

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1601: Ancient And Timeless

The Celestial Legions had entered this realm in numbers beyond counting with great fanfare, and their first show of power was spectacular. In a single move, they had incapacitated a Primordial Beast and the Throne of a Primordial, and their momentum seemed unstoppable.

However, in the time of three short breaths, their numbers had been reduced to nearly nothing. The heavens bled golden and scarlet as it wept with the oceans of divine ichor spewed from the crushed bodies of the Celestials, and all of this happened by the act of a single man.

Now there was only the Archon with the Adjudicator on its shoulder, and the last Celestial Creator standing defeated with fear, the song lost from his heart.

Rowan could imagine the shock in the Celestial Creator's heart. Since the moment of creation, there had never been anyone like him.

There were Chosen Children, Heavenly Fated, Heaven Defying Geniuses who could come once in an Era, and then there was him.

Rowan had watched the lives and developments of countless heaven-defying geniuses in Reality. He had seen the trajectory of their growth and the height of their souls.

They could grow up to defy the heavens with a single deed and be renowned for an Era. A case in point would be Andar, whose name and feat had shaken the foundations of the Magus society.

However, no matter how talented these geniuses were, they were nothing before the abomination that was Rowan.

As a mortal, he had mastered the Supreme Circle, which was basically a collection of all the techniques and cultivation pathways in Reality.

On the surface, this would seem wild, but there were other great geniuses out there who, although it took them a longer time to do it, were all on their way to deciphering the Supreme Circle.

An example of this would be the Celestial Creators that Rowan had just butchered. As a favourite pastime, most Celestial Creators chose to decrypt the Supreme Circle to learn about other pathways of power.

Nevertheless, there was something fundamentally different about what they were doing and what Rowan had achieved even as a mortal.

Rowan did not just decipher every single pathway inside the Supreme Circles; he completely mastered them to their pinnacle. No immortal alive had the soul capacity to interpret and master at the same time, and what most did was simply brush across the surface and memorize the pathways. They could only be used as reference material for their own cultivation and not master all of it.

There is a difference between reading a course on Alchemy, knowing the text from cover to cover, and mastering the Alchemy lessons and becoming a Master Alchemist.

A great genius who would stand out once in an Era could master a hundred law pathways, but Rowan had mastered virtually an infinite number of law pathways. How could there be any competition with him?

Rowan cracked his neck. The fight had been short but incredibly brutal. He had been taken to the limits and beyond many times in these three short breaths, and although his recovery ability was unmatched, he was still suffering from multiple injuries that should kill him many times over.

Every weapon used had the potential to kill him, and even if they had simply brushed across his skin, they left marks of laws behind that were at the ninth-dimensional level, even though the intensity of their strikes was not up to par with a Primordial.

His body was still struggling to cleanse itself from the corruption imposed by these weapons, and his dimensional soul was working overtime to ensure that even though he was not at his peak, his battle capabilities would never wane. Until he perished, Rowan's blow would never weaken; he would only grow stronger.

Pointing his Destroyer at the Archon, Rowan fixed his gaze on the Adjudicator, "Will you come down to battle or should I come to you?"

Teophiel, the Celestial Creator, snarled. He might be afraid, but he could not stand by and watch the glory of Light be defaced by an abomination, and the Adjudicator smiled and motioned him to relax, before turning to Rowan,

"I will rather stand here if you don't mind, that blade of yours has drunk enough Celestial blood. Where did you find a weapon like this? I can see that its origin comes from Light, but along the way it has become twisted into a thing of blood and fire."

"Is that all you want to ask?" Rowan said, "Then I shall come over to answer your question."

"Well, before you do that," the Adjudicator reached beside him into space and pulled out an instrument in the shape of a pedal harp, seemingly made from light and gold with

ninety-nine strings, which he set beside him. Gently setting his body beside the instrument, he sat in midair with the harp between his legs and the top resting on his shoulder. He looked upon the musical instrument fondly before addressing Rowan,

“I am curious if you are familiar with the song I am about to play. I pulled the memory of it from a dead universe that had somehow vanished when I went back to look for it. Shame, and a lesson to never allow myself to believe in the stability of Reality. Now, hear me play.”

The Adjudicator began plucking the strings, his right and left hands gliding over the strings like a swallow lightly skimming over the surface of a still lake, and music like no other emerged from the harp.

Rowan became silent, and the heavens and the earth—all of creation—seemed to go still as this music filled the air.

The sound emerging from a harp was nothing short of enchanting—a delicate, celestial cascade of tones that seemed to shimmer in the air like golden light on water.

Each plucked string releases a note that blooms with crystalline purity, lingering with a warm, resonant glow before gently fading into the next. The high notes sparkle like dewdrops, while the deeper tones roll like soft, velvety waves, creating a harmonious balance that feels both ethereal and deeply soothing.

Rowan’s hand, holding the Destroyer, pointed at the Adjudicator, dropped to his side. He seemingly lost all energy in his limbs as he was dragged down into Memory.

The melody flows with a liquid grace, as if the harp itself is breathing—sometimes tender and whispering like a sigh, other times rising in a radiant, cascading arpeggio that dances like sunlight through leaves. The vibrations seem to hover in the space around him, wrapping the world in a luminous embrace, evoking emotions ranging from wistful longing to transcendent joy.

It is a sound that feels ancient yet timeless, as though the very air has been woven into something sacred and sublime.

It seemed to be a long time, but it was also just a moment, and then the music ended, taking with it Rowan’s heart.

“At the beginning, I never understood Primordial’s Life fascination for music; it is not often that I find myself denied comprehension, but this piece, taken from a forgotten universe, has shown me something that I have never understood before, and for this I thank you, *Eulxhu Thyak*.”

“Primordial Memory,” Rowan growled, “I was wondering when you would show up.”

Chapter 1602: Source Of Treasure

The Adjudicator—Throne of Primordial Memory cocked his head to the side and he smiled and nodded, acknowledging Rowan's quick wit,

“You recognize this piece, yes?”

Rowan did not bother to answer the question; of course, he knew this song, he was the one who made it.

In the universe of his birth, he had done the impossible and broken out of the Cycle of Creation. He was no longer man or beast, god or devil, an angel or a demon; instead, he became a Reality unto himself, a living dimension.

Such grand changes inevitably attracted Tribulation, which came in the form of the Reflections of the Eye of Time, the Third Prince and Fourth Prince, the God Emperor Golgoth, and all the armies of demons and abominations they had gathered.

All of these monsters came to challenge his rise and kill him before his light became too bright. Rowan had battled them upon it, creating a bridge of twilight that brought together the past and the present.

He had not been strong enough to easily kill these lesser immortals, and he made this bridge the battleground to settle the blood feud between him and the Reflections.

Luxuriating in his newfound powers and the freedom it promised, Rowan had taken a tool of slaughter, the Sin Weapons of Pride and Envy, and on that bridge, he had used it to make a song.

It was a rare thing for Rowan to make music, as a Celestial Creator with his talents, the music that flowed from him was sweeter than honey and carried a power that could turn worlds into dust.

Yet all of this did not matter to Rowan as much as the fact that music was an open road to his heart.

His fondest memories, his greatest triumphs and regrets, were all tied up in a broken piece of melody floating somewhere in the void, and if he wanted, he could reach into the darkness and pull that part of himself.

With a flourish, the Adjudicator placed the Celestial Harp away, and he sighed, “Such an enthralling melody, and to think you made it out from a tool meant for nothing but killing.”

Rowan frowned, shaking away the lethargy that filled his body; it was a tiredness that sapped every bit of strength from him, and he knew that if he allowed himself to relax for the briefest of moments, he would fall to his knees and sleep for many eternities.

The touch of Primordial Memory was not loud or brash; it was slow and ponderous, like a relentless wave that would slowly sneak up on you before you even understood what was happening.

Rowan whispered, a dawning realization of horror filling his veins,

“Why did you show me this music?”

Primordial Memory scratched his head as if in thought before he answered, and at first, his response made Rowan think he was not going to answer his question.

“I nearly missed this melody. Ah, even Memory fails. You are an enigma, Rowan. The miracles you create and discard. It amazes me that someone with your intellect could be so blind until the truth is right before your eyes.”

Taking a step forward, Primordial Memory dropped down from the shoulder of the Archon, fell like a stone, and immediately came to a halt in front of Rowan. The distance separating them was a million miles, and for them, it meant they were too close.

Rowan shrank in response, making his body as small as a mortal man, disregarding the Archon in the distance. If he were still a sixth-dimensional immortal, this Destroyer would have been a problem for him, but at his present level, if he went all out, this titan would fall in three moves. What was in front of him was many times more dangerous.

Primordial Memory glanced at Rowan’s form with pure fascination in his eyes. Rowan felt like an insect placed under the microscope, and the gaze of an unforgiving god riffled through every single piece of him.

“I was in search of the lost Daughter of Old Light. You see, she escaped from my prison, the place where I discard pieces of treasure that no longer suit my needs. Nothing can escape my vault, but if such a thing were possible, it would be from her. Eve. At first, I was deeply intrigued by this daring escape, but as I searched through reality, something astonishing was revealed to me. Eve did not escape from my vault. She was taken!”

All of this time, Primordial Memory was speaking softly, but at the end his voice had increased to a roar that shook Rowan to the core, and he staggered backward, spitting golden blood. In the distance, the head of Teophiel exploded, followed by his body. The Celestial Creator could not handle the might of a Primordial’s voice.

Primordial Memory continued speaking as if he did not care about the effect of his voice, raising his hands and placing his thumb and ring finger close together,

“You know, I nearly missed your presence. It was this close and I would have never known of your existence, but then I heard your song and knew that only someone like you could take Eve out of my vault.”

Rowan shook his head. Whatever Primordial Memory was saying was important, but he knew this was not the crux of the matter. All of his Wills, his bloodlines, his Fate were screaming at him of so much intense danger that he nearly went insane.

With an impressive force of willpower that was enough to resist the death blows from Primordial weapons, Rowan marshalled his thoughts to order and called out to Primordial Memory,

“What is the connection between you and Light? How can you be here?”

Primordial Memory paused, and then he laughed aloud,

“Don’t tell me you have not figured it out yet. No, I think you have, but you don’t want to see the truth in front of you. If that is not ironic, I don’t know what is. But I am not like Chaos, who loves to torture his audience, and I will tell you the truth that you are running from. The essence of angels is made from light, and their bodies are made of divine metal. Where do you think all the treasure used to create the first Angels came from? Where do you think every treasure in existence came from?”

Chapter 1603: The Gilded Maw

These words from Primordial Memory were like lightning in his mind, as the fear that struck Rowan heightened to the utmost limit, and the understanding of his one most significant flaw presented itself.

Rowan’s eyes widened, and his soul began to move, but it was already too late. Massive golden spikes burst out of his body in their hundreds, shredding his internal organs to mush and breaking every bone in his body. Dozens of spikes burst out of his left eye, and only the grace and tenacity of his supreme body kept him on his feet.

Primordial Memory had appeared beside him without him knowing, and touched Rowan on the shoulder as he whispered,

“It is not the blade brandished openly that you need to fear; it is the small blade that slips in your back.”

Rowan’s Destroyer moved faster than thought, slicing through Primordial Memory, but it was only an afterimage, and the Primordial was a few feet away, smiling at Rowan, but that smile stiffened as he looked at his left arm that had just quietly fallen to the ground.

A dry laughter emerged from Rowan as he coughed,

“Hahaha, I have always thought the reason you hid in the shadows was because of some profound reason that I could not fathom, turns out you are a terrible warrior who only knows how to stab the back of his enemies. You cannot be the blade that cuts me down, Memory, you are not worthy.”

Primordial Memory looked at Rowan with a strange expression on his face. It should not have been possible for Rowan to move, and yet he had nearly been killed. He had not been careless. Rowan should have been incapacitated, but this did not seem to matter to this monster before him. Finally, he sighed,

“You are about to die, and yet you remain proud. What does the manner in which it happens matter?”

Rowan grinned, and the blood pouring from his body was slowly turning red. “You have not won yet. I still stand.”

“No, you have fallen; your stubborn body had not yet caught up to the truth, that is all.”

Rowan closed his eyes and looked inside himself, and it was a scene of pure carnage; hundreds of spikes had shot out of his body, but inside his dimensional flesh was a scene that was much worse.

The heavens of his dimensional flesh had been shattered like rotten fabrics, and from them came countless golden spikes, each with the powers of Primordial Weapons.

On Doom Star, he had acquired a single Primordial Level Spear from Thenos, and he knew how powerful that weapon had been. The battle he had just fought with the Celestial Creators had used weapons of similar might, and only a few of these weapons had hurt him terribly, but now he had similar level weapons in numbers beyond counting, tearing through all his flesh.

Such power had shattered Rowan’s innate immortality; he was a broken mess and could barely wrap his mind around the degree to which he had been hurt.

The voice of Primordial Memory entered his ears. “When you stole Eve from me, you also took something else alongside her. What did you call them? Ah, yes, Angels of Char. A rather apt name, but that is not their real name. I call them the **Gilded Maw**. A weapon that was made to kill a Primordial.”

Rowan fell to one knee as he observed the spikes that had filled his body and shattered his immortality. These spikes were not weapons in the ordinary sense, which was why Rowan had never suspected that the Angels of Char could be used against him.

From the moment he became an Avatar of Eve and gained access to the Palace of Ice, he had been able to gain new Angels of Char anytime he killed or in a vicinity where a significant number of souls had perished.

Rowan initially was a bit suspicious of this power, but he later came to accept it as part of the mysteries behind his abilities that he could not understand at the time.

The Palace of Ice had given him extraordinary powers, and Rowan expected that any drawbacks they might have would be significant as well.

A part of him had made peace with the fact that the nature of his powers might be his undoing.

Because of the usual war between the Abyssals and the Celestials, Rowan had believed that this corruption in the bodies of the Angels of Char came from demons, and he was mostly correct.

However, he had missed the last portion of the puzzle: the bodies of these Angels, their divine physique, was not made from flesh and bones but from the treasures of Primordial Memory.

For so long, his body had not been safe. Rowan had thought the Primordials who mainly had interfered with his life were Time, Chaos, Soul, and Life, but as it turned out, Demon, Light, and Memory had also planted the seeds of their interference in his powers. Now they had unveiled their fangs the moment they realized that Rowan was about to escape.

When he created his Angels, he was able to rid them of the property that had corrupted them, but in the end, he could barely cleanse a barest fraction of the Angels of Char inside his dimensional flesh.

Their numbers kept increasing without end, and with the chaos taking over Reality, Rowan had been able to gain a vast number of souls, and in the same manner, also earned more Angels of Char.

The truth behind these creatures was finally revealed, and Rowan calmly deepened his understanding of their nature. Panic would not serve him here.

They were an extradimensional law—an invasive axiom that had lain dormant in his dimension, studying its unique nature to understand the process to destroy him.

They were a malignant force that had remained silent for so long, waiting, recording, learning, and now they were killing him.

Primordial Memory had played the long game. He waited for Rowan to fully unleash the potential of his dimensional flesh, and when he saw that Rowan had claimed his Fate Origin, knowing nothing would stop him from reaching the level of Primordials, he attacked and unleashed **Gilded Maw**.

Across his dimensional flesh, stars and worlds screamed and perished as they were impaled by slender, golden lances—spikes that were longer than solar systems.

Rowan had killed countless beings, and he had collected an insane number of souls over the years, causing the number of Angels of Char to reach a near-infinite number.

Today, he paid the price for his oversight.

Rowan growled as weakness filled his flesh, and green suns began to appear in the heavens in number without counting. Death was here, and in order for this malignant force to burn Rowan's dissipating immortality, it was going all out.

A dull roar was exploding from Rowan's flesh as his lifespan, which was no longer tethered to his flesh, began to emerge from his body in countless streams.

The green suns above began to burn brighter, but their flames were not hot but colder than the depths of the Abyss.

Rowan could hear the voice of death in his consciousness,

"I told you I was inevitable."

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Chapter 1604: I Will Never Be Forgotten

Inside Rowan's dimensional flesh, the final moments proceeded without any interruption. All of his defenses had been broken down, and his fortresses had collapsed.

Everywhere the golden spikes pierced, they became crystallized. Transforming into jagged, amber prisons. Light bent unnaturally, curving towards the spikes as if in worship.

There was intense divinity here that had been hidden behind the corruption of the Abyss, and they revealed themselves, and Rowan gritted his teeth and removed his perception from his body.

His dimensional flesh was lost.

Rowan's only eye found the figure of Primordial Memory watching him die. There was a strange look in his eyes, as if he were admiring the last light of a dying star.

In the distance, Rowan could hear deep rumbles as if the heavens were breaking, and he knew it was coming from his Origin Ouroboros. Something was blocking them from getting to him, and he knew they would not save him in time.

Grunting with pain, Rowan stood up, spat out red blood, and took a step forward. Primordial Memory took a step back. Rowan grinned,

“Even now, you fear me.”

Glancing at his arm that had been cut off, Primordial Memory replied,

“I will be a fool not to. You have proven yourself beyond all reasonable doubt to be the most dangerous entity I have seen. There is no way I would allow you the chance to kill me.”

Rowan gasped as he gathered the last of his strength, slowly testing the range of motion he had with his body that was rapidly fading into mortality, with the stars of death overhead consuming his vitality in impossible amounts.

He was in bad shape, but when has that ever stopped him?

Rowan took a step forward, and Primordial Memory began to hurriedly retreat. He gestured towards the Archon in the distance, and the mighty war machine created to annihilate dimensions in a single blow came to life.

A hatch rippled open in its chest, and another Legion of Angels emerged from it. The lowest among them was Powers.

Three hundred thousand Powers, four hundred Cherubims, and twelve Seraphims.

This number of angels might be nothing but a drop in the ocean compared to the previous Legion that Rowan had slaughtered, but the power they held was a hundred times greater than the last legion, and that was not all.

Leading them were seven new Celestial Creators, and among them was Nariel, the Flame of Purity.

Primordial Memory gestured violently, “kill him.”

No words were exchanged, like jackals surrounding a dying prey, they circled Rowan before they descended on him, but this mortal had the sharpest teeth in existence.

His strength was failing, and so Rowan leaned towards skill. His defense was gone, and so it meant he could not be touched; if he did, he would fall. He could no longer kill with a single blow, and so it meant he had to deliver a hundred blows in the time he had previously used to produce a single slash.

Rowan fought with skills that had never been seen from the creation of Reality, and would never be seen again, because no one could match him.

Angels began to fall, at first in dozens, then in hundreds, as Rowan’s familiarity with his mortal body and fading life began to increase.

Freed from the constraint of planning for the future, Rowan fell into the dance of slaughter, and he began to laugh as his heart opened up, and from his laughter, a song bloomed as Celestial Blood poured like rain around him, and he danced through their number—the end of all things.

“To stand against my might, the pillars of heaven have revealed themselves to be cowards.

The heavens have torn open, and Celestials descend on me with wrathful might.

With golden spears and crowns so tall,

Yet here I stand, unbowed.”

Rowan fought and killed but his body was broken and despite his skill, a Celestial Creator’s Axe fell on his shoulder, carving it to the bone, but Rowan did not allow him the satisfaction of knowing he could touch him as the Destroyer plunged into the Celestial Creator’s skull before coming down and cutting him in two.

This was the first injury he had taken, but he had already killed two Celestial Creators and tens of thousands of Angels.

Withstanding the explosion emerging from their death, Rowan weaves through the Legion like a dancer, dealing death with every passing moment. Still, his second injury came not long after as a Celestial Creator’s lash lashed around his ankle, snapping tendons.

Rowan settled his weight on a single leg and continued his dance of death, as the third Celestial Creator fell, the fourth, and the fifth.

“See as the heavens cry before my blade.

I am but dust— but dust can rise!

With mortal hands I shall split the heavens,

And carve my name in your soul. Never to be forgotten.

I will not die on my back, and if I fall, the Primordials must dig my grave with their bare hands!”

Rowan was blind; his right eye was gone, lost to a Creator’s dagger. Yet still, he fought. Blindness meant nothing to him when the battle song was all he needed to perceive his surroundings. They fell, one by one, and no matter how much blood he had lost, there were barely a few drops left in his body. Rowan did not stop moving, and he did not stop killing.

He did not need sight to see the fear that had filled the hearts of those who battled against him.

As a seventh-dimensional immortal, killing an entire Celestial Legion with seven Creators was almost impossible to comprehend. It left them in awe, but now broken and beaten and in the body of a mortal, he could still not be stopped.

'What sort of man is this?'

If a part of them could understand an immortal killing them, nothing in the minds of the memories of these Celestials could understand how a mortal could be doing what Rowan was performing.

And his song, oh, how it burned the soul.

They wanted to shout in fury, but shame and shock bound their lips.

Apollyon, the Destroyer, sang alongside its master. It was no longer a sword—it had never been a sword but destruction taken shape.

It became a starved beast feasting on divine flesh. Every kill made it heavier, every fallen angel's essence was absorbed by its hungry edge.

The reason Rowan could remain on his feet for so long was because the Destroyer fed him as much vitality as it could, and although it was a thing of destruction, not meant to nurture life. Apollyon began to evolve just to keep its master alive as long as possible so that he could kill every back-stabbing Primordial!

The last Celestial Creator fell, and the battlefield went silent. Rowan could hear the Archon walking towards him. Every step it took shook the space around them.

He heard the voice of Primordial Memory, and Rowan smiled when he heard the hint of barely controlled fury.

"You cannot win. The Will of the Primordials is eternal."

Rowan coughed blood, swaying on his feet,

"No," he admitted, "but I can make you all remember my name for all eternity. For me, that is enough."

Chapter 1605: Unraveling The Soul

Primordial Memory was silent, and only the booming sound of the Archon's footsteps could be heard as it approached Rowan and then stopped.

Halting at this position was not a fluke. Primordial Memory had watched Rowan battle, and he knew that within a certain distance, Rowan's blade would always hit. The child had refined combat to an extreme level, reaching a position where he could slice apart laws.

If this was what he was capable of as a broken mortal who had barely glimpsed the true nature of Fate and thoroughly mastered it, how much more dangerous would he become if he reached the dimension of Destiny?

Rowan whispered; he could not waste any energy, not even to scream.

"If you don't come to me, I shall come to you."

Primordial Memory chuckled, "My **Gilded Maw**, do you think this was all there was to it? What is happening to you is the First Spike: The Fracture, meant to break your flesh, or did you think I forgot your soul, Rowan?"

Rowan sighed, "I did not think you did, but do your worst, if I survive it, then nothing would stop me from killing you and all of your kind."

Primordial Memory said no more, his voice transformed as he reached across the dimensions and activated the corruption hidden inside Rowan.

"Second Spike, **The Unwriting**."

Rowan would not stay still and allow Primordial Memory to continue with his attacks without any sort of retaliation. He charged, his battered form cutting across space and time, and he perceived the Archon beginning to move, also in attack.

In Rowan's battle perception, the Archon was a figure bristling with extreme destructive potential that had been segmented into various pieces. It was unlike Apollyon, which he held, where everything was focused on a single point.

Rowan did not think it made Archon weaker than Apollyon. They were both Destroyers, but Archon was made to be more nuanced in its operation, having the subtlety of a scalpel and the strength of a hammer if needed.

In Rowan's senses, the Archon was a singular entity of destruction, but when it charged, he sensed the power it contained beginning to split.

The Archon resembled a man clad in armor. Every part of it was made from celestial alloys and primordial runes, making it virtually indestructible. Rowan could sense how power was split between all the Archon's limbs and also between its head, chest, and back.

Taking a single step, the Archon covered the distance that separated them, and Rowan could feel an impossible heat radiating from it. Previously, this would do nothing but tickle harmlessly against his skin, but in his present state, Rowan's skin caught flame.

But what did the pain from Celestial fire mean to him who had bathed in the first fires of creation?

Rowan barely had a moment to recognize where the threat from the Archon would emerge when its Singularity Cannon on its right arm whined to life. A vortex of blackened light swirled in its palm before erupting in a beam that devoured reality itself.

Apollyon in the hands of Rowan roared, and it moved alongside Rowan's attacking motion, boosting his swing faster than his broken body could move, as a red wave of pure destruction blasted out of the blade in a crescent arc.

The collision split this reality in two, birthing a new abyss where time and space frayed into nothingness. Rowan was able to glimpse a golden mesh that had appeared within the space of Bahamut Dimension.

This should be the cage that had been created to block his Origin Ouroboros from reaching him, and from the brief thrum of power he could feel running through the mesh, it would take too much energy than he had available to him to tear his way through this mesh, and the Archon would not stand aside as he did that.

Putting all of these distracting thoughts aside, he focused on the battle. He was too weak to think about anything but the struggle in front of him.

The heavy injuries across reality zipped shut, and Rowan borrowed the momentum of the shrinking space and blinked across existence, appearing behind the Archon.

Such forceful movements caused his body to tear into pieces, but his willpower, which transcended all common sense, held him together. As long as his will was still strong, Rowan would never fall.

Since the beginning of the battle, he had never shown that he was capable of doing such a thing, and the Archon could not predict his movements because what he did was impossible for any conventional immortal. Rowan was a dimension, and even though he was now broken, it did not mean he was a mere man who obeyed all the laws of reality.

Apollyon, his Destroyer, roared in triumph and shot out of Rowan's hand, exploding in size before burying its entire length into the spine of the Archon.

The Celestial alloys that made up the Archon screamed like a dying universe as massive sections of its spine began to rust and corrode into nothingness. Apollyon feasted on these metals, and a powerful wave of life force poured into Rowan's body in unending streams, and his injuries began to heal.

Rowan's right eye reappeared, and the heavy injuries he had all over his body began to struggle to close around the spikes that had turned him into a pincushion.

The symbol of the Celestial Might fell to its knees as its spine could no longer support the weight of this Destroyer. Rowan's size exploded, as the excess life force he was devouring from the Archon was channeled into his growth. He became millions of miles tall, the same size as the Celestial Destroyer, his weight enough to suppress the Archon to the ground.

All of these actions happened very quickly, and Primordial Memory had barely finished his statement. He was standing on the shoulder of the Archon and turned around to look at Rowan, whose only eye, blazing red with fury and bloodlust, was fixed on the Primordial.

A weird look came across the face of Primordial Memory, in his eyes was caution and maybe a hint of fear, but on his mouth was a sneer because he knew he had completed the second form of the **Gilded Maw—The Unwriting**.

Rowan felt it happen, and he shuddered; his consciousness was dragged into his body as he felt his soul cry out in pain.

The countless spikes that had shattered his dimensional flesh had prevented his dimensional soul from leaving his body. Rowan had tried to escape using other means, but these spikes used higher-dimensional principles backed by an incredible amount of power, and his dimensional soul could not leave.

With the pronouncement from Primordial Memory, these spikes underwent a second transformation.

As it turned out, these golden spikes were not merely physical—they were conceptual harpoons that anchored foreign laws and logic into Rowan's dimension, with a power so potent it could override the dominion of his soul.

If there were only the anchoring laws from a single Primordial, then Rowan might have been able to fight against it, but three Primordial laws that could override the authority of his soul were ingrained in these spikes, and after all these years, their knowledge of his dimensional soul was nearly perfect.

The spikes underwent a second transformation, lengthening into Rowan's dimensional soul and tearing it to pieces.

All guiding laws in his dimensional soul *unraveled*.

His dimensional soul was not as massive as his flesh. However, his size was still so great that several laws of creation were abounded on its form, making it possible for life and all sorts of creation to flourish upon his dimensional soul.

With the Unraveling that came from the **Gilded Maw**, all laws broke down. Gravity inverted into spiralling maelstroms. Time shattered into fractured moments, looping endlessly like a broken record.

The souls of the dead that should be bound in a crystalline form instead took shape and began to walk. Not as zombies, but echoes of beings who had never existed, their faces blurred by golden static.

Rowan froze as golden light brighter than the sun exploded from his body in relentless waves. His body convulsed, and he fell back from the body of the Archon, no longer able to suppress it, to the ground.

His eyes were unfocused, pain beyond meaning shackled every part of him as his soul was destroyed.

The Archon, freed from the relentless devouring power of Apollyon, retaliated. With its upper body twisted around like a serpent and its left hand twisted into Gravitic claws, it lashed out, seizing Rowan by the throat and hurling him into the distance. There, the twisted maelstrom of time and space tore through his flesh. He came out the other end battered and broken.

His body, still carrying great force, was dragged through the earth, tearing reality apart until he slammed against the mesh holding him in this place, and he rebounded away, his body flopping around like a corpse that had been through a blender.

Rowan remained still. His appearance was so broken that it did not seem possible that he should be alive, but he slowly came to his knees and then to his feet.

Chapter 1606: The Chrono Spear

Rowan could barely stand. The burst of golden light spewing from his body upon the destruction of his soul had begun to slow to a trickle, and now his size has shrunk once more.

The blood of his dimensional soul, like liquid starlight, poured out of the numerous lacerations all over his body, dripping into the void. However, unlike the deaths of his dimensional soul, which released his vitality and were then seized by the stars of death that were still overhead and feeding upon his seemingly endless lifeforce, the blood of his dimensional soul could be used before it was all gone.

Rowan smiled in sadness and raised his left hand.

And Reality answered.

Rowan's command over spells was unmatched, but he had always preferred fighting with the blade. Being close up with the enemy, where everything was placed in the line, and he had to be beyond perfect in order to win, was a massive thrill to his senses.

His soul had become the conductor for all the spells that he knew, and now that he was seeing so much potential pour out into Reality, the feelings of sadness filled his consciousness.

Rowan had no means to control the fundamental forces of creation with a broken soul, but Reality could recognize the authority in the blood of his soul, and they responded to him.

On his upraised hand, supernovae ignited at his calling, their fires lancing into lances of pure destruction.

Black holes in number beyond counting twisted into orbits around his arm, their crushing weight sending out so much pressure that the armor of the Archon was rippling, but Rowan was safe from these forces.

Reality twisted around Rowan and shattered as the forces that had grown around him became truly ridiculous.

Directing his hand towards the Archon, he unleashed all the forces that had been gathering around him, and the Archon could barely respond before it was drowned under the endless tides of power conjured from every corner of Reality from the past to the present.

The Destroyer released a metallic scream of anger and pain. Individually, all of these attacks were nothing before the might of the Archon, but in the numbers that Rowan was releasing, they could crush all of creation, and it was not yet over.

Reality saw his sadness, and it responded to the blood of his soul. Time fractured as echoes of dead heroes and gods flooded this space, their cry of rage at the enemy who shattered the brightest light in all creation could be heard on all corners of reality as they fell down on the Archon, their spectral hands clawing at the Destroyer's hull.

The Archon staggered under the rage of Reality. Even Primordial Memory had to rise above the chaos. Something unexpected was growing inside his eyes as he saw what was happening, and a vague suspicion was beginning to dawn on this primordial.

Something about Rowan was intensely strange, and even though he had allocated all sorts of excuses and grand understanding to understand how he was able to achieve what he was able to achieve, it was not enough.

Primordial Memory frowned. He sent a vast pulse of power into the Archon; he was no longer comfortable observing Rowan continue performing miracles.

The Reality Core of the Archon pulsed as it was flooded with power, the vibration that erupted from the Archon traveled out in a wave as it rewrote Reality.

Space inverted. Rowan's storm of power turned against him, the forces of creation he had unleashed froze mid-strike before reversing towards him, and he could only hold his blade in defense before he was drowned under the might of his spells.

The weakness of this move was revealed at this moment. He lacked control over his spells, and so it was easy for the Archon to wrest power away from him.

If he were fighting against Celestial Creators or any other immortals, they would not have been able to seize so much power away from him, but against Primordials, Rowan found those that had exceeded him.

With a cry of rage, Rowan let the spells dissipate. He was down on the ground again, but he rose once more to his feet. He was now getting more sluggish.

Primordial Memory's voice reached Rowan, who was struggling to stay on his feet,

"I never thought it would get to this point. How are you still alive? I cannot believe that I lost the bet to Demon. Rowan, your stubbornness is meaningless. No matter how high you climb, there will be another step in front of you. Gilded Maw, surely you did not believe there were only two levels to that weapon."

Rowan groaned and nearly collapsed. He blinked away exhaustion with his only eye and slowly raised his blade,

"Do your worst, but at the end of this day, I will kill you."

Primordial Memory sneered, "You have experienced the first two spikes, now I unleash the third spike—the Consumption.

Rowan convulsed, his body began to shrink as massive amount of his flesh vanished, sucked into the spikes protruding from his body.

Inside his dimensional flesh, the shattered remnants of his body were beginning to vanish. This should have been nothing to a being of Rowan's size; he could endure a lot of destruction before his physical mass was entirely consumed, but the Gilded Maw did not eat matter—it ate meaning!

The remnants of Rowan's dimensional flesh and soul were vanishing not because of destruction or any other malicious forces but because the components that made up his flesh ceased to have meaning.

If this were a civilization, books would dissolve into golden ink. Memories would drip from the mind like molten metal. Entire species would forget their names, their bodies warping into grotesque, gilded statues—perfect, hollow, and silent.

This represented what was happening inside Rowan; the power behind the Consumption was unmaking him.

At the height of his power, this move would have been nearly impossible for him to fight against, but now that he had been dragged to the ground from the highest heavens, Rowan could only endure.

The consumption had placed a visible limit to his life, as it would not stop until all of him was gone. His life was coming to an end, but it was not yet over. Rowan took a step forward towards the Destroyer in front of him.

Primordial Memory commanded the Archon,

“Finish him!”

From the forehead of the Archon, a light glinted, and that was Rowan’s only warning before a Chrono Spear impaled him in his heart. This was a Primordial Weapon that was made to unravel existence at the point of impact, and Rowan’s powerful heart was eradicated under the might of this weapon.

His last lifeline was cut off.

Rowan could feel even his fleeting mortality fraying away to nothing as his past and future dissolved away.

Yet it mattered not. His will transcended his body and soul, and no matter if he were reduced to nothing, he would not fade away until he achieved what he had set his mind towards. He would kill all the Primordials.

The Chrono Spear began to pull away from his flesh, but Rowan seized it by its handle.

“Primordial Memory, you have not learned any lesson in our battle.”

With a swing of his Destroyer, Rowan sliced through the Chrono Spear, and everything went white.

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

Chapter 1607: Drown Out The Heavens

Rowan did not know if he was dead or still clinging to life. He could not feel anything; his only senses were covered by this endless whiteness, and perhaps it was because of the stark nature of his senses at this time that made him reflect on these recent events.

He had tried to overestimate the abilities of the Primordials, but he had still fallen short, and now that he was on the verge of true death, Rowan was annoyed that his final moments were being crowded by this white light. If this place was death, then he rejected it.

“Break!”

A resounding crack that shattered the stillness followed Rowan’s proclamation, and his single eye flew open. He discovered the broken body of the Archon in the distance, and on one knee was Primordial Memory with a terrible wound that radiated from his shoulder down to his waist, nearly cutting the Primordial in two.

The Archon had lost both of its legs and its right arm. Half of its head had been cleaved away, and on its chest was Apollyon, buried to the hilt. All of the energy of the Archon was focused on suppressing the destructive influence of this blade, and at the moment, the clear winner had not been revealed, but with the broken state of the Archon, it was only a matter of time before this Destroyer would perish.

Rowan was not aware of the attacks he had made that could have grievously injured this Primordial. It would seem that even when his consciousness had scattered, his body did not stop fighting.

His awakening must have been detected by Primordial Memory, who looked at Rowan, and in his eyes, now Rowan could see great unease that was incredibly close to fear.

Primordial Memory groaned and began struggling to his feet, “Why are you not dead?”

Rowan did not deem it wise to answer that question when he did not know all the answers. He only knew he would not fall before this Primordial was dead and all his works were shattered.

He took a step, then another. At first, his gait was shaky, but then it steadied, and soon, he was jogging before he began to run.

Primordial Memory panicked. He harshly gestured to the Archon, “Stop him!”

The Archon responded, dragging itself with its only arm to shield Primordial Memory, who had begun to flee into the distance. Whatever wound that Rowan unleashes with his blade could not be healed, and that made Primordial Memory wary.

He was not a warrior or particularly skilled in expressing himself in the physical dimension. If his Throne were destroyed here, it would take him a long time to train up another Adjudicator that was equal to this one.

Time was meaningless to Primordial Memory, but this loss would mean he had to give more of his share of the prize of Primordial Light.

It was a gamble to challenge Rowan by himself instead of leaving it to Light or Demon, but Primordial Memory had believed that all of his preparation was enough, but who would have ever expected that the child would gain a Fate Origin and possess such potent powers over the laws that was nearing the level of a Primordial even at the seventh dimensional level.

This did not even factor in his heretical tenacity, which kept him alive far longer than any being should have.

Gilded Maw had destroyed everything inside of Rowan. His Essence, Soul, Memory, Time, Space, and all his laws. His Fate was harder to destroy, but that could be slowly consumed in time.

And yet, he was still alive!

“There must be a limit. I have to outlive him for a few moments before he dies. What treasure would I be able to create with his corpse? With it, would I need to remain in this broken Reality? Let them fight for the remnants of Eosah; the true treasure is here all along.”

