality in the coming future, and yet, Rowan would still side with Primordial Time if the situation truly called for it.

If any changes were going to happen, then it would only be possible from the inside.

His help could not come for free after all, and no matter what happens, Rowan would never forget that Primordial Time was also his enemy, not just because of the acts committed against him by his Eye, but also due to the nature of Primordials, who were here to plunder, and Rowan was simply one of their prizes.

Every single Primordial came with their own set of challenges, and what would work for one would not necessarily work for the other, and it was up to him to find the right tactics for all of them, because in the end, Rowan wanted to be the one on top.

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With the map spread before him, he had a firm grasp of the domains and the emerging domain of five of the Primordials, except for Primordial Soul who was firmly inside the Gate of Oblivion, and Primordial Demon, whose Abyssal Gate was firmly suppressed by the rest.

If a fully realized Abyssal Gate was unleashed upon Reality, even Rowan did not know what sort of calamity that might bring.

Rowan had made arrangements in the Great Abyss but this was not the time for him to touch them because he would cause more complications than he could handle at this time, and from his investigations about Primordials, unlike the rest, Primordial Demon was not against taking a hands-on approach when it came to solving problems.

It would be a great mistake to directly confront a Primordial especially this one, and Rowan was better off playing to his advantage, and if he was careless then he suspected that Primordial Demon would force him into a situation that he could not control, and he would break him.

If there were any Primordial that he believed was a true wild card, then it was Primordial Demon.

On Doom Star he had seen him personally descend to slaughter Thenos and all the flimsy opposition that had stood against him, there was no reason that he needed to take this action. Primordial Demon had a nearly infinite host of subordinates that would have achieved this task for him, but he came down by himself and from the souls of everyone he had collected on Doom Star, no one, not even the World Stele believed that a Primordial would have descended for such a matter.

This was nearing the end of the Primordial Era when Primordial Essence in Reality was thin, and yet, Primordial Demon had still made a move against a mere Old One even if that immortal was still ridiculously powerful, that was only in relation to other Old Ones and not against beings like Primordials.

Chapter 1511 Rowan's Map

Chapter 1511 Rowan's Map

Rowan considered his map for a moment and looked up as five of the seven hands halted in their motions, this signified that tyeunhad already linked to all his anchors he had set up on order to fully connect with the Primordial Domains.

The greatest changes were from the three principal Primordial Domains in the North, South, and West, which became more vibrant and extremely defined.

The massive tree that represented the Land of Miracle grew additionally detailed and the green Aura that emerged from it was more decipherable, and if Rowan decided to peer deeper he could begin to recognize glimpses of the forces that were being sent out by this domain and their distribution.

Every speck of green Aura was a dimension that was filled with either great armies or a single individual who had conquered that domain and brought them under the power of the Primordial of Life, and just a small corner of this Aura contained billions of green specks!

The same thing for the Celestial Domain and the Inheritance Ground of Primordial Chaos, vast armies and powerful individuals, spreading the will of their Primogenitor throughout reality, countless billions of changes happening at every micro-second on countless fronts, and Rowan was catching a glimpse of it all, and this was just the beginning.

No immortal should be able to hold so much data in their souls, and this was just the tip of the countless calculations ongoing inside Rowan's dimensional soul because he intended to do this for all seven Primordial Domains, and only then could he begin to move his pieces onto the board.

The entire essence of this map was to encompass all of reality, and when it was done, there would be nothing under the highest Heavens and the lowest depths of the Abyss that escape his gaze, without this map he would be blind to the overall state of Reality.

After refining his first great Source Level Treasure, the Tower of Greed, Rowan created a second Source Level Treasure which was Wormtongue, and now he was refining the third, which was this map, but he no longer thought that this map would simply become a source level treasure when it was completed, but something greater, maybe this could be his first Primordial level treasure.

At this point in time, the map was incomplete and it had no name, so Rowan simply referred to it as the map, and he patterned this treasure after glimpsing the Singularity treasure wielded by Primordial Time which had a simple name of just The Map.

Rowan did not know the powers of that Singularity, but he had a hunch about its capabilities and he was curious if he could create a treasure that could be able to mimic the powers of a Singularity.

He did not think that such a thing was far-fetched because Rowan's learning curve was exponential, and he barely had to master a concept before he had gathered enough experience to shoot for a much higher one.

Rowan believed that if Singularities could be made by a crafter, then one day he would reach that level. Before then he was focused on creating what should be his newest and most powerful treasure.

Every single Primordial Aura that he connected and strengthened on this map by the usage of the Arcane arms above only went further into bolstering its refinement and when the seven Primordial Domain was fully within his sight, only then would his third Source Level treasure be complete.

He did not know if any other Primordial Domain would have a treasure similar to this one, but Rowan would always err on the side of caution so he concluded that they must have similar treasures, and only when the clash between the Primordial Domains began will he confirm if that was the case.

If indeed they had this sort of treasure then gaining this map would be one way to level the playing field and if they did not, then he had an advantage over them all, and every bit he could gain mattered, a lot.

His perception began dancing all over the Primordial Domains, following the movements of trillions of events on a scale that had transcended the scope of what most immortals alive could not even imagine.

He perceived Reality itself shivering as a growing echo of war began to spread out from all corners, multiple dimensions began to groan as powerful eldritch forces that had been nurtured deep inside the core of every Primordial Domain began to walk upon reality, but this were just the vanguard of what was to come.

Eyes burning like stars, countless glowing runes fluttered past his iris as the understanding of the forces of every Primordial Domain grew and when Rowan thought he had gathered enough information and seen where he needed to make his move, he gestured and a billion changes began to simultaneously arise all over reality.

Rowan settled back and closed his eyes for a while, a feeling of tiredness stealing over his dimensional soul, that single gesture had burned off nearly half of the Soul Crystals he had gathered and he had barely even started.

Indescribable pain rippled through his consciousness and Rowan knew there was no way he could find relief, he simply had to endure until his consciousness recovered and he would plunge into the deep once again, and he would keep doing this for as long as it was necessary.

Due to the time dilation effect of the Tower of Greed, everything had just set in motion would not begin to happen unless he willed it, and the essence of Rowan moves were that they were being made in the past, present and also the future at the same time.

This map when it would be completed would not simply be showing him the present state of reality, but its past and with the nature of his dimensional talents, it would also be showing him the future.

This was where the true terror of this map was being shown.

You see, Rowan was watching the forces of the Primordial Domain spreading across reality, but the truth was that all of this was going to be taking place in the future, precisely a month from now.

Rowan's map did not just display a vision of the present, it also showed him the future!

Chapter 1512 1512: Future Wars

Inside the time-dilation environment imposed by the Tower of Greed, time seemed to have no meaning as Rowan spent ten million years sending out his forces and observing the movements of the Primordials.

His time in the Nothingness and the many experiences he had in a time-dilating environment, where he spent many billions of years in various states, bolstered his mind to become used to the endless tides of time.

Rowan had sat here for millions of years, and he would still sit for millions more to come.

He watched and learned tactics, positioning, and the right methods to apply his forces against foes across multiple dimensions, and he tried not to think about the stupendous number of soul crystals that had been spent by him in all these years in order to keep this process running at its optimal direction.

It was a good thing that the chaos and slaughter ongoing in reality was nearly matchless since the beginning of the Supreme Era and he could barely afford to keep the lights running as time streamed through his fingers.

His internal clock reminded him that a day had passed in Reality and Rowan felt that he had prepared enough, ten million years for a single day was a great exchange, there was no more he could achieve even if he had more time and so he unleashed his forces upon Reality.

The depths and breadth of Rowan's mind had grown, reaching levels that would make the previous him resemble a dull baboon rubbing two sticks together. His growth as a living dimension meant his mind did not have any constraint that bound every living thing inside of Reality, he had no limits to his growth and he had never stopped his development, not for a single moment.

From the moment he opened his eyes inside Trion and seized the broken remnants of the Primordial Record inside his shattered soul, his growth had never stopped and everything culminated into this moment where he was standing against the most powerful forces in all of Reality.

Rowan no longer needed luck to predict what would occur if given trillions of random events simultaneously ongoing in a single space, and was told to find the optimal outcome, his mind had transcended the universal level and became multidimensional and after watching the forces of the Primordials for ten million years, he used all his acumen, devoting it to this battle.

The events that transpired nearly broke his mind, but he did not stop his actions, despite the ridiculous nature of what he was doing, he was unavoidably growing.

A single day passed in Reality, yet inside this room another ten million years had passed, and the war came to an end. Rowan sighed and collapsed on his chair, looked in the air and he chuckled,

"Why did I expect any other outcome?"

All of his advantages, all of his brilliance, everything was placed on the line and he... lost.

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Rowan stared in the air for a long time, hundreds of years, as he analyzed every step that led to his failure, he had being perfect, his moves were sublime, he had exceeded all his previous feats by a mile, but no matter how smart an ant was, before the might of a storm, it would be blown away.

He knew all the right angles, it had simply been useless, every counter, every battle that led to an advantage that was forced for with tooth and nail quickly lost their relevance against a tide of endless power. In the first year alone, anyone would have given up, but Rowan fought for ten million years, extending a defeat that should have been over in a decade, searching for victory no matter the cost.

The Primordials had many advantages, but they only needed one that would crush him every time, which was power, so much power that it made his soul weary...

Their powers were infinite in scope, it did not matter how much he chipped away at it, what was left was still infinite.

This was not a power that should be challenged, even another Primordial had no right to go against the seven by their lonesome, but Rowan did not have the privilege to stand back, they would inevitably come for him, his talents and his bloodlines were too special to be left alone, and he would rather the confrontation be on his own terms.

So it did not matter the size of the problem before him, Rowan had resolved himself to battle till the end. The problem was the task was impossible, and the fight could not be won.

“It is the pursuit that matters... Not what comes at the end.”

Rowan’s eyes grew dull before lighting up again, and he set himself before the map and began reversing everything that happened, using this method he was able to regain ninety-five percent of every Soul Energy that he had consumed in the last twenty million years of preparation and battle.

The last five percent went into the refinement of this map. Every action he was making with it was a step into completing this treasure and swallowing five percent of the soul energy he had placed into it had strengthened the power of the map, enhancing subtle details and giving him more tools that would be important to him in this conflict, it was a stable and slow process of growth as this map was getting closer to completion.

The Arcane arms above were also subtly changing as well, their connection to the map was deepening and it would not be long before Rowan would be able to apply these arms in a more active manner, but for now, he only monitored their growth.

It was too early to give up. With his first trial, Rowan had used subtlety as much as he could, only unleashing force when it was needed, and at the beginning he had been very successful, but when his momentum became too great to be ignored, he was encircled and defeated.

To gain uninterrupted access to the Primordials, he would have to defeat all of their forces, and this was a task that after ten million years of battle, Rowan failed at accomplishing.

He decided to use a different approach this time, one that would abhor all forms of direct confrontation, he would become a hidden cancer in the bones of every Primordial Force, eating away at the insides until he left them so weak that only a single breeze would blow them away.

He had experience from nearly twenty million years of battle, so he was not basically starting from scratch anymore and with a more strengthened map he was more poised to explore much deeper than before. Focusing his mind on his task, Rowan began crushing billions of soul crystals at a time as a new round of battle commenced, this time he was waging a hidden war.

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

Chapter 1513 1513: Tear of Wrath

Soul energy was indispensable when he used this map because he needed to simulate battling with these Primordial forces, and he had no way of expressing their powers unless he had a source of energy that could become anything.

Only with this power would anything he was doing here be accurate, of course with his powerful mind he could simulate the effects of these Primordial powers well enough, but there would always be a margin of error no matter how minute, and when this tiny error was placed in a battlefield that spans countless dimensions, even a tiny error would transform into something apocalyptic, soul energy made sure he was accurate, one hundred percent of the time.

Rowan was not too concerned with the technicalities of the powers being displayed here, especially by his enemies, although they were precise, it did not mean that it would serve him well if he was to copy it, the whole purpose of this map was to find weaknesses, not more weapons or spells.

A new round of battle began as another day passed in Reality and Rowan sat back after thirty million years.

He remained in place for almost a thousand years, not moving as vast streams of information flowed through his mind until it subsided after a while, and Rowan had the sudden urge to throw up.

This was not a physical reaction, just something that came from a soul that had been dragged through an experience that it was never made to feel. As alarming as this sensation was, especially for a being like him, Rowan also found it fascinating that his soul was being taken to the limits like this because for him, pain represented growth, and his growth for the last fifty million years put together had been unceasing.

Thirty million years of scheming and hidden battles on countless dimensions and Rowan had still lost again, after the first thousand years of battle, he saw defeat on the horizon but he still pushed on till the end. An end that he extended for thirty million years.

His defeat had been a bit longer unlike his last sojourn, ten million years longer, but it had always seemed inevitable.

He had weakened the forces of the Primordials, taken them to a point that had exceeded what he had previously achieved, and then something had changed, and before he could adjust his plans to take advantage of these changes, he was crushed.

He had to watch trillions of his children die, his plans shattered and his Will laid to dust, so Rowan closed his eyes for a thousand years to process this battle, and when the hurt began to fade, he drew back the soul energy that was spent and Rowan plunged back into the map as he adjusted his plans once again.

This time he was not going to be subtle, he was going to be loud. He had gathered enough information about the description of the forces of the Primordials and Rowan wanted to see what he could do with all that he had to put into play.

It did not surprise him that this battle did not last for long. Barely four million years had passed and he had exhausted all of his powers, and a single golden light stood at the center of Reality for a long time, battling against foes far past when it should have been able to, but he still fell at the end.

Rowan sighed as he closed his eyes and stood up, the map and the Arcane arms were humming, their refinement had reached a critical junction and they needed time to digest the gains of that battle. He did not hurry to retrieve the soul energy inside the map, leaving this treasure to consume as much as it could.

He believed that he had gotten what he wanted from the map at this time, and his path forward could not be any more clear.

Among the many reasons he had created this map, there had been two primary purposes for it that had now been fulfilled.

The first of those purposes was for Rowan to find out the hidden powers of every Primordial Domain outside the Primordials themselves that had the ability to threaten him.

Rowan no longer feared Old Ones, perhaps in great enough numbers they would be able to kill him, but it was almost difficult for him to imagine a scenario where he would be able to be pinned down long enough by multiple Old Ones until they could finish him off.

However, Rowan did not believe for an instant that Old Ones were the most powerful weapons that the Primordial Domains would have against him.

It turned out that he was right about these speculations, as every Primordial Domain had hidden weapons and people whose abilities were so powerful that they had long exceeded what an Old One was capable of, and with his experience owning a Singularity, he believed that some of their abilities suggested that they also had Singularities of their own.

Then there were the weapons, all great and terrible, with abilities that were extremely dangerous even for a being like him, Rowan still remembered the bite of their edges as they cut through the vast swatch of his children.

After fifty-five million years of battle, Rowan believed that he had been able to compile the list of every dangerous individual and weapon from six of the seven Primordial Domains.

Up till this moment, he had not been able to pull out any of the powers of Primordial Soul, her secrets were locked firmly behind the Gate of Oblivion, and she remained the greatest mystery here.

Of the list that he had occupied, Rowan was mostly focused on one.

Land of Miracles, Domain of Primordial Life, Extremely Dangerous — Seed, Tear of Wrath.

This bastard had killed him so many times.

Rowan was not even mad at being killed by this old man, what he hated the most was his laughter. Unlike many of his enemies and the most he had faced along the way, Seed enjoyed battle.

Enjoyment was a term that Rowan still felt was too short to accurately describe what Seed manifested when he was in battle, especially when it came to fighting Rowan.

He could still hear his fucking laughter,

“Hahaha hahaha, grandson, I Live for this!”

Chapter 1514 1514: Pivot Of Existence

The battles with Seed should not have been this dangerous, but his powers were some of the strangest that Rowan had ever encountered, and he wielded them with the grace and wisdom of a being who had seen countless Eras. Of the three times that Rowan had encountered Seed, his abilities had always been changing, which was extremely frustrating but it ultimately revealed the depths of this being, and Rowan knew that he had barely scratched the surface of what Seed was capable of.

Of course, even his profound abilities did not matter as much as the weight behind them. Every move from him was as if the entire Land of Miracles was supporting his attacks, and it would not have mattered if his abilities were not changing; just the power behind them was too much for a single Old One to wield, and infinity crashing upon Rowan and his children always led to annihilation.

Seed was not the only power that he was deeply concerned with, Rowan had five individuals and seven weapons that he had to defeat for him to reach the Primordials, all five individuals came from different Primordial domains, and after three separate battles with them, he had always lost.

Fighting them was as if he was fighting the entirety of the Primordial Domains.

Of the seven weapons, Rowan had defeated three, and if he fought this battle more times in the future, he did not doubt that he could defeat all the seven, unlike the five individuals, they were powerful, but they had a limit, however these obstacles in his path were just one of the justifications for the creation of this map.

The second reason he had labored in the creation of this map was to confirm that he indeed had only one road to victory, and that road was to fully unleash who he was upon Reality without holding anything back.

It turns out that even with the knowledge of the future, some things could never change, and the Great Storm that would ravage all of Reality was inevitable.

Many things had led to this moment and although Rowan would have preferred that he was the one that fully made this decision, the truth was that there were many outside forces that pushed him toward revealing himself, and after glimpsing the power of Seed, he knew without a doubt that one of those outside forces was Primordial Life.

However, it was unknown at the end who would end up smiling when the dust had settled, by the actions of Primordials like Primordial Life, Chaos, Time, Light, Demon, and in a hidden manner, Memory, and Soul, they had forced Rowan to act.

The Primordials had sown the wind, it was time to reap the whirlwind.

In all the battles that Rowan had been fighting with the Primordial Forces while using the map, he had gone to them, either openly or using subtlety, but he could never win, their powers over Reality were so great that no advantage he had could break it, and so the only viable response was for them to come to him.

Rowan's advantage would only multiply if he was able to bring this battle to his domain, although he had no assurance that this would grant him victory, it only gave him a chance, and that would have to be enough.

There were many advantages to battling inside of one's domain, and Rowan's unique domain was something that Reality had never seen or could comprehend, it did not matter if it was the forces of one Primordial or all seven, Rowan was determined to shatter them all.

There were multiple reasons why he decided to follow this path, but the most pressing one was engraved in his memory, a vision that meant more to him the deeper he dug into it,

"Let Me In... Let Me In... Let Me In..."

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Rowan had been granted a vision of the future, it was so pivotal to his existence that the barriers between the past, present, and future were broken for this vision to reach him, and yet, despite not reaching the sixth-dimensional level, the potential of his bloodline was so great they could trap the vision of this future, and it had echoed in the dark parts of his soul until he could finally reach it.

As a fifth-dimensional immortal, Rowan could not access these visions, but now that his soul was at the sixth, and he was able to see the past and the future more clearly, Rowan saw the reason he had not activated his bloodlines when he had the opportunity to do so, and why revealing himself would be his only path towards victory.

Rowan saw the dream where he was laid out on the ground, and his insides were being consumed by the avatars of his bloodlines, a bloody affair that was extremely sickening to watch, but there was an oddity in this vision because no matter how much these Avatars of his bloodline feasted on him, he was always regenerating his flesh as quickly as they were consuming it.

This vision of being consumed by his bloodline Avatars was odd, but it was not a strange thing for Rowan who understood his roots. He came from the noble lineage of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent who endlessly consumed itself.

Its image was of a snake that consumed its tail, and this imagery could mean many things, from the firm connection that existed between the past and the future, to the true

immortal nature of this serpent. There were many implications behind this bloodline's powers, and Rowan embodied all of them.

Also, he did not discount the power of his Class as an Eclipsed Creator that fully embraced the opposing nature of Creation and Destruction, which was the evolution of the concept born from the bloodline of the Origin Ouroboros and his other Origin bloodlines, and so while it would seem as if he was being consumed by his bloodlines, condemned to a fate that was worse than death, he could never perish from this act, instead he simply grew stronger from being consumed.

Chapter 1515 1515: Destruction... Creation

Destruction feeding on Creation and Creation feeding on Destruction, this was an impossible circle, but one that Rowan had fully epitomized, and he knew that if he could continue watching this vision of being consumed by his bloodline Avatars, he would watch them grow up, all of them feeding on the endless bounty of his flesh, and their appetite would increase as well until they became behemoths that endlessly grew by consuming his flesh, this was normal, for it was the path of Destruction.

As they grew older and more powerful, his bloodline would as well channel their new powers and enhanced ability to him, further strengthening his powers and his body would regenerate to match their appetite, so it did not matter if their appetites increased as they grew older, he would always gain the benefit of their growth being channeled into him, this was the path of Creation.

Two sides of a single coin.

Rowan observing this vision, saw the path toward his future, and if he was able he would encourage these Avatars to eat more, for the more they ate, the stronger he became. Although, in the real world, he was not distraught because he knew how to make them eat more, he simply had to battle and utilize their abilities to the fullest.

But this was not the problem in this vision, this was not the reason he was deciding to unveil himself before all of Reality, because despite the chilling atmosphere surrounding Rowan being devoured by what appeared to be children, there was something else here, someone else... a face pressed against the sanctity of this space, eyeing Rowan with intense greed,

“Let Me In... Let Me In... Let Me In...”

There was a single face from a crooked figure, but Rowan could see those eyes that looked towards his flesh, and inside them he saw legion. There was not a single individual here, but multiple and they all craved his flesh with a foul and endless desire.

The power of his bloodline was stupendous, his Class was ridiculous and the state of his existence as a dimensional flesh was amazing, one of this on its own was enough to shake this Era, but all of these three combined into one person was terrifying to the extreme.

His existence was something that he believed was in part encouraged by the Primordials, but even they could not have imagined what could have arisen from it. He was not the first Breaker in existence or the first Breaker with a Primordial Bloodline, however, he was the first to break new ground in a Reality where everything had been drained out of, Rowan created a miracle out of Nothingness.

Rowan might not be sure of what the Primordials were still craving inside of Reality, but he had wagered that it was the soul of Reality, but he would bet that his Origin Land, a domain where Rowan had barely excavated a fraction of its potential... he would bet that such a place would draw their attention as much as the Soul of Reality could.

He could not fight them in their Domains, fifty million years of war had shown him that this was impossible, and it did not matter if he would fight them for another billion years to come, he would still lose, but if he could bring them into his domain, then everything would change.

Inside here he would have the advantage, and they would have no choice but to come to him, because they wanted the power that he had gained, they craved his Origin Land, and they would all believe that they were stronger than him, and wiser and so they would send their armies to plunder his authority and take his light.

Rowan wanted to kill the Primordials before they could kill him, so he needed a weapon that would allow him to do so, and his Origin Land would become that weapon. Nothing else would draw the Primordials as much as the potential to become something greater than their rank.

This was the true allure.

Rowan's potential was so great that he could potentially become an existence that even the Primordials would have to bow down to, and before his potential could be realized, they needed to break him.

It was a great risk for Rowan, but it was a necessary step. He could not hide his head in the sand and wish for his problems to disappear, there were too many attachments of Fate and Destiny to his soul by these powerful entities even before he was born and he could not escape his Fate, even if he wanted to.

His decision had been made, and so Rowan called upon a power that he had gained from the Singularity that he had expelled from Reality, The World Stele.

Among the many benefits that he had gained from the alliance with this Singularity, one of them was the power to become a World Bearer, which was an Immortal that had the power to root their dimension inside the Nothingness.

With his increased vision from his higher dimensional level, Rowan understood that the reason that immortals could not root their dimensions in the Norhingness was simply because the Primordials had seized all the foundations of Reality and the Nothingness and fused it into their domains.

Reality had been stripped of too much power to endure the weight of a Primordial Entity, even the presence of one Primordial should have destroyed all of Reality, yet there were seven here.

The reason they could achieve such a thing was by stripping the foundations of Reality so they could be able to exist here, but even with this action, they could only exist here, they could not move about unless by using extremely special methods.

This act meant that no other immortal in Reality was able to root their dimensions anymore, but the World Stele, a Singularity with powers that transcend Reality opened up a new path, it would link the dimensions to a power that was outside of Reality.

This Singularity was basically poking tiny holes into Reality, and these holes could be linked to any World Holder, giving them the ability to mount their dimension into Reality.

When Rowan was given the Title of a World Holder, he was granted a passage that led to outside Reality, but he was not aware that this was what it was until he reached Limbo and learned of the truth that existed outside the Nothingness.

Before now he had always thought that the Nothingness was everything, and new knowledge had shown him that he was still thinking too small.

Chapter 1516 1516: The Grand Game (1)

The Primordials had allowed the World Stele to continue producing more World Bearers because it was to their advantage, and Rowan was a bit speechless when he realized how shameless the Primordials could become regarding the benefits they were obtaining from this Singularity.

With what they stood to gain, it was amazing how much the World Stele had to sacrifice just for the chance to resurrect its master, Thenos.

With every new dimension produced inside of Reality, the World Stele was basically increasing the foundations of Reality, displaying its might as a Singularity that even the Primordials could not produce the same results.

