

The Primordial Record

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Rowan did not know how long he had spent observing and learning about Reality, accompanied by the sorrowful songs of the Sky Whales of Creation.

Upon this first barrier of space, he learned much about Reality. He understood that life as they knew it was only possible because of the mechanism that had been left behind by Eosah, even while she was dead.

The Primordials did not need to allow life to flourish or let the stars shine; they were content to wait inside a dead Reality for as long as possible for their final prey to arrive. Since the foundation of Reality was built upon caring for the life within, they allowed it to happen so they could gain benefits from it.

None of the acts of Creation he had assigned to Primordials were their own, which was shocking to Rowan. They had occupied it, tweaked it for their service, and collected all the worship and adoration from the masses.

It could have been so easy for the Primordials to change Reality, which would have enriched the lives of everyone in Reality, so they could at least be worthy of the praises heaped at their door, but they were content to consume without giving back anything in return.

Time had no meaning here, and Rowan was able to digest everything he was taught as he gazed across the cerulean expanse. It took forever and a moment, but he succeeded. He had mastered this layer of space.

“The Azure Empyrean is open to you.”

The voice that Rowan suspected should belong to Eosah or a fragment of her consciousness resounded through his mind, and Rowan nearly collapsed as a final wave of information that was twice as dense as everything he had been learning up to this point filled his consciousness.

At this level of existence, information was power, real and tangible power, and it was reflected in his dimensional flesh. The tattoos of the sky whales that were ingrained in his flesh became tinged with an azure color before fading away, and Rowan immediately sensed this layer of Reality opening up to him.

It did not take long for him to find the Intent of Chaos weaved around it like a cancer spread across dying flesh. If he had not completed his understanding of this layer, he would have believed that was all there was to Reality, but there was more to it.

And so Rowan's body pierced through this layer of Reality, the Azure Empyrean, with no hindrance. Even the Intent of Chaos could not touch him, and he descended lower, and another layer of Reality opened up to him.

Rowan fell into it, like a man weighed down by an anvil and thrown into a cold and dark ocean. This was how he felt at this moment. Beyond the light of the Azure Empyrean lies a sea of perfect darkness, and Rowan felt as if he was being crushed, frozen, and suffocated.

If he were an average immortal, he would be thrashing around to reorient himself, but he kept still because he sensed he was not alone. The space here was heavy and cold, and adamantite would be crushed to nothing if placed in here.

His divine breath was frozen into crystalline whispers that sank into the ocean, and he felt his senses beginning to dull, as if his thoughts were being submerged in tar. If this was happening to him, although he had diminished himself to use only his third-dimensional powers, then Rowan understood that, apart from Primordials, no one else would be able to survive here.

As much as he would try to push against the darkness, Rowan remained still. He knew he was inside a dangerous place, and he was enough of a predator to understand that when in the den of a hunter, the last thing you wanted to do was to draw attention.

He closed his eyes against the pressure and allowed his senses to merge with this layer of Reality, the same way he had used in conquering the Azure Heaven, and because he was becoming deeply integrated with Reality, the words of Eosah were not surprising when they boomed in his consciousness,

"The Obsidian Abyss. Second Layer of the void. My dead blood flows here.... It should be still, but it still flows... Have you found my heart?"

Maybe it was because he was deeper into Reality that the words of Eosah no longer came across stiff and robotlike; now it sounded almost like an ancient crone who should be long dead but still had enough in-life left in her dead breast to speak.

Rowan began to feel a current pulsing around him as he acclimated to his environment. With the knowledge of this current, his vision opened, and he could see around him and notice he was submerged in a substance older than the concept of blood.

Occasionally, a shard of light would flicker in the distance, a dying star, a forgotten realm, or perhaps a trick of the abyss, Rowan did not know.

His dimensional flesh shivered as it seemed as if an aspect of itself had been unlocked. Rowan was gaining an inheritance from Eosah, and his dimensional flesh was learning and perfecting itself the deeper he went.

Rowan bled when he was hurt, his golden blood was a remnants of his past evolutions from a mortal and an Empyrean, even when he became a dimension, he still had this trait, however, a dimension was not supposed to bleed, there was something deeper in his veins and now his body was beginning to correct it.

However, this correction made his dimensional flesh grow these specialized veins, and the presence that was here in the Obsidian Abyss became aware of him, and they began gathering around his body.

Rowan could hardly perceive what they were before they attacked him and began burrowing into his flesh. These creatures, unlike the sky whales of creation, had no structured form in the substance that predated blood, but when they touched his skin and burrowed into his flesh, their features were revealed.

Resembling statues made from onyx. At a glance, they almost seemed divine, because their form were perfect, but their faces were a thing of horror.

The Hollow Titans. Their name came to him, carried by the voice that began to teach him about this layer of the void. Rowan struggled to learn even as he was being devoured by these creatures.

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Chapter 1652: Origin Sap

“Why does learning have to hurt?” Rowan growled internally, but he was aware that this occurred only because the Obsidian Abyss had been corrupted by the death of Reality and the touch of the Primordials.

As if acknowledging his thoughts, the voice of Reality, which was growing more animated, spoke to him, teaching him about this layer of the void.

“My children were beautiful and free, until they brought hunger into my domain.”

Surprised by these words, Rowan began to ask questions, but he never got any more answers, only more knowledge. However, this was good because the answer he was seeking would be revealed in time, as long as he digested all there was to know about this layer of the void.

Once more, time stood still, and forever and a moment became one. Rowan sank into learning, disregarding the pain that came with this process.

He could handle the pain better because he was aware that the opportunity for him to grasp the origin of the void was fleeting, and the only reason the process was going relatively smoothly was due to the negligence of the Primordials.

As Rowan had come to observe, the Primordials were simply borrowing the mechanisms of Creation and were doing nothing to improve it or make it better. Every evolution, every growth of any species in Reality had already been written by Eosah, and the Primordials had just taken the glory for all to it, even calling her Essence their own.

For a long time, this had served them well; they were destroyers, after all, not creators. However, if only they had taken the time to learn and improve on Eosah’s creations, then they would have instantaneously seen through Rowan’s plans, especially when it came to the matter of Origin.

This did not make what he was doing any less dangerous. If he were caught, he would be ganged up on by all the Primordials, and this time, they would make sure he was dead because what he was doing was many times more terrible than the creation of a New Light that was directly challenging the domain of Primordial Light.

There must be a price for negligence, and the Primordials had failed here only because they could never have believed that there might be someone who could be able to touch the origin of a concept without them being at the Primordial level.

At this time, Rowan’s dimensional flesh had become filled with countless numbers of these Hollow Titans, but he was here for knowledge, and he did not fight against their invasion. He was rapidly reaching his limits, but his knowledge base was growing faster than his limitations. As he knew more about the Obsidian Abyss, his dimensional flesh grew to reflect those changes.

This trend continued until Rowan crossed a threshold in his understanding, and the Hollow Titans feasting on his flesh paused, and the first of them that entered his body held its head and screamed before it exploded into enriching essence that flooded Rowan's veins.

This was just the beginning. As the second Hollow Titan exploded, and then the second and then the third, before long, a storm was born in Rowan's veins as countless Titans began to shatter, and their essence filled Rowan.

For the barest of moments, Rowan's body was filled with the essence of the Hollow Titans, which were toxic to him because they were filled with the aura of Eosah, a dead reality. But then a spark ignited inside Rowan's dimensional flesh, and this dead essence was like fuel that had been hit by a spark, and fire was born in his veins.

In the darkness, Rowan became the only light.

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Long before the first heartbeat, before veins carried life in crimson rivers, there existed Primordial Sap. It was not merely a biological substance but a metaphysical current, the raw essence of creation itself, pulsing through the arteries of Reality, and from it came the Essence that the Primordials had fed upon.

This sap was now flowing in the Obsidian Abyss, stripped of light and life, and the home of the Hollow Titans, but in Rowan, a living dimension, the Primordial Sap exploded to life, transforming into streams of iridescent fluid that course through every part of his dimensional flesh and seamlessly merged with his dimensional soul.

He knew that if he introduced this power to his Origin Land, it would also seamlessly integrate with it.

Rowan could not help it. He let out a long roar as he took dominion of this Primordial Sap and claimed it for himself, calling it Origin Sap.

Like moths attracted to a flame, the Hollow Titans rushed into Rowan's body. After twelve Major Eras of swimming in the crushing cold darkness, they saw the light, and they gave up their lonely existence and baptized themselves in the furious flame that was the Origin Sap.

Rowan collected every single Hollow Titan in the Obsidian Abyss, and when they were all part of his Origin Sap, a new round of creation burst out of him, and the Hollow Titans were reborn inside of the Origin Sap, but they were no longer statues made from onyx shells but beings of light and fire.

A burst of life force exploded from his body, so potent that he had to hold it back from rushing across Reality and changing the nature of existence.

“So, this is the true blood of Reality.”

This inheritance was the sort of knowledge and power that had been denied to Rowan from the beginning. He was not utilizing his full potential from the start, and his dimensional flesh was not complete.

Only now was he building a proper foundation that would aid him in his conquest.

Rowan brought his right arm to his face and opened his palm, and he let out a drop of his new blood. The drop was almost colorless yet burned like gold; it shivered and rapidly changed its state.

It could exist as both liquid and mist, as solid crystal and ethereal vapor, and in that single drop alone were ten thousand Titans!

Hearing their nascent cries, Rowan could not help but smile. Once again, his blood was now sentient, and now the mysteries they contained had only deepened, for he could murmur of the past from their strong beating heart; these were fragments of thoughts from beings long extinct, and they would be his teacher.

Unlike the Ether that came from his Origin Land, the Sap now flowing in his veins did not consume; instead, it was highly mutagenic.

If introduced to Reality or combined with Aether, it would not sustain life or consume the Aether; instead, it would reshape it.

Absorbing the drop of Sap into his body, Rowan looked around this layer of the void for the last time. He felt the flow of the Obsidian Abyss and knew that it had grown thin after the Primordials had harvested nearly all of it. When Eosah was at her peak, Rowan doubted he would be able to stand in a single spot like this before the current in her raging veins blew him away.

This thought humbled Rowan, and the thrills of getting closer to the origin of space were tempered with caution.

Yet he was not stopping here, bowing one last time towards the abyss, Rowan plunged deeper into the void.

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Chapter 1653: The Folded Oracles

The Obsidian Abyss was no longer suffocating for Rowan, except for the Intent of Primordial Chaos clustered deep in the mire of this endless blackness. Still, Rowan was

not concerned that he would be discovered by the Primordial, as he had observed that Chaos was like a landlord who had never visited the land he owned.

Rowan was also slowly coming to the realization that the only reason he was able to delve so deeply into Reality was tied to being a 'Reality' himself, and because Eosah was a willing teacher.