Primordial Memory had already traveled through many broken dimensions when a premonition of danger entered his mind, and a burning sensation filled his chest, so strong that it overrode the pain of his missing arm and the slash that had nearly torn him in two.

Looking down at his chest, he saw a hand protruding out of it, holding the Archon's Reality Core.

All the information about the creation and purpose of the Reality Core brushed through his consciousness, and he saw the hand of Rowan beginning to squeeze this miracle, and the eyes of Primordial Memory widened in shock and horror.

“Rowan, don't, we can talk about...”

The Reality Core cracked, and Primordial Memory knew that it was already too late. The light of the Core was guttering like a candle in the Abyss, but Primordial Memory knew that this was just the beginning of the end.

He felt the body of Rowan rest against his back, there was hardly any weight to be felt, and when Rowan head came to rest on the shoulder of Primordial Memory, he saw that the body of this abomination was more smoke than substance, everything about him had been erased, and yet he remained.

Rowan whispered in the ear of the shocked Primordial, a single word

“Remember.”

And then the Reality Core in his grip detonated.

This space, the Archon, Primordial Memory—all vanished in a silent, blinding eruption of gold and shadow, and for a long time, there was nothing but the purest form of destruction, and a mighty crack as the mesh covering this space was destroyed.

When the light vanished, only wreckage remained: the Archon shattered husk, its Reality Core that was now dark, the cracked remnants of the Eye of Time that was slowly bleeding away the essence of time and was on the verge of death... and a single fading ember of Rowan’s soul that was drifting into the endless night.

There was silence for a while, and then the darkness *pulsed*.

Multiple great roars of rage that could shatter all of creation arose from all around the darkness as the Origin Ouroboros emerged from it.

Gently circling around the wisp of Rowan’s soul, they began carefully pouring out gentle waves of healing Origin Essence into this wisp of Rowan’s soul.

Not a long time passed, and this wisp shivered as Rowan’s consciousness awakened. His senses swept around him, discovering that Primordial Memory was dead and the Archon was no more.

With a groan that accompanied deep weariness, Rowan pulled upon his will, and he reshaped this wisp of a soul into a body that was barely stronger than an Earth god.

He looked at his six Origin Ouroboros Serpents, especially at the newly evolved serpent who must have devoured Bahamut, and he nodded,

‘Good, at least something was going according to plan.’

He knew this serpent had transformed in new ways, but he had no method to investigate these changes in his present state. Even now, his soul was still unraveling, and only the presence of the serpents was keeping him alive and conscious.

Yet, the job was not done. There was still one more thing to do.

Rowan looked around and saw Apollyon lying beside the broken husk of the Archon. He flew towards his blade and reached for the hilt.

Grabbing it, he felt the unwavering will of this weapon, its thirst for destruction, and the pride in its metallic bones. Apollyon had stood against the new Destroyer, and despite the disadvantages they had faced, it still came out on top.

Rowan smiled at the thought of this weapon as he drew it out of Archon's shell and discovered that the blade had been broken in half.

To gain the Reality Core of the Archon and finish this battle, Apollyon sacrificed itself to tear apart the barrier in front of Rowan and give him victory.

Rowan ran his finger through the length of the blade, now filled with cracks. Still, his touch slowly pulled these pieces together until the half of the blade he held was almost spotless. But he knew this was only a surface healing. Apollyon was at the edge of destruction, but like its master, the blade would not shatter until the work was done.

Fusing his consciousness deeper into the blade, Rowan began to heal its wounds. He might not have much power left, but his knowledge was still priceless, and he knew that sharpening his weapon before a battle was never a wasted effort.

Rowan spoke to his blade as he healed it, a slight smile on his face,

“Apollyon, you bore my strife, my oath unspoken.

At the end of this day, they would sing of my might. But you were the wind that won the fight.

Do you hear that, my mighty destroyer? That sound—that roar in your heart. That is the song of the fragile, the fleeting, the forgotten.

And on this day. It would drown out heaven!”

Directly in the spot where Primordial Memory had fallen, space rippled and parted, and a heavenly city was revealed in its depths.

This was the throne room of the highest heavens, where the throne of Light waited.

Where Eve, Daughter of Old Light, waited.

Chapter 1608: The Garden Of Primordial Dawn

Rowan barely glanced through the spatial tear before looking away. He sent mental fluctuations to his serpents to keep the Eye of Time alive. Rowan was not ready to fight against Primordial Time because he lacked the necessary tools for that battle, and this was not the right moment.

His fight was with Light.

This day had begun as any other, but already, the Thrones of Chaos and Memory had fallen, and if Rowan would not fail, then Light was next. However, unlike his previous battle with Primordial Memory, where he had been filled with endless fervor for battle, Rowan was only filled with sadness when it came to the next confrontation.

His intent was read by his serpent and Bahamut, the second awakened Origin Ouroboros swallowed the Eye of Time, and holding his broken blade Rowan began to head towards heaven.

He could feel the silent wave of anger and desperation from his serpents, and Rowan shook his head in warning,

“You cannot follow me into this place. Not yet.”

He did not look back as he stepped into the spatial tear; he only heard the sound of space zipping shut, and the waves of power emerging from his serpents that had been supporting him were cut off.

“Welcome to the Garden of Primordial Dawn.”

The familiar voice of Eva rippled in his consciousness, and because her words were conveyed by higher-dimensional language, it carried a ton of information about the Garden of Primordial Dawn, and all of these rushed into Rowan’s consciousness, and it was almost as if he had lived here for countless Eras.

If he had imagined what the center of heaven would look like, a part of his imagination would have been correct, but as always, there was something more to discover.

This place at the depths of heaven was massive, except for several special Celestial Creators and the Thrones of other Primes in close alliance with Light, none had stepped foot in this garden.

And what a garden it was. It was as if Rowan had been transported into a field of flowers that bloomed with miniature stars and trees that bore fruits, which granted visions of creation.

Anywhere that the light touches in Reality and beyond would be shown in these fruits.

This place was a paradise of eternal twilight, where the first sunrise had never faded.

Surrounding the garden was a crystal lake that reflected not water, but the countless souls who had ever lived under the dominion of Light.

The shift from the space of Bahamut to the Heart of Heaven was drastic, and Rowan, who was at the end of his rope, could hardly withstand the strain. If it were not for the voice of Eve, focusing his senses, he might have taken a while to reassemble his consciousness.

Pain lanced through Rowan's heart, and he gritted his teeth in anger. He could feel blood pouring from his gums with the force he was using to suppress his emotions.

Rowan looked in the distance to Eva sitting on a throne of light, her beautiful face a picture of cold perfection, but in Rowan's delirious state, it was almost as if he could see an illusion of his partner, for so long smiling down at him.

"You did not need to hurt yourself for me. You know this would always be coming. I am sorry, Rowan. If I could, I would carry this burden, but you are the only one who can do this. One day, we shall meet again in the sun, and I will dance with you."

Rowan shook his head, pushing the memories of the past aside. He was surprised that, with all he had lost to the ravages of the Gilded Maw, he could still keep this particular memory.

"So, Memory had fallen. Pathetic, for all his ambitions, his resolve has always been his greatest shortcomings."

Rowan slowly raised his blade towards Primordial Light, and she chuckled, "Surely you don't think you can fight me like that?"

"Tell that to Primordial Memory," Rowan replied, "Ah, you can't."

"Actually, I can." Primordial Light smirked before calling out, "Adjudicator, your favourite experiment is here, will you not welcome him?"

From behind the throne of Primordial Light, a dozen men walked out, all having the same features as the Adjudicator and all frowning at Rowan. The hate in their eyes was palpable.

"What?!" Primordial Memory spoke from a dozen mouths at the same time, "Do you think you could kill me that easily?"

Rowan shook his head, "No, I was just worried that there would not be enough of you to kill."

Speaking these words, Rowan swung his broken blade in a vertical sweep, and although no blade light erupted from the weapon, all the dozen bodies of Primordial Memory vanished like bubbles that were popped.

All these bodies were at the eighth-dimensional level, although Rowan was still weak; they were nothing before him. He might not have all his powers and was merely a shell of who he was, but the powers of Fate Origin he had grasped meant his will had become tempered with forces that exceeded all creation. Hence, his will was not something any eighth-dimensional immortal could grasp.

“Enough with the distractions. You know why I am here.” Rowan brandished his blade at Primordial Light, “Step down and fight, or I will drag you from your throne.”

Light blazed in the eyes of Primordial Light, and she gave a dark chuckle,

“I brought you into my home with full honor and respect, and this is how you chose to respond to my grace.”

Rowan spat to the side, smiling as his red blood defaced the beautiful flowers that surrounded him,

“Forgive me when I spit on your grace. From the beginning of existence, the game had been rigged against all creation. You and your kind are thieves and destroyers wearing the guise of saviours and creators. You do not deserve my benevolence or my respect. The price I have paid to get to this point is greater than you can ever imagine.”

“But I *can* imagine it, Rowan.” Primordial Light responded softly, “The mechanism of my creation, the light in the heart of my Throne. It is not something that can be covered by the ravages of the Abyss or the treasures of Memory. I may not know what Eve may have experienced with you....”

Touching her heart, Primordial Light seemed lost in a daze, “...but I know for a long time that this heart beat for you. And for that, would you not listen to me for a while before we draw blades against each other?”

Rowan gritted his teeth in pain, “You lie, there is nothing left inside her that you can take. My Lady of Shadows would never give you anything.”

“She did not, but even someone as wise as her did not understand her heart. My Throne was perfect, and yet it was not enough. Your presence eroded that perfection and imprinted itself in her heart.”

Rowan shook, and for the first time, he took a step backwards, trying to suppress the flood of memories that were breaking the barriers of unraveling unleashed by Primordial Memory, and the voice of Primordial Light chased him.

“Why did you think she did all of this? Because of your *plan*? No, it was because she loved you.”

Chapter 1609: Meet Again In The Sun

Rowan closed his eyes, an expression of intense pain crossed his features, and blood trickled down the side of his lips.

He had endured the pain of his dimensional flesh and soul being shattered to nothing, his entire life and memories were unraveled, and he had fought his way through the armies of heaven, yet he had not shown this amount of pain.

It was only for a brief moment, but the depths of Rowan's pain were unfathomable. There were significant advantages to having a soul that was so powerful, it granted him the ability to comprehend far beyond the limit of immortals, but it also made the feeling of loss, when it hit, become countless times more terrifying.

It was so terrifying that for that brief moment, it shook Rowan's resolve. A resolve that was powerful enough to stand against a Primordial and break him.

Rowan whispered to Eva in his heart, the last remnants of her presence that lingered,

'Promise to meet me on the other side.'

His eyes flashed open, and all trace of pain was gone. He raised his left hand,

"Primordial Light, you have the space between five moments to speak your mind."

Primordial Light cocked her head to the side, "If there is one thing I like about you, it is your boldness. You barely have seven moments of life left in you, and you believe you can defeat me in the last two. Ah, I can see why she fell for you."

Primordial Light stood up from her throne, and the surroundings began to transform. Rowan found himself standing above the domain of Primordial Light; below him, a great war was being waged.

A hundred thousand great Legions had unexpectedly begun to rebel against the control of heaven.

This was not a simple battle but a cataclysmic heavenly civil war that raged across heaven, the Astral Sea, and even the edges of creation itself.

It was a conflict of divine wrath, broken oaths, and shattered glory, during which entire Legions of Angels were unmade, and the fabric of reality trembled.

In this battle, the Celestial Creators rebelling were at least half their numbers, and those loyal to Light were being pressed on various fronts.

Rowan was shaken. According to his most optimistic projection of this conflict, there was to be no more than nine great legions who would rebel. How was Eva able to achieve this massive uprising?

Rowan schooled his features, not allowing any hint of his amazement to leak through as he watched the catastrophe below.

There were several details that were not adding up. His summoning by Primordial Light was unexpected. Initially, it was supposed to be Eva who should have done this part, and if she had failed, Rowan's battle against heaven would have been postponed.

However, he had lost too much of himself in his battle with Primordial Memory and was at the end of his rope. When he saw the summoning from Primordial Light, Rowan accepted it. After all, he would perish in a short time, and he had nothing to lose.

Yet this did not stop Rowan from wondering why Primordial Light had sent for him, and her insistence on talking, instead of crushing him like a bug.

Now all the mysteries had been solved. Eva, that annoying and lovable partner of his, had broken heaven!

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Primordial Light had been looking at him from the moment he brought Rowan to the height of heaven, and if she was looking for any clues in Rowan's demeanor, she got nothing.

After a while of silence, Rowan broke it: "Two moments have passed, and you have three left. If you would rather spend it like this, I welcome it."

After saying this, Rowan took a deep breath and closed his eyes, shutting off his perception from looking at the fall of heaven below. He did not understand the direction of this battle, and he feared that his gaze would reveal that inadequacy.

"Rowan, I want you to end this rebellion. If you do, then I shall purge the effect of Gilded Maw from your body and soul. I will become your ally and protect you against Memory, Demon, and Time for this Era."

With Rowan's intellect, it was possible for him to have a mental struggle with Primordial Light, bluffing and threatening in equal measures to find out the limits of this Primordial.

But he was tired.

For all intents and purposes, he should be long dead, and his will had been stretched far beyond his limits, and the only thing keeping him conscious was a firm view of his purpose.

After stating his will to Primordial Memory, Rowan attained the power to battle against Primordials, which meant that for as long as he drew breath, he would kill them all.

Pointing his broken blade at Primordial Light, Rowan sneered, “Why would I stab my heart, just to appease a mad god?”

Primordial Light stretched out her arm, “I offer you peace on a golden platter, and you spit on my face. If you would see my dominion fall, then what remains of your soul shall be its brazier!”

“BOOOM!!!”

Power burst out of Primordial Light in waves of endless radiance that would cause all of creation to tremble and worship before it.

Rowan was closest to Primordial Light, so he could sense the full depths of the power that had just been revealed.

It began with a tremor in the fabric of existence—a silent, searing burst from the void. The darkness, ancient and suffocating, shuddered as a single point of light pierced through.

It was not the gentle glow of dawn but the awakening of something older than time.

The light swelled, and all of existence held its breath.

This radiance washed over Rowan, and even though the strength of this body was physically at the level of an Earth god, he did not take a single step back.

When Rowan’s choice was to battle, his will would become focused, all of his powers would be pointed in a single direction, and in this state, not even the unveiling of a Primordial’s might could shake him.

He lifted his blade to shade his eyes because the radiance emerging from Primordial Light was so great it continuously burned out his eyes, but it did nothing to hide the shadow of Eve, who was at the center of that power.

It was at this moment that a thought occurred to Rowan, and a part of him nearly howled in pain.

The radiance from Primordial Light bloomed, unfurling in luminous tendrils that carved the heavens into being. Stars ignited in its wake, not as distant sparks, but as echoes of its voice—each one singing a fragment of the Primordial’s name.

This great commotion halted the battle across heaven as Primordial Light fully unleashed his powers. Yet this did not bring unification; instead, it seemed to fuel the hysteria in the minds of countless Celestial Creators.

The battle resumed, and this time, it became even more bitter. Heaven was falling into ruin as the Celestials battled to the death.

The Primordial began walking towards Rowan, her size towering above him,

“Do you think this setback would mean anything in the grand scheme of things. It does not matter if a hundred Era passes, my Will would be done, and even the fragment of your presence would be nothing but a memory.”

As she walked closer to Rowan, the pressure the Primordial emitted grew so great that he could no longer move. Rowan Will was Supreme, but in the heart of a Primordial’s domain, directly in front of its Throne, Rowan, who had been reduced to his lowest, could not move.

Seizing him by the neck, Primordial Light brought Rowan up to her face, “The five moments are gone, and you are free to battle.”

The Primordial waited for a response, but of course, she would get none. Rowan could not even breathe.

“If you cannot fulfill your word, then I will kill you in the sight of all the heavens; perhaps this would be the answer to the rebellion.”

Holding him by the neck, Primordial Light descended into the center of the war. They landed like a falling star in the midst of the war, and the radiance of Primordial Light exploded until it surrounded all of heaven.

If the Primordial’s previous declaration of power was distant, then she placed herself in the center of a shattered heavens, with stars blooming and collapsing around her.

The glory of Primordial Light had never been so potent. Her presence shook the hearts of every celestial, and slowly, the war was grinding to a halt, with countless angels beginning to fall to their knees.

“You have all fallen short of my glory.”

The voice of Primordial Light was like a wordless hymn; it vibrated through rock, sea, and flesh, not as sound, but as pure understanding. His Will shook the heavens, and whatever reason that had caused the breakdown, causing the conflict all over heaven, was being wiped away under the irrefutable wave of a Primordial’s power.

Primordial Light smiled; her grace and beauty were more than an immortal could bear.

In Rowan’s heart, he could hear Eva’s whisper,

‘One day, we will meet again in the sun.’

A single tear dropped from his eyes. "Thank you," Rowan whispered.

Primordial Light turned to him, and her eyes widened in shock. There was no way Rowan should be able to speak unless...

Rowan's broken blade quietly slipped through her ribs and tore her heart in two.

Chapter 1610: Become The Spark

Chapter 1610: Become The Spark

Primordial Light gasped as her hands grew too weak to hold onto Rowan. She dropped to her knees, Apollyon feeding gleefully on her light. With a sudden burst of power and light, a massive hole was blown out of her back. "How?!"

Rowan grunted and pulled out his blade and drove it into the neck of Primordial Light, and because his blade was quite broad, it cleanly sliced off her head.

The voice of Primordial Light resounded in Rowan's head, filled with a myriad of emotions, including shock, anger, despair, and loss. She laid a curse on Reality.

"I am the first, and I will be the last. When my fire fades, all will follow."

His blade dropped wordlessly from his hand, and he took the head of Primordial Light, no, Eva, his Lady of Shadows, and he held her to his chest, his head bowed.

Rowan did not know when he dropped to his knees beside the headless body of Eva, he was only dimly aware that there was a terrible silence all over heaven.

A figure slammed in front of Rowan, and a disbelieving cry rang out,

"What did you do? Do you have any idea what you have just unleashed upon creation?!"

Rowan slowly raised his head to see Primordial Memory's panicked face. Then he looked down at the head he was holding, seeing an orange and white rune fade away. Rowan shuddered as he realized how far Eva had gone to ensure his victory.

'And they say I am the crazy one.'

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At first, Reality did not seem to notice.

The stones, trees, worlds, stars, mortals, gods, titans, demons, Old Ones—all had grown accustomed to the eternal presence of Primordial Light.

It had been the first breath of existence, the unwavering heart of creation. But now, its pulse faltered.

The suns of a billion trillion realms burned cooler. Shadows grew teeth. A slow, creeping silence spread between the threads of Aether and Primordial Essence that was slowly filling up Reality.

The wise—the eldest dragons, the Supreme gods, the forgotten titans—whispered in dread, “The light is dying.”

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Rowan ignored Primordial Memory. The endless avatars he had in the form of the Adjudicator were balanced against the fact that he controlled the weakest Throne. Of course, only Rowan would refer to a Throne of a Promordial as weak.

Ironically, his Destroyer, Apollyon, was on the verge of destruction. It had fed on the blood of multiple Primordials, and without Rowan’s strength to regulate the power pouring inside of it, this weapon had to endure the entire backlash of killing beings that were never meant to die.

What made its injuries worse was the arrangement Eva made in her body before she died. Rowan had not just killed a Throne of Light; if he had, then this battle would have been meaningless.

No, Eva was something more. She was more special than any Throne could ever be because she was a direct manifestation of Light; she was Light’s shadow.

Killing her had crippled Light.

He sent a sliver of his intent into the blade, and it shivered before it released a thin line of destruction that tore through space, opening a vortex that led into the void.

Rowan stood up and grabbed the blade with his left hand while cradling Eva’s head in his right. Then, slowly, he walked into the shrinking tear in space.

“So, you will not stand behind and watch the glorious works of your hand?”

The voice of Primordial Memory followed Rowan, but he did not look back. Rowan sought a place where he could die in peace.

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Rowan arrived in a desolate space inside the Great Darkness, surrounded by billions of dimensions that glinted like stars. He stood in the void, his long red hair floating behind him like a cloud, and his eyes slowly closed.

But they snapped open when he felt it. The Rending. The consequences of killing the manifestation of Primordial Light.

A fissure split the heavens, not with light, but with absence—a yawning void where the Primordial’s radiance had once been. From its spilled anti-light, a devouring gloom that drank the warmth from the air.

Rowan could feel the entirety of Reality being embraced by shadows, and he knew that in heaven, Angels were beginning to fall, the source of their radiance cut off. However, they were not the only ones facing this tide of annihilation.

The gods screamed as their divinity began to fade. Mortals collapsed, their souls suddenly unmoored, for the light had been the anchor of all life.

Similar to what Rowan had experienced with Gilded Maw, Reality began to unravel.

The lights from the countless dimensions surrounding him began to fade. Kings saw their crowns turn to ash, babes in the womb dreamed of a sunless sky, and the souls of the dead drifting in the afterlife felt the ground beneath them rot away.

The wails of the countless dying rose up in such volumes that it shook all of Reality as a fundamental portion of its foundations had been severed.

If Rowan had claimed the power of Fate from Reality, then the weight of Karma that would land on him for the end of all life would have been enough to kill him a million times over, and it would not matter if he were still in perfect shape.

Despite all of this, his Fate Origin shook under the onslaught of so many deaths and dying, and Rowan’s head and shoulders were pressed down under this burden.

‘It is too much, my Lady, I don’t know how much more I can hold on.’

“Rowan, you are limitless. Show them all what you are. Become the spark that burns the forest.’

Rowan shuddered as he pushed against the weight of Karma, his memory tracing back to the beginning of this campaign when he asked Eva,

“How do you kill a Primordial. Truly kill them.”

She had replied, “It is impossible. The weight of their existence is so great, you would need to be an Old One to truly understand how powerful they are and the concepts that they control.”

Rowan looked down dejected, that is until Eva whispered, “But I believe there might be a way. It is madness, but if there is anyone who could be capable of making it possible, it would be you.”

Rowan looked up, “Why is this plan madness? Have I not been committing acts of madness from the day of my birth?”

Eva smiled, “Not like this, Rowan, you have never done anything like this. If you succeed, you will have to carry the weight of all existence on your back. That is a Fate that even Primordials are not equipped to hold.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1611: One Last Defiance

Chapter 1611: One Last Defiance

“I can fight, but I am not allowed to win!”

Rowan could kill a Throne of a Primordial, and this would not bring as much consequences as killing the manifestation of Light, because it brought the startling purpose that all Primordial brought to Reality to the forefront.

The Primordials had taken the foundational concepts of Reality as their own, and the death of any of them meant that a pillar of creation had been extinguished.

In other words, this was a battle that Rowan could fight, but he could not dare win because the outcome of his victory was too terrible to consider. It did not matter which Primordial he killed; the outcome would always be the same: the end of all things.

Ultimately, this was the most outstanding defense of Primordials: that all of existence depended on them.

Rowan knew all of this, but he still dared to battle, because he knew that if anyone could stand in the place of Primordials, it would have to be him. From the moment he was nothing but a Soul Origin surviving through the Eras, and was bestowed with the dreams of the fallen, his destiny had always been one where he carried everyone along.

He felt a tug on his consciousness, and the space before him rippled as someone used him as a guide. The presence was familiar, so Rowan did not fight it.

Through the ripples in space, a woman with a winged black cat on her shoulder came through, Circe.

She looked around confused before her gaze fell upon Rowan, and her mouth opened in astonishment. Rowan was used to suppressing his powers and appearing like a mortal, but those who were close to him still felt the endless weight of his presence in their souls.

It was like standing beside a gigantic mountain that pierced through the heavens, and he did not need to announce himself; his presence would pull the eyes and will of everyone around him.

This presence had become something constant in Circe's heart, like gravity or heat, and she was used to feeling the familiar weight of his presence anytime she was anywhere near him.

So it came as a shock to Circe when she realized that the flickering flame in front of her was her friend and master.

"From the look on your face, I must truly look like garbage."

Circe bowed, "Forgive me Rowan, all of existence trembles from your battle with the Primordials, and I know there would be casualties," she looked at Rowan present state and the head of Eva that he held to his chest and she shuddered, "I still underestimated how bitter the battle would be. Is she... okay?"

Rowan grimaced, "This is not the time to dwell in the past. Reality ends without my intervention. My purpose is to free Reality, not to end it, and if you keep standing in the distance, then you are complicit in the end of everything."

Flustered Circe came closer to Rowan, and the intense aura of death slammed into her like a bolt from the blue. If not for the power imbued in her, she would have collapsed into nothingness in body and soul.

Still attached to Rowan was billions of death stars, and they were still consuming the life force from his broken dimensional flesh, and it did not matter how far he was away from them, a permanent link to these stars of death had been forged, and until every trace of vitality he had acquired, they would never dissipate.

Circe pushed through this aura of death, growing pale, and she stretched out her hands to Rowan,

"I am ready for the Memory Transference."

Rowan grabbed her hand, "I will not be able to take much from you. So you will have to bear this burden for a while longer."

Circe bowed once more, "It is my honor to be of service to you, my lord."

Rowan smiled, and a surge of power from him connected to the memories he had buried inside of Circe. Memories that he himself did not know the entire significance of until this moment.

"... I can draw out Primordial Light, but we need two things: a distraction and a bait so luxurious it would cause them to lose their minds."

"My Angels, their unique constitution, and all the mysteries I have unveiled about the past. Including all the unique Titles and Wills that I have created"

"That... is a lot, but it would still not be enough, Rowan. In time, all of these can be recreated, not easily, but it can be done. And time is the most useless resource to a Primordial."

"Then, my Dimensional Flesh, and... my dimensional soul. This is a resource that they would crave."

"Yes, but I believe that will be too much. Perhaps you do not understand the significance of your physique and its potential."

"Hahaha, Eva, if there is anyone who understands the potential of my body more than me, then I must be a fool. I know the capabilities that it commands and its potential, but I also know that it was built out of the foundations of the Primordial's influence."

"That makes it even more precious, Rowan. You have the best of both worlds. You can use the essence of the Primordials as your stepping stone and build your dominion over them."

"I could do that, or I can hurt them in a way they would never expect."

"This war, it means this much to you?"

"It is all I know. From the first moment I drew breath, I was cursed always to seek what was above the light. My dimensional flesh and soul are powerful, but they are built from the essence of Primordials, and that means in ways that I have not yet detected, their hands are upon my destiny."

"That is a destiny that you can fight, Rowan. I fear that giving up so much would be beyond what you can ever recover from."

"Eva, I admit, being the holder of the Primordial Record has made it the norm to evolve and transform my abilities with no consequences. I have gone through more transformation in a million years than any living being would achieve in a billion Major

Eras, and so I know my confidence might lead to my destruction, but I will not hesitate to give it my all.”

“Rowan. You say you do this because that is what you were born to do. But there is something more. Tell me or I will not approve of this plan.”

“I... I have sacrificed too much, Eva, lost myself under the weight of endless lives. I have killed until the blood of both my enemies and the innocent could drown out entire realms. I have watched armies battle in my name and seen generations of heroes sacrifice themselves under my banner. My life has no more meaning than theirs, and if they can sacrifice for me without flinching, how do I deserve their love if I do not do the same?”

“So, you do this because of love.”

“Yes, Eva, I do this because there is a force too precious to be all owed to fade.”

“If you are going along with this madness, then how could I not do my best. Rowan, you shall draw them out with your life, and I shall take heaven for you.”

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Rowan pulled his hand back from Circe’s, and he gasped. He took a step back and muttered words that only he could understand. Finally, Rowan looked at Circe,

“I will tell you to leave this place, but I know you will not. So stand a few million light years away from this place, and do not look too closely at what I am about to do, or your soul would perish and become one with Light.”

Rowan sighed, handing over his blade to Circe, “Keep it safe for me; when it is time, I shall come for my Destroyer. Now leave and do not look back until you are far from here.”

Saying this, Rowan turned around and stretched his hands above him as if he was reaching for the void, and then he pulled a tiny spark out of the void, and that spark was the Lost Flame, who was sleeping in the core of the spark.

He smiled at the child who still had traces of baby fat on his cheeks. For what he was about to do, it would have been better if he had gathered all the pieces of the Lost Flames together, but he could not be sure they had not been tampered with.

He had gained Lost from an act of defiance with the Primordial Record, away from the gaze of Bahamut and the Primordials, and like him, Lost would have to perform a miracle even with the least that was given to him.

“One last defiance.”

Rowan pushed the spark into the center of Eva's head, who, at the moment of her death, fully embodied all the concepts of Primordial Light. He let go as her eyes shot open, and Light burst out of them.

Chapter 1612: Guardian

Chapter 1612: Guardian

Like a spark falling into an ocean of highly flammable liquid, Reality exploded with radiance, equaling the light that had vacated Reality with the death of Primordial Light's Throne.

In that Instant, every shadow across all realms and dimensions shattered, the skies like black glass were freed from their stasis, the seas frozen mid-wave began to move, and trees that were brittle husks, their leaves that should have never stirred again, sprang to life with the appearance of light.

Reality gasped for breath, for one long, glorious moment—

Then the light vanished, and the head that Rowan held began to turn gray as if it were transforming into stone, and cracks began to fill it, as an aura of collapse inundated the surrounding space.

Rowan did not appear dejected by this failure; he was already expecting something like this. Having Lost only and the remnants of Eva as the new foundation of bringing back the light of creation was ridiculous, but he needed to see if they had even been capable of holding a power of this level.

A significant disadvantage of planning ahead with powers of this level was that it was nearly impossible to thoroughly analyze all the potential pitfalls that may arise. However, Rowan knew that this was the nature of the game, and if not for reasons like these, he would never be able to scheme against Primordials.

Look deeply enough, and everything was balanced, and the road to victory was being more prepared than your opponents.

The head alongside Lost would soon collapse if he did not find a solution quickly, and so Rowan pushed his right hand into his chest and began to probe, and then, groaning in pain, he pulled out a hazy outline like a ring of dust from his body.

This dust ring circled around his fingers, and Rowan observed it for a moment to make sure everything was up to his standard. When he created this thing, he was a much weaker immortal, and his sight could not see as deeply; however, his work was flawless, and if there were a trap, it would not be coming from inside this ring.

Spreading his palm so the ring of dust would hover above it, Rowan whispered,

“First supreme..., no, I have broken the Supreme Circles, and this foundation would not be built on the accomplishment of Primordial Life; this one is for you. This Circle is not meant to be supreme and look down upon all life, it is meant to protect the things I cherish the most...”

“First Guardian Circle... Open!”

There was an ethereal sound of music and a long roar as if from a dragon, and a ring of dust in his hands exploded in radiance, shining white hot and sending shockwaves that rippled across Reality.

Above his right hand, a burning white ring appeared that was vibrating with potential so great it was as if he held a pillar of Reality in his hand, which was not far from the truth, because encapsulated in the Guardian ring were all the foundational roads to power.

“This is your one and eternal mission: protect them for all eternity.”

The Guardian Circle acknowledged Rowan’s Will, zipped away from his hand, and circled Eva’s head before resting behind it like a halo. A white light was emitted from the circle, filling the head, slowly reversing the cracks and giving it back the parlor of life.

Rowan watched the healing process, his consciousness analyzing her shift in the powers of laws that suffused the head. When he was satisfied, he continued his work; time was not on his side.

Dipping his hand inside his chest, he retrieved another circle of dust, infusing his will into it, he chanted,

“Second Guardian Circle... Open.”

Another blazing white circle hovered over his palm, and with Rowan Will already infused within it, the circle zipped over to the head and hovered behind the first circle. It was larger than the first, and its radiance outshone the first, but then a synchronization took place, and the power of the first circle was lifted to match the second, and both began to blaze in equal intensity.

Rowan’s eyes lit up. With the Supreme Circle transformed into the Guardian Circle, his Will of Truth had determined that there was a slight chance that a resonance would be created between these circles that would not just balance their powers but elevate them to the next higher circle in the ranking.

It was like watching water flow upstream. The chance of this event triggering was minuscule, but Fate was on his side, and against the odds, this change happened.

If the first circle had reversed the destruction about to be inflicted on the head, the second exceeded healing and began regenerating.

Flesh and bones made from light began to emerge from the stump of Eva's neck, and in the blink of an eye, she was whole again. Floating naked in the void with twin halos of light behind her head, her beauty transcended any woman that had ever lived.

Rowan sighed and waved his hand, clothing her in light and shadows. Eva was not breathing, but the scent of life and light that was emerging from her body was so potent that the nearest dimension began to light up.

An average dimension in the Great Darkness was many times the size of a lower realm universe, and hence the number of stars and heavenly bodies it contained was vastly greater than what could be found in a universe.

If so many dimensions were beginning to be filled with life just from Eva's presence, it meant that her powers were well on their way to reawakening. Yet this was not enough to become a foundational pillar of Reality; she would need to claim every dimension under creation.

A wave of tiredness filled Rowan, reminding him that as much as he was running against the clock to save Reality, he would perish if he did not attend to his own affairs soon enough, and he doubted if there would be anyone strong enough except for his enemies who would be able to resurrect him.

Pushing his hand inside his chest for a third time, Rowan's struggles intensified as he pulled out a third ring of dust.

His actions might seem simple on the surface, but he was placing everything on the line and using all his powers as efficiently as possible. His previous battle may have ended in great losses for him, but in return, his control over the fundamental forces of creation and destruction had deepened to a ridiculous extent.

Rowan's comprehension had always been unmatched, and the only thing he had been missing was access to information on the utilization of power in the highest levels.

The battle he had with Bahamut, and then watching Primordial Chaos and Bahamut fight, patched many holes in his understanding of power, and upon stepping on the peak of the higher-dimensional levels, the refinement of his abilities had exceeded his greatest expectations.

Before this battle, he would never have been able to do what he was presently doing without a great deal of time, effort, and a healthy dose of luck, but now it was almost effortless.

The third ring of dust hovered above his hand, and he was about to summon its power when a voice reached him through the shadows,

“Rowan, let us make a deal. Let the darkness prosper and I shall give you the Authority of Time.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1613: The Missing Link

The voice of Primordial Demon was like a velvet knife in the dark, filled with endless mysteries and dark delight. Rowan paused. He had long been expecting interruptions to his exploits, but he believed that they would most likely be coming from Primordial Life. He was greatly surprised that, instead, it was coming from the darkness, which meant it was a Primordial Demon.

His suspicion was confirmed when two figures appeared before him, and for a moment, Rowan thought he had been taken back in time, and a part of him nearly smiled, but he shook his head in sadness.

Of course, life could never be so simple. The two figures with long white hair and profound powers rippling around them could not be the impressive pair of father and daughter, but something more sinister, a Demon wearing the skin of a man.

This was not Telmus and his brilliant daughter, Staff, but Primordial Demon who brought Staff here with him, not because he wanted to be close to her, but as a bargaining tool to influence Rowan’s decision. To the Primordials, everyone was a tool.

He could feel the presence of this being, not because of the darkness that had thickened to the consistency of concrete, but an absence.

This absence answered the single burning question in the heart of every living being: What happens when the fire fades?

It had no form, no voice—only want. A deep corruption that lusted for all things.

Where the light gave, it took.

Where the light shine, it swallowed.

Where the light sang, it whispered back:

“You will not last forever.”

The Celestial called it the Abyss, the Anti-Flame. But Rowan could now see the true form of this being, and he knew what it was; its name was simpler,

The First Doubt.

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Rowan did not look at Primordial Demon, but at Staff. She looked great; her powers had grown from the fifth-dimensional level all the way to the eighth-dimensional level, becoming an Old One in a single heartbeat. It had been less than a thousand years, and she had made all of this progress.

He was not surprised at such quick growth of power. As long as an immortal stayed within the framework of the Primordial system, they could easily grow the power of that immortal to the most significant height available in their system.

Rowan nodded at Staff and frowned as she touched the air front of her as if searching for something. Her white eyes filled with pain and fury. She wanted to say something, but looking at Primordial Demons, she went silent.

A wave of disappointment passed through Rowan, and he turned back to the ring of dust above his palm,

“Third Guardian Circle... Open!”

A blaze of light brighter than the sun appeared above his palm as the Guardian circle activated, and it zoomed towards the first two, where it synchronized with them, and the power bursting out from Eva multiplied exponentially.

The three circles were a complete system, and only when completed could their true power be revealed. In an instant, Light rippled across all of creation. It was not bright, almost like twilight, but it was enough to push back the darkness and reverse the decay of all life.

Reality was still sliding into Doom, but what would have been a quick and silent elimination had been delayed to the slow crawl of heat death.

Rowan felt a great weight being lifted from his chest. He had not solved the problem, not yet, but the time he had brought for himself was enough to push through the obstacles in his path.

The Primordial Demon had not stopped Rowan from activating the third Guardian Circle, and he knew it was because he wanted to confirm that Rowan was capable of carrying the Light.

What he was doing was unprecedented, and if Rowan had simply accepted his deal, then Primordial Demon would be suspicious, but the eternal twilight that had blanketed all of Reality was a testament to Rowan's might.

The light had pushed back the darkness, surrounding Rowan and the figure of Primordial Demon and Staff in shadows, but the shadows around Primordial Demon curled like smoke.