Understanding this process and the state of the Primordials, Rowan could infer the reason the Primordials allowed this to continue, and it was because they needed more foundation to allow more of their powers to be freed.

The Primordials had already shared the foundations of Reality amongst themselves, perhaps if there was only a single Primordial or maybe even two, then this would not matter as much, but there were seven of them, and after they had taken their share, it was not enough for them to be active.

If Reality had once been a form piece of rock, the Primordials had excavated all the stones and used them to bear their impossible weight, leaving only sand to remain, and without any proper foundation to hold them, they could not move.

Barely sustaining their existence inside the fragile shell that was Reality, the Primordials slept because even their waking consciousness would shatter the weakened Reality, and when the World Stele began to create more Dimensions out of powers sourced from outside of Reality, the Primordials were silent, observing this process.

Rowan had once questioned the World Stele about the reason the Primordials not only allowed its existence but turned a blind eye to its activity, and the Singularity had mentioned that creating dimensions was a great service to the Primordials and since they allowed it the freedom to harvest the souls from the dead dimensions, that meant they either did not care and were turning a blind eye to its activities.

Even if the World Stele did not fully realize why the Primordials allowed it to gather souls that would lead to the resurrection of Thenos, Rowan had discovered the hidden plans of the Primordials after fighting a war with their forces for fifty million years, and it had solved one of the reasons why the Primordials had chosen to nurture life in Reality instead of leaving it desolate.

A lot of his speculations may have easily turned out to be false, but with the Will of Truth at the sixth-dimensional level, he was able to gain a distinct sense of the right answers when he came across them, and this power would only increase when he reached higher dimensional levels.

For anyone else, the Will of Truth would be useful, but it displayed its true purpose in the hands of Rowan because a lot of the questions he was asking could not be easily found, apart from the Primordials and some extremely rare individuals, Rowan would not be able to find the truth even if he was to search until the end of time, and the Will of Truth was the only way for him to peer through the darkness of the past, revealing hidden secrets and details that would have never been brought to light.

The steps he took forward all depended on his ability to see deeper layers of truths as he grew stronger, and the mystery behind the Singularity and the Primordials was opened up to him.

Every new dimension created by the World Stele would eventually become the property of the Primordials, and he had seen this happen in the future as the war grew more intense and the influence of the Primordials spread all over Reality.

It was a subtle process, one that no immortal had been able to understand, but Rowan was a dimension, and he saw that the Aura from the Primordials were not just twisting the dimensions that they had conquered, they were also collecting something intrinsic inside all of them and adding it to their base.

As fascinating as this process was to watch unfold, it was also intensely parasitic, fitting the true manifestation of the Primordials who were here to plunder.

Rowan believed that if any of the Primordial Domain could gather as many dimensions as possible under their banner, then the Primordials would be fully awakened from their eternal slumber, and they would be able to walk upon reality.

The Creator of the Wall Aegis had found a way to stop the full might of the Primordials from entering all of Reality, but the Primordials had found a different method to achieve their goals, and this was by using the tiny backdoors created by the World Stele to gather their might and then Reality would be undone.

This was the sorrowful Fate of all life inside of Reality, they served their Primogenitor with all of their hearts, giving everything for the glory of their Domain because they believed in a creator who loved them and wanted nothing but their prosperity, why else would such divine powers be granted to all, but for the Primordials, all life was basically a tool for them to achieve freedom.

Rowan could now understand one of the reasons why the body of Primordial Time was shattered to pieces and Will Chains were created to further bind him in place, all of this was just to give rise to higher dimensional immortals who could become World Bearers so as create dimensions that could be harvested in the future.

A chill went through his heart as the Will of Truth confirmed another speculation that he had naturally stumbled upon, and that was even the eventual resurrection of the Bloodline of Time must have received a subtle permission to happen from the Primordials and it was not simply a random event.

Perhaps Primordial Time had been given one opportunity to regain his power as the benefit of allowing so many dimensions to be produced. Primordial Time had done a great injustice when he attempted to become a twice-primordial, but that did not break the merit that he achieved for the Primordials.

Chapter 1517 1517: The Grand Game (2)

Rowan remembered that he had been suspicious about the number of setbacks gained by the Eye of Time due to the fact that the previous Eye of Time was not meant to survive, it was a ticking time bomb created by Primordial Time to attract the gaze of the greedy and when the Eye was destroyed it would allow Primordial Time to enter Reality, even if it was for a short period.

Yet since the dawn of the Primordial Era, no one had managed to kill this Eye, despite the fact that there were several Old Ones that were powerful enough to accomplish this feat, and the Eye of Time lived for so long it went insane and began heretical experiments, one of which led to the creation of a being like Rowan.

If not for his intervention, the Eye of Time would have never perished and Primordial Time would never be able to return to Reality, this was even though he must have been given this loophole by the rest of the Primordials.

Did Primordial Time not kill him at the moment he returned because he saw that Rowan's intervention had triggered this change, or was there something more that he was missing?

Nevertheless, this showed Rowan that Primordials were not to be trusted, their words could easily become falsehoods as their methods of manipulation went deep. If Primordial Time could fall for their tricks, then he would have to watch out for himself and analyze every single setback and opportunity he had gained along the way.

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The destruction of the Frozen Road and the banishment of the World Stele was a clarion call to the Primordials that the period of slumber was over and the Singularity that was given the grace to perform its duty had finally completed its mission and they could begin reaping the profit.

Although it might appear that the resurrection of the Primordials was due to the interference of Rowan on Doom Star, that was not truly the case, he had only accelerated the timeline for their awakening.

The World Stele had been gathering souls for many Minor Eras and was slowly rebuilding the broken eternal realm for Thenos awakening, and it would have needed to continue for many Minor Eras in the future before it could gather enough resources to push against the barriers of death imposed by the Primordials, but it was inevitable that on the day that Thenos rose from the dead, the heads of his mothers would stop crying, the Frozen Road would shatter and the Primordials shall rise.

Rowan's actions that appeared to serve the purpose of the Primordials had ultimately been to his benefit when he realized that if he had allowed the World Stele to continue creating more World Bearers, this would mean the number of dimensions that would be

claimed by the Primordials in the future would increase and this would mean their resurrection would become a hundred percent certainty.

Time had no meaning to the Primordials and they could wait for as long as necessary for their Domain to become fully complete, and stopping the World Stele was far more advantageous to him than he had realized at first.

Rowan turned to the side as the wooden door at the end of the room was opened and Circe entered, she was alone and her ever-present companion Archimedes was not on her shoulder, her eyes glanced at the table and the Arcane arms hovering over it and understanding came to her, she was silent for a while but there were subtle signs that she was making that made Rowan sigh,

“If you have something on your mind you are free to speak, I do not shackle the tongue of those around me, and your voice is among the most welcomed at my council.”

Circe seemed surprised at his words, she did not know how Rowan was able to decipher her thoughts even when she felt that she had given no indication of what was on her mind, but she had learned to accept these surprises as they came, taking a deep breath, she addressed him,

“So, this is the path you are taking, war, against the entirety of Reality.”

Rowan looked at her with a weird glow in his eyes,

“You know there is no other path forward, this was always meant to be, although I find it surprising that you should ask such a question when there is something else in your head, I told you to speak freely.”

Circe looked a bit aghast and Rowan made a placating gesture, easing her mind and he smiled,

“I will be a fool if, I look down on your uneasiness, tell me what is on your mind Circe, and I promise to give it the proper consideration, I am at the threshold and perhaps you have seen something that I have missed.”

Circe bowed to him, a surge of relief flowing through her body, she had not realized how tense she was until Rowan had given her the go-ahead.

With his carefree character, it was easy to forget that she was before a presence that was so unfathomable that even his mere breath was greater than her a million times over, she knew this was not what Rowan believed but it did not stop it from being the truth.

Entering this room and seeing the depths of his ambitions while also understanding the great plans he had made inside her body made her feel so small before the expanse of his

mind, nevertheless, she had misgivings and she needed to voice them, praying for forgiveness in her heart, she spoke,

“Taking time to sharpen a blade before any battle is not a wasted exercise. I know that we need to fight, but I think it’s a bit too early, at this moment, my Lord, you are already a sixth-dimensional immortal, and even though most would not understand this, I know all of your progress happened in a very short time, I believe in a short time you can become an Old One, and that should be the right time to battle, if this is because of Maeve’s death, I trust that she would understand the reason that you have to wait more than anyone else.”

Rowan’s eyes widened at her words and then he grimaced,

“Thank you Circe for your thoughts, I understand where you are coming from, and there are many things I can tell you for the reason why this battle should go this way, but it is better that I show you, come closer and look at this map,”

Chapter 1518 1518: The Grand Game (3)

Circe hesitated, a feeling of great fear filling her heart and she did not know where it came from, whether from Rowan’s words or what she was about to witness, it was as if she was about to step into the maw of a fiendish beast, and yet understanding that she was given the privilege to see the core of Rowan’s plan, Circe steeled her heart and stepped forward.

As she got closer to the table, the powerful Aura it emitted twirled around her body, nearly brushing against her skin as goosebumps broke across her flesh, and although she could only sense a small part of the power that was contained inside this Aura, she knew that touching the edge of it would annihilate her in body and soul, and it would not matter if she was an Old One, this place was meant for beings much stronger than Old Ones,

‘So he is already at this level. Why do I still feel as if it had only been a blink of an eye and I no longer know him, perhaps I never did.’

Before her mind could be fully settled she found herself standing before the map and Rowan pointed to certain glowing spots on it, but they seemed to be covered under a sort of fog, she tried to peer through the fog, but a growing headache that rose quite quickly threatened to crack her skull in two and so she eased off, as a part of her mind noted that the Aura from this table had grown closer to her skin, and even though she did not wish for it, the fear of death began to fill her heart and only Rowan’s voice pulled her mind away from that fear,

“Forgive me for blurring your sight and not showing you the full essence of this map, they contain the purest form of a Primordial’s essence that I can safely contain in this treasure but it is not yet completed and it cannot fully shield this Aura, I can only blur it to this

extent or your mind would be corrupted by their hidden presence, and you would become a hollow shell, seeing beyond Reality to a land that would drive all to madness,”

Rowan smiled, his gaze was strong and filled with light and Circe nearly fell into the beauty of his eyes, and he continued speaking,

“So it is a good thing that what I want to show you does not require you to peer deep into their essence, it is just satisfactory that you should know that, this place Booze Palace is at the center of this map, and here...”

Rowan gestured to a side of the map that glowed red, “Is the Inheritance Ground of Primordial Chaos, and here...”

He pointed towards another spot on the map, “This is is Land of Miracle, here is the Celestial Domain, and...”

Introducing all the Primordial Domains that were present in Reality, he looked towards Circe to confirm that she understood what he was showing to her, and after a while, she nodded, with every Primordial Domain that Rowan was pointing out to her, Circe’s breathing became more intense as if she was under a great deal of pressure.

Rowan lingered as he looked at her, knowing that at the moment she had reached her limit, Circe was bleeding from every orifice in her face, her Aether and Essence had nearly been exhausted and if not for the arrangements he had made inside of her body and dulled the radiance of the map to a fraction of its capability, Circe was nearly dead as she began to understand the intricacies of its operation.

To most immortals in existence, even Old Ones, Reality was infinite, but for Rowan, it was not, and this map represented his vision, placing infinity in a bubble where it could be deciphered, and Circe had just been permitted to see infinity in the way that Rowan saw it, obviously, there must be a price to be paid.

He sighed and began to transfer tiny bursts of essence and Aether into her body, healing her wounds and nurturing her soul until her breathing became easier, and her injuries settled. Rowan knew the right amount of energy that would perfectly ease her of this burden, because he still had more to show her, and for that to happen, she still needed to endure.

It was funny that on the eve of his greatest battles, he was essentially alone and this was not by choice, simply necessity, even other Old Ones were not worthy to discuss the future with him, but for his children, he could be patient, and Rowan’s heart was gladdened that for something so small as helping Circe to understand his thought process gave him satisfaction.

However, he nearly laughed when he noticed that Circe's cheeks were red as she was blushing with shame at her weakness, and Rowan rolled his eyes in exasperation and gently explained,

“Consider that you are still a third-dimensional immortal Circe, technically you are still just a mortal, and you are here before a map that would befuddle the minds of an eight-dimensional immortal, there is no shame in this weakness, because it is not a weakness, it is great strength, do not let comparison steal your joy, in your place, I would not be able to do any better.”

Circe nodded, her heart becoming firm once more, it only took such simple words to get her perspective in check.

Being around Rowan was always confusing, he was both supremely powerful but also annoyingly approachable, and unless it was deserving of his attention he would never reveal his strengths openly, so it was hard to always gauge how strong he was when he kept his mortal frame constantly around him.

He created a treasure that she was sure that would shake all of Reality if it was to be exposed outside and yet he placed it inside a nondescript room and made it take the form of a wooden table, he assigned a tavern as the center of Reality and he talked about Primordials as if he was extremely familiar with them, it was all so bizarre, and it was easy to be lulled to a false sense of comfort around him.

Chapter 1519 1519: The Grand Game (final)

All of these were startling revelations concerning her mental state but Circe thought about what was important here, and it was that she was able to fully recognize the overall power distribution in Reality. There was a learning curve here that she had to rapidly grasp else she would be disappointing Rowan's faith in her.

She was still unable to peer deeply at this map, but the awareness of what it contained had merged with her soul, and Circe had a weird sense of fullness as if her soul had been filled to the extent that it was about to burst open, but this knowledge she had acquired was indispensable.

Reality was vast, but of the countless dimensions that filled it, only these seven Primordial Domains were worth the attention, and if everything went according to plan, Rowan wanted to make an eighth location that would equal these seven powerful domains.

This concept blew her mind, Rowan was not just going to be fighting against the Primordial Domains, he would also be establishing his own domain that would seek to compete with theirs.

If he heard this vision from anyone else, whether they were Old Ones or some Supreme genius from a bygone era she would choke with laughter, all those who knew of the Primordials understood how unfathomable their foundations were, how could one man, born yesterday with no known influence upon Reality chose to create a power that could stand against these seven great Titans?

But this was Rowan, and Circe would choose to follow him, even when the road ahead seemed impossible to tread, and the only reason she would do this was because Rowan had shown many times over to his people that he was deserving of their trust.

Rowan did not delay his explanation to Circe when he saw that she had fully healed and understood the main players in this grand game, and he began to point out the core of his plan to Circe,

“All of the Aura leaving these Primordial domains are the strengths they have cultivated all through this Supreme Era, these are their weapons, armies, and other hidden arrangements gathered over the years, and if I was to reveal my Origin Land, they would all come for me, nothing else I can do can ever draw their attention like this. You see, the Primordials need to consume all the dimensions under their domains for their strengths to be fully realized inside of Reality, this is the condition for them to awaken from their slumber, and with the scale of my Origin Land, it would place every other dimension inside of Reality to shame.”

Circe eyes glowed as she frowned, “You are using yourself as bait, what prize could be so important?”

Rowan smiled and his eyes went back to the Primordial Domains,

“The Primordials are greedy for my powers, my domain would grant them benefits that no other dimension despite their numbers would be able to give them, and as they eye my power, I am also ravenous for theirs as well. On this map, I have battled against their forces for fifty million years and I have failed to vanquish them, but if they come to me, I will not only have an advantage in my home ground, but their Domains would also be left defenseless, and I will have a chance to strike at their heart.”

Noticing Circe’s eyes widening in shock as she began to comprehend what he wanted to do, he knew she had not fully understood his position, so he waved his hand over the map and the Aura from the Primordial Domains vanished leaving each domain to stand on its own without any of their Aura surrounding them,

“Circe, this Supreme Era is unique, and the opportunity here before me would not come again, the Primordials are forced to sleep because of the state of this Era for there is no more Primordial Essence inside of Reality to hold the weight of their existence, giving me a sliver of a chance to finish them off at their weakest moment, they are asleep and I can kill them, all of them!”

Circe shivered and she whispered, “Are you not drinking poison to cure your thirst? Opening up your Origin Land for invaders while invading the Primordial Domains in return, I fear there would be no victor in this fight Rowan.”

Rowan looked away from Circe and turned towards Reality as he muttered, “Sometimes the battle is its own reward. Even if this battle drinks the last of my blood like the evening swallowing the sun—not in defeat, no, but a surrender to the fight that outlasts victory, if there is to be one purpose for which I fight, then let it be to embrace the dusk with open arms.”

He turned towards Circe and smiled, “Do you understand my dreams?”

With tears filling her eyes she nodded and Rowan laughed,

“I have peered into Fate and Destiny, and this is the only path forward that gives me a chance to survive and even if it is insignificant, then I will take it. I have learned to find meaning in the battle and not the results.”

Circe was quiet before she whispered, “What about your children, are you willing to let them follow you on this path?”

Rowan was silent for a long time as he watched time pass by and his gaze seemed to peer past space and time to see the moment his dimensional body was being betrayed by Seed and Elura, feeling the pain, rage, and helplessness that filled all corners of his mind and knowing that if he could be brought down like this, then his children would have no way to fight against these great tyrant,

“I do this for them,” Rowan replied, “They do not have to love me or understand why I throw them into battle, one where there is no assurance of victory. If there was any other way I would have taken it, if I have seen any other person that could carry this task with more grace and wisdom, then I will pass this burden to them and kneel at their feet, but I stand alone Circe. I am the last hope for all that lives.”

At this moment his dimensional flesh seized the power of Memory and Rowan sighed,

“The grand game is here.”

Chapter 1520 1520: Threads Of Karma

The massive storm above the Land of Miracles had not abated but was steadily growing stronger. Darkness had begun to spread from the storm as it gradually devoured the light emerging from the branches of the Tree of Life.

For the first time since the dawn of the Primordial Era, darkness filled the Land of Miracles and the only light that shone was emerging from the massive lightning bolts that stretched across countless light years and the two glowing eyes above.

The cold eyes above had a piercing stare that reached into the hearts of every immortal, and some stared into the eyes for too long and their souls perished, a brief touch on their bodies shattered them to dust.

Cries of fear and hysteria filled all of Reality from the Celestial Domain and its endless Angelic hosts to the Supreme World of Mages where an unfathomable genius was about to be given a title, down to the Great Abyss where Demons entered the storms and screamed their fear disguised as rage, and those cold eyes that lacked any emotions looked down upon it all.

Within those eyes, the brave who looked upon it and survived could see fragments of mysteries that tantalized their senses, and many immortals were lost in the glow of those mighty eyes, which seemed to contain all the colors in Reality, but for them, only death was their answer, yet what was terrifying was that all immortals or mortals who looked long into the eyes and died, did it with a smile on their faces.

Their smile was beatific, it was as if they had seen a paradise that was behind all the limits of their imagination, and they were going home.

There were many who saw those smiles on the faces of the dead and envied them. Despite knowing the fate that would follow, so many chose to look deep into those eyes above the storm, their souls were lost, but their smiles... were blissful.

Seed and Elura were looking at the storm and the Eyes above it and then down to the Memory of Primordial Life, the green ocean had frozen, and it resembled an emerald mirror that stretched for an infinity, although this mirror did not reflect the storm above.

The both of them did not seem to be affected by the glow from the eyes, and on the surface, they both seemed to be calm, but there was a certain stiffness that they did not notice that had surrounded their bodies, and despite how much Rowan knew about the minds of others, he would not have believed that at this moment, even if they were not yet aware of it, the seeds of fear of him had been planted in the souls of Seed and Elura.

The both of them had planned for every eventuality before they killed off Rowan's maid and drove a blade into his skull, they had even deliberated on random events happening that were simply impossible, like Rowan fighting against the entire forces of the Land of Miracle with an unknown power and many other outlandish possibilities, but nothing could prepare them for... This!

A storm that was ravaging all of Reality with these unknown eyes above looking down on everything. This was power on the level of a Primordial!

When did Rowan begin to associate with other Primordial forces and how deep did this conspiracy go? Were multiple Primordials backing him and were these Primordials the enemy of Primordial Life?

So many questions that they had not bothered to factor into the equation thundered through their minds and so they were not aware of the seed slowly growing inside their heart.

Elura had a frown on her brows and her fingers were twitching by the side, faint fragments of memories, fate, and destiny swirled around her fingers as she used her deductive ability as a powerful Old One to decipher the threads of the future.

This was an extremely risky practice, but Elura could no longer wait for what was to come, the lack of understanding was eating her soul from the inside and she decided to take this risk.

Although it was true that no one could see the future, that was not strictly the case, because the minds of an immortal, especially an Old One like Elura were so powerful that coupled with the powers of memories, fate, and destiny which they controlled, gave them the ability to see the future, but this was just a simulation.

However, the simulation they could carry out with their higher dimensional powers was so precise in its scope and depths that there was virtually no difference between the real future and the simulated future produced using this method.

If this technique were utilized on lesser immortals or mortals, the simulation could be said to be a hundred percent correct, and so Elura could see the trajectory of a mortal's life, from the day he was born to the day he dies, and if he becomes an immortal, she would still be able to calculate his future until he reached the seventh-dimensional level and holds his own fate.

This technique was extremely powerful, known only to a few Old Ones and practiced by even fewer of them because it was possible to accurately predict the life path of a single being with a great degree of accuracy but the problem arose when that being began to associate with others, causing their fate to be intertwined with everyone around them.

Placed in a vacuum where the individual would not interact with many different people, the simulation was extremely accurate, but outside a vacuum, that interaction would become nearly uncontrollable and the cost of understanding all those interactions would become mind-numbing.

This interaction between the fates of multiple individuals was called Karma, and understanding its complexity and power led to the death of some Old Ones who wished to calculate the future.

What started as a story of a single person would balloon into a grand tapestry of fate that stretches across billions of lives as the fate of a single man touches the lives of billions and this interaction changes the direction of his life, and the lives of all those around them, whether in big or small ways.

Chapter 1521 1521: Say Her Name (1)

Karma was an extremely potent force in the life of a mortal, but for an immortal, Karma becomes even more prevalent, because the Karma of a mortal was short, his lifespan barely passing a thousand years or at most a hundred thousand, if that mortal happened to become an Earth god, but for an immortal whose lifespan stretched for an infinity, calculating their future became a lesson in futility, although this did not stop many from trying.

The possibility of knowing the future was always enticing as it gave an almost matchless advantage.

An Old One would calculate the future using their dense Aetherium and Essence to power this process. Still, this process was ridiculously energy intensive, and if the Old One was not careful they could be sucked into the threads of Karma, and forget to pull themselves out of it until their bodies and souls perished.

If any Old One could see the thread of Karma swirling around Elura's fingers, they would be shocked to their core because it contained so much complexity that even a hundred of them would be drained dry, but Elura's frown only deepened as she gathered more threads of Karma with both hands until they swirled around her in a storm causing Seed to turn towards her in amazement, the depths of his daughter's powers never failed to astonish him,

"Have you not gathered more than enough threads Elura, do you not see his Fate?"

Elura's frown only worsened as she kept gathering more, and then with a cry of rage, she allowed the threads she was collecting to scatter. Anytime she wanted to take a plunge inside Karma, a great fear filled her soul and she knew that her preparations were not enough, if she ventured into Rowan's Karma with the threads she had gathered, it would only lead to her death.

So she did not look, only gave a cry of rage and allowed the threads to dissipate, she glanced at Seed whose frown had covered his face and she grimaced,

"I... I... can't. There is nothing to grasp in his fate, perhaps it is being shielded by a Primordial because I cannot touch it."

"Hahahaha, what do you mean, Elura, he is right there! You did not attempt to reach across to him, I have weakened his body to that of a mortal and his soul has been bounded

to his flesh by that cursed blade, no matter how powerful he becomes he is still a freaking mortal and that meant his Fate can be read like a book,”

The eyes of Seed tightened as he looked at Elura with suspicion, as a green glow began to arise from the depths of his white eyes, and its shape when looked upon closely resembled a tree, but this tree was made out of bones and their number was infinite,

“Are you lying to me, Child? What did you see of his Fate?! This is not the time for any machinations, do not try to hide any of it from me or I shall flay you like a worm.”

Elura’s face went white in anger as she pointed at the sky,

“Is that what a mortal should be capable of? You damned old man, your plans were supposed to be foolproof, his character and desires were all seen through by you, then why did you not also anticipate that his reach would surround all of Reality! I have half a mind with partnering with the Eldarah to bring you down if this matter goes beyond what was promised. I did not lie to you, his Fate is beyond my calculations even when it is brought down to the level of a mortal.”

Seed muttered aloud, “This is wrong, something does not add up.”

Elura laughed with anger, “You think? He is inside the Memory of Primordial Life and so no other forces in existence should be able to shield his Fate from my grasp, and so the only reason I can’t reach him is because you made a mistake, your understanding of his capabilities was too shallow and we did not gather all of him! There must be a part of him out there and they are standing behind the Primordial who is unleashing their power upon Reality!”

Seed frowned, the words of Elura brushing across his consciousness but he was not listening to her as his hackles were beginning to rise.

Something was wrong here. There should have been no reason that he would be arguing with Elura on this issue when the core of the matter had already been settled. This was out of his character, and it was almost as if someone had reached into his head and was changing his thoughts.