Every impactation of her wisdom was done without holding anything back from him, and he was smoothly gaining the Origin of Space more rapidly than he had believed possible.

Even now, if he leaves the void, he would slowly be able to comprehend the deeper layers with what he had gained, but that should take him a couple of billion years.

The only problem he had was that he did not have the entire Supreme Era to learn; he barely had two decades left before his battle with Primordial Demon, and less than two hundred thousand years before the last of Eosah's Essence was exhausted.

Rowan would have to learn quickly, and he had to learn well; he could not hesitate. Every advantage he had was to be seized, and he would have to hold the line long enough for those who could assist him to become strong enough.

"So many things to do, and I never get enough time to do them."

Rowan sped up his movement, the Obsidian Abyss not holding him back at all. He reached the end of it, where he found a massive barrier that appeared to be made of red metal.

Touching the barrier, Rowan felt a sharp spike of coldness even greater than what he had experienced inside the Obsidian Abyss. Something touched his mind as if someone had just dug their fingers into his brain through his eyes, and the entire barrier, whose length was beyond infinity, wrapped around his body, and he was transported to the third layer of the void.

After passing through the Azure Empyrean and the Obsidian Abyss, Rowan's understanding of the void deepened. He was no longer held back by the mysterious nature of this space, and this was the only reason he was able to understand what he was seeing in a short amount of time.

If he had been dropped into this place from the start, then it was unknown how many billions of years his mind would have grown to the level where he could understand them.

At first, everything he could observe was pure chaos, but his mind was robust enough to endure the ravages of a dead Reality, and in that madness, he heard her voice. Rowan smiled, and he did not shy away from the madness but embraced it, and her voice became clearer.

It was confusing at first, but soon, Rowan's eyes lit up because he was becoming more familiar with the words. They reminded him almost of mathematics, and he nearly laughed aloud when he realized that the entirety of the third layer of the void was a living equation.

"Well, in this case, it is a dead equation, but one that is too stubborn to quit, endlessly providing aid for all of Reality despite not having every reason not to."

" My Fractal Weave. The place where my imagination was born."

Eosah's voice had lost the last of its robot-like quality, and what resounded in Rowan's mind was a clean voice with an unmatched majesty.

"So, this is the Fractal Weave."

Spread around him for countless light years was a realm where the void folds, spirals, and repeats in infinite recursion. This was a realm where geometry breathes and time is a shattered mirror reflecting endless possibilities.

Rowan spent an eternity observing this place, countless inspirations filling his mind and bolstering his understanding of Reality. If the Azure Empyrean was the skin, the Obsidian Abyss the blood, then the Fractal Weave was the muscles and tendons.

Knowledge poured into his mind, but Rowan had already grown, and he was no longer content to stand still and receive them; instead, he began to walk forward. His intentions were to reach the deepest layer of the void more quickly and gain the Origin of Space.

The first step he took shattered the realm around him, and the information that bombarded his consciousness increased exponentially.

Landscapes around Rowan became recursive. Big mountains twisted into smaller mountains, which twisted again, repeating endlessly like a divine engraving.

Rivers fork into tributaries that fork again, each branching part leading to a slightly altered version of itself. It was as if every step he took was an invitation for the Fractal Weave to pour into his mind with ever-increasing intensity.

Rowan's dimensional flesh lit up, as the tattoos of the sky whales of creation began to move across his skin, and the countless trillions of Hollow Titans in his blood began to chant. The foundation he had built was aiding his ascension and assimilation, and Rowan's steps became faster, until he was almost jogging.

A new phenomenon that almost made him halt his movements drew his attention as an echo of himself appeared beside him. This Reflection was almost exactly like him, but there were slight differences in their demeanor.

Rowan had no spare consciousness power to thoroughly examine this echo when others began to appear, and before long, billions of his echoes were moving alongside him like an army.

He noticed that some of the echoes appeared more tangible while others resembled illusions. What drew his attention was that some of them were older and others were younger; however, Rowan was drawn to the echoes of himself that were old.

Having lived through many incarnations, Rowan had chosen to grow old in some of them, but looking back through his memories, he could see that he did not usually allow himself to age.

This was not a conscious decision; it was as if a part of himself had always shirked away from the ravages of time. Was this a moral flaw? Maybe, but if it were, he would correct it.

The echo beside him suddenly reached out to him, and Rowan, almost without thinking, grabbed the face of the echo and crushed its head with a single squeeze.

Rowan had detected a faint sense of hunger from that echo that was almost impossible to detect. Anyone else might have missed it, but Rowan could recognize that hunger, and he instinctively knew that if he allowed that echo to touch him, then it would absorb who he was, and the echo would become him.

This was the deepest layer of Reality, and Rowan was touching concepts that would make the knowledge of gods and Titans resemble the doddling of a baby. The dangers he was facing were unprecedented, and the ease with which he could fail was ridiculous.

All these while, the echoes had been running beside him in companionable silence, but at the death of one of their number, a loud, spine-tingling shriek erupted from their throats, and they began to surround Rowan.

Eosah's voice resounded in his head,

"The folded Oracles are my flesh giving life. Now dead, they come for your light."

Rowan stumbled; these words did not appear to be from someone who was dead.

"Run."

Chapter 1654: Chose A Path

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Rowan would have loved to take the advice of the voice of Eosah, but he did not. Killing that echo gave him the same advantages that the echo would have gained by assimilating him; Rowan got stronger.

This modification was a thorough upgrade to every facet of his dimensional flesh, and although it was minimal, Rowan knew that these changes were the sort that would be nearly impossible for him to gain outside this place.

No, this place was not only dangerous but also filled with endless opportunities for advancement. Why should he run from beings who were not overwhelmingly more powerful than he was?

“Eosah, if you are the voice in my head, then it seems you have not realized that you are not giving your inheritance to a mere immortal. I am a dimension!”

In this place, he could not summon any weapon, but he did not need all of those when his arms were as dangerous as any blade he could wield.

The first few echoes near him had their chest exploding out of their back as Rowan threw lightning-quick jabs at the dozens that surrounded him, their death cries were silenced as they were absorbed into his body.

He had never stopped moving all this while, and he only slowed down a bit, so it appears as if he was walking, but any echo that reached a certain space around him were brutally dispatched with alarming efficiency.

It was not as if these echoes were not dangerous; what they needed to kill him was simply a touch, maybe they would have to maintain contact for a second longer, but that was all they needed to kill him.

Dangerous? Undoubtedly so, but Rowan could see the dangers, and that made all the difference.

And so, despite receiving the inheritance of this level much quicker than previous levels due to his continuous movements that caused the void to respond in kind and pour more knowledge into him, his battle capabilities did not suffer.

Rowan could fight like this forever; to him, this sort of pressure was non-existent, and he was even beginning to move faster when the dynamics of the battle changed.

It happened quite quickly, but Rowan felt the echoes around him suddenly gaining weight, their bodies becoming more tangible as he suddenly heard the heartbeat from a million chests.

Previously, they had been walking slowly towards him, but now they charged in their hundreds. A few steps before they reached him, they summoned weapons made of bones from their bodies, spears, hammers, swords, and all sorts of melee weapons.

Rowan's response was instantaneous. He raised his hand quickly, not in defense but in dismissal. The entire realm shuddered as shockwaves erupted from his fingertips.

Bodies were ruptured mid-stride, bones shattering, flesh tearing like wet parchment. A hundred thousand echoes became a mist of gore before they could even strike.

"You gave yourselves flesh and bones, even added weapons, but that only made you weaker!" Rowan grinned, his bloodlust triggered by the rain of blood pouring down around him and the feeling of power filling up his muscles as the potential of a hundred thousand echoes was added to his flesh.

The next wave followed undeterred by his slaughter and the grim proclamation he had made. Their eyes were now more animated, and in them Rowan could see parts of himself, as well as the lust they all had for victory and domination.

This wave manifested great swords that made the surrounding space ripple, and Rowan realized that the more time passed, the greater the danger these Folded Oracles could bring.

It would seem that to kill him, they would have to be touching him, but this did not stop them from slowly absorbing his traits and attributes, as Rowan could see that the next charge was more coordinated, and he noticed traces of his techniques in their movement.

Rowan's eyes flashed red, and his black hair, which had been black since he began his journey into the depths of the void, turned red. He no longer walked towards them, instead he charged, tearing into their midst, his hand seized the head of an echo and used it as a battering ram to tear his way through their formation, and when what remained in his hand was nothing but pieces of flesh and bone, he discarded it to the side, and seized another echo by the throat, breaking its neck before hurling the echo into the crowd.

The thrown body tore through the formation like a cannonball through a field of wheat, leaving a trail of gore that extended till the end of the armies of echoes.

Rowan began to laugh.

For a while, he had been suppressed, forced to plan and endure great pain for his advancement, and there were moments when he needed to go all out. This gave him the opportunity.

He slammed his fist together like a boxer, but what erupted from his arms was a wave of kinetic energy that acted as a shield around his body. He was not using any spell or technique; he was just channeling the kinetic energy around him using subtle vibration

from his body. This was the exact application of the innate forcefield that had always surrounded him, and now he understood how to utilize this power perfectly.

To prove his mastery over his powers, in a reckless move, Rowan shrank the kinetic barrier so it would hover just above his skin, a small break, and he would be dead. Rowan closed his eyes and checked his heart; there was no fear, and then he opened his eyes and pressed forward.

“Faded Oracle, if you want to touch me, then you will have to prove that you are enough to supplant me. You all...” Rowan banged his fist together thrice, the sound was like worlds colliding, “...Come at me!”

The echoes howled as their formation began to change, archers appeared that moved to the rear, and shieldmen with heavy shields moved to the fore. A wordless command and the archers loosed bolts of bone, and the void above darkened with a million arrows.

“Too slow,” Rowan growled, as he charged into the formation, tearing apart shields like paper, “You are taking too long to get to my level.”

Swords shattered against his skin, arrows broke against his flesh, and his kinetic barrier proved impervious. Rowan moved like a storm given life, but this storm was surrounded by flesh and blood in a gory tornado that went miles into the air.

His hands carved through armor and bones with the same ease of parting air. A particularly resilient echo swung a great axe at his skull from behind, but Rowan caught the blade between his fingers. The shards of the broken blade shot out from his hand with enough power to tear hundreds of echoes around him to pieces.

The echo who was left holding a shaft was swinging it at Rowan’s head, but he was still too slow as Rowan drove his fist through its chest, ripping out its spine in a single brutal motion, and then he used the spine as a flail, killing echoes around him in wild abandon.

Rowan laughed as the battlefield became a charnel house. Limbs sailed through the air, heads burst under his palms.

