

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1551 1551: The Flame Guards

Surrounded by mist and standing before a crowd where a billion Mages were breaking through with every breath that passed, Andar appeared to have become the figurehead of this new age.

As the change rippled across creation, his figure, carried by the Aethernet, was seen by countless dimensions. If his previous speech was to be believed, this change was something that Reality had never seen, and the consequences that it would bring were so earth-shaking that no one could predict what was to come in the future.

“We would create a new heaven.”

For a while, there was nothing but the sound of space shattering as countless breakthroughs took place and the weight of the River of Time as it was dragged into Reality by the endless calls from the consciousness of numerous immortals stepping into the higher dimensions.

These metamorphoses slightly obscured Andar’s figure. Then, several bright lights descended from the heavens and slammed into the ground, surrounding Andar. The force of this descent pushed everyone away from Andar, including the higher-dimensional immortals behind him, and a space of a thousand miles was cleared around him, leaving Andar alone, surrounded by ten pulsing figures of burning light.

These lights rippled before vanishing, revealing ten higher-dimensional Magus in burning red armor—the Flame Guards, the right arm of the Supreme Magus.

Their armor was made from the heart of the Supreme Magus World, which meant it was directly connected to the Supreme Tower of Endirius, making every Flame Guard an invincible deterrent inside this realm. This armor made the Magus, who wore it, possess a portion of the might of Endirius and this entire realm. Inside this realm, their words were law, and the power they controlled could be regarded as infinite.

One of the Flame Guards stepped forward, and the helm over their heads melted away to reveal their features. It turned out to be a woman, one whom Andar recognized. His silver eyes lit up as the memories from a million years ago briefly flashed through his mind.

When he was a Rank 3 Mage, he had fought against this woman for the right to lead the fate of the universe as it approached its end. Andar had not known what he was fighting for, as he was thrust into battle without warning, but the repercussions of the universe-ending war that followed were still felt to this day.

At that time he had not known her name, or where she came from, only that she was the one who ultimately collected the Supreme Meditation Art that should have been his own, Frost Mourn, whom Rowan had told him its real name which was Lament of Celestials, and there was also her weird Spirit Body talent that made her body almost indestructible. Paired with a Supreme Meditation Art, she was a force of destruction, and Andar had to dig deep into himself to gain victory.

In the terrifying battle that followed, at first, the only thing he knew about her was that she had taken the form of Mira to ambush him, but Andar had been able to see through her guise and he had countered her infiltration with the wisdom he had gained through practice under the guidance of the Archmages of the Black Tower.

Then, what followed was a terrifying clash that exceeded the scope of their Magus Realm, as they unleashed powers equal to those of Archmages in that fight.

Andar had won by using another of his hidden talents, but he did not kill her because the result of such an act was not something he could bear.

Over the years, she had steadily climbed the ladder of a Mage. She was now a Rank 7 Archmage, and in another age, becoming a Rank 7 Archmage in a million years was indeed commendable. Her frightening talent meant she had nearly no equal in the Archmage Realm, and there were rumors that she had killed a fourth-dimensional being inside the Great Darkness. Andar believed that rumor.

Still, Andar's talent left many geniuses in the dust, and what would have been a shining light was barely a footnote beside his name. When he was an Archmage, she had barely reached the limits of a Mage, and now he was a sixth-dimensional being, and she was still an Archmage.

Without the protection and power granted to her as a member of the Flame Guard, her existence would be too weak even to stand beside him.

Red eyes glowing with barely concealed emotions that were too varied to be described, including jealousy, fear, lust, anger, and countless other emotions, she stated the intentions of the Flame Guards. The glee in her voice was apparent.

"Andar Erikson, Endless Mage, Deceiver and Heretic, you are hereby summoned by the Supreme Tower of Endirius to answer for your false claims against the Supreme Magus, and to give out the details of your collaborators who are involved in this... this..."

Seemingly searching for words to describe what was happening, Andar interrupted her, "You don't have the words for it, do you?" He grinned as he gestured to the fog around the bodies of the Flame Guards, which was being held back by the power of their armor.

“Do not let that armor be the barrier that keeps you in the old age that is perishing before your eyes. What is here before you is the potential to be all that was denied you, even before your conception.”

The girl frowned and looked around her. The commotion from so many breakthroughs was stirring all of Reality, but inside her armor, she could not sense all of it, and the last thing she wanted was to be feeling this sort of thing.

There was a particular order to things that she believed in, and whatever change was being unleashed upon Reality did nothing but remind her of this obnoxious mage whose presence broke all sorts of common sense.

A firm hand was needed on the steering wheel of Reality, and this chaos that had been unleashed had to be controlled.

One of his kind was bad enough, Andar’s presence in her consciousness alone was enough to hate on for a thousand Eras, but if all of Reality would become like him, she wondered if that was a world she wanted to live in, where there was no distinction between the king and the slaves.

Chapter 1552 1552: Shadow and Flame

It was clearly unnatural and was an aberration that should be cleansed with flame and the screams of the countless billions currently jubilating on the surface of the realm like demented maggots. Soon, they would all know their place, and if what she suspected was going to be happening to Andar soon enough was not a deterrent, then she would be willing to slaughter them all.

Her frown turned to a fierce grin as she leered at Andar, “Would you come quietly with us, or...”

Her armor and those of the nine Flame Guards surrounding Andar lit up with a full hum as the constant connection that they had with the Supreme Tower of Endirius began to solidify into tangible runes that branded the space around them, turning the area for a thousand miles into a fiery hell, one where even a seventh dimensional mage would squirm in discomfort,

“... I break you into pieces and drag your screaming body and soul to the Supreme Mage. Any sort of resistance on your end, and the fate that your family suffers would be one that is terrible.”

Andar did not seem to feel the heat, his body effortlessly repelling the domain that had been cast around him. At first, he wanted to follow them. He knew that his real target was the Supreme Magus himself, and anything that would get him closer to Endirius was all

that mattered, but something drew his attention, and he stopped the movement he was about to make as he turned towards the woman leering at him.

Her beautiful face was surrounded by long flowing red hair, but beyond the surface beauty that she held, her negative emotions bled through her body like smoke, tainting the air around her.

Andar stroked his chin as he looked at her deeply, and then he said,

“I don’t think even after all these years that I know your name.”

Her eyes widened, and then her mouth opened and closed like a fish out of water. Her eyes flashed with confusion because of everything she expected to hear from Andar; this was not it. Then, a fierce blush colored her cheeks as rage filled her heart.

“Come with us in this moment, or I shall gladly brand my name on your soul.”

Andar calmly looked around him and calmly replied, “No.”

The Flame Guards, ancient mages who had long become used to trampling on every life on this Realm, did not hesitate to attack Andar despite the halo of power that surrounded him. A genius of the sixth-dimensional level was nothing before the might of the Supreme Mage.

A piercing scream shook the air as the domain surrounding Andar suddenly multiplied in strength. If at first the domain felt as if he had been placed inside an oven, the sudden change made it feel as if he had been transported into the core of a star.

Andar shuddered as a silver forcefield surrounded him, its strength and complexity would leave any sixth-dimensional immortal in the dust, but a shield of this power was nothing before the might of ten Flame Guards, whose combined strength after pulling directly from the heart of the realm was equal to ten Old Ones.

The silver shield around Andar began to compress, forcing him to his knees. He would have been crushed into a paste if not for supporting the collapsing shield with his two hands pressed against its side.

A squelching noise like the sound of a body being crushed under a heavy weight broke through the shield surrounding Andar as his body was crushed to the size of a child.

The red eyes of the woman who did not don her helmet looked upon Andar with perverted enjoyment, but the only thing that was stopping her from fully relishing this moment was the two silver eyes of Andar, that was still peering at her with no fluctuation in his gaze, it was as if the act being performed on his body did not even matter.

Before her disbelieving eyes, she saw Andar taking his crushed finger and pressing it against the shield, writing, "What is your name?"

She sneered, not bothering to reply, which gave her a burst of pleasure that was almost orgasmic. She pressed more of her intent against the Flame Armor, feeling its bite scouring her soul, but the pain was nothing before the might it gave her. The shield surrounding Andar became smaller; now it was barely bigger than a child of three, and the body of Andar was nearly unrecognizable. He was almost a ball of crushed flesh.

However, like two shining stars, his two silver eyes still peered at the woman, and a sense of disquiet was beginning to arise from her soul. She no longer hesitated and broke through the limiter set upon the armor for a Magus of her rank, pressing her rage against the silver shield that would not break.

Her eyes exploded from their sockets and her hair turned into a river of flame, countless cracks filled her body as gut-wrenching pain was inflicted upon her cell of her body, there was a terrible price to be paid for calling upon such a power with the level of an Archmage, but her Supreme Talent and Frost Mourn Meditation Art that she cultivated made her to barely be able to resist the power that she was channeling through the armor.

The pain she suffered was not in vain, because the silver shield was shrunk to the size of a watermelon and the silver eyes peering at her finally receded into the ball of red flesh that Andar had become, and she fiercely smiled,

"Bring that thing with us; he has much to answer for."

The nine Flame Guards began to walk towards the silver orb with their hands outstretched in front of them, maintaining the pressure they were exerting on Andar. Although suppressing him looked easy, all of them were in intense pain as they had to channel all the power they could to their utmost limit, or Andar would shatter their domain.

Turning towards the crowd still experiencing breakthrough, the woman grimaced with disgust, and a thought entered her mind to burn them all.

It did not take long for this thought to form for her to begin creating a ball of fire in her palm when she felt a chill in her spine as a cool voice spoke behind her ear,

"You still fell for the same trick twice."

Her head twisted to the side with shock at the sound of Andar's voice so close to her ears, but to her horror, the motion of her head did not stop as it flew away from her neck, rotating twice in the air before falling to her feet.

Her shadow under her feet and those of every Flame Guard suddenly grew wings filled with tentacles, and she realized that one of those tentacles had sliced through her neck.

A fierce pain like nothing she had ever felt filled her soul, and her eyes widened in shock and horror as a tentacle made from shadows circled her armor and dug into the stump of her neck.

Chapter 1553 1553: Intense Hatred

A sense of intense violation filled the soul of the Flame Guard, whose neck stump had become a window for this shadow tentacle to violate. With all the knowledge gathered about the Endless Vault Meditation Art used by Andar, there was no place where the shadow of his Light Devourer should be so powerful that it had been able to cut through the forcefield surrounding the armor easily and was now intent on possessing her armor.

Knowing this sort of impossible creature that Andar was, she wondered why it was so surprising that even the beast that should be nothing but a nuisance had possessed so much power to cut through her neck.

Becoming a Flame Guard was her dream, and she had broken all records to be the youngest Flame Guard ever chosen. This was to be her most significant moment, the chance to bring down one of the foremost geniuses in all of history, and here she was failing at this task.

Mindless rage filled her heart, and there was no longer any thought of bringing Andar in alive; his existence was an affront to her senses, and she did not care if what she was about to do would kill her. She unhesitatingly followed the thought in her heart.

The discomfort of donning the armor and becoming a Flame Guard had almost desensitized her to pain, and this was the reason that she could find the presence of mind to connect with the nine other Flame Armors and unleash the power inside all of them.

Firm barriers were put in place to stop something like this from happening, but she was a powerful mage, and Frost Mourne gave her the ability to chew through enchantments like these that blocked any sort of remote control of the armor. However, she hardly faced any restrictions when she triggered this shift, and she did not bother to think of the reason why this was possible.

Her mind cracked into broken shards.

The weight of this action was too much for an Archmage's soul to bear. No matter whether her Supreme Talent or her Meditation Art, Frost Mourne gave her all the energy she could ever need. Regardless, the effects of her actions were resounding.

Although the combined domains of the Flame Guards was concentrated around the silver sphere, its range was a thousand miles in circumference and despite the clash between Andar and the Flame Guard was short, the emanation of power from their location was palpable enough to draw the attention of the multitude of mages all around the realm and

beyond who could easily decipher that the Supreme Magus was intensely angered by his actions.

If not for the intense changes happening inside their bodies and the words that Andar had said before this transformation began, they would have all rushed down to defend him. Still, there were those among them who did not care about the cost of interference; only a fool would not understand what these changes could mean to Reality. If Andar was responsible for releasing such power to all, he needed to be protected at all costs.

They pushed ahead, and there were a surprising number of them who braved the symbol of the Supreme Magus, defying his will to come to the aid of the young mage.

They had pressed forward to help the mage who they believed had more potential for greatness than the Supreme Magus, but in the thousand-mile circumference around Andar, the Domain of the Flame Guards was an impossible for them to breakthrough and they could not proceed a single inch even when several higher dimensional mages poured their strength against the barrier.

With the mania increasing in the crowd for fear of Andar's fate, many who rushed forward were almost crushed against the invisible barrier keeping them from reaching him.

However, in the moment when the Flame Guard, in her madness, unleashed all the power contained in their armor, the barrier that had been invisible turned glaring red and became frighteningly scorching, transforming the hundreds of thousands closest to it into ash, including several higher-dimensional mages as well.

The barrier pulsed with a bright flash and began to shrink, all of that power centering on the ten Flaming Armors, with Andar at the center bearing the brunt of this power.

That brief, bright flash of light was like dropping a high-yield nuclear bomb on an ant hill. Due to their proximity, tens of millions were evaporated in a single moment.

“FWOOSHH!”

The shockwave that arose from that brief flash of power was incredibly powerful. It pushed everyone and everything away for countless miles, the force from it killing countless mages and shattering the heavens and the earth for millions of miles.

Rivers and mountains were crushed and tossed aside like scraps, and when everything settled, the surrounding ground for tens of millions of miles had been turned to glass. Yet, it was this powerful shockwave that reduced the number of deaths from the heat of the flash of light; otherwise, the death toll would be much greater.

As incredibly damaging as this flash of light had been, it was just the smallest portion of the barrier's power reflected outwards due to the limited will of the Flame Guard, who

conjured this power. If she had been stronger, the light would have lasted much longer, and it would not be a stretch of the imagination for a third of the realm to be scorched. Nevertheless, the true devastation occurred within the barrier, where her focus had been directed.

A bright pillar of red flame shot into space, erupting from the shrinking barrier. As the barrier reduced further, the pillar of flame kept rising, and the heat that was focused inwardly was so great that the ground, which had been repeatedly reinforced to contain the might of the star underneath, began to melt into nothingness, as its atoms vaporized under that incredible heat that defied meaning.

The Supreme World of Mages took the form of a massive, bright yellow star, but surrounding the star like a Dyson Sphere were the surface lands where most of the mages lived. This land had been repeatedly tempered until it was indestructible in every conventional sense.

The power of the Supreme Sun underneath this land had tempered it to the extent that the Magus Council protected every single grain of sand on this realm because the earth became a valuable resource, since it was particularly heat resistant, and every year, many Mages were caught smuggling out the profound earth of the Magus Realm.

Armor crafted from this earth was invulnerable to flame and heat, and it could be easily merged with other materials, making it a very versatile resource.

Nonetheless, it did not matter how profound the earth was in this realm when the power that nurtured it was turned towards destruction.

Chapter 1554 1554: The Second Piece of Flame

Inside that pillar of fire, the Magus responsible for it was on the verge of death; her bloodline powers could only hold this consumption for a brief moment before the last of it expired, and the pillar of flame vanished. Her soul was spent, and she had no higher-dimensional realm to call for support; still, the damage had been done.

A massive hole, millions of miles deep and a thousand miles in circumference, had been torn in the surface of the realm. At the bottom of it, glimpses of light from the sun below could be seen through the cracks. If the flaming pillar had not collapsed when it did, it would have melted a hole straight through to the sun.

Yet the ground was moments away from collapsing, and any heavy action made upon it would shatter it, but the figures of the Flame Guards kneeling or on their faces were not considering this matter.

Three of the ten Flame Guards that came for Andar were dead; they were fourth-dimensional Magus, but channeling all that power through their bodies had turned their bodies and souls to ash. The remaining six were stronger, all in the sixth-dimensional level, but they used all their recovery spells to regain fighting shape.

No one knew that the Flame Guard beside them had the power to control their armor, placing them in a situation where they had to battle for their lives. The biggest problem they faced in this capture was no longer their target but one of their number.

The silver sphere containing Andar's body was gone, vaporized into nothingness from that moment of incredible heat. Andar was dead; he was a sixth-dimensional immortal, but this flame had been enough to destroy him in his entirety. His entire foundation was burned to nothingness, and the Magus that had stood before the dawn of a new age was no more.

At least that was the thought in the minds of the six Flameguards who were rapidly healing from their injuries, even as they looked at the last standing headless armor with hate in their eyes. It was a mistake bringing her for this mission.

Her talents was what made her become the first Mage in history to don the Flame Armor at just the level of an Archmage, but she was clearly too young to be entrusted with this power, the sheer devastation she had wrought in a single moment was more than any of them could answer for, and the person that should have stood for her crimes was on the verge of death.

Her head, which had been cut off from her neck, was grinning; her soul had been shattered into pieces, but her talents made her flesh to be aware of itself, and the knowledge that she killed Andar, despite perishing herself, was enough to give her comfort.

The insides of her head were filled with dying thorns and insects as the plantlike nature of her constitution struggled to keep her alive, even if it was for one more second.

If she knew that killing him would feel so good, she should have used the power of the Flame Armor to kill him a hundred thousand years ago, when she first became a Flame Guard and had to watch her achievement be deemed as nothing before the glow surrounding Andar.

Darkness began to crowd her vision, and she welcomed death, but something made the last of her consciousness flicker because this darkness was not normal.

It had wings and eyes that shone silver, and the horror in her heart took shape as she watched this darkness slither into her armor, and Andar appeared within.

"No.... No.... No.... No!!!!!"

Clad in armor that should not have touched his skin, Andar raised his gauntleted hands and admired them. He glanced at the dying woman's head and nodded at her.

"Thank you for invoking a power like that; otherwise, I would never have succeeded. Your knowledge of this armor in the short time you have worn it is commendable. Let me take it from here."

The head of the woman shook in anger, and her mouth opened as wide as an alligator, tearing all the last bit of flesh on her face as she screamed her previous cry of defiance, and then the red glow of her eyes faded.

In her last moments, she had seen that Andar had mastered the Flame Armor and surpassed her in control in a few seconds. The only achievement she had to her name was nothing before him, and with access to her armor, what more could he unleash before it was over?

"Hate... hate... hate..." The countless insects inside her head were screaming as they perished, and when the last of them fell, her life was over.

Walking up to the head, Andar regarded the disfigured face for a moment before crushing it under his armored heels, a burst of flame emerged from his foot that vaporized the remnants. Her talents were frighteningly perverse, and he could not be sure of her death until there was nothing of her remaining.

Anyone would think Supreme Talents were almost impossible to kill, like Andar, whose ability to "Refresh" himself using his Data-State, where he turned into pure Data, nearly made him unkillable. However, surviving that blast had cost him six "Refreshes."

With only nine of these "Refresh" in his tank, if any blast like this happened, Andar was not sure he could survive it.

He glanced inside himself and saw that he had fifteen seconds at best before this armor locked into place and killed him. He was only driving it using the remnants of the cells from the nameless mage, and that would soon run out. He could not duplicate her unique constitution, only burn it up.

Turning towards the panicking members of the Flame Guards who had not yet regained their strength, he smiled and turned his palms towards them, where a million tiny sigils made from the armor's material began to take shape.

The six mages barely had the time to recognize what was happening when the armor surrounding Andar shattered into pieces, but each piece shot towards the Flame Guards with crushing speed, and it sliced them into pieces, killing them all.

The weight of the Flame Armor meant that as it tore through their bodies, it also shattered their souls and dimensions. Their armor offered pitiful resistance against the

same Supreme material, and they would not have expected Andar to destroy the suit he had paid dearly to claim.

But all of this was necessary if he was to claim his prize.

Inside Andar's chest blazed Frost Mourn, a gray flame cultivated by the unnamed mage, but he knew this was another piece of the first fire.

Whatever was happening, Rowan was no longer acting in a circumspect manner, and when the opportunity to claim another piece of the First Flame came up, he took it. Endirius had no time to fully process what was happening because the Primordial Beast could not predict Rowan's action of releasing so much Primordial Aether into Reality, and before he could begin changing his plans, Rowan had to gain as much advantage as possible.

Inside his chest, Andar felt the flame vanish, taken away by the unknown formation in his heart, and a road appeared in his mind that led to the depths of the realm.

It was time to face Endirius.

Chapter 1555 1555: Aetherius

Before Andar could take such a drastic step as going against the Supreme Mage, he needed to be fully prepared, if such a thing could even be prepared for, but over the years, as he grew stronger as a mage, he had been able to gather a lot of spells and unique abilities that pushed his powers to realms unknown.

His talents in all Immortal Arts had grown by leaps and bounds, including Alchemy, Weapon Refinement, Formation, Talisman Crafting, Spiritual Plant, and Puppet Creation. Unlike other mages who only focused on one of these crafts, Andar took all of them.

This would be considered madness, but he had seen someone who was far greater and thought the entire Immortal Arts of the Mages to be nothing but a tiny portion of the absolute truth behind eternity. Andar knew he could not be equal to the breadth of his father's knowledge, so he pursued the depths of the Immortal Arts, wanting to become the first person to completely master and supersede them.

Andar wished that he had more time to perfect these arts, but in the million years of his life, all these Immortal Arts had reached levels barely seen in Reality, and they all went into the creation of Andar's Magus Staff—his magnum opus.

Andar had never unveiled this staff before the eyes of anyone, even Rowan, because it was the core of who he was, and he did not reveal that sort of thing easily due to his perfectionist nature and because the might of what he created was more greater than he could control with his present level. Still, he needed his staff if he was ever to get any chance to stand before Endirius.

He had seen the power of Old Ones and knew that even a seventh-dimensional immortal could not look upon their true form without being corrupted by their presence. Andar believed that even among Old Ones, Endirius stood head and shoulders above all of them, making the confrontation with this Old One one of the most significant challenges he would ever tackle in his life.

Closing his eyes for a bit so he could pour every bit of concentration that he had into his mental space, he connected with Cloudy, his Magus Tower, now a sixth-dimensional entity and larger than any sixty-dimensional realm had any right to be.

Even if a Cloud Whale were able to reach the sixth-dimensional realm, they would be nothing but a speck of dust before the present Cloud Whale that could swallow a hundred dimensions in a single gulp.

His consciousness was entwined with his Magus Tower, and this act strengthened his already powerful mind to the level where the sixth-dimensional realm became a part of it.

Around Andar, the force of his consciousness shattered the earth, leaving him hovering above the burning star a few hundred miles below. The power of the Magus Sun, unfiltered by the earth, pressed against Andar's skin, but the might of his consciousness was now so vast it was able to repel it.

It was as if he multiplied the power of his consciousness a million times over. All of this was a necessary step because without a consciousness of this power, Andar would not even be able to lift his Magus Staff, and if he wanted to confront Endirius, a consciousness power of this level was needed to be able to even look at the Old One.

When Andar was chased by the eighth-dimensional vampire Drakul, he had been luring that entity to the core of his realm to trap him, and ultimately, he had not needed to make that move because he was able to reach Rowan before Drakul reached his core.

But, if the vampire had succeeded, what he would have seen in the center of Andar's Realm would have shocked even this Old One.

He would have seen a staff more than a thousand miles long, whose end plunged deep into the earth, and the top of it could not be easily seen. The materials for this staff were relatively simple, at least in comparison to what other higher-end Magus staff usually contained. However, the material for the staff could grow alongside Andar, and that was a property that he treasured more than its rarity.

It was made from Celestial Silver and Void-Touched Obsidian. These are two materials that Andar carefully selected because they deeply matched with his innate talents and Will, as they represented the duality of light and darkness, which fully embodied his nature as a Light Devourer.

What Andar did not know was that these two materials were different than what he thought they were. They both possessed the properties that he sought, but for his dreams, they would not have been enough. Rowan had subtly manipulated the essence of these materials, making them unique and ensuring they would merge with Andar without any loss in compatibility.

Rowan was sure that when Andar fully unleashed the power of this staff, he would learn the truth, and he hoped he would not blame him for being a meddling father.

The shaft of the staff was etched with glowing runes that shifted between radiant gold and deep violet, pulsing with the essence of light and shadows.

The most significant contributor to these shifting runes was the Lady of Shadows, Eva, who gave Andar the knowledge of the old runes whose history could be traced back to the Primordial Era.

Andar had not fully understood these runes, but for the ones he could comprehend, he had slowly etched them on the staff until they became part of it, growing alongside the ongoing creation process.

The voice that came from Andar emerged from his body and soul,

“Come to me.... Aetherius!”

The Magus Staff at the core of his Tower vibrated, and then, hearing the call of its master, began to rise, shattering the earth that surrounded it for hundreds of miles. As it did, a spark that appeared to be both dark and light began to arise at the apex of the staff.

A frightening Aura pulsed from the staff and spread throughout Cloudy, his living Magus Tower.

This caused the Cloud Whale to cry out, and his voice traveled outside Andar’s Memory dimension, reaching the heavens of the Supreme Magus World. The entire realm seemed to freeze in place before a presence that was both ancient and new.

Chapter 1556 1556: Plunging Into The Supreme Sun

Cloudy cried out once more before he began to shrink, his entire mass converging on the apex of Andar’s staff, and so as the staff rose, Cloudy was continuously compressed into the spark on top of the staff, and with a burst of power that sent a shockwave throughout the Supreme realm and into Reality, Aetherius appeared on Andar’s right hand where its shape took the form of a staff that was his height.

Now rotating on the head of the staff was a floating, ever-changing orb that resembled a miniature galaxy, alternating between blinding brilliance and all-consuming darkness.

This was a representation of Andar's Will, one that Rowan was extremely proud of, as it showed that Andar, more than any of his children, had inherited the principles of his existence.

As this staff entered Reality for the first time, there was a faint sound all across the Mage realm like the chanting of its name, "Aetherius... Aetherius..." This sound traveled into Reality as all of existence witnessed the birth of the Ruler of Aether. An accomplishment that even Rowan did not have.

Darkness began to pool around his feet, extending towards the sun below, appearing like massive umbral wings. Wings of light appeared behind him, reaching for the stars. The sheer presence of Aetherius had enough weight to shift the authority of the Magus Realm away from Andar, giving him a domain where everything was under his control.

It was unknown what the unveiling of Aetherius would change in Reality because it was already a Source-Level Treasure, yet it was still incomplete. Only this new age that was dawning could begin to hold the weight of a weapon like this.

Holding this staff, Andar could barely lift it, let alone use it to craft delicate spells. Aetherius was made for the end game. It was a weapon that Andar fashioned for the time he became an Old One, and it was not yet completed; there was still much to be done, so much so that he feared it would never be finished.

There were hundreds of millions of delicate spells and craftings that needed to be merged with the staff, and even then, it would not be entirely completed without the dominion of an Old One powering it, but in this situation, Andar did not require all of that delicate elements as are necessary for spells, he only needed power, and in this new age, power was his to take.

Andar raised the staff with both hands as he began to chant, using the runes etched on it as a conductor to his will. Reality shuddered as the presence of Aetherius was broadcast into its core, and following the meaning of its name, all of the Aether in Reality responded to its power.

His wings of light reached the depths of eternity, and the shadows beneath him thickened until they began to cover the light of the Supreme Sun under him. Such a commotion could no longer be blocked as all across the realm, mages who were still growing stronger began to flee the realm, heading into space.

They did not understand everything happening, but the clash between powers that rewrite Reality with their will was nowhere they wanted to be. If this were Andar alone, they would have stayed behind, but Endirius could not be challenged without repercussion, and his reach was mighty and terrible; running was the only option.

Members of the Limit Breakers were leading their retreat, plus numerous Magus organizations, who suddenly found themselves with so much power flowing through Reality that creating miracles was only hindered by the knowledge they held.

A part of Andar's consciousness was glad when he saw this mass movement of the mages of the realm because the last thing he wanted was for them to be caught in the crossfire. Years ago, he had made plans for such a thing when he knew that Rowan had designs on this realm.

Andar felt that his father was merciful, but sometimes, it was hard for him to conceptualize the existence of mortals. Still, he realized that his actions might be useless as the range of this battle may exceed countless dimensional zones. However, he would never forgive himself if he made no effort to protect the weak.

With that out of the way, he was able to focus on his fight ahead with no hesitation in his heart and aligned his intentions with his staff.

The Primordial Aether filling the air was so potent that Andar did not have to draw from the Aether inside his body. Aetherius trembled as it drew power from Reality.

A vast storm descended from above and was sucked into the swirling orb on top of the staff. It brightened before dimming as a wave of darkness was sent from the orb down the shaft. As it gathered near the end of the staff, Andar pointed the end of the Staff in the direction where he felt the presence of the Supreme Mage, and he let loose.

The darkness below him was suddenly filled by a frightening Will and so much Aether that it gained life as a massive Light Devourer took shape below Andar. Bigger than a star, with wings of pure darkness that could rend through Reality, the Light Devourer shrieked as it erupted towards the Supreme Sun, leaving a trail of nothing behind as its presence ate

through Reality.

Millions of tentacles arising from its wings slammed into the sun, creating a tunnel as the tentacles drained every bit of light they touched, a moment before the Light Devourer followed through the tunnel, heading towards the depths of the Supreme Realm.

A hundred Magus residences built inside the sun by higher-dimensional mages in its path were crushed to pieces, and the Light Devourer grew stronger and faster as it entered deeper into the sun.

Andar had not moved from his position as he unleashed that first attack. A pure beam of darkness blasted out of his staff, following the hole left by the Light Devourer. He conjured a chain of darkness with his left hand, attaching it to the beam of darkness. He was dragged down into the core of the Supreme Realm.

Chapter 1557 1557: Reaching The Core

There was a Ward against movements by any being made of flesh and soul engrained inside the Supreme Sun. So it would not matter how strong you were; without breaking this Ward, it was impossible for anyone to reach the core of the realm and find the Supreme Tower, and there was only a single road that could be used to get to the core.

The Supreme Sun's first line of defense was simple yet incredibly profound, and it has stopped many intruders from entering the realm over the ages.

This Ward was fueled by a series of Proto-Source level treasures crafted by the Supreme Magus, and it had stood the rest of time, but Andar had studied it for a while and devised a simple method to defeat it.

The Light Devourer that he had summoned ahead, gathered from the darkness of his Will, had gained life, but its state of life was quite different from any conventional life in most of Reality, and it did not need a soul to live, and so it could tear its way into the core of the realm and easily bypass the power of this Ward, but Andar was still a being of flesh and soul, and if he were going to enter the Supreme Sun, he would have to face the might of dozens of Proto-Source level treasures whose power source was connected to the Supreme Magus Tower in the core of this realm, meaning they would never run out of power.

With the power of Aetherius, Andar might be able to force his way through the barrier, but it would cost him and give Endirius enough time to deal with him at his leisure, so he used an underhand method for a better result.

He fired a bolt of darkness that pursued behind the shrinking tunnel made by the Light Devourer and hitched a ride on it.

The Ward prevented a living being from moving through the star via their effort; it could not stop anyone who was being dragged through it. It was a minor loophole, but this could not be blamed on the Supreme Mage's oversight. This Ward would not be as powerful if he did not allow it to follow a very specific pattern.

Of course, Andar could only take advantage of this loophole because he had the Light Devourer tearing a hole through the barrier, so if Endirius had expected that this Ward would have delayed Andar for a little bit, he was wrong.

The tunnel Andar was traveling through was rapidly closing around him, but judging by his present speed, which was many times faster than light, Andar knew he would long be at the core of the realm before this tunnel collapsed.

As Andar traveled through what resembled an endless tunnel of light and fire, he witnessed many miracles. Inside the fore, he could see glimpses of different worlds and

dominion, and at his present level, he knew that what he was seeing were the many various hidden dimensions of the Supreme Magus.

This tells Andar that the foundations of a Supreme Realm are incredibly profound. Most mages might not know that they were simply the most numerous of Endirius's dominion, and this realm contained many more powers than they could grasp.

Without Rowan's support, Andar knew he had no right to consider fighting Endirius, even with Aetherius in his hand. From some of these realms, he thought he sensed the presence of Old Ones, but he could not be sure.

He was getting closer to the core of this realm when a massive detonation of force erupted below him, and he felt the connection with the Light Devourer wink out.

A massive shockwave arose from below, carrying the cries of the dead Light Devourer. It slammed into the beam of darkness, ferrying Andar to the core and shattering the beam to pieces.

Flipping the Staff around, Andar thrust it against the rising shockwave, and Aetherius absorbed all that power. The staff hummed, and with a burst of will from Andar, it returned the power it had swallowed. But what emerged from the staff was a massive circular blade that tore its way down faster than Andar's consciousness could follow, and a roar of pain emerged from below.

Without the beam of darkness, Andar's body no longer had any propulsive force carrying him toward the core, but enough resultant force remained on his body to push him forward, and he saw a rippling barrier suddenly appearing before him—he was at the core of the star!

Twisting Aetherius, Andar covered himself with the strongest shield he could conjure; his body slammed into the barrier and vanished from sight.