He had brought a weakened Rowan to the Memory of Primordial Life as it should have always been, and what happens next would follow the Will of his Creator, and there should be no reason why he had become irritated with Elura for a small issue like understanding Rowan’s future.

This was not a matter that should have been brought up in any light. With Rowan inside the Memory of Primordial Light, he was simply a fish on the chopping block, waiting for the blade to fall, and whatever was happening in Reality was something that could be understood in time because they still had Rowan in hand.

Seed cursed inside his heart, In the holy name of the Primordial Life, no one could tell his Fate, and although it was odd that Rowan who had been brought to the edge of mortality could still fight against Elura's calculation, Seed should have expected it, the child was special and was quite strange, it was very possible that a small part of his consciousness had resisted the call of the Memory of Primordial Life and Seed did not even want to believe that this was possible, but he decided to allow this thought for the sake of his sanity.

Then why was he annoyed?

He had the child precisely where he wanted him, and everything that happened from this point was...

Seed's eyes widened and he turned away from Elura and looked towards the memory of Primordial Life and Rowan with a red blade still plunged into his skull was standing on the frozen ocean and looking at the storm above.

His hands were spread open and his eyes were closed, red hair pouring down from his head like a waterfall made from blood, his form was like a Phantom of Destruction.

Seed and Elura unconsciously took a step back.

Chapter 1522 1522: Say Her Name (2)

Reality for Rowan always changes as he steps on a higher dimensional level, but these changes have not been as prevalent or earth-shaking for him as when he stepped into the sixth-dimensional realm.

The mysteries he had uncovered and resolved by simply reaching this realm were profound, and the transitions he was about to make in his understanding of Reality were only possible upon reaching the sixth-dimensional level.

It was as if the act of stepping upon this level had brought him up to the pinnacles of creation, and everything that came before now was simply a preparation phase, and that could not be far from the truth.

As powerful as the third, fourth, and fifth dimensions were, their strengths were largely corporeal, and their effects were mostly tangible, but the sixth-dimensional level was a watershed that truly brought a higher dimensional immortal to a new phase of their understanding of Reality.

At this level, a talented immortal would be able to preserve their Memory to last beyond the destruction of their body and soul, and they would truly become mystical beings beyond the understanding of most in reality, and Rowan was fully experiencing this process.

He had been fighting against higher dimensional immortals who controlled the power of the memory dimension for a long time and he had harvested all their experiences, but most of them turned out to be quite useless to him, but everything that he had been able to learn from them although minimal went a long way to enhance his knowledge of this dimension.

The problem was that the memory of an average immortal was quite useless in comparison to his own, and the usage of their memory dimension was nothing special.

Rowan realized that he could easily kill higher dimensional immortals not just because he was impossibly strong, but also because his opponents were also quite weak, and he should give them more accolades for being able to make such achievements with what they had to work with.

However, Rowan understood that even if more power was available to be acquired it did not mean most of these immortals were capable of acquiring them.

As you grew stronger, so also did the weight of your existence, and this weight could not simply be judged by any physical spectrum alone but was also spiritual and psychological. No immortal in existence could hold the weight of Rowan's existence for more than a mere moment before they went insane and their souls exploded into ash.

If Rowan could not master his powers, he would go insane before his body, soul and now memory, explode into nothing.

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With the blade of Caine driven into his skull that created countless Fractures in his mind, Rowan had been able to step into the realm of Memory and discovered a method to cultivate himself through this Realm by healing the Fractures in his mind.

If this event had not happened, then Rowan would have spent an extended amount of time exploring the vast landscape of his memory to solve the hidden dangers within, this process would have been difficult and taken an unknown amount of time, and it would have been possible for Rowan to focus on this task for millions of years, but being reduced to the level of a mortal and giving his imperfections free rein to shatter his mind, his trials had been pushed to the forefront and he no longer had to search for them.

Seed might have intended another outcome when he made this move, but it turned out to be to Rowan's benefit, aiding his quick acclimation and understanding of the memory dimension.

To fully reclaim all the powers that come with being a living sixth dimension, then Rowan would have to reconcile the discrepancies in his Memories because unlike a mortal, the memories of his past had the power to affect the present and the future for they were fully complete and aware.

Inside his memory dimension were living, breathing memories of his past.

For every one that he had come across in his life, there was a living copy of them inside of his memory dimension, except for certain individuals that had been eradicated by a higher power and so there was nothing of them remaining, even their memories.

Maeve should have been present in his memories, her soul should have been safe with him, but the power of an Old One like Elura had erased all of her from reality, even her past was no more.

If she had died inside of his Origin Land, then even the powers of Elura would have not been able to take her soul away from him, but he had no power over the reality of the Land of Miracles, and so he had lost her.

There were also other allies and loved ones that he had known along the way, some of them were still present in his memories, and others were gone.

Rowan wished that this would be the last time anyone would ever be stolen from his memories, but the future was uncertain and his goal was to become a being where his entire destiny was dictated by him alone.

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When he had been brought low by the red blade in his skull and reduced to the level of a mortal, unraveling the Fracture in his mind had been difficult, but he had resolved the first major Fracture in his mind despite the disadvantages, therefore taking the first great step out of mortality.

He had been tasked as a mortal to defeat a being that was near immortal, and it had been a true challenge for Rowan to understand all the intricacies in that Fracture that led to the best outcome.

The red blade no longer had any power to bind him to a mortal form and Rowan had already sent his experience of reaching the sixth-dimensional level to his dimensional soul, as he had expected, his dimensional soul did not disappoint him.

Even before the new experiences of his soul could merge with his body, he was already feeling the changes that were sweeping across Reality and he understood that everything was primed and was simply waiting for him to push the button.

Chapter 1523 1523: Say Her Name (3)

There was a heavy air of expectation in the air that was even surprising to Rowan, he had sent details of the sixth dimension to his soul in the past, and with the power he had to work with, he could only send this information back for a year, and he had not expected

much changes, but it turned out that he was still underestimating what he was capable of given the right resources.

Rowan's body had traveled deep into the depths of Primordial Life's memories for him to gain answers to his path forward and now he needed to leave, whatever changes that he had set off on the surface, something told him he did not want to remain inside the memory of a Primordial when those changes erupted.

No longer moving toward the depths of the Memory of this Primordial, Rowan began pushing for the surface, he did not use any form of energy to propel himself and depended only on the power of the flesh.

He began to detect a growing pressure emerging from the depths of the ocean of Memory which suggested that Primordial Life might be making a move that was more overt than he had ever previously done and Rowan was not waiting to see what he was up to.

There were many things happening at this time and Rowan was in the dark, he did not know what his soul had triggered in reality or the responses of the Primordials, he could only leave this place and merge with the consciousness of his soul for all his questions to be answered.

A massive burst of power pushed him towards the surface of the emerald ocean and even though its surface seemed to be an infinite distance away, Rowan was still making good speed, and as he traveled towards the surface he began healing the Fractures in his mind to solidify his realm, with the air of expectation around him, there could not be a single moment to waste in deliberation, he needed to be growing stronger at every opportunity that he had.

There were billions of Fractures in his memories, but there were only nine major Fractures that they were all centered upon, and it was his healing of one of those major Fracture that freed him from the bounds of mortality, although solving that Fracture had been a grueling experience that was because of the limitations that being a mortal brought to him.

There was a spark inside flesh that rose into a sound that was indescribable as his consciousness pillars roared to life. The benefit of maintaining a soul and consciousness pillars at the same time is an advantage here.

His soul was powerful, but his consciousness pillars still had the same processing capabilities as his soul and in some ways, Rowan considered his consciousness pillars to be superior to his soul. He was able to have all the processing power of his powerful soul without the need for a soul.

Rowan no longer had that chain binding him and he began healing the Fractures, all twelve billion minor Fractures and nine major Fractures, at the same time.

With every moment that passes, the Aura of power around Rowan deepened as his consciousness scattered into billions of distinct realities as he resolved the trauma present in his memories, aligning every part of his past to focus on his present.

In the first major Fracture that he solved, he had been afraid for his life and had to gingerly maneuver himself through it, and with the reduced state of his consciousness, he could not truly give the correct judgment every time, but now everything has changed.

His mind which was broader than the universe unveiled the different scenarios in which he found himself, and he used every method available, from compulsion to force to heal these Fractures when he was barely a few light years away from the surface of the emerald ocean, Rowan Fractures had been completely healed and he had reached the peak of the sixth-dimensional level.

Rowan knew how long it took for other higher-dimensional immortals to cultivate through the memory dimension, he had enough data from the trillions of immortal souls he had gathered from Doom Star and from the multiple higher-dimensional souls he was collecting from Reality; the fastest had been six hundred years and that situation was quite special due to the unique cultivation method of that immortal that cleansed his mind of any memory after a few centuries.

This cultivation method allowed the immortal to reach higher levels with few attachments to the world around him, and this experiment worked as he reached the peak of the sixth-dimensional level in such a short time, but it turned out that he became one of the weakest sixth-dimensional immortal in reality.

If Rowan used the timeline of Reality, then he had been thrown into the memory of Primordial Life and had been inside of this emerald ocean for barely a month, and he had reached the sixth-dimensional level three hours ago, and in the span of these three hours, he had reached the peak!

It did not mean that Rowan would be weak because he had reached this level so quickly, no, it was simply because his consciousness powers were so impressive that he could solve problems that would take other immortals countless trillions of years to resolve in just three hours.

The surface of the ocean rushed towards him and Rowan stretched his right hand upward as if he was reaching for the highest heavens, and with an almost imperceptible crack that was lost under the roar of the storm, Rowan emerged from the green ocean.

Within the Memory of Primordial Life, the full impact of his ascension to the sixth-dimensional level was muted as the Aura of Primordial Life had suppressed Rowan's power, but now that he was free of it, everything that had been suppressed came rushing into his consciousness with the weight of a thousand collapsing stars and his senses were dragged to the sky where he felt his eyes staring back at him.

It was at this moment that the full impact of being a higher dimensional being that had the ability to exist in the past, present, and future slammed into his mind and Rowan nearly collapsed, but he was no longer wearing the body of a mortal and there was no way that he could fall.

Rowan's heart had not beat for a while, and...

“BaDuuum...”

.... It beat for the first time in a month.

Chapter 1524 1524: Say Her Name (final)

A terrifying wave of formless intent was arising from the ocean of Memory behind Rowan, and as much as he would like to luxuriate in the momentum of reaching the peak of the sixth-dimensional level, there was still much to do and danger surrounded him that was rapidly growing closer.

The memory of his dimensional soul had fused with him almost instantaneously, and this slight delay was simply because of the ridiculous amount of data that his dimensional soul had gathered from his speculations using the enhanced abilities of his Will of Truth, Limbo, and fifty million years of war with the Primordial Domains from the Map.

This amount of data was almost infinite in size and despite Rowan's ridiculous processing powers, there was still a slight delay before he could absorb all of these data.

Rowan's understanding of Reality just jumped from a hundred straight to a billion in an instant, but his consciousness pillars in their millions adjusted for this influx of information and he took the briefest moment to fully understand his situation, and then set up the next steps he would be taking and the expected responses from the Primordials and other dimensional powers around Reality.

A mind like his own could not be overly influenced by outside factors, Rowan's character had become set, and the responses that he would give were already expected by his soul and there were no clashes between their ideals.

There were so many things he should be doing at this time and to his expansive mind, Rowan had no problem focusing on all of them, even as his consciousness began to spread out from his body and they touched Seed and Elura.

He already knew what he was going to be doing to these father and daughter from the moment they killed Maeve, the only thing that changed were the tools that he had to accomplish his intent.

Rowan was not someone who luxuriated in sadism and revenge, but he believed in responding with a greater amount of force when harm was done against him and those he cared for.

The fury that swept through him was cold and poisonous, but Rowan held all of that on a leash because he knew that his anger would be useless if he did not have the tools to face these two before him, not even counting the massive formless force arising from the ocean beneath him which brought a feeling of danger that was flooding his senses.

His dimensional soul triggered his World Bearer Title and his dimensional flesh remerged his Origin Land with his flesh even as he called upon his Origin Bloodlines to completely activate them, so his Class as an Eclipsed Creator could be unleashed.

If Rowan had been at the fifth-dimensional level then what he was about to do would have been a foolish set of actions, due to the fact that he would have no time to finish his ascension before Seed and Elura would stop him, or the intent of Primordial Life rising from beneath him would crush him like a bug, but as a sixth-dimensional being, he had more options in his sleeve.

Rowan's foundations were so substantial as a sixth-dimensional being that the options available to him could be considered to be quite inconceivable, and in this case, with the amount of energy that he had available plus the mysteries that he understood of time, space, and memory, Rowan took advantage of his unique abilities as he began his Ascension in the past and tied it to the present!

The evidence of this change was the great storm that was ravaging Reality, which began three days ago.

His ascension which should have taken hours at the earliest or even years if he wanted to properly refine his powers, became instantaneous, as two impossible things happened at the same time.

Rowan's eyes opened and the red blade shot out of his body and fell on his right hand as he took a single step, appearing behind Seed and Elura.

Seed turned to look at Rowan and hiding the disquietness in his eyes he laughed,

"My dear boy, certainly a show that..."

"Bang!!"

Rowan struck him on his chest with a kick, placing one percent of the force that his dimensional flesh was capable of setting loose, but this was enough to crush every bone in Seed's torso as he was sent flying toward the green ocean of memory, green blood burst out of his body and the moment he impacted against the ocean, the rising intent of

Primordial Life slammed into him and his cry of pain and fear could be heard all over the Land of Miracle.

The moment he had launched Seed towards the ocean, Rowan's right hand already seized Elura by her throat, and the red blade was buried into her heart in the next moment making her entire body seize up in shock as the ravages of Caine's power flooded through her flesh.

He was moving so quickly that Elura had not even fully realized what was happening, but Rowan had already twisted her head to the side as he whispered into her ears,

"Her name... say it."

Elura was in shock as she gasped, "Wha—what do you mean?"

An unknown orange rune was growing on her forehead that Elura in her befuddled state did not realize, but what Rowan said next made her scream in panic,

"The name of my real mother, say her name!"

Before she could respond, the orange rune shone bright and Elura's body was sucked into it, and she vanished, only her cries of pain and shock were left in the air.

Seed who had been hurled into the distance was too far away to stop Rowan and he screamed in anger as he drove downward,

"What did you do? Where is Elura?"

Rowan sneered, as lightning from the storm flashed above and his delicate features at this moment transformed into those of a merciless reaper,

"A life for a life old man,"

A FEW DAYS BACK.

Rowan had been thrown into the Memory of Primordial Life as a mortal, and not long after, a great storm had begun to ravage Reality with two immortal eyes above it that drowned the soul of anyone who peered into them for long, and this storm had been especially strong inside the Land of Miracle.

The dimensional soul of Rowan had seen this storm that had seemingly appeared out of nowhere and had detected that this was a design of his making, but before this dimensional soul could understand what was happening it was propelled into the past, one year ago, and he began to follow the instructions from his dimensional flesh as he headed into the nothingness.

What the dimensional soul did not have the time to comprehend was that even before it was sent into the past, another change happened, which was this storm, and the truth was that this change was triggered by the act of his return from the past to this future where he could give Rowan all the information gathered from Limbo, and with the information, Rowan was able to act in the past before he sent the dimensional soul deeper in the past!

In a manner of speaking, the Fate of the dimensional soul had already been placed in motion three days ago, and now only when body and soul were completed could the full picture of the past, present, and future be completed.

It was a bit strange to understand but Rowan was a truly multi-dimensional entity the likes of which reality had never seen, and the effects of his actions could take place even before the cause. This was the true power of a being with the potential that equaled and exceeded a Primordial.

Three days ago he was a broken mortal, but with the impossible powers of his memory dimension, paired with time and space, he could carry over his immortal consciousness from the future and place it beside his mortal flesh from the past.

Triggering so many changes in his body required the aid of the Primordial Record and Rowan summoned it, going through his status with a glance.

He saw great developments that needed to be looked into and he decided the scope of what should be unleashed, the questions he needed to ask this unique Singularity about Limbo were repeatedly checked before Rowan shelved it aside because he decided that even if he knew more information, it would not do anything to change his decision.

Before moving toward the Land of Miracle and meeting up with Seed, all of his preparations had been complete, he only needed to give the go-ahead to the Primordial Record and it should trigger the changes he had already set down.

When he began his bloodline ascension as he merged them with his Origin Land, then for a very brief moment his mind would be lost, but with the Primordial Record that was following every step of his ascension, it should be able to ensure that Rowan's bloodlines did not go haywire in that slim window, or the effect would be catastrophic.

A call emerged from his consciousness that spread into his Origin Land, it was a call for summoning, and throughout his Origin Land, old powers that were laid down began to stir.

His bloodline Avatars appeared and surrounded his immortal consciousness. Serathis whose form was that of a dryad, with glowing green skin, a dress that seemed to be woven out of emerald gems, and eyes that glowed white like the center of the sun stood directly opposite him and smiled.

There was no longer any hint of childishness in those eyes, the short window where they were truly infants was gone, and Rowan knew that the memories of their childhood were something that he would cherish forever, his consciousness that was in the form of a golden cloud replied to her smile with his own.

In the form of Serathis could be seen glimpses of her roots, both from Primordial Light, Primordial Life, and Primordial Soul.

There were expectations in her eyes that burned the surrounding space and shook his Origin Land as she bowed before Rowan, her dress spreading around her like a blooming flower.

Beside her were the six Avatars of the Origin Ouroboros, taking the form of divine statues made from living gold with thin armor that looked like the scales of a dragon, the only fully realized serpent appeared to be female for she was the one who had taken the essence of Divus the Primordial Beast while the remaining five were still without any essence and so they appeared androgynous.

The personalities of his Ouroboros Serpents would be finalized when he finished consuming all the Primordial Beasts that were left, and so before then Divus was their leader.

When they knelt before him on one knee, his Origin Land shook, they might appear to take a humanoid form, but each of the Origin Ouroboros Serpents here were still primal serpents whose size and weight would crush Reality, and in the time of battle they would shed this humanoid skin and take their real form as reality ending serpents.

In them, Rowan could see their roots, from Primordial Chaos, Primordial Time, and the Primordial Beasts, all merged together in harmony.

Finally, there was the Avatar of Chronomancer Prime who resembled a young, handsome boy, wearing a three-piece suit and had eyes that were filled with countless golden hourglasses.

In his form, Rowan could clearly see the influence of Primordial Time, and now that he was familiar with it, he could also see the presence of Primordial Memory in the treasures that surrounded this Avatar, from the hourglass watch in his pocket to his intricate black suit and coat.

All of these were treasures that he was born with, and if there was any Primordial that was associated with treasures, it was Primordial Memory. It would have been a mystery to him how Primordial Memory had been able to secretly influence the root of his bloodlines if he had not seen the massive web spun all over reality by this Primordial.

Rowan whispered to himself, "It is time."

With the billions of tribulations he had faced in his quest to rid his mind of the Fractures, Rowan had lived billions of lives and taken himself apart at the core, and now before the fight, he reminisces,

“I have worn the stars as a crown,

And the dust of empires as my shroud.

I have whispered to the tides of time,

And laughed with gods now long disavowed.

A million million names have been my own—

Some sung in glory, some lost to shame.

I have been the blade, the wound, the balm,

The sinner, the saint, the spark, the flame.

I watched the first dawn kiss the earth,

And the last sigh of kings undone.

Cities rise like fleeting dreams,

Then crumble, one by one....

Chapter 1525 1525: The Bizarre One

With these words that reaffirmed his position at the peak of the sixth-dimensional level still resounding in the air around him, Rowan opened his consciousness, and several glowing tendrils of light whose color could not be determined emerged from his chest.

The eyes of the Avatars of his bloodline lit up as these tendrils grew closer to them. They could all sense the potent powers of the Origin Land emerging from these tendrils, and once they were connected to them, these bloodlines would be able to take root in the Origin Land.

Upon reaching the fifth-dimensional level, Rowan’s dimensional flesh was now so powerful that it no longer needed the power of his bloodlines to function, and he could instead grow as he was as a dimension without any backing of a bloodline, but that was not a path that Rowan desired to follow because he was heading towards war and he needed all the powers that his bloodlines could grant him.

Rowan was not someone who easily got rid of tools, especially when they were important, with the awakening of his bloodlines, they were no longer tools to him, but his loyal children, connected in ways that none of the rest of his creations could fathom.

As he grew stronger and evolved into a dimension, his relationship with his bloodline was no longer one of dependence but symbiosis, just like his future vision had revealed to him, his Origin Land would feed his bloodlines and they in turn would fuel his growth.

At the fifth dimensional level, he would not have been able to withstand merging his Origin Land with all of these powerful bloodlines and he would have gone insane if that were to happen, but now with the reach of his Memory Dimension, he was able to carry all of these bloodlines.

Without merging with his Origin Land, these bloodlines were not yet activated, and so their weight was something that he could easily carry, but if he had made the mistake of activating these bloodlines when he was still at the fifth-dimensional level and they began to grow, unfurling their full weight upon him, then Rowan consciousness would simply collapse.

He was already carrying such a heavy burden with the countless creations and Titles under his banner, the activation of three Origin Bloodlines inside a mere fifth-dimensional body would be madness, and if not for his intuition, then Rowan would have fallen a thousand years ago when he created his Origin Land.

His dimensional flesh was ridiculously powerful, his strength had become something that could not be easily found anywhere, but that was simply fleshy body power, and there was no subtlety within. Of course, if he took the time to cultivate his dimensional flesh, acquiring the power of more Eos, which was the new scale of reference to calculate his physical attributes, then one day he would become so powerful that he would be able to crush anything with a single finger.

Perhaps if he lived in a Reality where there was no danger, then Rowan would not merge with any bloodline, be it Primordial or Origin, he would simply cultivate his dimensional flesh as it was, but if he was to follow this path, he would simply become a grand feast for the powerful to plunder.

All bloodlines carried a weight to their existence, and the more powerful the bloodline was, the more of this weight that they carried, some would call this weight Karma, but Rowan knew it was just the baggage that followed every major power in Reality.

An immortal with a minor bloodline of a Great Whale would hardly face any consequences of having such a bloodline, but he whose bloodline seemed to be able to devour other Primordial Bloodlines would surely face a harsh consequence for possessing such power.

However, no matter the weight that comes with carrying this bloodline, Rowan was determined to possess it because not having it would be the worst outcome.

Rowan could not imagine what his Fate might become if he had no method of possessing a bloodline as a Dimension, he would simply be a fish on the chopping block. The Primordial Record had its own weight that affected Rowan's life, but its ability to give him the power of bloodlines even as a Dimension was something that was extremely crucial to his existence.

This thought led him to enlightenment as he figured out that Reality must have faced the same situation just like him, but unlike him, Reality had no access to a Singularity like the Primordial Record, or if it did, its consciousness was so alien that it could not merge with a Singularity, like asking an elephant to fit into the eye of a needle, even if the intent was clear, its constitution made such a thing impossible.

Rowan was a living dimension, a Reality unto himself, and if he could keep growing without any interference, then in the future he would inevitably reach the ninth-dimensional level, and if he had no access to bloodlines, then he would not have enough tools to defend himself if by chance Primordials encountered him and decide to plunder his foundations for themselves.

His bloodlines gave him abilities that were not meant for a dimension. Just his Aether Pool could be seen as infinite. Such a thing should be normal for a dimension, after all, they were responsible for the uptake of the countless beings within them that would want that Aether but Rowan could also be seen as an immortal with access to the Aether Pool of a Dimension, and this was just one of the advantages granted to him by his status.

If he was not wrong then this was what happened with Reality in the past with the Primordials, it possessed power but did not have the means to express that power, and it was possible that although Reality might be conscious, its consciousness must not be as polished as Rowan's and could be quite uncomplicated.

This was not a strange concept to Rowan who had come across many universes whose consciousness could be described as slow and whose pattern of thinking was quite bizarre.

In the larger scheme of things, Rowan considered himself to be the bizarre one.

Chapter 1526 1526: I Can Carry Everyone

Although not readily apparent, especially in the higher realms, everything followed a sort of rule, a balance that guided the operation of all things. Rowan had seen this rule everywhere, he had lived with these rules, and he had also casually broken them, and now for him, to an extent, the rules were what he decided to make of it.

Water could not consume the oxygen in the air to burn like fire, but it could exist in several states like vapor and ice, and it followed unique rules that bound it to a certain form, so also certain things in life could not change what they were else they would transform into something different.

If water wanted to burn it would have to transform into flames.

A universe, a dimension, Reality... all of these were powerful and all-encompassing, but their thought processes were slow; they could contain abilities and bloodlines but they could not possess those abilities or bloodlines themselves. This was the balance that guided all things, but Rowan was... an abomination.

He had heard those words many times from his enemies and he was always discovering new depths to his powers and understanding why those words were very apt to his unique situation.

Rowan was a living dimension, but all dimensions had life of their own, even though their form of life might be alien to what most immortals would consider life to be, and so as a living dimension his status was not that special, at least that was what it might seem on the surface.