In the midst of his slaughter, he grabbed two echoes by the throat and slammed them together with such force that their bodies fused in a grotesque structure of mangled meat.

The void below grew slick with blood, pooling in rivers as Rowan walked on, his steps never faltering.

Rowan was glad that the echoes never broke, nor did they falter. They were continuously growing stronger, but Rowan just became faster and more brutal in his tactics because their deaths were feeding him. In a grim realization, he discovers that the stronger they became before he killed them, the more benefit he was receiving.

His laughter slowly stopped, and he became focused. His eyes grew cold, and he began to dispatch the echoes with terrifying cruelty.

He clenched his fist, and the void became a weapon, ten thousand charging echoes imploded, their bodies crumpling inward as if crushed by an invisible hand. The screams of these folded oracles were cut short as their lungs collapsed and their bones were reduced to powder.

The slaughter continued, methodical, unhurried. Rowan did not tire, he did not bleed, and not once did any Faded Oracle break his barrier, no matter how many came against him, and their numbers that seemed to be vast before began to crumble to nothing.

By the end, the void became silent. A hundred million corpses lay broken, twisted, reduced to little more than meat and shattered steel, and from among these mounds of bodies, it was possible to see glimpses of his faces in these echoes.

It was as if he had spent the last few moments butchering himself.

Rowan stood at the center of it all, unmarked and untouched, the coldness slowly left his gaze, and he continued his march forward.

“To master the Fractal Weave, there were two paths before you. Either accept all possible selves or define a single, unshakable truth. You have chosen a path. One that does not fit the standard of a Reality.”

Rowan paused for a moment, then touched the barrier to the next layer of the void. Was it the last? He did not know, but he still stepped forward.

He knew Eosah’s judgment was negative, but Rowan had more tools in his kit than this fallen Reality. He was not just a creator but a destroyer as well. In the first two levels, he took the path of creation and assimilation, but he was still a destroyer, and he would not go against his nature.

Chapter 1655: The Maw

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Rowan had not missed out on the fact that he had not found the Intent of Chaos on the third layer of the void. While battling the Folded Oracles who had taken the shape of his Echoes, Rowan had kept half his concentration focused on discovering any of the Intent of Chaos, but he had found none.

This showed him that the Primordial had only managed to gain control over two layers of the void, which was to be expected, because he was the Primordial of Chaos, not the Primordial of Space.

Rowan had gained the Origin of Fate, but up till this moment, he had not been able to get past the first layer of Fate's Origin.

He was only making such quick progress because of the inheritance from Eosah. It was amazing that Primordial Chaos would have been able to conquer two layers of the void, alongside other concepts they had mastered, but Rowan knew that the Primordials were ancient beyond all memory, and if they had truly wanted to possess all the layers of Reality, then they would, it would only require an unknown number of sacrifices.

Reaching the fourth layer of the void, Rowan hesitated for a moment, remembering how the realm of Fractal Weave had wrapped him. Still, his hesitation was only momentarily before he proceeded. Perhaps this was the last layer, and his purpose would be completed.

He touched this layer and....

Rowan had just crossed the Fractal Weave, and killing all of the Folded Oracles had not taken much from him, most of his attention had been focused on finding the Intent of Chaos, and he was a bit surprised that he could find none, it would seem that the omnipotence of a Primordial still had a limit, at least the portions of them that were locked inside of Reality.

It was always in the back of his mind that the Primordials he was fighting were a small part of a greater whole that dwelt outside of Reality, but Rowan knew that he would tackle greater challenges in time. What was important was the need to acquire the origin of space, and for that, he would go deeper.

Reaching his hand towards this deeper layer of the void, Rowan hesitated.

"Something is wrong," he whispered to himself. I have been here before..." A glint shone through his eyes, and Rowan smiled. "Oh, that is how it is. The layer below me is linked to oblivion."

Rowan took a step back and began to rotate the power he had gained from gaining dominion over three layers of the void. He reached out and touched the barrier before him, and his hand sank into it without any issue. He paused for a moment before he pushed his entire body through the barrier, and he vanished from this layer.

Rowan's consciousness was extremely powerful, and although the power of Oblivion here was so great it had erased his memories, it was still not enough to banish all of Rowan's instincts.

He had experienced the power of Oblivion before, which means he already had a defense against it. Rowan might not be able to resist the power, but he would recognize its traces upon him. So, he quickly deciphered what this power was, and by so doing, he already had an inkling of the method to defeat it.

Primordial Chaos was able to stand outside the Gate of Oblivion instead of any other Primordial, which must surely be linked to his connection with Reality and not just his status as a Primordial.

Mastering two layers of space granted Chaos the chance to manipulate a portion of the power of Oblivion, and Rowan believed that this should be able to help him; he was correct, and so Rowan descended into Oblivion. He felt as if he was pushing himself into a wound.

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Once more, his consciousness was stretched to the limits as the alien nature of this place took his mind for a ride. Rowan was coming to understand that this process was the test for his compatibility with the void and his capabilities. If he was missing a bit in any of the two, then death was his most favorable outcome.

How does one come to understand oblivion? Before now, Rowan would have thought such a thing was nearly impossible, but he was only missing the right tools, which were the more profound mastery of the void.

Yet, this tool would only bridge the gap. He must master the intricacies of Oblivion using his mind, and failure would mean his end. After all, he was already inside Oblivion.

It was a struggle to understand the nature of Onlivion, and Rowan silently acknowledged in his heart that at his present level, it was impossible for him, perhaps if he had reached the peak of the eighth-dimensional level, and brought all his wills and the concepts he understood to the proto-ninth dimensional level, he would have the knowledge to understand what was surrounding him, but he was not at that stage.

Instead, to find his way into this place, he had to sacrifice his body and soul, breaking down his flesh with the essence of death and restricting his level to the third-dimensional state, basically making himself a ‘mortal.’

Only his capability as a dimension made it possible for Rowan to survive such a thing.

This should have been the end of his road, but Rowan was not alone, and although he struggled, there was still a guide by his side.

“The Maw of Oblivion. You have found my heart. Now would you dare to make it beat again?”

Rowan grinned and he spoke aloud, “Is that a challenge? I gladly accept.”

“Ah. Then come to me... Eos. I have waited for far too long.”

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Primordial Life wearing his Throne, Seed walked in the lower realm, every step he made crossing millions of universes. His eyes were closed, and he seemed to be in deep thought.

Suddenly, he stopped, opened his milky-white eyes, which resembled those of a blind man, and looked below him at a nondescript universe.

Within his gaze, this entire universe that was vast beyond the mind of mortals and immortals was less than a speck of dust, and he could now walk here because of the amount of decaying essence the petulant child was spewing across Reality.

His body blurred, and an identical copy of his Throne appeared beside him, who was frozen in place for a while before a forceful breath exploded from his lungs, and he staggered, but stopped himself from falling before turning a rage-filled gaze to Primordial Life.

“Hahahaha, I have wondered when you will let me out of the cage. Perhaps it would be in this era, the next hundred eras, or perhaps a million eras in the future, maybe a billion... trillion! Yet, hahahaha.... It has hardly been a century. Oh, great Primordial Life, did you need your Seed of Wrath so quickly?”

Primordial Life ignored the ranting of his copy, a thoughtful look in his dead eyes as he looked deep into the universe, towards a Major World that was more massive than the rest, Trion.

Seed had been staring holes into the back of Primordial Life all this while. When he noticed the direction the Primordial was facing, he turned towards the universe and reacted with shock.

“I am in the lower realms. You are in the lower realms! How is it possible?”

Primordial Life flicked a finger, and Seed’s head shot backward, and he growled in pain, massive veins like snakes filling his head as the memory of a Primordial being assaulted his consciousness.

Seed fell to one knee, black blood pouring from his nose, eyes, ears, and mouth, and he dug his fingers into his skull, as if trying to claw out the pain from his head.

“You can scream,” Primordial Life said softly. No one here but me can hear you. Your shame is safe.”

Eyes black with blood, Seed stared at Primordial Life with rage and struggled to come to his feet, disregarding the endless waves of pain that came from having the full weight of a Primordial Memory thrust into his mind.

Growling with unmatched rage, Seed swallowed the blood in his mouth and slowly walked to stand in front of Primordial Life, who glanced at him in amusement before looking back at the universe.

After a while, Seed had finished digesting the memory of Primordial Life, and a strange glint arose in his white eyes. he spoke to Primordial Life with no fear.

“This was the universe of his birth?”

Primordial Life replied to Seed quite quickly, not withholding his words from his Throne,

“Yes, I recreated it, but it is just one of three. Finding the remaining two was quite tricky due to them being destroyed, but I have my ways.”

Gesturing with his fingers, another universe was dragged from an unknown place, and Primordial Life placed it above the first universe in front of them, and when his fingers dropped, the two universes collided.

Another gesture brought up a third universe, but this one seemed to be made from shadows, the Underverse.

With another flick of his finger, the third universe collided with the first two.

Chapter 1656: Shades of The Throne

Among the many mysteries that still eluded Rowan, one of them was the presence of the Underverse. This realm that lay just below the material universe was filled with darkness, where creatures that could not withstand the light of day dwelled. Space and time behaved erratically in this realm, and it was mainly used as a form of transportation by lower immortals who used the spatial folding aspect of this space to cross vast distances inside the material universe.

To Rowan, such a space was nothing special; in countless higher dimensions, there were many special spaces like the Underverse that held even more fantastical traits.

However, Rowan could not understand why some universes had an Underverse while most did not. Using his angels, he had searched through trillions of universes in the lower realm, and he had barely seen a million universes with Underverses.

All of these universes were different, and the only commonality between them was the Underverse, but after searching for the purpose of this space, Rowan placed it aside as a mystery that he would solve in the future.

Primordial Life, unlike Rowan, understood the Underverse far more than Rowan ever could, because they were created by him; they were tiny pockets of death essence he was experimenting with, and in one of the Underverse, Rowan Elythia had been born to Elura.

The three separate universes under the power of Primordial Life slammed together, but the calamitous explosion expected from these three massive heavenly bodies crashing together did not happen. Instead, the three universes fit together as if they had always meant to be one.

Every universe had a unique shape; they were far too massive to ever be exact, and the merger of these three universes created a shape that resembled a throne.

Seed, who was watching Primordial Life, drew in a deep breath. As shock and awe filled his gaze, an inkling of what he was witnessing touched the edge of his consciousness; still, he could not fully grasp what it was.

“The shard of his existence was born in the Underverse, and it drew the power of the first Singularity. That bastard never forgave us for his destruction, and even to this day, his malefic touch follows us everywhere.”

The words from Primordial Life were unexpected, and Seed looked at him with a frown. He did not bother asking for clarification. With the attitude of Primordial Life, he would give Seed the answers, but that knowledge would kill him.