Reality cracked around Rowan, and six massive serpents emerged, curling around him. He could feel his weariness and pain fading away as the invisible weight that the Primordial Demon carried with him was pushed back.

Breathing an internal sigh of relief, Rowan adjusted his mental state. If Primordial Demon had attacked, there was no assurance that he would have been able to resist him, but luckily, his pedigree of slaying multiple Thrones of Primordials was enough defense to shield him from an unexpected preemptive attack from Primordial Demon.

But if there were going to be a fight, he would not be doing it alone.

Rowan looked at Primordial Demon, whose eyes were focused on the Origin Ouroboros, an unknown light in his eyes, and instead of interrupting the Primordial, Rowan pushed his hand into his chest and removed another ring of dust, and the attention of Primordial Demon was drawn away from the serpents and back towards Rowan.

From the words spoken by Primordial Demon when he arrived, Rowan saw that he was still testing the waters. However, from what he knew of this being, unlike Primordial Memory, Chaos, or Light, Primordial Demon loved battle and had a short mental fuse, so it was surprising to Rowan how well Primordial Demon was holding back.

Something was not adding up, and Rowan needed to probe further, so he finally addressed the primal demon before him, this fiery Primordial. Rowan wanted to goad him into action,

"I know what you are. You are the flaw, the crack in the glass. You do not belong here."

Primordial Demon cocked his head to the side as if in astonishment,

"Belong? Do any of us truly belong in this Reality? Tell me—did the Light ask permission when it carved the heavens? Or did it simply declare itself... and thus, it was? The same thing you are doing with your resistance and your battle? Your question is strange. By chance, are you trying to trigger my anger, first by ignoring me and then denouncing my legitimacy? Interesting, tell me, what do you know of me?"

Rowan frowned, "Is there anything more to know? I have told you what you are, and no matter how you try to paint yourself into something else, that would not change."

Primordial Demon laughed, “Good, you are more interesting than I initially believed, and I willfully admit my loss. I am not here to shatter your belief about Reality, for someone like you, it would be a waste; instead, I want to show you a new path.”

Rowan bowed his head in thought for a second before he shook his head, “I would rather follow my own. Fourth Destruction Circle... Open!”

As if an ocean of blood had appeared over his palm, the dust ring exploded in a scarlet radiance that made all of creation shudder as if a sharp knife was held to the jugular of ever being. As the power to destroy all things radiated from the newly created Destruction Circle.

Rowan’s control over the forces of Destruction had reached a point where he could fuse this powerful concept into his circles.

When Rowan created his Guardian Circle, they triggered a resonance with each other, enhancing their collective power to the highest circle in the halo stack. When the three circles completed a full unit, the power that Rowan had expected from them exceeded his expectations.

His Guardian Circle turned out to be more powerful than he anticipated, and Rowan’s ambitions increased when he saw that the foundations he had created were strong.

Light was not just the source of life; it was also destruction. When Primordial Light took on the power of light, Bahamut stole the flames, diminishing the destructive potential of Light. However, Rowan had fused the Lost Flames and Eva, building a foundation of destruction within the light and creating a Circle of Destruction that would not clash with his creation.

The Destruction Circle zoomed towards Eva and appeared behind the first three Guardian Circles, and although it was forged for destruction, it still shared the same roots with them, and the resonance that applied to the first three was shared by the new Destruction Circle.

This caused the power to emerge from Eva to explode with so much intensity that Rowan and Primordial Demon were pushed back for many light years as a halo of red flames surrounded her body. The power emerging from her body placed her firmly in the Primordial level.

Rowan heard a loud blast that, without the defense of the Origin Ouroboros around him, would have killed him outright. He smiled when he realized that this sound had been a heartbeat.

It had been beaten only once before fading away, but it was enough for Rowan to understand that he had made the right choice, and adding the power of destruction to the mix was the missing link from the power of Light.

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Chapter 1614: The Second Face of Death

Primordial Memory had destroyed his fourth treasure-universe before he admitted that he was going crazy with frustration. On his throne of treasures, he looked upon all of Reality and wondered how everything had changed in such a short time despite their influence.

The changes being instituted by a being not at the level of a Primordial were ridiculous, and this was even when his body and soul had been shattered, his memory unraveled, and his Fate was fading.

He looked down into the fifth treasure-universe of his Great Labyrinth, where a Labyrinth Specter roamed in the shape of a massive white dragon who now had a halo of golden light around him, suggesting that in a short while, the dragon would soon become the lord of this treasure-universe.

Primordial Memory knew that this dragon's name was Vraegar, and it was a piece set down inside his domain. For a long time, Primordial Memory had believed that this dragon had an important role to play because Rowan had sacrificed a lot of power to allow Vraegar to reach this point.

Surely, this dragon must have a grand role to play; he would become the hidden knife in Primordial's Memory back, and use the influence gained here to propel Rowan's might across the Primordial domains.

However, none of this had happened. This child had found a way to subvert the omniscience of multiple Primordials, and this was not possible... unless he had help.

"Who is your benefactor, Rowan? Who is keeping a poisonous snake like you so close to their heart?"

The space beside Primordial Memory rippled, and Old Man Seed walked through it. "It does not matter who is the hidden hand behind him. We must prevent the subversion of Light's Authority because I know this child. You give him an inch, and he takes a thousand miles from you. In the near future, we will all suffer this fate if he is not stopped here and now."

Old Man Seed's appearance remained the same, except for his eyes, which were filled with green flames. But that was the only surface manifestation; all around him was the power of Life.

Life was not a being; it was a corrupting process. It colonized the void, turning blackness into warmth and silence into heartbeats.

It infected the immortals, making their perfect form ache, sweat, bleed... die. From life came death.

It corrupted Reality, forcing it to swell with tumors that would become seeds, eggs, and wombs.

Eosah was perfect, but for Life to proliferate, it brought death and decay.

Primordial Memory glanced at the new arrival before he sneered,

“Life, if there were anyone who should not interfere in this matter, then it would be you. Everything that happens benefits your purpose in the end. It sickens me that the Grim Reaper, Death itself, wears this cloak of deceit. This shattered creation and the birth of the abomination Rowan, was it not by your design?”

Primordial Life grinned, his mouth widening like a crocodile’s, and it was filled with blackened fangs, filled with the corruption of life and death, which intertwined to create a toxic compound that had devoured multiple Realities.

“Do you have a choice, Memory, than to accept my help? You are right. I can step back and watch this entire debacle fall into ruin, but I will not. This child interests me greatly, and I will help to bring back balance. I only ask for his Soul Origin; the rest of him is something that I do not need. What do you say, Memory? You and I desire different things, and you can have your treasures.”

Primordial Memory shook his head in rejection. “Life, I will make no bargain with you until I know the full nature of this abomination. His mastery over Fate and Destiny is unmatched. Every road in front of him was laid by our hand—every single road—and yet, he finds a way to create a new path where there is none! Tell me the truth, or you will become my target alongside that thing!”

“If that is your only query, then the answer to it is something I know of.” Primordial Life smiled, “His dimensional flesh, I suspect, is able to access a portion of the Proto-dimensions.”

The throne of Primordial Memory cracked before it shattered as a powerful shockwave erupted from his body that shook the entirety of the Great Labyrinth.

“The Proto-dimensions do not exist. We have searched for countless Eras on multiple Realities. That place is a fever dream of the mad fool, and I am surprised you are speaking these words to me, Life.”

“Oh, then tell me, Memory. You say with your own words that all the paths have been laid out, and yet he creates a new one. You are a Prime; there is no road that your Authority does not cover. How is he able to sneak under your presence, multiple times? Not once, not ten times, or do you need me to repeat the list of your failures?”

Primordial Memory went still, almost appearing like a statue. His consciousness peered through the river of time from the moment Rowan was born to the countless encounters he had in the past.

It was difficult; there were countless barriers blocking him from seeing the entirety of Rowan's life, but he was no longer skimming the surface as he usually did. Memory no longer cared who he offended, and he dug deeper into their domains, disregarding the backlash that shattered his incarnation.

He rapidly replaced all the destroyed incarnations as he pushed deeper than he had ever done. Slowly, a pattern began to emerge, and he discovered that this pattern could be easily dismissed if closer attention was not paid to it.

In fact, it was not a pattern, just seemingly random pieces of coincidences that had no meaningful connection, but always seemed to inevitably lead to Rowan's victory. It was almost as if he could see the future.

Primordial Memory gasped and his eyes flew open, "Who else knows of this conjecture of the Proto-dimension, and what originally led you to this conclusion?"

Primordial Life dug into his head and retrieved a Memory. It was of Seed meeting Rowan for the first time and noticing that even as a third-dimensional being, Rowan was in possession of a Will.

"There are methods to merge a Will to a third-dimensional mortal, it can be done by stitching the structure of the higher dimension to a lower order being, and placing the weight of the higher dimension, further across time, but Rowan's dimension was flawless, and had no trace of any higher dimensional pairing. Of course, this Throne of mine was quite foolish and stubborn, and I only recently learnt of this information, and this is the reason why my plans have changed."

Multiple bodies of Primordial Memory appeared from the void in their billions. They began merging with each other, and in a short time, only one body of Primordial Memory remained, but the fluctuation of power arising from his body was now incredibly weak, rather than strong.

Primordial Life stroked his chin, "Hmm, Memory, you chose to place twenty percent of your Incarnation in one body. Did that child frighten you to this extent?"

"This is not for him, but for you, Life. If we are going to be creating an alliance, a new agreement should be made, and only now can I be sure you are not going to tamper with my Authority. Also, we would need to invite another Prime to this agreement."

"Memory, you are willing to weaken your price for your safety?"

Primordial Memory shrugged, “If we are protecting the Authority of Light, then he would surely give out more of his dominions over to us. I see no reason why some of those could not be given to a third party. I would rather not take this step, but I am working together with you, and that makes me afraid.”

Primordial Life shook his head in exasperation, “Memory, you have become used to hiding your fangs for so long, you forget that I was there when you gained them. Others may fall for your tricks, but not me. There is a reason I came for you instead of any other Prime, but if this is what would cause you to work with me, I see no reason not to allow it. Who do you intend to call?”

Primordial Memory frowned before he straightened, a gesture from him tearing a road directly to heaven,

“The decision has not yet been made. Let us go to heaven and prepare. I will make my choice if I find out how much Light is willing to pay. You forget to add that without my presence, you could never reach heaven, so temper your accusations with wisdom, Life, or I shall not be kind with my next series of actions.”

Primordial Life smiled as he motioned towards heaven, “After you, Memory. Open the path for me.”

Chapter 1615: Hope Is Nothing

Chapter 1615: Hope Is Nothing

Resonating with the circles behind the manifestation of light and destruction, Rowan crossed through space to appear by Eva’s side. However, he was still millions of miles away because the pressure surrounding Eva had gained the attributes of the Supreme Circle, where everything was rejected from the space surrounding the master of the circle.

This trait was extremely important because it would keep away every outside influence from manipulating the flames of creation that were being born here. Because it was built upon a Primordial foundation, the Circles had inherited those strengths, building upon them to make something that stunned even the creator, Rowan.

Rowan was not cutting off all connections with the Circle, and he could force his way into it if he wanted, but that would be a waste of energy and a pointless exercise. He was focused on building something that would carry a pillar of creation, and he would gladly give away any benefit he might gain in order to make it happen.

He pushed his hand into his chest to remove the fifth ring of dust, and a slight grimace broke across his face before he suppressed it. Cutting out the Circles from his body was

extremely painful and damaging, and it was a pain that Rowan could never get used to, but he endured it because no one else would be able to withstand this pain.

Rowan was poised to activate the circle when Staff spoke, and he paused his actions to listen to her. He could feel the tension in her spine building up for a while, a visible wave of disquiet arising from her spirit.

Her voice when she spoke was rough, as if she had been crying, but it steadily grew strong, and Reality seemed to pause alongside Rowan as he listened to her.

“I am here not as a representation of the Primordial Demon. He has made his promises, given his gifts, but I still don’t fucking care about all of it, I think he knows that, and it amuses him to keep trying. But he is going to be giving me one of the things I care about most in the world, and in payment he wants me to be here as a damned bargaining chip, he thinks my voice is valid, that it may change the direction that you are pushing all of us towards, but Primordial Demon does not know you. All of the damned Primordials do not understand what a monster you are, and somewhere inside of me, I had hope that things might be different when I entered Reality, but my greatest fears has come to pass. After all this time, I still forget hope is nothing.”

Staff grinned at Rowan, “I hear you like songs and poetry, but I fucking hate that mumbo jumbo, but...” and then her smile faded, “... a poem occurred to me as I entered Reality, and I want to hear it. It is rough, but fuck you Rowan. I don’t care about your opinion on my poetic talents.”

“My hope is just a hollow whisper in the dark,

a cruel taunt from a world that grinds dreams to dust. It’s the illusion that keeps me choking on air while the walls close in, the lie that tomorrow might be different when yesterday’s wounds still bleed.”

“Hope is the weight of an anchor, not the wings I was promised. It’s nothing.

And nothing is all it will ever be.”

She had been standing a bit behind Primordial Demon, but now she had taken a step forward, so she was now standing ahead of him and looking Rowan in the eyes.

A part of Rowan understood that what she was doing was beyond dangerous. All Primordials were arrogant, and standing in front of Primordial Demon who possessed more arrogance than nearly all Primordials combined was a recipe for disaster, but the manic look in the eyes of Staff told a story of apathy and pain, such that she no longer cared what happened to her.

“You lied to me, Rowan, about my origin and what you believed me and my father was in the grand scheme of things. You lied about what you wanted from all of those who

believed in your vision. But you see, I don't care about your lies; all leaders lie. How else would you get your followers to die for your dreams? Despite all of this, I had hoped that perhaps you might be different, but you are all the same, all cut from the same piece of cloth."

She paused for a while before gritting her teeth as venom poured out of her mouth, "Your dreams are yours, but they did not need to die for them. My friends, the Angels, that I played and sang with for a million years, you discard so willingly, and push them into a war with heaven. They are all dead. I can stand here reciting all their names to you, but you already know them, don't you? Andar did not need to die, and I have searched for any remnants of his soul, and he is gone. Ah, he never got to fulfill his dreams, and now you are dying here, it is inevitable, I can't even sense your soul, but you are still too caught up in your pathetic dream that you refuse to rest in fucking peace."

Rowan's eyes tightened as he replied, "What is your point, Staff? No matter the decisions I made in the end, I did not force any of you to go along with it. You knew how this might end; there was no assurance of victory in the end. I understand your pain, but your vision is too small. Your sacrifices are not in vain, and none of my children will ever be forgotten! The weight of their lives and their sacrifices would remain with me forever."

"Children, hahahaha, you dare call the slaves you have around you as your children?!" Staff laughed widely, "There is something I think you don't know about yourself, Rowan, and standing here with you, at the end of everything, that has become increasingly clearer to me. You have no idea how much you terrify the people around you."

Pointing at Rowan with her staff, her voice kept growing louder, "Do you know how fucking disturbing it is to be around you? You smile and you laugh, and everyone around you has to do the same because we are compelled to follow your Will. You are the sun, you are gravity, you are the life itself in our hearts, how the fuck would you say no to the center of creation. You bastard, you style yourself a mortal, and perhaps in a twisted way, you still think of yourself as such, but we never had a chance to know who we could really be without your overwhelming presence in our lives. You think you gave us a choice! Bah, bastard, we never had one! Not. With. You."

Rowan closed his eyes for a moment, then opened them, and said, "I have never denied that I am a monster, or did you think anything short of a monster can change the face of Reality? Fifth Destruction Circle... Open!"

Under the blooming scarlet radiance of the fifth circle, he could hear the mocking laughter of Staff in the distance,

"We all die for your dreams, we all suffer for your fucking dreams. Who gave you the right to dictate our reality for us? Even if we are in hell, we deserve the chance to choose if we want to live in it or fight."

Chapter 1616: The Agreement Of One

Rowan did not let the words from Staff shake his concentration. Before he met Primordial Demon, he might have taken his time to piece together her thought process more thoroughly, but he had seen this Primordial and knew that although he loved to battle, his nature was more sinister and disruptive.

Primordial Demon, at his core, was the First Doubt. He was the seed of rebellion and strife, the true betrayer, and Staff was woefully incapable of standing against his influence despite how strong she was.

She was right, of course, that Rowan had thrust her and the others into danger, but how could he explain to them the full extent of the battle when their minds were too small to grasp it?

All he knew was that if he survived this battle and the ones ahead of him, if one day he prevailed and became the ruler of Reality, then he would create a new Reality where all life could prosper based on the merits of their hard work, and where justice and fairness would prevail. Only in such a Reality would he allow himself to be judged; any consideration of his many failings at this point in time was madness.

He could not let himself be distracted, not here. Rowan knew that the most significant barrier to his plans was not Primordial Demon or any other Primordials, but Primordial Light himself.

The death of Eva was like a heavy blow to the back of the skull. Primordial Light was stunned, but this would not be the case for long, especially as Rowan was chomping away at his Authority over Light, and the more Circles he could add to Eva, giving her more control over the light that touched all of Reality, the more power he could seize from Primordial Light.

With the song of battle still playing softly inside his consciousness, Rowan could feel the intent to battle growing from the body of the Primordial Demon, and he did not shy away from it.

'Let it come,' Rowan thought, amazed by how much Primordial Demon was able to hold himself back.

The fifth Destruction Circle had already joined the rest of the Circles hovering behind Eva, and at this point in time, all the light that had vanished from Reality had returned, and they were even brighter, but there was still something missing in the light, it shone but its radiance was dead, it was not nourishing to creation, it simply maintained.

Rowan knew his work was not done, and the base needed to be much stronger, and his hands did not pause as he reached inside of him and removed the sixth ring of dust.

The power of the Primordial Demon bloomed, and Staff was blasted into another dimension by the force that emerged from his body. Her cries of condemnation were cut off as her body nearly exploded into pieces by the force generated from the Primordial's body.

A sliver of Rowan consciousness had wrapped around her body in the instant before Primordial Demon exploded with power, and this was the only reason why Staff had not perished, but her furious eyes that looked at him before she was blasted into the distance held no warmth, only fury.

Rowan did not care for her rage; he did it because of Andar. Nudging his Ouroboros Serpent with his consciousness, "Hold him back," he requested, and shifted all his focus on the sixth ring of dust on his hand.

Apart from Divus, the eldest and the strongest Origin Ouroboros Serpent that was wrapped around Rowan to preserve the last flickers of his life, the remaining five serpents tore through space and time as they charged towards the Primordial Demon, who had summoned a blade of darkness pulsing with intense malice and greed.

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Primordial Memory and Primordial Life crossed the entirety of heaven, still wrapped in war, where billions of Angels were dying and the realm was shattering into pieces. Even the awakening of the Light that gave them back their lives did not stop the slaughter. It was as if a madness had gotten hold of their souls, and the need to slaughter all who did not follow their ideals became everything.

Primordial Life looked around the battle with fascination as they traveled to the depths of heaven, "How did he do it? For someone as careful as Light, how was his defenses pierced through so easily?"

"How do you expect me to know that?" Primordial Memory shrugged, "I am just the hired thug to maintain the Throne of Light."

"A Throne that you stole for six Major Eras."

Primordial Memory sniffed in annoyance, "I did not steal Eve, she was given to me under the Agreement of One. Light stood to benefit more from it if he had succeeded. What happened here is a result of his failure."

Stroking his chin in contemplation, Primordial Life asked, "That Agreement of One. Tell me about it."

"Why would you want to know about that old story?"

“Because it would help me to understand what happened here. Are you not curious, Memory, to know how he did it?”

That was all it took to convince Primordial Memory, and he shrugged before he began his tale,

“In the Fourth Major Era of Silver, the Primordial Beast Bahamut convinced Light that he should keep the fires of the First Flame for the chance that he would be able to merge the Authority of Lightning and Fire. With these two Authorities, the crazy beast believed that he would be able to find his way to master Chaos. You know he was already on that path before it was taken away by Eldrithor.”

Primordial Life grimaced, “Do not say that name lightly. Even here in the center of heaven, the stench of Chaos is still present. This war has profited him greatly.”

“And are you not getting the most gain from this, Death?” Primordial Memory sneered before he continued his tale, their bodies traveling closer to the center of heaven, where no Angel had tread,

“To convince Light to agree with this crazy idea, Bahamut agreed that if he failed this merger, he would surrender his Authority over lightning to Light, hence his Gates to the Dimension of Destruction would be forever closed.”

“Light was greedy, he knew that Fire alone was not enough to encompass the true destruction inherent in the bones of Eosah, and he agreed, but he gave a few stipulations before accepting this term, and the first was that he could not be openly seen to be consorting with Primordial Beasts, and so Bahamut had to *steal* the flames, and the second was that the Primordial Beast could only begin its merger after the war with their kind was completed, to avoid any unknown complications.”

“Bahanut agreed. He was brave, but stupid. He believed that the only way to defeat us inside of Eosah was to pursue higher Authorities like the Prime, and disregarded the powers of the Prime Beasts.”

With the language of the Primordials that could convey a lot of information in a few words, Primordial Life was able to view these events being narrated by Memory with startling clarity, as if he had been placed in the past alongside Light and Bahamut.

“I had already struck an Agreement of Hosts with Light in the creation of the Celestials, and so I was aware of this pact. In many ways, the ultimate defeat of the Primordial Beast began from that moment, but don’t let Chaos hear that from me. He thinks he is the one who broke them, but I know it was Light who broke their Spirit.”

“This pact between these two gave me a deeper look into the mind of Light and an understanding of what he was willing to do when it came to benefits. I struck an

Agreement with him to create the representation of the ultimate Celestial, using half of my Treasure Realms, and in exchange, I get to become one of his Thrones.”

Primordial Life nodded, “Ah, I see that you have always lacked a Throne, and sacrificing half your Treasure Realms is a bit harsh, but understandable.”

“You would think so, but Light was far more greedy,” Primordial Memory chuckled, a dark light flashing in his eyes, “He wanted more than just a peak Celestial forged from half of my Realms. He knew that my Treasures could accept the traits of all creation, and he wanted me to collect fragments of all the Authorities I could manage and merge them with the Throne, Eve. If I succeeded, I would be given this body and half the Celestial Realm, but if I failed, all my Treasure Realms would belong to him, and my Authority would be on his whims alone.”

“So, that was the Agreement of One.” Primordial Life mused, “I cannot say I am impressed.”

“You wouldn’t, but for me, it was a matter of utmost importance, and as you know, my experiment failed, even after eight Major Eras, I could only fuse the fragments of three Authorities inside of Eve. The existence of this body became nothing but a lackey for Light as I became his Adjudicator.”

Primordial Life laughed, “That bastard always has to find a way to win in the end.”

“Yes, he does, but something changed when he made his bet against Rowan.”

Chapter 1617: Vorthas

The two Primordials reached the Garden of Primordial Dawn, the center of heaven; however, they did not stop here, because there was another layer below this place that Primordial Memory only learned about because he was a Throne of Light for nearly eight Major Eras.

Primordial Memory looked at Primordial Life with a weird look in his eyes as if trying to read through the inscrutable look on the face of the other Prime.

“Are you sure you want to follow me in here? I have immunity to the corruption of Light due to this body, but you have nothing of such, and your Fate would be under his control.”

Primordial Life smiled, “It does not matter what happens. I am Life, and I will adapt. Besides, he is not so foolish as to add me as an enemy at a time like this, and whoever says he is strong enough to keep me here.”

“Do not say I did not warn you,” Primordial Memory smiled as his eyes exploded with radiance as if two supernovae had erupted inside his skull.

The light from his eyes traveled through the garden towards the throne of fire on the end of this space and the throne melted away to reveal a passage that led deep into a fragmented reality where space and time was non-existent, only concepts and laws existed here, and Primordial Essence that was so thick it appeared almost solid.

So thick were the clusters of laws that this space was alive. The power inside of here was so concentrated that nothing except Primordials would be able to cross this space without dying.

Without any words among themselves, the two Primordials entered into the passage, which sealed itself behind them, and they proceeded deeper into this space.

It was easy to forget that the entirety of the Celestial Domain was the sleeping body of Primordial Light when heaven was being devastated by war, but only inside this place would the nature of a Primordial be revealed.

This was the true core of heaven; everything outside of it was meaningless in the grand scheme of things. Like hair or fingernails that could be discarded, it was the core that contained the Authority and the Essence of a Primordial, and in this moment, Life and Memory were standing inside of Primordial Light.

They crossed countless light years in mere moments, traveling a distance that made no sense to immortals because the core of Light was infinite, and the concept of distance did not exist. However, these two primes still crossed an area that only their senses could perceive, and their nature bent reality to fulfill their needs.

In simple terms, anyone else would travel for an infinity without crossing a single inch in this place, but the nature of a Prime was so powerful that infinity had to conform to their will.

Crossing a distance that was only understood by them, they both stopped, and Primordial Memory looked around with a frown,

“This is much worse than I expected. The Authority of Light remains largely untouched, I think about twenty percent of it is gone, but Rowan is not planning on claiming the rest; instead, he is subverting it.”

Primordial Life also made his calculations, and the aged lines on his face deepened. “For someone like him, such a thing is possible. He has methods to power an Authority without Primordial Essence. How fascinating all of this is.”

Primordial Memory shuddered, “If this continues, Light would not awaken from his slumber until it is too late. He is not being plundered, he is being replaced!”

“Then we have to wake him by all means.” Primordial Life growled.

“What do you mean by that?” Primordial Memory turned towards his companion in panic, but it was already too late. He might have gathered a lot of his Incarnation to boost this body, but he was still not a match for Life, whose Throne, Seed, was acclaimed to be the strongest Throne in existence.

“You dare make an enemy of me?”

The face of Primordial Life did not change in the slightest as he pressed his attack, “Life adapts, and at this moment, your death is necessary to awaken Light.”

“You shall pay for betrayal, Life.”

Primordial Life sneered, his face a mask of cruelty, “Then you shall learn to fear death.”

Primordial Memory was systematically butchered. It did not matter how well he fought back; he was outmatched. His last vision was the sight of Life pulling out his brain and heart and offering them to the everlasting light around them,

“Wake up from your slumber, Old Light,” he said, “Your dominion is being plundered.”

From the everlasting expanse of light, a gigantic face that was not human or of any species ever to be born inside of Reality began to arise.

A mighty voice emerged from the face of the waking Primordial, speaking a language that was older than Reality.

“VORTHAS...”

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The clash between Primordial Demon and the five Origin Ouroboros Serpents was anticlimactic; however, the moments before the clash were anything but.

The five serpents, led by Bahamut, exploded in size until the concept of size became meaningless because their bodies stretched across multiple dimensions and yet still seemed to fit in the space of a few million light years.

Their mouths opened, filled with fangs that could shred Reality to pieces, and within that spiky maw was a tunnel that led to eternal nothingness in the stomach of these serpents.

Their bodies sealed time, space, and Fate itself, leaving Primordial Demon to clash head-on with them because every space towards Rowan had become sealed by their bulk.

Primordial Demon laughed in delight. Rowan could detect the joy of a being who had long missed the allure of endless battle and slaughter. Reality had become far too weak for so

long, and Primordial Demon could not battle to his heart's content without him breaking it.

He did not know if Rowan was aware of the full ramifications of his actions, but Reality was being assimilated with Limbo, which should begin opening up the path for Primordials to roam once again.

Primordial Demon was like a whale that had been stuck in the desert for too long, and now a light shower was beginning to drizzle across his skin, but it was enough stimulation to rekindle his lust for battle.

He swung his blade of darkness towards all five serpents at once, tearing apart space and time while deliberately reducing the power of his attacks. He did not want to kill these pets too easily, but as his weapon made contact, the serpents collapsed into bubbles.

Primordial Demon froze for a moment before screaming in anger,

“Rowan, bring them back or I shall make you suffer a death that you cannot imagine.”

Rowan knew that the Primordial Demon meant every word he said, but he did not care. The serpents only attacked to buy Rowan time, and they could not afford to be tied down in battle at this delicate stage.

His intuition was screaming at him that danger from near and far was approaching, and Rowan knew that he was out of time, but he had already largely succeeded.

“Sixth Destruction Circle... Open!”

Red radiance surrounded Rowan as the sixth circle of destruction was activated. He allowed it to zoom towards Eva and then braced himself because, by his calculation, a new light was about to be born.

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

Chapter 1618: The First Spark

Chapter 1618: The First Spark

It began with a single note. Like a soundless vibration at the edge of existence, that could not be perceived, but the soul recognized it. This note spoke to something in the core of every life inside of creation, reminding them of the endless possibilities that the light could bring.

In the ruins of a dead star, a speck of gold flared, and then vanished, but something was left behind, an echo that longed for that touch of light that had faded.

This echo called out into the void, seeking the warmth that the Old Light was missing. The light that every star was used to was cold, but this new light was warmth.

A blind child, born after the Light's death, dreamed of the sun and woke with her arms burning. But this fire contained the vitality of light, and it healed rather than destroyed. The first sight she saw was the color of the flames, and she turned to the sun in the sky and bowed in worship, her heart reaching for the light.

The Angels embroiled on battle paused as they felt more than any being in creation, the touch of the new light, and this was the last straw that broke the camel's back, for they could sense the pure power that held warmth that had been denied to every Celestial from the moment of their conception.

Only a few of them remained in heaven; the rest tore through time and space, heading for the growing warmth they could sense in the distance. The echoes of their hearts reached for this light as they unhesitatingly ripped away their attachment to Old Light.

In the past, doing such a thing was nothing but suicide, but there was another source of strength waiting with open arms, and it was easy to leave the darkness of eternal night for the warmth of the sun.

All across creation, something in the hearts of all beings was pulling away from the Old Light and calling for the resurgence of something new.

And this New Light was beginning to awaken.

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Rowan was the closest to Eva and had the most significant connection with the New Light because the Lost Flame that had merged with Light had been born from his Spirit and Soul. Despite him giving Lost all the autonomy that any sentient and sapient life should enjoy, it could not break the connection that had been created within them.

So he could sense the beat of her heart even before the heartbeat occurred.

To Rowan, this awakening was like the sound of a heartbeat, but he knew that it would reach everyone in Reality in a different manner. Ultimately, it would represent a longing in their hearts that could not be denied.

Rowan felt that pull and he turned towards the figure in the distance now covered by a white and scarlet radiance, and was shining so brightly his eyes were burned out of his skull upon looking at her, and his perception collapsed to ash, but he had other eyes, his Origin Ouroboros, Divus was far more durable than he was presently and he could see through her eyes.

Everything was primed for the resurgence of a new dominion over Reality, and Rowan knew that there was only one thing left, and that was to give his permission.

Perhaps he was making a mistake with this move; it was too drastic and flamboyant, directly harming the interest of every Primordial, because if he were nothing but a nuisance before, his actions here would make him their ultimate enemy.

But he had no choice. The game was rigged against him, and any move he might have made apart from this one was expected. The omniscience of the Primordials was no joke, and only shattering the ceiling above would anything worthwhile be produced.

And everything worthwhile demanded sacrifice.

Eva's eyes opened.

What peered out from within those eyes was new. This was a fusion between the Lady of Shadows and the Lost Flames. They were becoming the embodiment of light, and old things were wiped away for something new to take their place.

That was the way it was supposed to be, but Rowan was greedy. He had lost too much, and if he could, he would bear the burden of creation so that his children would remain safe for as long as possible.

The process of reawakening was not complete, out of the nine circles, Rowan had been able to only give out six, but time had ran out, and the dangers from Primordial Demon and what was most likely multiple other Primordials bearing down upon him had become too potent to be ignored.

Rowan closed his eyes and delved into his soul. The Gilded Maw had shattered his soul into pieces, and its unraveling almost extinguished it in totality, but he had a backer with greater Authority over souls.

Of the shattered pieces of his soul, a shard remained, tiny, stubborn, and unbroken, hardly bigger than a speck of dust. This shard resisted the destruction imposed upon it by the Gilded Maw, and its consciousness sank into that shard, finding itself somewhere familiar.

His home, when he was a young lord of Trion.

Rowan's senses were enough to sweep through this place, and although what he was looking for was situated inside his manor, his senses continued to spread until they covered the entire continent and eventually the world, before reaching the heavens and blanketing every star in the sky.

Inside this fragment of his soul was a universe larger than anything in existence but also quite durable, reaching the level of an eighth-dimensional realm. All of this was because a speck of a Primordial lived inside this shard.

Rowan's consciousness collapsed into light and streamed inside his manor, where he found a woman in his library, wearing his favourite robe as a mortal, and reading a rather large book.

From the cover of the book, Rowan could see it was a storybook containing folktales about Trion's dark past. He knew that the horror inside those pages, presented in an almost comical manner, did nothing to describe the depths of depravity that occurred on this planet when placed under the curse of near-immortal beings whose souls had become tainted by the weight of time.

The woman, Primordial Soul, snapped the book shut and glanced at Rowan. Her face and body belonged to Elura, daughter of Primordial Life and the woman who was made to carry Rowan's unique soul origin into existence.

From what he understood from his past, even Primordial Soul could not fully understand who he was, because her main body was slumbering inside Oblivion, and even if she could understand Rowan's root, that knowledge could not be retrieved from inside Oblivion.

His true Origins could only be found inside Oblivion, but that mattered little to him at this point. What he knew of his soul's origin was enough to shed light on the mysteries surrounding his character and abilities.

From grabbing his own Fate Origin, Rowan knew that his soul origin was a mutant that could not merge into Reality since nothing could hold him. He was not the only soul origin with this defect; although rare, there were still plentiful mutant soul origins who could not be integrated into Reality.

However, where these souls' origins would fade in time, he was the only one that would not fade, and over time, he became the bastion for the souls that were about to disappear. They gave him their talents and their strengths, and he grew to become something unfathomable.

A supreme genius that may arise once every Era would be a lucky soul who was able to absorb the remains of a mutant soul origin before they ventured into Reality, because the fusion of souls could not be regarded as simply adding one plus one or even multiplicative; instead, it was exponential.

If a single strand of talent were present in the soul of an individual, merging with the remains of a mutant soul origin would increase this strand by a factor of a thousand!

This was what happened to a once in an Era genius, but Rowan had been able to devour millions of mutant soul origin for the many Major Eras he spent floating outside Reality.

It was unknown what would have happened if he continued existing in the void, but his soul's strength had reached a ridiculous height. It drew upon a sliver of Primordial Soul's sleeping consciousness and was able to awaken it.

If Rowan soul origin had been aware of itself during the time, then it was possible that with the power it had, then it would have been able to consume the strand of Primordial Soul's consciousness, but it had no concept of devouring or benefits, and it gave itself freely to Primordial Soul.

Primordial Soul had feasted on his strength, and to repay him, she decided to make sure he could be integrated into Reality. However, despite feasting on his strength, his talents made merging him with Reality almost impossible.

Nothing in Reality was enough to hold the talent that Rowan's soul origin was capable of.

The only option left for Primordial Soul was to shatter Rowan's soul origin into 9,999 pieces, and from those pieces, she selected the three smallest shards and sent them into Reality.

“Rowan, are you ready to integrate with the full nature of your soul?”

“Not yet,” Rowan replied, “I need a distraction to finish my work. Send the Throne of Primordial Chaos to my location to hold back the Primes.”

Primordial Soul frowned, “Would that not be too hasty?”

Chapter 1619: Muddy The Waters

Chapter 1619: Muddy The Waters

In the battle inside the space created by Bahamut, Rowan had been able to capture the Throne of Primordial Chaos with the aid of Primordial Soul. This could be a valuable tool in the future, as in many ways, the Throne of Primordial Chaos was stronger than Rowan and could reach places he could not yet touch.

With this Throne, Rowan could rapidly grow his understanding of the power of Primordial Chaos, deepening his insight into the realm of Primordials and boosting his attainment into the realm of Destiny.

There was also the fact that this Throne was very valuable to Primordial Soul, allowing her to make extensive changes in Reality that the sliver of consciousness that she controlled was not able to.

From the point of view of Primordial Soul, using this Throne at this point was wasting something so valuable it could not be easily replaced, but Rowan had his reasons why he was willing to give up this advantage.

The first and most apparent reason was Primordial Chaos himself. Unlike other Primordials whose form were deep in slumber, Chaos had been able to maintain a degree of alertness that no other Primordial could match, and although he was stuck in the lower realms with a field of Oblivion covering his Aura, the loss of a Throne might be enough push for Chaos to go wild and unleash his power into the higher realms.

Rowan was aware that Primordial Chaos had covered the entire lower realms with the Aura of Oblivion, and this blocked the perception of other Primordials from touching him or discovering his hidden activities. He had no Primordial Domain in the higher dimensions, and so he needed a way to protect his secrets, but this Aura was a double-edged blade, and it also blocked his perception from fully touching the higher realms.

Without his Throne, except looking through the eyes of minor Chaos Bloods, his perception had been cut off. Rowan had experienced looking through the eyes of lesser immortals, and he knew that for a Primordial whose perception may be equal to his own, this was no difference to being blind.

In normal times, Primordial Chaos might have been a bit laid back and gathered more information, but not when all of Reality was under such massive upheaval. Primordial Chaos was not going to stand back, and he was a mad creature; his responses would be exaggerated and unexpected.