However, Rowan's status as a living dimension meant that he was a dimension that possessed all the traits of life that he should never have. He had no balance, and he encompasses all things beyond the form that he was given.

Imagine a world that could not only think for itself but also cultivate itself to greater height, and if the situation calls for it, could also take up arms to defend against enemies, such a world would be Rowan.

He could both be fire and water, death and life, creation and destruction... Why bother with the limits that held back Reality, when he could become both the creator and the creation at the same time?

This realization shook his consciousness as Rowan discovered his Fate, and the door of the seventh-dimensional level was blasted open.

Despite his impossible talents, Rowan knew that if he had sat down in a single place and had not delved into dangers and found opportunities all around him, then he would never have been able to ascend the dimensional ladder so quickly.

He had built the foundations for his higher dimension by venturing into various places that were far beyond his present dimension like Limbo and the Primordial Domains, coupled with the abundant higher dimensional immortals that he had killed and come across in his lifetime, Rowan simply needed to find what connected him to the higher realms and he could easily make his way across.

"Interesting, I reached the peak of the sixth dimension and the seventh has been opened, if this pattern continues then before this year runs out I will be an Old one!"

It was a shame that he would be a bit occupied in the next few days, weeks, months, or years before a resolution was made else with the finalization of his plans in Reality, he

would have immediately pushed for the seventh dimension, but with careful use of his time, Rowan would be making sure that he conquered Fate when the earliest opportunity presented itself.

Reaching higher dimensions was critical to his plans for success, and he would rather be in this battle against the Primordials if he had reached the level of an Old One at the least, he would have preferred if he was at the levels of a Primordial but Rowan could not be too greedy with his expectations.

At the least, he felt his understanding of the higher dimensional levels up to the eighth dimension was strong and he could reach it in time, but the ninth-dimensional level was shrouded in fog, and the only way he could pierce through that fog would be in battle.

No Primordial would willingly let go of their secrets to the ninth dimension, and Rowan would simply be staking on the power of his Origin bloodlines and his myriad abilities to bridge the gap between himself and the Primordials so he would have a fighting chance.

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The tendrils emerging from his consciousness touched the heads of all the Avatars of his bloodline and a profound sense of connection began to grow between them all. Blood merging with stone, fire merging with air... death merging with laughter, flowers merging with pain, madness merging with salt, dreams merging with bones....

Countless profound changes that would place everything he had accomplished before in the sphere of creation were triggered inside of his consciousness and for many brief moments, Rowan went insane as his consciousness was taken to limits he had only glimpsed from afar.

“Too much... it is too much... but I still want more!!!!”

Rowan’s mental fortitude crushed the barriers of this merger into splinters, it did not matter how difficult it was to bring into Reality, no one wanted this more than him, there was too much riding on his victory and so he would not stop moving forward. At this stage of his life, madness was a relief but it was not one that Rowan could ever rely on. This weight he would carry to the finish line.

Rowan’s consciousness sighed as he felt his perception begin to dim, and he closed his eyes to accept this process, he could feel the reassurance from the Primordial Record that it would monitor his bloodlines even when he was unable to do so.

With this wave of consolation, Rowan slipped into a deep darkness that was not peaceful instead it was filled with the screams of the dying and the promise of chaos and pain on such a massive scale that nothing like it had ever been known in existence.

He could hear his true name being whispered at the moment between the screams, like a dirge made to summon the end of all things, and Rowan felt the pain and horror at the destruction that was to come in the hearts of all, both the living and the dead... he accepted them all, their cries of fear and pain, and he told them that he was with them, their sorrows and hatred could be laid on his back, he was strong enough to carry them all.

Merging his bloodlines with his Origin Land proceeded without much difficulty, and when Rowan opened his eyes, the Avatars of his bloodline had vanished and his Origin Land was transforming before his eyes.

Chapter 1527 1527: Origin Essence

Rowan had created the shell of a new great city in his Origin Land and kept the city's name as Sheol. He would not break this tradition because it would be dishonoring his roots. He was determined to make Sheol the greatest city in existence.

With its size, even an immortal would call it a supermassive realm similar to a Supreme Realm or an eternal dimension because it contained hundreds of billions of worlds, stars, and numerous heavenly bodies too fantastical to describe. New existences are created within the city at every moment.

Yet this city was simply a shell because there was no life within it, but that was about to change. Surrounding the city were nine great mountains and nine great chasms. Previously, the mountains were hollow, and the chasms were empty; they needed to be filled with Essence and Aether.

In the brief moments before his slumber and reawakening, his bloodlines had begun integrating into his Origin Land, bringing the changes this city needed. He sensed a great power pulse in the distance, and Rowan looked up in awe as eight massive streams of what he could only describe as power burst out of the earth, many trillions of light years away from Sheol.

Like heavenly pillars, the eight power streams shot into the air, rising for what seemed like an eternity.

Rowan could see that the earth around the pillars of power for billions of light years was shrinking, as if it was being consumed to feed these eight great pillars. But even as it shrank, a new earth was born, and these eight pillars only grew in strength and were visibly expanding.

Unrelenting waves of power burst from them at every moment, and his Origin Land began to glow from their light. They were brighter than any stars, and their lights would only grow stronger.

Six of the pillars were golden, resembling solid bars of metal and Rowan knew that this was his Origin Essence born from the Origin Ouroboros Serpents, however as the six golden bars of Essence kept rising into the air, one of them began to transform, its color no longer bright gold but become duller, almost like bronze, and Rowan knew he was looking at the Essence born from Divus, who could now be referred to as an Origin Primordial Beast unlike her brethren who had not yet consumed any other Primordial Beasts. Still, Rowan was determined to hunt for the remnants of these great beasts and allow his Origin Ouroboros to consume them all; they had already fallen, and only with Rowan's power would they be able to resist the Primordials.

The Primordial Ouroboros Serpents had previously generated Rowan's Primordial Essence, and although they had been powerful, what he could sense from these six pillars placed them to shame.

His previous essence had the trait of endlessness, which was needed to power beasts like the Primordial Ouroboros, but his new Essence not only possessed the trait of endlessness; it also had another trait, heaviness.

It was as if a thousand units of his previous essence had been compressed into a single unit, and therefore, the weight of his essence had increased. Rowan did not have to sense it to understand that his dimensional flesh had become heavier.

Such an unexpected change was incredible because Rowan's weight could be seen as infinite. If he could feel a tangible increase in that weight, then it signified that the mass of his Essence could not be quantified, and even referring to this heaviness simply as mass was understating its power.

A universe could not contain a single drop of his Essence, as only the gravity exerted by its mass would cause a universal scale implosion.

There was a time not too long in the past when Rowan quantified his power by his ability to destroy a universe, and now he had reached a point where a drop of his Essence alone would kill a universe simply because of its weight.

Even if Rowan did nothing with this Essence and crudely used it as a bullet, few immortals under the seventh-dimensional level could endure a few drops of it. There were countless mysteries inside his Essence besides its weight, and they tantalized Rowan's senses. Even his powerful mind would take a while to understand this power.

Three days from now, he would be clashing against Seed and Elura. It was because of this new heaviness granted to him by his essence that he was able to launch Seed, whom he now considered to be the most powerful eighth-dimensional entity inside the Land of Miracle away from him, and into the burst of power from Primordial Life so he could gain the chance to capture Elura. Still, all of these were matters for the future, and there was so much here for him to unveil.

Six enormous serpents swimming inside the massive pillars of Essence could not be determined in length. They gave out long roars that caused shockwaves to travel for trillions of light years. The sound of their roars was magnificent and incredibly frightening, and any lesser immortal would be killed by hearing it.

Mixed within their roars was an unknown arcane speech expressing their adoration for Rowan, their father, for making their existence possible. Creatures with their power were not supposed to be feasible in a Reality like this, but with Rowan, they could reach heights deemed impossible, so they worshipped him with their voices.

For the past thousand years, they had been waiting to be connected with the Origin Land, and now they gloried in the endless rush of power filling their bodies. For the first time since their creation, these serpents would never grow hungry.

Without this endless desire for sustenance, the Origin Ouroboros were no longer slaves to their base nature. They could plan for the long term and finally apply their massive powers and wisdom to something unrelated to survival. If these serpents were terrifying before as beasts that would always seek to devour, that would be nothing compared to their cold intellect focused on protecting their father.

Chapter 1528 1528: Ether

Before now, one of the greatest motivations for the Ouroboros Serpents was hunger which was endless and eternal, they were fierce predators who sought out battle and destruction to sate their endless appetites, and for a long time, this made them extremely dangerous, so much so that Rowan hardly used them in battle, preferring to use the serpents tactically, because he feared that if he allowed them to indulge in their nature, then reining them in after every slaughter would increasingly get more difficult.

This new connection with the Origin Land had finally broken their state of endless hunger, but this did not make them less dangerous. A new instinct arose inside these serpents, and it was one of protection; nothing would destroy their source of sustenance.

After breaking their Fate of endless hunger, there would be nothing these serpents would not do to protect their father, and the new Essence created by them represented their intense desire to protect Rowan.

It was not only the fact that his new bloodlines were now rooted in a more powerful source like his Origin Land or that they were now at the sixth dimension, there were more mysteries behind their powers, and Rowan's consciousness vibrated with the sheer potential he could feel from this new Essence, but his last two pillars, not made from Essence did not lose to these six in any way.

The seventh pillar of power was greenish white and came from Serathis, and the last was purple and came from Chronomancer Prime.

A shadow of these two Avatars dwelled in the center of their pillars of power, and Rowan could see Serathis dancing inside her pillar of power as she was visibly growing from a child into a teenager, Rowan knew that when she reached the height of her youth, she would stop aging and only her strength would keep increasing.

In the background was a tiny sapling, a tree slowly growing alongside Serathis. Rowan's consciousness shook when he noticed that this sapling was similar to his Tree of Desire. It was not the same, but it could be seen as a descendant of that tree. Serathis had done the impossible and brought back a piece of Rowan's heart.

Chronomancer Prime sat cross-legged inside his pillar of power in the shadow of a massive hourglass. His eyes were closed in meditation, and countless arcane runes emerged from around the young boy who was rapidly growing to be a man, even faster than Serathis. It would seem this Avatar did not want to remain a child for long.

These runes being weaved by the Avatar were spells, profound and powerful, and Rowan could not fully decipher their usage at a glance. Still, he knew they were all being made for him, and in the time of need during battle, he would not need to spend any time casting spells when there were a bunch of ready-made spells available for him to summon.

Chronomancer Prime may be silent, but this does not make him any less deadly than Serathis or the serpents. He was just content to work in the background, and Rowan acknowledged his hard work and perseverance.

Unlike his Essence, his new Aether was almost ephemeral. If not for the massive quantities of it being pumped out of the earth, it would be invisible. However, when Rowan's consciousness came in contact with this new Aether, he was shocked to discover that its state of existence was extremely different from Aether. It was almost the opposite, as if what Rowan was touching with his consciousness was anti-energy yet still possessed all the traits of energy.

Fire that freezes and burns at the same time, a blade that heals as it cuts. His Aether had followed the path of his Class as an Eclipsed Creator, a being of both creation and destruction, and only an energy source like this could power Rowan's new Origin Spells; his previous Aether was not fit for his new Class.

Using soul energy, Rowan recreated a drop of his previous Aether before he drew out a drop of his new Aether and slowly brought them together. At first, a repulsive force stopped each drop from touching, but as Rowan's consciousness pressed down on the two, the repulsive force was shattered, and the two Aethers merged.

Their merger only lasted a moment before a harsh scream emerged from the center of the newly merged Aether. Rowan watched in fascination as his new Aether devoured his previous Aether and grew bigger, a sense of satisfaction radiating from it.

The cry of his previous Aether was piercing; it was as if the destruction it faced when fused with his new Aether unraveled something fundamental about it that caused this energy to cry out in pain. If this could happen to his powerful Primordial Aether, what would happen to any ordinary Aether?

It was a good thing that Rowan could recreate all forms of energy using his soul essence. He did not have to wonder what effect his new Aether would have. A mere thought summoned millions of variant Aether randomly from millions of Paths of Power that he knew of, and he set them against this enlarged drop of Aether.

The result was satisfactory and terrifying simultaneously, as his new Aether consumed every form of Aether it was up against. He noticed that if he used the greenish-white Aether from Serathis, none of the Aether was consumed, even though they knew of its presence before they were consumed. Still, using the Aether of Chronomancer Prime, they were all destroyed before they could even come near his Aether.

This energy was similar to Aether, but it was not, and Rowan decided to call it Ether. Inside his Origin Land, this was the power that dominated it. Any other form of power would be shattered or consumed.

Satisfied with what he had witnessed, Rowan's consciousness shook as the final step of the merger began.

The pillar of Aether began to collapse.

Due to the sheer size of each pillar, it was difficult to notice this change. Still, they were moving so quickly that observing them for long would be enough to see as each pillar began to curve towards the city of Sheol as if the city were a gigantic magnet dragging them towards it.

Rowan watched in sheer fascination as the six pillars of Essence slammed into the hollow mountains and began filling them up, and the two pillars of Ether entered the first of the nine chasms and started filling them up.

A surge of power erupted from the earth, and Rowan's consciousness froze as boundless energy began to fill his body. He could not help but cry out in astonishment, and in the distance, the city of Sheol began coming to life.

Chapter 1529: Impossible Foundation Building

Rowan's bloodlines fed on his Origin Land, destroying it and consuming countless tonnes of earth, enough to build a hundred universes every year, and this was just the beginning.

Even though his dimensional flesh could withstand this amount of deterioration, that was only for the short term; not even a Primordial Domain could endure this sort of consumption for long.

As the strength and appetites of his bloodlines increased, his dimensional flesh and Origin Land would be destroyed; it was inevitable.

This would take a long time; perhaps multiple Major Eras might pass, but his Origin Land would inevitably be consumed to nothingness. But that would only happen if Rowan had the trait of destruction.

If Rowan controlled only Destruction, he could still cultivate despite the consumption of his bloodlines on his Origin Land, and he would reach the level of a Primordial.

With such a power level, he would push back the date of his end towards an extremely distant time that he could not even fathom. Nonetheless, his bloodlines would also reach the Primordial level alongside him, which would be his end at a particular moment.

Rowan had another equation in play that made this Fate that should have befallen him take a turn for something more beneficial.

The oceans of Ether and Essence flooding back into the nine mountains and the nine chasms surrounding Sheol was the other part of the equation that gave it balance, Creation, because as much as his bloodlines took from him, so did they equally give back to him.

His city exploded in a brilliant light, and the nine mountain ranges began to grow.

The light of the stars was previously hollow, all shell with no substance. The worlds within his city were beautiful, but they were simply ordinary. The only mysteries they contained were the uniqueness of their construction, which showcased Rowan's sublime craftsmanship and the strength of their material.

Sheol was born from the Origin Land, which meant every grain of dust here was extremely tough, every drop of water was as heavy as a mountain, and even the air possessed a weight that would crush the lungs of giants. The least life form that could live here would have to maintain the power of a Minor God; nothing weaker would be able to survive.

All of this was due to the grace of Rowan who had built this city for life to thrive, outside of Sheol, it was difficult to imagine who would be strong enough to reach the nine mountain ranges that surrounded it, and if by chance they succeeded, would they be able to cross the nine oceans?

Sheol was made for the growth of his children because he wished that one day they would be strong enough to leave the boundary of his city.

A city so massive that lower immortals would deem it an infinite dimension, not the municipality Rowan had created it to be. He wanted them to surpass the mountains and cross the oceans; only then would they be able to reach his Origin Land and finally walk beside him, but before then, Sheol was still incomplete.

The only thing missing was a special life force that could fill this entire city and transform it into a place where immortals could live and thrive.

Once the fusion process began and Essence began to fill the mountains, the foundations of Sheol started to solidify, and the city's toughness increased tremendously as unknown sublime runes appeared inside every atom.

Unless it were destroyed, nothing here would ever perish for the trait of endlessness from the Ouroboros had become one with it. Vraegar had been inside the Great Labyrinth, the Domain of Primordial Life, where even a grain of sand was an incomparable treasure, and now the same sort of transformation was happening with Sheol.

The only difference was that everything in the Great Labyrinth had a price because it was made of materials recognized by Reality. Still, Rowan's city was priceless because it was unlike anything else.

Ether began filling the Chasms to birth the beginnings of an ocean, triggering a new change in Sheol as power finally fused with this city.

The sun's light was no longer light; it began to radiate Ether, although in far less concentrated a dose than what was filling the chasms. In the center of each world or heavenly body in the city, consciousness began to bloom, as a potent source of life filled the space surrounding Sheol.

The power of Rowan's bloodlines that had been dormant all these while, exploded in radiance and intensity as the strength of the Origin Ouroboros filled his muscles, their Essence powering his heart. Although he wanted it to beat, this sound would be so powerful that it would be heard all over reality.

The grace of Serathis filled his skin, and it felt as if nothing in existence could hold him bound. He could go anywhere and reach any place his heart desired, and the wisdom of Chronomancer Prime filled his mind. The speed of his thoughts exploded, and the mysteries bounding the past, present, and future were fully opened before him.

Even if Sheol was meant for his children, Rowan was still using it to express the powers of his bloodlines, and he was eager for its development.

As powerful as his Origin Bloodlines were, they could not radiate their might throughout his entire dimension, and they could only be concentrated on the nine mountains and nine oceans. Before gaining his Origin Land after his Ascension, his Primordial Essence and Aether had been enough to infuse every corner of his dimensional flesh; however, despite

the incredible power of his Origin Bloodlines, they could not fill up more than five percent of the total area of Rowan's Origin Land!

This did not mean that the benefits he had gained from them were small; it simply meant that his foundations were so massive that it would take his bloodlines reaching the ninth-dimensional level to command enough power to master the Origin Land.

Rowan's position in the sixth-dimensional level, which was already incredibly substantial, became even more concentrated as the fusion with the fourth dimension of time became solid. The Origin Ouroboros blended their voices in the fusion of space, so his fifth dimension became a solid foundation. Chronomancer Prime became the source of Memory that firmly bound them all together.

His strength at the sixth-dimensional level, which had already reached incredible heights, began to shoot upwards with astonishing speed, and Rowan understood that this was just the beginning because something more amazing was also happening alongside his ascension.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1530: I Bring A Storm

The nine mountains had barely been filled with one percent of the Essence that could fill them up, and so were the Chasms.

There were supposed to be nine oceans of Ether surrounding his Essence Mountains, and by now, even the first chasm had not been filled up to a single percent despite the voluminous amount of Essence and Ether being poured into them.

In his estimation, filling these oceans and mountains would take hundreds of millions of years. Until that was completed, he would not know the proper height his powers could reach at the sixth-dimensional level because he could not see his limit.

What was happening here was that the mountains were growing higher, and the chasms were getting deeper. His dimensional flesh was not dead, and the purpose of creation was to prosper, as from nothingness was birthed something.

The more Essence and Ether flooded his dimensional flesh, the greater his foundations became, and it seemed almost impossible that he would ever be able to reach his limits!

“So, this is the power of an Eclipsed Creator when merged with a dimensional flesh. Everything has a limit, except... me, I will never reach my peak, because I have none...”

No matter how talented they were, such a Class could not be granted to immortals, for they could not carry the Karma that this power entailed.

This talent was incredibly frightening, and Rowan's consciousness, which had been repeatedly tempered after many trials and tribulations, was shaken briefly before he reasserted himself.

It would not matter if he had no limits; if he did not survive this incoming war, then all of his potential would be the prize for the Primordials, and he could barely imagine the sort of monsters they could become if they had his powers and potential.

He swore within himself that in victory or defeat, he must never allow his potential to be gained by his enemies. However, a small part of him could not help but chime in that in the event that he failed, his wishes would not matter, and his Fate would be for the winner to decide.

"Then I will not fail," he growled aloud, and his Origin Land shook at the voice of their Creator.

Rowan could feel the countless consciousnesses blooming inside his city as every world and star developed on an unprecedented path.

In his previous dimensional flesh, despite how rich his Aether and Essence were, not every world within him could create a consciousness that could enhance the energy pathways inside of them, and he mostly seeded those worlds that were able to gain consciousness.

His children fiercely contested those worlds with consciousness because the richest source of Aether and Essence could be found there. The world's consciousness would assist them in breaking through to higher levels because the world could show them the path.

Before he gained his Origin Land and recreated this city, he could never have imagined a scene where every heavenly body inside his dimension would come to possess a consciousness. With the continuous expansion of Sheol, would it be possible that the consciousness of the celestial bodies inside it would soon exceed that of his mortal/immortal children?

Rowan thought he might still be thinking too small. Perhaps he should no longer look at Sheol as a city but as a new form of life, a new variant in creation, his new children.

Now the songs of his praise would not only emerge from the lips of men and Angels, but now the stars and the rocks would cry out his name.

It was easy to forget that Rowan could share part of the consciousness power of every world or star inside his dimensional flesh.

These processing powers had been there in the background, subtly aiding him in times of need. However, if this process of consciousness growth was finalized in his city, then in addition to his dimensional soul and his consciousness pillars, Rowan would also have a third stream of consciousness that was equally as powerful, and had the same growth potential as the other two, because his city would not stop expanding.

Observing the creation of this city and the destruction of his Origin Land, Rowan engraved this process in his heart as an unexpected beginning of battle technique began arising inside of him.

Born from observing a creation that was so vast it could equal the birth of a new Era, in addition to watching his Origin Land destroyed under the consumption of his bloodlines. He was in the eye of the storm, and he could see something peering out from within, a glimpse of a power that belonged to him alone.

His consciousness reached for the side with a hand made from golden light and his Destroyer appeared in his grasp, and bringing up the blade to his eyes, another golden hand touched the edge of the Destroyer and was sliced apart, but Rowan did not care about this damage as he seemed to be in a trance,

“You are Destruction....”

The golden hand that was sliced apart was healed, and it touched the blade of the Destroyer again, but this time, it was not on the sharp edges but on the flat of the blade. Faint trails of golden dust, like stars, emerged from the golden hand where it touched the blade.

These trails of golden dust were Ascension Energy, one of Rowan’s greatest weapons that had evolved alongside him to reach terrifying levels.

“Ascension, you also are Destruction....”

Rowan’s eyes lit up, and he harshly slammed his palm against the blade. Ascension energy erupted from the clash, and the Destroyer shone with a bright light as if Rowan were holding a golden sun. Then, a shockwave of light and force erupted from the blade and swept towards the city.

As the light reached the city, it began destroying everything it touched.

Worlds were ground to dust, and stars went out, but when the waves of destruction passed, they left creation in their wake.

The shattered worlds returned anew, stronger than before, and the stars glowed brighter.

Rowan blinked in astonishment as the Destroyer in his hand vibrated in annoyance. Rowan consolingly placed the blade away, and he could understand the weapon's frustration.

"This was supposed to be a battle art, not one for healing."

Observing that everything was going according to plan, Rowan reached towards the power channeled by the dimensional soul, which was the summoning of his World Bearer Title, and he took control of it.

"I bring a storm."

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Chapter 1531 1531: The Great Storm Arises (1)

The Title of World Bearer granted to him by the World Stele gave Rowan the ability to reach outside of Reality and steal a foundation that could be used to stabilize the dimension of an immortal inside of Reality.

Without being a World Bearer, an immortal who wishes to place their dimension upon Reality would have to do that on the power of their Essence and Aether alone, and no matter how powerful they were, this sort of consumption was not sustainable in the long run.

Rowan did not know if other immortals knew the truth about what the power of a World Bearer granted to them by the Singularity truly was. They believed that the foundation of their dimension came from the Nothingness, and the power that held up their domain was some mysterious force that no immortal could comprehend.

After seeing Limbo, Rowan became aware that this so-called foundation was a connection to a place outside Reality because Nothingness and Reality were the same place, two sides of a single coin.

No immortal could place their dimension upon Reality because an essential part of Reality, its Essence, now known as Primordial Essence, had been seized by all the Primordials dwelling within Reality, and so there was no longer any spot for a new dimension.

This foundation was simply Essence, and whatever place outside of Reality still contained this Essence, which was more than enough for every dimension cropping up since the dawn of the Supreme Era to collect and refine for their purpose.

Of course, Rowan believed that the Primordials allowed this proliferation of new dimensions inside of Reality to happen so that they could gain more Essence when the time was ripe, and the crux of his plan hinges on this factor.

However, the World Steele gave this authority to immortals, and no matter how vast their foundations were, compared to Rowan, who was a dimension, they were ants.

Rowan, calling upon the Title of World Bearer, knew that the changes would shake all of Reality; he was counting upon it. Although he had seen the future, he was presently living it. He still gained more than he bargained for.

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Rowan was familiar with the operation of a Singularity; he had lived with one for millions of years, and the power of the World Steele, although strange, was still familiar.

Triggering the Title of World Bearer, he felt the power of authority granted by the World Steele begin to rise around his consciousness like a storm.

Rowan observed it for a while, peering deep into its mysteries, but after reaching a certain point he could no longer see more, and as much as he would love to delve into the mysteries of this authority, too much was riding on it for any mistakes to happen and so he let it go.