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There was a dull pop around Andar as if he had just torn his way through a frozen womb. He felt a rush of nausea before the Reality around him shifted. He appeared in a land of ice, and in the distance, a castle made from ice and darkness, with black lightning emerging from the clouds to strike the castle occasionally.

There was something massive behind the shadow of this castle covered by fog, and Andar wanted to peer through it to see what it was. But a warning from his spirit made him pull away from his thoughts, and he did not stop there. He viciously reached into his memories and tore out his remembrance of ever seeing anything behind this castle.

Materializing this piece of Memory in front of him that took the shape of a white and black flame, Andar's breath caught in his throat when the flame froze before shattering to pieces.

If he had been a bit careless and not sought this memory, he would have been significantly injured if the corruption he had witnessed had taken root.

Andar could barely come to terms with this frightening transformation before a powerful force dragged him to the earth. He landed on the frozen ground with great force, but not a single crack appeared on the ground, even though he must have fallen at least a hundred miles in a fraction of a second.

"This place... Where is this?"

Chapter 1558 1558: Cold Days (1)

This force around him was powerful, and it squeezed against the barrier of Aetherius, shrinking it until it was only a few meters away from his body. His staff could channel power on the level of an Old One, and yet the pressure that Andar was experiencing was this great.

It meant the nature of this space was so dense that it must surpass what could be found on the surface of a Primordial Domain, and he suspected that a space this durable could only be found in the depths of a Primordial Domain.

Andar could tell from the connection he had with the outside world that he was inside the core of the Magus Supreme World and had not been transported to a Primordial Domain; how, then, did Endirius make such a powerful space? Did it mean that the Magus Supreme World, if fully unveiled, could be equal to a Primordial Domain?

Looking upwards, Andar noticed that the skies were nothing but fire, but a barrier he had just passed through held back all those flames. He had just entered the core of the Supreme Sun, and unlike what he had expected, it was not hot; instead, it was colder than the depths of a freezing abyss.

This was the true face of the Magus Supreme Realm, not one of fire but the coldest of ice. Endirius had hidden himself well. He had claimed himself to be the master of fire, but he had never truly owned it; it was simply a facade.

Why would he need to own the flames when the power in this place surpassed anything that any Mage could ever comprehend?

With the chill of this place being held back by the Aura of Aetherius, Andar finally looked at the wounded Mage in front of him, who was in the form of a massive beast that had the

appearance of a goat with the head of a lion and the tail of a serpent—the Gatekeeper of the Flaming Throne.

‘What flaming throne, this should be called the throne of ice!’ Andar cursed within himself.

Through the eyes of the Light Devourer he had sent ahead, he saw this beast standing over the barrier. Then he watched as it defeated the Light Devourer in an instant, tearing it apart with a burst of incredible strength that sent a tremendous shockwave that shattered the beam of darkness Andar had been using to travel to the core.

This method of destruction should be a unique power of this beast, who should be at the eighth-dimensional level. Andar was standing before an Old One.

With the power of Aetherius, Andar was able to absorb this force, enhance it, and send it back to the beast in the form of a circular blade. It was this blade that tore this beast in two, and it was barely held together by a few strings of flesh.

Usually, such wounds should be nothing to an eighth-dimensional immortal, but the unique power of Aetherius, a Source Level Treasure, shattered the soul, memory, and Fate of the beast, and its blood that could fill an ocean, poured onto the ground and was frozen into mountains.

With the strength of an Old One, it should have been possible for this beast to burn its vitality and heal itself of these grievous wounds, but the force from that blade had pushed this beast into the barrier, and this frozen realm and its environment were killing it.

Andar also suspected that this beast’s coming death was caused by something it should not have seen inside this realm.

He did not know where this thought came from, but something told him it was important.

Andar knew little about this beast, who was also a mage and was now dying here. He had read about him in the Mages Vault, and the information he had been able to gather about it was minimal. He was not even aware that this beast had reached the level of an Old One.

Unlike most Mages who took the general form of a human, although this was not strictly the case, there were many nonhumanoid Mages. However, their shapes generally tended to be humanoid; it was a unique structure of the Magus power system that would only work for beings with humanoid features. There was a connection between the Meditation Art they practiced, and the Mental Space of humanoids, and this connection could not be found in other alien life forms.

However, there was a single case of a being who went outside the norm and became the first non-humanoid individual ever to become a mage

It was this creature here. Its name and race were unknown. It was said that to prevent the secrets of the Magus power system from spreading, Endirius set out to kill the beast, but later, he captured it and placed it as the guard to his gates.

Andar did not think meeting this beast here was a mistake; this was both a test and a message from the Supreme Mage, and it was not hard for Andar to discern the hidden meaning.

Rowan had stolen two parts of the first flame from Endirius and was coming for more. At the core of their plan was to seize all the scattered pieces of the first flame.

Andar could almost hear the voice of the Supreme Mage in his head, telling him to rethink his actions as he would not warn him again. His gaze went cold when he discovered this was not his imagination—it was real. Endirius was speaking in his head!

“Look at what I did to this beast for the crime of stealing a useless technique from my coffers. What more do you think I would do to you who have aided an intruder to steal my flames? This is your last chance to surrender yourself to me. This is my mercy, Andar, or I shall make you suffer for every...”

With a burst of pure consciousness power, backed by the power of Aetherius, Andar shattered the voice in his head. He thrust the staff towards the Frozen castle ahead as he chanted a minor spell of transfer. This spell could have carried Andar across hundreds of dimensions, but in this place, it was barely enough to bring him to the frozen door of the castle.

Andar did not move, but the massive, hundreds of feet tall frozen door rumbled open.

Within was a hallway that seemed to stretch for miles, and at the end of the hall was a man sitting on a throne made from ice; around him were the dead bodies of seven mages.

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

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1559 1559: Cold Days (2)

The man on the throne, who should be Endirius, appeared to be sleeping, but his hands were red with blood up to his elbows. But something seemed subtly wrong with this picture, and Andar’s mind tried to piece out what was drawing his attention; when he sight zoomed into the bloodied hands of the man sitting on the throne and saw that the blood was not still, it was moving as if it had a life of its own.

It was a small detail, but it enhanced Andar’s sense of wrongness, almost as if he were looking at a shadow that had taken a person’s place. Endirius, sitting on that throne,

radiated great heat as if all the flames of existence were housed within his shell, and although his eyes were closed, flickers of fire could still be seen straining to escape the bounds of his eyelids.

Yet, something about this scene still felt wrong to him. Andar blinked, and Reality shifted. This change was so sudden that he believed that if not for the solidity of this space, he would have collapsed to his knees.

Andar closed his eyes, pulling strength from deep inside him, and projected his Will outwards. Aetherius released subtle vibrations that flowed all through his body. The presence of his Magus Tower wrapped around his mind, and his focus became as firm as adamantine. Then he opened his eyes.

There was no longer a man sitting on a throne, and the massive hallway was gone; he was inside a dark cave. He could even hear the sound of dripping around him as the many stalactites above released the moisture locked around them by the green moss coverings. Andar thought they almost looked like decaying teeth, and he felt as if he was inside the mouth of a rotting beast.

Seven bodies were laid on an upraised dais; all were rough as if carved naturally by nature; these bodies had been sliced open, and a man was digging through their insides; dozens of arms made of black ice extended from his back so he could work on all the bodies at the same time.

Arms entered the bloodied torso and retrieved various strange organs that were dissected before being negligently thrown further into the cave like they were rubbish. In the short while that Andar stood here in observation, hundreds of organs had been thrown away, yet the hands always seemed to be able to dig out more from the bodies.

This strange man was entirely focused on his work and ignored Andar. His back was hunched, as if carrying all those arms was bending his spine, making him appear like a man-spider hybrid.

Andar recognized most of these bodies. They were all descendants of the noble bloodline of Endirius. He especially recognized Revah Endirius. She had been a thorn in his side, as she was one of the Mages deeply suspicious of Andar's roots.

He had not bothered to confirm his suspicion. Still, he believed that the woman he killed, the member of the Flame Guard who had nurtured the flames now taken by Rowan, should be one of the descendants of Revah Endirius here, and now both ancestor and descendants were dead.

As shocking as it was to watch their bodies torn open and their insides splayed out, what was concerning was that all of them were Old Ones!

Andar had no idea there were so many Old Ones inside the Magus Supreme Realm. Even Revah Endirius, whom he was familiar with, was widely known to be a seventh-dimensional Magus. By all general knowledge, Endirius alone, the Supreme Magus, was the only Old One inside this realm.

If the Supreme World of Mages had so many Old Ones, why was their overall influence in Reality so small? With this sort of power, all the dimensions around this realm should all be under the banner of the Mages.

It was tough to find a single Old One in a million dimensions, but he had already encountered eight, and they all perished in such an ignoble fashion that it felt wrong. Old Ones should not die like this.

Andar observed the bodies of the Old Ones still being desecrated before he dragged his gaze back to the person performing the acts.

This man's presence was almost nonexistent even as he was digging through bodies that exuded the auras of eighth-dimensional beings. It had been easy to ignore him and focus on the dead Old Ones.

He appeared like a mortal, and when he turned a bit to peer deeper into one of the bodies, Andar saw that he was wearing enchanted goggles that made his eyes appear bigger. His features could be described as... meek. A man who would find it difficult to hurt a fly, and despite seeing his handiwork spread out before him, Andar could not find it in himself to fear or even hate him because he looked so harmless.

Aetherius should protect his mind against mental infiltration, and Andar felt no indicator that his mind was being tampered with. He should be sensing the Aura naturally emitted by this man.

It did not take long for Andar to feel strange, and he considered the nature of this man from another perspective. Perhaps the reason his Aura felt so calm and peaceful was that he did not believe the act of butchering Old Ones and experimenting with their bodies to be anything special.

For all intents and purposes, an Old One could as well be a lab rat that had no special meaning to him. What sort of being would view Old Ones as meaningless? It was this line of thought that began to scare Andar when he considered the true meaning of Thrones and the title that Endirius had given him—The Endless Mage—The Endless Throne.

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Carelessly wiping his hands on his clothes to free them from the sticky blood, the man pushed his hands into the opened body of Revah, and Andar believed he could hear whispers as if he were talking to himself.

As grisly as this operation was, there was a charm in this man's actions that simultaneously made Andar want to claw out his eyes and peer deeper into the motions of his hands.

Every movement of his fingers was both beauty and horror, and a part of him wondered how something so mundane and barbaric could draw his attention as much as this.

It was a charm that Andar recognized because he had seen similar things in Rowan's hands when he was deep in the throes of creation. It was seeing the fundamental forces of Reality being manipulated on a level that defied imagination.

Chapter 1560 1560: Cold Days (3)

Andar knew that while many of the things he was witnessing here might be true, this was most likely all that his consciousness could interpret. This drew his desire to understand to the fore, and Andar could not help but fall into the motions of these hands; he believed he was glimpsing eternity in them.

“Hand me the tweezers; I cannot get to the core of her soul without damaging too much of its fragile structure; a fascinating matrix shields it, nothing that these present iterations should be capable of, clear proof of tampering, how fascinating.”

It took a moment for Andar to feel a chill running down his spine. He dragged his eyes against the hands that held him spellbound and looked up to see the man staring at him, and he motioned with his eyes,

“The tweezers are there beside you; hand them over. This structure will not last forever, and I would rather not dig it out of your soul. Unlike an Old One, your soul is still too fragile for an invasive procedure like this.”

Andar felt a Waring vibration from Aetherius, and he looked down to see hovering a few feet from his chest; one of the Frozen hands emerging from this man's back was waiting, palm spread open, and Andar had not even seen how that movement had happened.

His senses reached towards his side, where a small altar had appeared without his notice, and Andar recognized several tools. Most were used in the Immortal Arts, but some were strange, with forms that seemed to make no sense. These alien tools did not seem meaningless; in fact, as he looked at them, it appeared that he was finally seeing the complete toolkits of the Immortal Arts.

A series of snaps made him look at the frozen hand in front of his chest. The fingers wriggled in impatience, causing the air around them to crackle like mini thunder strikes emerging around the fingers from its slight motion.

Andar knew how dense his surroundings were, and he was only standing here because of Aetherius; if this finger could shake this space to the extent it was cracking, he would have to give his all to defend against a minor blow from them. This single frozen hand was clear proof that this man could effortlessly kill him.

Instinct born out of centuries of studying the Immortal Arts under various masters surged through his body, and Andar sent out a burst of Intent, wrapping it around the requested tweezers and floating it to the frozen hand. An apprentice did not delay the works of the master, especially when it seemed to be crucial. Andar did not bother to think of the reason he was meant to fetch the tools, as he knew that every action made by this man served a purpose.

The frozen hand grabbed the tweezers out of the air, and in the next moment, the man in front of him was holding them, his focus back on his work. Andar could no longer discern any of the hand's movements as it was now buried deeper inside Revah's chest.

He heard a slight sound, almost like the tiny whisper of the breeze in the distance, and Andar turned to Revah's slack face. Her milky eyes... twitched. The realization dawned on him that this Magus was not dead. His gaze traveled to all the other dais inside the cave, and he could detect subtle movements from all of them.

The sound he heard was repeated, almost like a strangled moan, and he would have sworn that her eyes shifted a bit. Maybe it was because whatever act this man was making inside Revah's body was rocking her, and he could not help but question how he could reduce Old Ones to the level of mortals.

As he stood here, Andar realized a simple and absolute truth: He was out of his league.

He could fight an Old One, even one as strong as Endirius, but Andar could not fight who was standing here; whoever this was, they were not a Mage.

A dry chuckle suddenly emerged from the man who was fiddling with the corpse of Revah; he did not turn away from his work as he asked Andar,

"Your consciousness power is impressive; most only see what they believe to be the truth, and I usually let them. However, I am curious about this consciousness of yours. Does it come from that amazing treasure you hold, or is its foundation much more substantial than that?"

Andar blinked, a chill running down his spine; his mouth was dry as if no drop of water had touched his tongue for a million years. His voice when he replied sounded incredibly weak, but that was the best that he could do,

"You are not the Supreme Mage Endirius."

The man paused for a moment before he continued whatever he was doing inside the corpse,

“I showed you Endirius, the Supreme Mage, but your consciousness rejected it. Do not blame me for your stubbornness. Hand me the scalpel; I think I have found the little mouse hiding inside her.”

Andar’s consciousness moved almost automatically as it wrapped around the scalpel and placed it on the frozen hand that appeared before him, and he watched as the man began to cut deeper inside Revah’s body, and after a while, he began to speak,

“When I made the civilization of Mages, I knew there would be eyes on my work. It was the reason I made them.”

A frozen hand gestured at the bodies that were laid around him, and he began to point towards the different bodies as he spoke,

“They were made to never cross the seventh-dimensional level, yet they are all Old Ones. Fascinating and all quite boring, it is as if they don’t know how to use their influence except like a hammer. The Primes disappoints in strange ways. However, this one, Revah, the modification to her soul, is quite interesting. Your father, Romion, is an impressive mind.”

Andar stepped back; he could not help himself; the peculiar sensation of being entirely seen through was highly uncomfortable,

“You don’t have to worry, Andar, my quarrels are not with you,” the man shrugged, “Even if I wanted to stand against you, that action would be useless because you are too weak. Oh, and when you crossed the barrier, the Will of your father inside of you was stripped away. In this place, the only power under the heavens is mine.”

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

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1561 1561: Cold Days (4)

The Primordial Beast did not lie. Andar was alone, and Rowan’s quiet voice in his heart was silent.

The moment he passed through the barrier, the disorienting sensation Andar felt did not come only from the act of stepping onto a higher plane of existence; it also arose from the Will of Rowann being stripped away from his body and soul and the various shocking events that were transpiring did not allow him to discover this discrepancy until he was duly informed by the mysterious being here with him.

A moment before, while Andar “summoned” the power of the Great Storm and the Flame Guards were sent to bring him to the Supreme Mage, chaos had arisen in the hall where the Supreme Magus Endirius had sat with his seven descendants.

When it was revealed that the storm carried Primordial Essence, the seven Magus Elders erupted in a frenzy, disregarding the cool intellect the mages were famous for cultivating.

The implications of such an event were reality-shaking, and the possibilities that it brought were endless. These ancient beings could not make a sound for a while as their souls could not fully process this occurrence in a short time. A commotion soon ensued as they tried to rationalize how such a thing was possible.

“Did a Primordial Domain shatter?! Why is there is much Essence in this storm?”

“This... this is happening everywhere... Even in the lower realms, all the universes I oversee are flooded with Primordial Essence!”

“It is such a short period, but there are reports of babies being born as Acolytes; they perceived the nature of existence inside the womb!”

“A Primordial must be behind this event, and Andar must be associated with them; he used our Supreme World as the cover for their activities. He needs to answer for this!”

“With his demonstration from the Aethernet flooding Reality, everyone would believe that this change emerged from our Supreme World; if this is not dealt with properly, I fear that the consequences may be dire for our society.”

One of the Elders here hurriedly called for Andar’s arrest in order for the truth behind this storm to be revealed, and all of them quickly agreed.

In their fear and excitement, they were not truly looking at Endirius. Usually, the Supreme Magus is silent in times like these, and they do not consider his silence strange, but Rowan was looking at nothing but the Primordial Beast.

That and the Oracle beside him, who had the appearance of Lost but lacked the charm or personality, there was no life in his eyes; Endirius, it would seem, did not follow the path of Rowan; he did not give this flame a chance to gain his sentience.

Where Lost was rambunctious and curious, the Oracle was cold and silent, like a machine. The state of the flame was something that Rowan recognized because it was similar to his nature when he was soulless.

In the past, when Rowan gained the Lost Flames as a mortal, he became aware that the flames had been split into pieces after it was acquired by Endirius for unknown reasons. However, he did not know the number of pieces, and due to the nature of the first flame in existence, it was not something that Rowan could easily decipher.

All of this changed when he grew stronger; if he used the power of his Will of Truth for this question, the answer became... six pieces.

The first flames had been separated into six parts.

He had gained one part from mastering the Lament of Celestial Meditation Art, the second part had been claimed by the Archmage who was given the Meditation Art that was supposed to go to Andar, and there should be four parts of the Flame that were left, which should all be contained in the body of this Oracle.

Lost was unable to reach the higher dimensional level despite his talents, but the Oracle here was at the eighth-dimensional level, which suggested that Endirius must have placed the remaining portions of the flames in one vessel.

Because he was inside Revah's soul and memory, Rowan was able to go back and observe everything she knew about the Oracle. He discovered that the Oracle was not a higher-dimensional being in the past; these changes were recent, coinciding with the time he first seized a portion of the First Flame.

To protect this flame from the reach of the Primordial Record and Rowan, Endirius must have gathered the rest to keep them beside him.

This was most likely a trap for the thief who stole his flame. For anyone else, such an action would be regarded as careless because if the thief could dare to steal the flame when it was in pieces, gathering them all in one location was inviting a hungry wolf into your home.

Rowan had initially felt the same way, but with his understanding that Endirius was a Primordial Beast, he knew that the safest place to keep the flame was by his side. Who else but the Thrones of Primordial Domains could challenge him?

Rowan had changed his plans because he knew he could no longer continue with the agenda, knowing that Endirius was an unknown Primordial Beast.

He acknowledged that he could not easily seize these flames; Rowan would have to do something drastic.

It was as drastic as changing the entire state of Reality to shake Endirius's mental state, and it had worked.

When the mages here decided to send the Flame Guards to intercept Andar, Rowan sent his Will to Andar to ensure that the flame in the hearts of the Flame Guard was taken. Andar was free to unleash his powers as long as he collected the piece of the flame inside that mage; this mattered the most.

Rowan knew that Andar would not fail him, which assured him that he had two out of the six flames, and the last four could be seized under Endirius's nose if he made his move.... Now!

Revah Endirius had no idea that her soul and essence had begun to heat up. Everything was done silently, even as her Will deceived her consciousness. A spatial gate was being created in the center of her soul and was about to be activated.

Rowan had to do this slowly, but transforming soul energy directly into spatial-temporal forces, even if this was the soul of an Old One, was something that was entirely under his control.

The power of this gate was so extreme that it would shatter the powerful soul of an Old One, but it would give Rowan enough power to drag the Oracle from this place to a space of Rowan's choosing, and this plan should have worked flawlessly.

If these mages here were shocked at what was happening in Reality. In that case, Endirius, a Primordial Beast, must surely understand a portion of the intricacies behind the power that could release so much Primordial Essence into Reality.

A Primordial Beast would know that this Essence did not come from any Primordial Domain but outside of Reality.

He would be focused on figuring out what or who was capable of such a thing, and this would be the chance for Rowan to strike.

It was a very slim window, but one that Rowan paid dearly for, but the space around him exploded in radiance as six of the mages here abruptly attacked Endirius.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1562 1562: Cold Days (5)

To ensure that Endirius would not easily see through his plans, Rowan had not reduced his influence outside Revah's body to nothing; everything he observed came from her memory and soul.

He was aware that such a thing would leave glaring holes in his observational capabilities, but this was a shortcoming that he felt he could manage; his concern was for Endirius alone and stealing the Flame that was right in front of him, and he had disregarded the six Mages here with him.

This was a great mistake.

Six of the Mages here exploded with power equal to that of Old Ones alongside Revah, and a brief moment of surprise passed across their features as they all discovered that every one of them had kept such great secrets inside before they all turned their attention to Endirius and they attacked.

Rowan wanted to curse out in frustration. He had overlooked the greediness for power inherent in the hearts of all immortals.

The same way that Revah had found an opportunity to become an Old One was the same process all the mages here beside her had taken, but he was only in control of one of them. The remaining six must have fallen into the grasp of other powerful entities; most likely, they had the presence of Primordials behind them.

It was not as if a part of him had not anticipated such a thing. If he could do the same thing to Revah, then the possibility that the other Primordials spread their influence must have done the same thing in many dimensions.

However, Rowan believed that his methods of attaching himself to the souls of his target were unique. This meant that he should have been an overt competitor in this fight, but the problem here fell under the greed of immortals.

Before they had attacked, Rowan had seen the look that passed through the faces of these mages, and it was one of delight.

Endirius had kept them under his thumb for so long, and even though, with various hidden opportunities, they had all become Old Ones, the fear of the Supreme Magus was ingrained in their blood, and they did not challenge his rule. This would most likely be the case if nothing had changed in Reality.

Yet everything had changed, and every mage here knew with the power of Primordial Essence flooding Reality, the chance for them to rise had arrived, and they no longer had to bow and scrape to a single being anymore; this was their chance to rise. And so they attacked Endirius.

Once activated, the teleportation process could not be stopped. Revah's soul was too delicate to handle the stress of such a thing, but the attacks of the six Old Ones shattered space and time, which was deliberate. None of them wanted Endirius to escape.

Six mighty streams of power blasted into Endirius, and Revah only released a pale milky light of Teleportation that was supposed to wrap around the Oracle, but in this instance, it could cover only half his body.

In this instance, the entire space seemed to freeze; the six mages who had attacked Endirius looked at Revah in surprise, not knowing the reason why she would attempt teleportation in an environment like this one.

Revah could only shake her head in helplessness as her soul began to collapse, and she fell on her face, a step away from death. Her sacrifice still yielded results because the teleportation was able to tear the Oracle in two, his lower half vanishing into Reality.

This shattered space might have stopped an Old One from teleporting, but not Rowan, and if Revah's soul were strong enough, then he would not have felt any hindrances in his operation.

Before the last of Revah's soul collapsed, he could hear the voice of Endirius,

"So, you are the thief. Romion, do you walk with them, or do they hold your chains?"

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Andar would have loved to imagine that he would quickly get over the shock of meeting an entity that he greatly suspected had exceeded the level of an Old One, that he was standing before a ninth-dimensional being, not a Primordial but something else....

He would have loved to imagine that with his extraordinary talents and bloodlines, he would shrug off the shock in his heart in mere moments, but the truth was that he could hardly think.

The weight of existence that this man carried, even when it had been utterly suppressed, left Andar in a daze, and the only thing he could do was to follow the instructions he gave as he experimented on the bodies.

With his connection to the outside world, Andar knew that he had been standing here for three days, a blink of an eye, yet it still felt like forever.

A shrill scream made him shiver into focus, and he saw a shiny golden thread being extracted from the body of Revah by the man; his face was a picture of sheer focus as he slowly extracted the golden thread, and immediately, Andar could sense the presence of Rowan in that thread.

'No, I cannot let him have this thread,' he screamed inside his heart. This being is not Endirius. Rowan should not have the capabilities to stand against him at this time. If he gains a hidden advantage over him, then this could lead to disaster.'

This could be his only opportunity to make any meaningful change because the hands of this man were tied down at this moment.

Andar did not know where he found the resolve; the entirety of his body and soul knew that he was helpless against this man, but he still needed to make a move, and his only choice was to detonat...

“Do not bother trying to kill yourself,” even while focused on the golden thread that he was pulling out of Revah, the man seemed to have understood Andar’s intention, “it will not help.”

Andar’s eyes widened, and he smiled,

“Just because you say it so doesn’t mean I have to believe you.”

With a mental tug, Andar shattered his soul.

Chapter 1563 1563: Cold Days (6)

“I have no regrets.”

As a mortal, standing beside his father, Andar saw the end of a universe while still inside it. This event was one of the pivotal moments in his life, and it showed him the inevitability of the end and the decline of all things.

There were those in Reality who were blessed or burdened with the power to persist for eternity, but aside from these few, there was a limit placed on everyone, even Old Ones, and today, he had reached the end of his road.

In the beginning, Andar struggled with this concept for a while, and even Rowan could not solve the queries in his heart because after conversing with his father, Andar discovered a frightening side to Rowan: He had no innate understanding of death.

It was not as if Rowan did not know that death existed; he was one of the greatest dealers of death that Andar had ever seen, but something about him did not acknowledge the possibility of it, and Andar had sensed that even as a mortal.

He could have never known how correct he was in his assumption. It was not until recently that Rowan discovered death, and he knew that his immortal lifespan, no matter how obscene, still had a limit.

Old Ones would die, even if the time scale for their death could be referred to as an infinite period from now, but they would die in the end. Rowan’s lifespan would make Old Ones seem like mayflies before an eternal rock, but he would still perish.

However, when Andar walked with his father, he detected an understanding of a limited lifespan in his heart, and he automatically assumed that Rowan was among the few who would never perish.

Blessed or condemned to exist forever.

And this thought scared Andar. He wanted to live for a long time so he could discover what it was like at the peak of existence, but he did not want to live forever. Perhaps with his talent, it was possible for him to reach a point where he would exist forever, but something in him knew he would never take that last step.

That weight would be too much for him to bear.

Andar did not think that the end would come for him this quickly, but it was always inevitable, and he could not help but feel a bit of shame in his heart that he did not do enough before his time was cut short.

Nevertheless, there was no hesitation in his heart when he choosed to give his life up for Rowan's dreams to exist.

Truthfully, Andar could not understand the full scale of this war; it was too big for him to wrap his mind around. Although he knew that Rowan wanted to speak to him about much of it, his soul was too fragile to handle that knowledge without corruption.

The same way the mere sight of an Old One could lead to corruption, knowledge about matters that exceeds the boundary of Old Ones would do much worse.

Andar chose to believe in Rowan because, unlike the distant and cruel entities who ruled over existence, his father still had a heart that could weep for those he loved.

Everyone, even the immortals in the highest heavens, had a god they all looked up to and worshiped, but the true god of gods that existed above all things was not benevolent; most were even cruel, but Andar had found a true god that could love.

It was enough for him to lay down his life for this god.

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Of the many ways Andar could have stopped this man from tampering with the plans of Rowan, death was the only option, and of all types of deaths that would succeed, the destruction of his soul was the only possible answer.

His soul was special; this was not something that took Andar long to determine when he began growing stronger as a mage. His comprehension talent, the ability to integrate two diverse concepts into his Will, his insane cultivation speed that could have made him an Old One in less than a million years if he had not held back and tempered his foundations, and so many other reasons that were almost too numerous to describe assured Andar of the nobility of his soul, and he did not forget who his father was, this more than anything was a sign of his soul's greatness.

Before the might of this ninth-dimensional being, Andar's attempt to disrupt his plans would be childish, like an ant trying to topple a mountain. He would see through

everything that Andar was capable of, and only with the assistance of his special soul could he become a source of trouble to him.

Andar had no fear of death; the only thing that pained him was his regrets for the promises he would not be able to fulfill.

Even living a relatively solitary life, he had come to know many people who became close to him, and their bond was something that he could never have anticipated could grow to such great depths.

He had promised his brother, Vraegar, of their eventual battle in the future; he would have to break that promise.

That silly dragon had great potential, and in time, he could become extremely powerful. Andar wanted to be there; he wanted to battle his brother at the peak of creation before their father's gaze.

"I am sorry, brother. I leave the care of our father in your claws, and you have to protect him. He can be careless sometimes, and he needs a friend. It is not fair for him to be alone for this long."

Andar's mind went to another oath. He had promised Mira that one day he would awaken her from death, find her soul, and give her a chance to walk upon Reality once again... he would be failing that promise. The green gem where she slept had been given to her father because he did not know how today would turn out...

'My first love... I am sorry.'

The Promises to the Limit Breakers....

To his family... To his mother... To the countless mages and others who looked upon him as a source of inspiration...

All of these weighed upon his heart, and then there were those promises that were at the core of who he was, that had slowly grown to shape his character...

He remembered promising his father to grow strong enough to walk beside him,

"Ah... I am sorry, Father, I failed to live up to my destiny and never found it."

The silent look in Staff's eyes was a quiet promise to wait for him until he could settle the issue of Mira because she was a proud daughter of heaven, and despite the weight in her heart, she was willing to wait for him.

A promise of their future together that would be no more.

‘Cloudy... Let us meet again.’

Their souls were one and the same, and although this Cloud Whale had always stood by his side, that did not mean he had no consciousness of his own; Andar had never referred to Cloudy as it, not in all the time that they had known each other.

Cloudy accepted their death, and Andar knew that it would be an insult to his companion if he hesitated or felt sorry for dragging him to this point.

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

Chapter 1564 1564: Cold Days (Final)

His soul shattered, bringing with it relentless waves of excruciating pain. A divine light emerged from Andar’s core and wrapped around Aetherius, even as the swirling orb at the staff’s top imploded into radiance that converged with the light pouring from Andar’s shattered soul.

Faster than any spell that he could ever conjure, these two radiances fused as one and blasted toward the man, who was still slowly drawing out the golden strings from the body of Revah.

This light was everything that Andar had been and was to be; it was the culmination of what was supposed to become the greatest Magus who ever stepped foot upon Reality, and the power it released was greater than any Old One could ever unleash.

This man, this entity, slowly turned towards the light blasting towards him, and he sighed.

Two frozen hands behind his back detached themselves and exploded, and Reality became frozen. The light that should have touched him in a mere moment slowed down an inch away from his skin but did not stop moving, although crossing that inch seemed to have become a journey of a million miles.

The man spared a glance at Andar before looking away while muttering to himself,

“Incredible work... The things he was able to do with the soul.”

Andar did not know if he was referring to his soul or what he was extracting from Revah; he did not much care at this point; all he knew was that his gamble had succeeded; although his final light was frozen, it could not be stopped, and it would surely disrupt the attempts of this being from success.

Slowly but surely, the light touched the man’s skin on the face near his ears, and a spot of darkness began to grow around the area as if it were being charred by a flaming torch.

The skin around that spot began to bubble before blackening and collapsing to ash. Before long, half of the man's face had crumbled, exposing blackening bones underneath, yet he never stopped pulling the golden strings out of Revah's body, even when one of his eyes exploded from its socket.

Andar's consciousness was fading; he had lost almost eighty percent of all he could give, but it seemed as if he was not causing enough damage. But finally, the man shivered, and he halted his act of drawing out the strings, and then he spoke,

"You show great promise, child. There is so much promise that I am willing to concede that the act of your creation supersedes my own. Yet your actions are not that of a mage. You should know that the entity you are dying for knows of my presence and did nothing to stop you. Why die for someone who could easily throw away your life."

Andar did not reply; he did not think he had the energy to do so. He could only increase the last of his Light, making it burn brighter and causing the man to stumble. One of his hands released the golden string, and he was left holding on with only one hand.

Andar was not a fool. Rowan's previous plans about the Magus Supreme World were drastic, but they should never have reached this point if this was not of his will.

Such a drastic change in plans, where a Primordial Essence of such significant volume had to flood Reality, was not a simple change. It meant that Rowan must have realized that the Supreme Magus was not what they had expected, necessitating such a drastic measure.

He had not informed Andar of this change, nor had he tried to stop him when he plunged deep into the core of the realm, even when he knew that Andar could not face what was coming. Rowan would not do so because he had no choice.

This was war, and it was Andar's choice to be here. And if he were able to do so, he would be laughing because he was happy.

It was a rare thing in this Era for the death of a person to mean something, and what was the possibility that in his life, he would reach a position where he could strike a Primordial Entity and watch them stumble?

Although his father may not have been perfect, Andar would give up his life for him a thousand times over.

With a scream from the depths of his soul, Andar detonated everything, and this man...

No, not a man.

This creature...