To gain as much benefit from this Throne, Rowan would have to use it immediately. Also this Throne gave Primordial Soul too much advantages, and Rowan wanted to cripple her influence.

She might be his ally, but Rowan did not think for a moment that she was not an enemy. In this game they played, where the blade to slot the neck was hidden behind a smile and a compassionate touch on the shoulder, Rowan could not allow Primordial Soul to gain as much power as possible.

It was possible that with the power of this Throne, she could be more useful to Rowan, but he preferred sacrificing her potential for the chance to boost the power that he was cultivating by himself.

Rowan did not think he had to explain himself to Primordial Soul, but as his ally, he needed to make an appearance of civility,

“There are things you do not know about Primordial Chaos that make keeping his Throne extremely dangerous. Besides, the purpose of obtaining this Throne was to use it at the right moment. That moment has arrived.”

Primordial Soul frowned and closed her eyes, and Rowan felt an unknown awareness exit his soul shard. He had not been able to detect the movements of her perception, and it was not until she exited his soul that he felt anything.

In an instant, her perception returned, and the gaze she used to observe Rowan changed.

“The agreement I made with you was to fulfil your potential, granting you the power to free me from Oblivion. However, no matter how much you invest in this new Light, it would not have the foundations to stand against Old Light. Have you thought this through? This step you are taking would no longer make you an amusing distraction but a real threat. You are not yet an Old One. Is it worth it?”

All of these rapid-fire questions made Rowan pause. His mind was already made up, but it did not hurt to consider the words of Primordial Soul for a moment. Inside his soul shard, time was almost still, and he could think about his decisions for a while.

Before clashing with the Primordials, Rowan was unaware of the trap they had set in his body and soul. All he knew was that it was there and was most likely powerful enough to kill him if he was not careful.

He could have been careful and slowly discovered the corrupted potion of his power, but Rowan knew there was an opportunity here that, if properly grasped, could lead to an outcome that none of his enemies could expect.

Primordial Soul had spoken to him of his past and the efforts she had taken to shatter his soul origin so he could be merged into Reality. Rowan did not know if he genuinely believed her tale. He could not imagine that his present soul power, which was already so amazing, was just a fraction of his overall capabilities.

Nevertheless, if it turned out to be true, it would be a boon to him, but his focus was never on these unknown pieces of his soul that had been shattered in the past. There were too many suspicious things about this story from Primordial Soul, and the proper focus of his campaign was to steal the Authority that Light had over Reality.

Even Primordial Soul was not aware that Rowan’s focus was on this project. She had believed that Eva was going to cause a slight disruption in heaven and not shake it to the core. Rowan had been able to deceive her because he did not have any memory of this plan; everything had been stored inside Circe.

Primordial Soul tried to argue out of this plan for the last time, saying,

“If I use this Throne, then the possibility of them realizing that I have an influence in Reality would be high, and this would ruin one of the greatest trump cards you have in this battle.”

Rowan shrugged, “I have ways around that, and this is the one I think would work best.”

Flipping his hand, the sealed form of the Eye of Time appeared above his palm,

“Merge this with the core of the Primordial’s Throne, and it would not matter if they believe that this eye had the power to control Chaos or this was a smokescreen on his part to avoid the consequences of supporting me.”

“You are using the eye of my brother to muddle the pool?”

“Precisely,” Rowan nodded, “As you have shown me, the Primordials do not trust each other, and I do not need to create elaborate schemes to deceive them. The best weapon I have against them is their convoluted relationships.”

The eyes of Primordial Soul glinted. “Time would be a great ally to you. Are you sure you want to do this?”

“I am sure he would understand,” Rowan said with a smile that did not reach his eyes.

Chapter 1620: The Hundred Years Agreement

The Primordial of Life tore through space and time, heading towards the emergence of the New Light. Shackled by his waist was the head of the Adjudicator, whose eyes shone as bright as the sun. He was alive and aware, but the consciousness inside of him was different. Now, Asteraoth dwelt within this skull.

In front of them was a massive sun, burning white and red like the two halves of a yin-yang diagram, although countless light years and dimensions separated them, with the speed of a Primordial, it was simply a few steps away.

The face of Primordial Light was twisted in a great frown. To leave his domain without a functional Throne was costly, and he would have to spend a lot of his Essence to push Reality to a state where his consciousness could be allowed to emerge.

If it were for any other reason, Primordial Light would not have left his Domain; he would have taken the time to craft another Throne, no matter how long it took, but events had forced his hand, and it was not just the emergence of a New Light.

To awaken him from his slumber, Primordial Life had slaughtered the Adjudicator, the Throne of Light.

On the surface, this was the right choice for him to make, but such a radical act placed Primordial Life in a bind. His Throne was broken, and if he wanted to regain the pieces of the Adjudicator that were left in the hands of Primordial Memory, it would take too much time, so he had no choice but to ally with Primordial Life.

Primordial Light would have condemned Primordial Life and demanded compensation from him. There were other ways to wake up Primordial Light. Still, none would be quick enough to awaken him before it was too late, so Primordial Light could only swallow his anger and make a deal with Primordial Life that went against his interest.

In this manner, Primordial Light was wrapped under the power of Primordial Life and was being taken to the emergence of this new Light, where Asteroath was going to regain the power of his errant Throne and punish the child who thought himself to be infallible.

Another step forward would bring them to their destination, but someone was waiting for them ahead. Space and time had been sealed and compressed to rest beneath their feet, and if they were to proceed, they would have to pass through this obstacle.

Primordial Life paused, and he frowned, “Eldrithor, you are forbidden from this place.”

Primordial Chaos, Eldrithor, who had sealed off the space and time that could lead to the location of the new Light, looked at the two new arrivals with a smile on his face,

“I can say the same to you, Vorthas, Asteroath. You are out of your domains, and your presence alone has broken the boundary that both of you stringently enforced, especially you, Asteroath. Was it not you who claimed that no one should tamper with the Destinies of the inhabitants? Oh, how the mighty have fallen.”

“Silence!” Asteroath growled, “Step out of the way or I shall shatter your Throne, Eldrithor. You forget your place.”

Eldrithor laughed aloud, “I always thought you were better suited to be Demon, but even after all this time, you have always loved to be in the limelight. Ah, you think I fear you, Asteroath? I AM CHAOS!”

With these words. Primordial Chaos attacked. Dragging it out was impossible. In normal times, perhaps he could match the Throne of Primordial Life in battle, but as it was now, he was outmatched, but he was not here to win, but to delay.

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Primordial Demon was charging at Rowan when he paused and looked into the distance. The clash between the three Primordial Thrones caused such great disturbance in Reality that even those who were not yet born could sense the clash of these titans.

Countless thoughts passed through his eyes, and he turned to Rowan, surprised; however, before he could make any move, the space around him bubbled and shifted as the dove Ouroboros Serpents that had vanished before their clash returned.

They were now surrounding Primordial Demon, and without any buildup, they attacked, Reality shattering underneath their countless fangs.

The tension in Rowan's soul that had reached a breaking point reversed, and his breathing settled. He looked within himself, analyzing the possibility that he could open another circle, but the chance for that was slim. There was too much potential for interference, especially as Primordial Life was near this place.

Rowan shuddered as he felt a chill spread through the last fragment of his soul. He looked down to see that a blade of darkness had pierced his body, accurately locating his singular weakness.

Coughing blood, Rowan laughed, "Amazing, even Light could not detect that fragment of my soul."

Tracing the path of the blade that had just shattered his soul, he saw that it had pierced through the head of Divus, who was guarding him, and also all the heads of his serpents; the path of the weapon was in a straight line.

It was as if when Primordial Demon attacked, all his serpents had simply lined their heads for him to pierce, even the fragment of his soul had shifted to accept the blade.

The serpents roared in rage; such a wound was not enough to kill them, but they were not the target.

Rowan had not forgotten that the talent for battle that Telmus demonstrated came from someone, and yet in the slightest moment where his guard went down, Primordial Demon had struck.

Rowan was not even that upset; such a masterful stroke was something that he did not regret dying under.

He sighed inside of him and gave the final permission to the New Light, "Give them Light, one that is filled with warmth and hope and not the disguises of a thief who drains the life from the bones of mortals and gods alike."

Saying this, the last life in Rowan vanished, and his consciousness began to fade. He fell on his knees, accompanied by the sad cries of the Ouroboros Serpents, who were no longer attacking Primordial Demon but had returned to encircle him, pouring the power of their endless vitality into his body.

The eyes of Eva that was opened and unfocused, shook and something awakened, and the power of the New Light rippled across all creation, and for a moment the battles of the Primordial Thrones ceased, as a new power was born in Reality.

This power was Light, but it was not the same Light that had touched Reality from its inception.

The Old Light had been pure, unchanging, eternal. Separating it from the first flames made this light to be cold and untouchable.

This one was wilder—a flame stoked by struggles, reformed in absence. It burned brighter where the dark had tried to strangle it.

The New Light spoke,

“I REMEMBER.”

The voice of the New Light was fire and fury. It was the cry of the Phoenix closing free from its own ashes.

Such rage, such power born from the broken foundations of light and fire would have cleansed all of creation in a cataclysm of destruction but the eyes of the New Light fell upon the dying form of Rowan, and a gentle beam of light fell upon him, but it could not stoke the remnants of his soul back to life.

Even for the New Light, reversing this body, which had been repeatedly wrecked by the powers of multiple Primordials, was impossible.

Yet it did not stop trying. Multiple beams of light began to pour into Rowan’s body until he began to glow as bright as the sun, and this seemed to be enough to pull back the veil of death away from his body, even if it was for only a moment.

Primordial Demon chuckled coldly as he looked upon Rowan,

“Even after killing you, you are still not dead. It is no wonder that my Throne wants to battle you so badly. Then so be it. I would not chase the remnants of your soul, I know there is still one more left, hidden inside... Circe. You have a hundred years to recover, I and my Throne shall face you in combat; at that time, if you die, everything of yours would be mine. This Agreement works on both ends. What do you say?”

Rowan was silent for a while, and Primordial Demon chuckled, “I don’t know what Agreement you made with Chaos to fight for you. But he had fallen, and your time is running out. I can stop them from reaching you. Guarantee your escape and the success of your plan to create a new Light.”

Nodding his assent to the Agreement, the Primordial Demon smiled as their Wills, as higher-dimensional entities, bound them to this oath.

Primordial Demon left, leaving parting words, “Find somewhere and die in peace, and if possible, become an Old One in a hundred years, but you can reach the level of a Prime, Ah. How thrilling the battle would be.”

Chapter 1621: The Stars Spoke Of Your Arrival

“I will be holding them back for twelve moments. In that time, you should have concluded your operations here, if not, then your Fate is left to you.”

In his heart, Rowan chuckled with anger. At this point, there were three Primordials who had openly made claims to his body, Primordial Memory, Soul, and now Demon. He was sure that the rest also had great interest in his powers,

’But I am not dead yet, and when all this is over, we will know who is standing above it all.’

A hundred years was nothing, a blink of an eye. If Primordial Demon was sincere, the least amount of time he should have given Rowan, a seventh-dimensional immortal, should have been at least a billion years. Even adding his talents to the equation, a million years should have been the right amount of time.

However, Rowan knew that Primordial Demon did not play fair, and expecting anything less from the great demon was foolish.

The Demon knew that Rowan needed the time to escape the hands of his enemies, and he took advantage of it. Rowan would have done the same; perhaps his actions would have been even worse.

He watched Primordial Demon leave. The direction he headed was the location of the battle between three Primordials. Rowan had twelve moments, but he believed he only needed one.

If the New Light were able to establish herself in Reality, then she would be truly immortal, embodying a concept like a Primordial, and become indestructible unless specific grave measures were taken.

Besides, with the acknowledgement of Reality, immortality would not be the only benefit the New Light would acquire; what was more important would be power—the power to change Reality, create something from nothing, and exist as a foundation of Reality, sharing the power of Old Light and, in time, supplanting him.

This was Rowan’s grand experiment. Everything did not go according to his plan. Primordial Light was awakened, and the Thrones of the Primordials turned out to be far more mobile than he previously anticipated.

But if this could work, it would mean he had a way to kill Primordials inside Reality without breaking Reality.

From the brief moment when the representation of Light perished, the entirety of Reality had also perished alongside it. What use was there in fighting the Primordials when the result of killing any one of them would lead to destroying Reality?

Rowan obviously had to find a solution to this predicament, and the birth of the New Light was giving him hope.

Nudging his serpents with his mind to stop feeding him vitality, it was now useless, but they refused to stop, and he sighed with exasperation before forcefully breaking the lines of vitality connected to his body. Turning towards the New Light, Rowan was about to speak when he sensed something inside of him shake.

It took a moment before he realized what it was, and he saw that it was the energy of death that surrounded his body. All these while this energy was linked to the billions of death suns that were swallowing his vitality, including those being given to him by the serpent and also the New Light, but now this feeding frenzy had begun to slow down.

The power of death was beginning to fade.

Something was here... Someone was here... Divus was the first to notice the new presence, and through her eyes, Rowan saw a painted man walking through the darkness.

The space surrounding Rowan grew heavy, thick with the scent of damp soil and long-forgotten graves. Shadows like ink coiled like serpents, slithering from the depths of forgotten crypts, drawn to this figure as if he were a black hole that attracted the energy of death.

Rowan was struck with a feeling of disillusionment. This figure was not an Old One; it was far too powerful to be an Old One, as he had never seen any Old One who could measure a fraction of the presence of this being, and he was not a Throne of a Primordial either; he had come across multiple Thrones. He knew specific characteristics they all shared, and this figure lacked all of those.

Instead, what he reminded him of was a Primordial entity similar to the Primordial Beasts, but not because of the power they controlled, but how they seemed to merge with Reality, as if they were always a part of it.

The heavy Aura of death was so potent that it could affect the death energy around Rowan. Slowly, the aura lifted, and the figure was revealed.

It was a naked man covered in writhing tattoos from his bald head to his toes; even his eyes were filled with tattoos. Rowan's senses were full, but through the perception of his serpents, he could not decipher the whole intent behind these tattoos because every strand of perception that touched this living ink decayed.

This sensation was extremely weird for Rowan, but he stopped trying after a while. Instead, he allowed the senses of his serpents to slowly decipher the aura of the tattoos. With his perfect memory, Rowan would be able to break apart the mysteries behind this man.

If he was aware of Rowan's senses digging into his tattoos, he gave no indication; instead, his eyes were only for Eva. As Rowan watched him come closer, he noticed that tears as black as night were slowly falling from this stranger's eyes.

"If I did not see it with my two eyes, I would not have believed it was possible. My return is no longer a waste. Fate has brought me to the right moment."

The stranger's voice was rough, like nails digging into Rowan's ears, but that was not as alarming as his language—Enochian.

Every word he spoke carried intense power, but this power was not broadcasting into Reality in a manner that would break it; instead, it was merging with Reality in a fascinating process that would have kept Rowan spellbound for ages.

"You, the stars, spoke to me that you would bring change. Eosah came to me in my dreams, and her cries no longer held pain but joy. Are you the maker of my joy? Are you the one I was to herald?"

Chapter 1622: The New Light (End of Volume.)

Language has power, especially higher-dimensional language, which can transmit a lot of information with a few words. Rowan had encountered many higher-dimensional languages, from Medan spoken by higher gods and the Primordial Dimensions to the language of the Primordials themselves, which had various variants but was still equally as powerful.

There was one language that drew his interest, and he was always wary of it, which was the Enochian Language. It had the ability to contain Reality-breaking powers in every syllable, but Rowan had never tried to pursue mastery of this language, even though it would multiply his spell-casting capabilities.

Something about the language always felt wrong, even broken, and despite all the advantages it could give him, he never had any intention to develop it.

Until this tattooed man spoke.

He used the Enochian language, but his variant of the language was different; it was complete and incredibly harmonious, which was demonstrated by the way it sank into the space around them.

Immediately, Rowan knew that this was the original language of Reality, the one that was closest to its nature. What had long been available had been twisted by the Primordials to become something so perverse and broken that Rowan, who was not against any form of power, became incredibly wary of it.

However, all of these discoveries paled in comparison to hearing the word: Eosah.

When Rowan evolved to the level of Origin, his physique, which had reached the limit of Reality, had transformed as he gained a new potential, which was the ability to compress all of his powers into one Eos.

One of the reasons that Primordials could not freely roam Reality was due to the sheer size of their attributes, so they had to utilize Thrones. Even their Thrones had their attributes set to a level that would not break Reality.

With the growth of Rowan's attributes, he was well on his way to becoming like a Primordial. Each of his individual attributes had reached 999,999,999 in value. For any other immortal, this would be a terrifying number. Rowan was sure that even the Thrones of the Primordials would not be able to have such exaggerated stats, and this was not even adding the fact that each of his stats was many times more impactful than those of a normal immortal.

As he evolved and his body grew more bizarre and powerful, each point of his attributes grew alongside him. At his Origin level, a single point of his stats was equal to a ten million points for an ordinary immortal and the only reason his body could still roam Reality was that it did not matter how strong his attributes were, as long as it did not reach or exceed the billion point mark, he would be free from the shackles of Reality.

Before gaining the power of Eos, Rowan had already began making plans to allow his Reflections take his place in Reality while his main body remained in a hidden dimension, but Eos broke this limit, shrinking his entire attributes into one Eos, and allowing him to begin accumulating stats once more, and when he reached his limits, those attributes would be folded into a second Eos.

Before this battle, Rowan had not upgraded his abilities to the level of two Eos, and this was deliberate because he knew that the battle would cost him, and he was unwilling to allocate resources into his body that would be a waste.

Still, Rowan knew that Eos would become one of his most significant powers in the future, but for a being like him whose powers were as plentiful as the stars in the sky, he did not hold any power as Supreme, they were either useful or not useful in the given situation he was trying to solve.

Eos was powerful, but Rowan considered it simply one of the upgrades that came with his powers. He had other abilities similar to this one, but the word Eosah triggered a resonance with Eos, and with the power of a higher-dimensional language, Rowan was thrust into the past.

“No! I cannot fall into this vision, not yet, I am not safe.”

With a burst of willpower that could shake creation, Rowan shook himself from the hypnotic effects of this stranger’s words and found the man looking at him with an appreciative gaze.

A brief flash of fury swept through his consciousness but was swiftly suppressed. Rowan asked the man, and the language he used was the same Enochian that he had spoken.

“Who are you?”

“All your questions I shall answer, but we must leave. You have shown me the path to the future, and together we can rebuild from the ashes. My name is Noctis, and I am the Herald. I come bearing death and salvation.”

Pointing upwards, the heavens shattered and a grand castle descended, the weight of its presence was so vast that the flames of the New Light above rippled. Rowan estimated that just the ripple of the aura emerging from the surface of this castle had reached the level of a Primordial’s Throne.

A powerful suction force that was all-encompassing covered the New Light and Rowan, and they vanished. The tattooed man looked into the distance where the Primordials were battling, and he sneered before he vanished.

Precisely twelve moments later, space rippled, and the Adjudicator stepped through. However, this form was possessed by Primordial Memory and was much weaker than the body that was slaughtered inside the domain of Primordial Light.

He looked around and gave a dark chuckle. With a wave of his hand, Primordial Memory shattered space, time, and fate around this area, ensuring that the events that took place here could no longer be deciphered.

Touching his forehead, he eradicated this body, ensuring there was nothing to tie him to this sabotage.

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The New Light may have vanished from Reality, but her touch remained, and her dominion was growing.

She had awakened with fire and fury, which rippled out throughout creation, as the New Light did not restore what was broken but remade it.

The battle of dominion was cruel and all-encompassing, and if the New Light wanted to hold a space in creation, all old things must be broken, and a new one must be made from the ashes.

Reality was like a sunless sea that had finally met the light of a burning sun for the first time as it boiled into golden mist, from which poured countless new lifeforms that had embraced the warmth of the New Light.

Dead gods, angels, demons, mortals, titans, and all sorts of life forms that had ever lived writhed in their graves as their flesh became kindling for the new dawn. Materials were needed to create a new foundation, and from the dead came that foundation, willfully given for the glory of the light.

The effect of this sacrifice was drastic, as all of Reality celebrated the rising of a new day. Coupled with the increase in the level of Primordial Essence flooding Reality, many began to believe that the rise of the New Light was the cause of this change.

However, as much as this light brought warmth and growth, its fury was not to be underestimated. This light was not gentle; it was hungry, a thing of change as well as destruction.

Furious at the death of all she knew, the New Light purged Reality. It seared away the rot that had festered during the time of the Old Light, where the sun gave no warmth to the soul, and the dead could only find solace in the cold hands of the Primordial Keepers.

Whether Reality wanted it to or not, the New Light did not care. She burned away all traces of corruption that she could find.

But there were places where the Light could not touch. Across all Primordial Domains, the glow of the Old Light still remained, and in many hidden corners of Reality where foul beings had learned to utilize the light to hide their misdeeds, they did not seek the warmth of this new light; instead, they feared it and ran away from it.

Not everyone embraced change, even if it would lead to the betterment of their lives. Contented to languish in this hell that they recognize, the call of the New Light went unanswered.

Yet this would not remain the same for long. The Old Light had reawakened, and his rage knew no bounds. Everything that had been taken away from him would be returned with great interest attached to it.

The New Light was not willing to leave a blemish behind to mar the face of the creation she wanted to achieve.

And so even as her Light cleansed Reality, even as Reality gasped back to life from the brief moment where everything was collapsing into darkness, the New Light left scars behind, with a message.

This message could be found in the bones of the earth, in the dreams of kings, in the blood of all those who survived the long darkness, where Old Light had reigned Supreme,

“I AM THE MEMORY OF FIRE. I AM THE FIRST PULSE. I AM LIGHT ETERNAL. THE DARKNESS RISES, WAR COMES FOR ALL THE LIVING, BUT MY CHILDREN, YOU WILL BE READY. BEWARE, THOSE WHO DWELL IN DARKNESS, FOR YOU SHALL BE DRAGGED KICKING AND SCREAMING INTO THE LIGHT.”

End of volume.

Chapter 1623: The Titan’s Ship

Chapter 1623: The Titan’s Ship

EIGHTY YEARS AFTER THE BIRTH OF NEW LIGHT.

A massive dimensional ship stretching for millions of miles traversed through the void of the Great Darkness, heading towards a distant sixth-dimensional realm.

A dimensional ship of this size could hold billions, but within this ship were only a hundred, and these hundred were Titans. Ancient Titans that once walked among Reality were exterminated during the Primordial War, but a hundred sleeping Titans dwelt in this ship.

This dimensional ship resembled a colossal cathedral, with a sleek, angular hull adorned with arcane runes that glowed as it cut its way through space and time.

The arcane runes caused the ship to appear as if it was fading in and out of Reality, but that was due to the dimensionally forged alloy that plated the ship, which was capable of withstanding dimensional rifts and cosmic forces.

The sleeping Titans were in reinforced docking cradles to protect and isolate them from Reality because the Great Darkness was no longer a safe place. If these measures were not taken, it was very likely that these Titans would not reach their destination.

All hundred Titans were eighth-dimensional entities, Old Ones of unfathomable power, but in the current state of Reality, they could not be assured of safety if proper care was not taken.

In the core of the ship was its spirit, an intelligence nurtured for billions of years to pilot all the Titans’ dimensional ships, more than a hundred of which were under its control.

In the last decade alone, a dozen of these ships have been lost, and every loss was a crushing blow to the Titan's dominion, because they were nearly irreplaceable.

Reality was changing, with new and powerful resources being born out of relatively thin air, but not quickly enough to satisfy the endless appetite to produce a single dimensional ship. Hence, resources had to be carefully managed.

The ship's intelligence was surveilling the darkness until it detected suspicious activities ahead. After some quick analysis, it was determined that they had been detected.

Readying itself for battle, it sent a quick burst of data to the ship's captain, the Divine Titan, Ximos.

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Ximos was inside his mental space, dreaming of battle.

He was born in an endless war, moulded by it, from the moment he opened his eyes and drew his first breath, slaughter had been his closest companion.

His Destiny shivered, and he knew the call of the ship was coming many moments before it happened, and so he pulled out of the slaughter inside his mental space, expecting something much more real, and maybe more disappointing.

Not everyone had eight Major Eras to perfect the act of combat, and although Reality was changing fast, and its inhabitants growing more dangerous, there were few things that could beat out the experience that was gained through time.

Ximos's eyes opened, and in them was nothing but darkness. The orbs of his eyes were blacker than night because he was born in the depths of the Abyss before the Primordials stole it from them.

Armor made from refined Archon Magic pulsed and groaned around his massive sixteen-kilometer body as he undocked from his cradle.

For a being of his size, Ximos moved with supernatural agility. His body did not seem bound by gravity or any external forces. He appeared humanoid, but with his eight arms and broad batlike wings folded behind him, Ximos was a True Titan born from the blood of Xanthul, the Torch Dragon.

Connecting his mind to the ship, he boosted his perception to the limit, and like a blooming flower, his mind escaped from the boundaries of the ship, crossing time and space, and saw the source of the disturbance.

There was a battle fortress ahead of them that had not existed when the space ahead had been scanned, a few Dimensional Cycles ago.

This fortress if compared to their ship was crudely made, but what it lacked in engineering and Arcane ingenuity, it made up with power and a lot of high-level materials. From the brief touch of his perception, Ximos could feel so much energy compacted in the fortress that only a Reality of today could hold.

“Like children playing with the first flames,” Ximos growled. Yet this did not mean that whoever was in the fortress was not dangerous; for a warrior like Ximos, it was the opposite. Those with great power who did not know how to use it were more often than not dangerous.

Ximos did not crudely push his perception into the fortress; that could have been easily detected. For a Titan of his lineage, he had better tools.

With his perception locked onto the fortress, his eyes, which were blacker than night, suddenly changed state, and they blazed brighter than any star in the sky.

The fortress seemed to melt before his gaze, and the secrets it held within were revealed. With his connection with the ship’s intelligence, he had a steady update of information on what he was looking at. Using his omniscience alongside his vision would surely trigger those within the fortress, and he had to depend on the ship.

It did not take long for the ship to search through the Aether, connecting to various information hubs, and his answers were given to him.

The Omicron Berserkers: A new faction that has risen up in the Ascher Quadrants with an ancient history that followed the line of the Hollow Emperor.

This faction has risen with the presence of a hundred Primordial Vortices in their domain, and they have gathered a wide variety of races under them.

Threat Assessment: Relatively Dangerous.

They have a few peak-level powerhouses who remain firmly within their domains, but the presence of a hundred Primordial Vortices in their control has led to the birth of millions of Old Ones.

The Hischer Fortress: Built from the core of an Abyssal Champion and a billion-dimensional alloy. This fortress was made to hold back the destruction of a million dimensions. Presently holding a thousand Old Ones and billions of lesser dimensional entities. It is primed for war.

Recommendation: We find an alternate route towards Origin.

Ximos dwelled on the recommendation of his ship for a moment before he discarded it. His instincts were telling him that the presence of the Hischer Fortress on their route was not a random occurrence.

They were not the only ones who desired to reach Origin, and if they wasted time trying to find another route, Ximos feared that they would still encounter other Fortresses who would block them.

“Ship, how many Battle Fortresses are controlled by the Omicron Berserkers?”

There was barely a pause before a reply came to him,

“The Leader of the Omicron Berserker, Ranthul the Builder, is suspected to be a former Celestial Creator of the Old Light, and controls the Supreme Divine Ability, Hollow

Forge.

Accurate assessment of the number of Fortresses cannot be given, but it is estimated to be within a hundred to three hundred.”

Ximos frowned before he made a decision; they had already been detected. Perhaps those in the fortress did not know that this was a Titan’s ship because its signature was extremely low, appearing more like a small frigate than a massive dimensional ship. They would send someone to investigate the anomaly heading towards them soon.

The Divine Titan gave his instructions,

“Awaken, my brothers, we go through them.”

NOTE: Dimensional Cycles would be a new term that would be used for the passage of time in Reality. We are now fully in the multi-dimensional stage of the story, and this is a way to reflect this change.

Chapter 1624: Titan’s Might

Chapter 1624: Titan’s Might

In the void of the Great Darkness, where countless dimensions flicker like dying embers, the Hischer Fortress of the Omicron Berserkers drifts.

The titans may see its construction as substandard, but few crafts could match the levels of a titan; however, this fortress was a stronghold that was hard to match in Reality.

With a size bigger than an average sun, this fortress had spires that gleamed with enchanted alloys, walls hummed with arcane wards, and members of the Omicron Berserkers lived within its walls.

Pulled from a million dimensions were powerful immortals, ageless warriors, Supreme gods, and mutated dimensional creatures, all in service to the Omicron Berserkers.

They stood here to guard the path towards Origin, the bulwark against the storm, and in the last seven-dimensional cycles, they had destroyed a thousand challengers.

But a storm was coming.

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Ximos led his brothers to battle. Their dimensional ship dug its way into the void to avoid being caught in the apocalyptic storm that was about to be unleashed. Titans were known for many things, but subtlety in battle was not one of them.

A hundred Titans, each a mountain of flesh, armor, and primordial fury, surged through the cosmic dark. Their formation was like an arrowhead, and Ximos was in the lead.

They moved in silence, covered by arcane runes that muted their presence for as long as possible, until they reached a few Light years away from the fortress. A lightning wave surged across them, shattering the runes that hid their presence. The fortress had detected the Titans, but it was already too late. A few Light years was nothing to eighth-dimensional beings.

The hundred Titans were revealed, some of them clad in plates of star-forged iron, others were wreathed in all manner of elemental energies, their eyes burned like dying suns, indicating their bloodline of the Torch Dragon.

Their presence had been revealed, and so there was no longer any need for subtlety. They roared, and the void trembled.

The Omicron Berserkers were a faction forged by battle in this period of endless conflict. They had detected a presence far in the distance, and it was still being investigated, but in the blink of an eye, an army of Titans was at their doorstep.

The spiritual intelligence of the Hischer Fortress activated the runic force fields around it.

Such a move should have been carried out relatively slowly because of the sheer amount of power needed for it, but the Hischer Fortress had enough power for such a drastic move.

The wisdom of this move was displayed when the forcefield trembled as massive asteroids the size of worlds slammed into it. The charging Titans had reached into the void, pulled out dense blocks of metallic alloys, and thrown them towards the Hischer Fortress.

If the forcefield had been delayed a fraction in its setup, the damage the fortress would have endured would have been catastrophic.

The fortress trembled, and the members of the Omicron Berserkers, all forged in battle with a powerful consciousness, knew they were under attack and the might of their attackers, and they immediately retaliated.

After a thousand battles, everyone knew their positions and the right move to make. The immortal sorcerers made the first move, a hundred Old Ones with hundreds of millions of disciples under them pooling their powers to send out spells of disintegration lance.

In the horrifying battles they had endured, only spells of this level were powerful enough to combat the adversaries they faced, and only massive formations like these could release enough power to unleash them.

Dozens of red beams burst out of the fortress, tore through space, and slammed into the Titans, shearing limbs from their colossal bodies. Blood enough to fill an ocean burst out from the Titans' bodies, but they did not stop their movements.

A Titan, his chest and half his head ripped open by a beam of disintegration energy, merely laughed as his divine body was knitted back together. The same thing happened to the other injured Titans; their vitality was something that not even the power of disintegration could extinguish.

The void rippled with the laughter of the Titans as they grew closer to the fortress, drawing in an increasing number of attacks, in an attempt to slow down the charge of the Titans, but it was to no avail. The fortress might have quickly responded to the incoming threat, but they still needed more time to prepare their offensive.

A burst of will erupted from the Titan Ximos as he connected to his brothers and drew upon their strength. With it, he created a massive blaze blazing with purple flames that shook space for countless trillions of miles.

He roared as he pointed a dozen of his fingers towards the fortress, "TIDAL SMASH!"

A blue wave of force erupted from the bodies of the hundred Titans, channeled by Ximos to take the shape of a crescent arc, blasted towards the fortress, tearing apart the beams of disintegration before impacting into the shield, making the entire energy field light up as bright as the sun.

"BOOOM!"

Ximos was the first Titan to slam into the shield, followed by a dozen other Titans who, in the next moment, also rammed into the shield. Their momentum and weight drilled an expanding hole in the shield, and the Titans had a gateway to the fortress.

The powerful voice of Ximos blasted through space and time, shaking the entire fortress, "KILL!"

The length of the titan bodies were measured in kilometers, and when a hundred of them bypassed the forcefield of the fortress and slammed into it, the enchanted bulwarks that had held back the forces of ten thousand dimensions were shattered, as the Titans tore their way into it, their roar filled with the lust for battle and slaughter.

Ximos, at the forefront, suddenly bent his body backward from the waist, his massive body defying all rules about a creature of his size. His brothers behind him followed his lead, but five of them were too slow, and their heads rolled from their bodies. A clean, invisible strike had decapitated them.

Their hands reached weakly for their heads as vitality rushed out of their bodies faster than usual.

A Titan roared, “Immortal Champions!” even as he slammed the hilt of his great axe into the ground, sending out a massive shockwave that destabilized the space and revealed the presence of millions of immortal champions led by three hundred Old Ones clad in Celestial armor of gold and light.

There would have been a time when such Celestial metal would only decorate the bodies of higher order Angels, but those times had passed, and these Old Ones, the Immortal Champions, all wore this armor.

“Bulwark Formation! Give them time to heal.” Ximos commanded as they surrounded the wounded Titans, who were struggling to reattach or regrow their heads.

Bright, feminine laughter erupted from the central area of the fortress: “Too late... Die for the Omicron Berserkers!”

The air shivered, and above the Titan’s defensive formation, a supermassive black hole spell was cast, fueled by the will of a billion immortals.

Reality cracked and then exploded as a dozen Titans were grabbed by the event horizon of the black hole and sucked within. Their roar of rage was silenced as they were crushed into smithereens. The spell vanished, and only three Titans were left. Nine of them had not survived. They willfully gave up their vitality so that these three would be able to make it.

Ximos’ eyes grew red with rage a moment before the Fortress’s hidden central weapon activated—an ancient relic of annihilation, the design stolen from the Celestial Forge that created the Destroyers.

It was a pale imitation, but the beam of pure cosmic erasure that lanced out of it and slammed into the formation of the Titans was extremely frightening. Half of the power storage in the fortress was wiped out in an instant.

Twenty Titans were vaporized in an instant; they did not even know when they perished. A loud cheer rang out from the defenders of the fortress as the beam of annihilation continued pounding on the formation of the Titans, and their life force was winking out one by one.

Ximos was in the center of the maelstrom. Half his body had melted, but the light shining in his eyes had grown brighter. With a growl, he chanted the ancient Enochian word for slaughter, drew in a deep breath, and the beam of annihilation was drawn into his mouth, which he swallowed.

There was silence for a single beat, as the defenders could not understand what had just happened. They could only see that the body of the half-melted Titan at the center was gradually growing brighter, and then Ximos opened his mouth and unleashed destruction.

From his mouth emerged not only the beam of annihilation, but the black hole spell, the slicing wave of power that decapitated five titans, the red beams of disintegration that had been used against them from the beginning of the battle...

Ximos roared and rotated his body, his power tearing through the fortress, killing millions with every passing moment as something more terrifying began to happen.

All of the Titans that had previously perished began to return. As several waves of death energy were blasted out of Ximos' mouth, it was as if he was returning the death that had been dealt to his brothers.

Ximos' body also began to heal. When his roar ended, half of the fortress was destroyed, and he fell to his knees in tiredness. His brothers covered him in a defensive and healing formation to quicken his recovery, which did not take long, as six moments later, Ximos stood up.

"Forward. We wipe them out today. Origin is ours."

Chapter 1625: Evolution In Battle

In the central spire of the Hischer Fortress, just above the core weapon that could unleash the annihilation beam, a portal winked open.

For this portal to open, there must be two casualties. The first would be if the annihilation cannon were used, and the second would be if half the occupants of a fortress were killed in a short amount of time.

In less than twenty moments, these two conditions were fulfilled, and this portal opened that led directly to the core area of the Omicron Berserker's faction.

A being of light, through this portal that had a thousand wings. Zaphiel, the Burning Heart. Once a Celestial Creator, now a leader in the Omicron Berserker faction, Zaphiel would be summoned when any unexpected and dangerous crisis occurred in the properties of the faction.

A single eye appeared on his head, and his perception swept through the fortress,

“Titans? Interesting, so the children of the Primordial Beasts are being resurrected.”

A Seraphim appeared below the Celestial Creator and went on her knees while stretching out her six arms outwards in supplication,

“Creator, the strength of the opposition we face is unexpected, and we cannot win without your support.”

Zaphiel frowned. He was also wary of the strength displayed by these Titans, and he could not be sure if he could win.

“But doesn’t this make it more interesting? Clearly, they are in search of Origin, and no one is allowed to reach it before us.”

Turning to the Seraphim, he ordered, “Do not reduce the resistance; instead, draw them to me. I shall bless this fortress with my gift of endurance and precision. Do not fear, for they shall not leave this place alive. I shall break their spell.”

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Ximos and his Titans pushed deeper into the fortress. The defenders, learning from their previous mistake that allowed the Titans to decimate half of their number and kill nearly a hundred Old Ones, were no longer unleashing large, devastating moves that could be absorbed by the Titans. Instead, they were seeking to restrict and kill them with precise moves that, even if reversed, would not damage them too badly.