This unknown Authority spread out from him, and upon touching the Origin Land, it was repelled, and even after trying dozens of times, it was unable to take root upon Rowan's Origin Land.

The Authority was stubborn, and Rowan felt a large burst of power appear out of thin air. This burst enhanced the Authority's power until it was hundreds of times more potent. Then, it surged towards the earth, causing a thunderous crack that echoed for many light years.

Rowan was unaware that inside the Nothingness, the World Steele, which was slowly on the path of recovery, even more quickly than Rowan expected, suffered a massive blow at this time.

The foundations of this Singularity were greater than Rowan expected, as it did not channel all the dimensions gathered into Doom Star alone; a lot of it was spent on bolstering its abilities for it to have the power to pierce outside Reality with enough frequency to satisfy all the immortals that craved its gifts.

Creating so many foundations required the World Steele to develop far more than a normal Singularity should have done, and this made Rowan underestimate the power it controlled after the terrible injury he had inflicted upon it.

Instead of a million years, the World Stele would recover in less than ten thousand years. However, it had already granted a title to Rowan, and it could not take it back. So when the Authority attempted to connect Rowan's Origin Land to a place outside of Reality, the power allocated to a normal immortal did not cut it, so it had to draw from its source.

The recovery of the World Stele was halted as the equal of the Authority that it had spent to create all the dimensions in existence was pulled from it in a single moment!

If the World Stele had a voice, it would scream in rage and pain. What was taken from it had been carefully saved over many Minor Eras, since the dawn of the Supreme Era.

Without the ability to fight for the power it held due to its present state, Rowan's Title was free to pull as much power from the World Stele as it needed.

Rowan's intellect detected this discrepancy, and he smiled. It would seem that the World Stele still had quite a bit of foundation left inside of it.

"Why am I not surprised, you always know how to play your card closer to the chest, but is this all you have to give?"

Rowan looked down in disappointment, despite the tremendous amount of Authority here, the Origin Land remained flawless.

He sighed. It was not as if he were not expecting such a thing. He was just hoping that he might be able to keep his children away from the conflict for long, but it seemed this might not be the case.

Redirecting this Authority, he sent it over the city of Sheol and then scattered it over billions of planets. Using this as a guide, it links to the space outside of Reality.

Rowan gasped in irritation as he felt the touch of Essence that began to flow towards these worlds. It was similar to Primordial Essence but filled with countless impurities.

He called them impurities, but to most who did not have access to such a powerful source of energy, this would be referred to as treasure, and his Ether and Essence felt repulsed by it.

Rowan did not hesitate to stop all these worlds from touching this energy; he simply kept the channel open. He did not know where this channel led, but it was likely Limbo.

Unlike other dimensions that lacked the energy to create their foundations upon reality, Rowan did not lack the energy for this; the only reason he was connecting to this place outside of Reality was to cast a bait to the big fish inside of Reality.

With the passage to the outside of Reality now opened and a channel to enormous energy available, Rowan's consciousness moved, and he created a storm. He did not use any of his Essence of Ether, but siphoned the energy he gained from the connection to Limbo.

It would not be long before all of Reality would change, because his storm did not just bring destruction, it also brought power.

Even if this power were tainted, it would be more than enough to change the shape of Reality!

Chapter 1532 1532: The Great Storm Arises (2)

PRESENT DAY.

Seed peered at Rowan through the storm, a flicker of astonishment brushed across his face before he scoffed,

"A life for a life?" Then he chuckled, "That is a funny statement, Romion, hahaha. The value of my daughter's life is priceless, in comparison to the pathetic mortal you hold her up against, I find that logic of yours to be incredibly offensive." Something dark crawled over his gaze, and he stepped forward, every hint of mirth vanishing from his tone as if a switch had been flicked off. "But your tone is even more offensive. Before me, are you worthy?!"

Rowan looked up, and his perception noticed that the burst of power from Primordial Life was returning to the earth. Then he looked back at Seed as he pointed a finger at him, "You tell me," and he unleashed a hundred thousand Spells of Sundering forged by Chronomancer Prime.

For countless light years, the surrounding space froze and then cracked like glass. Outside the Land of Miracle, a terrifying, indescribable aura erupted all over Reality, from the Lower Realms to the Higher Realms. Every immortal or mortal, living or dead, felt this Aura as an Origin Spell was unleashed upon it for the first time in Reality.

Seeing the golden strands of light heading towards him, Seed sneered in disdain, even as Reality shattered around his body. He could feel this power, but he did not fear it.

"I will teach you an important lesson today, boy. You don't play with Spells in my sight. Your mother should have taught you this. It is by my grace that spells remain in Reality, you stupid child!"

With a wave of his hand, green circular runes like shields covered the front of his body in an indomitable wall. The aura they emitted was so thick that it felt like each shield could withstand reality's destruction ten times over, and hundreds were in front of Seed.

The amount of Essence and Aether required to power a single shield would drain half of an Old One's Essence, and Seed had easily manifested hundreds. With these shields alone, he could withstand the attacks from all the Old Ones inside the Land of Miracle for a while.

Even though he acted arrogantly, Seed took Romion's threat seriously; this was the way of a warrior, a path Seed followed.

He treated Romion as if he were fighting a mighty Old One similar to Elura; maybe he was a bit stronger than her, given that he had easily imprisoned her. However, that could be due to an unknown force, which was most likely not a power that Romion possessed.

There was no way Romion could easily defeat his mother, and Seed suspected that a powerful Primordial had made an arrangement with him, and he was their pawn. If that was the case, the Primordial's greatest mistake was bringing Rowan to Seed.

Defending what seemed like a casual spell from Romion with hundreds of these shields was overkill, but Seed was no longer playing games; he would crush this upstart youth with power and drain every knowledge he was hiding.

Seed felt undeniably a great deal of regret. Bringing Romion to the Memory of Primordial Life was a plan that should be infallible, but he did not realize that the backing behind this child was so great. Only another Primordial who was liberal with their Primordial Essence could transform Reality in this manner and affect the child imprisoned inside the Memory of Primordial Life.

Seed did not know what sort of bargain the child struck with the unknown Primordial that would make him such a valuable target, but he was determined to find out.

Primordial Life was already showing great attention towards the child, and Seed would deliver Romion to him on a platter.

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Inside his Mental Space, Seed was already calculating all the paths that this battle would take after he defended against this first attack from Romion, and his muscles began to bulge in anticipation, as he chased the most satisfactory path, which was to beat Rowan down with his fists.

Sadly, his preparation and defense, although substantial, were not enough.

Like everyone else before them, they saw Rowan's lower-dimensional level, and no matter how much they tried to overestimate him, they were always wrong.

The golden strands of light touched the shields in front of Seed, and if they were delayed in any way, that delay was so minimal that it was almost non-existent.

Tearing through the shield while simultaneously feeding on its energy, all hundred thousand strands of severing fell on Seed, and his eyes widened in shock, and he roared in anger as he instinctively opened the gates of his Essence wide open,

"You dare!"

A calamitous explosion swallowed his roar of rage, which could be heard around the Land of Miracle. The shockwave from this clash scattered the storm above and spread towards the Eldar Branch in the distance, carrying a wave of destruction that left long, thin slices in Reality.

In the distance, even before the wave of destruction hit the Eldar Branch, millions of worlds and stars were quietly annihilated as they were sliced into pieces by trillions of invisible blades.

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If this were not inside a Primordial Domain, Rowan would not even risk unleashing this amount of power because he would fear that it would lead to such devastation that Reality would be fatally wounded.

These Spells of Sundering did not materialize like any spells that Rowan had ever unleashed.

From his pointed finger, he ejected what resembled a hundred thousand strands of golden light, but a closer look would reveal that each strand of light was made from concepts and laws so finely woven together that they took a solid form.

These laws had nothing to do with sundering; most were the opposite of any destructive force, but Chronomancer Prime understood that everything had an opposing essence, and he could make a block of wood cut like a blade.

A normal spell of sundering could easily be countered by a wise immortal who understood the application of forces and their concepts, and most Old Ones were capable of this. To win, it would have depended on overcoming their knowledge with power.

If it were before, Rowan, who had an excess amount of Aether and Essence to play with, would have overcharged his spells with all the power he could push inside without destabilizing its structure and disregarding the immortal's knowledge of his spell.

He no longer needed to do that with his Origin Spells; his spells had now reached a degree of refinement and complexity that, at his present dimensional level, he would call perfect, and he believed that, under the level of Old Ones, none could contest with him in spellcraft.

The spell's impact upon Seed was devastating, but did not linger. A bright golden light surrounded Seed before it vanished, leaving a devastated Reality that slowly healed. When it did, Seed reappeared, and except for being a bit pale, there was no other effect on his body.

If this were any other Old One, they would be injured quite seriously, but despite underestimating Rowan, Seed had been able to respond to this attack the instant before it touched him.

He did not even consider the consequences of this clash over Reality; instead, he searched for Rowan, who had vanished.

Chapter 1533 1533: The Great Storm Arises (3)

Seed frowned in contemplation, even as his vast mental powers began sweeping through the Land of Miracle. No matter how fast Romion moved, he could not have escaped from the Primordial Domain when that unknown spell had held Seed back.

This child had shown time and time again that he could achieve the impossible, but even that sort of impossibility should have a limit, unless...

Cries of anguish and anger arose from the Eldar Branch in the distance as the clash swept through it, leaving untold devastation. They were so piercing that Seed frowned, distracting him from his search.

Seed cursed in anger, countless years sheltering these insects in the domain of Life had left their mental state weak, most of them here did not see the battles that ended the Primordial Era, or the devastation that followed, they were not used to life ending so abruptly and randomly that such an event could bring forth such shock and horror.

If Seed had not been so focused on locating Rowan, he would have been savoring this moment. It was a hard thing to live beside such weakness for so long.

He knew several prominent voices buzzed around him like mosquitoes. Still, Seed was not focused on them, and he was a bit amazed that they had been able to organize themselves and gather in this location so quickly, knowing how sluggish they moved during times of crises.

His thoughts were a bit distracted when he felt a slight sting in his chest, and Seed looked down to see that a blade made from silver flame had been rammed against his chest.

Seed blinked. The blade had barely managed to penetrate his skin, and the cut was less than a single inch. A part of him was hoping that the power behind the blade could increase so it could pierce his chest more deeply, for him to feel pain. What he was experiencing now was just a slight itch, and it was distracting. Seed would have preferred pain over irritation.

Tracing the blade with his eyes back to the hands of the wielder, he was confronted by the enraged gaze of one of the Eldarah, Mulsef, the Old One with the physique of a child, and if he was not so distracted he would be happy that this insect had been able to rise above his baser instincts and attack him with the intent to kill, but the words from the mouth of Mulsef only added to the irritation he was feeling from the itch from the blade that was still digging into his chest,

“Crazy bastard. Does your madness have no limits? What have you done? What disaster have you brought upon our land? Do you know how many died in—”

Irritated, Seed grabbed the head of Mulsef, his hand covering the entire head of the Old One, and only his eyes could be seen between the gaps of Seed’s fingers, and Seed slowly began to squeeze. This action was almost automatic; his mind was still focused on Rowan, and Mulsef had just been in the range of his hand.

Fear began to arise within those eyes that had previously been filled with great rage and venom. Mulsef had suffered a great tragedy; he and the rest of the Eldarah had been focused on the storm above, especially protecting those who would have succumbed to the allure of gazing into those immortal eyes above, and they had not expected that a wave of destruction would emerge from behind them.

They had no chance to react to the devastation and could only helplessly watch as this wave swept through the entire branch. The loss of lives was inestimable. Mulsef had charged over to the Memory of Primordial Life, knowing that the source of this disaster could only come from this place, and this madman had orchestrated all of it.

Arriving here, he had expected to see a reason that was relevant enough for Seed to allow this devastation, because it would have been easy for him to stop it, but what he had seen was a man not concerned with the life of his people, his gaze far away, contemplating on matters that were fucking meaningless!

Mulsef did not know where he had gained the guts to attack when he should have used this as a means to push the Eldarah to banish this monster once and for all, but a rage that almost defied meaning had filled his body. Drawing his weapon and infusing it with all the power it could hold, Mulsef had struck.

The rebound he had faced from this act had crushed a greater part of his Mental Space, and he barely left a scratch; his wounds had not had the time to heal before Seed had grabbed him, and now Mulsef was beginning to know fear and regret.

Many tales about Seed floated around the Eldarah, and if a fraction of those stories were proper, this was not a creature that should be treated without great caution. Why did he place himself in a situation where his survival depended on the whim of a monster?

Seed had no intention of killing this annoying pest because something about Romion struck him as incredibly odd. It was at the tip of his tongue, so he needed a bit of peace and quiet to figure out what his instincts were screaming at him to notice.

There were so many little clues that he needed to piece together, but the overall pieces were here with him; he only needed to fit them together in a pattern that made sense.

The dull cracks and pops inside his fist as Mulsef's skull was slowly being crushed were a soothing balm to his soul, and Seed was nearly touching that sense of disquietness that he was feeling from Romion.

From the fact that he had to mentally urge himself to refer to him as Romion and not Rowan, to the unknown Primordial behind this child, to his unknown Will, to his...

So many pieces were here with him, and Seed's mind was in a blurry state as he rapidly brought them all together. His awareness of his surroundings was nearly non-existent, but he knew that the cries of outrage surrounding him had grown, and this only pleased him. Seed preferred rage to fear. A prey filled with fear stank to his senses with a foul odour, and their battle heart was almost non-existent.

Chapter 1534 1534: The Great Storm Arises (4)

Mulsef was a powerful Old One, and his struggles within Seed's grasp were great, but futile. An Old One was a being who walked on many dimensions simultaneously, but everything he was had been brought to nothing in the palm of Seed.

Initially, his physical form was just a shell that he could discard if the choice demanded it, and his current humiliating position surely demanded such a choice, but he could not escape.

When Seed grabbed his head, a sealing power covered the entirety of his existence, and no matter how he tried to pull his soul away from the hand of this monster, it was useless. His Memory, Fate, and Destiny had all been compressed into the space between Seed fingers. Mulsef almost went crazy when he contemplated that such a terrifying technique

was possible, and it was in the hands of this monster. Why did he bring himself into this situation? Mulsef lamented.

A million techniques roared through his Mental Space as he discovered to his horror that his Will had been locked down, even the clones he created in secrets and his imprints in the memories of his descendants and disciples were all gone, wiped in an instant, it was as if he had been reduced from a giant into a helpless insect, and it did not help that the pain that Mulsef was feeling from his skull being crushed was a hundred times more piercing than it should be, rendering the act of thinking to become something of a chore.

The Old One did not scream in pain, even if he wanted, the flesh of Seed's hand, which had long crushed his nose and mouth into a paste, denied him that release.

His eyes had nearly burst out of his head from the increasing pressure in his skull, and they had become swollen as they were filled with blood and brain matter.

The only act of defiance available to him was to stab Seed's chest helplessly over and over again, his bodily instincts of preservation acting out. Apart from sparks flying out from their contact with his foe, he could as well be massaging the chest of this monster, who was not even looking at him but peering into the distance.

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Seed's eyes lit up as he finally discovered the hint of discrepancy troubling him, and he was not happy with his conclusion.

He had been so distraught at everything happening around Romion that he failed to consider that this child seemed to be able to see the True Intent of Primordial Life!

From pushing him backward so that the blast from that Intent would send his body flying and carefully watching the sky before he struck with that strange spell, Romion could easily trace the path of the Primordial's power and make sure he was not anywhere near it; such a thing was not natural.

Although this ability might seem inconsequential at the surface compared to the many mysteries surrounding this child, Seed knew that of every Old One here, including the Eldarah, he was the only one who could see the True Intent of Primordial Life. Not even Elura could boast of this feat.

How was this possible? What did he miss?

And as suddenly as a thunder strike the answer came to him and Seed cursed with anger, and was not even aware that he had squeezed the skull of Mulsef too hard and his intention to torture transformed to an execution as the headless body of Mulsef fell to his knees, his small arms still stabbing mechanically even in death.

Seed looked at this twitching body in irritation and kicked it away, and what was left of Mulsef exploded into gory bits and pieces.

What he had just discovered had shaken him because it was too early for him to gain such a privilege for Rowan's present dimensional level.

The operation of power in Reality was both complex and straightforward, and for those who could see the True Intent of a Primordial, it meant that they could contain that Intent.

This meant they could become the Avatar of a Primordial, able to host their consciousness and walk upon Reality with powers that exceeded the norm.

In every Primordial Domain, some special immortals could access the True Intent of a Primordial, and they were all incredibly dangerous. In the Land of Miracles, there had once been several individuals who could access this power, but Seed had killed them all.

However, what was important to note was that the least qualification needed even to glimpse the True Intent of a Primordial was to be at the eighth-dimensional level. After that, countless more restrictions were required to reach this level, but Rowan was already a host of a Primordial?!

Seed gritted his teeth in anger. He had wondered which Primordial was so willing to break the rules and make ridiculous moves that stretched across all of existence. Still, this might be a feasible explanation if Rowan was a bearer of True Intent.

"Bastard! If this is the last act committed by the Eldarah, let it be upon your grave... Kill him!"

The waves of destructive energies surrounding him shook Seed from his contemplation. He had unconsciously surrounded himself with the shield he had once used against Romion, as multiple Old Ones were bombarding him.

The death of Mulsef, one of the leaders of the Eldarah, was so unexpected and shocking that something inside the hearts of all the Old Ones present here, all thirty-five of them, shook.

Old Ones were not supposed to die this way; it almost seemed like a joke. How could the discrepancy between them and Seed be so massive despite all having the same Primordial Bloodline?

If its attention were pointed outward, such a monster would be a boon to the Eldarah. Still, Seed had shown multiple times that he did not care that they descended from the same Primogenitor, and slaughtering a leader of the Eldarah in front of them was an insult that they could not abide. So, leaving age-old differences behind, they all attacked.

Seed's eyes lit up in annoyance, not from the attack but by how weak they were, so many Old Ones, and they could not wear out the top layer of his shields.

His eyes tracked through the crowd of furious immortals until he spotted one of them who was different. Seed's body vanished, only to reappear in the midst of the Eldarah. Disregarding their panicked cries, he seized his target, but this man moved so quickly that Seed failed to grab him.

Despite his failure, Seed smoothly continued his gestures, as multiple hands made from green bones encircled this man. Despite these hands reaching more than a hundred, like a slippery eel, this man dodged all the attempts to restrain him.

The Eldarah, in their fury, still noticed this discrepancy; none of them here would be able to boast of dodging a single one of the attacks from Seed, and this man, despite being in their midst for so long, was unfamiliar.

It did not help that this man, despite being besieged by the most powerful entity these Old Ones had ever seen, was smiling, as if he was enjoying the chase.

Chapter 1535 1535: The Great Storm Arises (5)

Seed had finally grown impatient with the chase. With a surge of power that flattened everyone here to the ground and sent powerful reverberations throughout the Land of Miracle, the movements of the slippery figure slowed down, and he fell into Seed's grasp, who gripped him by the neck.

All around Seed, the Old Ones who had been flattened on the ground struggled to stand, but their efforts were useless, and Seed paid them no mind. His focus was on the unknown man he held. He knew this was not Romion but someone else, perhaps his accomplice.

With a voice that held barely controlled fury, Seed growled, "I am not having the best of days, so I am going to ask you only once. Who are you? Be very careful of the answer you give me, for I have no more patience in my heart for fools."

Despite being held underneath a crushing grip, the man in his grasp smiled widely as his eyes caught aflame with a white Celestial fire. The voice that emerged from him came out of the air, and his mouth did not move, only holding a weird smile that showed all his teeth like a crocodile.

"It's been a few minor Era and you already forgotten me? Seed, you used to be more introspective than this, but I can't blame you when you are surrounded by such weakness. The Light does not reach this place; how else would anything worthwhile be nurtured?"

Seed frowned as he listened to these words, his eyes peering into the Celestial flames blazing from the eyes of the man, and then he growled, disgust flashing across his eyes.

“Adjudicator! How much of what happened here was by your Will?”

The smile on the man’s face vanished. Although he expected Seed to know who he was, he did not expect him to figure it out so quickly. Seed always had an air of brash arrogance around him, and it was easy to dismiss the cold intellect behind all that bravado.

“Ah, you flatter me, old chap, nothing that happens here is of my Will.” the Adjudicator practically crooned, his tone changing from amusement to endearment, almost prompting Seed to crush his neck, perhaps seeing the intention in Seed eyes, the Adjudicator adjusted his tone, “I was here to ask you the same question, you see, the Celestial Court does not look on favorably when you send storms into our domain, and I was here to ask you to... stop. I mean, this does not look good, you guys are breaking the agreement.”

Seed looked at the Adjudicator for a moment before he released him and looked up at the heavens, where the immortal eyes were slowly vanishing, but the storm did not abate. He grasped the air and seized a passing lightning bolt as he observed it with a piercing gaze.

There was great energy within this lightning bolt, and as Seed squeezed it, a sizable amount of the energy flowed into his body. His eyes squinted in confusion when he noticed that it could fill up a large portion of his energy stores. There seemed to be more to this energy that needed to be investigated.

How much power would have been released from this storm if he had gained so much energy from an errant lightning bolt? If he added the fact that this storm was brewing all over existence, then a chill flashed across his spine.

Seed noticed that the Old Ones he had pinned to the ground were beginning to stir; the signs were subtle, but he could see they were being granted strength from the storm!

A normal immortal would not have noticed this change quickly enough to take advantage of it. Still, even though they were all weak trash in the eyes of Seed, they were undoubtedly Old Ones whose grasp of energy manipulations was second to none.

‘This could be troubling,’ Seed thought, ‘Turns out my previous speculations were still incorrect, I don’t know what is happening.’

Seed paused in shock and remained that way for a while, unknown flashes of emotions brushing past his face now and then.

The Adjudicator, rubbing his neck, which was filled with bruises that would not heal, walked up to Seed and stood beside him in a sort of companionable silence until Seed broke it.

“This storm is not of my making,” he said, “You should understand that my domain does not extend to this level, and I house no Intent at this time, not since the end of the Primordial Era, so this is not the Will of Primordial Life either.”

The Adjudicator looked around. “Perhaps it is not, but this storm did originate from here, and from the wave of battle that reached me from this area, I can see that you know more than most about its origin. So what do you say, old chap? Tell me what’s happening before you know, those stubborn boys in white come down here to burn the Tree of Life. We both know it won’t go well for them or you guys, but a statement needs to be made, and there is no better messenger than fire and blood.”

Seed regarded this man for a brief moment, and then he smiled; his flustered mind, caused by Rowan’s unexpected actions, had settled, and he was back to the person he was. The long and endless drudgery that followed after the great war ended had drained his fierceness, but everything that had happened was like a hammer blow to his consciousness, and Seed had truly woken up.

Hunger flashed in his eyes, and Seed licked his lips, “Adjudicator, do you remember my favourite activity when we last met?”

The Adjudicator grimaced, a light of anger flashing through his fiery eyes, but he suppressed it and did not let any of that emotion bleed through to his voice. “Times have changed, and the City of Light would no longer stand by for such activities. You are forgetting the position of your domain Seed; it is no longer favorable for your damned excesses.”

Seed’s eyes flashed with a weird look. “Oh, something tells me they will stand by even if I do more than I once did. After all, for what is coming for us all, you will need my power.”

Chapter 1536 1536: The Great Storm Rises (final)

At those words, the burning eyes of the Adjudicator flared bright, “Why would you think we shall stand by and watch you devour Angels like you once did? You forget that all of Reality had been embroiled in war in that Era, and we were focused on other things; in this Era, the Celestial Domain has thrived, Seed. We have multiple Thrones. What do you have? Your greed has doomed your domain to house you alone. Were there not more of your kind before? Perhaps you would not be in this position, and we would be talking about something else if you had not also eaten them too. Still, I see that you remain a master at distorting the topic under consideration. This body would not last for long, so answer my question, Seed, who brought this storm?”

Seed shrugged, “I do not know. The man I looked to for that answer had fled, and your action of twisting the minds of these fools here had ensured that he escaped.”

The Adjudicator sniffed, "I do not know what you are talking about. They saw the destruction you brought upon their land that you could have easily resolved. Is it surprising that they attacked you?"

"These weaklings have no spine, even if I kill all their descendants, they would spend years in deliberation," Seed pointed out, "They rushed here because of your manipulation, which more than anything shows the rot in the center of the Eldar's branch that your Light has infected so many minds. Do not bother denying it. Your action plays into my plan, and I do not hold it against you. The plans for this domain have failed. This is my chance to remake it from the root."

The Adjudicator froze before he smiled, "Good, but I still do not admit to anything here, I just simply took this shell that had worshiped my light from the time he was born. Now, on to other matters that are more important. The storm, who is the man who has the answers?"

Seed pointed in the direction of the Celestial Domain, "As much as I would like to tell you that answer..." A sudden, violent gesture from Seed tore through the midsection of the body possessed by the Adjudicator, and Seed snatched his glowing heart surrounded by white flames. "...I do not owe you an answer, and the next time I see you, Adjudicator, I shall kill you."