This Primordial Beast... stumbled, and the last hand holding the golden string loosened.

A cry of rage erupted in the distance, and Reality shuddered; a loud booming sound as if all of creation had shattered echoed through this space, and the final embers of Andar's soul fell back into his body. He collapsed to the ground, a moment away from death.

Andar struggled to open his eyes. He was so weak that his perception could not leave his body. His gaze searched for Revah's body, and he saw that she had collapsed into ash, and there was no sign of the golden strings.

He chuckled weakly in relief, and life began to leave his body rapidly. If not for the remnants of Aetherius propping him up, he would have collapsed to his face.

Andar smiled as his life force was extinguished.

"LOOK AT ME CHILD."

He should be dead, but this voice dragged him away from death, and his head jerked upward to see the Primordial Beast walk up to him; half his face and the upper part of his right shoulder and chest were burnt, showing red wriggling muscles underneath, but on the other half of his face that was free from damage appeared serene, there was no sign of pain or anger that Andar had ruined his plans.

The Primordial Beast stopped a few feet away from Andar, and he could smell the burning flesh; its scent was almost like jasmine, a strange thought, but Andar gave his dying mind every benefit to do whatever it wanted,

"No child, you are not going to die, not for a very long time. The magic of the Primordial Beasts is primal in nature, and we understand death more than anyone. You shall endure Andar as you are, and you shall see the end of all things. This is my gift and my curse."

The Primordial Beast slowly brought his hands to Andar's face as if he was about to caress it when he stumbled forward, and he looked down to see a golden fist sticking out of his chest,

"Fascinating, you should not be here; it is impossible," he said, and he shook again as another golden fist erupted beside the first one. With awful strength, the fist parted to the side, and the Primordial Beast was torn in two with so much force that both halves of his body slammed against the walls of the cave, and they burst through it, flying into the distance, trailing blood and pieces of flesh.

The one responsible for this was a man whose red eyes and hair blazed with intense fury that could burn all of creation, and his voice shattered the space around him,

"Don't you fucking touch my son!"

Chapter 1565 1565: I Have To Fight

At first, Andar believed that what he had just witnessed was the last succor of a dying mind hoping for salvation; he had every reason to assume that this should be the case because this was a Primordial Beast, a ninth-dimensional entity, and his father had just torn him into two!

When he had shattered his soul and burned all his potential, he had been able to glimpse a fragment of this being true nature. This was why he knew that what they were up against was a Primordial Beast, and he saw that nothing in existence could stop him. It almost seemed foolish to consider fighting.

But then Rowan's warm hands touched his shoulders and the chill of this place that had unknowingly slipped into every cell in his body dispersed. Andar felt like a man who had gone without rest for too long, finally falling into a comfortable bed with all the aches and pains slowly vanishing from his body.

Rowan's voice was like a balm to his broken soul as he spoke softly,

"It is okay, my child. You can let go now. Your Origin is safe with me, and when you wake up, it will be in a field of gold, surrounded by the laughter of the people who cherish you."

Andar shivered, tears almost falling from

His eyes, and he whispered, "This—this is real?"

Rowan smiled sadly, "I am here with you. You can feel my heartbeat."

Despite being on the verge of death with most of his soul dispersed, Andar's intellect was still formidable enough to discern the presence of his father. Then, groaning in exasperation as he realized that everything was real, Andar muttered,

"Now, this is stupid. The entire purpose of all of this was to keep you safe from that beast, and you came for me instead."

Rowan's eyes widened, and he smiled. This was the first time that Andar had subtly insulted him. He flicked Andar on the forehead, "And you think dying here in the hands of a beast is less stupid? I can see that you have touched on the knowledge of the ninth dimension, and its shadow is heavy on your soul, but that does not mean you should not trust my decision."

Andar sputtered, "That is not the point. Besides, he was not going to kill me; he was..."

Rowan's smile froze, "He was going to do much worse to you, Andar, that is why I have to be here. If he had killed you cleanly, then I would have honored your sacrifice, but no one makes a mockery of my blood. No one tortures my son!"

Weakly shoving Rowan's hands away from his shoulders, Andar staggered, nearly falling to the ground, before steadying himself, gasping as if he had run a thousand-mile race, he growled,

"That was not your decision to make. If you fall here before your dreams are realized, who else can change Reality? Do we have any future without you? Don't tell me you now have the power to defeat a Primordial entity. If you don't, then you should never have come for me. You should have respected my sacrifice for what it was."

Rowan shook his head, "I cannot defeat a Primordial being..."

"Then why are you here?"

"...but I can fight, Andar. I can fight, and for so long, I have hidden my light from all reality, but if I don't begin this fight, even when the stakes against me are high, then I will always find another excuse to postpone the battle because it will never be enough, I can never get strong enough to battle infinity, I have to begin. Now."

Andar paused, looking deeply at Rowan before taking a step back and weakly sitting on the ground,

"Has it come to this? Is this the right time?"

"Yes. And there is no right time."

Andar sighed, "If you can fight, then I can watch."

Rowan cocked his head to the side. "Hold on for as long as you can. You might be able to learn a thing or two."

Andar groaned as he made himself comfortable on the ground, whispering to himself, "You take me to the best places."

From his chest emerged the wispy form of a Cloud Whale, and Andar's eyes lit up; a remnant of Cloudy remained, and although he was dying like him, it would be enough to watch this battle for a while.

Holding him close to his chest, Cloudy nuzzled on Andar's neck, making soft cries of comfort, making this sixth-dimensional mage chuckle like a child.

Rowan observed his son for a moment before he turned away. The smile that was on his face vanished, and an air of desolation and slaughter surrounded him, covering him in a

crimson Aura that eroded the space around him. He took a step and appeared in the heavens above.

There were many things he had not told Andar about the reasons he returned, but he could not allow him to be held or killed by this Primordial Beast else with the power of a ninth-dimensional being; even the soul origin of Andar would be destroyed alongside him, or even worse, corrupted.

If that were to happen, Andar, as he was, would never return. What would take his place would be a creature of pain—a fate that Rowan would spare his child from.

With that failed teleportation in the Magus Tower that was disrupted by the actions of the overzealous mages, Rowan had been able to snatch two pieces of the flame from the Oracle, but there were still two pieces left.

Of the six parts of the First Flame, Rowan now held four.

Rowan was not sure he would be able to acquire them from the Primordial Beast at this point, but it did not matter; he wanted to fight.

The events of this day opened his eyes to the enormous divide between the eighth and ninth dimensions and showed him that sometimes only strength mattered.

This battle mattered to Rowan far more than Andar could ever imagine.

The Primordial Beast had not appeared on his Map of Reality because he had kept his influence tied to this single realm, and his true Aura had not emerged from it; only the Aura of the eighth-dimensional Mage Endirius had been used by this Primordial Beast to conduct his affairs in Reality.

If Rowan had not stumbled upon the First Flame with the opportunity given to him by Andar, then it was possible that he would never have known that a Primordial Beast existed in the center of a relatively minor power like the World of Mages.

With this lesson, he knew that he could no longer fully judge the true nature of Reality with the information he had gathered so far. Too many old powers were hidden in the cracks, and if he needed his plans to work, then he would have to collect the knowledge of an entity who knew all of these secrets.

Whether or not he was prepared for it, Rowan would have to kill a ninth-dimensional being.

Rowan looked around him, briefly checking up on Andar before looking past him into the distance. His Origin bloodlines began to stir as they detected the presence of something wicked at foot.

The injury that Andar had sustained was exceedingly great; he had shattered not just his soul but his memories as well, and in most cases, any immortal with such a grievous injury would have no recourse but to wait for death; however, Rowan was able to heal Andar of such a wound, but he was not going to be doing so.

Andar needed to die for him to live. It was seemingly a contradiction on the surface, but his son needed to die for his future growth to be assured; the only restriction was the manner of his death.

Rowan's consciousness brushed across Andar, fortifying the protection he had upon him. It would not last if battle began with the Primordial Beast, but it was never meant to last.

His steady heartbeat suddenly went still as he knew that his foe had roused himself from slumber, and a sweet taste flooded Rowan's mouth as the predator inside of him began to crave the taste of blood.

A cold whisper drifted towards him, and his surroundings suddenly grew dark, plunging his perception into a void where nothing existed,

"Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak... What brings you into my realm?"

Rowan frowned, his gaze piercing through the gloom, and although he could see far, the only thing he was seeing was darkness,

"You know of me far more than most," Rowan said casually, and his hand swept to the side where he latched on the throat of Endirius, who had been approaching with his mouth wide open.

Rowan had torn the Primordial Beast's shell in two, and this top half had crawled across space under the realm of darkness to attack him. If Rowan had been unaware of its movement, then Endirius would have latched onto him like a parasite.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1566: Bahamut

The burns inflicted on this shell of the Primordial Beast had not healed, and its single eyes peered at Rowan with a calm detachment. But this was a facade.

Unlike before, when his perception was held back by the limited perception of an Old One like Revah Endirius, he could now see the deeper side of things, and underneath the calm demeanor was a monster screaming in rage and hunger.

He did not know how this Primordial Beast had been able to escape the fate of death and oblivion granted to the rest of his siblings, but this state he was in was one where he was always on the precipice of madness.

Rowan had not been able to perceive the beast by sight, but he could smell his hunger. It was a hunger that was hidden from the sight of most, yet it was familiar to Rowan because he had lived with this hunger for more than a million years, and unlike this Primordial Beast here, he had six bodies to contend with.

Holding him up with a single hand on the throat, Rowan began to apply force slowly; the rage that filled his heart and his desire to destroy were tearing at the gate of his sanity, and he was about to let loose.

The shell of this Primordial Beast clawed at his hand, but Rowan was here with his true dimensional flesh, and his body was not something that this eighth-dimensional shell called Endirius could resist despite the strength in his hands being significant enough to tear an average Old One to pieces.

Noticing that resistance was futile, Endirius stopped struggling and began to speak; although his mouth was moving and words were emerging from them, in the perception of Rowan, the place where his voice came from was not from this body, but was in the distance,

“I have no quarrel with you, Eulxhu Thyak... Why do you choose to steal from me like all the wretched Primes?”

Rowan sniffed, “I am taking back what was once mine, and you, more than most, should not call me a thief when you were among the first thieves to exist. Call this Karma. As the wheel turns, old things pass away, and new things are born from its ashes.”

“If that is your decision, then you shall suffer the consequences for it, for I shall....”

Rowan squeezed tighter, crushing the neck of the shell into powder and cutting off the words of Endirius, disgusted with his hypocrisy,

“spare me the lecture, Endirius; I know you are opening your mouth wide to devour me. Yet, with all your power, you come to me like a coward. This shell of yours does not suffice for battle or negotiation, and your continuous attempts with this facade accomplish nothing but prolong the inevitable.”

“Hahaha..... Even the King of the beasts hunts the lowest of prey with caution. I would have perished long ago if this were not the case.”

Rowan nodded, “Your discretion has its advantages, but you became too used to hunting like the rest of Reality, and you have forgotten what it is like to be a Primordial beast.”

“Eulxhu Thyak.... You have no right to tell me how to hunt.”

Rowan’s eyes turned to those of a serpent, and a small smile touched the corner of his lips. “I have every right. I declare a Blood Match.”

Releasing a bit of the weight inherent in his dimensional flesh, Rowan crushed the half of the body he held to nothing, and his gaze pierced through the darkness to examine the massive eye staring at him.

Entirely made from darkness, this eye had become the entirety of reality in this space, so it could be considered that he was looking at the eye but also inside the eye at the same time.

If he were an Old One, the second instance would be his fate. He would be inside the eye instead of outside of it.

“How do you know of the Sacrament of the Flesh? Have the Walls of Aegis Fallen? Are you the Herald ?”

“You ask too many questions when, in your heart, you already know the answers. I am your end; that is all you should know.” Rowan answered, and he attacked, knowing that the more he spoke, the greater his ignorance would be exposed. Certain things about the past he understood, while others had been hidden from sight.

His attack was simple: He spread his palms and slammed them together as if he were clapping.

The sound of that single clap could not be described. Merged with his Origin Land, the weight and size of his dimensional flesh were unfathomable. With his endless Essence and Ether, simply moving his body consumed so much power that it would break the mind of an Immortal to imagine the amount being consumed by Rowan at every moment.

Naturally, such a massive consumption of resources meant the power that Rowan could unleash with his flesh was unfathomable. This clap would crush Old Ones, but Rowan was not just a living dimension; he had bloodlines and techniques.

A massive shockwave erupted from his hand, and this space that would freeze Old One in place was shattered. A spark erupted between his palms, and that spark grew before exploding into a universe!

This was the first of many sparks because the collision of his palms created millions of sparks, which formed millions of universes. As Rowan spread out his hands, tens of millions of universes appeared in front of him.

Rowan’s heart made a single beat, and power filled all of these universes to the brim. Their entire lifespan, which should have lasted for an Era, was shrunk to a single second

because this was how long this battle would last—a single second. Yet, to entities of their power, this second could last for a million years.

With the lifespan of all these universes made to burn bright, the radiance they gave out bloomed with such intensity that the darkness was shattered, and the true form of the Primordial Beast could not be hidden.

A horrifying roar of anger and surprise erupted from the Primordial Beast, and Rowan looked upon his foe,

“You are as ugly as your heart... Bahamut”

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Chapter 1567 1567: The True Form of A Primordial Entity

“Do not dare call me by that name!” the Primordial Beast screamed as Reality shattered at his rage-filled voice.

“Then stop me,” Rowan said and shattered the locks holding him bound in the flesh of immortals, and his size exploded. His Will of Truth no longer had to simulate his true form to all of Reality.

Radiance shot from his flesh that was brighter than a million burning universes, and his dimensional flesh, unbound, emerged.

Rowan could not take this form in Reality; the fabric of existence was simply too weak to support his real weight. Only in this space made by the Primordial Beast Bahamut could Rowan fully unleash his strength.

It was a great reason Rowan decided to battle in this place; unless he traveled to Limbo, nowhere else in Reality would he be able to unleash the strength of such magnitude, at least not for the time being.

Reality was rapidly changing, and perhaps it would be enough to hold him in the future, but before that time arrives, Rowan will find his true capabilities in this battle.

Weapons, spells, armor, all his usual methods of battle would either be set aside or pushed to a level that would break them, and in this battle, Rowan knew he had only two great weapons that could participate in a fight of this level, and that was his Origin

Bloodlines and the power that came from his Class, and the second weapon was the Destroyer and the power that came from his Titles.

Andar, in the distance, beheld this creature and the proper form of his father. His soul shattered to pieces, and for the entirety of his life, Andar knew that he would never forget what he saw.

Andar perceived that his father subtly enhanced his perception, and that was the only reason he was able to glean so much about the higher dimension, and he was immensely grateful for this gift.

He died with a smile on his lips before he was turned to nothing from the radiance of the universes that Rowan had spawned with a clap from his hands.

In the brief moment separating death from life, Andar saw their true form and went mad. Only the cleansing hands of death and Rowan's grace ensured that the corruption from seeing their true form did not destroy him.

The Primordial Beast and Rowan were not made from flesh and bone but seemed to be carved from living concepts, like a living paradox made from the raw fabrics of higher dimensions that Andar had no name for.

He feared that he would never perceive their true form, and despite this revelation, he was merely seeing their shadows. Andar realized that everything he was, his dimension, his powers, were all fleeting shadows before the real thing. Every immortal in existence was playing with swords made from fog, while only these true gods could wield the might of existence.

‘We are so small, so fucking small!’

Where Rowan was made from clean lines and geometric wonders that were still filled with countless charms despite how alien it appeared to Andar's senses, the Primordial Beast was a collapsing infinity of jaws, limbs, and eyes spiraling into an unknown reality.

He tried not to see the intent behind the Primordial Beast's body. Andar knew that this was the line he could not cross, and if he did, Rowan might be unable to save him.

His soul was gone, but a purple Soul Origin bloomed in the Origin Land.

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Andar had been able to see so much, but it was a mere fragment of Rowan's perception.

In the shape of this beast, Rowan saw his future. As much as it filled him with awe, there was also a jarring dissonance in his mind when he knew he possessed as many higher-

dimensional characteristics as this beast, but his perception was still catching up to his nature.

To Rowan's senses, Bahamut was a shifting mass of recursive geometries, his shape impossible for an immortal mind to describe.

Each of his limbs split into smaller versions of itself, endlessly repeating like a cosmic Maldebroth set. Its "skin" is a lattice of folded space-time, shimmering with non-Euclidian angles.

This great beast lay upon countless memories of the past and unknown futures. The fates and destinies of myriad beings were his bed, and Rowan saw that this horde of information was the center of this creature's greed. The beast would lay there for all eternity and slowly harvest all that was and was to come—a silent Reaper.

The first Primordial Beast that Rowan had seen and consumed had the appearance of a woman with the horns of a goat. Nothing like this nightmarish visage was before him, but he knew this was a Primordial Beast's original form.

These creatures that should have existed before the dawn of creation were not something mortals or immortals should be able to perceive, but since Rowan was becoming more like this with every passing moment, this shape seemed fitting to his senses.

With millions of burning universes as the light for their battle, Rowan lunged forward. He still kept his humanoid shape, but his body could shrink and stretch in a manner that defied imagination, and his skin glowed with light and darkness as if quadrillions of bright universes were the fabrics of his skin.

His arms shift across space-time, extending across multiple-dimensional spaces and expanding as he reaches across the distance that separates them. His intent is to tear this beast in two, but Bahamut unexpectedly explodes into motion.

The Primordial Beast's body did not move across space; instead, it unfolded, phasing through dimensions like a knife through layers of paper. Despite how durable this unknown space was, it still shrieked with pain at the passage of this beast as it bled dark matter.

Rowan's eyes shone at the movements of this beast, and his powerful consciousness began to decipher the motions he had used. Watching a ninth-dimensional creature cut across space-time was an enlightening experience, and Rowan could imagine a thousand uses for this knowledge.

Nevertheless, he had not anticipated the speed at which Bahamut could move. One moment, he had been laying onto twisted dimensions made from the shattered memories, and the next, he was so close that its stench filled Rowan's senses before horns made from

collapsing superblackholes the size of a million dimensions folded together slammed into Rowan's chest.

“BOOM!”

The impact shattered tens of thousands of the floating burning universes and sent a shockwave through space and time, impacting the past and changing the present, as a thousand collisions happened at the same time across the past and present.

Chapter 1568 1568: Fate, Open!

Chapter 1568 1568: Fate, Open!

This entire space transformed into a space of primordial nothingness as Reality struggled to come to terms with the impossibilities of their power, but two entities within this disorder whose presence resisted that chaos stood from within as countless dying dimension struck their skin and shattered into pieces.

Rowan was thrown into the distance, crossing distances that made no mathematical sense, and a grunt of pain emerged from his lips.

Two great holes were in his chest, and all of the bones of his torso had been crushed, and a malevolent force that was hard to describe was attempting to tear his mind and soul apart.

His existence would be instantly extinguished if he gave a single inch to this force. It did not matter if the injury from Bahamut was a tiny scratch or a gaping wound; his every action carried this force.

He fell to one knee; his dimensional flesh that had been freed from the constraint of normality was the same size as Reality; that is to say, his body was infinite in size, and the injuries that he had just suffered from this clash were threatening to shatter him into pieces.

A fleeting thought passed through Rowan's mind,

‘Ah, this is familiar. How many times have I been brought to the brink? I have been tested since the moment of my birth, and I have not been found wanting!’

Watching Rowan struggle to stand, the Primordial Beast roared; his voice was a thing of pure horror,

“You shall not call me Bahamut. I am Zorathok, the Infinite Maw, and I am the Prime Architect of Annihilation!”

Rowan groaned as he stood up. His mind was already pushing against the forces that threatened to warp his existence into nothing. From the intense light flashing in the eyes of Bahamut, the Primordial Beast was surprised at how easily Rowan was shrugging off the effects of his attack.

Names held power, and in the higher dimensions where they battled, the dead name of this Primordial Beast, which was Bahamut, was like a shackle on its power, and Rowan refused to acknowledge his new existence that would surely give him more power over him.

“You sure know how to talk big, Bahamut, but...” Then he brought his right hand forward, and one of the beast’s horns was on it. In the clash earlier, he had ripped it off the head of Bahamut. “...You break.”

The Primordial Beast looked at his broken horn held by Rowan and roared in anger. This desecration to his flesh and name was rousing him from his lethargy because, in truth, most of his powers and consciousness were still sealed. Yet what was happening was driving Zorathok to the edge, and more of him was awakening.

There would be significant consequences if more of his consciousness were awakened, but Zorathok was finding out that he might not have leisure not to make that choice.

‘This is a mistake,’ Zorathok growled internally, ‘The Primes lied to me. This is not a cub but a full-grown disaster. They should not blame me for protecting my domain.’

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The wounds in Rowan’s body had thoroughly resisted the call of Annihilation and began to seal themselves, and Rowan’s gaze traveled to the body of Bahamut, where dying stars and screaming destinies poured from the wound on his head,

“... and you bleed. A lot.”

“Ah, little abominable whelp, you have grown on eating shadows; perhaps it is time I showed you the true meaning of power. How else would you understand your situation?”

Reality shifted, and Bahamut was before Rowan. However, despite how massive this Primordial Beast was, he was still half the size of Rowan, barely reaching his chest. His length seemed to stretch for countless infinities, making his mass nearly equal to that of Rowan.

A single claw, a blade of folded dimensions, lashed out, not in a line but in every direction at once, a strike that existed across all possible timelines and spatial locations.

It was impossible for Rowan to dodge this blow, and so he did not bother to try. Instead, calling upon the concept of Destruction and wielding it as if it were Creation, Rowan

created a dimensional space of destruction in the shape of armor that covered his body. In a moment, he was clad in a red flaming armor whose presence shattered existence and destroyed it at its fundamental level.

The claw from Bahamut slammed against him, tearing through the armor that made Reality impossible to exist; the blow hit but also did not. If Rowan's Will over unreality were greater than Bahamut's own, this blow would not be able to cut across to him, but if it were lesser than Bahamut, he would be sliced to pieces.

Their will over existence clashed, and a sound of reality weeping could be heard in the center of the turmoil, as a paradox was created during this clash. This area of reality and unreality pulsed repeatedly, like the foul heart of a dead god, as the paradox in this clash grew alongside the unbreakable Wills of both combatants. Eventually, existence itself had to give way before the might of these two Titans, and it shattered into a kaleidoscope of broken causality.

Rowan was blasted backward, bleeding broken light and shattered dreams, his body on the verge of destruction, but his laughter cut across space-time and countless dimensions. This was the first time he had been able to truly unleash himself after his evolution to the realm of Origin, and he was just getting started.

His bloodlines pulsed, feeding on his dimensional flesh and pouring Essence and Aether in impossible volumes all through it, and power exploded out of every part of his body as a result.

His powerful mind was torn in two, handling all of his impossible strength while simultaneously battling against the power of annihilation that filled his flesh.

His present state as the sixth dimension was strained to the limits and beyond, and Rowan, knowing that he could no longer handle the strain of this battle with his present powers, divided his minds once more and pushed towards the core,

“If the sixth-dimensional state is not enough, then I call upon Fate. Open before me!”

Chapter 1569: A Spark That Thought Itself A Flame

Rowan had never unleashed so much power in his entire life. He had barely begun to unleash the power of his bloodlines and the full might of his dimensional flesh, but his present dimensional level was holding him back.

This battle was not a place where he could afford to micromanage his abilities as he was always used to doing. All of his previous opponents, including Thenos and Seed, had not truly forced him to push for the limits of his present potential, and only going against a

Primordial Level Entity that he realizes that he was always meant to fight like this, but he had never met anyone that could draw out this level of power from him.

Rowan's heart was singing even as his Ether and Essence boiled. Their temperature reached billions of degrees and climbed higher as Rowan summoned the power of a higher dimension inside this space created by a Primordial Beast.

A mystical chant emerging from the depths of creation in the language of Primordials filled this space, emerging from the depths of Rowan's consciousness as he called upon Fate itself.

An immortal reaching the seventh dimension called upon a thread of their Fate, but Rowan was a dimension as vast as true Reality, and for him, a thread would not do; he called upon the True Dimension of Fate itself.

“Vashtara neth'un dremis,

Sol'mira keth'varis,

Ylthorin fah'dohr imar,

Zorath'kai vel'shandris, Yltharion, zor'falís, keth'mir sol,

Nar'ethis vel'sindra, moth'kai dris!

By the blood of fallen stars,

The Eclipsed Creator summons the thread from afar,

Through the veil where the lost dream,

Fate entwined, yet none may hold

I sever the weave. I unmake the oath!

Fate responded, and a power that emerged from outside of all known Reality itself began to descend.

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Although Rowan was suffering from the power of annihilation, which was tearing his essence apart, and the only thing holding him away from nothingness was his Will, Bahamut was still suffering from the power of destruction that Rowan had summoned.

This high-level concept might not have reached the ninth-dimensional level. Still, Rowan's innate understanding of destruction had pushed this power to a level that could affect a weakened Primordial Beast.

Bahamut's skin rippled with intense waves of destruction that wrapped around him like a shroud, burning through his essence, causing the beast to roar in pain.

He had not felt pain like this since the beginning of the Primordial Era, and it aroused his savagery as he began to tear into himself, discarding large amounts of flesh that took the shape of bleeding dreams and shattered dimensions.

Unlike Rowan, whose dimensional flesh seemed endlessly malleable, able to regenerate from any wound as long as his Will was strong enough to hold him away from death, Bahamut was not fully awakened. The essence he had to work with was minor—barely a few oceans of Primordial Essence—and the power of destruction could not be withstood; it could only be cast aside.

This created a window of opportunity for Rowan to do something insane and ascend into a higher dimension during a battle with a ninth-dimensional entity.

Rowan had been on the threshold of the seventh dimension for a while, but due to his present circumstances where he had to ready himself for a war with the entirety of Reality and all the Primordial Dimensions, he could not yet allow himself the freedom to pursue a higher dimension.

He had given many reasons why going to the seventh-dimensional level so quickly from the sixth-dimensional level was madness, and there was too much at stake for him to be tied down under the strain of reaching for a higher level.

Rowan's existence in the outside Reality was tenuous at best, and the weight of his presence upon Reality was so terrible that he had to constantly simulate the appearance of a lower immortal in order to be able to move around.

He was in the sixth dimension, and a lot of his weight had been spread across his memories, from the past, present, and even to the future. But if he was to seize his Fate, then it was unknown if Reality would be able to handle his ascension.

Unless he entered a Primordial Domain or created a stable space for his elevation, the risk would be too significant, and it was worthy to note that before Rowan summoned Fate, he had believed he would be calling upon its thread, not the entirety of Fate.

This unknown space created by the Primordial Beast had the stability of a ninth-dimensional realm, and if there was any place where he could fully unleash himself as he ascended, it was here.

“BOOOM! BOOOM! BOOOM!”

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In front of Rowan, a tiny rift emerged, struggling to appear inside this space where Reality was extremely dense. Through the rift, a dense Aura greater than the seventh dimension appeared, shaking Rowan to the core.

The Threads of Fate were a seventh-dimensional power, but it seemed like Fate itself was not. Instead, it should be a ninth-dimensional power whose threads had been borrowed by the Primordials to create the seventh dimensions!

To the two entities here, this Rift was small, but if any immortal reaching for the seventh dimension were to see it, they would be struck dumb in amazement because this Rift was bigger than an eighth-dimensional realm and was still expanding, whereas the usual Rift present in an immortal’s elevation was hardly greater than a few million miles.

“How dare you desecrate my domain with the hands of that bitch!” Bahamut roared with rage when he saw the Rift appearing in front of Rowan and recognizing what he was about to do in the midst of their battle.

His massive body crossed through space, the Primordial Beast pulling more of his consciousness from slumber, shrugging off the power of destruction that had enveloped his body; Bahamut eyes, whose numbers could not be counted, glinted with intense hunger and rage.

Rowan pointed his left hand at the charging beast, “You are too late.”

In a single instance, he exhausted his entire Ether and channeled it all into the spells created by Chronomancer Prime. The sound that emerged from Rowan’s body as he burned all the Ether in his body was terrible, and he would have perished if not for the impossible Essence that held him in place as his Ether began to regenerate rapidly.

Bahamut may be a Primordial Beast whose powers rivaled the entirety of existence. Still, even this ancient being was smaller than Rowan, a living dimension that merged with the Land of Origin.

The amount of Ether he had in his body was matchless; even as a sixth-dimensional being, it was greater than any amount of Essence in the body of the Primordial Beast, and Rowan unleashing all of this power at once was equal to the force of every immortal in Reality, from the past to the future releasing all of the Aether in their bodies.

He could be seen as a young Reality whose potential was still largely untapped. He was learning what he was capable of through battle, and everything that was happening was deeply surprising to Rowan, who had never gone all out before.

This space was shattered; it screamed and perished as a beam of force emerged from the center of his palm and traveled through time, slamming into the Primordial Beast.

The Primordial Beast was forcefully halted in place, and Bahamut roared in astonishment as his massive body was not only pushed back across space, but time as well. The power of Destruction that had been shrugged off was drawn back from the past to coat the body of the Primordial Beast once more as new destruction spells were added to the volley.

Wielding Spells from Chronomancer Prime, who controlled the Origin of Time unique to Rowan's dimensional flesh, was potent enough to affect an entity at the ninth-dimensional level.

Their battle birthed countless universes and dimensions as all sorts of higher-dimensional laws were unleashed from their bodies, but Bahamut's cries of pain and rage shattered all of these dimensions while he was held in place.

Rowan felt this space of this Reality grow denser as Bahamut pressed under the power of Chronomancer Prime seemed to transform, as it felt as if more of this beast's awareness had reawakened from its endless slumber.

A voice that had defied ages rumbled under the shadow of Rowan's power, pressing the beast back across space and time.

"Insolence... Little Flame. I shall erase you from the Cosmic Record. You are a spark that thought itself a flame. A shadow that mistook itself king. You shall learn little ember as you fade."

A pulse of power blasted out from Bahamut, rending dimensions and birthing horrors that lived for a moment, only to worship the glory of the Beast of the Earth and Fire before they perished and their souls screamed for countless eternities in worship of the great beast of the end.

Rowan grunted as he was pushed back, but he was not deterred; the Rift where the power of Fate was emerging was growing bigger as its presence created a unique radiance that began to replace the heavens above.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1570: Threshold Of Fate

Chapter 1570: Threshold Of Fate

The weight of Fate's presence was resounding across this space, and Rowan could sense a growing connection being created in his dimensional flesh and soul that was resonating with its arrival.

This dimensional space that was incredibly stable began to loosen at its seams, and Rowan considered his action here to be the right choice. He was in great danger with his present

actions, but he realized he might not have been able to summon this version of Fate if he was anywhere else in Reality.

Rowan did not know how the Primordial Beast was able to create this space. Still, it was as close to Limbo as he had ever seen, and perhaps only in the depths of a Primordial Domain would he have been able to find a space that was stable enough to hold the arrival of a ninth-dimensional level Fate.

In this space, there was only the presence of the Primordial Beast that was still being suppressed by his power, and because this beast was not fully awakened, his control of this space was nearly non-existent, and if there was any chance of success, it was now.

The power of Fate exploded in intensity as a threshold seemed to have been crossed. Rowan chuckled within because he knew that even if Bahamut were to awaken fully, it would be nearly impossible for him to banish Fate from this space because too much of it had made it across. Now, it was feeding on this space to sustain its existence.

As if fully acknowledging Rowan's presence, the dimension of Fate made a connection with his dimensional flesh. Rowan observed this power for a moment, hesitated, and then rapidly reviewed all his actions from the last few moments, deeming that he was satisfied with it. Then, he accepted the power.

The change was immediate, as his dimensional flesh rippled with power that blasted outwards from his body in visible purple shockwaves that devastated the space around him. However, in all these transformations, Rowan's left hand was still upraised as he continued his suppression of Bahamut.

This new transformation of his body was close to the evolution of his form as he transcended his previous limits; it could not equal his transformation to an Origin Lifeform, but it was close to it.

It was as if he was metamorphosing from a larvae to a butterfly as new spaces and dimensional thresholds were being created in his flesh and soul that had previously not existed.

Above him, the voice of Fate traveled from outside Reality as more of the heavens were replaced by its might, and the changes in Rowan's body accelerated,

"Voryndar, keth'mir ulthar. Droth'vei neth'is zor'amal?"

"Truth Seeker. You seek the Spindle of Fate. The Lock of Ages. Yet many have been sundered before its edge. Are you worthy?"

This voice slammed into Rowan's consciousness, and his flesh was shattered into pieces, birthing endless dimensions that exploded into the distance. As the infinity of this space was stretched to the limits, it exploded into a greater infinity to hold the weight of the

increasing presence of Rowan's flesh and the awakening Primordial Beast, who was almost going insane with rage.

Fate's dimension was rapidly feeding on this space it had created, and Rowan was unaware that Fate's presence was delaying Bahamut's awakening.

At the dawn of the Primordial Era, Bahamut created this space using his ethereal flesh. Awakening would mean that Bahamut would collect his flesh once more, but with the consumption of Fate, his flesh became the fuel for Rowan's ascension to the seventh dimension.