But this kept them on the back foot, and the Titans decimated their numbers. Millions perished, and more of the fortress was being destroyed, and it would seem that it would not be for long before it all collapsed, when the wave of Zaphiel Celestial’s voice rippled through the fortress and entered the hearts of all its defenders.

Celestial spells took many forms, but among the most powerful were those associated with their songs because they resonated with their core identity as beings of light and beauty.

The song of Zaphiel rippled through the defenders, giving them strength and grace, and it tore through the arcane magic of the Titans, suppressing it within their bodies, countering the spells that made them immortal.

Zaphiel could not break the spell, but he could neutralize it long enough that it would no longer matter.

The battle in an instant underwent a transformation, and the Titans who had been tearing through the ranks of the Omicron Defenders with relative ease found themselves mired under waves of crushing opposition.

If before they were fighting against loose sand, now they face metal, as the defenders with the precision of eternity and the grace of a Seraphim—every strike was flawless, every spell devastating.

The Titans began to fall, one by one. Each took a million lives with them, but the spell that Ximos used to reverse their deaths was locked into the bodies of the fallen, and so their numbers began to thin.

However, the Titans embodied endless wrath, and when they discovered that their spells could no longer draw them back from death, it was transformed and now the spell began boosting the powers of those that were alive, and for every Titan that fell, those that remained had their entire abilities boosted by a large amount.

One of the Titans, receiving several boosts from the fallen, began to evolve into a Titan Battle Form. A state where the Aspect embodied by the Titan was fully fused with them, almost bringing them to the level of Concept!

It did not take long for several of the Titans to also begin their evolution in the midst of battle. The first Titan who began his evolution transformed into a beast of regenerating shadows that swallowed all the attacks of the defenders of the fortress, and his form was impossible to disperse.

The Titan tore through the defenders, consuming their essence to fuel its growth. Before long, it had transformed into a shadow storm that extended for thousands of kilometers and consumed everything in its path. Under the order from Ximos, it took to the skies to consume the spells that had not stopped raining down on them from the defenders while extending tentacles of shadows to consume anything it could reach.

Another Titan became a volcanic leviathan, and this evolution seemed to be common as three other Titans took this form and they all merged together and flooded the ground, devouring all in a fiery deluge that seemed unending.

Several more transformations took place as the Titans evolved into elemental forms that thoroughly decimated their opposition. Nothing could stand against them, and the fortress began to collapse. The defenders' cries reached the heavens, and a bloody haze filled all of space and time.

Every dead was immortal, and so their blood and souls were powerful. Their demise left visible echoes in space and time that warped the surroundings.

It was inevitable that the Titans would reach the central core of the fortress. After killing one of the last of the defenders, an Immortal Warrior, by pulling out his head from his golden shell, Ximos walked into the massive hall where the annihilation cannon of the Hisher Fortress dwelt. He beheld the form of the Celestial Creator, who, with folded arms, was waiting for them.

Memories of the past flooded through Ximos's mind. He remembered the endless fields of battle where his brothers and sisters were slaughtered under the gaze of Primordial Light, and the hearts of the Titans were used to build their realms.

Ximos did not say anything, even though a thousand words were burning to escape his tongue. Instead, he reached for the eternal connection he had with his brothers.

In this battle, fourteen of them had fallen, and with the sinister spell of the Celestial, it was impossible for them to be resurrected.

All of that pain and death was drawn to him, and the evolution in the bodies of his brothers was reversed, leaving him alone to enjoy the benefits of a boosted attribute.

With all of this power flooding his veins, Ximos began to evolve. His eyes shone bright before lightning exploded from them.

A lightning that rose into the air like snakes before falling back into his body, and he shed his mortal form, and his massive divine armor no longer held flesh but a being made from pure lightning.

Ximos became a Titan of storms, and stretching his hand to the side, a massive hammer of thunder and lightning took shape and nestled into his grip.

Zaphiel laughed, "Very good. This is what it feels like to battle a real Titan. I shall enjoy killing you and your brothers."

Chapter 1626: Unknown Space

Chapter 1626: Unknown Space

Zaphiel reached into his chest and drew out a blade made from shattered timelines. This weapon had been plundered from the shattered remnants of Heaven during the war. He had been lucky to find this Throne-level weapon near the core of heaven, and the blade was one of the reasons he was still alive to this day and had gained so much power.

There was no talk between the being of light and the Storm Titan; they simply blurred across the distance, and their weapons clashed.

"BOOM!"

A thin, long line filled with the power of destruction tore across the point of impact between the two weapons. It sliced the fortress in two, before a wave of force exploded outwards, flinging both parties back and causing further devastation around them.

Zaphiel laughed as the Storm Hammer wielded by the Titan cracked before shattering,

“You dare stand against me with a Proto-Source level weapon? This is Eschaton, a share of broken time, capable of severing Fate itself! You shall not leave this place alive.”

Ximos growled and threw away the broken hammer. The clash had ripped its innate resilience apart. He reached beside him and pulled out another Storm Hammer that was exactly the same as the one that had been destroyed.

Seeing this new weapon, the Celestial Creator laughed, “So, the rumors are true. The Titans have awakened Terra, and your vaults are overflowing with treasures. Shame that before the might of heaven, everything you own is nothing.”

Ximos clasped his Storm Hammer with both hands, summoning a thunderstorm that swept throughout the broken fortress and extended far into space,

“Heaven has fallen,” he roared, his voice like a thunderstorm, “and all of you pitiful relics will fall with it.”

The Titan’s body blurred forward, and another frightening clash occurred, pushing everyone away, except for Zaphiel and Ximos, whose weapons were locked together, and waves of devastation bursting out from them endlessly.

The Celestial Creator had grown in size to match the Titan and manifested more arms to match it. With a roar, Zaphiel’s arms began weaving a spell that manifested faster than Ximos could perceive. It slammed into the Titan with bone-breaking force, tearing apart his armor and flinging him for miles.

Raising his blade, Zaphiel laughed aloud, “You are a relic, and your dominion is dust. In this new Era, you shall all return to nothing.”

Ximos shook off the blast’s effect, his eyes darker than night, even in his body made from lightning, observing the Celestial Creator and his weapon. He grinned, the feelings of old returning as he felt the fury of creation reawakening in his veins.

There was a part of him that was still wary about challenging the Celestials, knowing that there was an invincible figure behind them, but those ages had passed, and a new one had dawned, one where it was possible to no longer hold back against the Light.

’It is time for all of creation to remember why the Titans are feared.”

Ximos discarded his storm hammer and took up a blade of lightning. He had mastered every weapon, but with a sword, Ximos was supreme, and no Titan could match him.

The Celestial Creator crossed space and time and appeared before Ximos in a golden flash, his blade swinging down faster than the senses could follow, but Ximos with a blade was a different beast. He raised his lightning blade in a parry, and the shockwave from that clash decimated everything that was left of the fortress.

Pulling on the power of his ancient blood, Ximos moved faster than time should allow, his blade carving a wound in Reality itself.

The profound slice passes through Zaphiel's chest, nearly cutting the Celestial Creator in two, but instead of blood, a blast of light that a supernova erupted from the screaming Celestial, and Ximos plunged his blade into Reality so that he would not be flung into the distance.

Knowing not to allow the enemy time to breathe, Ximos plunged into the fiery streams of light blasting out from the Celestial, his blade moving a dance as it tore through Zaphiel three more times, despite the Celestial blocking and parrying with Supreme skills.

Inside Ximos' chest, a mouth was chanting spells, and when the chanting was complete, Ximos took a step back and unleashed a maelstrom of black lightning.

This lightning was death energy squeezed into the Aspect that Ximos favoured, lightning. It was so powerful that Zaphiel, in the midst of abject agony, knew that a direct hit would kill him.

"You are not worthy!" the Celestial Creator screamed, and Reality seemed to slow to a crawl as Zaphiel began to weave through the black lightning bolts. However, several struck his wings, vaporizing hundreds of them in a fiery blaze of destruction that made the Celestial scream in pain, his voice echoing across multiple dimensions.

With a roar of anger, Zaphiel slammed his blade into Reality, and the entirety of space and time for countless light years lurched as Reality was twisted into knots. Ximos' body zipped haphazardly in space, no longer able to control his movements and breaking his attacking momentum.

Zaphiel roared as he drew out Eschaton and invoked its core spell, "Eschaton Rervizhah Kyelih!"

Reality shattered, and Ximos and Zaphiel were drawn into the cracks; their screams of rage vanished as Reality zipped shut.

The Titans and the remnants of the Omicron Berserkers left behind could not enter this region of twisted space, and after waiting for a while, they all retreated in wait for the u could detect with their bloodline connection that their leaders were not dead.

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Ximos and Zaphiel were deeply embroiled in battle, but it did not stop their perception from sweeping around, and what they discovered in that moment was that these two, who were locked in mortal combat, broke from their fight as they looked around in shock.

Zaphiel had never been forced to use the core spell of Eschaton before, and he had only a surface idea of what it was capable of, but in the moment of great danger he had not thought twice before invoking the power of this blade, and now they found themselves in a place that was almost impossible to be described.

Without any prompting, Ximos and Zaphiel restricted the energy fluctuation from their bodies, and they shrank from the size of kilometers to barely a hundred feet tall.

The first reason they took this action was the dense flow of energy in this place. These words were not used lightly. Both of these beings were among the most powerful of the Old Ones, and in this new age where previous barriers were being broken, they had grown more powerful over the years. Yet the energy in their surroundings was so dense that it was almost impossible for them to understand how such a thing was possible.

They withdrew the energy function around their bodies because they understood that in an environment like this, which was so dense with energy, the possibility of powerful entities and incredible dangers was most certain.

The most dangerous thing was to stand out in this sort of place.

Their surroundings were strange. Above them were echoes of a thousand Realities, as if they were in a mirror dimension that could endlessly reflect all sorts of possibilities.

The skies were filled with red stars that reflected Ximos and Zaphiel's past. Some of them they recognized, others they did not. It was as if they were witnessing alternate timelines and possibilities of how their lives could have been.

Below them was an endless sea of black that had a pungent smell in one moment and an incredibly sweet smell in another. Ximos and Zaphiel's perception expanded for countless light years, and they could not see the end or beginning of this space.

Ximos growled, his voice was low, "Get us out of here, and we will leave your people in peace."

Zaphiel shook his head, "We cannot leave for the moment. Using that core spell took a lot of essence and aetherium, and it would be a while before I could passively regenerate that amount of power again. Besides, what makes you think I would want to leave this place?"

Ximos' eyes flashed in irritation, "You should have means to regain your energy much quicker. I am a child of the Torch Dragon, so you should have a slight measure of the

talent of our Titan's race, and my sight tells me that we need to leave, or we will perish here."

The note of urgency in the voice of Ximos could not be faked, and Zaphiel would be foolish to ignore the words of a Titan, especially when his own instincts were practically screaming at him that he was inside the jaws of a beast.

Zaphiel smiled self-deprecatingly and revealed to Eschaton that he had been hiding all these while. Ximos's eyes squinted as he realized that the blade was beginning to shatter.

The destruction appeared slight, but it seemed that it was unceasing,

"I fear that I have brought us to a very dangerous place, and my blade can no longer bring us out of here."

Chapter 1627: Give Me Your Eye

Ximos was shocked when he saw the state of the blade. A sudden suspicion made him check the energy stores in his flesh, which were Essence and his Mental Space, Aetherium. He was shocked to discover that they were running low.

His Essence was burning faster than his Aetherium, but he could regenerate his Essence much more quickly than he could ever regain his Aetherium, and so Ximos was not too concerned with the expenditure as long as he was not in battle.

If he were to engage in any activity that required him to burn Essence, recovery would be almost impossible, given the nature of this space.

However, Zaphiel's position was even worse than the Titan's. His physique was weaker than the Titan's, hence his resistance to this place's strange devouring effect.

He was losing a lot of Essence and Aetherium at nearly three times as much as Ximos was losing, and as a Celestial Creator, he should have been connected to the Legions under his command, giving him a nearly infinite source of energy, but he was cut off from his Legion while inside this space.

Placing the weapon away to slow down its deterioration, Zaphiel turned to the Titan: "We cannot stay here for long; we need to move. Perhaps into one of these dimensions above. Something tells me that we cannot enter this Black Sea; it is death."

Ximos did not reply. His eyes were trained towards the Black Sea: "Something is watching us."

The Titan pointed towards a certain point in the darkness, and Zaphiel focused his perception on that spot, understanding that the eyes of a Titan were powerful. A faint

glimpse of a presence inside the sea was opening up in his consciousness when his head exploded. His hand reached out weakly as if he was trying to grab his salvation, but his body suddenly lost all hint of life, and he fell into the black sea and evaporated into nothing.

Zaphiel, the Burning Heart, Celestial Creator, and a pillar of the Omicron Berserkers, was dead.

This wound was nothing for a Celestial Creator, but in this place where Reality had gone mad and an unknown entity was dwelling in the black sea, even Celestial Creators must guard their sight.

Ximos drew in a deep breath and flew higher. With his perception, he had detected a presence looking at them, and to test the waters, he showed Zaphiel the position where he had detected the presence. But never would he have expected that merely looking at it deeply would lead to death.

Cursing in anger, Ximos decided to follow the words of the fallen Celestial Creator and leave through one of the mirror dimensions above. However, a sound drew his attention, and he could not help but look below him. He saw a man standing on the surface of the Black Sea.

The man appeared desiccated, like a corpse left in the desert heat for a thousand years. His long red hair was sparse and clumped together, and his bony figure swayed upon the surface of the sea. However, this was not the strangest thing about this man; it was the fact that he resembled a one-dimensional paper cutout.

Ximos' body shook as his very own essence screamed, and his body gained a life of its own,

“No one stands above the Creator!”

His body was dragged down to the surface of the black sea, and he was forced to his knees. An incredible amount of pain radiated through every part of him, and he would be screaming if he were able to.

He was going to die, whatever was here was so powerful, their might must rival a Primordial, however from the throbbing in his eyes and bloodline, he could sense a faint sense of connection to this being, and knowing there was nothing to lose, Ximos called out with all the strength in his being while struggling to bow further,

“My lord, I am Ximos Eratkul, descendant of the Torch Dragon. It was not my intention to disturb your cultivation. I was drawn here by battle outside my control, and if you permit me, I shall repay your grace with everything that I have.”

Calling out these words exhausted the last of his strength, and Ximos had no choice but to begin saying his last rites in his heart. This present Reality was turning out to be equally dangerous as the most tumultuous Eras before it.

After a while, Ximos noticed that his state had not continued deteriorating; if it had, he should have been dead by now. Struggling to stand, Ximos bowed towards the presence in the distance.

A voice entered his heart, deep as if the earth of ten thousand dimensions was speaking and as vast as the starry sky,

“Descendant of the torch dragon... Interesting, give me one of your eyes.”

Ximos shuddered, aware that what this presence was asking was not just a simple thing to do.

Giving him an eye meant Ximos would have to dig into the foundation of his bloodline and uproot half of his being, but what choice did he have?

This entity was powerful enough to rip out the entire root of his being, and this was the greatest mercy that was being afforded to him; perhaps it was because of the vague connection that Ximos could sense from the presence.

The shackles in his flesh had all but vanished, and Ximos did not waste any moment to satisfy the wish of this being. Digging into his face, Ximos began to pull out an eye while simultaneously slicing into his foundation.

Intense pain that went beyond what most could imagine flooded his being, but Ximos endured. There was a price for survival, and this pain was nothing in comparison to what he was losing.

At the end, the pain reached a ridiculous level, and Ximos could not help but roar his anguish, and he panted when it was over, and a dark orb rested above his palm, which he presented to the presence.

“Ximos Eratkul presents my Eye to the lord. I hope you are pleased with my offering.”

He felt his eye vanish from his palm, and a power ensnared his body. Reality was reversed and broken, and when his perception solidified, he found himself in Reality, and all around him was the debris of the fortress.

Several presences surrounded him, and he felt the touch of his brothers in his mind, their shock at his present state lingering in his consciousness.

Ximos barked out orders, “We leave here. Immediately!”

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

Chapter 1628: Inheritance Of Reality

The weight of a name can be endless, and Rowan was beginning to understand the profound depths in these words as he opened himself up to understand the meaning behind the word... Eosah.

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In the beginning, there was nothing.

There was simply an endless, silent expanse of unrealized potential, and from the depths of nothingness, a spark of Will emerged, Eosah. The first consciousness to exist inside nothing, and she slept in nothing for such a long period that the concept of that period she slept was so massive that no immortal mind could fathom it, because it made infinity appear like a single second.

This consciousness was driven by an innate desire to *be* whispered the first word of her name, a cosmic command with power beyond all reason that shattered the stillness.

Eosah — the Mother of Infinity.

From the utterance of her name emerged the most primordial essence and elements: the chaotic swirling forces of fire, water, earth, air, and arcane Ether.

These essences and elements clashed and merged, forming the Primordial Storm—a tempest of creation in which matter and magic were indistinguishable, and the power of this storm was endless.

As the storm raged, the Will of Eosah imposed Order, and from this Order, she began to weave the Nascent Laws of Reality, realizing herself from the storm of her creation.

These laws were vast, profound, greater than anything Rowan could ever imagine....

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Rowan's consciousness, which had been split into a trillion pieces, paused his comprehension of the name of Eosah. This should have been impossible; one simply could not hold back so much information at will. Rowan knew this but did not care; the time when such limitations meant anything to him had passed.

He was seeing the origin of Reality, and although it was extremely grand, Rowan still felt a bit... let down.

It was because he knew the information he was looking at, although profound... was incomplete.

Take, for instance, the birth of Eosah. When she mentioned her name, primordial elements and essence were born: fire, water, earth, air, and arcane Ether. All of this might overwhelm an average mind, but it was nothing to Rowan, who could birth the same essence he wanted.

What he was witnessing here was the barest fraction of what had erupted from that powerful utterance, and Noctis, the immortal who gave him the word of Eosah, well, this was the most that his mind could comprehend of that name, and hence it was all that Rowan could see.

How could he be satisfied with just this?

From what he knew about the Enochian language, the first impactation of knowledge laid the foundation of everything that was built upon that said knowledge, meaning if he completely absorbed the meaning of Eosah from Noctis, the breadth of his expertise on Reality would be fixed on only what Noctis could grasp.

A practical example would be Rowan's True Name. Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar.

It was quite a mouthful, but anyone who knew his name in its entirety would understand everything about his nature. After all, the meaning of his name told all of Rowan's story.

Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr...

Desolator of Universes...

Eulxhu Thyak...

The Silent Epoch...

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk...

The Infinite Soul

Wvryyrl Eerkhar

Maker of Truth

With the assistance of the Primordial Record, Rowan had been able to hide the full measure of his name, and even the Primordials referred to him as Eulxhu Thyak, the Silent Epoch, because that was the only part of his name that he allowed to be revealed.

Eosah, although this name appeared simple, Rowan knew it must be much more complex, maybe exceeding his own.

Looking back on the many times he could have used the words of Enoch in his Primordial Record, and he was wary of it, this turned out to be a blessing in disguise.

If he had used those words, his understanding of them would be forever fixed at the level of the entity who impacted them on him.

Rowan would not care much for random words and would not have seen it as too much of a loss, but for Eosah, Reality herself, he would not be foolish to use Noctis as a basis for his understanding.

He knew that when Noctis spoke the name of Eosah using the original language of Reality, it had been to test his competency, but he would have never known its importance to Rowan went beyond anything up to this point.

This name, which was forgotten by most in Reality, could be considered Reality's inheritance, and Rowan was fit to claim it.

It was an inheritance that he needed if he was to rise above the omniscience of the Primordials.

"So, I have to go deeper. I have to break myself down to the foundations for me to find her."

And that was what Rowan had been doing for the last eighty years in Real Time and fifty-three billion years in the alternate space he created.

"Break my essence. Break my soul. Break my spirit."

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On an abandoned eighth-dimensional realm that had shrunk until it was the size of a dwarf giant, a small hut made from wood and clay could be found on its surface.

Inside this hut, three individuals were sitting around a table, and a beautiful woman with blue hair was going around the table and serving them.

Carrying a plate filled with small cubes that appeared to be made from darkness, she presented it to one of the individuals, a naked man with his body covered in living tattoos. Noctis.

With a sigh, Noctis reached for the plate with his hand, but his hand was slapped away by the blue-haired woman, who gave him a wooden spoon. Noctis frowned, black lightning

pooling in his eye, but the woman sniffed in disdain, muttering about bad habits as she walked away, most likely to bring up another plate for Noctis to consume.

The anger vanished from Noctis's face, replaced by helplessness. He could not have imagined that he would be in this situation one day.

Beside him was a woman with hair made from light and fire. Her eyes were closed, and she was taking in long, deep breaths unceasingly. Noctis could barely glimpse echoes of countless lives and dimensions pouring into her body through her nose, and this scene never failed to shake his consciousness.

The last person sitting here appeared ordinary, except for the tiny three-inch figures roaming across his body, which resembled eight children. Six were made from gold, one from green jade, and the last from celestial purple.

His eyes were closed, and he was slowly chewing on a reed, his legs carelessly placed on the table. Noctis thought it was unfair that he was being punished for any minor etiquette behavior he failed, but this man was being let off Scott free by the blue-haired demon who called herself Circe.

Yet he could not deny that if there was anyone who would ever demand an exception from the rule, it was this man sitting here beside him.

One of the biggest mysteries about this man was how he had been able to stay under the radar for so long, but how many events that shaped the Reality of today were directly or indirectly orchestrated or related to him.

One of the first things that Noctis did upon returning to Reality and taking over Prism was to gather the details of every promising individual in Reality and those with potential. He had not seen Rowan's name or expected anyone like him to exist in this Era.

This Era was extremely young, and Noctis knew fully well that the real monsters would only begin to emerge towards the end of the Era, where the accumulation and understanding of knowledge and power had reached its peak.

Only then could individuals with potential equal to his be produced, but Rowan had destroyed everything he knew about potential.

Eighty years ago, Noctis had brought Rowan and the New Light into his castle. He knew that he was bringing powerful and unprecedented figures into his camp and that their presence would forever change the direction of the endless war, but he had underestimated them.

Hindsight was twenty-twenty. How could he not have realized that a figure who was capable enough to snatch the dominion of a Primordial under their noses could be ordinary?

Noctis had been in the void when Rowan began the ritual to create a New Light, and the direction of his actions was extremely groundbreaking, revealing an unprecedented path to him.

He had been aware that a Primordial-level battle was happening, and Noctis had rejoiced, hoping that their infighting would weaken them and leave a road for him to exploit. Contented to lie his head down until everything blew over, what drew him out of his castle was the stupendous energy of death that he was sensing in the vicinity of the battle.

He believed such vast powers of death could no longer be found inside Reality, and he had come for this, yet what he met was something more.

Noctis could still remember his first interaction with these people here with him, and it was something he would never forget.

Chapter 1629: Breaking New Grounds

Algorh, the first fortification in existence, possessed a complexity that would boggle the mind of any immortal. Even Noctis, who had merged half of his soul and essence with this castle, did not know all its secrets. His soul would have to be a thousand times stronger to understand even twenty percent of her mysteries, and if he needed to know more, then the soul power he would need was almost unfathomable.

Sheba, his castle had grown, but she had to give up so much, just like him.

Bringing these two inside of her was a risk, but with what they had achieved, it was worth it, even if the cost turned out to be a hundred times higher. Algorh was made to endure, and it did not matter how much the Primordials beat against her walls; with him inside of it, they would not take a single step inside of it.

This was a task he could not fail, because these two would show him the way to reach the levels of a Primordial!

Bringing both of them into Sheba, Noctis had expected a slight moment of disorientation at best or total mental collapse at worst.

The internals of this castle were chaos personified. On the surface, it took the form of an ever-shifting great city, whose streets and buildings were constantly moving and changing, creating a labyrinth where nothing stayed the same.

Below this city were endless tunnels made from flesh, blood, and bones. To survive for this long, Algorh had to make certain compromises.

Noctis had already prepared spells and certain antidotes to be given to his new occupants after they entered his castle. It was both as a show of goodwill and a manipulation tactic to draw them closer to him and build a seed of dependency.

Maybe he might not be able to fool the newly ascended Light, but her companion appeared to be on the verge of death, and his consciousness was a fleeting breeze; he would need assistance.

Noctis brought out the spells for their mental stability as he looked towards his new guest, when his black eyes widened in shock. The entirety of Algorh was still.

His castle was stubborn, his castle was dangerous, his castle could perform wonders, but one thing his castle could not do was to stay still.

It went against the core of her being, and even though she had been broken down and suppressed, no longer able to climb on the starlight as she did in her youth, her body twisted into becoming a castle, Sheba still fought back, and she would never stand still, not even for Primordials. Not even for him.

At first, Noctis thought that Sheba had gone still for the New Light, but as Eva began to rise into the air, heading straight for the clouds above, Noctis could pierce through the stream of Sheba's consciousness, and he saw that all her focus was on the man who should be dead.

After so many Eras, she had stopped moving for him?

"Why is she still with a 12-brane hyperspace rune when she should be at least at a 16?"

Noctis was distracted as he turned towards Rowan, not fully expecting the question he was being asked by this dead man.

"What?" Noctis replied in stupefaction, "I don't understand."

A dark chuckle emerged from the surroundings,

"See what I have to deal with every day, my lord, and he does not appreciate my patience."

Noctis' mouth dropped open, and he shakily pointed his hand accusatorily towards the depths of the castle,

"You-you are speaking outside my head to *outsiders*. You even call him lord! I am your lord, and you refuse to acknowledge me, but him?!"

Noctis swore that he sensed an eye roll from the castle, as she said,

“I never told you I could not speak outside your head, Noctis. You have never brought anyone of real value here, so of course I do not waste my breath. Trust me Noctis, by the end of this, you will be calling him lord as well, there will be only benefit for you in the long run if you start sucking up now.”

Noctis sputtered in outrage, “You... you... ungrateful...” turning towards Rowan, who had not stopped looking at him, expecting an answer. Noctis swore in anger, “Who the hell are you?!”

The dead man sighed, “That is not important; what is important is the structure of this castle.”

Noctis blinked in anger and surprise. He was getting profoundly irritated, and he could not find where to place his anger. With a disguised sweetness in his tone, he said, “What is wrong with the structure of the castle, *my lord?*”

Rowan frowned. “You have not earned the right to refer to me as such, but that is another matter for the future. ” He turned and pointed into the distance in a seemingly random direction. ” You see that dimensional binding over there...”

Noctis looked and thought he saw something, but Sheba was so complex that he did not understand even a fraction of what went into her makeup.

Noticing his obvious confusion, Rowan sighed more deeply, and Noctis suddenly had the desire to punch him.

“The interior of this castle is made from a non-Euclidean manifold embedded in a 12-brane hyperspace, which is the first problem. Its foundations are woven from quantum-locked dark matter filaments and stabilized by arcane sigils of dimensional bindings, that is the second problem.” Rowan slowly pointed out as if he were speaking to a child, and Noctis nearly exploded in anger.

“YOU THINK YOU CAN COME INTO MY CASTLE AND SPEAK IN THIS MANNER?”

Rowan frowned and then blinked, and to Noctis’s surprise, he bowed, “I apologise if I sounded rude. My soul is on the verge of destruction, and the amount of consciousness I have to work with is extremely small. I am pointing out these problems because these are loopholes left behind by what are most likely Primordials. If they remain, Sheba can be easily tracked, and they would have an avenue to enter the castle.”

All of Noctis’s indignation vanished at Rowan’s words, and he spoke slowly, his voice like the hiss of a snake, “Are you sure about what you are saying?”

Rowan nodded, “There is no more time. I will soon be dead, and I need to make sure that the New Light is safe for the next few moments. I would like to show you everything in a

more in-depth manner, but you will have to trust me and your castle. I can take out the rot, but it would have to be done immediately.”

“Listen to him, Noctis, he has pointed out several knots of distress that I suspected to be problematic for a while, but I have never understood the reason.”

Noctis rubbed his face in irritation, “How sure are you that he would be able to help. He is three moments away from death.”

“Don’t be stupid, Noctis, it does not suit you. Now give him the permission, or I will rip it from you until you know how to think outside your ego.”

“Fine,” Noctis growled, “but if he causes more damage to your interior space, do not come begging me for help. I want to see how a dead man with a crushed soul can fix a wonder that was made at the dawn of creation.”

Rowan shrugged, “I have barely a fraction of my soul power left. I don’t promise miracles with what I have to work with, but I will do my best.”

“Your best is more than enough, my lord.”

Rowan pointed his right hand upwards, and a tiny shard of his soul emerged, and Noctis was blasted backwards, his tattoos nearly squeezing him to death from the stupendous Aura radiating from the soul that had been revealed.

“This... this is a fraction of your soul?!!!”

Chapter 1630: Castle Upgrades

Chapter 1630: Castle Upgrades

Rowan was not exaggerating his present condition. Primordial Demon had accurately pointed out the time of his death, and he had to work with what he had.

He could barely investigate this strange and new party he had come across or find another route for escape, not when he was this close to death.

This was the reason he had missed obvious social cues and appeared rude to his hosts. Rowan was focusing everything he had to keep the New Light safe, and that meant dealing with the obvious loopholes inside this castle.

He was a Supreme Creator and a Crafter, able to create both flesh and stone, and all the mysteries of Reality up to a point were open to him.

He had been causing a lot of destruction these past few moments, killing hundreds of billions of Celestials and Thrones of Primordials, causing his understanding of destruction and the act of taking lives to multiply exponentially.

Rowan's learning ability was matchless, and if an outside observer had filled in his fights, they would have seen that his attacks kept growing stronger as time passed, as he had endless breakthroughs in his combat abilities.

In a single hour, Rowan had made more progress than all the geniuses in Reality combined had made in a billion years!

However, he was an Eclipsed Creator, which meant that destruction went hand in hand with creation. As his power of destruction grew, so also did the power of creation.

Rowan had been able to preserve his life for so long despite losing everything, from his flesh, soul, and memory, because of the countless breakthroughs he was having in his understanding of creation.

With his present level, just like Primordial Chaos was able to exert more force out of nowhere, Rowan's creation could now be made out of nothing.

He had three moments to work with, and Rowan needed to make it count.

With the power of creation heightened, whether it was because he was at the edge of death or the time constraints he was under, his consciousness was moving more fluidly, and Rowan was gaining countless inspirations.

'The walls of this castle are made from quantum-locked dark matter, but I can cancel out the weakness of spatial collapse from a remote source by adding metatemporal alloy to the mix. This is an alloy I have just created which has the ability to self-repair and exist simultaneously in multiple quantum states, rendering it indestructible to all conventional forces.'

Thirty percent of his remnants soul was allocated to the production and administration of this creation.

'Now for the internals. These corridors that shift endlessly using the flesh array below extend in Koch curve patterns, which recursively branch into higher-dimensional subspaces. I can see how someone like Memory or Chaos can be able to infiltrate using thought projections, even Intent can penetrate if applied using higher-dimensional rules. Hmm, I don't think I have the resources to block them, but if I create a dimensional subspace using my Origin land as a reference I can cause navigation to require a forced rule using eighth dimensional Riemannian compass or an enchanted Aetheric Waystone, while making every direction seamless like a Hilbert-space labyrinth on steroids.'

Placing another thirty percent of his consciousness into completing this task, Rowan sighed internally in relief. Even if there were any unexpected changes that would occur, with his arrangements about to take hold of this space, he would be able to react quickly enough.

Two of the greatest problems facing this castle were about to be dealt with once Rowan unleashes his consciousness, yet he still had forty percent of his soul power left, and it would be a waste to die without using all of it.

While fixing this castle of its loopholes, Rowan could not help but notice areas that were lacking or needed improvements. He could not fix everything, but he could still improve the few that were within his reach.

The method by which the internals of the castle were reorganized, which he dubbed Room Transcience, could be improved. He could assign each quadrant to be seen as chambers, and then he could make each chamber shift via topological morphing.

All of these could be governed by sentient spacetime geodesics, but something in him shook against following those paths. There was something about this castle that screamed freedom and the desire to run till the ends of infinity, and Rowan listened to his instincts; he had no time to pursue this frame of reasoning.

Still keeping the exact spacetime geodesics, he did not make it sentient, but placed it under the control of the castle, which would be like giving a dragon wings.

Rowan smiled, surprised how much the act of creation was fulfilling to him at this time, seemingly balancing the endless bloodshed he had just committed, for even now, he was still making breakthroughs in his techniques of creation.

Looking at his overall state of consciousness, Rowan saw that less than two percent was left.

He looked around for any area he could apply a finishing touch and decided that one thing the castle was missing was an enhanced area for observation.

Picking a random tower, he made it into a pocket dimension observatory, which could be used in observing Reality from a higher Planck-brane vantage point.

He sighed and looked around him. There was so much to be done, and his fingers were itching for him to dig into them. Rowan knew that in his first moments of free time, he would begin a marathon of creation. It was something that he craved.

From the castle's power system to its internal ecosystem and defense, and a thousand areas he could touch, Rowan could only place those in his memories. Then, pointing upwards with his right hand, he unleashed the last shard of his soul, which was filled with all the creation potential he had made in the last two moments that he had left.

A blast of energy erupted from the soul shard, and the castle began to hum in distress as massive changes began sweeping through it, but Rowan had no way to follow those changes.

He was dead. Only his body remained standing, right hand pointed upwards.

In the distance, Noctis looked at this figure with a solemn gaze.

He had always been a leader, and it was rare for him to find someone that would want to follow, not even the Primordials were worthy in his sight, for they were all thieves and liars, but him... this man, what sort of person could do these things so easily? Creating miracles just by his mere existence.

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Rowan found death a strange concept. After all, he was a being who could extend his lifespan infinitely, even as a mortal, as long as he seeded worlds.

Rowan had met trillions of life forms at this point, and even for the few special beings with ridiculously long lifespans, no one could match his talents. Already, as a mortal, his lifespan was many times longer than others, and if he had added his many other abilities to gain more life, his natural death would have always been postponed.

That was when he was a mortal; everything changed when he became immortal.

Rowan was not simply growing stronger as time passed; he was also evolving. The difference between his previous state and his present one after every evolution could be likened to the difference between a worm and a dragon.

His endless evolution gave him more tools to achieve a longer life and sustain his immortality than any so-called immortals could boast of, and when he added his powerful soul to the mix, Rowan became something that could be regarded as truly endless.

All of these powers and abilities also blinded Rowan to the presence of Death. Rowan could be killed, and he had escaped dying many times, but he could never die a natural death.

Like an extremely rich man who could only be robbed of his wealth, but would never be poor even after a hundred lifetimes, Rowan did not know the meaning of poverty.

All of this changed when he underwent his last evolution to the rank of Origin, and he faced a unique challenge he had never encountered before: the presence of Death.

In his evolution, he began to lose lifespan in prodigious amounts, drawing the attention of death, whose left hand that had always been far from Rowan's shoulder, finally gripping his flesh.

This event had shocked Rowan to the core. There were few things that could shock him at this point, and the presence of Death was one of them.

At that time, he knew that he had been tricked. It was almost impossible for him not to have come across the concept of Death, unless it had deliberately been hidden from him.

Rowan had experienced too many things in his time alive, secrets that most immortals could never imagine, and Death had been hiding from his gaze for so long.

Why would the Primordials go so far as to hide the presence of Death from him? The answer is simple: it was a hidden weapon that he could not fight against or anticipate.

If Rowan had not evolved to the Origin Level, he would have never been aware of the presence of Death. The shock of losing so much lifespan would cripple his decision-making abilities, and he would plunge into a state of misery that he would never be able to escape from.

And so from that moment forth, Rowan began to prepare for his next meeting with Death, knowing that the presence of this malevolent entity was inevitable.

However, he wondered if Death was ready for him.

If Noctis could peer closely at the face of the dead Rowan. He would see a slight smile decorating his lips.

Chapter 1631: The Bleak Gate

This realm was known by many names. Mortals called it the Underworld, gods called it the Grave Eternal, Demons called it the Netherrealm, and Celestials called it the Shadowlands. Its name was endless, as all races gave it a different name, but that did not matter, for this was the kingdom of Death, and its domain was greater than any being in Reality could understand.

Stretching across countless dimensions that exceeded the scope of Reality, the realm of Death was truly vast, and the entirety of Reality was a small corner inside its endless immensity.

Not even the Primordials had ventured to the ends of this realm, and there were countless mysteries within it that had not been revealed.

Across the realm, countless regions of power were in charge of various Realities.

One of these regions could manage multiple Realities, and on this day, the Region in charge of the Sundered Reality, Eosah, was shaken to its foundation.

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The region in charge of the Sundered Reality, Eosah, was called the Bleak Gate. It was a vast region whose size was impossible to be determined by any being not at the ninth dimensional level.

To enter this region, the dead had to travel through the Bleak Gate, a colossal archway made from bone and black iron, etched with the name of the dead.

The size of this gate was unfathomable, and the names it held were beyond counting. These were all True Names, and they belonged to the dead who had become worthy of earning a Name in their lifetime.