Instead, he asked, “What am I looking at here?”

Primordial Life chuckled, “Something that should be impossible. Something that should not exist. Take your pick, it’s all the same. Either it is or it is not, but still I find myself thinking it all to be real.”

Seed whispered under his breath, “That makes no fucking sense.”

“I know, right?” Primordial Life smiled, the smile appeared alien to Seed, who knew he would never move his face in that manner; he knew that Primordial Life was aware of this quirk, and everything he did was purposeful. Seed growled in anger,

“You are here to torture me, do your worst, and let’s get on with it. Your presence is tiresome.”

The eyes of Primordial Life widened, “You dumb child, why would I want to torture you? From your madness, a true miracle has been produced. It may end up being nothing but a mirage in the end, but it does not change that by your sheer stupidity in allying with my brethren in a foolish act to become independent of my influence, you have tapped into the forces of creation that had been forever barred to Primordials.”

Now Seed appeared more confused, and Primordial Life sighed,

“Do you know why we are here? Can you grasp the reason you were carved from my tears?”

Seed’s eyes tightened, “The Primordials always hide their intent, but I have lived long enough to know...” He paused, and Primordial Life gestured,

“Go on,”

“I have lived long enough to know the behavior of a raider. You are here to take, I don’t know what it is, but nothing you and your kin had ever done was for the betterment of Reality, in fact, you all seem to despise Reality, else why would you give the orders that you do.”

” Ah, Seed, I sometimes forget that within that thick skull of yours filled with nothing but the lust of battle, you have a bit of wisdom inside of it.”

” No, you did not,” Seed shook his head, “You never forget, you just pretend that you do. More than any other Prime, even the fickle Memory, I have always hated you the most.”

Primordial Life smiled, “I know, why else do I keep you alive, despite your countless acts of insubordination? You see, I had a thought: What could be born from the extremity of despair and rage? You are a pleasant experiment, one that I thought would bear fruit in many eras in the future, and if not in this reality, then in others. Yet, look at the work of your clumsy hands, Seed, you have given birth to this...”

Primordial Life gestured towards the cluster of universes that resembled a throne, and Seed’s eyes tightened in irritation. This was the first time he was seeing Primordial Life being this animated, and if he genuinely had a hand to play in the happiness of this entity, then Seed greatly regretted whatever he did.

The fact that out of every Primordial in existence, Primordial Life was the only one that could easily create Thrones out of seemingly nothing. His mastery of Life was at the zenith of all existence, and reshaping reality to suit his needs was effortless.

There was no practical reason for Seed’s existence; Primordial Life could easily make a billion of him. However, appearing before Seed, wearing his exact flesh and speaking with his voice, was a subtle reminder to this Old One that his existence was nothing but an experiment for this entity.

“Why have you awakened me?!” Seed roared in anger.

“I awakened you to serve as a lure for the one who is to sit up on that throne. Ten years from now, there shall be a battle, the Demon will win, but you are not going to let him achieve victory.”

Chapter 1657: The Soul of Souls

Chapter 1657: The Soul of Souls

Seed chuckled, “You will let me fight Romion? Ah, why do you believe he would lose against Demon? Look at the state of Reality and the things he has achieved, and still the arrogance of the Primordials does not waver.”

Primordial Life shook his head and smiled sarcastically, “Will you lose against him? The man who killed your daughter and used her body as a receptacle to enter Reality.”

Seed sneered, but he did not reply. Some truths were not to be acknowledged because, with the power of the higher dimensional levels, acknowledging defeat or loss was already moulding your Fate and Destiny, and in battle, this was enough to tip the advantage to the side of your enemies.

Primordial Life nodded his head towards the fused universes ahead, “We as Primordials are beyond such notions as Fate and Destiny, and you should have to trust my words when I say them. Everything that has happened was only made possible because one of us allowed it to happen.”

Seed knew that no matter how much he hated these words from Primordial Life, it was the truth. As impressive as the feats that Rowan was able to accomplish might be, it was only possible because, in some shape or form, the Primordials had allowed it to happen.

For a long time, Seed had reigned almost unchecked in the Land of Miracles, to the point where he refused the summons of Primordial Life. He had imposed his Will upon the Land of Miracles, and everyone feared his wrath, but all of this was a smokescreen, and no matter how high his ambition had reached, he was nothing in the end.

Seed spoke softly, “I know that this is what you will want me to think—the futility of our actions against the might of eternity. I have watched the other Primes break their Thrones in this manner. But do you think I am such trash?! Do your worst, Primordial Life. I shall not face him on your behalf.”

“Then you are useless to me.”

With a flick of his fingers, Seed was vaporized, and Primordial Life sucked the fused universes into his palm, leaving an empty void in front of him. He waved his hand, and a massive plain appeared filled with trees and green grasses, and a bright sun hanging overhead.

Settling down in the middle of the plain, Primordial Life gestured, and eight flat stones grew out of the ground in a circle. In the center of the circle, a shallow pit filled with burning wood appeared.

Sitting on one of the stones, Primordial Life closed his eyes and waited. He sat here for an entire month before a presence appeared beside him and took their seat on one of the eight stones.

Primordial Life did not open his eyes to acknowledge that presence, and the new presence did not acknowledge him either. It was unknown how much time had passed, but four new presences had arrived and taken their place around the fire.

Finally, Primordial Life opened his eyes and looked around at the five Primordials sitting beside him. Then he looked at the fire pit, where a massive beating heart had appeared and was being roasted over the flame.

“Is that the heart of the Primordial Ouroboros Serpent?”

Primordial Light spoke out, wearing the shape of an eight-year-old boy with bright white hair and eyes that resembled two beams of white light. His face was expressionless, as if he were a marble statue of a child. He was breathing, but his chest did not rise; only the air rippled in front of him.

Primordial Life continued speaking, but his inward inhalation never ended, painting an extremely weird scene,

“Chaos, you have outdone yourself. Surely you did not need to bring such a massive boon to the gathering.”

Primordial Chaos, now wearing the form of another of his Chaos Blood children who resembled an old man with fiery red hair, smiled, his mouth was toothless.

His black eyes were unblinking, with his pupils expanding and contracting as if his eyes were breathing. From the corner of his eyes, a dark fluid poured down that soaked his threadbare robe and fell to the ground where it disappeared.

Primordial Chaos answered, his voice sounding shrill and metallic like an insect,

“This is a gathering where we shall drop all pretenses and grievances for the moment, and deliberate on the pressing matters on the ground. The heart of the Ouroboros is my sincerity.”

Primordial Memory, still wearing the body of the Adjudicator, slapped his thigh, saying, “Good talk. Then I shall bring forth something worthy of this gathering. Seeing that we have someone special beside us.”

Saying this, he pulled out the head of a woman and threw it into the fire pit, where it hovered above the flame.

Primordial Demon, wearing the form of a horned demon creature with bat-like wings, peered curiously at the head in the flames, and when he noticed the features of the face, he burst into laughter.

“Don’t tell me you had the head of Soul all this time, and you never used it to get any advantage from him. Memory, I am truly shocked by your generosity. Well, I am not one to hold back in a time like this. Here is what I have to offer to this gathering.”

Saying this, Primordial Demon brought out the spine of a nameless being, still dripping with blood, the spine moved like a dragon, attempting to escape his grip, but when thrown into the flames, it settled down alongside the heart and the head.

“My domain has been awakened early, and my light is weakened. I cannot reach for the depths of my vault to bring out something great,” Primordial Light spoke, his voice far too profound to be emerging from the body of a child. But I do have this, and it should suffice.”

Reaching beside him, he pulled out bleeding internal organs of an unknown being that held lungs, kidneys, intestines, and other internal organs except the heart, and he threw them towards the flames.

Bringing his bloody hands to his lips, he began to mindlessly lick them, his bright white eyes turning to the last members here who had not yet offered anything to the flame. There was a clear threat and madness in those eyes that could not be deciphered.

With the rise of the New Light, the Domain of Primordial Light suffered a significant blow, and his rage was only checked by the other Primordials; otherwise, all of Reality would have been put to the torch under his rage.

Primordial Light was on a tight leash, and that leash was on the verge of snapping. This gathering was pushed for by him, and he was eager to see propriety being broken so he could finally gain an excuse for going out and slaughtering all of Reality who had accepted the glow of the new light.

Primordial Life raised his hands in mock surrender, “I made the earth and the flame, and that is more than enough contribution, but I can see that more is needed to show my sincerity, so I am bringing this forward.”

With a flick of his finger, the skin from a scaly beast was thrown into the fire, and it floated beside the head, spine, heart, and the rest of the internal organs. Primordial Light looked at Life and nodded before his gaze turned to the last mysterious Primordial here.

“You have always wanted to return to Reality. Now is your chance to state your case. If not, this meeting is cancelled, and our age-old agreement will be broken. I tire of this Reality, and if it is time to end this Era, let it happen.”

“Hehehe... I also want to know why your Eye was inside my Throne, as it was sabotaged. Still, I understand the allure of disruption, and this is the place to lay it all out.”

The last primordial sighed and leaned forward so that the light from the flame could touch his figure, which had been hidden in shadows. Purple tentacles stretched from his face, caressing the air, and his five eyes, shaped like cubes, glared at all the Primordials sitting around.

Bringing a clawed finger towards his head, Primordial Time pointed towards a gaping hole in his skull,

“As much as I would like to answer your question, Chaos, I believe that my Eye was taken by you. The way I see it, you should be the one informing us all of its whereabouts, or do you need my skin to hide your duplicity?”

Primordial Chaos smiled, his toothless mouth growing wider like a crocodile, “Well played, Time, but do not forget that the interference of my Throne was clearly observed by Light and Life, and this answer does not belong to me alone.”

Swiping his hand in dismissal, Primordial Time growled, “This is not the moment for such petty nonsense. I am here today to show my stance, and offer to the flame the one thing that you all cannot bring to this gathering, and for that reason, I will not stand for this squabble.”

Reaching into the gaping hole in his face, Primordial Time pulled out a piece of glowing amber. It was the shard of a soul.

“I have the last shard of the Soul of Souls... who dares deny my presence in this gathering?”

Chapter 1658: Thirst... Rise

Chapter 1658: Thirst... Rise

Upon bringing out this shard, the gathering fell into a deep silence as they all focused their senses on what Primordial Time was holding, and then with a solemn look on all their faces, they sat back, the air of menace around them subsiding, a subtle agreement passing between them that Primordial Time was welcomed.

Primordial Time looked around, his cube-shaped eyes glinting from the firelight, and then he tossed the soul shard into the flame, but before it could reach it, he made a gesture, and the shard paused mid-air,

“Before I sacrifice this shard, the binding Agreement over my domain must be broken.”