How could Bahamut endure this humiliation? Its nature had always been one to take. It was the basic instincts of the Primordial Beasts that their hunger could never be satisfied, and every moment when Fate fed off his flesh, the madness in Bahamut rose uncontrollably.

If this continued, he would helplessly have to watch Rowan reach the seventh dimension—not the broken-dimensional state available to all lifeforms in Reality, but a connection with Fate itself.

The Primordial Beast knew that Rowan would not survive this transformation. It did not matter how talented he was; there was something that a lower-dimensional form could not take, and the actual manifestation of Fate was one of them.

Even if Rowan were to fail this Tribulation, Bahamut would still take a significant loss, and the ultimate winner in this game would be the Primes, who would not wait to descend into this space to feed on the rich remnants of Rowan's flesh.

Bahamut's mind shifted across countless possibilities until he selected the one that would serve his purpose well enough, and with an internal cry of intense rage, he began to channel his attention toward this possible future,

“Your Flame shall be extinguished by my hand, and everything you are will be mine.”

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Inside Rowan's head was sheer pandemonium. The forces his consciousness was channeling were ridiculous, and he had been truly pushed to the limits.

“I can do it... No matter the stakes, no matter how heavy the burden may be. My heart is limitless, and nothing can stop my Will!”

All of Rowan's waking moments were a struggle to carry the weight of his existence, a struggle that most immortal minds could not imagine.

Now that he was in battle with a ninth-dimensional entity while simultaneously pushing for the higher dimension and enduring the transformation of his flesh to handle the dimension of Fate, the Tribulation sent by the gathering power of Fate above nearly shattered Rowan's consciousness to nothing.

The Tribulation of Fate came in two forms: the harsh transformation of his flesh, which would have killed him if not for his abundant Essence, and second was his consciousness.

Carrying Fate did not seem as easy as he once thought, and it tested his consciousness in every manner. Every single syllable in the voice of Fate hammered his consciousness, and Rowan could only endure and adapt rapidly.

If he had not gone through a trial of consciousness the moment he stepped into the sixth-dimensional realms of memory, he would have failed this Tribulation.

However, the power that Rowan was trying to collect was never meant for a lower-dimensional being. He was accessing the ninth-dimensional realm of Fate, and he needed to be at the level of a Primordial to house this sort of power.

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Rowan believed that with all his advantages, it was possible that he would succeed. Still, he was rapidly slipping toward the edge of annihilation if he did not try to bolster his reserves.

He was transforming too quickly for his body and consciousness to adapt. He needed to find a way to sustain a transformation meant for beings of the Primordial Level when he was still a sixth-dimensional entity.

The ability of his Origin Land to give Rowan more time to consider his actions was rendered useless before the might of this higher dimensional space where time was almost meaningless because any of the forces here could effortlessly touch and control time as easily as breathing.

If he wanted to take any action, he could not spend time thinking about it; he would only trust that his abilities and state of mind had reached a high enough level that he should be able to make the optimal choices.

With his flesh under the influence of modification to the higher dimension, Rowan's dimensional soul emerged from the shattered remnants of his transforming flesh, shining like the first star in existence.

Chapter 1571: Fate's Origin

Chapter 1571: Fate's Origin

He looked at his dimensional flesh and knew he could no longer hold on. He was like a ticking time bomb, and the ninth-dimensional power of Fate was crushing him to pieces.

“The only road to salvation lay in pushing deeper into the chaos. I will survive if I reach the seventh-dimensional level, and there is no use in delaying the inevitable.”

In the end, the decision that he made was quite simple. He was dying because of swallowing a power that was not meant for him, but if he stopped this process halfway, he would inevitably be crushed to pieces. He would just continue swallowing this power while adjusting along the way, and if he could totally grab Fate, then this ninth-dimensional power would be his foundation for survival.

With his dimensional flesh enduring the Tribulation of Fate, his soul was free to peer beyond the Tribulation’s barrier to the power he sought to acquire. His unique constitution allowed Rowan to be able to cheat this Tribulation, as he was pushing for the results while still enduring the process.

If he survived his Tribulation ahead, this would have been his prize, but Rowan was not willing to allow Fate to dictate his path forward, and his soul seized the power within it.

His eyes were opened to the truth.

The power of the Fate dimension above was too much for him to fully decipher. Its forms were countless, and it was not easy for him to go through all of them because each representation was a power at the ninth-dimensional level. In his present state, where he was on the verge of death, he could not afford to be too picky about the dimensional pathway he chased.

Rowan’s Will began to ascend, and the first to rise upon this revelation was the Will of Truth. This enhancement was what he needed to barely push past the final barriers holding back his sight.

His dimensional soul looked upon Fate and its many forms. However, he could not see much. He was able to cheat, but his capabilities were too limited to take full advantage of it. Rowan was satisfied with what he was able to do with the tools he had to work with.

He saw a Heavenly Die with nine sides, each part representing the endless mysteries that tied the lives of all things from their conception to their end. Rowan almost reached for it, but he suppressed this instinct and continued pushing on; this was one part of Fate and might not necessarily be the best one for him, so he moved on to the next.

In the next form of Fate, he saw a red thread whose length defied infinity, stretching across countless timelines and dimensions, reaching the past perpetuity to a place that Rowan’s perception could not touch.

This was the familiar form of Fate available in Reality where it took the form of a thread, and if Rowan accepted this Fate, then he would have an advantage in understanding it because it was close to what he knew, but there was still a bit of time to check for one last form of Fate before he made his decision.

When he saw this form, Rowan was glad that he had waited. He saw a massive glowing book, almost reminding him of the Primordial Record. In the minor glimpse he could see of its pages, he could see the records of countless lives, each page holding the entirety of a mortal's or immortal's life.

Immediately drawn to this representation of Fate, he decided that this would be the one for him.

This heavenly book drew his attention because of its familiarity with the Primordial Record. Rowan subconsciously discarded other representations of Fate and focused on this book. He knew this was his path of Fate, destined for him even before Time was born. The moment he mastered this book, he would seize his Destiny.

“Voryndar, keth'mir ulthar. Droth'vei neth'is zor'amal?”

“Truth Seeker. You seek the Spindle of Fate. The Lock of Ages. Yet many have been sundered before its edge. Are you worthy?”

The voice of Fate thundered once more, passing through Rowan's dimensional soul and hammering down on his dimensional flesh, whose shape was now similar to a massive cloud made from stars and shattered dimensions.

Rowan frowned. The power of Fate was too domineering, and if it continued, Rowan would not survive its relentless query. This Tribulation was becoming more than a nuisance and was quickly becoming fatal.

The dimensional soul looked away from Fate, his gaze reaching Bahamut. Despite the unreasonable strain under which his dimensional flesh was, the beam of power from Chronomancer Prime had not been halted for a moment.

Every new droplet of Ether created was channeled towards maintaining his fragile hold over the Primordial Beast.

Rowan was hurting this beast, but if he wanted to use this method to defeat him, then it would be impossible. All of this was a delaying tactic to stall his opponent long enough for him to seize Fate.

The presence of Bahamut was growing stronger as this Primordial Beast roused himself from slumber, and the only way Rowan would keep up with the eventual explosion of power that would arise from a more powerful Primordial Beast was to reach the seventh-dimensional level.

A normal immortal reaching for the seventh dimension meant their understanding of their soul and consciousness had transcended the physical and spiritual realm, and across time, space, and memories, they could pluck themselves away from the threads of Fate.

Upon reaching the seventh dimension, every immortal of a higher dimensional level had this opportunity to hold the thread of their Fate, thereby making it harder for any outside power to interfere with their lives. However, what was happening here with Rowan was not the same.

It would seem that summoning the ninth-dimensional variant of Fate, which should be the proper form of Fate, granted him the choice to obtain what Rowan would describe as Fate's Origin.

In the same way that his dimension of Space and Time was unique to him and did not share any relation with Reality, his Fate would not be tied to the dimension of Fate created by the Primordials.

With his decision made, Rowan's dimensional soul took the form of a man whose size was beyond infinity. Raising his hands, he pushed them deep into the new heaven created by the presence of Fate as he called for the Origin that was meant for him.

His actions seemed to make Reality freeze, and the Primordial Beast screamed,

"Light! Memory! Are you going to stand aside and watch?!"

Chapter 1572: New Player

The Primordial Beast's words did not make Rowan stop his actions. If Bahamut was bluffing and he froze as a result, then his defeat would be too pathetic. Just because this was a ninth-dimensional entity did not mean his talent for deceit was lesser; instead, it was most likely the opposite.

It also helped that among the most negative outcomes from this battle that may arise, Rowan had considered that other Primordial powers might be included as it progressed forward. As far as he could tell, there had not been any fight of the level in the Supreme Era, and no matter how durable space was to be, slight traces of their battle were still escaping from it.

The thing was that, even if the Primordials arrived, Rowan would simply deal with it as best as he could. There were methods he had placed down that might ensure his survival, but in battles of this level, he was never a hundred percent assured of its outcome.

Besides, no matter how it seemed, Rowan was not fighting this battle alone. Desperate times called for desperate measures, and he had taken many such measures on this day, as well as many years he had spent preparing for it.

His dimensional soul did not stop reaching for the heavens, and his hand pushed through the power of Fate, ignoring the endless number of forces present in the ocean of Fate. He grabbed the Origin that was always meant for him. It would be easy to fall into temptation here and see if he could seize more Origin.

A chill like his soul had just dropped into an ocean of ice enveloped him, and the dimensional soul froze in place. What he was holding might seem ephemeral, but the weight of the origin of Fate was greater than he could ever imagine.

A small part of him had been considering taking more than a single Origin; after all, his main body was still undergoing Tribulation, which meant the gate of Fate was wide open, and he could blunder hee bounty as much as he could. However, it was holding onto a single Origin that he became fully aware of the power that he had gained.

From all across Rowan's dimensional soul, massive boils and blisters began to grow before exploding in a shower of gore and bleeding light. Like endless volcanoes erupting all over his skin, the soul of the dimensional soul began to expand, and he was under so much stress that if not for the power freezing him in place, Rowan would be screaming in pain.

His dimensional soul, which was countless times more terrifying than any soul should have any right to be, was breaking under the weight of Fate. Holding the Origin of Fate turned out to be something that even his perverse dimensional soul was not built to handle.

Cracks that were so massive they could fit countless dimensions broke across his dimensional soul, and intense beams of light and other esoteric forces blasted out of Rowan's soul as creation and destruction waged war inside him.

His soul was failing, but his grip on the Origin of Fate was becoming more firm, and as a result, the breath of the seventh dimension was beginning to arise around Rowan.

This Aura seemed to quickly accelerate the speed of his Will Formation, and his Will of Soul Origin and the Will of Time all smoothly entered the seventh-dimensional level, except for the Will of Elder that remained in the fifth dimension, but Rowan had an idea on the method of developing this Will.

All of these powerful Wills reaching the seventh dimension boosted the powers of Rowan's soul, and his grip tightened on Fate's Origin in the shape of a heavenly book, and he began to pull it out.

As ridiculous as it was to imagine, Rowan was absorbing the ninth-dimensional Origin of Fate as a nascent seventh-dimensional entity and was already on the road to success. If nothing changed in the next few moments, he would succeed.

His bet on his potential had been the right choice. His dimensional flesh and soul were potent enough to cross the chasm that separated the rest of Reality from the true nature of power.

In the distance, this Reality created by the flesh of Bahamut that was countless times more potent than the true Reality cracked open, as a force countless times greater than any of the power unleashed in this battle creates a passage into this space, and a Primordial stepped through.

All of existence shuddered.

Space fractured then simply vanished under an unfathomable weight, and from a place beyond time—an entity older than existence, whose form was a paradox: a writhing mass of obsidian tendrils one moment, a constellation of burning eyes the next, then a hollow, yawning maw that swallowed the very concept of shape.

Stars flickered and died in its wake. Reality recoiled.

The laws of physics twisted like wet parchment, unraveling in their presence. Gravity bent into screams. Time splintered into shards, each fragment reflecting a different epoch—past, future, and epochs that never were.

At last, it took the form of a mundane man whose physique was too perfect. As if to glory in his perfection, this Primordial was naked, with only a thin strip of glowing memories surrounding him.

Rowan had finally seen the full form of a Primordial. And it was glorious as well as terrible. This was something that he was rapidly transforming into.

The roar of Bahamut resounded all over this space, greed, glee, and anger pulsing in his voice in equal measure,

“Finally, you are here. Kill him before he succeeds in grasping an Origin and inscribe his name on the Cosmic Record!”

From Rowan’s dimensional flesh that was still in the shape of a massive cloud came his deep voice,

“I told you I will deliver your prey to you, Primordial Chaos.”

“That you did, child,” Primordial Chaos smiled, “That you did.”

Bahamut seemed to have been struck dumb, and he screamed in rage. Whatever hate and greed he felt for Rowan was nothing before the primordial standing here,

“Chaos! I shall end your existence!”

“Not before I come for yours, little beast.”

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

Chapter 1573: The Blood And The Flame

Moments before summoning Fate’s Origin.

Rowan’s consciousness inside Revah Endirius was barely a fraction of the consciousness power he controlled; it could not be helped.

The shell of Rowan consumed by this Magus might be powerful enough to break her bloodline shackles and bring her to the level of an Old One, granting her talents beyond her wildest dreams, but this shell was made when he was still a mortal and less evolved.

If the present state of Rowan’s consciousness was likened to Adamantite, then the consciousness inside the stone shell was less than a soft breeze in comparison, but it still came from him, and that made it incomparably precious.

Rowan could not do much with this weak consciousness power except observe and manipulate Revah’s soul when the time called for it, but what was important to him was that he could use this consciousness as a doorway to his primary consciousness.

Like a puppeteer controlling a puppet from afar, Rowan manipulated every event on the Supreme World of Magus from afar.

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Rowan’s dimensional flesh and soul were at Booze Palace, the proposed center of Reality, and they watched the events unfold in the World of Mages according to their design.

Not too long ago, he had learned that Endirius was a Primordial Beast, and he was drastically changing his plans to fit this new situation.

Watching closely at everything that was happening, Rowan was waiting for the chance to strike.

As far as he could determine, Endirius had gathered the five parts of the First Flame close to him. One part was inside Jovah Endirius, a seventh star Archmage, and the last four were inside the Oracle. He repeatedly checked that these were all of the First Flames with his Will of Truth until he was satisfied that everything was following his Will.

His patience and careful planning were rewarded as the moment he had been waiting for arrived. Rowan did not even have to manipulate Revah to make this happen when he

already laid all the groundwork. The surrounding mages sent an order for the arrest of Andar, and the ones who would dispense their Wills were the Flame Guards.

Only a situation like this that was warrant the might of the most extraordinary powers of the Realm would cause the Flame Guards to be dispatched.

As it happens, Jovah Endirius, the holder of a piece of the First Flame, was among their number. Rowan was sure that this poor girl was just bait created by the Primordial Beast to lure his prey closer to the net, but he did not care. If the Primordial Beast were safe in his invincibility, Rowan would not disabuse it of that notion.

This was a hit-and-run operation, meaning he could take certain risks without caring much about the repercussions.

He half expected that Endirius might hold back Revah from approaching Andar due to the changes in Reality, but as the Primordial Beast was stuck deciphering the means that Rowan had used to pour Primordial Essence into Reality, he had let this order go uncontested. This was also under Rowan's consideration; he could not allow any part of this plan to fail and ensured that everything had a redundant point to buffer his schemes.

Rowan trusted Andar would deliver this flame to him. These Flame Guards were strong, but their strength was all borrowed, and a thousand of these Flame Guards would not shake his son. Rowan immediately began his plans to snatch the Oracle under the Primordial Beast's nose, using Revah's soul as a medium.

The process was slightly cumbersome but was deemed necessary because of all the forces that Rowan could control; he believed that outside the Primordial of Soul, he was matchless in terms of manipulating the essence of souls. He had looked through Reality and could find no one near his capabilities.

If there were ever to be a single power outside the reach of this Primordial Beast, then it would be the power of the soul.

Only with this method was he assured that he would escape the gaze of the Primordial Beast long enough to succeed, as before, he did not care about the consequences; he only needed to steal the flames as quickly as possible.

Everything was going well until they didn't.

The teleportation nodes and their nexus were fully completed. The most dangerous parts of this process were completed under Endirius's nose, and what should have happened next was supposed to be the easy part as he activated the teleportation nodes. Then, the mages around him attacked Endirius and shattered the stability of the space around them, making teleportation all but impossible.

This was a great setback, but anyone looking at Rowan would not believe that it was so because he was breathing in relief, for he expected something much worse.

His eyes blazed scarlet, and the spatial power he had condensed with Revah's soul underwent specific changes.

Even though it was impossible for ant teleportation to work, Rowan was able to do it, but the price for this action was that he could take only half of the First Flames.

Revah's soul crumbled but was held together by the last of Rowan's consciousness, which was far too durable to be easily destroyed. However, he could no longer easily see into the core of the Supreme Realm. His puppet had become a broken thing.

Rowan's dimensional soul looked at him and nodded, "They took the bait. Now the true hunt can begin."

"Yes, they did." Rowan frowned, "strange, I was expecting more than this."

His soul responded, "This is already good enough. We did not anticipate the presence of a Primordial Beast. Even now, I am struggling to place it inside a frame of control." pointing at the table that held the Map of Reality, the dimensional soul sighed, "My Map is ruined, it is filled with holes that I may never fill."

"Have fate," Rowan dimensional flesh chuckled, "Great things have small beginnings, and soon your Map shall become complete. I will be glad to see that treasure unveiled in its full glory."

The dimensional soul smiled and nodded, "Right, now let us find our prize."

The dimensional flesh nodded, "Of course, it has been too long, and the weight of his gaze is like a noose on my neck, and I can no longer endure it."

Beside him, the piece of First Flame taken from the body of Jovah Endirius appeared, and he observed it for a moment before placing it away. However, the other two stolen from the Oracle did not appear here.

They had been diverted to somewhere else.

Chapter 1574: Eosah

Caine had expected to wait a long time before he was called to service, and he was left to sit with nothing but his consciousness and relentless voice in his head. Caine hated to be in this place, as dwelling on his memories was as great a torture as what he suffered at the hands of Primordial Chaos.

Sitting on a grain of sand inside the Great Desert, he had nothing but time to contemplate his life choices, and he could not stop himself from falling down memory lane to the times when everything seemed much more straightforward.

Reaching so far into the past, even with the powerful mind of an Old One, was quite strenuous, and Caine hated every single moment he spent sinking into the distant past, but he could not stop himself. Like a fly following a decaying corpse into the grave, he could not loosen himself away from his memories.

“How did it all come to this? How could I have ever been so blind to have fallen so far?”

One should not push past their limits, and his greed had forced him to crave something that he would be unable to hold if provided to him on a silver platter. It was surprising that it took so long for him to understand this fact despite the many opportunities in the past that should have taught him this lesson.

He had always craved the title of a Primordial and all the powers associated with them because he knew that only becoming a Primordial would assure true immortality.

However, he was approaching the end of his life, and Caine could feel it; even if he did not die in battle, the end of his existence was rapidly approaching.

Caine had once told Shamaran that he was incredibly old, more older than she could ever imagine, and Rowan was there. However, by then, Rowan did not understand the genuine concept of death, unlike other immortals who could feel its touch, and he did not fully realize what it meant for an Old One to refer to himself as old.

Reality was far older than most in existence could ever comprehend. Most immortals only knew of two Major Eras, the Primordial Era and the Supreme Era, but Caine had already lived through twelve Major Eras!

Most would not know this knowledge, but from its conception to the present day, Reality has existed for a total of twelve Major Eras. Only two Major Eras are known to Reality, and ten were placed in darkness.

He was among the first in existence when Reality asserted itself in the Cosmic Record, and if there was ever an immortal that should be called an Old One, Caine warranted that title.

Although he was not immortal at the beginning of existence, the sheer volume of Primordial Essence in Reality ensured that he was virtually immortal. For a long time, he and the firstborns of Reality lived in harmony in a land where there was no want.

They called Reality Eosah, for she was their mother. She did not communicate with words; Caine did not think she could; that was the lie he told himself, but it was far into the future that he understood that Eosah could speak more clearly than the gentle breeze

that shook the forest to express her delight. They were all too weak to appreciate her voice, but she loved them all the same, giving up the bounty of her Essence for all of them to indulge in with no limits.

After a long time exploring Reality, some among their number grew curious about what lay beyond the heavens, and they journeyed past the nothingness and saw Limbo.

Of all those who left with him that day, Caine believed that he was the only one who had survived to this day. He may be wrong; he did not much care to search if there were any remnants of the past left.

Caine would never forget the first time he saw a Primordial through the cracks in Reality. It was this sight that broke his mind and planted the seed of greed within him.

He still remembered the faint tug of panic in Eosah's voice, telling them not to venture past the darkness to find what lay outside. Inside her protection, there was no death or misery; it was paradise unending, where the songs of their mother were with them around their communal fires.

They were foolish, as some believed that Eosah must be hiding a treasure from their sight, and others simply wanted to see more.

To prevent them from leaving, Eosah created the Nothingness as a final effort to stop their journey. However, that did not hold them back for long because they were leaders, and in time, they were able to gather power that allowed them to sail through the Nothingness.

Looking back, Caine knew how easy it must have been for Eosah to kill them all to protect the rest of Reality, but she did not do so. She did not bring death into her domain; it was her foolish children who committed that act.

Caine, along with eight of his brothers and sisters, had chosen to journey outside the Nothingness to push past the barrier their mother had made to protect her children and see... power.

This was a concept they had not understood before. What use was there for power when everything was available to you? Yet they were curious, and it was Noctis, the true firstborn of Reality, who sent out his voice into that place and spoke to the darkness, and voices without number responded, promising... everything.

"Your time has come. Find the Flame."

For a moment, Caine was confused as the visions of the past merged with that of the present, but the undeniable presence of Primordial Chaos drove whatever fog was on his mind, and he went on his knees, his face pressing against the ground.

“Your slave obeys your command; let your Will guide my path.”

His mind whirled around as he pondered, ‘Is the moment here already?!’

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

Chapter 1575: Theatricalities And Deceptions

Caine was right to be surprised; he still remembered the words spoken to him by Primordial Chaos,

“The Will of Truth has awakened, and it would light the path of the Supreme Era; an opportunity would arise in the coming year, and the child would shine brighter than all the stars in existence; that would be your time to strike.”

Time for Primordials was incredibly fluid. Even though Primordial Chaos had mentioned a year, Caine believed that it could even be until the end of this Era before he was summoned. Caine had hoped that before that day would arrive, his natural lifespan would run out, but he knew that Primordial Chaos would not let him die, not yet.

This Primordial derived great amusement in watching Caine in torment. Why else would he allow him to live in delusion for so long before mercilessly pulling out the last foundation of lies that Caine had built under himself for so long?

However, the words of Primordial Chaos still tormented his mind. The Will of Truth, Rowan, was expected to shine brighter than any star in existence.

A praise like that from a Primordial would only mean that Rowan must have reached a level of power that was hard to imagine, and Caine could never presume in a thousand Major Eras that such a thing would be able to happen in a literal year.

Rowan left the lower realms barely a thousand years ago, and despite the revelation of Primordial Chaos on the impossible talent of that monster, how many changes could he have made in a single year? It turned out that it was a lot, and they were all greater than he could ever imagine.

He waited for a while for the Will of Primordial Chaos to direct him, but after a while, Caine struggled to raise his head and looked beyond the Great Desert to see what was happening in Reality, as his curiosity could no longer be held back. His jaw nearly fell to the ground.

A storm of unfathomable scale rages across the infinite expanse of Reality, across countless dimensions and universes.

To Caine, this storm was not a tempest of wind and rain but of Primordial fury. With a little more power, this storm would begin to devour dimensions, but a hand held it back. Was this power coming from a single being who was not yet a Primordial?

Already blown away, Caine was not expecting anything more when the primordial storm was shattered by a silver lightning that crossed countless dimensions across reality, and this Old One, who had been here from the beginning of Reality, vanished from the Great Desert and appeared in a random dimension in the higher realm and reached for the descending storm and grasped Primordial Essence.

He originally wanted to pursue the silver lightning, but it was moving too fast, and what he saw across Reality forced him to stop in a minor fourth-dimensional realm, whose Creator was most likely dead because there were no higher-dimensional immortals in this realm, and he could not believe that this realm and every across Reality had become flooded with Primordial Essence.

Caine froze in place, the memories of the past nearly drowning him as he was taken back to the beginning when the Essence of Eosah had filled Reality, and there was life unending,

“Mother, have you returned to us,” he murmured to himself, but a mocking thought crushed whatever smidgen of hope in his heart,

‘Return? You damned fool, you killed her and fed her blood to invaders, and for what?! What did you gain but to become a slave in the end.’

“No!” he suddenly screamed, his voice shattering space and consuming this dimension in a tempestuous rage that consumed all life upon it, leaving a realm that we’d filled with nothing but blood and fire as Caine stood in the middle of the devastation and lamented,

“We... I... was promised... but something is wrong. This is not the Essence of Eosah; it is different. It stinks of Limbo! Has Aegis fallen?”

He had no time to think upon this answer as his eyes rolled into the top of his head as the Will of Primordial Chaos seized his flesh.

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War was all about theatricalities and deception.

Rowan came to the Supreme World of Mages to acquire the First Flames from Endirius, but the flames were never his target.

Sure, having power as potent as the First Flame in his hands, which had the potential of the ninth-dimensional level, was excellent, and Lost was due for a much-needed upgrade to his powers; however, Rowan no longer had a pressing need for this sort of power, at

least, not at this time; instead, it was better to be used as bait to fish for something bigger.

Andar and the rest of his children understood a part of this plan, as they knew that Rowan wanted to use this flame for his battle against the Celestials because this Flame was tied with the creation of Primordial Light, and if there were one power that could be used to suppress the strength of Primordial Light, it would be the First Flames.

So, the moment Rowan sought out the First Flames, this would announce to all that he was beginning his campaign against the Celestials.

He had even started his preparations. Eva had been given nearly half of his entire Celestial Host with the goal of infiltrating the ranks of the City of Light.

She had done a spectacular job at this point as seven Great Legions of the Celestial Host were not under Rowan's Authority, and in a short while, he would be sending out all of his Angelic Host to this battle, hoping to gain at least fifteen legions before the war began.

This was the plan. Yet this plan was a lie.

Primordial Light was undoubtedly a dangerous foe. However, in the larger scheme of things, Rowan had a more dangerous enemy, and that enemy was Primordial Chaos. For he believed that unlike the other Primordials, the one he knew the most was Primordial Chaos; after all, he must have been with Rowan from the moment of his birth.

If the Primordials were half as capable as Rowan when it came to planning and future foresight—and Rowan believed that they were much more experienced than himself in this matter—then Primordial Chaos must be able to anticipate a lot of his actions, including the fact that when he began to push for the First Flames, he meant to attack the Celestial.

Rowan gave that appearance, but his actual target was Primordial Chaos. The rest of the Primordials were sleeping, and Primordial Chaos was chained at the Gates of Oblivion. He was restricted in a lot of ways, but that also meant that, unlike other Primordials, he was awake and aware.

This did not add to the fact that Primordial Chaos had been intertwined in his life for too long, and Rowan would not rest easy allowing this Primordial to gain a firm stance in Reality with the war that was approaching.

Rowan had discarded his Chaotic Body into the Great Nothingness as a mortal, fully aware that inside this stone shell was not only his Essence but also the essence of Primordial Chaos.

He knew that Primordial Chaos was also aware of all the plans he made inside Revah Endirius's body.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1576: Go For The Head

Rowan had no idea how Primordial Chaos would respond to his plans, but he knew that it would not be one that would favor him unless he appropriately played his cards. These old monsters would gladly take advantage of any weakness that they spotted.

The only reason he was going along with this plan was because he knew the Primordials were not a united faction; they were raiders, after all, and they were all here to gain the most benefit from Reality. In the end, who knew what would happen when the final Chapter had been played out? Maybe it was then that an actual Primordial War would begin as they would tear themselves to pieces for the one ruler to rise.

Rowan could dream of such grand events happening, but he was not leaving his Fate and that of Reality to the hope that the Primordials would kill each other one day. He would rather be the hand on the executioner's blade.

He knew there were secret wars ongoing between the Primordials, and a few notable mentions included Primordial Chaos using the power of Oblivion to distort the minds of everyone in the lower realms, a horrifying truth that Rowan had discovered when he began creating Reflections that headed to the future.

Or was it the unknown Fate of Primordial Time and Primordial Soul, the hidden machinations of Primordial Memory, or perhaps the obscure contests of Primordial Life and Primordial Demon? None of them were united in spirit, and all sought more power in their unique dynamics, so Rowan had to find a way of taking advantage of it while making himself seem less of a threat.

The hunt for the First Flames was conceived to draw out Primordial Chaos because Rowan needed answers and, if possible, an alliance.

Would this Primordial stand aside as Rowan plotted against Primordial Light, or would he interfere? It was his reaction that would prompt Rowan to determine if his plans were viable or not.

The appearance of the Primordial Beast shook up Rowan's plan, but he adjusted it on the go. Endirius had always been a mystery, and Rowan had been opened to be surprised.

A being capable of stealing from a Primordial must either possess extremely special capabilities or be extremely powerful, yet nothing was stopping them from being both at the same time. It turned out that Endirius was both.

Shocker. It could not be too easy for him, it seems.

It was a good thing that Endirius was never his target, and if he could learn more about this mysterious figure, that was a bonus. However, life rarely proceeds as the plans laid down for it.

Rowan would find himself fighting against Bahamut and pushing for the dimension of Fate as an unexpected alliance would be created between him and Primordial Chaos in the darkness.

If there was one thing fifty million years of battle, which he observed from the map, had shown him, it was that a war such as the one he was about to wage would not matter if he could not cut off the head of the opposing faction.

A single Primordial was greater than all the powers in Reality a thousand times over. You could not win against them with numbers, and destroying the powers they had surrounded themselves with was a lesson in futility.

It did not mean fighting the battles with the forces of the Primordials was useless; in some cases, it would be what ultimately decided victory for him, but it was of less significance in the grand scheme of things. Even if he won inside of Reality, the actual bodies of the Primordials were outside of it. Anyone would consider destroying all the Primordial Domains to be a victory, but Rowan was never that easily satisfied.

The only answer to his problem was to go after the head—every single time.

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One great advantage of having so many mighty Angels under his domain was Rowan's ability to build impressive structures out of nowhere in a short amount of time.

He gave the plan, and they followed through with it, his Will working through their hands. Their connection to his three Chambers of Creation, Astrolabe, Hollow Forge, and Knowledge Well, enabled them to build impressive structures when all the materials they could ever need could be sourced almost instantaneously from Rowan's Origin Land.

His Angels were building a unique dimension that would contain as many properties of a higher-dimensional realm as possible so that it could become similar to Limbo.

Rowan no longer constructed machines. Worlds, or minor heavenly bodies, he now made entire realms.

This realm was pretty unique because Rowan expected it to be able to contain a Primordial Being for a short amount of time. It should not be able to include the stress of battle, as a single mighty blow from a Primordial would shatter it to nothing, but if it was to hold a Primordial entity, it should last for a few moments before destruction.

The aim here was not war but dialogue. Rowan wished that he was strong enough to imprison a Primordial. This would have been the perfect opportunity for such a thing, and technically, he should be able to perform such a feat, but it would be constantly consuming so many resources for him to maintain this prison that he would essentially be imprisoning himself alongside his prisoner.

If he had only one enemy, this would have been a great plan, but he had several others that were equally dangerous.

Rowan had walked upon multiple Primordial Domains by now, if not personally, then with the aid of his children; when he looked through their eyes, he was reasonably sure that he understood the structure of their realm well enough, and he could fairly imitate the mysteries of his Origin Land when it came to the building of this new dimension.

The most crucial point to consider was the issue of weight. Rowan was not expecting the full presence of Primordial Chaos to enter this dimension, but it should be strong enough to hold his Throne.

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Chapter 1577: You Have Grown

Chapter 1577: You Have Grown

He was going through so much trouble to create a place to hold a sliver of the consciousness of a Primordial for a short while, but Rowan was not displeased. Instead, it indicated to him the severity of the enemies he was about to challenge.

At first, Rowan wanted to hold the meeting at the Inheritance Ground of Chaos, where a literal throne of this Primordial was waiting, but that would have left a lot of power in the Primordial's hands, and he did not understand all the hidden mysteries of that realm to place himself before a vulnerable position like that.

Rowan could risk walking on other Primordial Realms with his physical body because they were still in slumber, but the Inheritance Ground of Chaos was a no-go area for him.

Also, Rowan wanted to display a degree of competency that should allow a Primordial to address him in a manner that befits his present abilities. Even if their alliance were a farce, no Primordial would deem him worthy of their attention if he was not able to create a meeting ground where they could meet up.

Rowan created this dimension in the Nothingness, using the fragments of a shattered dimension that was roving around in this place as a base. Before long, under the hands of

a million Angels, a realm with a single enormous red moon above appeared seemingly out of nothing.