Not all who lived would earn a True Name during their life, and for those who did not earn a name, their souls were consumed by the Gate, adding more strength to its endless might and increasing the power of the region.

Because even in the land of Death, competition did not end, and a powerful region would swallow a lesser one.

There would surely come a day when there was only one region left in the land of the dead, and when that day arrives, who knew what would happen. Even the Primordials themselves could not claim they understood what that day might bring.

Some say that on that day, it would signify the true end of everything, where even Primordials would fall and become slaves to Death.

Nevertheless, that day was so distant that it might not come around even after a trillion infinities had passed.

It was apparent that the various regions of Death grew with them collecting powerful souls and True Names. The more outstanding a soul collected by the region, the more benefit it would gain.

On this day, Rowan descended into the dimension of Death.

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It began as a whisper—a slight breeze blew against the Bleak Gate, but that breeze grew into a green storm that stretched for an infinity. The massive gate began to vibrate, sending tremors that extended deep into the land of Death.

Did an Ancient Emperor fall? Or perhaps the consciousness of a Reality?

This storm continued to grow until it reached a critical mass, and it seemed as if something was about to break. Space for infinite distances was holding its breath, but this storm seemed like it would never end or stop growing.

In Reality, Rowan's life force, drawn by the billions of green suns of Death, was funneled before the Bleak Gate, and it was this life force that created this storm.

Yet the purpose of the storm could not be completed unless the final component was added, which was the entirety of Rowan's soul. Only then could his True Name be acquired and written on the gate, sealing his Fate for all eternity.

The storm had lasted for too long, and it had begun to disrupt the operation of this gate, as no new soul could enter when this massive storm raged.

But to the Bleak Gate, that did not matter; there was nothing more patient than Death, and if it could acquire Rowan's soul, it was worth more than all the souls it had acquired upon gaining access to the Sundered Dimension of Eosah.

It waited patiently—time was meaningless to it—until its patience was rewarded, and the storm reached its peak before it began to collapse.

A sound like the cry of a billion heavenly hosts in agony resounded over the horizon as the storm tore through this space in its convergence with speed that made no sense until... he was there, standing before the Bleak Gate.

The space surrounding the Bleak Gate trembled as the countless souls who had been waiting outside the gate during the storm fell to their knees, burying their faces against the ground in worship and profound fear.

At his arrival, there was no fanfare, no lament, only the silent shudder of the unseen. The realm of Death had made a mistake and could not welcome him; instead, it unfolded around him, like a wound parting to admit a blade.

There were beings that were never meant to die, and even in death, Rowan's nature refuses this Fate.

He had suspected that this was a possibility, and now he was assured of this fact. Rowan could not die as long as a single dust from his Origin Land remained.

His dimensional flesh and soul were powerful, and before his evolution, they had been the core of his being, but now he was an Origin entity, and his soul was attached to something he suspected had the potential to be greater than a Primordial.

Rowan observed the Bleak Gate before looking down at the ground, where countless souls bowed in worship. Among them were the billions of Angels he had killed. Not all of them

were present here; maybe fifty percent of his kills were here, and he understood that he had not been able to acquire all the souls of his kills.

Death was a sneaky bastard, and it had taken a lot from Rowan over the years.

Now with the full range of his consciousness, Rowan's observation of his surroundings reached its previous peak and exceeded them. The battle had truly been favorable to his growth.

The ground beneath his feet was not ground at all, but the memory of ground, blackened and porous, as if the earth had been scorched by a fire that burned nothing visible.

The sky, if it could be called that, hung in tatters—a shredded veil of half-light, neither dawn nor dusk, but the eternal gloaming of a world that had never known the sun.

As Rowan observed this manifestation of Death, he was also aware that it was observing him too, and it was the first to make a move.

It began as whispers. Not voices, not words, but the impression of sound, the echoes of things once spoken, now frayed into sighs.

The voice of the Bleak Gate coiled around him, testing, tasting the eternal vitality that ran through his veins.

Rowan could not rot, he could not wither, but even his undying nature had to change when it was in the realm of death, and a weird transformation began to happen to his dimensional flesh and soul.

He could fight against this change, but Rowan's instincts did not seem to oppose this transformation, and his Fate was still stable, so he allowed it to occur.

His presence began to mutate, growing heavier; it was as if Rowan was missing something, and only until he reached the realm of Death did that missing part of him become complete.

The weight of his eternity pressed down against the presence of the Bleak Gate, heavier than any mortal burden, for death had no dominion over him, and yet, with his arrival, it knew him.

His presence began to draw the attention of the other regions of death, as they all came to find the presence that defied Death yet knew its touch so intimately.

The shadows deepened. Shapes moved at the edge of sight, not the dead of the living, but the in-between things, the ones that fed on absence, the endless personifications of Death from all the regions of this fell place.

They could not touch him, no matter how much they longed to reach for the light buried inside Rowan's chest that burned brighter than anything they had ever seen.

Rowan's presence was an aberration here, a light cast no illumination, a breath that stirred no air.

As the presence around him increased, so also did a faint premonition in his heart that Death, its true self, was arising.

Rowan figured out that if these presences reached a certain amount, then Death would descend here.

He would wait.

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

Chapter 1632: The Beast of Final Rest

The flow of time in the land of the dead was extremely strange, almost non-existent but still present, and so in Reality, ten years had gone by, but inside this place, more than sixty million years had passed, but the presence of Death had not yet arrived.

Rowan was patient. He could wait for as long as necessary, even if a trillion years were to pass. However, he knew that he would not have to wait for that long. Death was patient, but that was only for the dead, not a living soul whose end was unknown.

His time was not spent fruitlessly; instead, Rowan used this as a period to understand Fate.

His low realm was one of his most significant disadvantages in the battle against the Primordial Thrones.

His dimensional body and soul had the potential to equal a Primordial, even exceeding them in certain ways, but because he was a seventh-dimensional immortal, the power he could exert from his body was limited.

In fact, his glaring weakness that had been used to take advantage of him, the Angels of Char, revealed to be a Primordial Killing Spell, Gilded Maw, was only a weakness because Rowan was weak.

If he had been truly capable of seeing through Fate, Destiny, and all the myriad laws at a glance, he would have never fallen to this move, even if he allowed them to unleash it inside of him.

So, Rowan had not forgotten his principal foundation, which was his overall Realm. He wanted to become an Old One.

Rowan did not know if it was possible for an Old One to kill a Primordial, but he was eager to find out. This sort of challenge was surely worth it. If he could kill the Thrones of Primordial at the seventh dimensional level, then would it not be thrilling for him to be able to kill Primordials at the eighth?

From mastering Space, Time, Space-Time, Memory, and now mastering Fate, he had climbed through the dimensions at blazing fast speeds, but mastering Fate became much more challenging because he was not just mastering Fate but Fate's Origin.

These two were not the same. The Fate available in Reality, Eosah, had been watered down and corrupted by the Primordial, but Fate's Origin was a power that led to the ninth-dimensional level, and not just a stepping stone in the seventh dimension.

For millions of years, Rowan pondered on Fate's Origin, and although he was making progress, it was far more minimal than he had assumed.

Rowan paused in his efforts, not used to being delayed in this manner. Taking several steps back, he began reviewing his knowledge about all he knew about cultivation and his journey towards this point, and his powerful consciousness was aided by several tools like Knowledge Well, his Titles, and other supplementary spells and techniques he had mastered over the years, and it led him to a single conclusion.

His foundation, as robust as it was, still lacked the strength to fully encompass Fate's Origin.

Of course, there were other paths he could follow to reach the eighth-dimensional level. Rowan could suppress the reach of his Fate's Origin and use only a portion of it as the foundation so he could reach his Destiny, but that did not follow the direction of his character, and even if he attained his Destiny, it would be flawed.

'If I cannot encompass Fate's Origin with my Will, that means my foundation is flawed. It would need to be rebuilt. This time I will no longer attain the mastery of Space, but I will claim Space Origin, Time Origin, Space-Time Origin, Memory Origin!'

This was Rowan's thought, but whether he would be able to achieve it was another matter, when he had no idea of Fate's Origin before he gained one.

However, it was not as if he did not have an indication of how to acquire the Origin of all these dimensions. Gaining Fate's Origin mostly came about because of the superior foundation he had built after climbing through the fourth to the sixth dimension.

He figured out that he was not able to gain the Origin of Memory either because his foundation was still too weak at the fifth, or if Primordial Memory had a way of blocking the Origin of Memory from reaching him.

Rowan believed that the latter must be the case. If there was a Primordial Fate, then he was sure that he would not have been able to gain the power of Fate's Origin; he did not believe that he had failed because his foundation was insufficient.

A moment before, Rowan had admitted that his dimensional flesh and soul were insufficient, but only he could make such a proclamation. The truth was that his achievements were highly inflated, and no one could reach the level of achievements that he had made, yet what made Rowan truly dangerous was the fact that he had limitless possibilities for growth.

Just because he attained what was considered the peak form for an immortal did not mean he could not still grow stronger. The entirety of his Fate rested on the premise that he was a limitless being who could not see his endpoint.

Rowan believed that with his foundation at the fifth dimension, then he should have gained the Origin of Memory, and if that is the case, it meant this path he wanted to take would turn out to be more difficult than he had previously assumed.

'Every great thing has small beginnings. I can start by gaining the origin of space first.'

Space was termed the domain of Primordial Chaos, but Rowan believed that as long as there was no Primordial Space, he could fight for the Origin of Space.

Primordials were nigh omnipotent, but only unto the things they fully controlled. If there were no Primordial of Space, Rowan believed he would have the capacity to understand space well enough to seek its origin.

With his mind made up, Rowan began channeling his consciousness to understand Space when he felt the space around him shift.

All of this while the presence of Death had been increasing, and now it seemed to have crossed a threshold, and Death was finally here.

Rowan opened his eyes to meet this entity.

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Death had no proper form. It shifted depending on who beholds it.

To a warrior, it might appear as an armored knight with a hollow helm.

To a child, a gentleman figure with a lantern guiding them into the dark.

To a sinner, a monstrous amalgamation of their worst fears. It was the ultimate mirror, reflecting the soul's deepest acceptance or denial of the inevitable.

Rowan looked upon all the shifting forms of death. He had been many things in his life and had lived through the consciousness of trillions, and so Death was an endless parade of shapes and bodies, most having no meaning.

However, Rowan was not satisfied with all of this, because he suspected that if he allowed a part of him dictate the form that Death should take, he would forever lose the power to fight against this entity, because his sight would have restricted Death into a small corner.

It would be like looking at a reflection and believing that it was the real thing. Instead, Rowan wanted to see the real form of Death, not the shapes his mind was conjuring.

Doing this was undoubtedly incredibly dangerous—like a mortal choosing to peer into the face of a god. However, Rowan believed that the recent change in his presence when he acknowledged Death was enough to shield him. He did not care what happened to his body and soul; as long as his Origin Land remained, he had the foundations to rebuild himself from nothing.

Disregarding all the countless sights that were pouring into his mind, Rowan focused on making his heart clear as glass, leaving no bias or thoughts behind. He became like a newborn babe, open to the mysteries of the world for the first time.

A loud bang resounded in Rowan's consciousness, and his mind nearly fizzled out. His ears saw the world, and his eyes smelled the breeze.

Death seen through the eye of a babe was nothing short of Ethereal.

Rowan finally knew the name of Death and whispered it, "the Beast of Final Rest."

It was not humanoid. In so much of his visions of death, he always took the personification of a humanoid entity, but the true form of Death was a beast.

A colossal shadowy stag with antlers that stretched far into the sky, and no matter how far he looked, he could not see its end. Perched on its antlers were countless ravens with eyes burning with green fire, and Rowan knew that every time he had seen the green suns of Death, what he had truly been looking at were these ravens.

The eyes of this stag were twin voids, and its breath was the cold mist that precedes the end.

Death spoke, "You see me."

Rowan replied, "I see you."

The Primordial Record Chapter 1633: I Can Give You An End -

Chapter 1634: The Infernal Architects

Telmus sat by a pool made from flowing silver metal, wishing he had a drink.

Above him, a massive demonic face raged, spewing words of hate and madness, but Telmus ignored it. Every now and then, when the voice grew too loud, he picked up a strand of light, made it a sword, and slashed the face apart.

The blood of the demon that was poured down from the sky like an ocean was bitter, but Telmus had been slowly working on it, hoping he would be able to make wine, and this pool was the result of his effort.

He dipped a finger into the pool and tasted it: “No, it’s still too acrid. What am I missing?”

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In the Great Abyss, a massive combat stage was being built. Its construction had been ongoing for eight decades and was to be completed on the ninth.

This stage was built inside the Abyssal depths, and although it was called a stage, it was an entire Abyss level.

A project of this size was extremely rare in the Great Abyss, where destruction was the core of their being, but the Demons had influential figures that were outstanding at their craft, rivaling any Primordial powers in Reality.

Primordial Demon had made an announcement that he would be fighting the Creator of the Land of Origin, and his victory would mean the Demons owning a grand share in this land of endless possibilities.

For such a grand task as the creation of an arena to handle the battle capabilities of beings at the Primordial level, the Infernal Architects were tasked with this matter.

A colossal battleground that would host a cataclysmic duel between two Primordial entities was quickly taking shape under the supervision of this Abyssal power.

The Infernal Architects were a cabal of demonic smiths, necromantic engineers, and elder horrors. These were other-dimensional creatures at the eighth-dimensional level.

This cabal had shaped the foundation of every hellish realm in the Great Abyss, and they could only be found in the depths of this cursed realm, where no other Primordial powers had ever breached.

It could be said that in the creation of this arena, Primordial Demon had gone all out, but it was all because the price was worth it. After all, the Origin Land was that enticing, even for Primordials.

Floating above the arena was a white-haired woman, Staff. She had been here since the beginning of the construction, and her presence had become a staple of this place.

The Aura of power that emerged from her was of a Demon Lord, but it was far greater than any Demon Lord in the higher levels of the Abyss could boast of, and even in the lower levels, it was hard to imagine that anyone could equal her power.

Her eyes were closed as if in meditation, and then she frowned and looked ahead. Her eyes pierced through the skies that burned with an eternal gray flame and past the earth that resounded with the echoes of forgotten battles.

What caught her attention finally revealed itself as space-time shattered before a mighty demonic presence.

It was a titanic fiend whose body was fused with the ruins of dead gods, and screaming Celestials kept in eternal torture, Malgeth, the Bone-Carver, leader of the Infernal Architects, and the Demon Lord who was seeking the hand of Staff in partnership.

The titanic figure of Malgeth shrank until he took the shape of a dashing young man with hair made from burning yellow flames. Inside these flames were tiny figures numbering in the billions, burning within.

“Unholy Maiden, standing before your valiant...”

“Spare me your blackened words, Malgeth,” Staff interrupted what was most likely an hour-long praise of her form. Otherwise, I would cut off your head and use it as a foundation for this arena.”

Holding his head in mock horror, Malgeth smirked, appearing boyish and carefree, a far cry from the titanic horror that had erupted from the Abyss, giving a half-bow, he chuckled,

“I cannot help but sing praise when I am before such perfection.”Malgeyh

Staff did not bother answering him, and was slowly closing her eyes, “If there is nothing more to say, leave me to my watch.”

“Well, about that, there might be a problem with...” Malgeth began to speak when the eyes of Staff flew open, a dangerous light in her eyes that shook the Demon Lord, and he quickly explained, “No, it’s nothing bad, I just wanted to speak to you about the materials going into this arena.”

Staff blinked, pulling up the memory of everything that was needed in the creation of this stage, and she looked through it, finding nothing out of order.

“Is there a problem with the materials?” she asked, an unknown charge beginning to build around her body that was slowly suppressing the body of Malgeth.

Eighty years ago, when Primordial Demon began to clash with Rowan, she would have perished if not for the intervention of Rowan, who effortlessly saved her from the being near Primordial Demon when he was unleashing his might.

That moment had been haunting her for the last eight decades.

There was nowhere in Reality that she could not reach, no battle against any genius from any Era that she could not fight, but against them... what use was cultivating to become an Old One?

Primordial Demon had told her about the Origin of her father, Telmus, who was to be his Throne.

A Throne was essential to a Primordial for them to effectively wield their powers in a weakened Reality that could not withstand their presence.

However, Primordial Demon had a problem: the creation of a Throne that could hold his power was impossible for him due to the concepts he embodied. Anything he created would be too toxic and corrupting to Reality, potentially ending all life inside of it in a few moments.

After paying a heavy price, Primordial Life and Primordial Memory had agreed to create a Throne for him, Telmus.

Every deal made between Primordials was called an Agreement, and in every Agreement was both danger and benefit. This was the only way to create a binding pact between beings of their level.

The benefit of the creation of his Throne was immense. His Throne would have a body that could house the entirety of his latent Primordial talents, but the danger of this Agreement was that the mental capabilities of this Throne would be equally as enhanced.

Which meant his Throne could be as mighty as he could make it, but the mental resistance of this Throne would grow alongside it.

Primordial Demon had accepted, for him, this was no danger, because no mind could stand against a Primordial; however, he was not foolish, he placed the Throne in the lower realms beside the Arrangements being made by the other Primordials in the pursuit of the Supreme Era.

This Throne was placed under a malevolent demonic entity, Minerva, who was not a powerful Demon, but whose talents of Fate were enough to restrict and seal the growth of this Throne for as long as possible until it was needed by Primordial Demon.

This was because Primordial Demon would rather unleash his Throne at the principal time in this conflict than allow Telmus the time to grow stronger over the ages. With this method, he reduced the risk of any mental backlash to a minimum, but the tradeoff was that if he needed to utilize his Throne, he could not do it instantly; there would be a certain amount of time for him to control it fully.

The mental backlash was that powerful.

Even with all this preparation, Primordial Demon still underestimated the difficulty of taking over this powerful Throne. Primordial Demon, with all of his power, could not entirely wipe the mental imprint inside the mind of the Throne.

Telmus's mind was beyond anything that could be naturally made inside this Reality, and the dangers of this Agreement were greater than Primordial Demon could expect.

Primordial Demon could break the mind of Telmus, but he would forever lose the ability for this body to contain all of his power, and the only way for him to fully take over this body was for Telmus to surrender it to him.

However, as much as Primordial Demon wanted Telmus to surrender, this age was rushing to a close, and he would need the power of his Throne to fight, and so he had made a decision to kill the mind of Telmus, until Staff arrived.

When Staff was sent by Rowan to the depths of the Abyss, he had promised her that it was the only way to save her father. She did not understand the entire reason why this would be the case, but she followed his instructions, and as it turned out, Rowan was right.

Telmus would not surrender his body to Primordial Demon unless there were something that could convince him that it was a good choice, or his only choice.

And the only thing that could do that was a worthy challenge.

Telmus had reigned invincible, and he was only killed with a trick; his soul was shattered by Golgoth, who had no choice but to do so, because he could not challenge Telmus, who was an Earth god at that time, to direct combat. Golgotha, a God King with the bloodline of Time, making him as powerful as a fifth-dimensional immortal, would lose.

Still, Telmus did not entirely perish; his body caged his shattered soul within his flesh.

This great warrior would not surrender his soul to Primordial Demon, not until a challenge was given to him by this Primordial.

That challenge was for him to fight against a warrior at the same level as he was, and if he won, Primordial Demon would stop trying to gain his soul, allowing Telmus to leave with his body, but if he loses, Telmus would stop fighting him and allow Primordial Demon to take his body.

Staff had been told the entire Arrangement between Primordial Demon and her father, and she knew that only one being was worthy of challenging Telmus, and that was Rowan Kuranos. For the first time in her life, she was deeply conflicted.

“Um, hello, Infernal Maiden,” Malgeth smiled, “You were lost in thought for a minute there.”

Chapter 1635: I Shall Never Die Until I Hear My Father’s Voice

Staff pulled herself from the grasp of memory. It was easy to indulge in her pain and self-hatred. The weakness that filled her body which made her unable to do anything that could affect the outcome of what was to come.

It would be easy to channel her hate toward Rowan and Primordial Demon, these two colossal entities whose actions made a mockery of everything not on their level, but she knew it was not Rowan’s fault. He did the best he could with what he had, and she wondered if she were in his position, if she could perform any better.

That thought scared her. She did not want to be in that man’s mind or make the decisions he had to make regularly. Such a road led to madness that could never be recovered from.

Finally, Staff said, “There is nothing wrong with the materials for the arena. We are even ahead of schedule for its completion. What is the issue you have, Malgeth?”

The leader of the Infernal Architects coughed, “Well, this arena is not just a layer in the Abyss, it is also a Cosmic Crucible. Originally, we did not have the materials to create such a thing, but I don’t know how our Prime did it. However, we have had contributions from all Primordial Domains to boost the creation of this place.”

Staff frowned. She had not been aware that many of these materials were not coming from the Great Abyss alone but from everywhere in Reality. It would seem that this fight had more meaning than it would appear on the surface, and this was not only a clash between Primordial Demon and Rowan but all the Primordials at the same time.

“How does that affect your work?”

Malgeth scratched his fiery hair, “I am coming to that. You see, to make all ninety-nine million pillars of the central platform, we used the bones of fallen Titans. I never knew there were so many Titans in existence that could make out that number, and the molten oceans that surround this place are made from lava infused with the screams of tormented souls. That was my personal touch.”

Malgeth licked his lips in satisfaction. His work had never been displayed on such a grand stage, and if he were not wrong, all of Reality would be here in one form or another to watch this battle, which meant his Cabal would gain a notoriety that would touch all corners of existence.

He wanted to luxuriate in the feeling of this massive accomplishment, but he could feel the eyes of Staff tearing into his consciousness, and so he hurriedly continued his explanation,

“Each block here is made from Black Iron of the Void, mined from the center of dead dimensions. There are fifty trillion blocks in each quadrant, and the total number of quadrants in the arena is ninety-nine million.”

Staff realized the direction that the conversation was heading, and a furious chill filled her heart, but she kept silent, wanting to hear the complete revelation before she made any move.

“To create the dome, we used the skin of an Eternal Wyrms, which is stretched across the entire arena, and it is supposed to keep the audience safe when the show begins.”

“Eternal Wyrms?” Staff asked, “What is that?”

Malgeth blinked and seemed to consult his spirit before he frowned, “I don’t know what it is, the only mention I can find is something called a Primordial Beast, and that is all there is to it, but I can attest to the fact that I have never seen any material like this before that can perfectly soak all form of energies without letting out any bit of it.”

Staff nodded. She knew what a Primordial Beast was, but she had no intention of telling Malgeth the significance of such material being openly revealed by the Primordials.

“I know you have been patient with me, but I am listing all these materials to you because they are essential to the core of the problem we are now facing. To make the formation eye that would govern the arena, we used the Chains of the First Betrayal, the broken weapon of our Primordial Demon; it is the only material we could find that could hold all of these varied forces together. But um, it seems like there is a new consciousness arising inside these chains.”

Staff closed her eyes, swallowing her anger. She was supposed to know all the precise materials being used in the construction of this project, and while the materials listed were accurately given to her, what was different was the number.

In the case of the bones of Titans, there were supposed to be eight hundred thousand, but now it was ninety-nine million, and if she used the same scale of adjustment for all the materials that were used in the arena, then a terrifying number would be revealed.

She would have been confused about the resources being placed in this fight if she had not realized that this battle was much bigger than she had expected.

“Why are you telling me this at a time when I will hardly be able to do anything about it. Surely you don’t expect me to solve your problems.”

“Of course not, Infernal Maiden,” Malgeth beat his chest, “we already have a solution to restrain this consciousness, but we need your talents to help us suppress it long enough for the placements to take shape.”

Closing her eyes to review the feasibility of the plan, Staff saw that it was possible, but it would cost her a lot, and there was a significant risk that she might lose her life.

Her gaze turned towards the depths of the Abyss, waiting for a response from Primordial Demon, but she got none. Staff knew that this problem was most likely anticipated by the Primordial, but he remained silent. Why would he care if she died? To this Demon, everything below him was useless.

Yet Staff could not stand by and watch as the arena fell into ruin because it was the only chance for her father to revive. She could not stand by and watch.

Decision made, she nodded towards the leader of the Infernal Architects,

“You can begin the process. Tell me where I am needed, and I will suppress this consciousness.”

Malgeth smiled, “Good. We have Reality-Ward seals and Soulfire barriers that should dampen the ferocity of the awakening consciousness, but our main tool would be the Oculus of Annihilation. This thing was brought from the domain of Primordial Chaos, and I cannot believe we have such a tool at our disposal.”

Staff swiped her hands in front of her in irritation, “Stop wasting time and begin the process. This ritual would take a fair bit of time, and the construction of this arena cannot be delayed.”

Malgeth nodded in pleasure and turned around, but then he hesitated, before slowly saying, “The Oculus of annihilation is a powerful device at the Primordial level. There may

be a chance that the emanation from the device could affect your soul and spirit. You might perish in this endeavor.”

Staff could only smile, “I know there was always something you were hiding from me, but it does not matter. Proceed with the arrangement. Oh, Malgeth, there is something you don’t know about me. My life is heavier than a mountain, and until I hear my father’s voice, I shall never die.”

Chapter 1636: Hold The Chains

Chapter 1636: Hold The Chains

Staff watched the preparation to seal the emerging consciousness of the Chains of Betrayal.

Previously, she had not been too interested in the crafting process of the arena because she was not proficient at crafting, having dabbled in it over the years and not finding much success.

Staff was now paying great attention because she realized that this was also a life-devouring Tribulation for her. Spending time with Primordial Demon had revealed an aspect of his character to Staff.

It was not as if Primordial Demon did not care for the lesser beings under him, but he was also fond of playing sick games with them. He was the sort of person to give a child access to a volatile spell and watch them play with it, knowing that a single mistake would lead to death.

Was it not the same game he was playing with her father?

Staff knew how dangerous Rowan was, and although the talent of her father was Supreme, she still had great doubt in her heart, and she could imagine that Primordial Demon was looking down on all of this with amusement.

Millions of Infernal Architects with various shapes that boggled the mind were fussing around the arena, eldrith energies coursing from their bodies as they crafted an arena the size of a thousand universes, but Staff knew that this was a tiny fraction of their number, the rest was below the surface, numerous like worker ants.

A loud blast erupted from below her, like the clap of thunder, as a massive chain burst out of the center of the arena, rising into the air like a dragon.

This chain was made of blackened primordial metal, constantly shifting between liquid and solid states as if resisting its own existence. Etched with the name of every oathbreaker in history from the first mortal king that sold out his kin to the fallen Celestials lured by the appeal of the Great Abyss.

The Chains of Betrayal slithered around the arena like a snake hunting for prey. From it, Staff could hear whispers of fractured vows, and she quickly isolated her spirit from that sound. It could corrupt her consciousness, leading her to intense paranoia, the kind where she could claw out her eyes because she believed that they were spying on her mind.

This weapon was legendary, and even while broken, it contained numerous powerful powers and curses, and Malgeth had been wise enough to provide her with a description of all of them.

Most of the powers of the chains were blocked and would not affect a Demon Lord of her power. Still, Malgeth had warned her that she could not be bound by the chains, because there were several innate abilities within the chains that could not be blocked, and although the strength of these powers was limited, it would be enough to kill her a hundred times over.

The strength of the chain included Absolute Binding, which was a power that could be exerted on a victim who was bound by the chains. With Absolute Binding, the chain suppresses not just the body but the concept of defiance within the victim, and it was rare for a Will to last long under the weight of this curse.

Then there was Memory Theft, where the chain would begin stealing the memory of freedom from those it bound, making escape impossible. This power was especially sneaky because it was subtle, and few would ever notice it. It was possible that if she were not informed of it, once bound, Staff would remain in captivity until she was crushed to death, forgetting the notion of resistance.

The last innate skill of these chains was called Betrayal's Echo. If, by slim chance, someone could resist both curses of the chains, then the chains would force them to relive their greatest act of treachery. It did not matter if it was real or imagined; the visions would only grow worse until their spirit was broken.

Also, it did not matter how much these chains were destroyed; they were self-replicating, feeding off the guilt and negative energy around them. So, in a place like the Great Abyss, where sin and all sorts of negative emotions thrived, the chains were considered indestructible.

A tiny voice like a mosquito whined beside Staff's right ear: "You can make your move anytime now, infernal matriarch. We opened up the arena's surface to draw the attention of the consciousness; now it's just left for you to keep it occupied."

"I will play my part. How long do you need to suppress the chains?"

"Not long. In six months, all the arrangements would be completed."

Staff nodded, and she expected Malgeth to depart for his task, but his presence remained.

“Why are you still here?”

The presence of this Demon Lord seemed to hesitate for a moment before he pushed in, “Infernal Queen. Apologies for my presumptuousness, but I cannot help but wonder about this combatant who would be fighting here against our Prime. The rumors we hear about him cannot be true.”

Staff squeezed her fists. She was aware that Malgeth was asking her this question because he believed there was an excellent possibility of her not surviving the suppression of these chains.

“What have you heard about him?”

“Not much, but everything we hear is ridiculous. They say he is a mortal who can kill Lords, that he shattered the Frozen Road, and the resurgence of Primordial Essence is by his grace. They say he is the Lord of Origin and that the Land at the end of Reality, where all the wonders of Time can be found, comes from him. They say...”

Staff interrupted the endless babble, “I don’t care what they say. But whatever you have heard, it is not enough to describe him. He is... I don’t want to talk about this matter.”

“Is that so? But you have not yet told me what you know about him. The fellow Lords and I are curious.”

Staff did not reply to Malgeth’s voice. Instead, she stretched out her right hand and sucked the chains towards her, grabbing the end of the chain that was shaped like a snake’s fang with both hands.

The presence of Malgeth fled, wary of the chains and knowing that being close to Staff would burden her when the chain had another source of emotion to draw upon.

At first, the chains attempted to pull away from her, but realizing it was impossible, they began exerting a mental pressure that Staff hurriedly suppressed. She knew if any slip-up occurred, the chains she held would extend around her, and their Absolute binding would be activated.

The mental pressure battering against the walls of her consciousness began to increase, and Staff grunted in pain when a loud scream of lamentation broke through the barriers over her spirit and lashed against her mind like a whip.

Gritting her teeth in annoyance, she suppressed the chains; her Will of Force at the eighth-dimensional level had evolved multiple times to become more versatile, and her previous weak mental defenses had been augmented until her Will of Force could take the form of a ward in her soul, which she called an Omniward.

It was an automatic, ever-shifting defense that adapted to any mental attack, and when paired with her trait of absorption, her defenses could only grow stronger over time.

The first few moments were the most dangerous for her, as her Omniward was still absorbing the mental attacks from the chains. After a while, the defenses over her soul had thickened, and Staff closed her eyes to focus more on her soul as she held the chains with no visible effort.

Piercing shrieks emerged from the length of the chain as it twisted and fought against her hold, but Staff's greatest problem had been the mental attack. With that settled, it did not matter how much the chains struggled in her grasp; it was going nowhere.

However, Staff had not forgotten the reason why she was chosen to hold this chain instead of any other Demon Lord, and it was because the blasted Architects had used too many treasures in the creation of this arena, and this amount of power had supercharged this foul weapon.

She had closed her eyes to brace for the storm she was sure was coming, one that she could not even be assured of surviving, but there was no fear in her heart. This was the existence shared by every mortal and immortal in Reality, and except for the Primordials, who else could boast of invincibility in this Era?

All of her Will and talents were focused on holding on against chains because she could sense it building power for a single massive push.

Her Omniward had been built up to the extent that she believed she could stand against the mental assault of a hundred Old Ones, but the power that kept building before her barrier kept growing until she was an ant before the thousand-foot wave.

Gritting her teeth in desperation, she watched the wave fall, and her defenses shattered like bubbles.

A sickly voice filled her mind

"I have you now."

Chapter 1637: Meeting The Past In The Present

The soul of Staff fractured into pieces, and her mind was broken. Her Will held her together, but even this was a fading bulwark against the pressure that could shatter eternity.

‘This was a trap. There is no way I could have held this back. Primordial Demon, you want my father to fail!’

Staff cried out in anguish, knowing that if her father knew that she had given up her life to ensure the stage of combat that would determine his freedom was completed in time, he might lose a bit of momentum in his fight, and in a battle of that level, the most minor changes could be dangerous.

‘No, I cannot accept this, I cannot die, not before I hear the voice of my father!’

Staff could see herself drowning in a pool of suffering and lamentation as the evils of the chain drew her into darkness. Her hands stretched out of the pool of darkness, reaching for anything, and when the last bit of warmth was about to leave her body, as her hope faded, a warm hand held her own and dragged her out of the pool of darkness.

Spending several seconds coughing out black sludge that had filled her lungs, Staff gasped and struggled to her feet, looking up at the man who had saved her.

“Rowan,” she sighed, “why am I not surprised?”

Looking at the wriggling mass of darkness that she had coughed out of her chest, Rowan winced, “That looks both painful and disgusting.”

Staff looked at Rowan deeply, “You have changed.”

Rowan’s eyes widened in appreciation. “So you noticed! I thought you might, but if you say I have changed then you must have met the me in the future, well I guess to you it would be the present. Oh, by the way, how am I doing? No, don’t answer that, I am dead, aren’t I?”

Staff shook her head in bewilderment, “How are you inside my mental space?”

Rowan shrugged, “Actually, I am in your soul, and it was much more cozy in here even when you began going full demon mode and disregarding the inheritance of your Dominator half, then you had to bring that nasty thing inside your soul. Are you looking to die this quickly?”

Staff rolled her eyes in irritation, the heavy burden in her chest from all the events that had been happening was somehow washed away under the teasing of Rowan, closing her eyes to settle her spirit, she asked,

“Why are you here?”

Rowan sighed and swept his hand aside. The darkness that surrounded them washed away, and a scene from thousands of years ago was shown where they had all gathered at Booze Palace.

Inside that place, Rowan had made his plans for his battle against the Primordials, and Staff was surprised by how much of it she had forgotten, which for an immortal of her stature should be impossible, meaning that her memory had been tampered with.

“I am sorry for hiding details of the past from you, but I was going to drop you into the den of a beast, and if he had sensed this frailty inside of you, then you would be torn to pieces.”

Staff was shaken. Fragments of memories and plans that were extremely complex for even her eighth-dimensional consciousness brushed across her soul, and she knew that the only reason she could not recollect anything was that all of this knowledge had been hidden in the future!

She stammered in shock, “You can see the future?!”

Rowan cocked his head to the side, “Not precisely, especially when I am not using Reflections, but in a limited manner, I can access it, and this is my greatest weapon against the Primordials. I am sorry for keeping you in the dark. Even if I could show you my plans, it would be like holding a color book for a blind person.”

“Harsh,” Staff frowned as she bowed her head in thought, but she recovered quickly. The mental resilience of an Old One was robust. So, what now? Are you here to watch me die?”

“Do you want me to?” Rowan snickered in amusement.

“Do I have a choice in anything that you do?”

“Of course, you always have a choice. I do not force my path on anyone. If it comes to it, I will bear this weight alone. I would do almost anything for victory, yet I also understand that I have no foolproof guarantee of success. If it comes down to it, the journey I took getting to this point is far more valuable to me than the end result of my path.”

Staff was silent as she contemplated his words, and then she shook her head, “Well, none of this matters now, I am about to die, and I can no longer assure that the arena would be completed in my absence.”

“Well, that is a rather bleak view of Reality. It seems things took a drastic turn in the present.”

“You don’t say,” Staff scoffed, “Everyone is dead. My friends, Eva, Lost... Andar. I blink my eyes, and they are all gone. Your battles Rowan, the stakes, it is too much. I know now that you can glimpse the future, so surely you must be aware of the price there is to pay in this war.”

“Ah, Staff, this is the burden I never wanted to fall on your shoulders. I would have loved to prepare you more for what was to come, but I could not, and for that I apologize. However, there are a few things I can do, and one of them is saving your life, and keeping my promises.”

A brief flash of hope lit up her eyes. “You can save me?”

Rowan smiled, but deep in his eyes was only sadness because, more than anyone, he could feel the pain in her soul. He still smiled because no matter how much she tried to deny it, he knew his smile brought her peace, so he did it.

“I had expected something like this to hamper you in the future. The Primordials never play fair, and there is no reason why I should, either. I came across a series of broken Sin Weapons: Pride, Envy, and Wrath. After fusing them together, I discovered that these weapons, which came from the Great Abyss, had a rather famed history, and inside your soul I placed this weapon.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1638: A Reality Denied

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Chapter 1638: A Reality Denied

As if Rowan’s words had wiped out the veil covering her eyes, a mighty weapon appeared above Staff; it was a long chain with serrated teeth like a saw blade running down its entire length.

This weapon contained a chaotic will that sought to consume and devour all things, and Staff was stupefied that such a terrible weapon of slaughter had been inside her soul for so long without her being aware of it.

“Why did you put this weapon inside my soul? Was it to save my life in a time like this?”

Rowan shook his head, “As much as I would like to claim such a feat, the presence of this weapon was not to save your life but to leave a seed of mine behind, but as it turns out, it can save your life if you bind yourself in an Angreement with me.”

“An Agreement?” Staff shook her head, “I am not worthy of being treated at the level of a Primordial Rowan, just state your case.”