All the heads of the Primordials eerily turned towards Primordial Time as the aura of menace that had vanished returned, and within that aura was one of intense hunger, as all the Primordials began speaking, their voices were combined as if they were a singular entity.

“Time, the only reason for your continual existence, is only to serve as the foundation for this Reality. You were the first to break the balance. You took more than a single concept to the ninth-dimensional level and imposed an unfair advantage by pursuing the future. Your continual existence is still in the balance, do not push your luck past what we are able to endure, or we shall feast on your dominion for the next ten thousand era.”

Primordial Time gritted his teeth in anger, a thousand words to refute the claims of the rest of the Primordials dying in his heart. As always, he would have to endure; history had always been written by the victorious.

Letting go of the soul shard, the pale crystal zoomed towards the flame, where it hovered in the center of the gathered body parts.

Primordial Light glanced towards Primordial Time, a brief burst of great hunger radiating from his eyes before he reined himself in, and he gestured towards Primordial Life,

“Everything is set, call forth her shade and let us make a new Agreement with our dear sister. Her interference in this matter can no longer be endured.”

Primordial Life nodded, “Leave it to me, although locked behind oblivion, her soul shard should be enough to call her attention, and I can mould a flesh urn that is strong enough to hold her consciousness for a while, but that is all I can do. If she refuses to answer our summons, then I will have to depend on you all to drag her into the light.”

“It does not matter if she agrees or not,” Primordial Light said softly. I am willing to use the strength of half of my dominion to pull her out.”

Primordial Time snickered, whispering to himself, but everyone here heard him,

“Except you are willing to pull from your main core, where else can you get any more strength when your dominion has been compromised?”

Primordial Light smiled, “You forget that I still hold most of your body, including your Throne. How much essence do you think I can squeeze out of it?”

Primordial Life stood up, and a heavy aura radiated from his body. “Enough of this. We have all paid our dues, and this argument serves nothing but to delay the inevitable.”

Standing before the flame, Primordial Life pushed his hands into the flame and began to knead the various pieces of flesh together.

As he continued his grisly work, he would occasionally reach for his side and pull out a piece of bone that he would shape before placing it into the mass of flesh that had begun to writhe and pulse as life began to bloom inside of it.

Veins began to thread themselves through the pulsing mass of flesh like blackened roots, and organs were stitching themselves together under Primordial Life.

Without any indication, the gathered Primordials began to chant, their voices resonating in a discordant hymn that made reality around them warp, and for brief moments, their true form could be seen in the horizon that had turned black under the cover of a storm that erupted out of nowhere.

Any immortal who glimpsed the true form of the Primordials at this time would have perished in body and soul, and this curse would travel through their lineage to kill everyone and everything associated with them.

Primordial Memory stood up and leaned closer to the flame, his neck extending like a snake as he began to whisper echoes of nightmare into the pulsating mass of flesh growing under the nurturing of Primordial Life.

His voice spoke a forgotten language that was strange even to the Primordials here who had forgotten it, but Memory remembered all. These words were carved into the pulsing flesh, binding an identity to the formless.

Primordial Chaos stepped forward, pushing long fingers into the mass of flesh and seizing the bones, where he reshaped the ribs and reforged the spine, and with a sound like grinding continents, the skeleton beneath the flesh pulsed, drinking the ambient malice that had filled the air as the workings of the Primordials became more intense.

Primordial Light and Primordial Demon stood up, and from their hands, they began to weave threads of light and darkness filled with the power of Primordial Essence, spreading it throughout the body in an intricate and glowing pattern.

Under the guidance of their collective hands, blood began to surge beneath the skin of their creation, and a heartbeat like distant war drums began to beat.

Finally, they all stepped back, leaving the glowing form of a woman behind, hovering above the flame. Her features could not be said to be beautiful or ugly; instead, by some careful arrangement unknown to the eyes, her features were pleasing to anyone who saw her, regardless of their race or level of life.

“The final steps are for you,” Primordial Life gestured towards Primordial Time, who slowly stepped forward and placed a hand burning with purple flame on the head of the woman, and he whispered softly,

“I am sorry for disturbing your endless rest. Thirst.... Rise, your presence is needed.”

There was silence for a while, and Primordial Time stopped back before he went on one knee, and held the hand of the woman, as if he were a servant waiting for the return of his lord.

The woman's eyes suddenly snapped open, void-black because it was missing eyeballs, and then an orange flame lit up within, and she looked around, filled with rage.

Chapter 1659: I Can Only Beg Him To Give You A Quick Death

Primordial Soul screamed.

What erupted from her mouth was not sound but a cataclysm beyond immortal comprehension.

Her cry was like a storm of raw, unfiltered creation, and its meaning was clear to all the Primordials here, because they were responsible for it.

They were all responsible for chaining the infinite into a fragile vessel of flesh. So her cry was of the cosmos forced into silence.

She looked down at the Primordial holding her hand and sighed, "Once more you betray me, brother; my eternity has been shackled by time."

Primordial Time reared back as if he had been stung. Something that could have been shame crossed his eyes, but it was soon suppressed.

A single tear drop fell from her eye, and Primordial Time, whose head had been bowed down in shame, hurriedly looked up to his sister's face and then back towards the falling tear drop. Realization entered his spirit, but it was already too late as the rear drop touched the flame beneath the feet of Primordial Soul.

A massive explosion rippled out from the contact between the teardrop and the flame, and the entire path of the blast was directed towards Primordial Life.

It was like a blazing comet of divine wrath, searing through the veils of existence and crashing into Primordial Life. He was covered in a fiery blast of power that made the entirety of Reality shudder, but in the moment before the impact, a careful watcher would have seen the face of Primordial Life, and he was smiling.

The cataclysm of destruction surrounding Primordial Soul burned brightly for a while, and none of the Primordials here moved a finger to help. Still, this flame did not burn for long as an inhalation was heard, and all of that fury was drawn into the opened mouth of Primordial Life.

His appearance was revealed, showing that he was nothing but blackened bones, but when he took a step forward, he was renewed, and was still wearing the form of his Throne.

Primordial Life laughed aloud, “You should stop your futile actions, Soul, we have given you a gift. Now you wear chains of bone and breath, and your fury can only simmer beneath your heartbeat. We have questions for you, and if you answer them well, perhaps we shall leave you with this cage. Why does it matter if this reality falls? There are more lands to conquer inside Limbo.”

Fury filled the eyes of Primordial Soul, and she was about to unleash her wrath once more, but suddenly she went still and observed the Primordials around her. When her gaze touched Time, he looked away, but the rest peered back at her with challenge in their eyes.

She cocked her head to the side as if in thought, before she said,

“Even until this moment, you all don’t see it. The corruption that had festered in your dominion.”

“What do we not see, Soul?” Primordial Life smiled.

Primordial Soul closed her eyes, and her body began to collapse. This should be impossible, but it was already a good thing that they could imprison her in this manner for so long.

“You have been inside this place too long,” she said. You are all beginning to forget your purpose. Tell me, if you return from this journey, will you devour your core or allow yourselves to be assimilated? Isn’t it funny? We were defeated by Eosah, not by the strength of her might, but by the slow corruption of comfort.”

Her skin turned to ash when she looked at Time, “You have made too many mistakes, brother, and I can no longer support you. I would have pleaded for your life, and now, I can only beg him to give you a quick death.”

Primordial Soul crouched, and she was devoured by the flames, leaving the gathering in silence for a while.

“So, it is confirmed,” Primordial Life said, as he brought out a glowing chart. Soul was able to break her flesh bond. It means she has awakened part of her consciousness outside of Oblivion.”

All eyes turned to Primordial Time, who appeared shaken. The shard of his sister’s soul had always been one of his greatest tools, which he had been using to get ahead of the Agreement with the rest, and now it was revealed that it was useless. Primordial Soul had already had a portion of her soul out in Reality for a while.

“This does not change much,” Primordial Light finally said, after Time was silent for too long, “The true face of our enemy had always been her from the start. Without her consent, there would have been no way for the aberration to rise.”

Primordial Demon chuckled, “As fascinating as all of this revelation is, my concern is with her words. Do you think we have all been tainted by this Reality? Will our core reject us when we return, or does she plant these seeds of doubt to sow discord in our midst?”

Primordial Light frowned, “What does it matter? In the end, we will become whole, either as we are or as we have been. There is no difference. The concern is for your battle fifteen years from now. I don’t know the game you are playing, Demon, but you should know that those times have passed. Our enemy is Soul, and she is closest to the core of Eosah; we cannot allow her the slightest chance of winning.”

Primordial Demon scratched his head as he sighed, “I understand your sentiment quite clearly, there is only one problem, I made an Agreement with him on the battle. I cannot change what was laid down.”

Primordial Memory, who had been silent for all this while, suddenly spoke up, “An Agreement, you say, is it a minor or a binding Agreement?”

“What do you think?” Primordial Demon growled in irritation.

“Oh, I am just surprised that with what was left of his soul, he was able to make a Binding Agreement.”

“Which further suggests that Soul has a hand in all of this.” Primordial Life spoke up gravely, “Demon, if the resources allocated to you are not enough, you can always take out more; our vaults are all open to you.”

Primordial Demon shook his head, “I have more than enough, any more concepts added to the mix would only cause a clash in my preparation. Rowan would die in that arena, but after his death, the true issue needs to be addressed. Is it the right time to break the Agreement that restricts our powers?”

Primordial Time went still. His eyes darted towards the rest. If the ancient Agreement was broken, his powers would be restored, and the despair and shame of the past would be washed away.

Perhaps Primordial Soul was correct about the corruption that Eosah was imposing upon their collective consciousnesses. Concepts like shame or despair were something alien to Primordials, and indeed, it was not part of their structure, but while inside this place, when wearing these bodies... it was all so easy to fall into the trap of emotions.

It was Primordial Life that answered Demon, “No, the Agreement still stands. We do not sacrifice future benefits for present gain. Too much has been invested in this Reality for our gains to be cut short by spontaneous decisions.”

“Then how do we respond to the threat of Soul?” Primordial Time pointed out, “Unlike us, she is not restricted by the Agreement, and she would be able to reach dimensions we had barred ourselves from touching. We need to break this Agreement, or we will be left with nothing if she makes a move.”

Primordial Chaos walked up to Time and patted him on the shoulder, making the latter frown and pull back from his touch. Chaos did not seem surprised by his reaction,

“While you have a point, we cannot break this Agreement,” Chaos pointed out, “She is free of it, yes, but she is also imprisoned inside of Oblivion. She has no Throne, no dominion, and if there is any of her consciousness still free from Oblivion, it cannot shake our arrangements, doing so would doom her to discovery, and if she is found,” Chaos licked his lipped, black tongue scrapping across his gum like sandpaper, “then we shall feast. Don’t worry, Time, your time shall come, but before then, you can sit tight and enjoy the benefits that are to come to you.”