This red moon was significant because it was under the light of a similar red moon that he acquired the blood of Primordial Chaos. Rowan was not aware of how much this Primordial knew about him before this moment. Still, he knew that it was at this time that he had unknowingly brought the influence of this Primordial into his being. If not for the aid of the Primordial Record, Rowan would be firmly tied under the power of Primordial Chaos.

In this realm, there was only a single structure. It resembled a coliseum but was extremely large, which meant it stretched across light years; an immortal would look at it and believe they were looking at an entire galaxy.

Inside this coliseum were the statues of Angels and Demons, the number of which was in the billions. The breath of Creation was in these statues, meaning they could be animated at any moment.

These statues have a unique history because they were made from the bodies and flames of the million angels who built this dimension, the lowest among them being an Archangel. It could not be helped; a dimension that could hold a Throne of a Primordial could not be built out of any random material, and Rowan had to sacrifice so many of his children to make it happen.

This would also serve as a statement of his resolve. No other Primordial understood the love Rowan had for his children quite like Primordial Chaos, and when he sees the lengths Rowan was willing to go to to achieve his goals, he understands that some moves against him would be futile.

In the center of the coliseum was a single throne made from green wood and red flames, which was empty at this moment.

Everything was set in place; the only thing left was the final ingredient: Primordial Essence.

It was the most critical piece needed to build this dimension, and as it turned out, it was the material that Rowan had a lot of in hand. Everything up to this moment could be seen as the creation of a mold to hold a Primordial Being, and Primordial Essence would become the Essence of the realm.

He had the knowledge but not the power, and for now, this Essence taken from outside of Reality would have to do. In time, Rowan envisioned that his Ether and Essence would become powerful enough to rival Primordial Essence, but before then, this would serve.

Rowan opened the floodgates by channeling a thousand streams of Primordial Essence into this dimension, and he did not hold back, releasing a hundred percent of the Essence flooding into him from outside Reality into this dimension.

It did not take long for the transformation to happen, as the realm was flooded with so much Primordial Essence that its core began to transform. Initially, this dimension was the size of an average universe. Rowan could have made it bigger, but that would not be very sensible and would only cost him more Angelic bodies to complete.

With the proliferation of Primordial Aether in this dimension, it explosively expanded. Although its outer shell did not inflate, internally, it was a different matter, as a space that began to possess the structure of a greater dimensional realm than Rowan had first intended began to take shape.

It was a fascinating process to watch and experience. Rowan observed the evolution of so many laws and dimensions, further solidifying the insight he had gained from visiting Limbo and seeing the nature of a ninth-dimensional realm.

Time became meaningless as the evolution of this realm took a single second and a billion years in the same period, and when it was over. The billion statues of Angels and Demons had become titans millions of feet tall; they all surrounded the lone throne of wood and flame on one knee as they waited in silence; the power emerging from their bodies could not be described as they were fused with this dimension, giving them the higher dimensional properties of this realm.

There was silence for a long time, and suddenly, there was a change as two massive white suns appeared beside the red moon.

Two pieces of the First Flame snatched from the Oracle had arrived.

The consciousness inside the flames could barely survive a few moments before the weight of this space crushed it into nothing.

The Primordial Beast had not fostered the consciousness of the First Flames and did not allow it to grow to its full potential. It was snuffed out in mere moments, leaving its primal version above that began to feed on the luxurious Primordial Essence that was available here and grow larger and more stable.

Rowan discovered something amazing at this time from these flames that pleased him greatly. He noticed that when the flames drew in the Primordial Essence, they began to expel the impurities that were contained within it and only utilized the purest portions of this energy.

He had not been able to use this profound energy source because Rowan did not want these unknown impurities to stain his consciousness. Still, if these Flames were able to

expel the impurities from Primordial Essence, he might have a new power source to utilize.

There was no more time to think about these new developments when he felt a warning from the realm, and then Primordial Chaos was here with him.

At first, a throne made from gray stone and red congealed blood appeared. It appeared opposite the throne of wood and fire, and both thrones were empty for a while before a shimmering haze began to coalesce around them.

When this haze vanished, Rowan was sitting on his throne, and before him was Primordial Chaos, who was observing Rowan with a profound glow in his eyes. He looked around him, and then he smiled.

“Ah, you have grown.”

Chapter 1578: Gate of Madness (1)

On his throne, Rowan did not react to the words spoken by Primordial Chaos, even though they were awfully familiar to him and cut close to his heart.

More than a million years ago, when he first confronted the Third Prince as a mortal above the planet Jarkarr, his battle with that foul Reflection of the Eye of Time had led to the last living essence of his mother, Elura, breaking away from his control for a little while.

At that time, Rowan danced with her and cried with her, and she set him on the path to conquest when she told him that the power controlled by the Third Prince exceeded anything he could ever find inside this universe.

Even though she asked him to kill her before the Third Prince imprisoned her again and used her influence against him, he refused and promised to show his mother a strength that would defy the comprehension of his enemy. Rowan had succeeded many times over, and he believed that even though his mother had not been here to see it, her belief in him was so strong that she was able to understand what he would become in the future.

These memories seemed so long in the past but were always on his mind. One of the first things his mother had told him was,

“My child, how much you have grown.” Of course, she also insisted that Rowan find a woman and quickly give her many children, and he succeeded and also failed in that aspect. He would have loved to find a wife when he was a mortal, but he grew too quickly, and he knew there was no one in creation who could stand beside him as he developed; he would leave them behind in the dust.

How could he hope to share a life with anyone when they could not comprehend even a fraction of his presence?

However, Rowan did not think that he had lost out on much. In the many incarnations he had made over the years, he was able to love and experience love as a mortal, even as an Angel, and all things pass away in their due time.

All these thoughts passed through his mind in a flash as he regarded Primordial Chaos. Others had referred to his growth over the years with similar statements, but he knew that when Primordial Chaos spoke these words, he was directly referring to the exact moment his mother had said them to him.

The Primordial had used the same inflection in his voice to one hundred percent match those of his mother; even the little smile he made at the moment he spoke was an image of Elura's own.

Rowan's spirit was not shaken. He chose to take the words of this Primordial as a good thing in the sense that Primordial Chaos was revealing part of his hand to Rowan, and he had to answer in kind. His response could not be any less, or he believed that Primordial Chaos would immediately attack him.

Them sitting together with a cordial atmosphere around was simply a farce; a grand battle was on the verge of erupting if Rowan missed a single beat, but his heart was calm, and he lazily replied,

"Ah, my growth. I have had no choice but to grow fast, Chaos. Leaving the lower realms to this place, it is easy for one to forget the many events of the past, don't you think so? It is almost as if something snatches it from the mind."

Rowan was referring to the power of Oblivion, which Primordial Chaos had wrapped around the lower realms and could subtly snatch specific pieces of truth from the minds of anyone who entered and left the lower realms. He had encountered this force when he journeyed to the future, and conquering it had been extremely difficult. He was not a hundred percent sure that this power was controlled by Chaos, but he was willing to make this bet because he was ninety-nine percent sure.

He sensed that Primordial Chaos frowned before a chuckle escaped from his lips. His silence was all the answer he needed to assure him that his speculation was correct. Primordial Chaos was playing with forces that other Primordials might not be aware of.

Rowan braced himself that this move might lead to Primordial Chaos attacking him, but after a while of silence, he doubled his guard and waited, taking the time to observe the form that the Primordial chose to take.

Although he was looking at this Primordial, who had taken the shape of a man, Rowan could not tell what he looked like.

His face constantly shifted in a blurry frenzy, as if taking the form of a man meant he had taken the faces of every man in Reality. This could very well be the truth; he was Chaos, after all, the personification of disorder.

Only his enhanced perception allowed Rowan to grasp subtle movements of his face to show when Primordial Chaos frowned.

Primordial Chaos looked above and scrutinized the two pieces of the First Flame and the thousand streams that led to a boundless ocean of Primordial Essence outside of Reality before turning back to Rowan, and his demeanor changed; even his voice and the words he spoke were no longer the ancient tongue of the Primordials,

“You have been able to achieve much with the means available to you, Rowan, but no matter how much you struggle or progress you make. It does not change the fact that you will lose. It is inevitable, and you know that I speak the truth. You don’t even understand this... thing you are unleashing on Reality; you grope in the dark, reckless, bold, but so foolish. You play with forces far beyond you.”

“Yet, you still honored my invitation, Chaos,”

Primordial Chaos shrugged and began to speak slowly, almost methodically: “I have acquired a, can you say, certain unique taste in watching stars rise and fall. It is enthralling to watch. Countless eternities are spent in the void, and when an occasion comes up that is spectacularly different from the rest, I tend to be attracted. The brief moments of your lives shine so bright that I cannot look away, Rowan. I simply must have more.”

He paused without any indication and closed his eyes. Rowan noticed that surrounding the body of Primordial Chaos were countless tiny red dots, billions of times smaller than an atom. All were rising from his throne and covering his body, their numbers increasing with every passing moment.

His sight zoomed into those red dots, and Rowan frowned as he noticed that these dots were massive beasts bigger than stars, only that before the might of a Primordial, they had become small; their constitutions were unknown, not coinciding with any creature he had ever seen.

They seemed to be comprised of nothing but teeth, claws, and rippling muscles. As they surrounded Chaos’s body, they tore into him with mindless frenzy, consuming his body and digging into the wound until they disappeared, and soon, more took their place.

After a while, these beasts began to secrete a red mist that covered the wounds they were making. It did not take long for Rowan to visibly notice that the flesh of Primordial Chaos was collapsing before his sight, as his skin was being eroded.

Before long, a bloody being made of bones and bleeding flesh was sitting here, his eyes rolled up as if he were in bliss. His internal organs fell out of his torso on his lap as intestines poured down his legs like snakes.

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Chapter 1579: Gate of Madness (2)

Chapter 1579: Gate of Madness (2)

The red mist secreted by the creatures feeding on the Primordial was familiar to him. He had first come across it from the Ascendant Shisu, and it was the Will of Pain, only here it had been enhanced to the eighth-dimensional level. Rowan had once thought this Will could not surpass the seventh-dimensional level, but it turned out that in the throne of Primordial Chaos, these creatures existed in abundance and they were all Old Ones.

Rowan sat back on his throne and observed Chaos, now surrounded by billions of these creatures. These creatures were consuming him alive and secreting so much Will of Pain into his body that Rowan's skin cringed from where he sat.

He was familiar with pain, far more than most could imagine, but what was happening here was disturbing, and there was no way Rowan would place himself in a situation where he had to endure so much pain.

Nevertheless, he did not allow this to distract him; everything this Primordial did was for a reason, and Rowan believed that Chaos had given him enough clues to figure it out.

Rowan had proved to him that he was worthy enough to be spoken with because he knew secrets that far exceeded his level, and now came the second test.

From his horrifying demonstration, Primordial Chaos had revealed to him that he was a being of endless appetites. He firmly believed that nothing Rowan did had any significant meaning in the end because they would win; the Primordials would always win.

As he said, Rowan dabbled in forces beyond his comprehension, and because the Primordials had ensured that there would be no opportunity for him to see what lies beyond the veil, he would always be one step behind.

Rowan smiled, almost self-deprecatingly, "Chaos, you honored my invitation because I am a source of amusement. You believe that my actions are ultimately for your entertainment. How could I ever hope to hurt the Primordials using the weapons they have created?"

The Primordial groaned in pleasure, a pleased smile on his bleeding face, his arms stretching to the side as if he were waking from a nap,

“Precisely Rowan Kuran. I kept many of your secrets safe from the rest because, unlike me, they do not appreciate the marvel behind all of you mortals. The experiences you are only capable of undergoing are sublime, and I feed on that energy.”

Rowan’s eyes glinted with a scarlet glow, “And are you not afraid that one day you will choke on it? I know for a fact that I have made moves that you could not anticipate.”

The Primordial went still before he suddenly burst into laughter. Endless waves of power blasted from his mouth, tearing his skin apart and shaking this dimension to the core. Millions of living statues collapsed as this space that was made to hold the fragment of his consciousness was brought to the limit simply from his laughter.

“Let me tell you a secret that no one in Reality except we, the Primordials, understands. You are a Breaker, and you have a Singularity, yes? Don’t answer; I know its name, and I also know where it comes from. Do you want to know why you would amount to nothing in the end but for my amusement?”

It would be so easy to grow annoyed at the wordplay of this Primordial, but Rowan was not that foolish or that powerful, so he only smiled and nodded. His rage and pain were/ buried so deep in his heart that it was almost non-existent.

Primordial Chaos sighed and rested his back on his throne; he almost seemed disappointed that Rowan was still so clear-headed in his responses. He dismissively waved his hand to his side, flinging blood for miles.

“Judging by your insane growth over the past years, I know that you must have gone past the Nothingness, and you have seen the Aegis Wall. In time, you shall know the secrets behind that wall, so there is no need to tell you how it came to be. I want to tell you the truth that you can never learn except it comes from us.”

He gestured to Rowan with a single bloody finger that had almost been chewed to the bone,

“Come closer, Rowan, what I am about to tell you cannot travel far past my lips. You have done well in the creation of this place, but other eyes watch, and they are greedy. They would steal my words away into treasures if I am not discreet.”

Rowan hesitated for barely a moment before tapping the armrest of his throne, which glided forward so he could get close to the Primordial.

It may seem like he was careless, but that moment of hesitation was months of contemplation inside his Origin Land, and he ultimately decided that any show of weakness in front of Primordial Chaos would do nothing but arouse the hunger of this entity, who would gleefully feed on his doubt.

Their thrones were now visible a few feet away from each other, and Rowan could hear the sounds that arose from Primordial Chaos's body as he was being chewed alive. The smell of pain arising from his flesh was ridiculously potent, enough to render all of Reality to nothing.

Primordial Chaos smiled. His visibly pulsing brain, filled with billions of feasting monsters, his skinless face and bulging eyes crammed with countless millions of monstrosities chewing on them, were visions that Rowan would not let go of for a while.

He saw deeper into the Primordial, his Will of Truth inferring that this was a creature that knew no concept of fear, pain, light, darkness, joy, or sorrow.... All of these concepts were thoroughly alien to him, and yet he sought them out.

This body was not his own; it was just a vessel he was using to experience pain. Whoever the poor bastard was, the Will of Primordial Chaos was riding his body, and he was not being delicate. Rowan pitied them. No living being should have to experience what it was like to have the mind of a Primordial inside of them.

Everything to Primordial Chaos was a game where he would always be the winner because nothing mattered to him but the experience. Whether he lost or won, it was all the same to him.

This entity was insane.

Chapter 1580: Gate Of Madness (3)

Chapter 1580: Gate Of Madness (3)

Rowan did not fully understand a Primordials' mindset, but he could grasp a bit of their motivation, and he knew that at the center of it was power or something that was extremely close to it.

As ninth-dimensional entities, they had the right to call everything but themselves mortal because only ninth-dimensional beings were truly immortal. They had transcended the concept of life and death, and such a state as weakness or decay was alien to them; they were essentially perfect.

It was a mystery where perfect beings such as them would still possess the hunger to consume Reality or contain the depraved desires of Chaos. Did Reality corrupt these beings, or were they always like this?

Technically, without reaching the ninth-dimensional level, Rowan could make himself immortal by creating worlds and then seeding them with his Intent.

His talents made such a loophole possible, and he could essentially create infinite worlds and seed them with his intent. This was simply one method he could use. He still had

many ways to extend his lifespan infinitely, from spells to using his Origin Land as the base of his soul. He would never have to fear the touch of death, but that did not mean that he was equal to the Primordial when it came to the issue of true immortality.

Many things could shape an entity's mindset, and Rowan could not tell what sort of environment Limbo was that could foster creatures as powerful as Primordials. It was one that should be extremely strange, and he feared that he might never know the answer to this question unless he was able to enter Limbo.

Primordial Chaos seemed to be an entity that never knew the concepts of life and all the intricacies that came with it before he came to Reality, but whatever he had found here had twisted the mind of this being; he was like a drug-addicted sociopath with no inhibitions and his cravings taken beyond the maximum level. His appetites were insatiable, and Rowan wondered if the cause of this was because of the concepts that had been stolen from Reality, distorting their minds because they were trapped inside of it, or if the original body of this Primordial was equally twisted.

Rowan could handle hate, even stupidity, but craziness was a different ballpark. This Primordial could do something unexpected at any moment, and he would not be able to anticipate it or create a suitable response.

Regret flooded his mind; Rowan felt he had already picked the wrong candidate to ally with. However, he quickly pushed aside this mindset. Even a single leg of an elephant was bigger than an entire mosquito, and Primordial Chaos was his only option for now. His other choice was still a bit... unreliable.

He should not be bothered that Primordial Chaos was insane; what matters is how he could properly manage their relationship until both of them descended into battle.

Rowan knew that Primordial Chaos could not wait to consume him instantly. Still, something held him back, and no matter how he tried to sugarcoat it, the insanity of this Primordial was not enough to distract Chaos from his ultimate prize, and Rowan believed that the award must be the soul of Reality.

This competition was far more fierce than was let on the surface, and no matter what he was, this was a prize that no Primordial would ever give up. Rowan's only problem was that he did not know the importance of this unknown power to the Primordials. He could speculate, but he could never be sure that he had the correct answer, and this could throw off his entire plan.

Rowan let nothing show on his face or demeanor as the mouth of Primordial Chaos that lacked lips came close to his ears. Rowan ignored unearthly buzzing and crunching sounds arising from the countless monstrosities eating this Primordial as he listened to his voice, which was barely above a whisper,

“It is a shame that you were not born earlier, when this Reality was young; then you would have seen so many truths, and your unique Will would have reached levels that may have reached the Primordial level. There were others then, but they wasted this chance. In those days, we did not have much of a choice, you see; in order to draw the eyes of the inhabitants of Reality, we had to reveal a lot to them. Except for one, none were worthy of this gift.”

Rowan knew that the words of Primordial Chaos were two-sided. Knowledge was fine and good, but too much of it, or if it was too high level, would simply lead to corruption. If he was born at the beginning of Reality, he doubted he would have all the tools he needed to comprehend what a Primordial would show him fully.

Everything that he was now was built on a foundation of relentless refinement, where his wisdom and acumen grew with experience. He had evolved from a mortal all the way to an Origin being, and Rowan doubted he would have his sanity intact if he had instantly become an Origin Being the moment he transmigrated into the body of Rowan Kuranos and fused with his soul.

Knowing how duplicitous these entities were, they would have shown him the truth without holding back when they fully realized that the truth would not set him free; instead, it would place chains on his shoulders, and his Will would be empty, easily crushed under the weight of entities who fully comprehended the ninth dimension.

However, what Primordial Chaos had just said had unwillingly solidified one of Rowan's pressing assumptions about the past.

He knew that the Primordials were invaders in Reality, but he did not know if there was any sort of life inside of Reality before the Primordials came or if all life was fostered by them. There was a Primordial Life and a Primordial Soul, who was to say that all life did not come from them.

This was a simple distinction, but it was incredibly important for Rowan. If the Primordials created all life, then it meant that Rowan's task ahead could no longer be achieved. It did not matter how much he struggled in the future because everything he could be was already known and enforced by the Primordials. Like a fish wishing it could fly, it would not matter how big he grew; without wings, he would never touch the sky.

Only a power fully outside their control could create any sort of chance for him, meaning that they could manipulate life inside of Reality but could not change its intrinsic quality. To weaken Reality, they could clip the wings from a bird, but as long as the bird was meant to fly, there was a chance it would regrow its feathers.

This was Rowan's hope.

All of these thoughts flashed through his mind as Primordial Chaos continued speaking. Rowan thought he could barely discern a hint of glee within his tone, but that could be from the enjoyment of experiencing all of the pain flooding his body,

“Yet, of the many truths we showed them,” Primordial Chaos said, “what I am about to tell you now is not known to any of the first inhabitants of Reality because they were not worthy of knowing this truth. I believe the word to accurately judge their character would be naivety.”

Chapter 1581: Gate Of Madness (final)

Rowan wanted to punch this Primordial in the face, like a child slowly bringing an insect closer to an open flame; Primordial Chaos was clearly enjoying slowly teasing out his so-called truths for as long as he could get away with it.

This was someone who clearly enjoyed the sound of their voice, and for all the talk of omnipotence, he had become a being who had long become used to excesses.

In his heart, Rowan made a solemn vow that one day, he would allow Primordial Chaos to know the true meaning of fear.

It was easy to stand above it all and play with the fate of everyone below them when nothing could touch the Primordials. If he ever needed any inspiration for why he should never stop on this journey, it was the sound of Primordial Chaos’s voice as he enjoyed the Chaos they had sowed in Reality.

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A hissing crackle emerged from the chest of Primordial Chaos as his lungs collapsed into a sludge; his torso was filled with nothing but Pain. The intestines around his feet mainly had evaporated into red mist, and slowly, only bones were left, alongside two bulging eyes.

“Reality, your Reality is young Rowan, and it is not the first. You do not need to pretend that you are not shocked; somewhere inside you, there must have been the suspicion that there is something more. You have seen Limbo, and so you know that there is more outside of this place, even if you have no way of confirming this speculation in your heart. We, the Primordials, have been to many Realities. What talents have we not seen, and what wars have we not fought? What unique creatures have we not killed?”

Rowan leaned back and looked at Primordial Chaos, “Is this the true meaning you wanted to tell me? I thought you wanted to say something much deeper. As you said, these are all the things I could have speculated from my growth from a single universe to the higher dimensional realms.”

He was shocked to know that Reality was not alone, but there was no way he would tell Chaos that he was. It was almost too easy to convince himself that Reality was all there was and the Primordials were forces outside of it—the polar opposites of Reality. But he was wrong.

There were other Realities inside Limbo, and the Primordials had preyed on them for who knew how long. Rowan had suspected that Reality might not be the only place like it in Limbo, but it was horrifying to finally acknowledge the truth that Reality, as he knew it, was not the first to fall under the influence of the Primordials.

Their sins were unfathomable. Or this monster could be lying, and Reality was unique.

Primordial Chaos wheezed in laughter, “What greater truth than this can there be? Since the beginning of this Reality, I can tell you sincerely that you are the only individual inside of it who knows there are other Realities outside this one. Your meager experiences are nothing before the true face of infinity.”

“if that is the case,” Rowan smiled, “why are all of you imprisoned in this Reality, fighting amongst yourselves like headless beasts? Why dwell on one when there are many outside of this place? Is it because you can’t, or perhaps you are all much weaker than you claim to be?”

“BOOM!!!”

Rowan was smashed against his throne, his bones were crushed, and he was nearly flattened; ninety-nine percent of his life force was smashed to pieces as Primordial Chaos rose from his throne and pointed a finger at Rowan,

“Look at you, a writhing, sentient stain upon the fabric of nothing. You invented meaning because the void laughed at your insignificance, and you should kneel and worship me because I took pleasure in exploring the meaning that you created.”

Gasping with shock and pain at the intense assault, Rowan struggled to speak, expecting a response like this, but it did not mean that he would be stopping his words,

“Admit it, Chaos, you all are thieves, and your hands are trapped in the cookie jar. You do not know how to create; you only steal, kill, and destroy. Yet, I can help you break through the glass, or you can drown with the rest.”

The pressure on him multiplied, and Rowan’s throne was crushed to pieces; this dimension was shattered, and only an unknown Will held it together as Primordial Chaos screamed his rage into every fiber of Rowan’s being,

“I AM THE FIRST HUNGER, THE TEETH IN THE DARK BETWEEN STARS. I GNASH THE BONES OF WORLDS, SUCK THE MARROW FROM TIME. YOU ARE A FLICKER—A SPARK I WILL SWALLOW BEFORE IT FADES. REALITY CRUMBLES LIKE ROTTEN FRUIT IN MY

JAWS. TASTE YOUR OWN OBLIVION AS I DEVOUR THE STAGE YOU CALL EXISTENCE. THE VOID WHISPERS YOUR NAME... AND I AM ITS ANSWER.”

Despite this, Rowan still struggled to laugh, “And yet, you will listen to me because I can give you what you want.”

“INSECT, HOW CAN YOU COMPREHEND WHAT I WANT?”

“That answer is simple. You want to win, and I can give you your victory. I can give you a Primordial Beast.”

“OH, WHY WOULD I WANT A PRIMORDIAL BEAST.”

“Because your armies are incomplete, and your bloodlines are missing its core.”

There was silence for a long time, and Primordial Chaos screamed, and eternity was his voice. Rowan endured the seemingly endless calamity because he knew that he had won this confrontation,

“HOW DARE YOU DICTATE WHAT I NEED. I WILL CRUSH YOUR REALITY BETWEEN MY TEETH LIKE ROTTEN FRUIT AND LET YOU WATCH AS YOUR LOVED ONES SCREAM THEMSELVES INTO SILENCE. THEIR FINAL MOMENTS WILL TASTE SWEETEST, AND YOU WILL LAY AWAKE IN THE DARK LONG AFTER, KNOWING NONE OF IT EVER MATTERED. YOU ARE NOT EVEN A MEAL—YOU ARE A CRUMB, AND I AM THE FEAST THAT NEVER ENDS.”

Rowan groaned, a weak voice barely above a whisper, and replied, “Am I wrong?”

“YOU HAVE ONLY ONE CHANCE TO PROVE YOURSELF TO ME.”

“I will not ask for a second. Follow me.”

Chapter 1582: Meeting Of The Light

CELESTIAL SECTOR – LEGION HEADQUARTERS.

Celestial Creator Shumiel had been bogged down by countless meetings for the past few months, and even his divine patience was reaching its limits.

The one he was currently in was especially tiresome because he mostly had to sit at the sidelines and answer questions when they were directed to him, and that was not often. He was known as a hammer, and his Legions represented his inclination. He was a warrior and detested the endless deliberation and politics in the upper affairs of the Celestial hierarchy.

At this time, the discourse centered on logistics, an essential aspect of any war effort, and so he endured the months of deliberations.

Shumiel would rather be in the field, deliberating on his last battle with the strange Dragon God that managed to disperse his Incarnation even when that should not be possible despite how weak of an Incarnation it was. A newly minted Old One defeating an Incarnation of a Celestial Creator was beyond shameful.

There were many odd things about that battle, from the rapid adaptation of that Dragon God to its new dimensional level to its unknown and powerful weapon.

That blade, what did he call it, the Red Moonlight Blade. Shumiel did not want for much, but that blade was something special, and if not for its presence in that fight, he would have easily killed that Dragon God ten times over.

Shumiel wanted that blade, and a sizable number of his trackers from his nine Legions had begun scouring existence in search of the Dragon God. If war was coming, and every indicator pointed out that it was indeed coming, he wanted that blade in his arsenal. Its vampiric effect that could allow this blade to grow in strength was among the best he had ever encountered.

According to the latest news, the Dragon God had been located deep in the dimension of the Chaos Bloods, rampaging across millions of worlds and killing countless Chaos Bloods. His name had become a curse on the lips of many of those foul creatures, yet Shumiel could not wait to deliver salvation to them.

If he was not stuck in this gathering, he should be out there battling this Dragon God and retrieving his lost honor and head. Shumiel did not like taking trophies, but this Dragon God was worthy of being mounted in his chambers. From the beginning of the Supreme Era to this day, there were barely a thousand heads on his wall; this was enough to show that the Dragon God would be among esteemed company.

The Celestial Creator sighed, knowing that his presence here was needed; as much as he would love to pursue selfish agendas, it was an indisputable fact that Reality was changing, and every fact was pointing at a single destination: war.

A war that was so severe it might become an Era Ending war by the various movements being detected in the surrounding Primordial Domains. Needless efforts could not be wasted on trivialities, and he needed to be available at his station when required.

All of this seemed ridiculous if he had thought about it for so long; the Supreme Era was so young, and its end was already knocking at the gates.

Shumiel was there when the Primordials remade Reality, and although he knew that the final confrontation between all the Primordial Domains was going to take place in the

future, that future was supposed to be so distant that it was nearly impossible to assign a specific number to it.

Among their esteemed numbers as Celestial Creators, there were certainly rumors about great plans made by the Primordials at the beginning of the Supreme Era that would take an exceptionally long amount of time to complete.

Some of the most intelligent among them believed it was related to the proliferation of dimensions from the countless higher-dimensional immortal sprouting like weeds; however, it was hard to know the connection between these new dimensions and the end of this Era.

Rowan would not have been surprised at among the Celestial Creators; some of them had begun to infer the truth between the new dimensions and the end of Reality; he knew that Celestial Creators were among the most powerful immortals in Reality. Eva was one of them once, and the Lady of Shadows was an exceptional figure.

Shumiel was not the only one stunned by this development, and he was sure others were still reeling from this news of war. From the beginning of the Supreme Era to this moment, barely a thousand Minor Eras had passed, a thousand universal life cycles, and suddenly, the threat of the end was so clear on the horizon.

Despite all of this, Shumiel still hated sitting here when he should have been outside hunting and killing.

He had never seen these sorts of meetings as much of a bother before, but that was because he could easily send an Incarnation or any of his Sovereigns to take his place. It would not matter if there were to be a million meetings over the span of decades; to him, they were hardly worthy of his full attention.

They were now in a time of war, and such lax directives were no longer in play. Every meeting must be attended in person; total commitment and focus were expected.

“... There cannot be enough of the Destroyers was what I have always proposed, and this exceptional news of war has brought my claim to the forefront more than ever. I will plead for the consideration of the Archons and your attention, Adjudicator. I will be able to deliver the Celestial metals from a billion worlds of Light that have been carefully cultivated over the last three minor eras. Surely, that would be enough to push for two Destroyers. I request permission to oversee the Northern Quadrant of the Esinian Clusters. Nothing should delay this operation.”

The voice of Nariel, an especially ancient Celestial Creator who was well known among their circles for his greed and his unabashed lust for the position of a Throne.

If war was coming, Nariel stood a chance to gain a lot from it because he had the seventh most enormous Legions and was an Administrator over countless Celestial Realms.

The position of Administrator constantly changes hands every few Minor Eras, and if this great war commences when he still holds this position, he will gain enormous influence. There will be no new Administrator for a long time, even after the war ends.

The mention of the Northern Quadrant of the Esinian Clusters drew his attention because this was where the bulk of his Legion was situated. Was it possible that, at this point, Nariel was trying to subvert authority from him alongside other Celestial Creators who were also based here?

Rousing himself from his drowsy state, Shumiël glanced around the meeting chambers. A minor immortal may call this chamber an entire galaxy, but this place was a small chamber for the individuals within.

Located near the pinnacle of the Celestial City of Light, this chamber was covered by a golden haze that held trillions of blue stars and countless divine armaments larger than stars. Each of the Celestial Creators here was so massive that these stars were like mustard seeds floating around them.

Chapter 1583: Baits

Chapter 1583: Baits

Shumiël could immediately spot the 827 Celestial Creator in this chamber, even though the distance separating them was thousands of light years.

There were always 999 Celestial Creators, but the ones not in attendance were tied up in places they could not easily leave, or they were dead, and soon, a new Celestial Creator would be taking their place.

He looked at his fellow Celestial Creators, whose benefits may be hampered by Nariel's actions, and invisible bursts of communication passed among them.

Each Celestial Creator resembled a humanoid being woven from the essence of stars and light. Their towering, ethereal figures were like a constellation of living starlight. In their center was the Adjudicator, who still wore the body of a mortal man, and in comparison to their sizes, he was as diminutive as an atom.

But it was his presence that radiated the most power here, an eerie indicator that even when the Adjudicator had suppressed his might into a small body, he still had enough power to rival every Celestial Creator here.

Due to their powers and genius, it was easy for Celestial Creators to become arrogant. Every Celestial Creator was special and stood at the top of creation, but in moments like these, when the true power behind all of existence slowly revealed itself, Shumiël understood how small they all were.

It brought back visions that still haunted him from the end of the Primordial Era, when the Primordials chose to calmly erase all their opposition, making the war that stretched for more than ten thousand Minor Eras seem ridiculously childish.

A seed of doubt had been planted in his heart ever since. Why would the Primordials allow so much death and suffering when they could wipe the board so easily and create a new Major Era?

Nariel wanted to continue his pitch to the Adjudicator, but he raised his arm. The Celestial Creator went silent, not daring to speak until permitted. The meeting hall was quiet for a while, and then they all heard a faint beating of wings.

As one, they all turned to the distance, where an Archangel was flying towards them. To their perception, this Angel was crawling like an ant stuck inside the mud. Still, he was already traveling at many times the speed of light, reaching and faintly exceeding the limit of speed that was allocated to the level of Archangels.

The Adjudicator turned towards this new addition, and countless thoughts went through the minds of the Celestial Creators as they wondered what sort of information would warrant a gathering of such a level being placed on hold because of the incoming presence of a mere Archangel.

It did not take the Archangel long to reach this place, and Shumiel nodded internally, appreciating his bravery and inner strength.

This Archangel did not collapse into madness, and his soul did not extinguish at their presence. He wondered which Legion was able to produce such a valiant Angel, and then he frowned when he finally detected the light in the center of this Angel and found out that it belonged to him.