The fiery eyes of the Adjudicator looked at Seed with fury before he smiled,

"Your domain shall burn, I will make sure of it."

The light vanished in the man's eyes, and he collapsed. Seed crushed the flaming heart and regarded the storm above, as confusion filled his heart. Gritting his teeth, he walked towards the Memory of Primordial Light. He was tired of being in the dark, and he needed answers.

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Rowan did not linger for long after sending that attack against Seed because he could not win this fight, not inside the domain of his enemy and so close to the sleeping Primordial Life whose Intent was hovering over him like a poisonous cloud.

Before he left, Rowan's senses swept towards the direction of Elura's domain, towards the worlds that Maeve had nurtured, which held his subjects from Trion, many of them who had become friends with him after the years went by.

They were dead, all of them.

There were many ways they could have being killed and all would be peaceful, but someone had slit their throat, and from the expression in their dying faces, their end had not been anything but calm.

Rowan smiled even as a tear of blood fell from his eye.

Even if killing Seed was an option, Rowan would not take it. For someone like Seed, killing him would be a mercy. No, Rowan had a much better idea of how to handle this old man.

Escaping the Land of Miracles was not hard when he had his dimensional soul outside in Reality, who had created a spatial gate unique to Rowan's dimensional flesh. Under the obfuscating haze of the storm, Rowan had silently vanished from this place, and when he reappeared, it was inside Booze Palace.

Appearing in a flash of bluish-white light, the spatial gate created with the powers of Astrolabe ensured that even the barriers of a Primordial Domain could hardly stop his passage.

Rowan looked with amusement at a flustered Circe, who saw two of him and did not know what to make of it. On the surface, there was virtually no difference between his dimensional flesh and the dimensional soul; only someone more versed in the higher dimension would easily notice the sheer weight that differentiated the two.

Not even adding the fact that his dimensional flesh held the massive weight of his bloodlines, attaching his Origin Land to his dimensional flesh had elevated its status to something greater.

As amusing as it was to watch Circe look at each of them and grow red in the face, Rowan was on a clock. Dispersing the cloaking field he had over his flesh, he exposed the true nature of his body to Circe, and she gasped in shock.

His dimensional flesh was no longer compatible with Reality, and so a weird glitching phenomenon surrounded him as Reality struggled to process his existence.

To circumvent this barrier, Rowan constantly simulated what his presence should appear like in Reality.

Inside the Land of Miracle, Rowan's greatest fear was that his cloak would be shaken when he was reduced to a mortal by the red blade. He was lucky that his status as a mortal did not draw any rejection from Reality, so his secret was not revealed.

However, the death of Maeve and the subsequent torture at the hands of Seed and Elura, who shattered his consciousness and brought him beyond the boundary of madness, Rowan found wrath. His long green hair that he had worn to signify his connection to the Land of Miracle had been discarded, and now it was red like blood.

His dimensional soul still wore that green hair, and Rowan's consciousness had simulated his appearance when he stepped into Booze Palace. However, this appearance was what he wore in the past, and his new one was what he would be wearing in the future.

Circe gasped because Rowan's demeanor after dispersing his previous appearance had brought terror to her heart.

His hair was blood red, and apart from a leather kneebreech he was wearing, he was topless. A reddish Aura surrounded him, resembling a dimension made from blood.

Chapter 1537 1537: Heirs Of Origin

Communication between Rowan's dimensional flesh and his dimensional soul was instantaneous. In the moment between Circe gasping at his appearance, Rowan had already shown him the present state of the Origin Land, the city of Sheol, the states of his bloodlines, and his new power sources.

This was only the first level of communication; above that was the inspiration the soul had received about his Fate and the newly discovered open road to the seventh dimension.

Above this second level of communication were the plans for Elura and the Memory within Circe. This was the third level of communication, and above that was the...

Rowan could follow and handle the highly complex information in a manner that was easy to follow. In the blink of an eye, he had already arranged his tasks in priority order and separated them between the flesh and the soul.

A final run-over was made and accepted before Rowan went to work. Circe had barely even blinked, and the direction for the future for the next ten thousand years had been completed.

After making the decisions, he did not waste a moment in contemplation; he immediately went to work.

In that brief moment, the plans for the city of Sheol had been finalized, and the dimensional soul requesting permission from the flesh was granted the ability to enter the Origin Land, and so he vanished from the room and reappeared above the city of Sheol.

His Origin Land was so massive that Rowan was afraid that if he were not careful, it would be possible for an outside influence to infiltrate it. The possibility for such a thing to occur was slim, but as long as there was a possibility for any event to occur, it was wise to make sure there were precautions already in place.

It was for this reason that even his dimensional soul had to seek permission before he could enter into his Origin Land. If Rowan would scrutinize his soul before he could enter his body, then nothing else would be able to slip into it without passing through his eyes.

The soul took a moment to admire the city with his perception and then stretched forth his hand to open a massive gate that appeared at the boundary of Sheol. Any life form that could not see the overall vision of this city would call this place the edge of reality.

Sheol was a massive 'city', and for any life form to reach its center without the ability to travel many times faster than light, such a trip would take many millions of years. However, Rowan expected that with the talents of his children, the fastest among them should reach the center of Sheol in a hundred thousand years or less.

However, before any of that were to happen, they would have to pass through this gate.

To the dimensional soul, this was a gate, but for those that would be passing through this gate, it was a tunnel that stretched for nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand miles (999,000).

Inside the tunnel, the sky held a thousand stars, and on the earth, trees filled with fruits, massive beasts roamed, and rivers filled with life. Mortals could call it a small heaven, but the dimensional soul created a hint of danger in the air, and those who could not discern that danger would perish.

This tunnel, this gate, created by the dimensional soul, was patterned after the Purgatory Gate from the city of Sheol. Its purpose was to filter all the life that would be entering the city of Sheol in the great migration that Rowan was creating.

In the previous city of Sheol, the Purgatory Gate was initially meant to give the lost souls in Rowan's dimension a chance to attain a closer relationship with him so that their Soul Origin could enter his domain.

It was not every living being who died in his dimension that gave Rowan their Soul Origin. Still, he had access to their souls when they died, and he encouraged them to go through the Purgatory Gate, where their nature would begin to slowly align with Rowan's own.

After the souls went through the Purgatory Gate and were reincarnated, it was very possible that when they died, Rowan would receive their Soul Origin, ensuring that as long as he was alive, their Origin was safe with him, and none of his children would fall under the hold of the Primordials.

With his children's soul origin, it did not matter if they perished outside of his dimension; he would always be able to perfectly resurrect them with all their memories.

Maeve had never died while she was with him, and her Soul Origin was not with Rowan, but the only thing that gave him a bit of solace was that he had the Soul Origins of quite a number of his people that she watched over for him.

However, it would be a tough decision to make when he decides to resurrect them because he did not have the Soul Origin of all of them, and so mothers would return without their

children, and lovers without their loved ones. This was a decision for the future, and Rowan wanted to make sure he had an answer to their cries of loss before he made his move.

The worthy only answer he could give was the heads of their killers placed on a spike. It was the least that he could do.

This new Purgatory Gate was meant to transform the essence of all the souls in his grasp so that they could reach Origin, and in so doing, it would cause them to align with Rowan's new nature closely. It could be said that any of his children who passed through this gate would cause their Soul Origin to automatically come under Rowan's domain, because they were now of Origin, and their souls could never find rest anywhere but in his domain.

The foundations of Rowan's power and his dimensional flesh had changed drastically from Primordial to Origin, and if any of his children wished to dwell in this new and powerful dimension without being rejected by the laws of his Land, they would have to pass through the Purgatory Gate and cleanse themselves of the previous Aether and Essence in their bodies, only then would the benefit of being Rowan's children could be realized.

Chapter 1538 1538: A Glorious Era

From the other end of the Gate connected to Sheol, a cool breeze that carried both Ether and Origin Essence began to blow into the tunnel under the careful control of Rowan's dimensional soul.

The breeze was strong at the end of the Purgatory Gate. Still, as it blew towards the other side of the tunnel, it continuously weakened until only a minor amount of Ether and Origin Essence could be sensed at the other side.

All of this was deliberate. If Rowan wanted the transition from Aether to Ether and Primordial Essence to Origin Essence in the bodies and souls of his children to become smoother, he had to slowly introduce it to them so their adaptation would not be extremely violent, and most of them would survive this process.

There were ways that he could have done this quickly, but such methods would be needlessly cruel and lead to the death of many of his children, so following that path would be madness.

With the careful integration of Ether and Origin Essence in the bodies of his children, it would be a chance for them to find the new methods of cultivation that his dimensional soul was busy creating, as this Purgatory Gate was not just a trial, but it was an opportunity.

All of his previous foundations had been placed in the care of his dimensional soul, and he was in charge of ferrying all of that into his new realm.

It would take a while for the Purgatory Gate to be perfected because it was not a simple system. He had to make countless minor tweaks to ensure it would adapt to the individual needs of all who passed through it.

It would not be much of a test of adaptability if those of his children who were immortal could walk the same road as those who were mortal. The Purgatory Gate was to adapt to the individual, and by the time they walked out of the other end, they would be heirs of Origin.

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Rowan's dimensional flesh was barely focusing on the works of his dimensional soul as he already moved towards the table and sat before the map.

A few quick instructions to Circe, and she bowed before she left the room to follow his commands. She was to slowly release her duties as the owner of the Booze Palace to Achimedes so that she could pursue the purpose that had caused Rowan to carry her to the higher realms.

After fifty million years of refinement, the Aura emerging from this map was at the Proto-Source Level when it was barely at the Apocalypse Grade at the start of the refinement, and it would not take long for it to become a Source Level treasure as time went on and more Primordial Aura flowed through it, enhancing the degree of proficiency it was gathering.

Rowan's concentration scattered into many parts, but he was primarily focused on the most critical matters, and the first he had to tackle was the state of the storm.

The immortal eye above the storm was simply a means for him to connect to all of existence so that he could precisely deliver the storm to the place that it was needed.

The map before him was an essential tool that revealed all of existence, including within the Primordial Domains.

Now that the storm was connected to all of his targets, Rowan could begin the next phase.

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The beginning of the storm had been destructive, and Rowan could not avoid that scenario. He was basically drilling a hole through Reality where he could connect the passage he had gained from the World Stele that led to the outside of Reality.

With a wave of his consciousness, he reduced the strength of the storm, and he idly noted that in most of the Primordial Domains, especially in the City of Light and the Great Abyss, the storm had been shattered by certain great powers.

Rowan had long expected this, and he could easily recreate this passage again because only the surface level of the storm had shattered. However, he was not planning to replace it for a while because he believed that after the next part of the storm was activated, it would not become a source of destruction but a valuable agency sought by everyone.

At that time, he should be able to use this to his advantage.

This storm was simply an expression of power, a power that the Primordials had denied to all life in existence when they drained all the Primordial Essence from Reality, but by his ability, he was returning that power to Reality.

Of course, this power was tainted. It did not originate from this Reality, and therefore, its roots were flawed. Still, Rowan believed that most immortals would not be able to perceive any disadvantage from this flaw unless they wished to cultivate to the level of a Primordial. Rowan felt such an event was improbable, at least not in the short term.

Primordial Essence was denied to all of Reality, and only Primordial Chaos gave an extremely diluted version to the immortals who chose to manage the affairs of the lower realms. Rowan saw this as the bribe that Chaos uses to draw immortals to protect the lower realms, and not just destroy them.

Every dimension in existence was powered by Essence sourced from outside Reality, but they did not know this; instead, they believed that this power came from Nothingness.

To gain more power, most immortals would choose to find the World Stele to become a World Bearer so their dimensions could be easily developed. However, if they knew that the power developing their dimension would have served them better if it were being channeled into their Immortal Paths, they would never agree to become World Bearers because, ultimately, all their sacrifices would end up in the hands of the Primordials.

Rowan had once seen a vision about the Primordial Era. At that time, the number of powerful immortals was extremely great, and one reason for that was that there was still Primordial Essence left inside Reality, making it easier for immortals to grow stronger.

The storm ravaging Reality held a lot of Essence, but Rowan had deliberately reduced the amount of Essence in the storm to less than a fraction of what it could contain. In a single move from his consciousness, he increased the amount of Essence to five percent.

Chapter 1539 1539: Voices of The Damned

Aerovah, Celestial Dimensional Sector

The storm that battered her dimension did not surprise Ghribba, the Silver Queen; it almost felt inevitable. She had been waiting for Reality to change; how could it not, after what she had experienced and the glimpse of that unknown figure that day?

After the apparent destruction and revival of her realm, coupled with the deaths and also the revival of her spawns, which she soon killed so she could wrap her mind around this madness, where death and life seemed to be the same.

Since that moment, Ghribba has existed in a sort of fog. She had sought answers from the Celestials, but none of them could give her any, and so she was left tormented by her children's final cries.

The decision to kill her children weighed heavily on her, and after years of deliberation, she felt that she was stuck in a cycle, on one hand, she had killed her children because she did not believe that a soul that had been thoroughly eradicated could return to life without any severe price attached to it and on the other hand, her dimension that were filled with trillions of lives were still thriving despite their eradication and revival by that unknown power.

Now she could hardly hear the voices of the inhabitants of her realm without feeling a bit of something inside her perish.

Her fears now seemed foolish; she had killed her children when they should have prospered, and in many nights, there were moments when fits of madness nearly overtook her mind, and she almost hurled destruction on her realm, slaughtering every single living being inside of it. If her spawns were dead, why were they all alive? Why were they happy?

They were lower beings; they had not touched the higher dimensions, and death should be their final sentence. Why were they alive?!

Over time, these spells of madness were growing, and she saw herself silencing their voices, which seemed to grow in volume every day.

Ghribba knew that it would not be long before she decided to wipe out everyone inside her domain. It could be today or a million years from now, but that day would arrive. As an Old One, Ghribba had long become accustomed to following her heart's desires, and she could not stand that her children had perished in her hands while the inhabitants of her realm still thrived. It was a living insult to her judgment.

The arrival of the storm changed all of that.

When this unexpected storm came, it brought glorious devastation to her domain.

Tens of Millions perished under powerful winds hurling moons like tiny debris into the earth. Lightning bolts so powerful they fried fourth-dimensional immortals to ash, and rain so strong it dissolved thousands of worlds under its deluge.

She could do much worse, but the apparent randomness of a disaster of this proportion, where death arrived without warning and took without judgment, made everything much more potent in her head.

Ghribba had watched this destruction in solace, knowing that the heavens were responding to her heart's desires. She made no move to protect her dimension despite the cries of her name reaching the sky.

A part of her knew she had gone mad, but she no longer cared. The madness of an Old One was something to be feared, most especially by the Old Ones themselves, because it meant that some part of their foundations were flawed.

Ghribba's rise to the ranks of the Old One had been filled with countless tribulations, and there were many periods when she had to take shortcuts to reach her present level. She knew that these shortcuts could lead to problems in the future, but she did not care. Cultivation was hard enough, and reaching this level showed that even with her flawed foundations, she had still prospered.

If madness were to be the fate of the Silver Queen, then madness it would be.

As Ghribba savored the devastation of the storm, she still understood that it would not be long before the Angelic supervisor allocated to her domain forced her to move to protect it. Still, for now, she was happy enough to watch it all collapse, and for three days, she watched many millions perish with glee. Their cries seemed to cover the cries of her spawns as she killed them. Reality seemed to be coming into balance. After all, everyone here had once perished. What right do they have to cling to life?

Sadly, all good things must come to an end. In the distance, she could feel the descent of an Angel and sense that the storm was also weakening, indicating that she could not watch everyone in her realm perish under its fury. Could she give it a little nudge? No, she would have to end it.

Sighing with frustration, the Silver Queen rose from her throne, appeared over the seven disks of Aerovah, and paused in appreciation of the storm that had surrounded her entire realm in a blanket of lightning, rain, and wind.

There! A lightning bolt had traveled almost horizontally and turned ten thousand screaming men, women, and children to charcoal, and a building the size of a mountain holding more than a hundred thousand people had been crushed flat from the might of the wind alone... Ghribba could not predict who would die next, and she loved it.

Wishing that she could watch this storm for longer, Ghribba sighed once again in irritation and began gathering power to disperse it, but the worlds from the Celestial nearing her position made her halt her actions. The Angel could have been silent; he could see her intentions after all, but still decided to speak.

“Attend to me, Silver Queen. Darius of the Fifth Heavenly Squadron comes with a message from the City of Light.”

Ghribba slowly turned towards the Sovereign, who was a few million miles away from her, suppressing her fury at being addressed in this manner by a lower-dimensional being.

Words of her descent into madness had spread all through the realms, and it was not long before Ghribba noticed that the Celestials who usually respected her position as an ally of their domain had begun to treat her with disdain. Her admittance into the Celestial Archives had been quietly revoked, and instead of a Power being sent to inform her of any changes in the Celestial’s policies, a minor Sovereign was sent instead.

A Sovereign had no right to speak to an Old One with the power of Ghribba in this manner, although they were not scared of her with the might of the City of Light behind them, it was foolish to disrespect an Old One in any case.

Chapter 1540 1540: Catastrophic Changes

Swallowing her irritation at the audacity of the Angel, Ghribba nodded at the Sovereign. As much as she wanted to tear off his wings and beat the Angel to death with them, there were countless more powerful Celestials behind him, and Ghribba would not live for long if the words of her actions reached them without giving a credible reason.

The Sovereign smiled and announced grandly, his voice was so loud that despite the storm in Aerovah, many immortals could hear him.

“The storm in your realm is weak, Silver Queen, a mere nuisance to what ravages the Celestial Realm, yet all our storms have been quelled. Why have you allowed it to remain after all this time? Do not forget that many Celestial interests are tied within your realm, and it is your duty to protect that investment. Your personal loss is not an end to your duty.”

The Silver Queen swallowed her anger and did not bother explaining her position to the Sovereign. Despite this being her realm, even as an Old One, she had to depend on the Celestial Realm for the resources she needed to maintain her position and grow stronger.

This level of disrespect was barely at the limits of what was considered tolerable from a lower life form like this. If the Sovereign went above this, she could kill him without

much interference from the Celestials, but with the cunning look in the eyes of that Angel, Ghribba knew he understood his limits and would not cross them.

Turning back to the storm, Ghribba's perception went ahead of her and wrapped around Aerovah, and as her mind touched the storm, she located its eye and set to shatter it when something within the storm changed.

Ghribba did not understand the transformation she had sensed; all she knew was that at that moment, the storm she was holding had transformed from a force of nature into an ocean of power.

A power that was so great it burned her perception to ash and made her body freeze in place, as countless tremors ran through her body and she nearly abandoned her humanoid form to transform into the great aquatic body that was her real self.

'Wha-what is this?'

Her perception may have been fried to ash, but the moment it touched the storm, a wave of incredible power filled her to the brim—so much power that it almost felt as if her body was about to burst.

Ghribba's connection to her realm was going wild, as the feedback of the power it was sensing had broken past all the thresholds she had set in place.

The power that filled her body began to settle into her core, and as they moved deeper, they brought a wave of nourishment that Ghribba had not experienced for millions of years.

This was not just power; this was potential, evolution, and a life force that was so grand that she had barely tasted a diluted essence of it when she slaved away for the Celestials for billions of years, and now this storm that surrounded her dimension was filled with it.

Ghribba was an Old One, and as much as this was shocking to her, it did not stop her mind from racing through countless possibilities at the great opportunity that had just arrived at her door.

"Why are you not quelling the storm, Ghribba, are you going against a direct order from the City of Light?!"

Ignoring the Sovereign, Ghribba tentatively touched the storm with her perception and shivered as power began to pour into her body in seemingly unending torrents. She could not help but laugh out loud when a small chuckle escaped her lips and soon broke out into a full-blown maniacal laughter.

"Ghribba, follow the orders given by the City of Light or you shall suffer the consequences of this action!"

Snapping her fingers, the Sovereign, who was millions of miles away, was forcefully teleported from his position to stand before her.

The Angel standing more than twenty feet tall with seven pairs of flaming wings cut a powerful figure, but before Ghribba who was more than a hundred feet tall, even in her base humanoid version, he resembled a child, and looking down on him, the Silver Queen asked a question even as she giggled,

“Tell me something, Darius, the storms inside the Celestial Domains had been broken, yes?”

The Sovereign sputtered in shock at being taken without his consent and was about to condemn the Silver Queen, but there was something in her eyes as he looked at the Old One that seemed to be barely holding on to her sanity as she struggled to stop laughing.

He swallowed what he wanted to say and replied to her,

“Yes, three hundred spots where storms arose in the Celestial Domains have largely been destroyed, only a few are left, and it should not be long before they are all gone.”

“Oh, that is a shame,” Ghribba said with a note of regret in her voice. For once, I wish that your ruthless efficiency were not delayed.”

The sovereign’s eyes tightened in suspicion. “Silver Queen, are you aware of the power behind this storm?”

Ghribba’s eyes flashed. She bent down, picked up the Sovereign in her fist, and brought him up to her face. She began to squeeze, making the Angel gasp in pain.

“Oh, a moment ago, did I not remember you referring to me by my name instead of my title?”

The Sovereign appeared confused, but before he could reply, Ghribba tore off two of his wings with her fingers, and when he screamed in pain, she crushed his head between her teeth.

Watching the headless body bleeding thick golden blood filled with light, she swallowed the screaming remnants of the Sovereign’s head and turned to her realm.

She noticed that this power did not affect anyone inside her realm, but they had not yet reached out into the storm; when they did, everything would change. She could not allow that to happen; this storm was hers, the answer that Reality had given her.

A wave of her hand killed off every single living thing in her realm, and Ghribba, disregarding the humanoid form she wore in respect to the Celestial, transformed into a

massive octopus-like beast with hundreds of tentacles. She wrapped herself around the disks of Aerovah, allowing the storm to baptize her fully.

Her cries of exultation transcended space and time and reached the farthest corner of this space for billions of light years.

Her powers, which had been stuck at the beginning stages of the eighth-dimensional level, began to shake as they slowly expanded.

Ghribba had toiled for billions of years under the Celestials for a shred of the power she was gaining with her breath inside the storm. Why would a glorious Old One like her choose to turn her dimension into a place of commerce when it could have been a realm strictly for her worship?

She saw no need to be a slave to the Celestial any longer when her powers could grow without limits inside this storm, and heaven helped the Angel who came for her miracle.

Ghribba was not the first to notice the power in the storm. Reality was beginning to change.

Chapter 1541 1541: Primordial Reality

The changes being experienced by all the realms where the storm had arisen were drastic and unprecedented, and the first to comprehend these changes were the Old Ones; they were the ones that had the closest relationship to concepts besides Primordials, and it did not take long for them to realize the incredible latent power dwelling inside the storm after Rowan had began releasing five percent of the energy he was gaining from outside Reality.

Five percent might not seem like much, but in the grand scheme of things, when it came to the powers at the Primordial Level, five percent was extremely potent, and the amount of energy released had surpassed anything ever seen in reality, almost equaling the power levels of the Primordial Domains.

However, Rowan expects that it would take a few years, perhaps a decade, before every Old One would become acclimated to the energy from the storm. Reality was infinite after all, and a decade for this change to be detected and harnessed was a blink of an eye in comparison.

Rowan could respond so quickly to changes in events in a relatively short time because Time was much more abundant for him than what was available to the rest of Reality.

Time went by much slower in his Origin Land, especially in its depths, where Rowan chose to settle his consciousness. In the city of Sheol, time moved at a ratio of ten to one,

where every ten days inside his city was a single day outside of it, and in the depths of his Origin Land, a thousand years would pass in a day.

This advantage was extremely potent, and Rowan would see more benefit from it as time passed. It meant that technically, Rowan could never be threatened by an emergency because he would always have enough time to tackle any situation that arose. However, the same thing also applied to his enemies. The Primordials existed outside time, and any limitations they had were what they gave themselves.

His only hope was that his advantages would cancel out their advantages to leave a level playing field. Bringing the storm into Reality was a way to break one of the greatest advantages of the Primordial Domain and slowly shatter the firm hold they had over Reality.

At that time, the true face of Reality would begin to change, but this storm was going to bring transformation not only from the top but also from the bottom, and Rowan knew that the changes from the bottom were much more significant to him than what would arise from the top.

As much as the Old Ones would benefit from Essence that was nearly as pure and powerful as Primordial Essence, the greatest beneficiary of this process would be the mortals and the minor immortals.

The Old Ones had all grown under the influence of the Primordials. Their path was only possible because they followed what was given. However, in a Reality where endless possibilities had been unleashed, Rowan believed only the mortals and lesser immortals were poised to take advantage of it.

The act of Ghribba, the Silver Queen murdering every life inside her domain was not just premeditated on her madness and her distaste for the life dwelling in her realm, it was in the realization that if these lower dimensional beings understood the power in the storm, there was a great possibility that they would rebel against her control.

She quickly realized the endless possibilities of advancement hidden inside the storm, and she could not allow the people she had come to hate to claim this power, even though there was more than enough power inside this storm to satisfy everyone in her dimension, including herself.