Rowan laughed, “Hahaha, no, you have got it all wrong. An Agreement can be quite beneficial for you if the terms are loose. Of course, there are dangers to it, as no powerful Agreement does not have that element of peril, but if you survive it, you can finally cross that bridge that has held you back for so long.”

Staff could not help but take a step back, “Surely, you cannot mean...”

“Yes, Staff, I may not be privy to everything that has happened in the last few years, but I can see the despair and hunger in your soul. You have seen the height of power that few in Reality would ever witness, and you know the gap that exists between beings like me and the Primordials from the rest of Reality. With this Agreement, there is a way for you to bridge that gap and fulfill the dreams of your father.”

“The dreams of my father,” Staff whispered, “were for me to exceed him!”

Rowan grinned, “If he believed in you and saw in you his dreams, then this matter is already half settled.”

Staff took successive deep breaths before she spoke again, “What is this agreement, and how can it make me as strong as a Primordial? Is it related to what you did with the Lady of Shadows?”

Rowan nodded, “Yes, it is. The Primordials are not a part of Reality, yet they have supplanted all the major pillars of creation. Killing them is the easy part, but in their death, the pillars must be held in place, or all will collapse. Eosah, which was Reality, would have held this burden, but she is dead, and so it falls to you and the special few that I have chosen.”

Rowan gestured, and a dynamic image of the entirety of Reality appeared in front of Staff, showing her the Primordial Domains and even the lower realms.

“The Primordials are plunderers, and so when they came for the foundations of Reality, they did not leave anything behind. You would think that for a being called Primordial Demon, he would control only the Domain of Demon, but that is far from the case. Instead, he had taken the domains of darkness, despair, anger, lust, greed, envy... I can spend years spelling out all the stolen domains, both small and big, that had been stolen and suppressed under the name of Demon.”

Staff was shocked, “Why would they do this?”

“The answer is simple,” Rowan replied, “It is to suppress the natives of Reality and stop any ninth-dimensional being from being born.”

Waiting for Staff to digest the importance of his words, Rowan continued,

“I was not here when Reality was born, but I believe it must have been a place of limitless potential. All concepts would have the chance to be taken to the ninth-dimensional level, even your Will of Force, which I believe was swallowed by the Primordial Demon. Without the limiting factor of that act, you might have become a Primordial of Force in the future.”

Staff breath halted in her throat, and she could not help but ask with a note of incredulity in her voice, “Do you mean that there could have been dozens or hundreds of Primordials by now if not for them?”

“What? No...” Rowan laughed, “I am sorry but Reality is too small for that sort of consumption, but if it was hundred of nascent ninth dimensional being, then yes, I believe that should be possible, but then they would be sent out of Reality to Limbo where they can hone themselves and hopefully grow to the ranks of Primordial, becoming everlasting beings.”

Staff closed her eyes; it was as if she could see a vision of that future, one where the path to the top was bloody and brutal and yet still possessed a hint of fairness. Beings like Rowan or Primordials who had no business interfering with the lives of those inside Reality would not exist, and life would make sense.

However, Staff could not deny that it was the presence of Primordials that also pushed the abilities of the inhabitants much higher than it should have been possible in such a short time, but this growth was not natural. It was like feeding the limbs of a man to him to avoid hunger.

She knew that it was the Primordials that brought in the power of the higher dimensions into Reality. It was always there, but it should have taken an extremely long time for any of the inhabitants of Reality to discover this power.

A God Emperor or a Supreme Mage should have been the highest cultivation in Reality for an extended period, and then slowly the fourth dimension of Time would be discovered, granting a boost to the overall lifespan of an immortal, and when a supreme genius was capable of mastering time in its entirety, their Will would be born, and with this being the highest peak of cultivation, a new peak would arise with the discovery of the Space-Time dimension.

Staff explained this to Rowan, seeking to resolve any confusion, and he nodded his head in agreement. A flash of surprise in his eyes showed how quickly she was able to piece together all the various elements of the truth out of what he had told her.

What she did not know about was the Origin of the Dimensions. If Reality had not been tampered with and a genius had been able to be the first person to touch the realm of Time and follow this path to the end, ultimately acquiring a Will, they would have had the opportunity to contend for the Origin of Time.

Rowan believed that such a thing would have drawn Tribulation from the entirety of Reality, and it would have shaken all of existence. If that genius were to succeed, they would have been the first Pillar of Reality, and perhaps become the first Primordial to emerge from Eosah with the Supreme power of Time Origin.

However, such a sight was mere fiction at this point. The Primordials have arrived, and they have taken the future.

“You are correct about my plans for you, Staff. Now hear the Agreement I am about to propose. The Chains of Betrayal was the previous weapon of Primordial Demon, hence it is linked to his essence, therefore connected to his domains. I shall fuse the nascent consciousness of the chains with the Sin Weapon in your soul, granting you a firm connection with the essence of Primordial Demon. This would effectively kill the consciousness that is presently assimilating your soul and boost you past the level of any conventional Old One in Reality.”

Staff arched an eyebrow, “All I am hearing is benefit, and the danger is coming, is it not?”

Rowan shook his head in amusement, “You think this is a benefit? No, I am merely laying a foundation for the Agreement. You are absolutely too weak to begin accepting the benefit as you are, and consuming the consciousness boosted by all of these resources would make your foundation robust enough to hold an Agreement with me.”

Staff swallowed her amazement, “Okay, you would feed me the consciousness of this weapon, I assume it is to grow my soul and enhance my potential.”

“You are correct, and now comes the Agreement. With your enhanced soul, you would not be able to...”

The Infernal Architects were hard at work boosting the defenses for the arena. Every now and then, Malgeth would look up at the solitary figure of the Infernal Maiden, whose body was not covered by coils of black metallic chains that shifted between solid and liquid states.

By all common sense, she should be dead, but he could still see her hands clutching the chains, and although the fluctuation of her soul was barely noticeable, it remained steady.

“Monster, what an absolute monster.”

More than any Demon Lord, he knew what it meant to be wrapped by the Chains of Betrayal, and even the most powerful Demon Lord he knew had not survived more than a week.

This was the fifth month, and she was still holding firm.

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Chapter 1639 1639: Game of Death

Note: The first part of this volume, which is the mini-arc for the promised hundred-year Agreement battle, takes place simultaneously in the past and the present.

The past would always be related to Noctis, and the present with Staff.

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Resurrection turned out to be trickier than he thought, and Rowan cursed Death for the hundredth time as he struggled to push back a sliver of his essence towards Reality.

Rowan had made an agreement with Death, but the wily entity did not believe in it unless he reached the ninth-dimensional level. Yet this promise held enough allure for Death that for the first time since the beginning of existence, it chose to let a soul that had entered its realm leave.

Still, Death had one more trick to play. To cross from the realm of Death to life, Rowan would have to pass through the Bleak Gate, and if he was able to pass through it, then he had the capability to negotiate with the Beast of Final Rest.

Rowan had agreed to this, knowing that there was a trap in this arrangement but trusting himself to be able to solve it.

He had walked up to the massive gate made from bones and black iron, pushing past the resistance from the gate that repelled him for reaching it. Rowan's hand slowly went towards the gate as a fiery explosion and shockwaves erupted from his palm from the repelling force growing exponentially stronger.

What Rowan had in abundance was strength, and if that was not enough, he could call upon more energy than his body could ever use at a single time and push through.

Slowly but steadily, his hand pushed through the resistance, and he touched the gate. Everything flashed green as a massive explosion rivaling what he used to kill Primordial Memory erupted from the gate.

Rowan was no longer weak and broken as he was in the battle with the Archon, and so, except for being flung back from the gate and suffering burns that sought to leech the life from his flesh, he was basically unharmed.

It did not take long for him to analyze what went wrong. If Rowan were dead, then this Gate would have opened under his impossible strength, and he would be able to leave the realm of the dead, but since his life force was so powerful that he was basically still alive even while he was dead, then he could not pass through the gate.

Feeling a bit reckless, Rowan decided to test his strength against the gate one more time. The laws that pushed him back were inviolable, but he had sensed something more profound about the power of death when he briefly touched the Bleak Gate, and he wanted to explore that sensation.

Fighting against the power of death was madness, but it was for those who had fear and had limits. Rowan fought through the resistance from the gate, and before he touched it, he braced himself.

It would have been better if he were able to pull Ether from his Origin Land for the added weight, but then the distance separating his Origin Land from his dimensional flesh was too great, and Rowan just had to make do with the power and weight of his flesh and soul.

Placing both hands on the gate, another massive eruption occurred, creating a green mushroom cloud so massive that universes would be like fireflies before its immensity.

The ground around Rowan's feet shattered for countless light years as his body was forced into the ground, and with a loud crack, his powerful arms snapped under the pressure, the wave of force continuing to crush his spine.

This level of damage was nothing to him. What Rowan was focused on was the mysterious energy of Death that flooded his body. His powerful consciousness seized on this fact, knowing this was his ticket out of this realm, yet he hated the fact that he would have to take this path.

With his hands still pressed against the gate, a constant blast of force and green fire erupting all around him, Rowan opened all the pores in his body and began drawing all the green flames into himself.

This was pure death energy from a higher-dimensional realm, and although his dimensional flesh and soul were powerful, Rowan was not resisting the influence of this death energy; he opened up his body and soul to it.

He killed himself to get here, and it would seem like he had to kill himself again to leave.

Perhaps it was because he was in the realm of Death, and so the power of the green flames was especially tyrannical. It did not take long for his massive body to begin to blacken and rot, as his golden soul shrieked in pain before large spots of decay began to cover it.

Rowan cursed in annoyance as he felt the sensation of death multiply. The only thing that distracted him was the Black Gate, which was slowly beginning to shift as more of his body was corrupted by the energy of death.

He could feel his life slipping away, from a hundred, it shrank to ninety, then eighty...

40...

15...

3...

Surely this should have been enough, but the Bleak Gate still held firm, only barely opening a sliver and refusing to budge.

Gritting his teeth in irritation, Rowan continued shrinking his life energy, all the way down to a single percent.

No matter what happened, he had to keep a sliver of his life intact because the trap Death laid for him was ingenious. Death could not kill Rowan; only Rowan could kill himself.

Rowan's control over his life was fixed by his Fate, and unless he willfully gave up his life, he could never be claimed by the realm of Death.

Death had given him back a pathway to life, and he only had to push past the gate to be resurrected; however, only the dead could pass through this gate.

Rowan knew the moment he allowed himself to be fully consumed by the energy of Death, he might still be able to leave, but he would be its servant.

Chapter 1640: Noctis Fear (1)

This trap was out in the open, but it was undeniably a test, and Rowan knew that he was currently failing it. Yet it was not a hopeless situation for him, because Rowan was also testing the power of Death, and the limits he could push himself before he needed to use his trump cards.

His body and soul now resembled a corpse that had refused to collapse into dust, held together by an impossible willpower. Rowan kept himself in the realm of the living with a percentage of his life, refusing to go any lower to avoid any unforeseen occurrence.

If he was ambushed, which was a situation that was not highly likely, then he wanted to be able to respond quickly. Even with the permission of Death to leave the realm, Rowan could not relax his vigilance.

‘Okay, I have seen the limits of my strength; it is time to leave.’

Rowan's eyes had already collapsed into pits of darkness as the decay from all the death energy had vaporized them, and from these empty sockets, twin flames bloomed.

His right eye carried a purple flame, and his left eye had a greenish-golden flame, which represented his two bloodline powers, Chronomancer Prime and Serathis.

Throughout his battle with the Thrones of the Primordials, he had never unleashed any of his bloodline powers, strictly restricting himself to using only the strength of his dimensional flesh and the power of his Destroyer.

If he had used his bloodline powers, then it would be difficult to ascertain who would come out on top, but the battle was more of a fact-finding mission, as his ultimate destination was not just to kill the Thrones of Primordial or to create the New Light, but it was to meet Death.

The power of these two bloodlines had always been fused into his flesh, but only now did he begin to employ it.

Waves of eldritch powers emerged from his eyes as the domain of death began to transform around Rowan, as a power that stood on the same level as Death radiated from his body.

Presently, Rowan had less than a single percent of his life force left, and the Bleak Gate that had been pushed only a sliver would not go any further unless that last percent of his life force vanished.

Rowan grinned and eliminated the last portion of his life force, and the gate was pushed back a few inches. The realm of death shuddered as if in celebration, but Rowan's body, which was about to be merged with the realm, shuddered as life force reignited in his body from nowhere, and the gate that had been slowly opening was jammed, and the resistant force exploded, much fiercer than before.

However, Rowan extinguished his life force again, and the resistance force vanished. The gate was pushed back further, but before Death could claim Rowan, his life force returned.

The Bleak Gate screamed its rage as a resistance force was about to erupt, but Rowan's life force disappeared.

This happened dozens of times, and Rowan could feel the madness arising from the gate, but it followed the rules of the Realm of Death when nothing was holding Rowan from abusing the rules.

What he was doing was undoubtedly dangerous. He was killing himself and reversing the time around him to a moment before he died using Chronomancer Prime, but he was in the realm of Death, and this was like playing Russian roulette with a gun whose entire chambers was filled with bullet, this should have meant suicide, but somehow anytime Rowan pulled the trigger, the bullet froze in the chambers.

Rowan employed the power of Serathis to make sure the power of luck was in his favor. Boosted by the power of his Fate, Rowan could stare down death every time and always find a way to escape.

When Rowan left the Realm of Death, the screams of rage from the Bleak Gate did not end for a long time.

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Noctis had been watching Rowan's body for the last fifteen years like a hawk, disregarding the voice of his castle and anything around him. After a while, a deep frown slowly took over his features, and his eyes were filled with confusion.

What drew him to Rowan at first was the vast energy of death that surrounded him, which was a power that was nearly impossible to find inside Reality.

For his survival and to have revenge against the beings that destroyed everything that he knew, Noctis had roamed Limbo for more than ten Major Eras until he made the decision to become a Crow of Death.

He had already given up on Eosah; he had roamed Limbo long enough to understand that the Primordials were the apex predators, and nothing could stand against them.

The only advantage they had over the Primordials was gone, broken by their foolishness. Noctis returned not to fight his enemies but to destroy what they came here for, ensuring that even though they had won every battle, they would lose the war.

Noctis came back to end all of existence, using the power of Death to corrupt the roots of Reality. This was a daunting task, but Noctis believed that he had a chance to succeed, and he would slowly poison all of Reality until there was nothing left for the Primordials to harvest.

When he had sensed the energy of death from Rowan, Noctis had rushed over to feast. The energy he was sensing could equal all the energy of death he could harvest in an entire Minor Era, across all of Reality.

Initially, he believed that Rowan was the Primordial Ouroboros and was a bit confused when he saw multiple powerful serpents around him. However, he thought it might have been one of the unknown abilities of the Ouroboros Serpent. He was a being far more powerful than any Old One, and he was able to read Fate and Destiny and perceive that Rowan was the most significant threat and enemy of the Primordials.

As if that was not shocking enough, he saw the New Light and understood that Rowan was doing something that Noctis could not have imagined: he was supplanting the powers of the Primordials while he was still inside Reality!

Noctis' eyes were opened to the possibility that perhaps he might have been searching all of Limbo for a strategy to fight the Primordials when the answer was always at home. The technique for supplanting the power of a Primordial was exquisite, and if he could do the same for him, then Noctis could fight!

The death of Rowan was not a problem for Noctis. In fact, there could have been ways that he could have used to slow down or even reverse it, but Noctis had held back. He wanted Rowan to die, and then he would reach the Bleak Gate and pull him out.

Only with this method would he ensure that this powerful and enigmatic being would be tied to him. After all, was there a greater favor than to save someone from the cold hands of death?

It was foolish to expect this man to break Reality and give Noctis the power to stand against Primordials. As much as he feared a misunderstanding, Noctis needed power more than he wanted understanding.

So, he waited for Rowan's soul to move into the Realm of death. For a powerful being, this process might take days, even months. However, he had seen the state of Rowan's body and soul. Everything about him had been torn to pieces, and in this state, it would be amazing if Rowan could remain in the land of the living for a second.

Noctis waited for six years before the last indication of life left Rowan.

When the first year had passed, Noctis had been amazed at the resilience of Rowan's life force, although he was a bit upset with him when Sheba had basically told him to worship Rowan, but such resilience from a soul that had been affected by a Primordial-level killing curse was unreal and it was enough for Noctis to give Rowan his due.

Then the second year rolled by, and the third and the fourth, and Noctis became numb. Noctis was a Crow for Death, and he understood that a soul that stayed on the threshold of Death for so long would begin attracting attention, and maybe multiple regions of Death would be alerted to Rowan's presence.

This was a frightening thought. The realm of Death was a major player in Limbo, and attention like this was bad.

After six years had passed and the final traces of life had left Rowan's standing body, Noctis had let out a sigh of relief and, with apprehension in his eyes, he sent his consciousness into the realm of Death.

Half of Noctis' True Name was engraved on the Bleak Gate, making it possible for him to access the realm of Death.

His consciousness had barely crossed the gate before it was blasted away.

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Chapter 1641 1641: Noctis Fear (2)

With the enhanced perception of Noctis, he had been to notice that there was a lot of death domains linked to the different regions of the realm of Death clustered around the Bleak Gate.

It was as he had feared, Rowan had drawn too much attention to himself with the power of his soul and the ridiculous amount of time he took to fully enter the realm of death.

This commotion was vastly greater than Noctis had expected. If it were two or even three regions of Death, then he might be able to intercede for Rowan, but the brief glimpse he had seen before his consciousness was blasted away was at least fifty regions of Death!

Noctis had not even been aware that there were so many regions in this realm. With things reaching this point, Noctis no longer knew what to expect from this matter, as it had already far exceeded his level; the only thing he could do was observe and see if he could fish for any benefit.

He consoled himself that even if Rowan was lost, the fruit of his labor, the New Light, was still inside his castle, and with this power, they could fight against the Primordials.

Knowing he could no longer charge into the realm of Death as before, Noctis began his journey back to the Bleak Gate, but now he was using a ritual. With this method, he was not afraid of suffering any backlash from entering a place where so many powerful consciousnesses were converging.

This ritual enabled him to share his perception with the Bleak Gate in a limited manner; he would not be able to see as much if he were directly using his consciousness, but at least he would be protected.

The ritual was costly, but Noctis could draw upon the endless vitality inside of Sheba, and power through it, and before long, a thin strand of his perception pulsed out of the Bleak Gate.

At first, Noctis could not detect the trace of any of the consciousness from the other regions of Death, and he was beginning to believe that whatever happened here had been resolved and Rowan's powerful soul had been split piecemeal across various regions of Death.

But it did not take long for him to see the one glaring abnormality inside this realm. It was the living and breathing representation of life, nonchalantly standing inside the realm of Death, eyes closed as if he were meditating.

Noctis became speechless. ‘This... why does everything I plan concerning this man always go the opposite direction? It is almost as if the act of me plotting against him, even though I have no hostile thoughts, draws karmic bad luck, and nothing ever goes my way. What kind of being is he, and do I have to worship him as a subordinate?’

Noctis knew that time ran faster around the various regions of Death, and there were rumors that in the central core of this realm, it ran millions of times faster. He watched Rowan for millions of years, many thoughts passing through his head.

Noctis realized that this man did not seem like someone without a plan. Rowan was far too calm for someone who had entered the realm of Death for the first time, and Noctis wanted to see what else this man had to offer. Surely it could not be more shocking.

“I see you.”

These words were the only warning Noctis had that something had changed. Afraid that he had been detected by Rowan, Noctis’s senses flared open, and then he sensed the entity that should not be known, and the knowledge that Rowan’s presence had summoned such a thing drove him mad a moment before his consciousness was exterminated.

The backlash from seeing the true presence of an entity whose powers were equal to those of a Primordial reached Noctis’s true body, and his head exploded, followed shortly by his entire body, leaving his tattoos standing in the air.

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It took a while for Noctis to awaken. His tattoos were his covenant with Death, and so it was impossible for him to die, even if his soul were extinguished. His tattoos would first draw upon the life energy of everyone he had killed to resurrect him, and if those life energies were exhausted, they would pull directly from the Bleak Gate. Such an act would place Noctis in debt with the gate, and he would lose more of himself to it.

With enough debt that could not be repaid, Noctis would become one of the full-blood crows of Death, his Destiny forever to be an extension of the power of Death.

He woke up to see that his environment had changed; he sensed that he was still inside his castle, but everything around him was different.

He was inside a wooden hut that was built upon a star.

There was confusion in his heart because, for a moment, he believed he had been sent into the past, because there was so much that was familiar that was present here.

The first was the air, which was filled with the profound energy that was present in the beginning. It was this energy that ensured all life in Reality would be immortal and flourish.

In the beginning, they had not given this energy a name. Why would they bother doing something like that? Everything was given to them freely by Eosah, and offering a name to her gift was like claiming an inheritance over that gift.

Besides, they did not know the significance of this energy. It had been with them from the moment of their birth and was considered to be a regular part of life. If only they knew how fiercely a power like this was sought for in the darkness outside of Reality, and the many hungry eyes that searched for it.

Noctis took several deep breaths as if he were trying to remember all the flavors of the past. However, it did not take him a couple of breaths to know that this air was charged with energy, but it was not the same as before.

For one, it was weaker, barely reaching five percent of what was available at the beginning of Reality. However, Noctis could detect that this energy was still growing stronger at a terrifying pace.

Yet the most crucial difference was that this energy was dead. Noctis could smell the rot inside it, and although it was powerful, there was no life within it. The voice of Eosah and her light no longer merged with this power, and Noctis believed that this energy was emerging from her corpse. So, it was no mistake that it was now dead.

A profound sense of loss filled his heart, and he opened his eyes, and behind that sadness was an eternal rage that wanted to drag everything down with his mother. The helplessness of seeing everything you know and love perish under the gaze of deceitful gods made his tattoos flare to life, and then he perceived the hut.

It was a normal hut, humble yet profound, a testament to the ingenuity that rose from a raw and untamed world filled which was filled with the power of endless possibilities.

The hut was built from what the earth gave freely: rough-hewn logs stripped of bark by stone and fire. Noctis could see scrapes where he and his siblings had made as they slowly shaped the wood. To put it all together were vines, but Noctis noticed that sinews were now also used to attach the logs together.

Noctis remembered that Asolom, soon to be known as Caine in the future, had postulated that sinews could be used as binding for this hut, and the thought had horrified most of them. It had been difficult to cut down the trees used for this hut, let alone hurting the innocent animals that had begun to arise from nature.

Noctis walked to the uneven walls and touched them; they were sturdy but leaned inward a bit, more by accident than design, and this formed a simple apex where smoke could escape from a firepit dug in a packed-earth floor.

He looked at the ground but saw no fire pit, only a solid wooden table surrounded by wooden chairs. His memories were intertwining with the present, and he shook his head to push old thoughts aside.

There were several windows in this hut, and the size of the hut was now bigger than before. Previously, there had been no windows, only gaps between the logs where wind and the scent of damp soil whispered through.

Noctis looked up and saw that the roof was still thatched with bundles of reeds, which usually sagged under the weight of the morning dew. He remembered how Sheba used to worry that it would collapse on their heads at night.

This had not been just a shelter for them, but a covenant—it was the beginning of all things built, the first echo of civilization, and it was supposed to be the start of something better, but it had been the birth of their ambition.

Memories poured into his mind. This place had meant many things to him, but it had been special to Sheba. Upon seeing this hut, Noctis realized that Sheba had finally found home and was no longer running.

“How long was I out?”

Chapter 1642: They Shall Tremble In Horror

“You were dead for twenty years, and many things were happening while you were away.”

Noctis had not been expecting an answer to the question he had asked out of bafflement, and he was surprised to hear a strange voice near him when his senses had not detected anyone close to him.

He turned to see a blue-haired woman by his side who was extremely beautiful, but her eyes were filled with irritation and a bit of tiredness.

“You know even when you are dead, you still talk, and the things you say...” the woman shuddered, “What sort of horrors have you seen to twist your mind in this manner?”

Noctis frowned, “You will forgive me for not knowing what my dead body speaks, and who are you?”

“The keeper of your dead body for the last forty years. No need to thank me; you have many things to catch up on. Let’s go meet your lord.”

Noctis’s frown deepened. “I have no lord.”

The blue-haired woman laughed, “Keep telling yourself that. In this war, you either fight for Rowan or you fight for the Primes; there is no longer any third side.”

“Is that a threat...”

“My name is Circe Boreas, daughter of the Storm. No, it is the fact, and I tell you for your benefit.”

Noctis’ eyes went cold, “and why should I serve your lord?”

Circe rolled her eyes as she began to walk out of the hut. “He will give you what you want. The heads of the Primordials on a fucking plate.”

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Rowan was completing the last of his arrangements for his push towards Space Origin when Noctis arrived alongside Circe. The tattooed man was frowning, and Rowan could see questions that were threatening to burst out of his body, but what drew Rowan’s attention was the profound energy of death that had sublimated in the body of Noctis.

He was already aware of Noctis’s connection with death. Sheba, the castle, had already briefed him about this man, the firstborn of Eosah, who fled into Limbo to find answers to the invasion of the Primordials and the sacrifices he had made that twisted him into what he had become.

There were many things Rowan wanted to discuss about those times with Noctis, but this was not the right time. The hundred-year Agreement with Primordial Demon was coming up, and thirty years had already passed.

He had less than seventy years to prepare for one of the most brutal battles in his life, alongside figuring out how to acquire the origins of all his dimensions, enhance his Origin powers and make it the new path of his evolution, prepare for the overall war with the Primordials, organize the changes across Reality and his to ensure his Origin Land would draw the proper attention the way he wanted it and a billion other affairs that were too numerous to be listed...

Any immortal would be overwhelmed; Rowan could not allow himself to be.

He looked closely at Noctis. When the man was recovering from Death, his tattoos had been a closed-off mystery, but now that he was awake, certain transformations he could see made this man a perfect candidate for the Primordial beheading operation.

Not wasting any time, Rowan pointed a forefinger at Noctis, and a stream of information entered the mind of the man. He halted in place as he rapidly digested all the data Rowan had just poured into his consciousness.

As he had expected, Noctis did not take long before he digested all the information, and he looked at Rowan with a profound look in his eyes. Rowan nodded and waved his hand, revealing what looked like a seed as he began to speak,

“I know that you are a Crow of Death, and I also know that you are aware of my plans to shift the foundations of Reality away from the Primordials. You have seen the New Light and would want the same thing for yourself. In your case, you want the power of Death.”

Noctis nodded at Rowan’s words, “Yes, I have no hope of equaling the power of the New Light; her foundation rests with the first flames and Light itself, but if I can assume the concept of Death inside of Reality, then I should be strong enough to fight.”

“Good, and that fight you will get,” Rowan pointed at the seed hovering between them, “I assume you know who holds the power of Death.”

Noctis smiled, “Of course I do. I was there when he took it, and if not for the intervention of the other Primes, Vorthas wanted to become the Primordial of Death, but he was blocked and he had to pick life.”

“Vorthas,” Rowan rolled the name on his tongue as if he was tasting it, “Yes, this is another name for my enemy.”

Noctis closed his eyes as he looked through the information that Rowan had sent into his mind. There were a lot of things for him to analyze and digest, and he believed that it would take him years to get through everything.

Yet, he could not help but notice that across the plans laid out for him, there were many places where information was vague and others that were plain nonsensical, some of them requiring an extreme amount of coincidences for it to occur.

“Do I trust that this plan will go according to what is dictated here?” Noctis asked, concerned. You are expecting a lot of my trust for a plan like this. Much of what I am seeing here makes no sense, and if I have not seen the result of your handiwork, I will think you are a madman.”

Rowan smiled, his eyes glinting like gems, “Why would you ever think I was sane, Noctis? But we are not talking about my sanity here. I can promise you that everything I laid down there may not come to pass exactly, but it will follow the general pattern.”

Noctis looked at Rowan, and he burst out laughing, “What the hell, let the wind blows as it want. I had no hope before, and I will take anything I have. It cannot be worse than the endless years of despair. Even if I perish, it shall be on the battlefield with the blood of the Primordials on my teeth.”

Rowan smiled. “I might fail, in fact, that is the most likely outcome. Yet as my defeat is not set in stone, that means anything is possible. Noctis, you do not know me for long, but

I will promise you that what is to come will be the greatest battle that has ever been seen from the dawn of creation, and the Primes shall see the works of my hands and tremble in horror.”

Chapter 1643: Noctis Fear (2)

With the enhanced perception of Noctis, he had been to notice that there was a lot of death domains linked to the different regions of the realm of Death clustered around the Bleak Gate.

It was as he had feared, Rowan had drawn too much attention to himself with the power of his soul and the ridiculous amount of time he took to fully enter the realm of death.

This commotion was vastly greater than Noctis had expected. If it were two or even three regions of Death, then he might be able to intercede for Rowan, but the brief glimpse he had seen before his consciousness was blasted away was at least fifty regions of Death!

Noctis had not even been aware that there were so many regions in this realm. With things reaching this point, Noctis no longer knew what to expect from this matter, as it had already far exceeded his level; the only thing he could do was observe and see if he could fish for any benefit.

He consoled himself that even if Rowan was lost, the fruit of his labor, the New Light, was still inside his castle, and with this power, they could fight against the Primordials.

Knowing he could no longer charge into the realm of Death as before, Noctis began his journey back to the Bleak Gate, but now he was using a ritual. With this method, he was not afraid of suffering any backlash from entering a place where so many powerful consciousnesses were converging.

This ritual enabled him to share his perception with the Bleak Gate in a limited manner; he would not be able to see as much if he were directly using his consciousness, but at least he would be protected.

The ritual was costly, but Noctis could draw upon the endless vitality inside of Sheba, and power through it, and before long, a thin strand of his perception pulsed out of the Bleak Gate.

At first, Noctis could not detect the trace of any of the consciousness from the other regions of Death, and he was beginning to believe that whatever happened here had been resolved and Rowan’s powerful soul had been split piecemeal across various regions of Death.

But it did not take long for him to see the one glaring abnormality inside this realm. It was the living and breathing representation of life, nonchalantly standing inside the realm of Death, eyes closed as if he were meditating.

Noctis became speechless. “This... why does everything I plan concerning this man always go the opposite direction? It is almost as if the act of me plotting against him, even though I have no hostile thoughts, draws karmic bad luck, and nothing ever goes my way. What kind of being is he, and do I have to worship him as a subordinate?”

Noctis knew that time ran faster around the various regions of Death, and there were rumors that in the central core of this realm, it ran millions of times faster. He watched Rowan for millions of years, many thoughts passing through his head.

Noctis realized that this man did not seem like someone without a plan. Rowan was far too calm for someone who had entered the realm of Death for the first time, and Noctis wanted to see what else this man had to offer. Surely it could not be more shocking.

“I see you.”

These words were the only warning Noctis had that something had changed. Afraid that he had been detected by Rowan, Noctis’s senses flared open, and then he sensed the entity that should not be known, and the knowledge that Rowan’s presence had summoned such a thing drove him mad a moment before his consciousness was exterminated.

The backlash from seeing the true presence of an entity whose powers were equal to those of a Primordial reached Noctis’s true body, and his head exploded, followed shortly by his entire body, leaving his tattoos standing in the air.

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It took a while for Noctis to awaken. His tattoos were his covenant with Death, and so it was impossible for him to die, even if his soul were extinguished. His tattoos would first draw upon the life energy of everyone he had killed to resurrect him, and if those life energies were exhausted, they would pull directly from the Bleak Gate. Such an act would place Noctis in debt with the gate, and he would lose more of himself to it.

With enough debt that could not be repaid, Noctis would become one of the full-blood crows of Death, his Destiny forever to be an extension of the power of Death.

He woke up to see that his environment had changed; he sensed that he was still inside his castle, but everything around him was different.

He was inside a wooden hut that was built upon a star.

There was confusion in his heart because, for a moment, he believed he had been sent into the past, because there was so much that was familiar that was present here.

The first was the air, which was filled with the profound energy that was present in the beginning. It was this energy that ensured all life in Reality would be immortal and flourish.

In the beginning, they had not given this energy a name. Why would they bother doing something like that? Everything was given to them freely by Eosah, and offering a name to her gift was like claiming an inheritance over that gift.

Besides, they did not know the significance of this energy. It had been with them from the moment of their birth and was considered to be a regular part of life. If only they knew how fiercely a power like this was sought for in the darkness outside of Reality, and the many hungry eyes that searched for it.

Noctis took several deep breaths as if he were trying to remember all the flavors of the past. However, it did not take him a couple of breaths to know that this air was charged with energy, but it was not the same as before.

For one, it was weaker, barely reaching five percent of what was available at the beginning of Reality. However, Noctis could detect that this energy was still growing stronger at a terrifying pace.

Yet the most crucial difference was that this energy was dead. Noctis could smell the rot inside it, and although it was powerful, there was no life within it. The voice of Eosah and her light no longer merged with this power, and Noctis believed that this energy was emerging from her corpse. So, it was no mistake that it was now dead.

A profound sense of loss filled his heart, and he opened his eyes, and behind that sadness was an eternal rage that wanted to drag everything down with his mother. The helplessness of seeing everything you know and love perish under the gaze of deceitful gods made his tattoos flare to life, and then he perceived the hut.

It was a normal hut, humble yet profound, a testament to the ingenuity that rose from a raw and untamed world filled which was filled with the power of endless possibilities.

The hut was built from what the earth gave freely: rough-hewn logs stripped of bark by stone and fire. Noctis could see scrapes where he and his siblings had made as they slowly shaped the wood. To put it all together were vines, but Noctis noticed that sinews were now also used to attach the logs together.

Noctis remembered that Asolom, soon to be known as Caine in the future, had postulated that sinews could be used as binding for this hut, and the thought had horrified most of them. It had been difficult to cut down the trees used for this hut, let alone hurting the innocent animals that had begun to arise from nature.

Noctis walked to the uneven walls and touched them; they were sturdy but leaned inward a bit, more by accident than design, and this formed a simple apex where smoke could escape from a firepit dug in a packed-earth floor.

He looked at the ground but saw no fire pit, only a solid wooden table surrounded by wooden chairs. His memories were intertwining with the present, and he shook his head to push old thoughts aside.

There were several windows in this hut, and the size of the hut was now bigger than before. Previously, there had been no windows, only gaps between the logs where wind and the scent of damp soil whispered through.

Noctis looked up and saw that the roof was still thatched with bundles of reeds, which usually sagged under the weight of the morning dew. He remembered how Sheba used to worry that it would collapse on their heads at night.

This had not been just a shelter for them, but a covenant—it was the beginning of all things built, the first echo of civilization, and it was supposed to be the start of something better, but it had been the birth of their ambition.

Memories poured into his mind. This place had meant many things to him, but it had been special to Sheba. Upon seeing this hut, Noctis realized that Sheba had finally found home and was no longer running.

“How long was I out?”

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

Chapter 1644: They Shall Tremble In Horror

“You were dead for twenty years, and many things were happening while you were away.”

Noctis had not been expecting an answer to the question he had asked out of bafflement, and he was surprised to hear a strange voice near him when his senses had not detected anyone close to him.

He turned to see a blue-haired woman by his side who was extremely beautiful, but her eyes were filled with irritation and a bit of tiredness.

“You know, even when you are dead, you still talk, and the things you say...” the woman shuddered, “What sort of horrors have you seen to twist your mind in this manner?”

Noctis frowned, “You will forgive me for not knowing what my dead body speaks, and who are you?”

“The keeper of your dead body for the last twenty years. No need to thank me; you have many things to catch up on. Let’s go meet your lord.”

Noctis’s frown deepened. “I have no lord.”

The blue-haired woman laughed, “Keep telling yourself that. In this war, you either fight for Rowan or you fight for the Primes; there is no longer any third side.”

“Is that a threat...”

“My name is Circe Boreas, daughter of the Storm. No, it is the fact, and I tell you for your benefit.”

Noctis’ eyes went cold, “and why should I serve your lord?”

Circe rolled her eyes as she began to walk out of the hut. “He will give you what you want. The heads of the Primordials on a fucking plate.”

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Rowan was completing the last of his arrangements for his push towards Space Origin when Noctis arrived alongside Circe. The tattooed man was frowning, and Rowan could see questions that were threatening to burst out of his body, but what drew Rowan’s attention was the profound energy of death that had sublimated in the body of Noctis.

He was already aware of Noctis’s connection with death. Sheba, the castle, had already briefed him about this man, the firstborn of Eosah, who fled into Limbo to find answers to the invasion of the Primordials and the sacrifices he had made that twisted him into what he had become.

There were many things Rowan wanted to discuss about those times with Noctis, but this was not the right time. The hundred-year Agreement with Primordial Demon was coming up, and thirty years had already passed.

He had less than seventy years to prepare for one of the most brutal battles in his life, alongside figuring out how to acquire the origins of all his dimensions, enhance his Origin powers and make it the new path of his evolution, prepare for the overall war with the Primordials, organize the changes across Reality and how to ensure his Origin Land would draw the proper attention the way he wanted it and a billion other affairs that were too numerous to be listed...

Any immortal would be overwhelmed; Rowan could not allow himself to be.