Shumiel nearly jumped to his feet in shock as he hastily sent messages to the Seraphim, leading his Legion to demand answers. He dared not cause a scene in this gathering before he understood what was happening.

Several Celestial Creators who had now read the light of this Archangel were beginning to peer at him, but Shumiel rejected all their request to communicate as he hastily demanded answers from his subordinates.

Meanwhile, the Archangel folded his wings behind him and bowed towards the Adjudicator, presenting a glowing crystal gem. It was easily recognizable as a standard information crystal, but one that had been slightly modified to hold more data, and its makeup was unaltered.

“Interesting,” the Adjudicator whispered and sucked the gem towards him as he regarded this Archangel, “There is something different about you.”

The Archangel looked up and directly stared into the eyes of the Adjudicator, drawing a look of surprise and shock from every Celestial Creator at not just the boldness of his actions but the fact that his soul was strong enough to look directly at the Adjudicator.

“You are not just an Archangel,” the Adjudicator said with finality, “what are you?”

A thought suddenly entered the mind of the Adjudicator, and he asked, “By chance, are you related to the figure who was being hunted by the Seed of Wrath? What is the purpose of this storm?”

The Archangel smiled before saying, “You should consider the crystal in your hands first; that is more important. As for me, I am already dead. Praise be to the Creator.”

With those words, he collapsed into ash, and this collapse was so final that everyone here knew this Archangel could not be resurrected.

A wave of astonishment rippled throughout the ranks of the Celestial Creators; many impossibilities were happening one after another, and such rapid changes were not welcomed.

Shumiel began to rise, but a gesture from the Adjudicator caused him to pause his movements.

“Let us see what this interesting fellow brought to us before we proceed. Shumiel, before you speak, make sure your house is in order and report back. Now be silent.”

The Adjudicator crushed the information crystal, and a stunning sight was revealed to them: a living Primordial Beast.

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Rowan and Primordial Chaos’s appearance in the unknown ninth-dimensional realm created by the Primordial Beast was not by chance. Before now, Primordial Chaos had been targeting Endirius because he greatly suspected that a piece of the Primordial Beast bloodlines was located in the Supreme World of Mages.

Even this Primordial had been fooled for so long and did not know that Bahamut was alive and living in the core of this realm.

When Rowan had attempted to teleport the First Flames from Endirius, the mages around him, who were all surprisingly at the eighth-dimensional level, had shattered space, and this had allowed Rowan to perceive the flow of the powers in their bodies.

Four of the six mages that attacked had the signature of Primordial Chaos; one was of Memory, and the last was from Light.

Rowan would have pitied Bahamut when the state of his inner circle was so deeply compromised if he had not known that this Primordial Beast saw all mages under him as disposable pawns. He was well aware that the Primordials had found their way into his inner circle. From the memories of Andar, Bahamut had almost seemed disappointed by their clumsy attempts.

The bloodlines of Chaos were associated with significant and influential beasts, from the Ouroboros Serpents to the endless myriads of snakes controlled by Shamaran, the Mother of Poisons. Rowan was also aware that there were several other First Borns of Chaos, the true Chaos Bloods, who must surely possess other Chaos Bloodlines of different powerful beasts.

During the evolution of his Ouroboros Bloodline, he slowly developed it from an Empyrean Bloodline granted to him by Primordial Chaos to a Primordial Bloodline. After further refinement, he reached the core of this bloodline and transformed it to its original source, becoming a Primordial Beast.

Rowan had evolved his bloodline to that of an Origin Beast, but that was his secret. However, the evolution of his Ouroboros Bloodline revealed to him that Primordial Chaos was not the creator of these Empyrean bloodlines; he influenced them to take certain traits that he desired.

From all known history, the Primordial Beasts were all killed, their powers harvested and shared amongst the Primordials, and Primordial Chaos had taken remnants of their flesh and merged them with his bloodlines.

This created a race of chaotic beings under his control, but most were imperfect, and it was rare to find anyone who could reach the eight-dimensional level.

With his knowledge of the Primordial Domains, he knew that each of them had a champion, the Thrones, made to hold the consciousness of a Primordial, allowing them to circumvent the restriction that a much weaker Reality had imposed upon them.

Rowan had seen the likes of Seed and knew that this was the baseline for what a Primordial Throne should be capable of, but there was no one he had seen at this level amongst Primordial Chaos's First Borns. Not Caine, nor Shamaran. Something in his bloodlines was missing an essential component.

This was the bait Rowan had used to lure this Primordial. For other Primordial powers, he tried to use a different lure.

Chapter 1584: Battling Through The Future

The roar of the Primordial Beast Bahamut when he saw Chaos created a cataclysm of annihilation that shook this space to the core, weakening its foundation, as Bahamut no

longer cared for preserving the stability of this space, and he began to draw out his essence without holding back.

His destructive act was partially hampered by the dimension of Fate above, which had latched onto this space like glue, and Bahamut found that he could not pull as much power as quickly as he wanted. However, the wave of destruction had multiplied, and Rowan feared that the lifespan of this space was rapidly shrinking.

Primordial Chaos regarded this beast with a smile, not caring for its cry of rage. He had already healed the injury made to his flesh and was ready to claim his prize when his gaze cut across space and time. He beheld the heavens and saw the Fate's Origin that Rowan's dimensional soul was grasping.

His eyes shrank to a dot, his eyes exploding in radiance, and he stepped back in astonishment.

It took a lot to surprise a Primordial... Rowan did not know what went through the mind of Primordial Chaos at this moment, but this was the first time this Primordial had seen the dual nature of Rowan's existence and the power of his soul. He might not have understood the true nature of Rowan's soul, but the power it exuded was undeniable.

Rowan's dimensional soul was not as large as his dimensional flesh, but a normal immortal would consider its size nearly infinite.

If one were to compare the size of the normal soul of an Old One, they would hardly be a few miles tall at the maximum, with most stopping at a hundred feet, and this was the size of the souls of the beings that were acclaimed to be the strongest under Primordials.

The nature of his soul revealed Rowan's frightening talents, as the soul was considered linked to comprehension and talent. This denoted that perhaps Rowan's comprehension had reached the level of a Primordial, maybe even exceeding it in many aspects.

Only Primordial Chaos would be able to judge, but it was clear that this entity was shocked to the core for the first time in what was most likely countless eternities.

Disregarding the Primordial Beast, the eyes of Primordial Chaos flashed and he began to gather power around his right hand, tearing apart, space and time as countless dimensions collapsed into a spear that seemed to be forged from the essence of a black hole made from flesh and blood, exuding a frightening aura of slaughter.

The danger screaming across all of Rowan's senses was pointing out that Primordial Chaos was no longer seeking to attack the Primordial Beast because, in this moment, the Primordial had fully realized that the greatest danger here was Rowan and had determined that Bahamut was no longer worthy to take his attention.

Rowan had expected this outcome and was already gathering power long before now that would be used for his defense. He was using only one of his Origin Bloodline to hold back Bahamut, and he still had two more, plus the might of his Destroyer and several other tools in play.

His shattered dimensional flesh still experiencing the tribulation of reaching the higher dimension of Fate began to light up with the glows of his Origin Bloodline as faint roars of his Origin Ouroboros began to arise from the Primordial ooze that he flesh had transformed into when the body of Bahamut that had become supercharged with power drained from the surrounding space slammed into Primordial Chaos.

Rowan saw creation end at that clash, as in a moment the power that erupted from the impact of the attack nearly equaled all the show of power between him and Bahamut, revealing to Rowan that this Primordial Beast had been holding back during their confrontation.

However, Primordial Chaos made a move that even Rowan could not follow, and the Primordial Beast was flipped overhead. His massive body, the size of Reality, was flung into the distance, crossing countless dimensions and shattering time and space into nothingness as he roared in pain. However, both of Primordial Chaos's arms had been torn off in that clash, and he bled an enormous amount of Primordial Essence that the unique aura of chaos had tainted.

This caused an ocean of blood that could drown entire universes to pour out of the stumps of his shoulders in furious volumes.

Primordial Chaos was frowning as he made new arms, his eyes never leaving Rowan's dimensional soul as he began to take the motion of moving forward, but dozens of spiky tails burst out of his chest as Bahamut retaliated, and with a burst of power that made all of this Reality to nearly crumble, he dragged Primordial Chaos towards him,

"Damned mindless beasts!"

Primordial Chaos roared with anger as he peered towards Rowan with such terrific fury that it took a life of its own before he turned towards Bahamut.

Rowan's dimensional soul only smiled at Primordial Chaos's look and continued exerting force as he slowly drew Fate's Origin to him. He had nearly completed the transfer process, and if nothing drastically changed in the next few moments, he would be reaching the seventh-dimensional level soon.

'Chaos, surely you are not so stupid to believe I will leave my Fate in your hands.'

He had gambled, and several hidden cards had been displayed, but he was satisfied with the results.

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The battle between higher-dimensional entities who were omniscient was a process that most immortal minds could not grasp.

When two entities whose mental processing powers were so potent and vast that they could accurately predict the future to a stunning degree battled, the battle was a game of hiding information from their opponents. As long as that information was made available, it could be countered.

For the Primordial Beast, fighting with Rowan had been a dance of deliberation and precision. No matter how it seemed during the fight, Bahamut had never been truly disadvantaged, and the expected results of their clash would lead to his victory.

Bahamut would win a billion times in a billion confrontations, but the unexpected summoning of the true dimension of Fate shattered the carefully laid-out plan for this battle and broke his grasp over its future.

The hidden cards that Rowan had played were too potent./

In the levels where these Primordial Beings fought. Battle was not done on a single dimension; their grasp of strategy was too deep, and any single move they made was picked out from a selection of billions as the most cost-effective response.

In many cases, the only variable affecting their fight was their willpower.

It would not have mattered if Rowan were a hundred times more powerful; the first time that the power of annihilation flooded his body, he would have crumbled to nothing if his willpower was weak. He was able to firmly reject death and push on to create more chances for himself, and this was the least requirement needed to battle in this stage, but it was among the most important.

However, it was indisputable that the only way to defeat someone with omniscience was to bring something they would never anticipate to the table.

Chapter 1585: Counter Strikes

Chapter 1585: Counter Strikes

Bahamut's battle with Rowan followed a predetermined path, but Rowan had broken this path by introducing Fate into the equation, something that Bahamut could never have conceptualized into their confrontation.

To rebalance the board, Bahamut had called upon Primordial Memory and Primordial Light to block Rowan from accessing the ninth-dimensional realm of Fate, but Rowan had another counter in place as he summoned Primordial Chaos.

Primordial Chaos was the closest to this space, and before entering it, he had made sure that the call of Bahamut would not be able to reach Primordial Memory and Primordial Light. He was expecting to be able to feast on this Primordial Beast in relative peace.

For Rowan, what happened next was extremely crucial because he knew that Primordial Chaos, after entering this space, would not allow him to reach the seventh-dimensional level.

If Rowan were simply a minor immortal who was going to be accessing the broken strings of Fate made by the Primordials to govern this Reality, then Primordial Chaos would have allowed him to proceed. Still, Rowan was going after an Origin of Fate—a power outside the dominion of any Primordial.

Summoning Primordial Chaos was a risk, but Rowan was betting that, unlike the other Primordials that Bahamut could work with to fight against him, there was one that the Primordial Beast thoroughly hated the most, and that was Primordial Chaos.

Rowan used Primordial Chaos to stop Bahamut from summoning other Primordials and to stop Primordial Chaos from killing him. Rowan also used hatred for the Primordial Beast Bahamut.

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Before Primordial Chaos had entered this realm created by the Primordial Beast, he had asked Rowan what he wanted in return for such a great gift as a living Primordial Beast, and Rowan's answer was direct,

“I want half.”

Primordial Chaos had not even hesitated before he said, “Agreed!”

Rowan should be pleased, except he was not. He knew this Primordial was aware of his Will of Truth, but perhaps he did not fully understand how it worked. Or maybe the vessel he was inhabiting could not mask his intentions perfectly, but Rowan could sense a dissonance in that answer.

Primordial Chaos would not hold to his agreement. Knowing this, Primordial, Rowan would not be surprised that Chaos knew his lies were plain to Rowan but did not care to be convincing.

In the end, it did not matter much to Rowan because he was not in the business of strengthening his enemies.

The game here was simple: be the last man standing.

Rowan had no idea that the Primordials considered him an equal. He was a slightly more fascinating insect, and if there were other Realities outside this one that had been plundered by them in the past, then there was a possibility that someone like him had existed before and had been killed off by the Primordials.

However, it did not matter what had happened in the past or what the future might hold; everything that mattered was this moment and the actions he was going to take.

The presence of Bahamut had changed Rowan's plan, but instead of just a setback to him, it became an opportunity to draw out the power of the Primordial Domains, and if possible, hurt them... a lot.

Primordial Chaos was not the only party he had invited to this brawl. With the level of influence he had secretly gained inside the Celestial Domain, Rowan easily brought this matter to the center of their attention, and he invited one more party. However, he was unaware if they were going to respond.

The last party he invited was Primordial Memory.

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Although Primordial Chaos had blocked the voice of Bahamut from reaching the Primordial Memory and Primordial Light, Rowan had only permitted it to draw Primordial Chaos into his trap and to allow him the crucial time and space needed to reach the seventh dimension.

With the seventh dimensional level in hand, Rowan saw no reason not to stir the pot further and draw out the powers of the two other Primordial Domains, because when he reached the seventh dimensional level with his Fate Origin in place, he believed that his powers would be equal to the Thrones of the Primordials. If that was to be the case, it was time for slaughter.

The battle between Primordial Chaos and Bahamut was raging, and as much as Rowan would love to observe the process to learn about the combat abilities of Primordials, what was more important to him was reaching the seventh-dimensional level, and so he no longer held back.

Despite undergoing tribulation, his dimensional flesh began to retake its previous humanoid shape. Without the strain of fighting against the power of annihilation and holding down Bahamut, Rowan could push against the tribulation and regain his footing.

A part of his perception was fixed on the battle in the distance, as he was aware that Primordial Chaos was struggling to get to him. Bahamut was like a crazed beast, disregarding any form of tact or strategy; he only wanted to hurt Chaos. What happened in the past to cause such hatred?

Rowan's dimensional soul was still struggling to pull down Fate's Origin when the larger hand of Rowan's dimensional flesh plunged into the red Tribulation cloud of Fate and seized the Grand Book.

An intense shriek of rage thundered in the distance, and Rowan, without thinking, seized his dimensional soul and transformed it into a bolt of light, which swirled into the phantom of a massive double-sided great blade.

Still holding onto Fate's Origin with one hand, Rowan's second hand seized the handle of his Destroyer that had manifested in front of him and thrust it ahead in a single smooth motion.

At first, it seemed as if he was pushing his blade into empty air, but the face of Primordial Chaos appeared in the empty space. As if he were willingly accepting Rowan's blade's baptism, there was nothing stopping Rowan from plunging his destroyer through the face of Chaos until it exploded out the back of his skull.

His head was nearly separated into two as he profusely bled from the horrific wound, but Primordial Chaos sneered,

“You...”

Rowan kicked him off his blade, flinging the Primordial into the open maw of Bahamut, charging from behind, and in the same motion, dragged Fate's Origin into his mouth and swallowed it.

Chapter 1586: Eldrithor, The Whispering Abyss

Primordial Chaos's roar of shock and anger was covered by the sounds of Bahamut's maws repeatedly closing down on his prey. The maws rapidly savaged the Primordial's body, causing his flesh and light to shatter into pieces, which were swallowed by the Primordial Beast.

With the hate in the heart of Bahamut, only by totally consuming Primordial Chaos could he gain a measure of peace.

Half of the body of Primordial Chaos from the waist down was already inside the mouth of Bahamut.

A thousand tongues, like chains, were wrapped around him that dug into his flesh until they touched the bone, as the Primordial Beast struggled to swallow him, and Bahamut chewed down on his prey with enough force to render all of creation to dust.

Even as he struggled in the mouth of the beast, the red eyes of Primordial Chaos never left Rowan. In them was pure rage; beneath all of that rage was curiosity.

“You think this can hold me back for long, little insect?”

The rage was from the audacity of Rowan’s actions, and the curiosity was because what Rowan had shown this Primordial was new and unexpected, and no matter how angry Primordial Chaos was, it could not block his interest.

“I have told you that your existence is by my grace.”

The body of Primordial Chaos flashed, and from his wounds, the flesh and blood transformed into massive spikes in their bullions, each with the power of Source-level treasures.

With an unimaginable force, they tore through the mouth of Bahamut and exploded out of his skull. The head of the Primordial Beast was virtually vaporized, as a massive shockwave traveled down his spine, leaving enormous wounds that bled with the corruption of Chaos, and the cries of pain from Bahamut were rapidly silenced.

The destruction of the Primordial Beast’s flesh did not end there. The corruption of Chaos was incredibly virulent, and it spread across the rest of Bahamut’s flesh, transforming it into a red ooze that caused time and space to collapse. It made regeneration impossible, and the wounds inflicted by Primordial Chaos could not be healed by any known means.

Primordial Chaos was left with half his body, paying a terrible price for the few moments he was trapped in the jaws of the beast.

He turned towards Rowan in pursuit, the light of greed and anger shining in his eyes, but Bahamut was not done.

The destruction of the flesh could not end the willpower of a ninth-dimensional being. Even if he could no longer heal that part of his body, it was only because Primordial Chaos had to sacrifice half his flesh to render the body of Bahamut to nothing.

Space shuddered and creation quaked as two massive shadows emerged from both sides of Primordial Chaos, who had barely regrown his limbs.

From the shadows, Bahamut leaped out of it, renewed, and there was no longer just a single Primordial Beast, another exact copy of Bahamut also emerged from the shadows.

In the distance, Rowan immediately sensed that the air of power around the Primordial Beast had more than doubled. It seemed that having another copy of himself had not diluted his power; instead, it was increasing

Rowan was reminded about the Will of Elder and its terrifying capacity to grow as the number of Primordial Beasts increased.

With the wave of power erupting from Bahamut, transforming his body until it appeared that his skin became filled with lightning, it became clear to Rowan that Bahamut had deliberately made himself a singular entity just to reduce the pressure of his presence from Reality.

Two Primordial Beasts had more than tripled the *weight* of his existence, and Rowan was sure it would not take long before this presence would ripple into Reality. However, Bahamut no longer cared to hide.

Primordial Chaos growled, ***“Damned beast, if you wish for your end even when salvation knocks on your door, then I shall open the floodgates of my wrath.”***

Two great lances of blood and bone appeared on both of his hands. Their makeup was terrifying, as they came from all the blood spilled in wrath from the beginning of creation to this moment.

Twirling them around, Primordial Chaos blocked the attack of both beasts and pushed Bahamut back, sending crushing shockwaves that battered this space. Faster than any consciousness could follow, both lances pierced through the bodies of the Primordial Beasts multiple times, leaving corrupting wounds that rewrote the essence of the beast from his foundations, making Bahamut cry out in pain.

Creation shuddered, and two more Bahamuts appeared. In that instant, the power arising from the four beasts transformed into pillars of pure energy blasted from their bodies into the heavens, and unknown stars representing the authorities of the Primordial Beast began to appear.

Bahamut began to transform, no longer appearing like a beast, becoming something more humanoid.

More hands burst out of Primordial Chaos’s body, and he frowned as loud waves of laughter erupted from the four Bahamuts that were slowly standing upright,

“Eldrithor, The Whispering Abyss, I know your true name as the stars of our magic have called it out to me. Do you think I would forget? Did you think I would let you escape from me again?”

Primordial Chaos slowly shook his head in anger and astonishment, ***“You break the balance of the oath!”***

“I no longer care for oaths, I just want to kill you.”

“Even if this is but a shell.”

“It will be the first of many to fall to my claws and fangs.”

“Then come, beast. I shall show you why the Abyss whispers my name in terror.”

Rowan had been creating several spatial tethers at the far reaches of this space, and at the declaration of battle from Primordial Chaos, he activated all of them, and he vanished into the distance, and yet, he was nearly crushed by the power that erupted as four Primordial Beasts clashed against Primordial Chaos.

Hundreds of mystical shields were created in front of him with the power of creation and destruction, but they could only sustain his life when the majority of his powers were being utilized internally to push him to the seventh dimension.

Other immortals would have to borrow the power of the heavens to reach this level, but Rowan had to depend on himself since he was both the heavens, the earth, and the man.

Chapter 1587: Realm Blade

Primordial Chaos missed the opportunity to stop Rowan from reaching the seventh-dimensional level with a single well-placed strike.

Rowan’s ability to detect the Primordial and strike at the perfect moment was not a fluke. In the short moments he had fought Bahamut and observed the movements of Primordial beings, his talent as an unprecedented warrior whose comprehension was unmatched had begun to rapidly decipher the patterns in the flow of battle.

Higher-dimensional beings treated space and time as mere backdrops to their glory, and their movements exceeded the concept of speed and direction. Fighting them required a potent understanding of wielding the higher-dimensional perceptions beyond all known limits.

He had not yet perfected this process; it would take him a long time and multiple battles to achieve such a thing, but Rowan was already on the path, and Primordial Chaos was the first of many to taste his blade.

With what he was capable of, this would be the weakest strike he would ever make. Every successive blow that came from Rowan would always be more decisive than the last.

Rowan had to hide the full range of his talents for a long time. He was like a beggar with the treasure of an entire empire, and he needed to be careful how much he showed, or else he would be robbed of his inheritance.

It was hard to hold back and suffer countless abuses, and with his endurance, Rowan would have been willing to hold back until he had reached the ninth dimensional level,

but then Seed killed his maid and murdered his people, torturing billions and making sure that their soul origin perished alongside them.

A line was crossed inside the Land of Miracles that could no longer be backed out.

The time for subtlety was over, and Rowan was determined to no longer hold back. If Primordial Chaos had been aware of Rowan's mindset, he would have immediately attacked and not wasted any time in trying to negotiate a more favorable position.

Already used to their omnipotence and omniscience, Primordial Chaos and Bahamut could not help but look down on Rowan at the beginning, and he had made them regret that action.

He had his Fate in hand, and his destiny was not far from him.

There was a time when Rowan was patient and willing to turn the other cheek, but that time has passed.

On the day he knew and perfected his destiny, that would be when he became a ninth-dimensional being, and all of Creation, all of Reality, would tremble at his name.

The unique Origin of Fate entered his Origin Land via his dimensional flesh. For an instant, Rowan's consciousness seemed to freeze, but that was because the sheer amount of information filling it had reached an unprecedented level. The transformation of his flesh went into overdrive.

He unconsciously drew his dimensional soul from his Destroyer to aid him in this moment, and his mind, led by instincts beyond his understanding, began to assess the portions of his strength that he had always been keeping under wraps. It was time to merge and improve.

A part of him knew that a great battle and a profound slaughter was about to take place, and he was readying for it.

In his Primordial Record were various Titles, Plane Shaper, Reality Shaper, Chaos Breaker, Primordial Titan, Realm Forger, Dread Habinger, First Born, Supreme Ancient Collosi, and Warden. There were countless lesser Titles that he had earned, but they were too weak to be merged with his dimensional flesh, and these were the ones who had come out of the multitude as Titles strong enough to grace his name.

In this Reality, it was unknown if there was any immortal who could hold a single Title of this level, because unlike any other immortal, Rowan's chosen Titles could evolve, increasing their powers and the weight they carried. Even if he wanted, he could not give a single one of his titles to a normal immortal, or they would be crushed to nothing.

Each of his Titles had a power that would turn any immortal if they could hold their weight to the height of Supreme, and even if Primordial Chaos was a fool, seeing the size of Rowan's soul, he must be aware of the sort of potential he held.

He knew of the potential of Rowan's previous soul, and although it was great, it was nothing compared to that of a Primordial.

Rowan had the opportunity to see the size of a Primordial's soul inside Doom Star when he took over the chains that bound the power of time to that Realm, and he saw that the souls of Primordials were nearly infinite in size.

He could not say that his soul was equal to that of a Primordial, but he was still a lower-dimensional being and nearly matched them in certain aspects. It did not take a genius to know that if he grew stronger, so too would his soul, and its capacity would increase as well.

It was this potential that Primordial Chaos saw that astonished the Primordial.

Accompanying his Titles were his unique Aspects, Berserker, his first Aspect that had grown to Tier 7 despite not being actively cultivated by him, and had also been the foundation of building his Reflections.

Lament of Celestials, which was at Tier 5 for so long, the peak of the mortal universal level, and a single step from ascending into the higher dimensions.

With more of the First Flames on hand, there was hope for him to ascend this Flame to a higher level, and with the purification powers that it held, Rowan would make sure that this would happen. The Lost Flame would be getting its much-needed upgrade.

Then there was the Tier 8 Light Devourer Aspect, even Andar that cultivated this power in his soul had barely reached Tier 5 in his understanding of the power of the Light Devourer, and Rowan had deliberately not cultivated this Aspect beyond Tier 8 in order for its influence not to distort Andar's future understanding of it.

His last two Aspects were at Tier 9: Realm Weaver and Time Wanderer. Rowan only pursued two derivatives from these aspects: the Lost Flames from the Lament of Celestials and the Realm Blade, which was born from Realm Weaver and Time Wanderer.

He would love to obtain more skills from his Aspects, but Rowan believed there was no need for that when he could integrate all the powers from these Aspects into a single skill.

Rowan wanted to keep the Lost Flames pure from the touch of other Aspects, so he was left only with the Realm Blade, and he had already achieved preliminary success with integrating the power of two Aspects into a single skill.

There would be a day when Realm Blade would assimilate all the powers of his Aspects, and Rowan would not stop at this point. Instead, he would begin to assimilate the power of his Titles into Realm Blade, and when that happened, this Era would change.

Seed once showed Rowan a vision of the past, the dawn of the Supreme Era and the End of the Primordial Era.

He had shown Rowan a great blade wielded by the powers of all the Primordials. With the power of this blade, they had ended a Major Era and birthed a new one.

In the creation of his Realm Blade, that vision was never far from his memory.

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Inside Rowan's dimensional flesh and soul was an upheaval that denoted the final moments of his ascension to the seventh dimensional level. His body was piecing together the final portions of his apotheosis.

These last sets of changes were so shocking that Rowan's powerful consciousness went blank, and he slowly fell to his knees. His hands rested on the hilt of his Destroyer, which sank into the ground to arrest his fall.

Rowan's head came to rest beside his hand as if he were asleep, and from a distance, he painted a haunting figure. It was of a sleeping warrior of such great size that it defied imagination.

The last remnants of Fate vanished from this space, and as it went, the power binding a portion of Bahamut's strength vanished. In the distance, the four Primordial Beasts doubled into eight. Now he no longer had any distinct shape of flesh, but resembled a vast expanse of living lightning bolts that erupted with great roar as they fell upon Primordial Chaos, who did not seem to be at too much disadvantage despite the growing pressure against him.

Rowan had no way to know what was happening; everything was tied up in his elevation, but it was clear that if nothing changed soon, Primordial Chaos was going to lose.

If an Old One were to enter this space, they would not be able to look in the distance where the battle between Primordial Chaos and Bahamut rages, but they would be able to see Rowan.

At this point, all his higher-dimensional energies were focused internally, so they would see a man with long red hair, like a celestial waterfall made from blood, leaning on his great sword as if asleep. A normal image, but that was thrown out of the window when Rowan's size was taken into consideration.

Rowan was as large as Reality!

A red light flashed in front of his kneeling figure, but due to his size, it was hardly noticeable. From that flash, a tiny figure, Caine, the First Betrayer, emerged.

For a time that seemed as long as an eternity, Caine waited, trapped in his flesh as he was ridden like a beast of burden by Primordial Chaos.

The experience for him was extremely unbearable, as he had gone mad countless times in this space where his mind was kept. The pain he had experienced could not be described, and his pleas for mercy could as well be screamed to the mountains; he would have received more consideration from them.

Anyone would have gladly taken the chance to be possessed by a Primordial because the benefits were endless. A single second in Reality was an eternity in the perception of a Primordial. Coupled with their Supreme understanding of every higher-dimensional force in existence, this was an opportunity that would take a mortal to the level of a Supreme Old One in an instant.

The problem here was that the Primordial in question was Chaos.

Rowan, whose perception of madness and sanity was extremely blurry at its best, had unequivocally declared that Primordial Chaos was insane. Perhaps the real body of Primordial Chaos outside Reality may be different, but what was inside Reality had become something incredibly foul.

His love for pain and every sort of negative mortal travails made every possession he took to become a singular affair, because the possessee usually killed themselves not long after, because it was the only salvation they could find.

Rowan had watched Primordial Chaos torture his body by feeding himself to creatures of pain that were at the eighth-dimensional level during the time of their discussion, which hardly took five minutes, but for Caine, those five minutes could as well be trillions of years, and the only solace he had was that it was not equal to the pain he had endured under the heels of Primordial Chaos due to the Primordial accepting most of the pain.

Caine knew that this was not because of mercy; Primordial Chaos wanted him to be in shape when the time came for him to strike.

However, his mind had long been lost to madness and apathy after the countless years, his consciousness was bound inside his body, when, a moment ago, the voice of Primordial Chaos, carrying so much power that he could not resist even if he wanted to, rang out in his consciousness,

“The time is here. Take his head!”

Caine opened his eyes, and for a moment, he was confused by what he was looking at. It took his powerful consciousness a while to resolve that the immensity in front of him was not another Primordial Domain but Rowan freaking Kuranos.

Every Primordial Domain was located inside Reality, yet they were bigger than Reality. Seeing Rowan like this, Caine fully understood why Primordial Chaos wanted him dead.

“This bastard, so this is your true potential. For fuck sake, you are not even an Old One yet. What would you be when you reach the eighth-dimensional level and seize your Destiny?” Caine gritted his teeth with anger and jealousy.

However, these emotions were hollow. He had entered the mind of a Primordial, and he knew the distinction that existed between all beings; there was an endless gap that left him in despair.

The heavens were not fair, and not everyone was born equal. Caine understood that, given the same opportunity as this man before him, he would not reach this height, where Primordials begin to fear his potential.

This close to Rowan, he could sense the weight carried by the man, a relentless wave of Karma that left him breathless.

Caine asked himself how long he would be able to take a single percent of the burden on the shoulder of this colossal titan, and the answer humbled him.

There was a time that he wanted to rob Rowan of his talents and bloodlines, believing that he could slowly lead the naive mortal to a trap to seize all he could from him, but looking at this titan, Caine knew that he could have never succeeded, because only a mind of this level could hold such a power as a mortal.

If he had succeeded in stealing Rowan’s talents by chance, he would not have reached the point that Rowan was at; his consciousness and resolve were too weak, like a tiny pebble before a grand mountain.

“Caine!!!”

The roar of Primordial Chaos in his mind shook him away from his reverie, and his eyes widened in horror when he noticed that he had become lost in the sight of Rowan. If not for the prodding of Primordial Chaos, he would have been stuck in place, looking at the being before him.

Caine began to head close to Rowan in the distance, it appeared that he was close to him, but the distance separating them was nearly impossible for a normal Old One to traverse, but it there was one thing that his great age had granted Caine, it was giving him tools that most had forgotten.

Primordial Chaos had taken most of his strength, and Caine was barely stronger than an average Old One, but that would not matter for what he needed to do, because he was borrowing a part of Primordial Chaos's power at this time.

There was some benefit in being possessed by a Primordial.

Caine discovered that this space was extremely strange and dense beyond belief. Without the power of Primordial Chaos in his veins, he would barely be able to move inside.

With this enhancement, Caine pinched the space in front of him and swept his hand to the side as if he were unzipping a massive zipper, and space unfolded before him.

He tried not to look at the battle happening in the distance because he feared that even the protection from Primordial Chaos would not save him.

If this had been done in Reality outside, he would have seen the Passage of Time hidden deep in the layer of Reality, but in this space, what he saw was a passage of flesh and bone, like looking at the internals of a beast.

Caine entered this passage, space closing behind him as he made the same unzipping motion. The space in front of him parted to reveal a realm made from what seemed like living lightning. He braced himself and plunged into this space.

A moment later, he appeared above Rowan, at the center of his forehead. His body was smoking as if he had just crawled out of a furnace, and lightning snakes shimmered all around him. Crawling through the depths of a primordial beast's domain was not an easy feat.

Caine knew that he was under severe time constraints and did not pause to contemplate what he was about to do. He called upon his Will of Flesh and forged it into a blade. He was distinctly aware that this blade differed from any he had ever made using his knowledge and Will.

The power of Primordial Chaos was warping this blade into a tool of pure killing, and if he had not been so frightened of the power he was holding in his hands, Caine would have been enthralled. In his hand was enough power to wipe out everything in Reality a

thousand times over, and what made it more frightening was how it was precisely focused into a single point.

His blade was usually red as blood, but now it was black.

The hand holding this killing weapon had begun to decay and turn black, as a wave of death erupted from the blade, and a green fire consumed Caine. Before meeting Primordial Chaos, this level of pain would have made him insane, but at this point, it was barely an itch.

“I will not live past this day, and it saddens me that the culmination of my life would be to kill you, but Fate is a wily host, and this is the hand that I have been dealt. Goodbye, Rowan, may your death mean something more in the end. I fear that for the rest of us, we are nothing in the grand scheme of things.”