Primordial Time shook in anger, and he pointed towards the other Primordials. “All of this was a trap. You made me bring out the shard of my sister’s soul. You promised she would remain with me after you all interrogated her, but you all...”

“We did not break our word,” Primordial Light called out sharply. We would have given Soul back to you after we questioned her, but that would only be possible if she did not have another consciousness out in Reality. If this soul shard were the only one in Reality, as you promised, then the arrangement we made in her flesh would not have been triggered. This failure belongs to you, Time.”

Primordial Memory chuckled, “Yes, you should be thanking us for our grace. Your promise is barely worthy if we consider that your contribution turned out to be largely useless and only confirmed our suspicion.”

Time vanished with a howl of anger, and the remaining Primordials returned to their sitting.

“Was it wise to anger him like that?” Primordial Life said, “We still need him to contain Soul; only his touch can bind her eternity.”

“You do not need to fear his rage,” Primordial Demon sneered, “his greed is far more greater, and he would stay with us because he knows that we can give him everything he has always wanted.”

Chapter 166o: Completing The Foundation

Rowan did not know how long he was inside the Maw of Oblivion before he began to understand this layer of the void.

His consciousness was rapidly absorbing the teaching from this layer of the void, and his physique was adapting to fit and comprehend, when it finally clicked, Rowan gasped.

“So, this is why it is called the Maw.”

He was inside a deep darkness, but with his adaptation, he could see through that darkness. Rowan could not see everything; this layer of the void was not only vast, but it also prevented him from understanding its nature.

Rowan believed he would have to travel to the depths of Oblivion to grasp its whole nature, but he doubted that he needed to see every part of it, because that would be impossible.

Jagged, half-real monuments loomed in the darkness. They resembled pyramids from afar, but they were far too steep, and Rowan’s closest description of them would be fangs.

They appeared almost unreal due to their size, but he could not shake the fact that they resembled the fangs of the Ouroboros Serpents.

To test this assumption, Rowan began moving towards them, and he hit another snag. As it turned out, moving inside Oblivion was not a simple affair.

It was as if the concept of movement had been eradicated, and he could see his destination from afar, but reaching it was like wading through dreams.

What helped him here was his observation of how Primordials moved when he had watched Bahamut and Chaos battle. When they moved, it was as if the world around them was moving while they remained still. No effort seemed to be made, yet space and time zoomed around them in a feverish pace.

Using this same concept now, Rowan willed himself across the distance. His higher-dimensional traits of easily crossing space and time were useless here because there was no space or time here, and the only reason his mind could place a meaning on anything he was seeing was because he was becoming a part of Oblivion.

The inheritance he was receiving was complex, and while he was trying to resolve the process of moving through this place, he was still keeping his eyes out for the inevitable dangers that would arise.

Reaching the nearest structure, Rowan concluded that he was right; these enormous pale white monuments were fangs and indeed belonged to an Ouroboros Serpent. If he was correct, he was looking at the remains of the Primordial Beast, which was his bloodline’s primogenitor.

Rowan looked into the distance where the fangs continued like an endless mountain range and almost smiled at this unexpected benefit.

The path of growth for the Will of Elder and his Ouroboros Serpents was to claim the bodies and the Wills of the Primordial Beasts who existed in the past. He had already gained the Will of Divus and Bahamut, and with the help of the eye he had taken from the Titan, Rowan should be able to track down the Torch Dragon, but he had never expected to find the remains of the Ouroboros Serpent inside Oblivion.

There must be a reason why the remains of the Ouroboros were dragged into Oblivion, and Rowan believed he might know the reason, but he still needed to confirm it.

Bringing his hand to touch one of the fangs, Rowan had barely touched it before he pulled back his hand. In that brief moment, he had lost almost three percent of his entire essence.

They had vanished in a manner that was beyond his control; his body had forgotten how to defend itself against the theft, and even if, in time he would have adapted to this power, the robbery was happening so quickly that it would have brought him to the brink of death before he had a good enough defense against it.

It was a humbling experience to finally witness a fraction of the power of the original Ouroboros Serpent, and he confirmed his suspicion on the reason why the remnant of this creature has been drawn into Oblivion and it was because the nature of the serpent was the closest to this place, in fact, the Ouroboros Serpent might have been initially conceived in the darkness of this realm, and only slowly rose out of the void to enter Reality, and after it was killed and a portion of its bloodline plundered by the Primordials, the remnants of itself has sank back into the womb that once gave birth to it.

The more he delved into the past, the greater he realized the interconnectedness of all things. Yet he did not consider this to be strange after all; he was still inside Reality, and no matter how massive the span of Reality was, technically, everything had the same root, and he was simply getting better at delving into the depths of history.

Rowan's eyes shone as he looked upon the fangs; his perception, although vast, could hardly encompass the fangs of the Ouroboros Serpent, what about its skull and the rest of its skeleton? How much benefit would his bloodline receive if he were to consume the entirety of a ninth-dimensional entity?

Rowan could guess the answer to that question. He had consumed the entirety of Bahamut, and up till this moment he could not fully understand all the powers he had gained from that feast and that was partly because his dimensional flesh had been in a state of weakness since he had returned from death and he did not want to fully explore what his serpent was now capable of until he was at his peak condition, but Rowan could hardly wait to see his new peak when he had fully healed and completed all his preparations.

Every battle he had gone through and survived always led to incredible growth in his powers. After fighting and surviving against the Thrones of the Primordials, Rowan could guess that when he finished compiling the totality of his growth, his progress would scare even himself.

Now that there was an opportunity to continue on this path of growth, Rowan could not ignore it.

Like him, his Ouroboros Serpents were incomplete. They might have transcended their Primordial nature and become Origin Beasts, but the foundation of who they were was still missing certain essential portions of themselves.

Rowan could reach his present position because of the incredible cheat-like function of the Primordials' Record and his ability to use soul energy to patch his vulnerabilities, but certain parts of himself were hollow.

The power of his innate abilities and the Primordial Record were his greatest strength, but they could not do everything for him, and their weakness was beginning to show once he started to near the top of existence.

He was a living dimension, a being that should have rightly gained the Origin of Space at his birth, but the Primordial Record and his innate ability to create everything out of soul energy could not help him when they did not understand what he needed.

The Primordial Record was a guide. It could decipher the path forward for him, and with soul energy, he could mimic that path to near perfection, and it was up to him to complete that path.

Knowing this opportunity in front of him was equally as important as gaining the Origin of space, Rowan sat down cross-legged and began to reach for his Serpents.

Chapter 1661: Festering Madness

Chapter 1661: Festering Madness

Calling his serpents into the fourth layer of the void was not a simple affair. Though they still shared some similar traits with his dimensional flesh, they were now Origin Beasts, and Rowan could not just suppress them into lower-dimensional states. Well, he could, but it would not be easy, especially when he was inside Oblivion itself.

With his serpents all returned to his Origin Land, his connection with them was virtually cut off. If he wanted to bring them here, he would have to find a different method of not just contacting them, but slipping them through four layers of the void without alerting any outside party.

The first challenge Rowan would have to pass was contacting the serpents, which turned out not to be much of a challenge at all, especially when it came to someone with his consciousness power.

Just because he could not contact his serpents did not mean they were not connected. He was like a blind man who could not see his limbs, but if needed, he could move them.

Granted, in his case, his limbs could be said to be in another universe, and he would have to bring them to him while crossing them through countless dangers and pitfalls along the way, and he would be doing all of that while blind.

Rowan could not even sense his serpents, but he knew that if he willed them to move from the Origin Land, they would. This was a connection not even Oblivion would be able to break.

The first challenge had an answer, the second was far more trickier.

He could move his serpents, but how could he allow them to enter the realm of Oblivion?

Rowan could not allow them to blast through the deeper layer of the void; doing so would announce to all that he was able to assimilate with space and was going after its origin. Yet he could not leave this place until he consumed these bones.

Oblivion was different from the first three layers; it was vast and held closely to its secrets. Just because he was able to find the Maw of Oblivion the first time he entered into this space, it did not mean he would be able to see it again if he left.

Granted, with the power of Serathis, it might be possible for him to reach this place, but that would mean exposing a different higher-dimensional power into this space, and that would undoubtedly draw attention to his presence.

Rowan brainstormed furiously on this dilemma. His usual method of folding space, time, or even dimensions would not work; Oblivion would resist all of these methods. If it could hold a Primordial bound inside of it, then Rowan was joking to himself if he believed that he would be able to break this barrier.

After a while, he knew that he was going nowhere with this and decided to focus on entirely comprehending the realm of Oblivion. Rowan chose not to move from this spot and finish his comprehension.

This should delay the time needed to finish his comprehension, but not by much; he figured that it should add a year or two to the total time required, which was all he had to sacrifice.

He gave himself five years to finish comprehending Oblivion, and if he did not succeed in that period, he would leave this place and plunge deeper to rapidly finish his comprehension.

If there were ever to be a solution to his problem, then he would only gain it if he finished comprehending Oblivion.

A thought occurred to him, and he sighed, not expecting much from it, he called out to the space around him.

“I am a successor to the Ouroboros Serpent. My body remains outside, and I want to bring it into Oblivion. Can you help me with this?”

There was a silence for a long while, and Rowan was about to close his eyes to enter comprehension, when her voice entered his mind again,

“You already know the answer to your question. You are refusing to see it.”

“Surely you do not mean...” Rowan closed his eyes and ignored the voice, but the thoughts in his head kept returning to the answer that he was supposed to know. Surely it would not get to that level, at least not yet.

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Deep in the Origin Land, where no light could touch and none of Rowan’s children could reach even if they were given an infinite amount of time to find it, six gigantic serpents the size of universes slumbered.

In the depths of the Origin Land, the flow of time was like a storm, and a single second in Reality could be as long as ten thousand years, and when the storm of time blew especially fiercely, a single second could stretch to a million years.

Not even immortals could live in a place like this, for the time flux would drive them mad and collapse their souls. But this spot was the right place for the serpents to sleep, for such harsh winds of time were nourishing to their spirits and bodies, and they enhanced their endless growth.

The greatest nutrients for the Origin Serpents were time because, unlike most creatures in existence, they could grow in strength without any known limit. As long as they had a source of sustenance and enough time, they would continue growing in strength.

This meant an endless increase in their attributes, from strength to agility to durability, and even their soul and spirit would keep growing stronger.

A normal Ouroboros Serpent, even the first Primogenitor serpent, would have a limit to their growth, but the Origin Ouroboros shared Rowan’s trait of limitless potential, and

with the ease with which they could grow stronger, it was impossible to determine their future capabilities.

In any realm or Reality, such a power was enough to crush all things and dominate all life; however, for Rowan, it was becoming hollow, due to his incredible talents and the sort of enemies that he faced.