It was harder to grow stronger for a being like an Old One because every step forward demanded a harsh requirement, but that was not the case for mortals and minor immortals, who were blank slates, and Rowan had given them the ultimate tool for advancement.

The energy and concepts inside the essence that filled the storm were so high-level that they could boost a mortal's position from zero to godhood in the blink of an eye. The

speed of breakthroughs enjoyed by so-called geniuses would be nothing compared to what was coming, and these were just the basic benefits they would be enjoying.

Rowan had not just unleashed this storm in the higher realms; he did it in the lower realms as well. Although the storm had caused great devastation and deaths across countless universes, the change that would occur in the coming years would bring so much sweeping changes that Rowan could only fully predict the overall direction that Reality would take and not the many Minor changes and surprises that would arise from Reality slowly returning to its primordial state.

Life could flourish inside a dimension because a small amount of Primordial essence powered the realm, and Rowan was releasing this power to all of reality.

Rowan treasured mortals' potential, which is why he released just five percent of the Primordial Essence he was gaining from outside Reality. With this level of power, it would not be too harsh on mortals, and they would be able to adapt to it quite easily.

He would not be this lenient forever, because he would begin rapidly releasing more power into Reality after a while. Those who could quickly adapt would prosper in this new Supreme Era, and those who could not would become one of the endless number of fatalities in this war.

Something else that dragged Rowan's attention was the overall state of Reality that was being transformed, far more quickly than he had expected, because he assumed he would begin seeing these changes when he had released around forty percent of the Primordial Essence he controlled.

Still, the Primordials had starved Reality of so much Essence that just placing five percent of this essence inside of it was enough to trigger this transformation.

This change was subtle and would only become more apparent after centuries, but it was indisputable that the energy being released from the storm was making Reality more condensed.

Chapter 1542 1542: First Move

In the lower realms, it was easy for a minor god to tear space with ease, but in the higher realms, they would barely be able to make a tiny hole in space, while inside a Primordial Domain, they would be crushed to a paste under the pressure of the Supreme space within, talkless making a dent in that space.

The power of the storm inside the Primordial Domains was many times more powerful than the storm that Rowan had sent to the lower realms, and it was for good reasons.

This density of space is attributed to the higher forms of energy present inside that space. In the lower realms, the Aether and Essence were significantly diluted because mortal

lifeforms could not withstand the same amount of energy that a godly life form would be able to tolerate.

Nonetheless, the energy flooding all the realms via the storm was extremely powerful. Still, it had a nourishing aspect due to the complete nature of the laws that it contained, from Creation Concepts to concepts of Destruction.

This meant that this energy could nourish all forms of power that a mortal chose to pursue; it had no attributes and could be used to refine the body and the soul.

An immortal who pursued the path of flames would often find themselves seeking heavenly treasures attributed to fire, like Blazing Ores and even Supreme fire treasures like Stellar Souls. However, no single treasure could equal the changes that Primordial Essence could achieve. It was basically the best resource any mortal or immortal could ever need for their advancement.

It basically removed every restriction in the path of power and threw out the need to search for resources for advancement; now, the only roadblock on the path to immortality was talent and the tenacity of the individual.

Rowan knew of many talented people who needed a chance to shine; this was the chance they all craved.

A mortal would be able to absorb all of this energy more easily than Aether, and with a firm mind guided by a path to power that was at least competent, then a mortal could rapidly become an immortal, and the paths to the higher dimensional realm would be open.

No other individual present in Reality could have done what Rowan had just done, and for this reason, he knew that he alone could challenge the Primordial. Anyone else would have been swayed by this power, but with Origin Ether and Essence, Rowan did not need Primordial Essence. Instead of hoarding it, he freely gave it out, hoping for an unexpected change he did not foresee.

Rowan observed all these changes in his map, as his focus split between the Angels he had deployed in the Celestial Legion and Andar inside the Supreme World of Mages. They might not seem connected, but Rowan knew this was not the case.

Andar was unaware of the hidden changes he had been making in this world, but Rowan suspected he had an idea. He had left enough hints for the smart mage to follow, and he expected Andar to take advantage of all of them.

The Magus world was much too important to Rowan's plan to leave it to Andar despite the sheer talent that the child commanded.

Rowan triggered the transformation had put in place inside the Magus World as soon as he saw that the situation called for it, and as his Origin eyes peered through the distance and fell on the Supreme Magus World, he placed a part of his consciousness to supervise everything as his mind turned towards Eva and her legions.

Rowan had set the ball rolling with the storm, and now he had made his first significant move.

“Nothing could upset a god than to see the light of adoration turn away from their face.”

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Andar stood before trillions of Mages under the light of a Silver Magus Sun. His name was being chanted so loudly that the earth shook, and the clouds above scattered. The silver sun seemed to reverberate with this sound of his name, growing brighter and pulsing in a rhythmic manner that was almost enthralling.

This sun belonged to him, representing his breakthrough to the sixth-dimensional level and the culmination of his Supreme Art, which had entered the higher levels of dimensional authorities.

“The Endless Mage!!!”

“The Silver King!!!”

Crowned with silver, with a potent power blazing out of his body in relentless waves, Andar’s presence stunned the multitude, and they were on the verge of worship. No Mage in history, even the Supreme Magus himself, had seen such prevalent praise from the people.

Andar’s name had long spread across the Supreme Magus World. All knew that he was a terrifying genius who had never been seen since their world took shape under the hands of the Supreme Magus Endirius, but even this knowledge could not describe this monstrous genius before them, who, in a million years, became a sixth-dimensional Magus.

Even the multiple great storms sweeping across the surface of the realm did nothing to hinder the fervor in the hearts of the Mages who had begun to chant Andar’s name so loudly that it reached the heavens.

Andar had not expected such a reception, and the higher-dimensional mages behind him, ranging from the fourth all the way to the eighth, seemed shocked as well as an entire Supreme world rose to chant the name of a single mage.

Bowing in appreciation, the cries from the crowd turned more fervent, and Andar looked up helplessly. It had been almost an hour, and it seemed that they would not stop calling his name.

At first, this fervor had been flattering, and Andar was almost overwhelmed by it all. He knew there were countless more Mages all over Reality watching this event through the Aethernet, and despite the chaos in Reality, his name was rising to the top. He had not anticipated such a thing.

His eyes flashed because he believed all this was leading to something, but what could it be? What did his father want him to do here?

Andar looked up and saw the storm that had ravaged the world being held back by a massive barrier to keep everyone below it safe. He noticed that the storm was beginning to ease up. Something clicked inside his soul, and Andar raised his hands up. The crowd went silent, and it was in this moment that the storm's essence changed.

Andar spoke, his voice carried by Aether, and it resounded all through the realm: "Bring down the barrier!"

Chapter 1543 1543: A Loyalty That Is Earned

Due to the quick action of the Mages, the arrival of the storm did not cause much destruction in the realm, but because the storm was unexpected and had many destructive powers, losses were inevitable.

Hundreds of millions had perished in the first few moments when winds that were so strong blew entire continents into space and many other acts of heavenly fury that rained down destruction on the realm, but if there was one thing that Mages were famous for, it was their adaptability.

Rivaling the Primordial Domain in their responsiveness to danger, the Mages did not take long to construct a great dome of rippling forcefields over the areas buffeted by the storms, and as if it was by fate, the leader of the defense department who quickly solved this crises was a Rank 9 Archmage, Archibald Wilos, a member of Andar's Limit Breaker group.

This led to Andar, the Endless Magus, being perceived as a higher-dimensional mage who placed the interests of his people above all else and whose quick response to danger was something to be praised.

Andar had braved the storm and saved countless mages. The breadth of his powers seemed almost infinite as massive tentacles of Aether surrounding him plunged into the storm, and he fished out those who were on the verge of perishing.

His speed was almost too fast to be glimpsed as he traveled from one end of the realm to another, entering deep into the earth and reaching into space to rescue and to heal. His singular effort was equal to all the higher-dimensional mages who came out in rescue, most of whom were related to Andar or were his supporters.

Most higher-dimensional beings were cold and brutal, not caring for the fate of the mortals and lesser immortals below them. Mages followed this rule in treating those lesser than them in their eternal quest to find the truth about all things.

Andar's action to rescue those who would have otherwise perished in the storm made his supporters follow his example. Since his coronation ceremony was not placed on hold even during such a reality-shaking event like this storm, the people who saw his actions came out to celebrate a genius whose character and talent might steer the path of the Mages into a new realm.

It also helped that Aeynid Erikson was working behind the scenes with the entire might of the Erikson family to push Andar's name to the forefront, telling tales of his origins, the tribulations he had to face to reach this position, and the many achievements he had made along the way.

Among his many achievements, the thing that stood out more than most was his kindness. Andar had no air of pride around him, nor did he kill unnecessarily like most powerful mages did when they craved a prize; his record was flawless.

A leaf could not cover a blazing fire, and Andar's innate goodness could not be hidden.

Mages were not fools. In the past, there had been others who wore a cloak of righteousness to hide the stains inside their hearts, and if Andar were a Mage who was a hypocrite about his activities, then it would not be long before he was discovered.

However, Andar lived up to the stories and more. In his million years of life, his accomplishments were legendary. Perhaps the higher-dimensional mages might not see the importance of his actions. The lesser mages, whose lives had limits and lived under countless constraints, saw Andar as a light in a Reality that was beyond cruel.

A million years was a long time to reveal the core of a man's character, and Andar's character was well known and loved.

Aeynid expected that her campaign to push Andar's name into the consciousness of the Magus society would make waves.

Still, she did not expect the maniacal wave of support and adoration pouring out from the Mages here for the Supreme Title celebration of her son.

For a moment, it made her rethink her values in life as she asked herself, to be feared or loved, which was better?

Among some of the more maniacal group of mages whose support of him had almost become nothing less than worship, there was talk of Andar becoming the next Supreme Magus, and the evidence for that was that he had been granted a Supreme Title.

Aeynid broke into a cold sweat when she heard those rumors and quietly began to silence those voices. Endirius was not to be trifled with, and only old families like the Eriksons understood the tyranny of their leader.

It would cost him nothing to kill Andar and the entire Erikson family for a lesser offense, and wiping out every Magus in the realm was a possibility. There were old rumors that Endirius had repeatedly killed every single mage in existence during his many experiments.

Although these rumors had not been substantiated, the Magus society's past had glaring holes, and Endirius had not gone out of his way to deny these accusations.

Still, it would seem as if she could only put out one fire and a hundred spring up in other places; she was almost suspecting that the hands of someone else were manipulating the minds of these mages, but who could be so bold?

Torn between despair and pride at her son, Aeynid continued to put out these rebellious fires until she gave up, realizing that whatever was happening was beyond her. The only thing she could do was to follow the leader of their family, Andar Erikson. Whatever path he led them towards, that was what she would follow.

Aeynid's instincts were correct, although Andar was a great Mage. Perhaps his kind would never be seen again, as someone like him could only be born once in an Era. There was more at play here, and Rowan's hands were in it. All of this subtle manipulation began a million years ago, and everything would culminate on this day.

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Andar's call to bring down the barrier was madness. Aeynid did not know what had entered her son's mind to call for such an action, but to her sheer astonishment, the barrier over the storm was broken without concern.

Chapter 1544 1544: A Million Years Plan

Mages across the Realm who were in charge of the barrier did not hesitate to follow Andar's orders. Even before this wave of shock could settle in her mind, Aeynid noticed that the majority of the crowd, the weak Mages and mortals that should have been more scared of the powerful storm about to rain down on them, were not.

The look in their eyes was one of belief. They knew that Andar would not let any of them get hurt.

Her heart was shaken. If they could believe in her son, the people who should have the most reason to fear and distrust those in power, why could she not do the same? He was the leader of their family, and it was the right time for her to stop thinking of him as just her son.

The higher-dimensional mages who did not support Andar, especially those under the royal bloodline of Endirius, looked at the family leader with scorn and fury, and Aeynid could do nothing but mark their faces.

This information needed to be presented to Andar so that he could know the enemies who did not hide their intentions.

Aeynid turned to the heavens and watched as the glistening dome of power shattered and a mighty storm, filled with great lightning, descended from the skies. Her consciousness could not be erased, and then she turned to Andar and saw his face, and everything seemed to make sense once more.

There was no pride in his eyes or fear in his voice, just the steady look of a man with a plan who knew everything would go his way. She could not help but wonder how his character became so unshakeable.

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Rowan knew that his confrontation with the supreme world of mages was inevitable because he had made a decision that made it so a million years ago.

The first time Rowan entered the higher-dimensional realm and stepped foot into the Great Darkness, his Primordial Chaos bloodline was fully activated, and he grew into a massive Chaos Titan many times larger than a planet. His glory had been Supreme, and his might spread for countless light years.

At that time, Rowan was amazed at his size; however, he would not have been so shaken if he had known how infinitesimally small that titan would be compared to his present size as a living dimension.

Due to the dangers that a higher-dimensional space imposed on Rowan's mortal mind, the impending danger that he could feel emerging from deep in the Great Darkness, and the

increasing corruption of Chaos he could sense taking over his consciousness, Rowan shattered his Chaotic body and returned to the lower realms.

One of the greatest reasons Rowan decided to create a forge to cleanse himself of the bloodline of Primordial Chaos was because he realized how deeply the powers of Chaos were in his body, but this was a story for the future.

While outside of his universe, he encountered a higher-dimensional being who discovered the massive amount of Primordial Essence inside Rowan's chaotic body and bargained with him for it. It was either a battle or a trade, and aware of the incoming danger from the higher realms that he knew nothing about, Rowan agreed to partake in this trade. Also knew that he was not a match for this creature, which should be a fourth-dimensional being.

Looking back at this moment, Rowan could see that this creature had truly cheated him, but it was something that he had enabled.

With soul energy and Rowan's pure Chaos bloodline, he had been able to fill himself with an abundant amount of Primordial Essence. However, this was the diluted version available in the lower realms; nonetheless, this was enough energy that the higher-dimensional creature lusted after this power. So, exchanging it for a couple of treasures, Rowan gave out his Primordial Essence to the beast.

Although he did not know the actual value of Primordial Essence, Rowan understood when a deal was not favorable to him.

He placed parts of his consciousness power inside the beast and decided that one day, when he was strong enough, he would take over the beast's consciousness from the inside. However, his plans did not take long to change.

Even after giving out most of his Primordial Essence, his chaotic body was far too powerful to be so easily destroyed as they transformed into stones the size of planets, all of which began drifting into the Great Darkness, where it was intercepted by a higher-dimensional mage who was hunting Rowan.

That Mage also caught the higher-dimensional beast that had enjoyed Rowan's Primordial Essence and took it as part of their prize.

That higher-dimensional Magus was Revah Endirius, Flame Matron, seventh-dimensional Magus from the line of Endirius.

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In the creation of Andar, Rowan had gained access to the power system of the Magus Supreme World, and this brought him two great benefits that charted the course of his life from that moment henceforth.

First, he saw a vision of the past where the Primordials had killed Primordial Time and Evil. His body was pinned to a table beside a map, and that was his first glimpse into the affairs of Primordials and the knowledge of his roots.

From that moment, Rowan had never forgotten that memory and the lessons he had drawn from it. His campaign in Reality today partly mimicked this Memory, from the map to the table, and to the affairs of Primordial Time.

The second benefit he had gained was the Lost Flames and the knowledge of Endirius the Supreme Magus, who stole the first fire from Primordial Light.

Rowan gained a portion of that Supreme Flame and the Supreme Meditation Art that followed it, the Lament of Celestials. Still, because Endirius had scattered the flames into pieces, Rowan could not boost the power of Lost to a higher dimensional level.

On the activation of this Supreme Meditation Art, where he had gained the Lost Flames, Endirius had sensed it, for he was the keeper of fire. Still, the Supreme Mage could not locate Rowan due to the shielding provided by the Primordial Record, but that did not stop him from sending Mages of his bloodline to search the Great Darkness for the location of Rowan.

One of them had come across his remnants, Revah Endirius. She saw the power of Rowan's chaotic body and the essence that filled the beast's flesh that partook of it, and took them both for herself. She then slowly began to integrate them with her Magus Tower.

A Magus Tower was essential to every mage; it was the domain for their souls and the foundations upon which their powers were built.

Revah Endirius had reached the peak of her potential at the seventh dimensional level. They would not have been able to touch the level of Old One in her entire life, and it was not as if she were not talented enough. Still, the Magus Bloodline restricted its members to the seventh dimensional level, with only the Supreme Magus Endirius reaching the level of an Old One.

She had no hope of becoming an Old One until she began integrating the pieces of Rowan's discarded flesh into her Magus Tower.

Chapter 1545 1545: Revah Endirius

Rowan's ninth Reflection, which he sent to Doom Star, had the chance to enter Rowan's mind while awakening his dimensional flesh that was sleeping in the Nothingness.

During that time, the ninth Reflection became the tinder for Rowan's dimensional soul, and he was able to see specific visions of the past.

One of the visions was the moment Rowan and Andar stood before the massive Supreme World of Mages, and Rowan had commanded Andar to return to the realm and prepare for what was needed for his return.

Rowan had told Andar that he wanted this world for his flame.

In that vision, the ninth Reflection saw the pieces of his shattered chaotic body being used as a massive ship, and he knew that his essence was inside it. However, due to the lack of time, he was not able to discern all of Rowan's plan for the Magus World.

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A Magus, especially one as ancient as Revah Endirius, would not carelessly merge any foreign substance into their Magus Tower, which housed their soul, and at first, she used the chaotic body of Rowan as a Dimensional Ship.

Still, it did not take long for her to begin discovering the unique traits of this ship.

Revah discovered that this ship not only possessed all the excellent capabilities expected from a dimensional ship but exceeded them all by a significant margin.

With it, she could effortlessly pierce through the Tunnel of Time, enabling her to reach deeper layers of Reality, which broadened her horizons. Its ability to collect essence and Aether from Reality was unmatched, even greater than that of herself, a seventh-dimensional Magus.

After merging all the pieces of the stone ship she had found, its shape was humanoid, although it resembled a fusion between a man and a dragon. The face of the ship, despite being made from stone that resembled obsidian, was eerily beautiful, and it almost entranced her.

Detecting that such an influence from a treasure made from stone might be detrimental to her mindset, Revah ruthlessly shattered the face of the statue. She had long suspected that this statue was the remnants of an ancient, mighty titan from the Primordial Era, whose powers were so great that they were eradicated in that ancient war.

That ancient war was filled with mysteries, and most of the benefits from that battle fell into the hands of the Primordial Domains. It was surprising to be able to gain such an unexpected treasure after all this time, but the benefits she gained became much more than she expected.

This ship undoubtedly drew attention even though Revah tried only to use it when she was not in the sight of many, and she ensured that it was disguised using her Alchemical Arts because spells simply slid off its stone shell, and even using Alchemy, the disguise transformation never lasted.

However, once she discovered more secrets about this treasure, it was hardly ever seen with her from that moment, unlike at the beginning when Revah showed herself always moving around with the stone ship.

In secret, Revah used this ship to go to distant places in less time than anyone else could have expected.

With this ship, she saw so many mysteries hidden in the farthest corners of Reality, and soon, she no longer traveled with any other dimensional ship but this one. After a hundred thousand years of utilizing this ship, Rowan's essence began to seep into her body.

At first, it was hardly noticeable, but Revah began to discover that her comprehension talents were significantly increased anytime she was inside this ship. This was not a simple matter because comprehension was related to the power of souls, and anything that had the power to influence the soul of a Mage like her was undoubtedly powerful beyond measure.

At her level, she had no need for spells or any of the higher-dimensional arts because she pursued the face of Destiny that was shackled by the bloodline that gave her life.

This was always the thought that had guided her when she reached the end of her path, but this sudden surge of comprehension broke her out of this mindset.

All rivers led to the ocean, and Revah knew that practicing countless spells and techniques and understanding them to their core would lead to her discovery of more truths about Fate. With some form of control over her Fate, her Destiny would be hers to seize.

She would never have contemplated this path before now; this was only a far-off dream. However, when she was inside the dimensional ship, techniques that she believed had been mastered to the peak began to show signs of loosening, as portions of them that she had never considered before started to make themselves known to her, almost as if all the knowledge of Reality was pouring into her mind.

Revah figured out that the treasure she had come across was more special than she had ever thought. To preserve it, she quickly killed the fourth-dimensional beasts and drained all their essence, not giving them a chance to gain any unknown benefit from this essence.

She should not have bothered. After being entranced by Rowan's powers, she became the primary target, and this beast no longer had any meaning to him.

After many millennia of intense study, she made powerful potions out of the essence she gained from this beast.

Her Alchemy Knowledge, previously unable to achieve such a feat as brewing a potion from an unknown essence, had grown with lightning speed. Revah found it challenging to find an equal Alchemist of her rank.

More than two hundred thousand years later, after exhausting all the potions made from Rowan's essence, Revah Endirius finally broke the barrier that held her at the seventh dimensional level. For the first time in three Minor Eras, her comprehensive powers began to grow.

She had grown not only in Alchemy but in all areas of her specialty and those outside her purview. Revah had mastered about twenty Forbidden-level spells before she gained this opportunity, and after all these years, the wealth of Forbidden spells she had under her belt had increased to hundreds! No Mage would ever boast of this number, and she believed that alone, she was equal to all the seventh-dimensional Magi in existence!

Her body and soul foundation was increasing, and her bloodline shackles had loosened, but to her dismay, the potions had been exhausted, and the incredible growth she was achieving had ceased. Revah could never go back to her previous self, not after enjoying all the fruits that came with the ability of enhanced comprehension.

Chapter 1546: Endirius — The Thief Of Flame

After two hundred thousand years of experimentation and striving, it was enough for Revah to determine that this treasure she had found was the opportunity granted by the highest heavens to push her to the peak of Reality, with it, she could become an Old One.

No longer hesitating, Revah Endirius crafted a dimensional ship that resembled the treasure she had found. This was to deceive others about its actual status.

With the real treasure, she began merging it with her Magus Tower. Revah determined that using this treasure in any other way was a waste, and only by integrating it with her Magus Tower would it become truly her own.

This merger went more smoothly than she had ever anticipated. Her Magus Tower had already reached its limits, and Revah was simply gambling on the fact that the advancement given to her by the potion might allow her Magus Tower a chance to merge with some of this unknown treasure.

The process took hundreds of thousands of years to complete, and her power never stopped increasing during that time. She was glad that she had decided to merge this treasure with her Magus Tower; now, it would never run out, and her enhanced comprehension talent would become permanent.

The wisdom born of great age made Revah hide this fact from everyone, including her great ancestor, the Supreme Magus Endirius, because she knew her status would directly challenge his reign.

Her Ancestor did not look favorably on challenges to his power. Other magi may not be aware of the depths of cruelty possessed by Endirius, but she was in his line, and the stories they told about him were nowhere near the level of cruelty he possessed.

Revah returned to the Magus World less frequently as time passed and her powers increased. The flames of ambition in her heart had become lit, and she would return the day she reached the level of Supreme Magus. This fact almost seemed inevitable with the rate of her growth.

That day came much quicker than she expected.

After Revan fully merged with the mysterious stone statue, a few thousand years went by, and she smoothly became an Old One. Her Tribulations, done far away from the Supreme World of Magus, shook Reality as an Old One was born, yet the knowledge she had acquired over the years allowed her to create a separate dimension that covered the eruption of her ascension; otherwise, the entirety of Reality would have known about the birth of an Old One.

Even with the expectation of her inevitable ascension, Revah felt immense shock in her heart. For a while, she stayed in isolation, mastering herself and her new powers over Destiny. When the preparation she had made was complete, Revah headed back to the Supreme Magus World, ambitions burning in her heart, but even as an Old One, she was unaware of the golden eyes in the depths of her soul.

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Inside a throne room made from gray frozen flames and otherworldly metals, a group of immortal mages sat around a burning white flame and watched the events happening on the surface of the realm.

Their presence burned the area around them with the sheer power each contained, as each resembled a burning universe in the shape of men.

There were seven figures here, all from the bloodline of Endirius, which made them gods among Mages; all were seventh-dimensional Mages and were ancient beyond belief.

Few had seen them because they dwelled inside the Supreme Tower, hardly leaving except for important tasks, but it was rare for all of them to gather for anything that was not extremely important, but the event of this day seemed to be worth their presence.

“He is a fool,” a cold voice seemingly emerging from the depths of the Abyss emerged from one of the Mages, and because their shapes resembled a bunch of burning stars, it was impossible to know which of them had spoken.

“But an extremely powerful fool, his talents are troubling,” another voice spoke, and this one was feminine. For those who were deeply aware of these Meges, they would recognize that this was the voice of Revah Endirius. Somehow, she had found her way to become one of the members of this esteemed council.

“I do not care for his talent as much as his character,” the cold voice spoke once more, “He does not have the mind of a Mage, and despite how great his talent is, they are worthless before the weight of Reality. Such a shame that this seed would perish before accomplishing great deeds for our civilization.”