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Chapter 1589: Manipulating Fate

Chapter 1589: Manipulating Fate

Caine lifted the blade and was about to plunge it into Rowan’s skull, whose skin was still smooth like glass despite his enormous size, but a voice made him pause.

“This is familiar, you have stabbed me before.”

Caine’s awareness bloomed, spreading out to surround the entirety of Rowan’s body, and he saw that Rowan’s eyes were opened, and a wave of his perception had settled over Caine.

Screaming in anger and panic, Caine drove the killing blade into Rowan’s skull and pushed himself back into the air; he was surprised that Rowan had allowed him to continue his actions, giving that the wave of power he had felt in Rowan’s perception was enough to cripple him instantly.

Rowan's eyes tracked Caine through the air; he seemed uncaring that the killing blade that drove into his skull was beginning to spread a wave of corruption across his head.

Caine did not care to know the reason why Rowan was so calm when the weapon of a Primordial was stuck in his skull, and he decided to flee this place. He had pushed nearly all the power of Primordial Chaos into the weapon, leaving a sliver of it in his body, and it should be enough to leave this place.

He hardly began to call on the power of Chaos inside of him when a foreign power washed over his consciousness, and he saw himself walking towards Rowan, who opened up his palm, and Caine landed on it. Rowan smiled,

"Welcome, my dear Betrayer."

Caine had no time to be stunned when a jet of information flooded his senses, and he realized that for a long time, he was not just a play thing of Primordial Chaos; Rowan had begun to influence him a long time ago.

Holding his head, Caine shrieked and pushed his fingers into his eyes, trying to claw out his memories, but that force held him in place,

"I still have uses for you, and you cannot die now."

Caine did not know how he had failed to see the subtle manipulations of Rowan's hands in his life, but the last time it happened, it was so evident that he wondered how he was not more aware of it at that moment.

When Caine was captured by Primordial Chaos, the Primordial showed Caine visions of the past, and they were all about Rowan.

He saw a black drop of blood that emerged from the body of Primordial Chaos that fused with Rowan, and from that point, Chaos had become a part of Rowan, and his influence over his life slowly grew.

"He is beautiful, is he not? This bearer of truth."

Primordial Chaos' voice had whispered in the depths of Caine's soul as he showed him the past and the future.

He saw Rowan as a mortal killing an immortal, saw him create wonders and abominations, saw a reality-breaking willpower that left him in awe.

And then he saw the moment he was left in awe, when Rowan broke the Intent of Primordial Chaos, and in order to regain back the control he had over Rowan, Primordial Chaos had gone into the past and began manipulating the life of Caine.

Primordial Chaos made Caine aware of the Eye of Time. Working closely with this fragment of a Primordial, Caine protected the Eye of Time from the background, preventing anyone else from killing it. He thought that this Eye was a clue to becoming a Primordial.

How foolish he had been.

Over time, the Eye gave birth to Reflections, and Rowan was born with the aid of these Reflections.

From another perspective, it could be seen that Rowan's true father was Primordial Chaos—his subtle manipulation of events led to the birth of the greatest Abomination in existence. Perhaps only the twisted influence of a being like Primordial Chaos could make such a thing possible.

Caine had seen his place in this web of deceit that began in the distant past, and every ambition he had to play in the same arena as the Primordials was placed to rest.

Primordial Chaos had shown Caine the vision of the past, and he could still hear the smug tone in his voice and intent. Chaos had been proud of his achievement. However, Caine had observed something odd happening during the implementation of this revelation.

It was very subtle, but it drew his attention, and being the old monster that he was, he did not show any signs that he had observed this change.

Caine had been able to see a bit of the reasoning behind Primordial Chaos's actions. It happened subtly, and he did not notice it at first, but slowly he began to see the cracks in the plans of Primordial Chaos.

This Primordial had wanted to slowly maneuver Rowan to his side using subtle actions and grand gestures, but they all failed. Somehow, Rowan was able to find a way to walk a camel through the eye of a needle until Primordial Chaos became desperate and no longer hid his hand.

Primordial Chaos could not accurately tell the reason, but he knew that if he did not stop Rowan here, he would never be able to control him anymore.

He came to Caine out of desperation, and instigated him to be here at this moment so that he could stab Rowan in the head.

Primordial Chaos was so powerful that, in many ways, he could accurately predict the future since much of it had been shaped by his Will.

He knew that sometimes, in the future, Rowan would be indisposed, and Caine would be the tool used to make it happen.

And yet, all of this had not been as hidden as the Primordial had thought. The moment Caine became aware of the hidden thoughts of Primordial Chaos, Rowan was also aware because he had begun to dwell in the soul of Caine.

This knowledge almost drove Caine to the edge of madness and beyond.

'How.... How was it possible for Rowan to do all of this?!'

A portion of Rowan's consciousness lightly touched Caine, and he said,

"Because I alone hold my Fate."

®

When Rowan had been frozen in place on the acceptance of Fate's Origin, and reaching the peak of the higher dimensional levels, which began from the seventh dimension all the way to the ninth, his existence underwent a transformation that broke all boundaries of reason inside of Reality.

Reaching the sixth dimension had given Rowan the ability to institute the effect of something before the cause. In simpler terms, he could make something happen even before there was any potential to cause that change.

He could make a man appear in front of him even before his parents were born, or he could create the concept of heat even before there was friction.

This was the reason he could make such sweeping changes across Reality at the moment he reached the sixth dimension; however, in the seventh dimension, this power only increased as he gained a new tool.

Although Rowan's dimensional flesh had kept him apart from Reality, there was something that still bound him firmly to it, and that was the thread of fate that linked him to everyone he knew in Reality.

This thread of Fate bound him to his children, and his enemies, from Andar all the way to Caine and even Primordial Chaos; it was this thread that binds all things in Reality... Fate.

When Rowan had freed himself from the influence of Chaos's Intent and became a dimension unto himself, he thought he had achieved true freedom, and in many ways he had, but there was one thing left that tied him to the rest of Reality, and that was the threads of Fate.

With these threads of Fate, Primordial Chaos had been able to interfere in his life for so long, but what would happen if Rowan was holding his own Fate in his hands?

The answer was that he would finally gain his freedom.

When he was incapacitated, his mind had been thrust into the past, from the moment of his conception, his true conception, all the way to the present.

He had traced every mystery behind his life and had seen Primordial Chaos' hands as he interfered with it, but Rowan was careful; he did not touch these threads, as he saw it as an opportunity to lay the ultimate trap.

To do this, Rowan had to manipulate Seed and Elura, and for it to work, he had to allow for the sacrifice of one of the people who was closest to him.

Rowan had to be subtle to manipulate the Old Ones. That meant he could not change their actions without them being aware of his interference; he could only mildly influence them.

As much as he wanted to change the past and stop Seed from killing Maeve and billions of his people, such drastic changes in Fate would be detected by Seed and also by other Primordial powers who monitored the threads of Fate.

What he could do was nudge Elura and Seed to make him mortal by stabbing him with the blade of Caine, because this was a window for him to understand the power of Primordial Chaos before their showdown.

Chapter 1590: The First Thirst

Chapter 1590: The First Thirst

Caine found himself being drawn across space and time to the forehead of Rowan, and he was nearly killed by the heavy fumes of death emerging from the pores of Rowan's skin.

The killing blade he had driven into the head of Rowan was still in place and had not been removed, and the top half of his head was going black with what appeared to be necrosis, and gray fumes of death were pouring out from his head in significant volumes.

If his decaying head was any problem to him, Rowan did not give any indication. His perception was wrapped around Caine as if to prevent him from escaping, while an unknown force, powerful beyond belief, was directing Caine's body back to the sword.

In the blink of an eye, he was in front of his sword, and then he thought he saw someone in front of him, harshly blinking his eyes and pushing his perception forward, he confirmed that there was indeed someone there in front of him, standing still beside the sword.

An errant gust of wind blew across, and the figure was exposed, and Caine gasped,

“Green, what are you doing here? Is all of this a ploy of Prism? It does not matter, save me from this place, and I promise to tell you a great secret. Please, we have to hurry!”

The figure that was revealed, Green, smiled at Caine and said, “Red, I never knew you to be one to beg. I like the sound of that. Do it again.”

Caine gaped in astonishment, “Elura! What the fuck is wrong with you? This is no time for games. Look around us. We are in the center of a primordial-level war. I don’t know how you got here, but we need to leave. Now!”

Elura’s smile deepened. “Don’t worry. You and I were brought here for a reason, and it is about to be fulfilled. Instead of whining like a child, take hold of that blade, betrayer. Your work is not done.”

Before he could argue, Caine’s body moved, and his hand seized the hilt of the blade. A horrifying force began to emerge from the weapon and pour into his body, and Caine’s face went pale as he noticed that it contained all the killing power he had pushed inside Rowan. There was also something else mixed inside this killing power, something extremely powerful, something that matched and exceeded the power of Primordial Chaos!

Fear filled the soul of Caine as he could not imagine what could hold such power, and looking at the smiling face of Elura with the weird rune branded on her forehead, he stammered,

“You are not her... what are you?”

“Ah, your perception was always above average, but surely you should have recognized me by now, after all, I whispered in your mind the thoughts of a Primordial when you were under his feet.”

Almost freezing in place, Caine seized every last bit of courage he had, which had surprisingly grown a tremendous amount as he began to be involved in the affairs of Primordials, and he managed to squeeze out a few words,

“What are you?!”

Elura shook her head and turned around, as her body faded away,

“Little betrayer, I think you know the truth. You saw me as I entered Reality, and you bowed down and worshiped at my feet, with the blood of your brothers staining your hands.”

Caine fell to his knees, as his soul screamed,

“The First Thirst...”

The Whisper after the last breath

The pause between the pulse and the silence...

The hollow where the echo has been...

I have heard your voice...

In the hush before sleep...

In the gasp before the plunge...

The Whisper of the oldest shadow...

“Pri—Primordial Soul!”

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Knowledge carried a great weight, and Rowan had inherited one of the most significant sources of knowledge in existence, Fate’s Origin.

From the present, using the power of Fate, Rowan knew that in the past, Primordial Chaos would seek out Caine as his weapon in order to get to him in the future.

Caine held the bloodline of Primordial Chaos, so his Intent and will were present inside him, making Caine the most viable candidate for his plans.

The other Chaos Bloods were constantly present on the side of Primordial Chaos, so they could not be efficiently utilized for his schemes. Shamaran had been a surprising candidate, but she had fallen too quickly.

When Caine’s blade was employed to make Rowan a mortal, he used the opportunity to reach the sixth dimension and master the blade. That event had appeared to be a coincidence, but it was not; there was a higher hand involved in all of it.

However, to be able to deceive Primordial Chaos, mastering the blade was not enough because Rowan was still at the sixth-dimensional level and could comprehend the true intent and will of Primordial Chaos, so it was helpful that he had help from his mother, Primordial Soul.

Her influence had always been in his life and the greatest thread that bound him to Reality. Nonetheless, it was not until he reached the level of Origin and attained the seventh-dimensional level that he fully inherited her message.

If he were any weaker, he would never be able to pierce through the veil of Oblivion that kept her hidden from all creation.

Knowledge had weight.

Elura was her pawn. Made to believe she was his mother, Primordial Soul manipulated all the events of her life. Her touch was almost formless, and even Primordial Chaos, restricted by the very chains that gave him power, was blind to the truth.

In the moments when Rowan had escaped the Memory of Primordial Life and seized Elura by the throat, an orange rune appeared on her forehead, and she was warped away to an unknown dimension.

That dimension had been the prison of Primordial Soul, and Elura's cries of disbelief were because she, the great daughter of Primordial Life, the holder of the Tree of Imagination, one of the greatest Old Ones in all of existence, was nothing but a glorified womb.

It was always a shocking thing for these powerful Old Ones to see the sheer gap that existed between them and the Primordials and understand that at such a level of life, everything was an ant, even Old Ones.

®

When Rowan gained his Origin Land and reached the fifth-dimensional level, he was able to peer into the past, and he saw a vision of his past life on earth, and his true roots became known to him.

His life could be roughly split into three origins: Rowan Carter from Earth, Rowan Kuranos from Trion, in the final age of the gods, and Romion Elythia, born of Elura and the Third Reflection, from the age of the Empyrean of Life.

[Elythia means Life.]

In the end, all of these three separate Origins had merged together to create the singular entity that Rowan had become.

When Rowan Carter transmigrated from Earth, he awoke in the body of a frail young prince and did not know the reason for his transmigration.

Gaining the Primordial Record and unlocking multiple powerful bloodlines gave him a clue, and one of the most essential hints came from his Ouroboros Bloodline.

When he activated this bloodline, he saw a gigantic palm burst out of the ground, shattering an entire continent and ultimately destroying the world as a whole. This event led to the destruction of his previous world, which was the birth of an Empyrean.

Chapter 1591: I Stand... Unbroken (1)

At his present dimensional level, Rowan had long understood that his previous life was in a small world, in an inconspicuous universe in the lower realms.

The destruction of a planet might have seemed a big deal for Rowan at that time when Empyreans represented the height of power that he knew, but now this had become mundane.

Across countless worlds in countless universes, worlds were being destroyed as new Empyreans were born, and his death, like everyone else in existence, should have been random, but it was not.

It was true that Primordial Soul was locked inside Oblivion, the only power that could suppress her for all eternity, but that did not mean her influence could be easily destroyed, and to watch over her prison, while constantly suppressing her powers, was Primordial Chaos.

He was assigned this task by the other Primordials, and his reward was the entirety of the Lower Realms.

He was given complete dominion over the soul energy that emerged from Oblivion, and Primordial Chaos gained great power, but he was also forbidden from gaining significant influence in the higher realms.

Although this restriction did not stop Primordial Chaos from creating the Inheritance Ground in the higher realms, his powers grew faster than other Primordials had anticipated, but they retaliated by suppressing the Inheritance Ground until it became the weakest Primordial Domain in the higher realms, and if not for the presence of his Throne that preserved the core of the Inheritance Ground, Primordial Chaos would have no forces in the higher realm.

For a long time, Primordial Chaos was able to suppress Primordial Soul entirely, but she was both powerful and wily. She waited for the perfect opportunity to make her move because she alone understood the nature of her powers and knew that they could never truly be bound.

You see, while in Oblivion, Primordial Soul was supposed to be deeply asleep.

A sleep where she should have no awareness, and in this manner, errant soul power would drift out of her body, cleansed by the power of Oblivion and emerge into the lower realms, where it would transform into Soul Origin and hence the birth of all mortal beings.

Some special souls carried the Will of Primordial Soul every now and then; it was these souls that Primordial Chaos was supposed to destroy. In this manner, her influence over reality was simply her ability to ensure that life would always flourish.

For a long time, this arrangement had worked. Primordial Soul was too powerful and dangerous to be let loose, and she would not have given up her powers for the benefits of the Primordials except that great tributes were paid to her.

Using the powers of Oblivion, the Primordials took away her ability to rule over them all and benefited from her slumber.

Yet, they were not aware that Primordial Soul did not tell them everything about the nature of the Soul.

A soul emerged from the Gate of Oblivion, and there was nothing special about it. It was the same as the billions of blank souls that had emerged from this gate since the dawn of Reality, and Primordial Chaos hardly granted this soul a second look.

This soul gained its origin and drifted into the universe, but it could not find a compatible host and existed alone for a long time.

Unlike any other soul origin in existence that could easily take root, this one seemed to be rejected by all things. It sought to become a tree but was kicked aside; it could not take root and point to the skies.

It sought to become stone, but when it approached, even the earth cracked into pieces.

It sought to become the breeze, instead hurricanes formed out of nowhere.

It sought to become a man, but it was always killed even before it could be conceived, either by nature or at the hands of other men. It seemed that in all creation, this soul origin was cursed to remain unformed, forever.

Reality existed for twelve Major Eras, and this number was truly astonishing because not all Major Eras had the same lifespan; some tend to be longer than others, yet each Major Era represented a stupendous amount of time.

This soul origin, which could not find a place to call home, drifted through Reality for twelve Major Eras.

Reality was a massive place, and within it were various unknown variations. A soul origin that could not find a home was incredibly rare, but such cases still occurred; however, these soul origins never lasted.

It was in their nature to take root in something, and if they could find no home, they would slowly fade into nothing, their energy feeding any lucky soul origins that happened to be around them at the time of their death.

Any soul origin that was usually baptized by the death of another would become more gifted as their base nature would become more stabilized.

If they became a tree, they would grow up to become a World Tree, and if they became men, their least achievement would be godhood.

This singular soul origin, which refused to let itself fall into oblivion, unknowingly became a magnet for all the lost soul origins that could find no home.

From all around reality, they drifted towards this unique soul origin, and they died around it. It was as if their last act of defiance was to give their all to this soul origin, which refused to fall.

Over time, that soul origin developed special traits that resonated with the sleeping Primordial Soul, and this connection allowed her to feed on the power of this soul origin.

Even the soul of an Old One would not be capable of withstanding the hunger of a Primordial, but this small and unknown Soul Origin bore the burden of this parasitic connection for a long time before it reached its limit and was at the threshold of its destruction, when a sliver of Primordial Soul's awareness was awoken.

Two impossible miracles happened at the dawn of the Supreme Era, and none of the Primordials were aware of it.

Primordial Soul was grateful to this soul for giving her the opportunity to awaken; she did not know how the soul became so resilient and lasted for so long because it had nothing special apart from its stability.

She had taken nearly all the potential that would have allowed this soul origin to become something so magnificent it would be hard to imagine its limit. Primordial Soul could not allow it to waste away into nothing after it had fought for so long.

Chapter 1592: I Stand... Unbroken (2)

Primordial Soul had awakened a sliver of her consciousness; however, for an entity of her power, this sliver of consciousness was enough to achieve miracles. So, she set out to change the fate of this stubborn soul's origin, whose resilience had led to a miracle.

Of course, Primordial Soul sensed a great opportunity here to regain her freedom because this soul alone had the potential to pierce through Oblivion.

Time was running out for her, and there was no assurance that there would be a soul like this again, even if another twelve Major Eras passed.

She did not fully understand this soul or its ultimate capabilities; the only thing it had was potential, and it would be a shame if this potential were not well utilized.

With the sliver of her consciousness awakened, Primordial Soul began to manipulate the overall Destiny of Reality, affecting the interests of the Primordials, subtly weakening them and causing waves of unending infighting.

Primordial Soul had awakened during the Supreme Era, and the Omniscience of the Primordials had been cut off, and because the Soul Origin that triggered her consciousness was not attached to anything in Reality, there was no thread of Fate binding it.

All of this made her resurrection to become undetectable, and her influence was invisible.

She made significant changes, most especially with Primordial Chaos, who was responsible for crushing the soul origins that held a bit of her Will.

Primordial Chaos was unaware that a sliver of her Will was awake, and he would never know that so many of his actions were dictated by the Will of Primordial Soul.

All these actions led to the birth of Rowan Kuran— the soul origin that stood alone... unbroken.

®

The wave of death that had covered Rowan's head had retreated; all of it had been diverted into Caine, who now resembled a charred husk. All forms of life had vanished from his body, and what was left was simply a loaded weapon; even the blade had merged into his body.

All of these events did not take a significant amount of time, and from the time Caine appeared to his imprisonment, barely a moment had passed, since Rowan's body was cloaked by deep, higher-dimensional laws at the ninth-dimensional level, of a sort that had never been seen in Reality before.

A wave of his hand covered Caine in a chain of the same laws that covered every emanation emerging from his body. These chains did not come from him but from the remnants of the Primordial Soul's power in his body.

The Primordial would not like how he was utilizing her finite strength, but Rowan did not care because he wanted to see the limits of her strength. She should be much weaker from her claims, but it was impossible for him to believe such a thing.

Primordial Soul needed him to break the Gates of Oblivion for her freedom, and so she would do almost anything or paint her image into the most favorable light for that to happen.

Anyone would think that having what was considered to be the most powerful Primordial at his side was a great thing, but instead, Rowan had never felt more threatened in his entire existence.

His existence might have been hidden for so long, but it was because of the Primordial Record, and his...

“BOOM!!!”

A terrifying wave of power erupted in the distance, followed by a scream of rage. A powerful shockwave followed, crushing space and time. This realm of the Primordial Beast had been damaged past the point of recovery, and only its eternal attribute as a ninth-dimensional realm had barely sustained it for so long. However, it was unknown how long this would last with the amount of power that was being displayed here.

Rowan growled softly like an awakening beast and stood up, pulling his Destroyer from the earth. The shockwave from the eruption in the distance slammed against his skin and was broken apart, and he closed his eyes as waves of annihilation and death washed past him, seemingly unending.

His perception swept into the storm of power that would shatter existence like glass and went beyond to its originators. Rowan saw the battle that was ongoing between Primordial Chaos and Bahamut pass the storms. It was one of the most dazzling scenes he had ever witnessed, and not because of the intense display of power but the sheer complexity in every move they were making.

Bahamut had divided himself into ten places, and instead of his powers falling, the opposite happened, and he no longer resembled a being of flesh but of eldritch lightning whose myriad colors were almost impossible to describe.

His shape was now roughly humanlike but with a massive tail at his waist that was two times as long as his body, and the ten of him surrounded a lone figure at their center, who was holding his own against Bahamut, and according to the pages of Fate drifting across Reality that only Rowan could see, there was no assurance that Bahamut would win.

Every one of the bodies of Bahamut worked together in a state that was beyond harmony, as space, time, fate, destiny, and other mystical concepts were woven into every move of his body as he fought on a level that filled Rowan's mind with countless inspirations. Still, his opponent was equally as dangerous, if not more so.

Primordial Chaos, a shifting abomination of swirling darkness and iridescent madness, held two lances of scarlet decay in his hands. He fought against Bahamut, every movement a dance and an eruption of power. Rowan noticed that he was using the smallest amount of power to effect significant changes across existence.

This was not like the talent of Staff, where she pulled power from the Nothingness and used it to boost the energy she absorbed. No, Primordial Chaos was using the same energy that could be used to light a match to shatter a hundred universes.

There was no way this should be possible, but Primordial Chaos was doing the impossible with the sort of higher-dimensional laws that Rowan could not yet touch. That gap was rapidly changing, and if he could achieve this state and merge it with his other advantages, Rowan would be nearly unstoppable. However, he believed that with his present powers, he should be able to hold his own.

This was very important to him because it meant he could not fight the Thrones of a Primordial.

However, Rowan realized that Primordial Chaos was here using the body of a lesser being, and that body belonged to Caine.

Chapter 1593: I Stand... Unbroken (3)

Primordial Chaos could not draw out all the powers he was capable of, but it would seem that he did not need to when he matched Bahamut in the Primordial Beast's domain, even with this crutch.

No wonder it was the Primordials that ruled all of existence; they were all incredibly talented, and until Rowan reached the ninth-dimensional level, he believed that in many ways, he might never match a Primordial.

Of everything he could see and learn from this battle, it always seemed like there was something new to discover, and more transformations were happening below the surface that his senses could not touch.

Reality was shattering around these two combatants as Bahamut attacked with unequalled fury, using claws, teeth, and tails. However, all his blows that could render creation to nothing were effortlessly thrown back by both lances of Primordial Chaos.

Now and then, Primordial Chaos would counterattack, piercing one of Bahamut's bodies, and powerful shockwaves would blast out of the wounds with great force, shattering Reality and causing tremendous shockwaves.

Bahamut roared in anger and frustration as he took the battle to the next level. All ten of his bodies took a step back, and they all hurled a bolt of the purest lightning Rowan had ever seen, and it was black.

This bolt could tear through a Primordial Domain, and it traveled faster than even Primordial Chaos could block, and they slammed into his being, and he shattered into pieces.

For a moment, Rowan thought that Primordial Chaos had fallen. The might of that lightning bolt was so mighty that Bahamut should have been secretly gathering all that

power since the beginning of the battle and had suddenly unleashed it without any indicator.

However, Primordial Chaos could not be so easily destroyed; the terrible energy of that bolt was twisted and distorted, spiraling into a vortex of nonexistence before dissipating into nothingness.

Primordial Chaos laughed, a sound like shattering glass and dying screams,

“Lightning? Orderly. Predictable. Bound by rules. Chaos knows no rule! And you wonder why you all lost to our might. Bahamut, stop this mindless struggle and lie still, and I promise you that your death would not be as painful as I can make it.”

Bahamut screamed in fury at the prodding from Primordial Chaos when it became clear that he had long detected this hidden gathering of power and was also prepared for these bolts. Reminded once more about the treachery that led to his fall,

“It was supposed to be for me; that power was mine by right, Eldrithor, you thief. You stole my destiny!”

The laughter of Primordial Chaos seemed to have grown stronger from absorbing the power from the lightning bolts, and he no longer took his previous form but dissolved into a storm of fractal shadows and surged towards all bodies of Bahamut like a tidal wave of madness.

Rowan could see Primordial Chaos smelling blood in the water and was going for the kill. He should not be able to hold so much power stolen from Bahamut with his present shell, and he was going to attack without holding back.

Reality shivered as new bodies of Bahamut attempted to be born through the void, but it seemed that he had reached a limit; any more new bodies, and he would be banished from within Reality. Despite having the potential to grow stronger, his environment limited his powers.

Rowan suspected that Bahamut had only reached the point of manifesting ten bodies because he had begun reshaping Reality with Primordial Essence, and so this unknown realm of the Primordial Beast was able to bring out more power without being expelled from Reality.

Everything was spiralling towards the advantages of Primordial Chaos since Bahamut could not equal him in skill, and his only advantages had reached the limit, yet this did not deter the Primordial Beast; it only

Increased his ferocity.

“Eldrithor, I shall kill you. You took my destiny, and still it is not enough. Now you come for my crown. I have told you, it would not matter what happens to me, I shall kill you. All of you!”

The Primordial Beast did not make empty boasts; he simply unleashed everything he had towards Primordial Chaos.

All of Bahamut’s bodies raised their hands, summoning a storm of such great magnitude that Reality would transform into ash in its wake. The tempest roared, shredding the approaching darkness and madness of Primordial Chaos, but they could not be destroyed. Chaos could not be destroyed.

Rowan frowned. Primordial Chaos was going to be much more challenging to deal with than he had thought.

He needed these two to weaken each other, but it seemed that as time went on, Primordial Chaos’s innate superiority would supersede even the pure might of a Primordial Beast who was being held back by its talents that depended on a stronger Reality to exert its influence.

He could not allow this to happen. Primordial Chaos dying here was meaningless; this body here was the shell of Caine, but Bahamut meant much more to him because if he devoured a complete Primordial Beast, it would enhance his Elder’s Will and push his Origin Ouroboros to greater heights.

Bahamut was also more important as a bait, but if he dies before the full trap is set, then he would enhance the powers of Primordial Chaos while reducing his own.

“It is time,” he said to Primordial Soul.

“Child, are you sure about this? We can wait for another million years before we make this move. That would be the perfect time.”

“Yes, it would be the perfect timing, not only for me, but for everyone else. No, this opportunity is not the best, and that’s why it is important, because it is the best place for me to work.”

“I will take your word for it. Do not fall here, Rowan. If you do, your body is mine to take; that is your promise to me.”

“As long as you honor the deal to our agreement, then my body is yours.”

“Good, if the dust settles and you are alive, Primordial Chaos shall be the enemy they all see. I assure you of this.”

“I don’t need assurance, just results.”

Chapter 1594: Return To Madness

Chapter 1594: Return To Madness

The battle among Primordial entities could not be measured using normal time as a reference. Time and space were easily shattered and broken, leaving countless shards of chaos and corruption roaming about this space.

This meant that the flow of time could not be depended upon because it could stay still for an eternity or accelerate for trillions of years in a single burst. Everything was under the control of these entities, and all manner of changes were useless.

The elements of time and space were woven into their attacks, and so in Reality, outside this space made by Bahamut, the stable time that passed—maintained by the body of Primordial Time that had been shattered in a distant era—had barely been three days, but inside the space of battle, ten million years had gone by.

In the period where Rowan had been observing them, Bahamut and Chaos had fought for this length of time, and only now were they beginning to go all out.

The weight of their existence was pulling upon time and space, warping them into a state of accelerated flow. This was in ninth-dimensional space. Rowan believed that if this battle had been fought in the outside Reality, the effect of the time warp would be much worse.

If Reality could survive the confrontation between these two, he believed more than fifty billion years would pass as time was warped by their presence.

Even if their battle brought about casualties, such an intense flow of time would kill many lower immortals, end all mortal life, and devastate the state of Reality for many more years to come, and this would be considered the least of the side effects from this battle.

This space made by Bahamut was located at the core of the Supreme World of Magus. The entire realm was mass evacuated following the instructions Andar left behind with the Limit Breakers, and for the three days that passed, the realm was mostly silent.

With magic and other immortal arts that had become heavily influenced by the increasing level of Primordial Aether inside of Reality, nearly all lifeforms on the Magus realm had been evacuated, leaving those who were fanatically loyal to the Supreme Magus Endirius and expected that his fury would soon descend on those who fled the realm.

Their numbers may be relatively small, barely surpassing three hundred million. Still, these Mages were among the ruling class and accepted that there was no way these changes happening across them would influence their position.

They were waiting for news of Andar's capture and the quick eradication of whatever subversive elements in their realm. Despite the news that Andar had killed the Flame Guards before descending into the realm, reaching their ears, none of them believed that any significant transitions could truly be made.

The Endirius bloodline, which had taken most of the ruling positions in the realm, never left. They were already hatching plans for the punishment and suppression of those who fled the realm, and the punishments they were devising were gut-wrenching.

To show their loyalty to the Supreme Mage, who had not yet given out the orders, most of them refused to absorb the Primordial Essence floating around until they had been ordered. However, behind closed doors, they rapidly absorbed these powers and made secret breakthroughs.

On the first day, they gathered and began making plans and sending orders to all those who had fled the realm to return.

They gave out harsh summoning to all mages through the Aethernet, reminding them of the power of the Supreme Magus and the height of his fury.

It did not matter what sort of changes were sweeping across Reality or that the unknown powers of Andar and whoever was behind him were great; the Supreme Magus would win, and all would be restored to being as it once was.

Their rants filled the Aethernet, but strangely, after a single day, everything went silent; even the Aethernet had gone down, but their instructions had been heard by all mages, and they began to return.

Although Andar had given strict instructions to the Limit Breakers—who had significant influence in the Magus society due to most of them being geniuses and connected to most of the major Magus families—that they should never return once he began entering the core of the realm, and only wait until the dust settles and he sent word, they were not able to stop many of the Mages who could not reject the orders from the ruling Endirius family.

After many minor eras of unbroken rule from the ruling Endirius families, it was almost impossible for any of the Mages to disobey their orders. The Limit Breakers could only delay their return for a short while, but on the third day, most of the mages who had fled began to return.

However, the purpose of their return had changed under the subtle manipulation of the Limit Breakers alongside the mindset of change sweeping through Reality.

Most of the Mages were not returning because of the orders from the Endirius family, but to assist the Endless Mage, Andar Erikson.

In three days, unprecedented changes swept through the Magus society. It was unknown if their cultivation technique was particularly receptive to Primordial Aether or any other unknown factor, but their level of life had dramatically increased.

Transformations that were supposed to take the rest of their lives were happening in hours, and if the rate of growth did not slow down, then their upper limits were unknown.

They could resist the orders and not return, knowing that in time, they would all be so powerful that it would be impossible to suppress them under the house of Endirius anymore, but there was one person they could not leave behind: Andar Erikson.

His words still resonated in their hearts and souls, and so they returned to the realm, not because they had been ordered to by the house of Endirius, but because they wanted to fight for Andar Erikson.

If the Supreme Mage wanted to take his life, he would have to kill them all. An air of fervor had gripped the masses, and they came to fight for their future.

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Aeynid Erikson, the mother of Andar, was among the returnees. From a distance, the Magus realm appeared to be at peace. There was no sound of battle emerging from the realm, but this did not bring her any peace, but anxiety. Only the capture or death of Andar would lead to such a sight.

As they approached the realm, a wave of silence began sweeping across the hundreds of billions of mages; they were not even aware that they had gone silent as a silent pressure filled their chests, and yet there were no words to describe their feelings.

Of those returning, ninety percent chose to slow down. Something held them back, but they struggled to push through the hesitation in their hearts.

A few light years away from the realm, observation spells could now peer through the constant obscuring field that was always shielding the realm from outside gaze, and they saw the actual state of the Magus Realm and the root of this unknown fear in their hearts.

Chapter 1595: To The Core

Chapter 1595: To The Core

The state of the realm was slowly being revealed when Aeynid Erikson, along with many higher-dimensional mages, began destroying the spells they cast to peer into it. Panic filled their souls, but it was already too late. They had seen too much.

Not much of the realm's actual state had been revealed, but in the brief glimpse that had been seen, they observed that everyone who remained in the realm and gave them orders to return was dead, and their manner of death was incredibly strange.

Alarm bells blared in the minds of the higher-dimensional mages, and they screamed out a warning, but it was too late. Many mages, numbering in the hundreds of millions, had already used their observational spells and looked at the Magus Realm, and what happened below began to spread among those who saw it.