An endless strength was undoubtedly powerful, but it wasn't very meaningful against a Primordial whose existence had surpassed the realm of strength, not unless Rowan could bring these serpents to a limit of strength in the future that would break all concept of what it meant to be strong.

Even if that were possible, Rowan shuddered to think how much time would have to pass for his serpents to become truly invincible in all Realities. It was a hollow sort of victory in his heart when he acknowledged that even if he dies, if his serpents were able to survive in the future and keep out of harm's way, then there would be a time, and this was inevitable, when they would be able to eat Primordials like snacks.

Not even Rowan could determine how strong they would become or what this strength would look like in the future.

But for now, Rowan knew that the greatest strengths of his serpents did not lie in their physique or soul, but in their talents, Wills, and in this case, the power he had begun to harvest from the previous Primordial Beasts.

Although only two had consumed the essence of the previous Primordial Beasts, the six serpents were all connected, and they shared in the improvements gained from the evolution of their bloodlines.

In this manner, all the serpents would share the traits in a limited manner that was supposed to be enjoyed by only one of them.

Divus and Bahamut now had a name, and they were presently the strongest two out of the six serpents, and they were currently at the center of a massive coil of flesh that would have made an Old One go insane at the sight of their immensity.

Divus was the first to awaken, and the space around them shuddered as the storm of time surrounding the massive coil of snakes was shattered.

Her head emerged from the coil, revealing her scales that were not made from flesh and bone but the iridescent membrane of dying universes. The Ouroboros Serpents had firmly inherited Rowan's trait of destruction, and their bodies were evolving along that direction.

It emerged from the coil of its brethren, and due to its size, she would appear to be moving slowly from afar, but only with careful observation would the ridiculous speed of her movements be revealed.

Hovering above, her full glory was revealed to all of creation, and it was a thing of horror and beauty.

Each of her scales was a swirling nebula, each ridge a supercluster collapsing inward. Her body, coiled in a perfect infinite loop, was shifting through space and time, sending shockwaves that would inevitably travel to the ends of the Origin Land.

Divus tongue, forked tendrils of antimatter, tasted the void around her, detecting a smell that had dragged them from their eternal slumber as they awaited the summoning of their father.

Slowly, her eyes opened.

Like ruptures opening in space time, her eyes were Abyssal black, and rimmed with the light of annihilation. These eyes showed such pure rage and madness that if Rowan had known, he might not have considered reaching out for them.

The instincts of the Origin Ouroboros had become that of protection, and watching their father be killed in front of their eyes had triggered madness that could not be described, and in all this time they had slept, without the intervention of Rowan, that rage had festered and grown.

Her movements began to stir the others awake, and they opened their eyes one by one.

Chapter 1662: Battle In The Sands

In the battle with the Primordial Thrones, Rowan had hardly shown his true might. He had used his dimensional flesh and soul because that was what his allies and enemies knew of his power, and he had kept his Origin abilities aside, even restricted his Ouroboros Serpents from showing their true might in the battle.

It was due to how well Rowan had instilled his will upon these serpents that enabled them to remain in place, despite how much their instincts fought against it.

It was this will that drove them to sleep, and now this will of restraint was weakening, and it was Divus, the eldest, who detected it first and awakened, followed by the rest.

Suddenly, the will holding them bound finally snapped, and the Ouroboros Serpents roared. The sound that emerged from them was indescribable because there had been nothing like them in existence before, and the sound they made was something that Reality struggled to interpret.

And then, Divus spoke.

Her voice was surprisingly gentle, like a maiden, and none of the fury and the lust for destruction that filled every inch of their bodies could be detected in her tone, which made the sound much more eerie.

“There is a place,” she said, and all five Origin Ouroboros went silent, eyes of annihilation staring at the eldest, “A desert beyond the edge of all things. It holds what was, what could have been, and what must never be again. I have feasted on a portion of it, but it is not enough; there are still more bones hidden in every corner of that desert. We shall consume it all...”

Turning around, Divus tore through the space of the Origin Land and entered Reality. Behind her, the five Ouroboros Serpents followed. Bahamut was the last to leave, his infinite coils filled with black lightning that seared and sealed the space shut behind them.

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The emergence of Primordial Essence from the vortex all over Reality had begun to change the landscape of existence. Things that had never been seen before had emerged, and old powers that were thought to have been lost to time and decay arose.

It was during this time of transformation that a place known to be myth and whispered in the dark corners of great powers was revealed: the Great Desert.

Known mainly by immortals above the sixth-dimensional level with the power of Memory, they understood that it was the Great Desert that was the true threat to their Immortality.

With all the ongoing changes in Reality, the reveal of the Great Desert drew attention, but not as much as it should have, not until the secret that it held was fully revealed to all life in existence.

It should be known that in this Era, the dimensional ladder had never been clearer, and there were numerous immortals rapidly climbing the dimensional ladder, all of whom had the hopes of reaching the peak of Reality and becoming the next Primordial power.

If there were ever to achieve this dream, then the Great Desert was a stumbling block to their aspirations.

The Great Desert was a place of exile, a graveyard for the unmourned—everything and everyone of sufficient power could be traced back to this place, from lost gods to forgotten heroes to entire civilizations erased from time.

Its sands were not sands at all, but the ground-up bones of dead dimensions, shifting in slow, sorrowful tides.

The air hummed with the whispers of the forgotten, those whose names had been scraped from all Memories.

And now, the vultures, from all of existence, had descended upon it.

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For someone like Rowan, it was effortless for him to eradicate immortals in their entirety. His blows contained such enormous power and complexity that any rational or even irrational immortal minds could not comprehend, and usually, the battles between immortals were never so easily resolved.

For immortals, what could be considered a short brawl could take a century, and in that time it was very likely for them to kill themselves hundreds or thousands of times until then other side flees or they are trapped and worn down till death, which was not an easy thing to do and requires specific treasures that could seal space, time and other higher dimensional powers.

To kill an immortal above the fifth-dimensional level, their entire Essence would need to be eradicated, which required destruction of the body many times over, and then their soul would need to be destroyed, even that was not enough to kill them, because their Memories after reaching the sixth dimension meant they could be resurrected by their subordinates or could never truly be killed until no one else remembers their names.

This was the process for handling sixth-dimensional immortals. For the seventh and eighth, who held power over Fate and Destiny, killing them was almost impossible, making war between higher-dimensional immortals a game of numbers and time.

However, the Great Desert made killing immortals above the fifth-dimensional level much more easier because if the Essence and the soul of a higher-dimensional immortal were eradicated, the Great Desert would pull on their Memories and imprison them inside the Great Desert, in that manner, they could no longer return to Reality.

This truth was known by higher-dimensional immortals in the past. Although they sought to destroy the Great Desert, finding it was almost impossible, and it was rumored that the Great Desert was located in the lower realms.

Higher-dimensional immortals that would choose to destroy the Great Desert if given a chance found their hands tied behind their backs because it was impossible for them to enter the lower realms.

And so, with these two restrictions, the Great Desert had been allowed to thrive for so long and made battles between higher dimensional immortals to become more dangerous.

Yet, the vortexes filled with Primordial Essence had changed all of that in the blink of an eye.

The Great Desert, hidden from the gaze of all life, was revealed in its full glory, and with the proliferation of Primordial Essence across Reality, even the lower realms were now accessible to higher-dimensional immortals.

It became inevitable that the Great Desert was immediately attacked by nearly every great power in Reality, including powers emerging from the other Primordial Domains.

The Primordial Domain had suffered from the pull of the Great Desert, but they did not lose as many higher-dimensional immortals like the rest of Reality because it was hard to eliminate the soul of an immortal linked to a Primordial Domain, and only extremely powerful Old Ones could bridge that gap and kill immortals from the Primordial Domains.

The Great Desert had never known war. There could be a brief flash of power arising from the sands as especially powerful Old Ones shrugged their Memories of dominion in this cage of misery, but it had always been a place of silence. After all, it was a graveyard.

In the not-so-distant past, a daring raid had shattered the desert in two and killed Nemesis, who ruled it, but like all the great and terrible things that Rowan had done, most in Reality did not know about it.

At this time, the Great Desert had healed its wound, gained a new Nemesis, and its sands were flowing with power, gained from drinking deeply from the Primordial Essence, enriching Reality and the vast number of Memories pouring into its sands with the endless wars rippling across all of existence.

With the reveal of the Great Desert, a vast army of immortals, demons, dragons, and every other myriad beings under the stars began to attack it.

They arrived in waves, these would-be conquerors of a monument that had stood since the beginning of existence. Most came for power. If the Great Desert could imprison Memories, then this was a power that they wanted under their Domain, and it could not be given to others.

Others came for vengeance. The pull of Nemesis and the Great Desert was unfair and cold, and countless had fell to its cold hands, and no matter how much prayers, tributes and pleas were offered to the Great Desert, it did not release anything it held, and those that had prayed to the Great Desert for mercy for so long without being heard was coming to destroy it.

On the other end of the spectrum were the immortals who had been imprisoned inside the Great Desert for many Eras and were only released when Rowan tore it in two. These immortals were also here for vengeance, and in many instances, their rage burned hotter than anyone could imagine.

A few, the rarest, came out of pity—to end the suffering of the forgotten.

Many of them realized that sometimes death could be mercy, and the Great Desert, with its power over Memories, denied all the grace of fading into nothing. Their Memories were forcefully chained to the sands, and they watched Reality go by for all eternity.

It did not matter their motivation; their numbers were endless, and the power they unleashed upon the Great Desert shook Reality and echoed across all existence.

Apart from chasing after the Origin Land, the majority of powers across Reality came to the Great Desert.

Chapter 1663: Kacius Black

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Kacius Black from the Libra Council, an alliance of higher-dimensional mages, would never forget this day until he died. It was not that the sight he witnessed on this day was so shocking that it would stay with him, but the powers that were unleashed branded themselves into his consciousness and would torture him for the rest of his days.

He was not an exceptionally talented mage in comparison to the absolute geniuses that were popping up like weeds among the mages society, and he was at the sixth-dimensional level, however, Kacius did not forget that barely eight decades ago, he was a Six Star Archmage, and in any time before now, his progress from a Six Star Archmage to the sixth dimensional level would be seen as impossible and all of existence would hunt him to find out his secrets.

But in this new age, his insane progress could be considered mediocre. Countless immortals had reached the peak of Reality, achieving the eighth-dimensional level, and ancient monsters who were already at this level had become more powerful as time went by, transforming into monstrous entities with powers that would have been considered forbidden in many Eras past.