He looked closely at Noctis. When the man was recovering from Death, his tattoos had been a closed-off mystery, but now that he was awake, certain transformations he could see made this man a perfect candidate for the Primordial beheading operation.

Not wasting any time, Rowan pointed a forefinger at Noctis, and a stream of information entered the mind of the man. He halted in place as he rapidly digested all the data Rowan had just poured into his consciousness.

As he had expected, Noctis did not take long before he digested all the information, and he looked at Rowan with a profound look in his eyes. Rowan nodded and waved his hand, revealing what looked like a seed as he began to speak,

“I know that you are a Crow of Death, and I also know that you are aware of my plans to shift the foundations of Reality away from the Primordials. You have seen the New Light and would want the same thing for yourself. In your case, you want the power of Death.”

Noctis nodded at Rowan’s words, “Yes, I have no hope of equaling the power of the New Light; her foundation rests with the first flames and Light itself, but if I can assume the concept of Death inside of Reality, then I should be strong enough to fight.”

“Good, and that fight you will get,” Rowan pointed at the seed hovering between them, “I assume you know who holds the power of Death.”

Noctis smiled, “Of course I do. I was there when he took it, and if not for the intervention of the other Primes, Vorthas wanted to become the Primordial of Death, but he was blocked and he had to pick life.”

“Vorthas,” Rowan rolled the name on his tongue as if he was tasting it, “Yes, this is another name for my enemy.”

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Chapter 1645: Origin of Singularities

When Rowan returned from the realm of Death, he brought with him all the energies from that hollow realm, and he could have easily rid himself of the corruption of Death when he returned, but due to three critical reasons, he did not allow himself to fully recover.

Rowan had discovered that with so much essence of death inside his body, it was hard for anyone to determine that he was still alive. His presence had been completely suppressed, and it was nearly impossible for even those near him to detect him when to their senses he was a mass of un-life.

If there were any Primordials checking for his death through the threads of Fate and Destiny, they would not be able to find him unless he gave them his location. Rowan knew that the Primordials understood that he was not dead. In the end, their infighting and innate arrogance had given him a chance to push for more than they could expect, and Rowan would make sure they paid for it.

None of them were still underestimating him any longer. Killing several Thrones and the creation of the New Light was more than enough reason for him to be ranked as the most dangerous entity in Reality, and they would put him down like an animal when the next battle began.

The second reason Rowan kept all the essence of death inside his body was his desire to find the origin of the dimensions. At this moment, Rowan was on two paths when it came to cultivation.

The first path was that of the dimensional path, which involved his dimensional flesh and his dimensional soul, and the second path was his Origin Land.

Rowan was not willing to leave either of these two paths and was determined to walk both to the end. His dimensional pathway was born from Reality and the Primordials, but his Origin Land was more unique; it had not existed before, something that came from nothing.

It was powerful, but unlike the dimensional pathways that had been laid down and followed by the Primordials and most of the extra dimensional entities, Rowan had no road to tread, and the only way he was able to utilize his Origin Land was to feed its power to his bloodlines, but that was not how he should be using this power.

Knowledge and mastery would come in time, but he would focus on his dimensional flesh and soul for now.

Although Rowan suspected that perhaps he was able to gain the Origin of Fate due to the presence of his Origin Land, it should not be a coincidence that he gained Fate Origin when he began to fully actualize the power of his Origin Land. If that was the case, then his quest for gaining the Origin for all his dimensional levels might go more smoothly than he thought.

Leaving the first and second dimensions aside—Rowan already had plans for those—he needed to focus on the third, which was the dimension of Space.

With the power of death, Rowan would degrade his dimensional flesh to the limit while he was inside Reality. With this method, he hoped to connect to the fundamental aspects of Space and how it was related to existence and grasp its Origin.

The final reason was because of Noctis. If Rowan could create a New Light, he could create a New Death. Unlike the New Light, who had the domain of Old Light to pull from, Noctis would not have anything of that sort, because Primordial Life had suppressed Death and made Life a foundation of Reality, so Noctis could not be as strong as Eva, or his influence would be as great.

However, if Rowan could collect the dominion of Death from Primordial Life and give it to Noctis, then he would become a half-step ninth-dimensional entity, and with Noctis' connection with the realm of Death, who knew if he might be able to reach the level of a Primordial.

Rowan doubted it, but he could be mistaken.

Nevertheless, he was not intending to keep this Essence of Death inside of him for long, and instead of getting rid of it, then channeling it all to Noctis to boost his base, the same way he would be increasing the base of Staff fifty years from now to accommodate an Agreement with him.

An Agreement was necessary even though they were all on the same side. Power was corrupting, and its weight was something that few could bear. Without this Agreement, Rowan could not give anyone power that could shake all of existence.

Leaving a Reflection here to convey his will to those who needed him, Rowan began to dig himself into Reality, his quest for the Origin of Space beginning.

Even as his main body left, the conversation with Noctis did not end, and he could not help but be dragged into a conversation with this man, who had lived for over twelve Major Eras, and a question made Rowan focus on Noctis.

“I can not help but notice the proliferation of the dead Primordial Essence now flowing through Reality and getting stronger as we speak. Are you the one responsible for making it so? No, that is an ignorant question; it can only be you. But I would like to ask, how did you do it?”

Rowan cocked his head to the side as he thought about the words of Noctis, noticing how the man grimaced in anger when he said Primordial Essence, and he said,

“I will answer your question if you will tell me why you think that the Primordial Essence is dead?”

“Primordial Essence?! Ah! Those thieves would take even the name of her gift. This thing that enters Reality is not the Essence of Primordials; they are Destroyers, hence they cannot create. This is the Essence of Eosah, and she is no more, else you would have heard her song in the breeze, Rowan, and it would be the most lovely sound you will ever hear.”

Noctis looked away, his face filled with horror and shame, “Even dead, she still provides.”

“The Essence of Eosah you say, interesting,” Rowan mused before deciding to answer the question of Noctis, “I am indeed the one who brought this change upon Reality, I admit I do not understand all the mechanisms behind the process, because I used the Singularity, World Stele to pierce through the membrane of Reality.

Rowan shook his head in exasperation, “I had previously believed that this Essence I unleashed upon Reality came from Limbo, I never knew it was Eosah’s.”

Noctis grimaced, “I see that you have not been inside of Limbo, and you will think that such bounty may be available freely, but it is not. Limbo is a place of endless hunger and suffering, and the Primordials roam its endless depths, their hunger straining against all things. Even if Eosah Essence is dead, if it were freely available in Limbo, then wars would be fought for it, the likes that you can not even imagine.”

“I can imagine a lot of things,” Rowan smiled.

“Not this,” Noctis replied, a haunted look in his eyes, “You cannot imagine something like this. With your lack of knowledge about Limbo, I will also have to assume that you do not know where Singularities come from.”

Rowan’s focus became absolute as he stared at Noctis, making this ancient being shiver under his gaze,

“No, I do not know the true origins of Singularities. I have guesses, but I am sure there are things I have missed.”

Noctis withered under the gaze of Rowan, but this did not stop him from speaking,

“In Limbo, this information is not prevalent, but I was able to learn it as a crow of Death because I saw it happen. I saw the birth of a Singularity.”

Noctis blinked a look of struggle in his eyes, “I don’t think I was able to see a fraction of what took place, and I believe if I were able to really see what happened... the things I would have learned would have made me a Primordial.”

With a sigh, Noctis rubbed his face with both hands, “I am sorry for delaying your answer, Rowan, but you more than most should know the weight of memories. To answer your question, the origin of Singularities lies in the death of Realities. They say not all dead Realities are able to produce a Singularity, only those that died with great grievances.”

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For the next fifty years in real time, Rowan broke himself down with the Essence of Death and his Will, his dimensional flesh was extremely massive, but as he degraded it, he began to shrink, and across Reality a billion spots filled with pocket dimensions holding his flesh began to arise.

They were hidden deep inside Reality, and so it was almost impossible for anyone to find them, and so it was truly surprising when a Titan and a Celestial Creator broke into the pocket dimension where Rowan was refining his flesh.

Rowan acquired the eye from the descendant of the Torch Dragon, and this drew his attention to the changes that had been ongoing in Reality for a while now, which had started with him.

Chapter 1646: The Gate Of Existence

Rowan had been the one who pierced through the skin of Eosah, and with the strength of his dimensional flesh, he had kept the wound open, and so he continued bleeding all over Reality.

Previously, Rowan had believed that this essence was coming from Limbo. However, after learning that this power belonged to Reality, he knew the time for him to exploit it had drastically reduced.

Reality was no longer alive, and so her Importance could not be plundered forever; whatever was lost could no longer be regained. If Rowan used his Essence storehouse as a baseline, compensating for his lower dimensional level and size, while allocating for the

essence lost by the plundering of the Primordials, then it would not take a long time before Reality bled out.

With the amount of Essence he was pumping out with increasing intensity, he calculated that if the release of Eosah's Essence reached a hundred percent—at this point, the release of the Essence was around forty percent—then in two hundred thousand years, there would no longer be any drop of Essence left.

Two hundred thousand years might seem like a long time, but the Essence of Eosah was meant to last for eternity, enduring and endless; two hundred thousand years was nothing compared to what it could have been.

This showed how much Essence the Primordials had robbed from Reality, and what Rowan was releasing now was the dregs at the bottom of the barrel—the polluted Essence of Eosah that had been tainted by her death, her last act of defiance.

Two hundred thousand years was a noose on Rowan's neck. It showed him how long Reality would be able to support him and his plans before they could no longer go on. Rowan also realized why the Primordials had not done much to stop the vortex he had created all over Reality.

At first, Rowan knew that with the increase of this Essence flooding Reality, the Primordials, who had been locked into slumber due to how weak Reality had become, could finally exert more of their powers outside their Thrones. Finally, they would walk upon Reality again.

While that was the truth, Rowan was not surprised to discover that there was still another hidden reason the Primordials were not stopping the influx of essence into Reality. It was because they knew this essence was not Primordial Essence; it did not belong to them, and so if it was exhausted, it was simply a signal that Reality was one step closer to ending.

“Two hundred thousand years will be the span for the entire battle.”

Coincidentally, with the degradation of his body to find the Origin of Space, he was finding himself getting closer to the core of Reality, and that meant he was getting closer to knowing the truth behind Reality.

Rowan had never sunk so deeply into space before, and that was the reason he was surprised by the unexpected arrival of the Titan and the Celestial Creator.

In the beginning, there had been a billion dimensional pocket where his flesh was degraded. Still, as time went on and he sank deeper into Reality, the number of dimensional pockets began to reduce. By the time those two unwelcome visitors had barged into his domain, there were barely a hundred dimensional pockets left.

To pierce deeper into space, Rowan was strictly depending on his third-dimensional will of space, and he did not call upon the power of any of his other dimensions. This made the task an order of magnitude harder, but it kept his progress pure and untainted.

His sense of self as a dimension was being strained to the limits, and it would be easy for him to let go. This would not hurt him but might even benefit his dimension, but that was not what Rowan was seeking. Doing that would just be pursuing short-term gains when he was going for the origins of space itself.

Rowan marshalled his thoughts and pushed through the barriers blocking his progress with an impossible Will. He could dimly hear a rapid series of dull cracking sounds, as if he were a miner digging through the earth, which was not a far-off analogy from what he was doing now.

With a loud roar that only he could hear, the hundred-dimensional pockets reduced to fifty, and Rowan's dimension was pushed deeper into space. He felt himself reach a barrier, and he stopped.

Rowan shuddered. In the fifty dimensional pockets that made up his body, there were fifty of him sitting on an ocean of death essence. This essence was the fuel used to degrade his body, and his command over space was the tool he used to reshape his dimension after it was degraded.

After heading deeper into space than any immortal in existence could ever claim, his Will of Space finally began to react. It was as if all of his senses were thrumming like a guitar string that had been stretched to the limit.

Rowan reached forward and touched the barrier, but incredible pain flooded his entire existence. He kept his consciousness in touch with the barrier for a while before he pulled back.

What he had sensed was not truly pain; instead, it was a rapid influx of data of such great complexity and size that his dimensional flesh, which had been severely restricted to the third-dimensional level, had a hard time comprehending all of it, so it appeared like pain.

Rowan paused in contemplation as he decided the way forward. From what he could tell from touching this barrier, his dimensional flesh was not powerful enough to comprehend it, not while he remained shattered into fifty pieces.

Coming to that conclusion, Rowan knew that his experiment of degrading his body had reached the limit, and he began calling upon all the scattered dimensional pockets to merge them into a singular body.

He did not consider this experiment a failure because it had brought him to the gate of space origin. Although pain had bombarded his consciousness, Rowan had still been able

to glean certain truths from that contact, and he knew he was on the threshold of something amazing.

Rowan may have gained Fate's Origin, but he could hardly comprehend all its complexities and was only using its power instinctively. For Space Origin, Rowan was determined to understand it by himself.

If it was going to be the foundation for his dimensional flesh, then Rowan had no choice but to delve into it from the beginning, take it apart, and make it his own.

Shattering himself took decades, but bringing himself together hardly took three years. It helped that he had less than fifty dimensional pockets to work with.

Finally, Rowan's dimensional flesh had become whole. His appearance had changed; he resembled a child of ten with hair that was as black as the void that surrounded him, his eyes were twin holes of void-darkness, and there was nothing about him that suggested he was a seventh dimensional immortal, instead he looked like a mortal child but one whose breathe was like that of Reality itself.

He stood upon the gate of existence, the true beginning of space, and his eyes widened in wonder and a bit of melancholy.

Before him were the bones of Eosah.

Chapter 1647: The Sky Whales Of Creation

To Rowan, who was a living dimension and could see through the thin veil that separated the essence of Reality from what others perceived, what he was looking at was the bones of Eosah, but what others would see was a shimmering expanse of cerulean radiance.

Rowan took a step forward and was nearly blown back by a mysterious wind that carried the whispers of newborn stars. His Will of space was like a hungry flame that began to devour this wind, and before long, Rowan became the eye of a storm.

Closing his eyes to assimilate the whispers within the wind, Rowan began his journey of contemplation.

A mournful wail emerged from the wind around him, and Rowan did not need to open his eyes to see that within the winds swirling into his body were phantoms of massive whales that reminded him of Cloudy.

They made long, enchanting calls that nearly stopped Rowan's heart, as he could hear the desolation in their voices. They were all dead, but their spirit lived on, ignoring the betrayal of the children of Eosah and continuing their task in silence.

Across Rowan's dimensional flesh, countless primitive runes began to appear, their shapes similar to those of the whales.

"Here lies the Sky Whales of Creation. They serve in the darkness to give all of Reality Light. See how they glide upon the Astral Currents, their songs weaving the fabrics of young galaxies."

Rowan's eyes flew open at the unexpected voice that intruded into his consciousness. The voice was that of a woman, and apart from that, he could not tell anything of it, as if knowledge of her had been destroyed.

The voice was Impersonal, like a teacher, and Rowan paused in contemplation for a while before opening himself to it.

It would seem that in this journey, he was going to acquire Space Origin and learn more about Eosah.

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A massive divine carriage pulled by dragons and phoenixes travelled through the void that separated the major Primordial Domains. Ten of these mighty beasts were present, and usually, they would have been roaming the dimensions, their power shaking all directions, but now they obediently pulled the carriage.

The area this carriage traveled through was filled with specks of starlight that glinted like gold, making it appear as if the carriage was traveling on a path made from treasures.

The heavenly beasts drawing the carriage were all eighth-dimensional Old Ones. A sight like this was rare even in this age, where powerful beings were seemingly sprouting out of mid-air with the proliferation of Primordial Essence throughout Reality.

An eye made from treasure jade inside the carriage looked through the windows, checking their surroundings. Satisfied that they were on the right path, they retreated, and a heavy voice like the sound of a mountain speaking resounded throughout the carriage's interior.

"Master, the way ahead is clear, and we shall be in the Great Darkness before long."

A lazy voice replied, "Speak softly, your master had to go to a lot of trouble to escape the labyrinth. Ah, so many years of efforts and treasures left behind... Oh well, at least I am escaping with most of my head still remaining above my neck."

The interior of the carriage was not a hollow shell but a self-contained realm, a world unto itself. No wonder it required ten Old Ones, who were all powerful heavenly beasts, to pull it.

Upon entering the carriage, there was a grand atrium; its ceiling was so high that it mimicked the sky, upon closer look, this was not a mimicry but a sky filled with real stars and worlds, and the carriage seemed to have scraped a portion of the universe and enclosed it inside of itself.

The walls of this carriage were lined with towering bookshelves, with all the books made from treasured materials. If all knowledge were precious, then the vessel needed to convey that knowledge also needed to be equally as precious, if not more so, which should be clearly the thought process behind the creator of this library.

There were gilded mirrors that reflected endless corridors and staircases that spiraled into the unknown. The air hums with the quiet murmur of unseen mechanisms, the heartbeat of this colossal vessel.

The carriage was divided into countless chambers, each a microcosm of a different realm.

There was the Library of Forgotten Histories, a Ballroom frozen in time, a forest of clockwork trees, and a massive city within the walls filled with countless lives and immortals, few knew they were inside a carriage.

The heavy voice belonged to a being that resembled a golem made from all sorts of treasure gems, long beards made from metal wires that flowed entrancingly with treasure light.

This being was also an old one, and the presence he referred to as master was a white dragon, and their massive size made it clear why only a carriage of this size could carry them through the void.

They were both massive, bigger than the titans that had fought against the Omicron Berserkers, with a single claw from Vraegar measuring in the range of thousands of miles. Nonetheless, inside the heart of this dragon, he knew that he had a father whose size would make him look like an ant, and over the years, Vraegar had been searching for various methods to safely increase his size, so that one day he could be at least half the size of his father.

This golem was a powerful Labyrinth Specter that had lived in the Great Labyrinth for many Eras, accumulating wealth and power through the years, but after meeting his master, the great Monarch of Gluttony, Vraegar, everything had changed for him.

In a short time, Vraegar had grown from a fifth-dimensional level Specter to the seventh-dimensional level, accumulating such great wealth that numerous Labyrinth Specters began to beg to follow him.

If not for the connection they had made in the beginning when Vraegar descended into the Great Labyrinth, the golem knew he would not have been chosen.

Now, Vraegar was on the verge of becoming an Old One, but instead of ascending inside the Great Labyrinth, he had chosen to leave and ascend outside of it.

This carriage was a Primordial Level Treasure that had been lying dormant at the center of the Great Labyrinth, and Vraegar had somehow awakened it. With such a pedigree behind him, the golem no longer questioned any decision made by the dragon.

Vraegar lay lazily on a bed made from condensed neutron stars infused with Malcine Silk. This silk was a treasure woven by the Malcine Spider, a powerful eighth-dimensional entity, and every inch of it was considered priceless.

The dragon was being massaged by millions of celestial maidens acquired from all over Reality, some of whom were even Angels, reaching the ranks of Sovereign. In the preparation to become an Old One, Vraegar was going all out to ensure his comfort and stability.

After the lessons from Andar, Vraegar was no longer rushing his advancement, choosing to cross each dimensional step, slowly but steadily, and it had paid off. The growth of his talents had become almost heretical in the last few years, as his power to attract and devour everything around him became more refined.

Vraegar would have loved to make his ascension to the ranks of Old One inside the Great Labyrinth, but he feared that with his ascension, he would not be able to hold back his talent, and he would devour a portion of the Great Labyrinth's roots.

This would undoubtedly benefit him, but Vraegar was not foolish. He was in the realm of a Primordial, and his talents were far too powerful for an Old One like him to manage.

His instincts for danger were exquisite, and Vraegar could sense a terrifying presence watching over him from the moment he entered the Great Labyrinth.

If he were a betting dragon, Vraegar would wager that the eyes on him were a Primordial, but for some reason, they had not attacked him immediately, but seemed content to watch him.

There had also been other changes and opportunities that Vraegar had gained that did not seem quite as natural; it was as if someone was fattening him up for slaughter. Vraegar, knowing that he could not fight against the will of a Primordial, simply enjoyed the benefits, including this primordial treasure carriage.

However, Vraegar could sense that his elevation to the eighth-dimensional level could cause changes that he could not yet understand.

Andar had repeatedly told him how special his bloodline was, and the expectations that were needed by all those who were blessed by this power.

Like many others, Vraegar had watched the startling revelation that emerged from the Supreme World of Mages: Andar Erikson, a Magus genius, had seemingly ushered Reality into a new Era.

There was more to that story than meets the eye, and over the years, with the proliferation of Primordial Essence and the appearance of the Land of Origin, a terrifying truth became known to all.

A new power had arisen in Reality, one that was challenging all the Primordial Domains, and in the Land of Origin, all life would see the truth behind the endless deceit that had been the bane of all the living.

Chapter 1648: Changes

Chapter 1648: Changes

Vraegar was leaving the Great Labyrinth, and he was not the only one. In fact, he was not the first. All across Reality, and most surprisingly, in the Primordial Domains, a mass migration had begun.

And all of this happened because of the influx of Primordial Essence into Reality.

When the vortex that was funneling Primordial Essence into Reality was unveiled, most of them were situated inside the Great Darkness, and some lucky dimensions had several of these vortexes close to their region; however, inside the Primordial Domains, there were hardly any vortexes to be found.

For example, in the Great Labryinth, there were only three vortexes, and it did not take long for them to collapse under the weight of the Primordial Domain.

From the beginning of the Supreme Era, there were only a select number of places where true power could be found and cultivated, and those were inside the Primordial Domains.

All of existence had to bow down to the power of the Primordial Domain and give tribute for the chance to be given essential resources for cultivation, and the members of the Primordial Domains had ensured that a firm foot was placed on the necks of all of existence.

After the end of the Primordial Era, the notion that there could be a separate power outside the Primordial Domains that could have a power that could overshadow them was considered to be nonsensical.

All of the power and the most Supreme bloodlines were to be found in the Primordial Domains, and if not for the lack of special resources that could only be found in certain corners of Reality or produced by many of the unique dimensions in Reality, there would not be any reason to consider anywhere else as equal to the Primordial Domain.

When the vortex appeared in Reality that could spew out a seemingly endless amount of Primordial Essence, the balance of power across Reality changed so quickly that it was almost comical.

In the beginning, members of the Primordial Domains did not fully adapt to the changes sweeping Reality, comfortable in their omnipotence, some of them had even believed that the changes sweeping through existence were not real and were a test given by the Primordials to test their faith.

In the first year, there were those who were persecuted and killed for daring to believe that a power had arisen whose influence could be greater than all the Primordial Domain combined.

Vraegar considered those first few years, when the Primordial Domain dithered in indecision and prided itself on its omnipotence, to be the crucial turning point for all of Reality.

If there had been a firm grasp on Reality concerning these new changes, with policies laid down to either control or destroy the vortexes, then what happened next would have been a dream of a madman; instead, that dream had become a fact.

The fact was that power had begun to shift from the Primordial Domains into the rest of Reality, and it happened so quickly that Vraegar suspected that even if the Primordial Domains had acted, these changes would only be delayed and could no longer be stopped.

The effects of Primordial Aether did not just affect a singular facet of Reality, but all of it. From the smallest atom to the largest star, Primordial Essence changed everything, and it was the reason Vraegar knew that the changes across Reality could not be stopped.

The fundamental forces of Reality were changing, becoming more primal. In mortal worlds, there was the birth of perpetual motion machines, thermodynamics and gravity were altered, some responding to the wishes of those around them, some becoming sentient

Life and death changed as endless vitality suffused Reality, and it was not strange that the stage of conception to delivery for a mortal that took a year was shifted down to a few days, even hours!

Some species that could only give birth to a single offspring found themselves giving birth to dozens with no ill effect on their new and powerful bodies, which were always growing stronger.

Progress in all fields of science and magic exploded as a thousand wars were started and ended at every passing moment. All of these changes were the tip of the iceberg, as Reality was far too massive to chronicle all the transformations happening around it.

Vraegar knew that even if he spent a million years looking for the answers, he would only be finding a fraction of them.

His father had played his hand, and it was glorious and terrible.

When the inhabitants of the Primordial Domain began to realize that something was terribly wrong, it was already too late. The changes that were happening had long crossed the threshold where they could be stopped or even slowed.

Every day that passed, the concentration of Primordial Essence in Reality thickened, and whatever semblance of normality was thrown to the side as Reality shuddered into a new dawn.

Everything was changing so fast, there was even a New Light, and her cry that rippled across creation almost made the dragon weep because he could hear the fading echo of Lost and Eva inside of it. Everyone else was making sacrifices and changing Reality, but Vraegar seemed to have been left alone.

His father had not given him any more instructions than to become a Labyrinth Specter and slowly cultivate. It was challenging to live a life of luxury, although Vraegar made sure that no one else who observed him would think that was the case.

He supported the fundamentalists who refused to acknowledge the change in Reality, and so his cultivation was extremely slow these last eighty years when the scales of power were beginning to fly off the leash.

Previously, there were rumors of certain species across Reality being born at the fourth-dimensional level, which was once thought impossible but soon verified when it became a norm among the more powerful species.

Vraegar becoming an Old One at this time was considered extremely slow in the grand scheme of things, but his impressive abilities had ensured that even at the seventh-dimensional level, no Old One was his match.

Vraegar's eyes, which were closed, slowly opened when he detected that he had reached his destination. This was the place his heart wanted to take his Tribulation.

"Stop the carriage, I will become an Old One here."

The treasure golem looked outside the carriage, failing to see what was special about this place.

Chapter 1649: I Am Hunger

Chapter 1649: I Am Hunger

As far as Vraegar could tell, there was nothing special about this place; it just seemed to be the right place to ascend to become an Old One.

Shrugging off the beauties massaging his body, the white dragon rose and slowly spread out his wings, the popping sounds from his joints could be mistaken for the sound of a galaxy exploding.

“Watch over my chariot; it contains most of my wealth,” Vraegar instructed the treasure golem. Then he vanished, his body melding into the carriage before he appeared in the space outside of it.

Immediately, Vraegar felt a weight leave his heart. The carriage was a great vehicle, with which Vraegar could pass unhindered through most places in Reality, but he had never felt safe inside it, almost as if there was a heavy burden tied to it.

For a dragon that loved treasures as much as he did, Vraegar knew that any shiny thing that brought up fear in his heart was something that was very poisonous.

Looking around him, Vraegar saw that he was on the edge of the dominion of the Great Labyrinth. Unlike other Primordial Domains like the Celestial or the Land of Miracles, the domain of Primordial Memory was invisible.

Only a Labyrinth Specter like him could detect its boundary, and it was funny that Vraegar’s heart considered his elevation to the eighth dimension to become a done deal only when he had left the domain of Memory. If that was not an indication that he had the eyes of Memory on him, he did not know what else could cause him such a feeling of peril.

Deciding to move further away from the domain of Memory, Vraegar pushed into the darkness for millions of light years, his massive draconic form tearing through space and time with relative ease.

He could now properly sense the changes ongoing in Reality, the way the very fabrics of space seemed to be pulsing with life and potential. It would be so easy for him to absorb this power and unleash his potential, but Vraegar did not want to. Something about this power felt... pitiful, at least to the dragon’s senses, and he hated that feeling.

Vraegar looked around, searching for a place where Primordial Essence was thin. With his powerful vision, he found a location deep in the void. In that place, dead dimensions were in their millions, and the fabric of Reality was thin.

The new Reality had given birth to an age of conquest and martial strength. There was no moment when war was not ongoing, as battles were fought for the ultimate resource in all Reality, the vortex from which Primordial Essence erupts.

Being close to these vortices not only increased the amount of Essence that could be absorbed, hence a drastic increase in strength far greater than anyone else around them,

but it was also with close proximity to these vortices that one could catch a glimpse of the Origin Land.

There were many rumors and speculations about the Origin Land, but one thing was clear: Any individual who was able to look through the Primordial Vortex and meditate upon the vision of the Origin Land would have their techniques and bloodlines increase in potency.

Although Primordial Essence gave life unlimited potential, it was still potential in the end, and only those who could properly apply it could create miracles from nothing. But how easy was it to create miracles?

Primordial Essence gave all beings the tools and resources, but it was with the help of the visions of the Origin Land that many began to acquire the blueprint to make their visions come true.

Recently, a new vision began to arise inside the Primordial Vortex, and it was the direction towards the Origin Land!

If so much progress could be made from just viewing the Origin Land through a foggy window, how much more could change if one could enter into that place? Was it possible for the first few to enter the Origin Land to become Primordials?!

Such speculations may have been seen as nonsense before now, but the arrival of the New Light made anything possible. It was a fact that there were now two sources of light in Reality, and Vraegar could feel it.

One source was the old and familiar light. Cold and distant. This light brought warmth, but it was superficial, and for so long, most of the inhabitants of Reality had never known how nourishing true light could be, and the birth of a new light had shown all that there could be more behind the light than judgment and fury.

The new light was warm and nourishing, but like the old light, it was also dangerous. It did not suffer fools; those who used its gift without discretion or wisdom were burned to ash in body and soul.

Shaking his massive head as if to throw away distracting thoughts, Vraegar closed his eyes and prepared for his ascension. He was unaware that the eyes of the Treasure Golem inside the carriage had changed. Now filled with flames of gold, Primordial Memory closely watched this child of Rowan.

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Settling down in the debris of shattered dimensions, the white dragon began to prepare himself for the Tribulation to become an Old One.

It was different for everyone. The Tribulation was designed around the strengths and weaknesses of the individual taking it, and the factor that determined what would occur was highly complex, especially for reaching the peak of the dimension. So, it was nearly impossible to predict what would happen, and the only thing Vraegar could do was prepare for it.

Using the power of fortune he had stolen for centuries in the Great Labyrinth, Vraegar began to fortify his luck and his overall capabilities, from his physique to his soul.

Vraegar had learned not to scatter the direction of his powers and focus on a singular power, and with that power, he could boost his capabilities. He was forced to do this so he could remain low-key inside the Great Labyrinth.

“But that time has passed!” Vraegar roared to the heavens and shattered the last boundary of fate holding him back from his destiny.

In his heart, his father’s voice resounded, “My son, show me who you are.”

“I am the dragon whose hunger for dominion would shake all existence! I come for apptheosis. I come for the usurpation of the cosmic rule!”

The Tribulation fell upon Vraegar, firstborn of the Eclipsed Creator.

There were various Tribulations that came for every Old One, and in Vraegar’s case, something startling happened, and it was unknown if Rowan had predicted this change, but the Tribulation he faced was... evolution.

Like his father, he would have to evolve, but his own would be quick and brutal, compressing evolutions that would have taken many billions of years into a short period. If Vraegar could survive it, then his Tribulation would be over.

His evolution began, and Vraegar roared in agony as his instinct and every cell in his body began to crave the flesh of the divine. His mind had gone blank, filled with the madness of bloodlust. His red eyes turned towards the depths of Reality, searching for the most significant gathering of gods. When Vraegar found it, his body blurred into the distance, leaving only an echo of his hungry cry.

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A Primordial Vortex had been born in the center of an eighth-dimensional Star of the Supreme Solar God Emperor Phospho. With this power, Phospho had been able to build an Empire of gods whose burning light cut across vast swatches of Reality; these gods served the Old Light and were envious of this New Light.

God Emperor Phospho had seen the Origin Land through the Primordial Vortex, and he believed that in time, if he could reach the Origin Land, he would gather enough power to pull down the New Light and ascend to the ranks of Primordial.

There could only be one light that shines across existence, and that light would be coming from him.

God Emperor Phospho had already figured out the direction of the Origin Land, and on this day, he gathered all the subordinate gods that were under him. All were also God Emperors, but Phospho had peered deepest into the Origin Land, and his powers were the greatest among them.

They were to be his herald and set the path for him. As Phospho reached out with his gauntleted hand to command the gods to search for the Origin Land, Darkness covered the sky as vast membranous wings blotted out the heavens, and the roar of a dragon shook the entire dimension.

The scale of Vraegar under the madness of his Tribulation had turned red like clotted blood, and was shimmering with an eerie parasitic luminescence, as ancient sigils of devouring were slowly being etched upon them by his Will consumed by madness.

His eyes burning like dying stars peered upon the gods below, and Vraegar grinned, his voice like a thunderstorm rumbled,

“I am Hunger.”

The dragon charged down to feast.

Chapter 1650: The Eclipse That Never Ends

Battle and bloodshed were prevalent in Reality, and the gods of light and flames were angered and a bit surprised by the presence of the dragon. They had cleansed the dimensions around them for billions of light years, and there should no longer be anyone foolish enough to stand against them.

Clearly, they were mistaken. Cries of outrage resounded from the gods whose appearances were like Celestial flames given form. Weapons were drawn and spells were chanted, but it was too late.

Vraegar was hunger. His presence ate their fortune and their speed. The weapons in their arms grew heavier, and their spells failed, but the opened maw of the dragon, large enough to swallow galaxies, clamped shut on dozens of the gods. His fangs pierced through their bodies and shredded them apart, as their essence and light were drained into his gullet.

The rest of the solar gods cried out in fury at the death of so much of their number, and they hurled supernovae of divine wrath, but Vraegar's wings absorbed their fury, his scales drinking in their radiance like a desert soaking up the rain.

Where their flames touched him, his body darkened further, growing stronger as his veins pulsed with stolen power.

"Flames?! I have them too, but mine is stronger!" Vraegar roared as he took a deep breath, which made the star below lose half of its brightness and unleashed devastation from his maws on the gods.

What emerged from Vraegar was not flames but anti-light. A harsh wave of nullification that solar flares mid-flight. Tens of gods screamed as their light were stripped away, and Vraegar drew in another breath, sucking all those screaming gods into his stomach.

He had eaten more than forty gods, all of which were at the eighth-dimensional level, and instead of his hunger diminishing, it grew as his body experienced relentless waves of evolution that were driving Vraegar insane.

In his insanity, Vraegar disregarded every conscious thought and became an avatar of hunger and destruction. With a roar, he pounced on the gods, and a great slaughter ensued.

His claws tore through gods, their radiance absorbed by their impossibly sharp length, and every move he made left wounds that festered with eternal eclipse, as his hunger devoured reality, and any survivor from his claws could not heal, their body forever broken, and they did not last long enough to fear before they were swallowed by the dragon.

The gods drew upon the Primordial Vortex to match the dragon's might, and their size grew to match the dragon's, but it was useless; Vraegar's hunger could not be matched.

Four of them remained: Phospho, their leader, and three of his most powerful generals. They looked at each other and focused on their enemy, but that slight glance was enough to pass a profound message across.

"We have lived as gods, and today we will die like gods. We take this scaly bastard down and feast in his skull!"

"Hahaha, good. Today we dine with death!"

Without fear, they charged at the dragon with everything they had; in that moment, their radiance was unmatched. It was a shame that Vraegar's hunger could not be stopped.

His tail impaled one of the generals, who could only strike futilely on his scales as his essence was drained to nothing. His gigantic bones were left hanging on the dragon's tail, and even that was soon devoured.

The second general seeing the fate of his fellow god, laughed in anger and despair as he detonated his Will, Destiny, Fate, Memory, soul and flesh, in an explosion that could be seen across Reality but Vraegar swallowed the detonation whole, his throat swelling a bit as he took in all that energy.

Witnessing such a sight, even the bravery of a god failed, and the last general turned to flee. Vraegar roared in rage at the god's cowardice, "You shame your divinity!"

His shadow stretched across the distance, ensnaring the fleeing god in a vampiric embrace, reducing him to a withered husk.

The dragon, whose sanity had slowly returned as his hunger began to ease up with the evolution of his body coming to an end, turned to look at his last prey. This would be the one to complete his evolution.

Phospho, the leader of the gods, was left in the shambles of his once great dominion, and in his eyes was rage and horror as he looked into the eyes of the dragon that became fixed on him.

It was unknown whether it was a spell or if it was simply fear, but Phospho could not move, even as he was encircled by Vraegar like a serpent coiling around its prey.

Vraegar's jaw unhinged like a snake, his mass wider than any horizon, and with a sound like the end of creation, he bit down, tearing Phospho in two, and then he swallowed the rest.

Vraegar staggered backwards, plumes of flames that could melt entire galaxies pouring down from his nose as he digested a hundred eight-dimensional solar God Emperors. Such a feast, a mere thousand years ago, would have been impossible; only in this age could his Tribulation and evolution be completed.

The dragon's body pulsed with the stolen brilliance of a hundred suns, his wings casting not shadows but an all-encompassing void. The battle had shattered this dimension, and around Vraegar were the remnants of a hundred gods, their golden armor broken, their lights extinguished.

Vraegar reared up, his wings spread wide, his voice was a thunderous decree unto all existence. What came out of his throat emerged from the depths of his bloodline, as he felt a connection with his Primogenitor more closely than ever before, after all his Tribulation was closely tied to Rowan's numerous evolutions.

"I am the eclipse that never ends. I am the hunger that consumes eternity!"

With that, Vraegar took flight, leaving a dimension bereft of light.

A while later, the treasure golem appeared and through his eyes, Primordial Memory looked at the devastation with a frown.

The Tribulation of this dragon was complete, and although the power the dragon gained was great, it was nothing to Primordial Memory, but he could not help but wonder if he had missed anything.

Cursing this useless shell with its limited perception, Primordial Memory focused on the other trillions of webs he had spun across Reality; there were many areas that needed his attention.