Mages numbering in the hundreds of millions, notwithstanding their rank, simply... unraveled. Their bodies stretched into spirals, with the very atoms that made up their being dispersing along unseen axes.

This corruption spread to more mages who saw this astonishing sight, and they perished as well. In mere moments, nearly a billion were dead!

"Run! This is not a place for lower immortals any longer!"

Panic and fear spread across the masses, and everyone began to flee, returning the way they came ten times faster than before. Death followed them closely on their heels, and close to two percent of the returning mages were lost.

This number was in the tens of billions.

The death toll would have been countless times worse than this if not for the fact that the majority of the mages had slowed down during their return, as it was highly possible that they would have all perished if more of them had taken a glimpse at that realm.

"What is happening down there?"

"So many... dead. Don't look at any remains! Close away your perception!"

It took a while before any meaningful organization took shape, and a general consensus emerged to flee from the realm and seek another distant dimension.

With the growing power of the mages, it should be easy for them to seize a smaller dimension to settle. They might wish to return for Andar, but none of them had the power to do so.

With the decision made, it was now a matter of picking the right dimension and making plans for their invasion when the surrounding space began to shake and then shatter.

From the shattered space emerged beings of light and gold—the Celestial Host.

Crossing through the massive gulf of space that separated the Primordial domain of Light from the Magus realm, the Celestial Hosts came through in nearly endless numbers.

The mages were frozen by the grand display of power that was slowly being arrayed before them, where the lowest ranks of Angel here were the Archangels, and their numbers in a single division reached tens of billions. The number of divisions could not be easily counted.

Archangels, Sovereigns, Powers, Cherubims, and even the presence of a dozen Seraphims!

At the center of the Host was an Archon, the new iteration of a Celestial Destroyer. It was the same Archon who had entered the space where Rowan had battled Thenos and the World Stele because it held the Eye of Time in its grasp.

If an Archon was present, it meant that the Adjudicator was not far away.

Deep in the shattered space were the massive figures of Celestial Creators who stood behind and commanded their Hosts, and as long as they remained alive, they would maintain the life of their Hosts.

If any Angel were killed, if the power that killed them did not exceed the grasp of their Celestial Creator, their bodies would be rapidly remade, and they would return to battle. This meant that in the presence of a Celestial Creator, fighting against their Host was a lesson in futility, and only by killing them could their armies finally be destroyed, but there were few in all of Creation who could kill a Celestial Creator.

Barely glancing at the mages huddled in the corner of space, the Celestial Host pushed towards the Magus Realm.

A Celestial Creator turned toward the Mages in the distance, noticing the whiff of higher-dimensional corruption still lingering around their bodies. He frowned before a wave of light erupted from his hands and swept through the mages, gathering all these energies and bringing them toward himself.

The act had not been one of mercy, although the Magus Realm was a vassal of the Celestial Domain, their ties with the City of Light were extremely loose and were not worth mentioning in their eyes. He was just gathering details of the dangers ahead so they could be quickly dealt with.

Analyzing the trace of corruption in his hands, the Celestial Creator gazed into the Supreme World of Mages. Although it appeared the same on the surface, what he could see was drastically different.

The core of the realm had been tightly sealed away, but the battle had brought this ninth-dimensional space to the limit, and slight traces of the forces within had drifted out of the core of the realm.

The mages that remained on the surface perished quickly; their suffering was mercifully brief as they unraveled in the same way that the returning mages who had glimpsed that realm had suffered.

With his strength, the Celestial Creator could see more. He could see vast cities that had been folded into Hypercubes, collapsing inwards in direction that most higher dimensional immortals could not perceive.

He saw oceans of flames and water drained into non-Euclidean vortices, with folded space and time disappearing into higher-dimensional spaces that were hard for him to comprehend.

He nodded to his fellow Creators here with him,

“All the details are correct. Primordial Beast Bahamut is here, alongside Chaos. It should be a Throne, his only Throne.”

“Then we attack and claim this prize for Light! If we can shatter the Throne of Chaos, all Celestial Creators would earn great merit.”

“All Celestial Host, proceed forward to the core of the realm!”

Chapter 1596: The Alcion Heavenly Formation

In this, the Celestial Hosts were seven Celestial Creators; however, going by the battle history of Celestials, such a number was the tip of the iceberg for what was coming.

Seven Celestial Creators were needed as the base to create the Alcion Heavenly Formation, famed for being the best killing formation in all of existence. If necessary to enhance its incredible power, additional Celestial Creators could be added.

Still, the base form of the Alcion Heavenly Formation was enough to kill a Throne!

As the countless Celestial Hosts, numbering in the billions, surged towards the Supreme World ahead, the glow from their bodies painted this corner of Reality with a shade of intense whiteness.

The mages began to flee into the distance. Luckily, the cultivation system they possessed, which gave them the capabilities to create Magus Towers at the Archmage level, meant that each Archmage could carry a lot of people alongside them in their Magus Tower.

With so many new Archmages popping up like grass, they only needed a few to point a direction, and they began to escape from this place in their billions.

Thaleriel, a Celestial Creator, looked in the direction of the fleeing mages,

“Should we eradicate them? The hidden hand used one of their number to facilitate the corruption sweeping across Reality.”

“There is no need for that,” Valandreil, another Celestial Creator, replied. They cannot run far, and there are plans ahead to intercept them. For now, they are better used as bait. What I am more concerned about is the level of corruption below.”

Valandreil frowned as he looked deeper at the realm ahead. The Supreme World of Mages had existed for so long that a reflection of itself remained in the distance, resembling a burning sun, but its true shape had become a twisted mockery of a world.

What floated in the void was a geometric scar—a shimmering, ever-shifting polyhedron, its edges extending into unseen dimensions. Attempts to scan it resulted in corrupted data, and the Angels at the tip of the formation closest to the realm... simply ceased to exist in familiar spacetime.

Unlike the mages who instantly perished the moment they glimpsed this realm, their Celestial nature maintained their life force for a while after they were suddenly extinguished. Even the souls preserved in the hands of the Celestial Creators vanished as well.

“That is certainly... problematic.” Durakiel, the third Celestial Creator, said, “If we cannot regain the lost lights from death, then the Acion Heavenly Formation would not be able to last for long.”

The fourth Celestial Creator, Zukiel, shrugged, “It does not have to last. We need a bridge into that hidden realm. Seven more Heavenly Formations are coming behind us. Half of our might is being channeled towards this campaign, and we must win.”

Durakiel laughed, “I know, but it is a shame that Nariel is not here. He would have loved a battle like this.”

“There is nothing we can do about that; his Legions are compromised, and until we get to the root of the corruption, he and all his adjoining Legions would not leave the Eastern Quadrant.”

“So, who do you think is our enemy? I believe it is Demon. You know no one else can boast of their ability to influence changes in the light than the Ruler of Darkness.”

“Does it matter?” Zukiel growled, his voice shaking the space around them, “By the end of this day, we will have victory and our enemies will be nothing but ashes below our feet.”

The consciousness of the Adjudicator settled over all the Celestial Creators, silencing their chatter,

“Zukiel is correct. We are the tip of the spear. I want a sanctified Ritual of Speed, Protection, and Fortification on the entirety of the Host. Nothing should be taken from us without an equal price being paid for it. Teophiel, begin the ritual, and I shall consummate it. We have little time before the Primordial Domain of Life and Demon appear, let us make it count.”

The voice of the Adjudicator was barely above a whisper, and yet the authority inside of it was unquestionable, almost at the level of compulsion.

The entire Celestial Host began to move as if they had a single mind, forming an octagonal formation that resembled a broad-mouthed arrow.

A series of chanting began to arise from the crack in space where the Celestial Creators still remained, and this chanting could be likened to the sweetest melody ever played.

The Celestials were the first to make music, and their rituals had an eerie quality that nothing could match.

A vibrant bluish glow surrounded the Hosts, which contained Celestial Ambrosia and higher-dimensional lights. Rowan would have recognized this light as that of Astrolabe, but unlike his own, which had evolved to become something more potent, this light emitted by their Astrolabe felt more primitive; however, it did not detract from its might.

Loud humming filled the space as the Celestial Host oriented itself to the scar in reality. With a bright flash, the entire legion of Angels, alongside the Celestial Creators and the Archon, vanished.

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Inside the space created by Bahamut, the ultimate clash between the Primordial Beast and Primordial Chaos was about to take place. Their powers had been brought to their peak when a loud crack and a bright flash of light swept through the space, carrying a massive shockwave that made the surrounding reality shimmer like cracked glass.

Rowan’s senses had spread to the farthest extent, and so he could see the precise moment the Celestials arrived and covered the heavens with their great number.

“They are both here—the armies of Light and Memory. Do well child to survive. I am leaving this place to prepare myself for the fallout.”

Rowan frowned, “Armies of Light and Memory? I see only the Celesti...”

His body suddenly shifted to the side as a stupendous wave of power swept past him. He was not the target; he had simply been in its way. Despite dodging the blow, the shockwave that erupted as it passed him slammed into Rowan, and his mind went blank

for the barest of moments as he was flung into the distance like a bug caught in a hurricane.

This wave resembled a beam of light so condensed that it resembled a celestial pillar made from platinum.

The heavenly army above did not waste any moment in deliberation once they entered this space; they immediately attacked, and the first salvo came from combining the firepower of the entire Celestial Host, channeling it through the Acion Formation, and firing it towards Primordial Chaos and Bahamut through the lens of power worn by the Achon.

If Rowan had been at the sixth-dimensional level, he would not have been able to dodge this attack, and only by holding his Fate would he have been able to respond quickly enough to avoid disaster.

This beam of power sliced through space, heading towards its target with a speed that was beyond understanding. For the first time since this battle began, a long crack that led to the outside of Reality was opened for a brief while before it sealed itself back shut.

“What the hell?” Rowan gasped in shock and awe, “Is this the Alcion Heavenly Formation?”

This beam of light and power had shattered his perception, leading to his mind going blank for a few moments, but Rowan could easily recalibrate his perception. He looked towards the targets of the beam of force and shook his head in astonishment.

Bahamut had been most devastated by this move. Six of his ten bodies had been destroyed, two were severely injured, and the last two had avoided damage altogether. The Primordial Beast appeared to be stunned as he collapsed to the ground motionless.

In the case of Primordial Chaos, his chaotic form, which resembled a storm of blood and madness, had been scattered, and he had taken the form of a man once more, holding two lances.

He had blocked the beam of power from the Alcion Formation with the pair of lances, and Primordial Chaos appeared to be unhurt, but when he straightened and looked up to the heavens with a frown, the lance in his hands turned black and shattered to ash, followed by his arms.

Primordial Chaos did not care for his wounds, even though he had taken this shell to its limits and beyond, and was on the verge of destruction, he called out in rage.

“This realm was sealed by my Intent, Fate, and Destiny for all spaces and time had been changed in the outside Reality. How did you know I would be here? Unless...”

His eyes looked around, and he saw Rowan, who was shaking off the effect of the close encounter with the Alcion Formation. Rowan's eyes met his own, and Rowan smiled,

"I am returning your gift to you. Oh, and I made sure there is something extra inside for you as well."

Rowan's left hand squeezed onto Caine's desiccated body, and the body vanished, reappearing above the head of Primordial Chaos. Rowan blinked in annoyance. He had wished to push Caine into Primordial Chaos's body, but despite his injuries, this Primordial's defenses were almost unbreakable.

However, that did not matter when, with a loud hum, the Alcion Heavenly Formation fired the next salvo, and everything below was covered in the radiance of pure Celestial destruction.

Chapter 1597: Charging The Formation

Rowan's experience of pain was constantly evolving, and he had long stopped experiencing pain in the sort of ways that most living beings experienced it.

However, he faced diverse and potent sources of energies whose reality-warping energies could cause myriad effects that could create effects far greater than pain.

Rowan could not dodge the second salvo of the Alcion Heavenly Formation, and he was slammed into the ground, his skin and three-quarters of his flesh over his bones evaporating in an instant. It was a good thing that his Origin Land was a part of his flesh, but also not, or the consequences would be more severe than he could imagine.

The pain he was experiencing, however, was... indeed interesting. Rowan had never felt anything quite like it, as it was almost as if every nerve he possessed and multiple others he didn't have were screaming at him to worship the light or suffer.

And suffer he did. Unending waves of agony that he knew would end if only he bowed down and worshipped the light.

'Ok, fuck that. Now I need to murder these guys.'

On its own, this beam of power was already considered overkill, and the act of adding a level of compulsion to it was extremely aggravating, triggering Rowan's fury. Killing him was okay, but he could not stand listening to those annoying voices telling him to bow down and worship.

Even his anger he knew was a consequence of the power of the Alcion Formation, and Rowan could have fought against the anger, but he did not, he let it wrap around him like

a cloak, and the moment the power holding him to the ground dissipated, he exploded from the ground like a erupting supernova.

His senses instantly showed him the overview of the battle. The entirety of Bahamut's bodies had been destroyed, leaving large clumps of lightning clouds floating around that were giving out formless roars filled with rage. The Alcion Formation seemed to be particularly devastating to this Primordial Beast as Rowan detected that its mental effect on Bahamut was the most significant reason he was incapacitated.

He logged that weakness in a part of his consciousness.

On the other hand, Primordial Chaos had begun to recover, and it seemed as if this second burst of power from the Celestial Host had not impacted him, but Rowan knew that this was all a lie. Chaos was at the end of his rope, his energy had been burned to nothing, and the body of Caine, filled with the poisonous touch of Primordial Soul, had entered his body.

The Primordial's eyes were closed as he struggled to stand. On his forehead was a glowing orange rune that was incomplete but slowly getting more defined.

These two, for the moment, were finished. His target was a new enemy.

In the blink of an eye, Rowan was already in space, crossing countless dimensions and broken timelines until he was in the center of this space. He paused briefly before accelerating towards the Celestial Legions.

However, in that brief moment when he went still, six golden eggs, each the size of a star, burst out from his back heading towards Primordial Chaos and Bahamut.

These six eggs began to crack before exploding into six massive golden serpents. Their scales shimmered and turned black, except for the largest among them, Divus, who had a golden crown on her head made from iridescent mist woven from forgotten dreams.

She alone headed towards Primordial Chaos while the other five headed towards Bahamut. If everything went according to plan, there would be a new Origin Ouroboros Serpent whose name would be Bahamut.

Rowan's size did nothing to reduce his speed, and he changed his shape to suit his needs. Against Bahamut, he needed all the size and mass he could get, but using that strategy against the Celestial Legion was simply asking for a beating.

Ejecting the Primordial Beast from his body, Rowan shrank himself until he was barely larger than a planet. This was the perfect size to take on this army.

His perception could not see through the Legions of the Celestial when the Alcion Formation obscured his sight, and Rowan, using the rage that had been stoked by their attacks, pressed his perception into the Formation.

With the Alcion Formation taking the shape of a massive heavenly blade, the countless Angels within were hidden from sight. Their entire strength was utilized and amplified without waste.

A dark, stormy cloud made from purple lightning and the fury of an Eclipsed Creator pressed upon the Formation, and its top layer was wiped away, but his perception could not dig deeper before it was wiped away by an opposing force.

Nonetheless, Rowan had scraped away the obscuring shields over the formation, and he could finally see the true face of his enemy. He could see countless rows of Angels arranged in different ranks to play to their strength.

Powers were obviously the Shock Troops to break the will of the enemy, Cherubims as Guardians, and Seraphims leading entire Legions. Archangels were the foot soldiers, and their numbers were almost endless. All of these powers by every Angel here being channeled in a single burst would have been phenomenal, but in the two bursts of fire from the Alcion Formation, the Legion here had contributed the bulk of the firepower, but the true killing power in this formation came from two distinct sources.

The first was from a group of seven Celestial Creators. If there were any group that Rowan felt he had a close connection with, then it would be the Celestial Creators due to the fact that many of the powers in his tool kit came from being linked to a Creator, and its influence extended to his Class.

It was surprising that this was the first time he had encountered them for a group with which he was connected. However, he knew that for so long, he had been hidden from the top-tier powers in Reality, and soon, he would be known to all.

Upon seeing them, their names brushed through his perception: Thaleriel, Durakiel, Valandreil, Zukiel, Teophiel, Ravandiel, and Aurelia. There were various Titles that followed their names, which signified their power.

The Golden Song, Weeping Star, Shadow of Mercy....

All of these titles were powerful, but were beneath his consideration, and if not for his conscientious nature, he would never even consider the thought of going through the titles of these Creators, but Rowan did not look down on them.

If there were any Old Ones who might be able to match him, even if it was only for a bit, then it would be the Celestial Creators.

The second and last portion of heavenly formation was a Singular existence, the Archon.

Rowan Destroyer vibrated in his hands, sensing the connection it had with the Archon. Both Destroyers, but his blade was the last of its kind, used in a war that was much harsher than anything this Archon had ever seen, and for the first time since Rowan made his Destroyer, his blade... laughed.

Its voice was deep and mocking, and its ire was directed towards its successor. Between the time he had erupted from the ground before reaching the formation, barely a moment had passed, but another loud hum was growing from the formation as another burst of power erupted from the Legions, and its target was Rowan alone.

Setting his blade forward like a fencer, he attacked.

Chapter 1598: The Bleeding Heavens

Rowan swung his Destroyer at the beam of power tearing towards him, and with the speed of the Alcion Formation, he had to make his move even before the attack began.

Experiencing this attack twice had shown Rowan that the power from this formation was so fast that he could only respond to it *before* the attack began.

There was utilization of higher-dimensional laws of Light that were solely under the domain of the Celestials, and they took advantage of this power.

The Destroyer in his hand turned scarlet, the same as his hair, as it was filled with all the energy of destruction that Rowan could push into the blade. Acting as an amplifier similar to what the Alcion Formation was capable of, the power he poured into the blade was magnified beyond reason.

“Up to this moment. This is the greatest attack I have ever made.”

A red radiance like the first dusk upon creation lit up the expanse as a wave of blade energy erupted from his Destroyer, and it had barely traveled a few thousand light years away from Rowan and towards the Celestial Legions when the bolt of power arising from the formation struck it.

This space was torn in two, and madness emerged as Destruction and Light waged war. However, the stalemate did not last long before the Formation of Light tore through Destruction and swept over Rowan, covering him with a blanket of light. When it died down, only a charred husk remained in the air, holding a melted blade.

A sigh emerged from the center of the Celestial Formation,

“I was expecting excellence, but was this your greatest move? And here I thought your defiance of the primordial order had some sort of standing.”

Another cold voice emerged from the center of the Celestial Formation: “You should be careful of that lad, Adjudicator. My memories are slowly emerging from the old Eye, and there is nothing more tricky than that man. He has mastered the art of war.”

“It matters not what he has mastered, before our Celestial might, all will fall.”

The second voice snickered, “I know you need to do all of this grandstanding in front of the peons, but seriously, you should blast that corpse a couple more times. He died too easily, and so he is not dead.”

“Our Celestial Order is inviolable. It does not matter how many times he returns, he shall fall... What do we have here?!”

It was unknown when it happened, but Rowan had sneaked into the Alcion Formation and stood above the Celestial Legions, looking at them with critical eyes, especially the Archon, which held two beings, the Adjudicator and the Eye of Time.

The Adjudicator, who resembled a mortal man in every aspect, slowly widened his blue eyes in surprise,

“This should not be possible. You cannot enter this Formation unless...”

Rowan, looking around at the Celestial Legions, sharpened his gaze. “Impossible? Order?” he raised his Destroyer and its edge hummed with forgotten hymns that disrupted the chanting of the Celestial Creators maintaining the Ritual that sanctified this formation, “I am the storm that unmakes all.”

And then, as he took in a breath, Rowan moved.

The first Angel fell, it was a Cherubim, all of her glorious Celestial wings sheared clean. Behind Rowan, there was a single beat, as if Reality could not comprehend the speed that he had used to cross the distance for his first kill, and then an explosion as the shockwave that was generated by him crossing through this space using nothing but his body, tore through billions of Angels behind him.

Archangels, Sovereigns, Powers.... They all fell like wheat before the scythe of a mad god in their billions. Rowan had not even bothered attacking them; the force generated by moving all of his mass in a single direction without using any laws to aid his movement through space was supremely devastating. If a universe wanted to do battle, this was how it would move.

The second Cherubim fell, his entire body bursting into silver mist as he attempted to block the strike of Rowan’s blade. The Destroyer in his hand laughed.

Then the third Cherubim fell, and the fourth in short order. The screams of the first dead higher-order Angel had not yet begun before the fourth was dead.

With the Cherubims separated across the Formation, Rowan's movement had just taken him across the battlefield in a Z-shape motion. His movements had led to a trail of destruction that led to Celestial blood pouring like a flood. Barely a moment had passed.

Rowan looked ahead, and he could see that the Celestial Creators were beginning to rouse from their position outside this Formation; they would have had an edge over him in speed, but inside of it, everything was different.

He had watched Primordial Beings battle and move through space and time, observed as they shifted through dimensions with a thought, and applied it to his own body. But instead of phasing through the dimensions, he blasted his way through them—a planet-size missile with an infinite amount of weight behind it. Rowan had the Essence and Ether to back up this expenditure, and he was not planning to slow down.

Selecting his next target, he moved.

The heavens were not meant to bleed.

Yet there it was—great ruptures of gold and crimson splitting the firmament, as if the stomach of Primordial Light himself had been clawed open.

The air smelled of burning incense and iron—the vanishing smell of a paradise lost, a heaven now transformed into hell. At its heart, he stood: Rowan Kuranos, the Eclipsed Creator, the End of all things.

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The Destroyer in Rowan's right hand, which was covered by the divine blood of Angels up to his shoulders, was roaring to the broken heavens.

Rowan stopped his movement. The first breath he took as he began his slaughter had just ended, and half the Celestial Legions were dead.

The number of Angels below the rank of Cherubims that had been killed was nearly impossible to count, and of the one hundred Cherubims that had stood here before the battle began, only two remained. Rowan's target from the beginning was this class of Angels.

With them out of the way, there were only the dozen Seraphims, the Celestial Creator, and the Archon left to battle.

In the distance, standing on the shoulder of the Archon, the Adjudicator's eyes shrank to a dot, and he gave an order to the Celestial Creators and the Seraphims.

“Surround him and kill.”

Without hesitation, they descended upon Rowan on wings of blinding fury. The lower-order angels followed behind, but their speed was much too slow to make a difference in a battle of this level, not while the enemy was inside the formation with them.

Rowan grinned as he licked the stray drop of blood from an Angel on his lips, his smile echoing the laughter of the Destroyer. He was fulfilling one of the aspects of his being—a Supreme maker of Destruction, and his heart reveled in slaughter and madness.

Before him, the Legion of First Light led by the Celestial Creators neared, and he raised his blade to meet them.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1599: killing Creators

The Celestial Creators attacked, their bodies like a galaxy of light made manifest, and the Seraphims stood on their shoulders, imbuing them with might that could shatter all creation.

Thaleriel, The Sundered Wing, Durakiel, The Unforgiven, Valandreil, The Silent Judgment, Zukiel, The Unbroken Will, Teophiel, The Golden Song, Ravandiel, Weeping Star, Aurelia, Shadow of Mercy.

Everyone was a distinct individual, but their titles were all inherited, so if a Celestial Creator were to fall, their successor would inherit their title and power. This meant knowledge, wealth, and all the techniques learnt by the previous Celestial Creator.

What Rowan was about to face was not just seven Celestial Creators, but the full might of a line of unbroken Celestial harmony that had been forged under the weight of time and endless battles.

They came on wings of blinding fury, spears of crystallized judgment leveled against Rowan's chest. Cherubims with eyes like dying suns, Seraphims wreathed in spinning halos of law, and Celestial Creators whose roar of battle split the heavens, at their lead was Durakiel, the Unforgiven, who was wielding a blade of fire whose appearance was similar to Rowan's Destroyer and also pulsed with a power of Destruction.

Durakiel roared, his voice a broken harmony of rage, "Lay down your blade. Kneel and accept your death. This is the mercy of the Light!"

The Destroyer in Rowan's hands sensed the power from that blade, and its laughter took on a note of anger. If there were ever to be any blade that held the power of Destruction, the Destroyer alone would be that blade.

At this time, Rowan laughed, echoing his Destroyer,

“Mercy? The heavens should be begging for my mercy.”

At this time, whether the man or his blade that moved first was unknown, but Rowan pierced through the formation seeking to encircle him, but he was intercepted by Durakiel.

The Celestial Creator struck first, his blade whose Memory was so potent that its name was branded in Reality. Lumiel’s Fang, forged from the hearts of a hundred Seraphims, tore through Reality at a speed that would make light appear still. This slash could tear all of creation in two.

Rowan’s eyes widened, and his heart beat marginally faster. The might of this blade could tear him in two, and a few more slashes might be enough to kill him.

‘How fascinating. So much potential packed in such a small weapon.’

Rowan moved like a thought unfinished, sidestepping the sweep of the blade, but the impossible current of energy that it possessed brushed past him and eradicated his flesh to the bone, but he healed so rapidly it was as if it never happened, and although he lost twenty percent of his Ether and Essence, in a heartbeat they were replaced.

As he dodged the blow, his Destroyer, Apollyon, flashed upward in a crescent of scarlet fire, and Lumiel’s Fang was split in two.

The eyes of Durakiel flashed in shock and then fear, a moment before a shocking explosion of power erupted from the blade that had been sliced in two. Before the blast could ripple outward, Rowan grabbed the Celestial Creator by the head and punched both halves of the exploding blade into his chest.

Reality went white, and a cry that rippled across all of creation echoed, and the light from every star in existence went a little bit dim as Durakiel, the Unforgiven, perished.

Lumiel’s Fang was a weapon that could end Creation, and its unexpected destruction in a single blow had unleashed all its power at once in an uncontrollable manner. Durakiel had no way of surviving this attack.

The air around the entire battlefield shifted. Celestial Creators had fallen, but never this easily, never this quickly, and never from a lower order seven-dimensional immortal.

This knowledge settled like an Abyssal anvil in the hearts of the Celestial Creators, and instead of fear, their hearts bristled with rage.

Ravandiel, Weeping Star, turned his luminous spear towards Rowan, but in the moments when the heavens had been shocked by the death of a Celestial Creator, Rowan was

already moving, and he was inside the guard of Ravandiel with a single step, eerily brushing past his spear like a specter.

The Celestial Creator began to draw back his arms to close in on Rowan,

“Too slow,” Rowan whispered as his elbow smashed into Ravandiel’s jaw, sending him crashing into the ground and creating a crater that nearly tore through this Reality. The entirety of Ravandiel’s head had exploded from that blow that was backed by the power of Destruction.

Rowan’s blows were getting stronger, and this attack, despite coming from his elbows, was as strong as the attack he had used to cut Lumiel’s Fang in two.

Attacking Ravandiel had given the other Celestial Creators the chance to attack him, and Rowan was embroiled in a dance of death with some of the greatest geniuses to ever walk across Reality.

Aurelia, Shadow of Mercy, came down with twin scimitars, each carving a river of fire that burned reality to ash. Rowan parried the first, took the second across his ribs, and grinned as his blood ignited.

From the look of shock that flashed across Aurelia’s eyes, she had not expected that Rowan’s body was so durable that he would not be sliced in two and instantly collapse into ash.

Every weapon wielded by a Celestial Creator was a potent killing tool that existed before even most of the Celestial Creators were born; they were all forged by primordial might and were not something that should be easily brushed off.

Rowan did not give her the benefit of recovering from her failed attacks. He seized her wings of light, uncaring that something so ethereal should not have been able to be held with the bare hand. His Will was potent enough to affect Reality, and if he wanted to hold light, then nothing could stop him.

Drawing her closer to him with so much force that several of her wings were pulled off her back, Apollyon, the Destroyer, was plunged into her throat. Aurelia, Shadow of Mercy dissolved into screaming embers.

Her last whispers echoed, “Abomination, you shall fall.”

Rowan smiled, bloodthirst in his eyes, “Not before you. Unlike you all, my words are not empty.”

Three Celestial Creators falling in such a short time sent ripples of power pulsing throughout Creation that could not be hidden.

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Chapter 1600: Sing For The Fallen

The shockwave of power that rippled across creation at the deaths of three Celestial Creators was nothing before the power that was released by their deaths inside this space. Apart from a few Powers who could barely survive, every other Angel had been shattered into nothing by the explosion of might released from the bodies of the dead Celestial Creator.

Each of them dying was similar to a million big bangs going off at the same time, and nothing that had not reached the peak of the higher dimension could survive such a release of power.

Rowan, who was responsible for the three deaths, had to bear the brunt of the explosion, and although he was tough enough to resist them, he was a bit staggered, and against opponents of this level, such an opening was not wasted.

Thaleriel, The Sundered Wing, lashed divine bindings around Rowan's limbs, their edges searing into his flesh and leaving runic markings across his bones that pulsed with the light of Celestial punishment.

This runic branding screamed into his consciousness,

“DEATH! DEATH! DEATH! DEATH!”

Rowan's flesh blackened, and his bones began to char as more runic marks were added to his bones, and the chanting of death filled every corner of his consciousness.

He staggered and gripped Apollyon tighter, and Rowan pulled upon the power of Creation. From the beginning of the battle, he had been using only one of his Aspects, and now he called upon Creation and imbued it with all the power that his dimensional flesh could pull from his Origin Land.

Muscles straining as the chains binding him snapped—then spun, decapitating Thaleriel and the two Seraphims on his shoulders.

Weakened by the branding of the chains, Rowan was blasted from the heavens by the death cry of Thaleriel and the two Seraphims, and he did not fight against it. All of his consciousness was channeled into healing the branding marks in his flesh, as he allowed a sliver of his dimensional soul to emerge to coordinate the movement of his body.

His dimensional soul was under severe pressure as it helped Rowan resist the pull of extermination from going up against so much power crafted by the Primordials that were meant to end an immortal's life.

These weapons were made to kill Thrones and Avatars of Primordials, and even being in their vicinity was because of the work his dimensional soul was performing in the background.

Flipping his blade around, Rowan stabbed himself with it, triggering a blast of destructive will that flooded his body, destroying his flesh and bones, but also importantly destroying the divine runes that had branded itself across his entire body.

He screamed in pain as each rune that shattered caused Rowan an incredible amount of suffering.

This wound was meant to be recovered slowly across billions of years. Even for someone as powerful as him, it should take tens of thousands of years of slow recovery, but in the midst of battle, Rowan could not afford to have this obstruction in his body.

Rowan knew he was robust enough to withstand the cost of several mistakes, but that was a gamble that he would most likely lose, and he was reminded how close he was to the edge of dying as the Celestial Creators and the Seraphims, keeping their distance, began to rain fire down on him.

A volley of arrows from the Celestial hosts slammed into him, each bolt powerful enough to cut through multiple dimensions. Rowan hastily pulled out Apollyon from his chest and swung in a wide arc, pouring the power of Creation into the blade.

The Destroyer resisted for a moment before swallowing the power of Creation, and a blinding golden radiance exploded from the blade that swallowed the volleys of arrows that had nearly pierced through Rowan's flesh. Still, the momentum behind the bolts was so strong that Rowan was blasted into the earth, shattering it for countless light years.

A massive cloud of destruction exploded from the crater in a gigantic mushroom cloud that could have covered a thousand universes. A harsh scream erupted from the mushroom cloud, and it was torn in two as the Destroyer Apollyon flew out of it, thrown by Rowan, it headed uneeringly towards the Celestial Creators, and in its path was Valandriel, the Silent Judgement

The blade slammed into his chest and tore out of his back without losing momentum. It continued to smash into Zukiel, the Unbroken Will, before all the power of Creation and Destruction that Rowan had pumped into the blade exploded out of it.

These two Celestial Creators did not survive, and their screams of death hung in the air, accompanied by the laughter of the Destroyer as it began to fall from the sky into the hand of its master below.

In the distance, the Adjudicator watched the battle with gleaming eyes. The shock in his gaze only continued to grow as the slaughter intensified. He could no longer call this a battle.

Although Rowan's power on the surface was primarily destruction, that was simply not the case. There were countless profound laws in every motion he made, and all of them came from his bloodlines, his titles, and the numerous laws and concepts that he had mastered.

Rowan was already fighting at a level of Primordials, where a single slash appeared simple, but the complexity inside of it had reached such profound levels that it was impossible for any of these Celestial Creators to resist them.

Even if he gave them the chance to decipher a single one of his blows, they would take an infinite number of years for there to be any chance of success.

Teophiel, the Golden Song, the last Celestial Creator left, retreated, rage and shock gone, only fear remaining.

Rowan grabbed his falling Destroyer and looked at the Celestial Creator,

"Teophiel, it is said that your voice is among the sweetest in the Celestial Court. I left you for last to sing your brethren off.

Voice shaking Teophiel replied, "The heavens shall not be mocked by the likes of you."

Rowan cocked his head to the side, "If not me, who else is worthy?"

The eyes of the Adjudicator flashed when he heard these words but he still chose to remain silent, not making any move to lend any assistance to his Host that had nearly faded into nothing.