A strange voice replied to this mage, and it must have been so unexpected that these seven powerful mages froze in place. “I doubt that to be the case...” the voice said, “This child has more promise than you would think. Why else did I give him a Supreme Title?”

As one, all seven mages rose and turned towards the end of this space, and they bowed towards the figure that had appeared out of thin air.

Resembling a man in his forties with salt and pepper hair, his stature was unassuming, not showing any hint of power, and appearing like a mortal man.

He wore gray robes that appeared to be torn in certain places, and his fingers that tapped the side of his thigh were black, as if he had frostbite.

If he walked on the surface of the realm, most would think of him as a mortal man, maybe one who was a bit out of touch with reality.

Rowan had never looked at someone’s shape to determine who they were because the truth was always in their eyes, and it was in the eyes of Endirius, the Thief of Flame, that he saw the truth of this man.

Behind him was a small figure in the shape of a child whose appearance was the same as the Lost Flames. To all the Mages, this was The Oracle, the central figure inside the Aethernet and the voice of Endirius.

With a wave of his small hand, the Oracle created a throne out of flames, and Endirius sat on it with a smile on his face as he gestured to the rest.

“Sit and watch, I am sure something spectacular is about to happen,” bringing up his black fingers to show the Mages, he grinned, “I woke up today to see that my fingers are tingling, and the last time it happened, I was before a Primordial.”

The seven mages here went mute with shock at the realization that something unexpected was about to take place.

Chapter 1547: Shocking Discovery

Endirius was a mystery, even to those closest to him. He was proclaimed to be the first mage, the ruler of fire, but standing before him, there could not be found any demeanor of a great Magus, except for the fact that he resembled a mortal scholar, one who was slowly becoming old.

His voice was soft yet majestic. However, a magnificent voice and personality were easy to acquire after living for a long time and not going mad. No matter how dumb a person was, extreme age naturally leads to refinement in character.

Rowan's essence, which had come to dwell inside Revah's soul, observed the Supreme Magus. Of course, he did not do this directly; a being of Endirius's power would instantly know when he was being observed. Instead, what Rowan did was read Revah Endirius's memory and soul.

This was a technique that he had come to perfect after monitoring the entire lives of billions of his children over the span of a million years.

As powerful as this technique was, it had clear flaws. Every piece of information he received was second-hand, and so it was unconsciously influenced by the individual's bias. For Rowan, whose perceptive ability was extremely potent, viewing Revah's memory and soul was similar to staring through a blindfold.

When Rowan looked at Endirius through Revah's Memory, including her present and her past memories of him, the image he saw was similar to what Endirius was showing to all who looked at him: a normal forty-year-old man with his head in the clouds.

When he looked at Endirius through Revah's soul, it showed him something different.

The soul reveals the true nature of a person. Although Revah did not understand the nature of Endirius's soul, a part of her could see the truth of him. Unfortunately, nearly all immortals in existence did not understand the nature of their souls, and they could not see the true nature of things that it showed them, but Rowan could see it. The soul, and Endirius was... a monster.

Rowan did not use that word lightly when he referred to a being; he was too old and had seen too much, and his experience had transformed, so the things he considered monstrous when he was a youth were now cute to him.

Endirius, even in the limited perceptive abilities of Revah's soul, was not a man; the closest Rowan saw him as was a revenant.

His physical form did not change much in the soul's sight of Revah; he still appeared to be the same man, except for the fact that he was not sitting on a throne made from white flames, but corpses.

His hair was bone white, and his skin sallow like spoiled milk. His eyes, which burned with a black flame, were set deep into his sockets, and he resembled an emaciated skeleton barely hanging on to life.

Nevertheless, Rowan had seen things that were much more grotesque than this, and this was not what made him refer to Endirius as a monster; that term emanated because of his eyes.

Inside the deep sockets of Endirius's face were tens of thousands of burning black pupils, clustered so tightly together that at first his eyes resembled those of a monstrous fly.

These eyes looked upon all of Reality with a greed that would drive a lesser immortal insane. Every Mage sitting here had an eye trained on them, who looked upon them not as children or members of his assembly but as prey.

There was no love, pity, or consideration in those eyes, only a cold and calculating look that saw everything as food, and Rowan knew something else that had these eyes previously, and they were his Primordial Ouroboros Serpents.

His Will of Truth was triggered at this moment, and connections were made. With the addition of his enhanced state of being, a Truth came to Rowan—Endirius was a Primordial Beast!

This was unexpected, and of the many paths that Rowan had laid down in response to whatever happened inside this Realm when he began his operation, Endirius, being a Primordial Beast, was not one of them.

There were many reasons why this came as a shock to him when he had long concluded that every Primordial Beast had been killed and their remnants sealed away, they were far too dangerous to be let loose, but it would seem that the mysteries of the past were not so simple and the destruction of the Primordial Beasts had a deeper story behind it.

Plans began to change. Rowan had made a mistake, and now it was no longer a simple thing that was under his control. Andar and all the preparations he had made were not enough because a Primordial Beast was, at the least, a ninth-dimensional being!

Forget that Rowan was able to easily devour Divus with his serpents as a fourth-dimensional being, that the Primordial Beast had been sealed, and Rowan devoured only her Memory. Her soul and body had long been consumed; he only consumed a remnant.

Endirius was not a remnant of a Primordial Beast; perhaps he had been diminished in some ways, but Rowan still did not believe he could face it, at least not with the preparations he had made.

Yet the bullet had already left the gun, and despite some things that he could change, he could no longer easily stop the momentum he had let loose; his only option was to follow through to the best of his abilities.

Rowan did not think this battle would be as dangerous as he had just discovered, but he had no choice but to pursue it.

His plans with Revah had to be changed. There was no way that Endirius would not notice that she was an Old One. Even the manipulations he had done in the psyches of so many mages must be in their sights.

Rowan was a patient hunter, but it seemed he had just fallen into the trap of someone more patient than he was.

Endirius had allowed him to make his plans, sat back, and watched as Rowan placed his pieces. If not for the connection made by the Will of Truth at this pivotal moment, Rowan would never have known that he was facing a Primordial Entity, one that had far more freedom than the Primordials.

The Primordial Beast was waiting for him. Endirius knew someone had stolen part of his flame, and if they wanted the full benefit of this fire, they would have to come for it. He did not need to search for Rowan; he simply needed to open his gate wide enough while showing his prey to enter.

His trap was perfect; no one in existence would believe that the small world of Mages would hide a power at the level of a Primordial. How many enemies in the past had fallen into the trap of Endirius? How could the Primordials allow the existence of a Primordial Beast? They even allowed him to have access to the first flame!

Rowan did not know how much of his plans had entered the sight of Endirius, but he was betting that a lot of it had already been exposed to this Primordial Beast, and he was waiting for Rowan to fully reveal his plans before he made his move.

“Interesting, the mantis stalks the cicada, unaware of the fucking beast behind him with its mouth wide open.”

There was a small part of him that nearly drew back at this moment. He almost pulled Andar and many of the preparations he had made from the realm, but he realized he could not afford not to fight this battle.

He came for the flames because they were an important component against his plans for the Celestial Realm, and if he fled with his tail between his legs, the opportunity to collect this flame would be lost.

As shocking as this discovery was, he still had an element of surprise, even though it might not seem like it any longer.

Endirius was banking on the fact that the true state of his powers was unknown; he was arrogant, allowing Rowan to make his preparations in peace because he was safe in the comfort of his power. How could he not?

To the Primordial Beast, Rowan was simply a foolish child playing god, and he did not care what preparation he had made when before the might of a Primordial Beast, all forms of plans were nothing.

His only chance, no matter how slim, was to play along with the charade. Endirius believed in his might and would allow Rowan to use all his powers, expecting that the result would remain the same.

Endirius had a great secret, but did it mean that Rowan also did not?

He had not expected to be fighting a Primordial Beast today, and he had no choice but to follow through.

Victory or defeat, Rowan decided to place all he had on the line.

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Andar followed his instincts when he called for the barrier in the sky to be opened. There were no instructions, but his heart felt calm and followed its direction. Something seemed to be guiding his hands, and although a part of him knew that it was most likely Rowan's, he accepted that guidance.

Andar had lived long enough to understand his limits, and he knew there were things he could not understand in his current state; trying to do something like that would be foolish.

He had seen greatness, and he knew not many had the opportunity to witness it in their lives. If, in a small way, he could be a part of Rowan's story, then he accepted it.

Chapter 1548 1548: Create A Voice For The Heavens

The barrier that held back the storm had caused an accumulation of water in the sky, making it seem as if an ocean filled with lightning and green winds floated in the heavens, and the moment the barrier was broken, this ocean thundered to the earth with a momentum that echoed far across Reality.

As it fell, it brought with it a great wind that would have blown away cities, but a gesture from Andar broke the wind; he drained away its strength, and as the skies darkened, he spoke aloud to the people who came here to bear witness to his ascension, using the strength of the wind to become his voice.

His magnetic voice drew the attention of all, and it was as if no one was aware that an endless ocean of water and a fierce storm were descending upon them. Andar's silver hair was highlighted by the lightning above, making him appear more like a being of energy than flesh.

A silence swept across the realm; even the descending storm above no longer roared. It was as if something unexpected had changed, and no one here had any idea of what that change was, but in the depths of their souls, they could all feel it. A creeping dread, a potent force of change, and they could hardly breathe because it seemed as if that action was forbidden in the weight of what was to come.

Andar's voice drew them in, and as they listened, something in their heart began to transform,

"My fellow Children of Fire and everyone who can hear the sound of my voice, hear me now!"

Andar went silent, waiting for his words to sink into the minds of all who listened. Every Mage who heard his voice went quiet, including the countless other races and immortals in other dimensions who were opportuned to have access to the Aethernet.

As one of the most famous products to ever leave the Supreme World of Mages, the Aethernet had been adopted by countless races as a means of communication and trade, and its reach had silently infiltrated more realms in existence than most would believe.

It was this reach that made what was about to take place visible to virtually everyone in Reality. From the highest heavens of the Celestial Domain to the depths of the Abyss, there was a corner where someone or something was connected to the Aethernet and hearing the voice of Andar.

At this moment, as this mysterious storm was ravaging Reality, Andar, by this stroke of fortune, had become the center stage to shed light on this chaos, and for some unknown reason, those who saw his figure and heard his voice were looking at him for answers.

"The world around us is changing, and the old age is dead."

His words drew a sharp gasp from the crowd, but Andar continued speaking without waiting for the reaction from the crowd.

“You have heard my story, and it is the same with yours. In my trials to gain a Supreme Meditation Art, I was robbed of the opportunity by the house of Endirius, and my Meditation Art was given to others who did not deserve the prize. If not for the intervention of my mentors, I would not be able to gain another Meditation Art that had been cast aside as useless due to its bizarre nature.”

If Andar’s words were a flame, then the hearts of the mages who supported the house of Endirius, especially the higher-dimensional mages, were fuel.

There were some things that, when known, could not be spoken of. The House of Endirius could not be besmirched, especially by a Magus whose voice could be heard all over the Aethernet; the consequences of such a thing would be vast.

Disbelief and rage filled their hearts, and they would have all erupted and silenced him, but there seemed to be a force holding them back.

The higher dimensional mages among them recognized that force and knew it to come from the Supreme Magus himself, so they remained silent.

However, inasmuch as rage filled these mages’ hearts, others also felt the opposite, and this sentiment was not only echoed in the hearts of mages but by all lifeforms in Reality whose lives’ worth depended on what could be extracted from them.

The inequality that besets every corner of a Magus’ life was a tale as old as time.

Reality never favoured the weak, and the strong were the law. In a fair macrocosm, the heavens should have a mechanism to protect the weak from the crushing strength of the strong, but that did not seem to be the case.

A balance had long been broken, and nothing seemed to be able to halt this relentless tide.

After countless years, the strong were able to leverage their position to gain as much advantage as they could possibly get away with, and for every royal Magus house to rise, countless minor houses had been drained of their essence to bolster it, and the same thing could be found all over Reality.

Andar’s story was the same as all of them; the only difference was that they did not have the talent to rise again, even when the opportunities to do so were taken away.

“I am now a Rank 6 higher-dimensional mage, while the mage who was given my opportunity is merely a Rank 7 Archmage. How pitiful. But, I do not say this to edify my talent above others, I am only pointing out that the Magus who took my legacy would not even be a Rank 1 Archmage at this time without it. This is the central core that binds all of

Reality, taking from others to elevate your authority. All existence is ruled by the laws of the jungle.”

Andar gestured around him in a sweeping motion, “This world and all its empires were built on the backs of the suffering, of the plundered... My story is all of your stories, because this is the fundamental truth of Reality. The strong take from the weak, and the heavens are not fair.”

The silence that followed was profound, because as inflammatory as the words spoken by Andar were to all who heard him, everything he said was acknowledged as the truth, although one that most would only dwell upon in the silence of their heart.

All of them here had experienced it and were also a part of it, because as those above them took, they did the same to those below them.

What brought about this silence was the pervasive notion in their heart that this great genius was leading to something else with his words, that, as shocking as the words he said, what he was about to reveal next would be monumentally more surprising, and Andar, with his following words did not disappoint them,

“What if that were to change? What if the strong no longer had to take from the weak, but advancement was left to the will of the individual? What if by the strength of our hands we can reshape Reality?”

He smiled, and existence became silent. His beauty and light became almost unattainable. “If the heavens are silent, we would create a voice for them.”

Chapter 1549 1549: The Lightning Bolt

Andar looked up to the skies, not giving any thought to the countless emotions swirling in the hearts of everyone.

He knew there were those who mocked him, others who pitied him, thinking him to be mad, and a surprising number who believed in his words, but it did not matter. Before the might of his father, everything would follow his rule. Rowan had shown him the direction he wanted to take all of existence, and Andar believed in that vision, with all of his heart.

“Boom!”

A silver lightning bolt suddenly bursts out of Andar’s hands and begins revolving around his body.

It would seem as if every breath he took caused more silver lightning to pour out of his hands like a flood.

Instead of being released into the surroundings, they merged into a circular ring around him that was growing increasingly brighter and larger.

In the next breath, the lightning emerging from Andar's hands stopped, leaving only a revolving ring of silver lightning around him so condensed it appeared to be almost made from metal.

Andar slowly touched the revolving ring with his finger, and the spot he touched developed a crack. The ring snapped open into a single bar of lightning, accompanied by a terrifying bang that shook the earth for millions of miles, and Andar grabbed that bolt of lightning.

It was a seemingly simple act, but Andar had invested every shred of power in his body to create this lightning bolt, and his eyes shone with excitement at his accomplishment.

He took a moment to breathe so he could regain his strength, and in-between the time he gathered himself, Reality went insane.

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In this brief moment of transformation from a ring of lightning into a single potent bolt, a momentary hint of the power contained in that bolt of lightning spread throughout the Supreme Realm of Mages, and the higher-dimensional mages behind him went pale in shock.

The hint of Andar's incredible foundation was revealed by this single bolt of lightning.

Andar entered the sixth-dimensional realm with the foundations of a thousand fifth-dimensional spaces in his Magus Tower.

A dimension, especially at the fifth, begins to contain the various laws of reality mastered by an Immortal.

The greatest reason an Immortal would pursue the power to become a World Bearer was simple: it granted an enhanced view of the laws that bind reality.

Unknown to all Immortals who became World Bearers and manifested their dimension upon reality, the power that manifested their dimension and gave it stability was similar to the Primordial Essence that once filled Reality.

This Essence contained all the laws of reality, and when it was channeled into a dimension, it completes the foundation of that dimension, and so if an Immortal who was only versed in the laws of fire creates a dimension without the power of a World Bearer, his dimension would be incomplete.

It would possess only the intense powers of flames and other minor laws learned by the Immortals, and it would hardly be suitable for life. Becoming a World Bearer, complete these laws and make the dimension stable.

However, these laws were hidden in the realm's fabrics, and it would take an extremely long time for the Immortals to slowly decipher the laws contained in their dimension. Mastery of these laws would lead to rapid growth in the immortals' dimensional realms.

This growth also came with certain drawbacks, because these laws were not originally conceived by the immortal; they could not perfectly control them even when they were comprehended.

Andar did not have the power of a World Bearer; his dimension was his own, and his foundation, which was built upon by his profound bloodline, made every bit of his power extremely pure.

The higher-dimensional immortals were not shocked by this. They knew Andar's powers were pure and not derived from comprehending external sources. What drew their attention was the volume of power present in those lightning bolts and the shocking mastery that Andar had over them.

It did not seem like a power that a single man should be capable of wielding, because its amount was extremely frightening. Some of them began to calculate how much Aether could be contained in this lightning bolt, and they nearly keeled over in amazement.

There were four thousand higher-dimensional mages behind Andar in the fourth dimension, three hundred in the fifth, forty in the sixth, and three at the seventh-dimensional level.

At each dimensional level, all the mages calculated among themselves, and the fourth-dimensional mages discovered that even if all four thousand of them were combined, they could not put together enough Aether to power this single bolt of lightning.

This sentiment was also echoed by the fifth, sixth, and seventh-dimensional mages. Unless they combined all the Aether in their bodies, they could not power this single lightning bolt, and this was just a small aspect of the mysteries contained inside this bolt.

Other parts of it would require additional resources from them, like a powerful computational ability to derive the precise movements of the countless rules needed to seamlessly work together to produce this bolt of lightning. So many more elements were required to make this bolt.

The look in their faces became more solemn, and if there was any hint of mockery in their hearts, that feeling had vanished. In a single move, Andar had proved that he had the capability to speak on issues that they could not dream about because his strength made him worthy.

If the masses watching Andar and the countless watching from the Aethernet did not understand the might of this single lightning bolt he held, it did not take long for the truth to be spread, and the uproar shook Reality.

At first, most of the immortals watching the events in the Supreme World of Mages were minor immortals, but this lightning bolt had drawn the attention of all of Existence.

Andar brought his right hand that was holding the bolt of silver lightning and pointed it at the storm that was barely a thousand feet above all of their heads, and he said,

“I told you the old age is dead, and I shall show you the dawn of a new one.”

With those words, he let go of the bolt of lightning, which blasted away from his hand with a roar and then struck the descending storm.

Chapter 1550 1550: The River of Time

Moving many times faster than light, the lightning bolt easily penetrated the entire storm without any loss in momentum or essence. It escaped outside the Magus Supreme world, traveling deep into Reality.

After the lightning passed through the ocean of rain and storm, the descending calamity seemed to momentarily pause in midair before it exploded into steam that covered the entire Magus realm, making the gigantic planet that resembled a sun turn a shade of gray.

A new storm began to brew inside the heavy mist, but it was no longer the realm-destroying storm of before; instead, it was gentle, almost nourishing.

The heavy mist covered the entire realm, and even without breathing it in, the fog could be easily absorbed through the skin. It was unknown who was the first to feel its effects, but intense cries of surprise began to erupt from the entire realm. Before long, massive booming sounds like an earthquake began to arise from every corner of the realm as billions of mages began to simultaneously break through.

The shape of the lightning bolt after dispersing the storm inside the world of mages did not change; it simply rose like a star and vanished into the darkness.

There was a moment of silence, during which Reality seemed to have held its breath, and then the lightning bolt that had traveled for millions of light years exploded.

“Boom!!!”

A silver sun appeared at the spot of the explosion and began to expand, its bright light seen by many dimensions close to the Supreme World of Mages. Then, with a resounding roar, the silver sun exploded.

A circular shockwave, like the ripple of a gigantic heartbeat inside an ocean, was blasted out by this shockwave, and it began to spread all through reality with a speed that defied meaning.

This ripple crossed countless dimensions, and whenever it reached a location with a storm, it shattered it into mist. It continued spreading, drawing power from the storms that were broken and expanding even faster with every new dimension that it touched.

It was easily discernible that this ripple would be able to reach every corner of existence as long as it continued drawing power from the storm.

In those dimensions where the ripples of that explosion reached the inhabitants, they began to rapidly break through into higher levels, and Reality began to vibrate with so many emerging dominions that it began to shake.

This was not a minor tremor that could be sensed on a single dimension; no, this was all the dimensions, all of reality, from the lower realms to the higher realms. Everything was shaking.

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Before activating the plans he had with Andar, Rowan had decided to allow Reality to slowly come to terms with what the storm had brought. The first step of this process was to take a decade in the least before the new state of Reality becomes the norm.

With such a time frame, it would be easy for him to adjust the plans to fit the situation that came up as he waited for the responses from the Primordial Domains; however, he no longer had such a privilege.

Endirius, a Primordial Beast, had set his gaze upon Rowan. If his plans were to have any hope of success, Rowan would have to rapidly change them while the Primordial Beast still waited for his trap to slam shut.

The lightning bolt released by Andar was only supposed to shatter the storm in this realm alone and show the mages the power that it now contained, but Rowan was turning this plan on its head, and he took control of the lightning bolt after it left the atmosphere of the world of mages.

There were a lot of eyes on this realm, and they had seen the effects of the Primordial Aether that had just flooded this realm, and with the ripple from the detonation of the lightning bolt rapidly reaching every dimension in Reality, it would not be long before Primordial Essence would spread in every dimension.

A situation like Ghribba, the Silver Queen, who decimated her entire realm to hide the truth behind the storm, would never happen, as Rowan was choosing to reveal it all to the masses.

With such a drastic and unexpected action, he knew that Endirius would no longer be patient enough to hide his fangs, and this was what Rowan wanted.

“Andar, prepare yourself for what is to come. Know that I am with you.”

Rowan no longer released five percent of the Primordial Aether he was receiving; he directly boosted it to twenty percent!

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Andar did not know what to expect when he released his Heart's Lightning towards the storm; he only followed the unvoiced will in his heart, which he knew came from his father.

The moment he released the lightning, he could feel a vast invisible Will take control of it, and when the storm shattered and mist filled with Primordial Aether flooded his body, Andar's powerful mind had finally caught up to the change that was about to come over Reality.

With Rowan's bloodline in his veins, he had been able to easily reach the sixth-dimensional level in a million years, and this delay was only because he was refining his foundations.

If this was not important to him, Andar understood that he may have already become an Old One with the incredible foundations of his bloodline. However, when he took in a single breath of this new air that had filled the Magus World, a sense of profound wisdom and the power to actualize that wisdom filled his body.

There was no rejection; it was as if the heavens had opened up their secrets for him to collect, and even if he refused, they were pushing that power into his body.

If it were a lesser immortal, then this power would be a strange thing to them, but Andar was among the few who had tasted the power of Primordial Aether as a mortal after the universe baptized him on his achievement of creating a Named Treasure.

The baptism of dozens of droplets of Primordial Aether had reshaped his body and boosted his talent, granted this change was only possible because Andar's bloodline had great potential, and this Aether had only accelerated his growth.

That change alone had been one of the foundations of his rise, but what he received at that time for his outstanding achievement was equal to taking a breath in this new air.

Every breath was a baptism that sent countless shockwaves through his body, and his mouth opened in astonishment. Where was all this power coming from? How was his father doing this?

A painful thought entered his mind, and he shook it off, knowing that it was not possible. He had been thinking that this was only possible because Rowan was sacrificing the Aether inside his body and giving it to Reality.

With his father's foundations, such a thing was indeed possible. It was only inside his dimension that Andar realized what it meant to hold infinite power, but he knew that Rowan had a greater purpose ahead, and he would not sacrifice his strength for no reason.

There must be something more to this change, and he would find out what it is. He could not allow his father to suffer losses on this journey because Andar believed that Reality did not stand any chance against its ultimate hidden enemies without Rowan.

Andar knew that Reality was about to change; he had all but announced the end of this Era and the beginning of a new one, but he had no idea that the change coming would be so... monumental.

His talent had always been perverse in comparison to the rest of Reality, and if his senses could be triggered this deeply by the Primordial Aether in the air, how much more would this change be like for every Magus in the realm who had not come across this sort of power before?

He could feel billions of breakthroughs happening at the same time, and Andar was almost frozen in place at the sheer majesty that this sight provoked.

Acolytes were becoming Mages, Mages were becoming Archmages, and those Archmages at the peak of their rank who had been endlessly waiting for the chance to step into the higher-dimensional realm saw the path opened before them.

Time descended. Space was shattered, and the heavens wept in pain and exultation as the pain of expanding its dominion stretched it to the limits, and Reality began to vibrate.

Rowan had seen Will Chains stretch across eternity when he was inside Doom Star, but Andar and most arguably nearly all immortals in existence had not seen this sight, but when sixty peak-level Archmages began to simultaneously break into the fourth-dimensional level, something that had never happened in this Era, the heavens tore open and the River of Time was revealed.

Trillions of chains bound it, and some broke away from the river, carrying a pool of time with them as they descended towards the Archmages below.

Such a sight broke the minds of many lesser mages. It was tough for an immortal to make this transition to the higher-dimensional realm, but Primordial Aether not only brought power, it also brought wisdom.

If this change had happened on this realm alone, this would have been something that would shake all of creation, but from Andar's connection with the Aethernet, he knew that the ripples of Heart Lightning's explosion was traveling throughout Reality and this change he was experiencing would be happening in all of the realms!