Kacius knew that Primordial Essence was not the only reason this insane progress had been happening, but it was also due to the glimpse of the Origin Land sometimes seen through the vortex. He had glimpsed the Origin Land only once, but that single glimpse had been enough to resolve all his queries about the higher-dimensional level. He had broken into the higher dimension with so much ease that he half believed that he had been experiencing a persistent daydream for the last eighty years.

Still, no daydream could be as grand and overbearing as what he was witnessing here.

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Kacius Black had been in meditation for his preparation to reach the dimension of Fate when the call came to gather in the central plaza of the Libra Council.

There had long been rumors swirling around a massive operation that was unifying countless forces all over Reality who were at each other's throats for the fight over resources and who would claim the Primordial Vortexes.

Kacius did not want to fight during this period of rapid growth for everything inside of Reality. He would rather sequester himself in his Tower for billions of years as he slowly grew to the level of an Old One. However, he was not as talented as the freaks who could stay beside the Primordial Vortex and peer into the Origin Land multiple times per year. War was everywhere, and being isolated would only lead to death.

The plaza for their gathering was in the core of a seventh-dimensional realm that had been plundered from a race of space-worms. This unfortunate race was lucky to gain a Primordial Vortex inside their dimension, but they were far too docile for this present Era, and the Mages who had lost their realm and were spreading all over Reality had seized the chance to eradicate this race and collect their dimension.

Dimensions.... Or rather, the lack of it had become part of the new wave of changes that had swept across Reality.

Some perceptive immortals had traced the decline of new dimensions being created to the fall of the Frozen Road.

Since the moment the Frozen Road fell, the voice of the World Stele that gave immortals the power to become World Bearers so they could root their dimension in Nothingness has ceased, and no new dimensions have been created.

In any normal period, such changes would not affect Reality for many trillions of years, or even not at all. There were already so many dimensions in Reality at this point that it was almost considered impossible that there would be an issue of overcrowding or insufficient resources.

Well, common sense did not take into consideration the changes that would happen in a Reality where Primordial Essence had been reinstated and immortals could hop and skip across dimensional levels as easily as drinking water.

It was well known that the more powerful an immortal became, the greater resources they demanded from the space around them.

Previously, it was difficult for a realm to hold more than a dozen higher-dimensional immortals at a time. The plaza of the Libra Council had barely eight higher-dimensional space-worms living inside it before they were eradicated. However, in the span of eighty years, the number of higher-dimensional immortals in this dimension was now counted in the millions!

Despite the dense Primordial Essence growing across Reality that was able to bear the weight of so many higher-dimensional immortals, it was still barely enough to maintain the ever-increasing number of immortals sprouting like weeds every day.

War over dimensions became the new order of Reality. Many immortals descended to the lower realms to seize universes, but sometime in the past, great powers had silently taken over vast stretches of the lower realms, and it was nearly impossible for them to find a universe not already taken.

The wars being fought in the lower realms were intense, but it was nothing compared to the bitter battles being fought in the higher realms.

No matter how durable the lower realms were becoming due to the infusion of Primordial Essence, higher-dimensional realms contained too many mysterious factors and abilities that could not be matched by a third-dimensional universe.

A significant number of resources could only be born in higher-dimensional realms with more complete laws of time, space, memory, and other higher laws.

All of these changes led to the endless battles that were being fought across Reality for the right to claim a dimension so it could be used as a nurturing ground, because most Primordial Vortices could only be found inside a dimension and not in outside space.

Kacius felt that it was almost deliberate. It was as if there was a gigantic hand holding puppet strings behind all of Reality, and everyone was playing to its tune. Yet they could not help themselves. Who could sit by and watch this Era pass them by?

One day, Kacius believed that everything would reach a position of equilibrium, and the most important thing was to survive these first few centuries or millennia where the frenzy of progress was at its peak.

If he could survive, then he believed that the face of Reality would be changed in its entirety and something new and amazing would arise.

An Era unlike any other that would make all other Eras before it appear almost meaningless.

But first, he had to answer the summons.

Chapter 1664: Whispers of A Name

As a sixth-dimensional Magus, Kacius Black had stepped into the higher echelons of immortals, even though he could be considered to be at the bottom of that echelon.

So when he arrived at the plaza filled with tens of millions of mages, he was able to bypass eighty percent of them and move towards the center of the gathering.

Everyone here was hovering a thousand miles above a golden sea below, which was the plaza. Kacius could easily fly through their ranks that stretched for hundreds of miles, since each mage here was separated by thousands of meters, keeping a small layer of personal space around them, which was considered essential and a sign of courtesy.

Passing through millions of mages, he arrived near the front of the gathering where he found a relatively empty position, where mages of his rank were standing, and he stopped there, focusing on their leaders ahead.

Directly in front of him were seventh-dimensional mages numbering in the hundreds of thousands, and then... the Old Ones.

To protect the lower dimensional mages from their presence, Old Ones usually restricted the Aura emanating from their body and soul, and still Kacius could not look at them directly or tell how much of their number were here.

In his perception, he had just seen hundreds of heavenly pillars reaching into infinity. The radiance each pillar radiated was blinding, halting his thought processes and collapsing the foundation of his spirit.

It was the reason why he could not tell how many Old Ones were here in front of him with a glance; however, as a mage, there were other tools available to him than his perception.

Kacius did not have to wait long before a signal brushed across the spirit of every mage here. Kacius summarily connected his spirit to his Magus Tower, and using his Tower as a bridge, he connected to the central platform hosted by the Old Ones.

This platform was the new and enhanced Aethernet, which had rapidly transformed under the power and wisdom of hundreds of mages at the level of Old Ones.

The Aethernet was not the same as before. Now, it was not just a method of communication. With the changes in Reality and the power of so many Old Ones contributing their efforts, it was now possible to transfer goods and services through the Aethernet.

What this meant was that Kacius could trade for resources he needed from the other side of Reality via the Aethernet, and they would be transported to his side nearly instantaneously.

He could also advertise his services and channel his power across the Aethernet into the lower realms or other dimensions.

There were fees and other technical aspects to this process that Kacius could barely wrap his head around, but he knew that this new Aethernet was no longer the property of the mages, it would seem they own only a tiny portion of it, and the only reason that they could even own this portion was due to an extremely frightening genius among the Old Ones who was also a mage.

Kacius suspected that this figure was Andar Erikson, the mage who ushered in this new age, but he could not be sure. After the events that led to the destruction of the Supreme Magus World, this figure's presence vanished, and every mention of his name was strictly regulated.

There were many aspects of the Aethernet that were forbidden to the general public, and Kacius was now in one of the forbidden portions. One of the ways he could access this part of the Aethernet was to be summoned here to this plaza, and then given a passkey by the Old Ones ahead that would enable him to access this area with his consciousness.

Using this method, he was able to safely view and listen to the consciousness of these Old Ones. They appeared relatively normal to his consciousness and not pillars of eldritch energy that could scour his soul to ash.

That was when he noticed that there were far more Old Ones here than he had expected, and a lot of them were not Mages but from other powers in Reality, and that was when Kacius fully comprehended that something big was about to happen.

As an avid historian and a careful observer of current events, Kacius was able to identify some of the new parties here with them, and among them were several Primordial powers.

That was all he had to know for sweat to run down his brows, even while inside the Aethernet. It would seem that he might not live long enough to see the culmination of this age.

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Kacius was too low in the totem pole to be privy to all the discussion made during this gathering, he was brought here to be briefed on the duties he was expected to perform, and he sighed in relief when he saw his job was to be that of a healer, and he would be closer to the back of the formations.

Despite the rest of the briefing being relatively full because Kacius could barely hear the fragments of information that were allowed through to him, he still paid careful attention because any slight advantage he had could be the difference between life and death.

The briefing took days before it was concluded, and during that time, Kacius had basically deciphered where they were heading. There were too many phrases and descriptions that

made no sense on their own, but when placed together, they revealed the ultimate agenda of this gathering.

They were going to destroy the Great Desert!

This was a stunning revelation because Kacius had reached the realm of Memory, and so he was privy to the secrets of the Great Desert. While he found it fascinating, it was also deeply unsettling that his final fate would most likely be as a specter roaming the endless sands of that desert for all eternity.

Kacius left the briefing with a dull ache in his chest. He hurriedly returned to his dwelling to prepare, for he was supposed to find his supervisor in the next few hours. After the briefing, actions were taken quite quickly, and there were no unnecessary delays.

During his preparation, Kacius continued analyzing the details of the briefing in his head, sorting out the details one more time. He noticed that some of the actions being proposed by the Old Ones were strange, almost as if they were not heading to destroy the Great Desert but to possess it.

When that thought occurred to him, he knew that this was most likely the primary aim of this campaign.

The Great Desert represented such a profound degree of power that could be wielded against higher-dimensional immortals that it was almost foolish for the higher-ups not to find a way to take control of such powers.

Kacius knew that the talk for the destruction of the Great Desert was simply a way of preparing for the event that the control of the Great Desert was not possible.

After concluding that these were most likely the goals of the higher-ups, Kacius's mind turned to what was more important to him: the enemies they would most likely be facing.

The Great Desert was one of the most terrifying and mysterious places in all of Reality, and to take control over it without expecting profound resistance would be extremely difficult and, in any period other than this one, impossible.

From the briefings, Kacius knew that the Primordial powers going along with them had supplied a lot of information about the Great Desert, and although they did not know all of its secrets, what they knew was very important because it revealed the owner of this place, Primordial Chaos!

Not in a hundred thousand lifetimes did Kacius believe that he would have any reason to be associated with a Primordial. It was telling a mortal that one day they would be able to walk barefoot across the surface of the sun.

For a majority of his life, Kacius believed that Primordials were myth; surely, beings of such power could not exist. The path of ascending the dimension should not be greater than the level of an Old One... but he was wrong, and there were beings who made Old Ones feel like mortals and not Supreme entities.

If Primordial Chaos was the ruler of the Great Desert, then their campaign was meaningless, was it not?

This was not the case, according to the higher-ups. The Primordials were bound by an Ancient Agreement not to interfere with lower-dimensional entities unless certain rules were broken.

Going against the Great Desert was edging closer to breaking those rules, but multiple Primordial powers had assured them that Primordial Chaos created this place with forbidden powers, and so it was not included under the terms of the Ancient Agreement.

In short, the Great Desert had been declared a space that could be conquered by the strong.

However, without the direct presence of Primordial Chaos, the dangers had only decreased from absolutely impossible to probably impossible, due to the forces under Primordial Chaos not been bound by the constraint of the Ancient Agreement like the Primordial.

There was a whisper of a certain name that was stuck in Kacius's head.

The name was Nemesis.

Chapter 1665: Field of Devastation

Events around him passed by, seemingly in a blur, and Kacius found himself at the threshold between the lower realms and the higher realms. In this corner was the Great Desert.

From a distance, it appeared out of nowhere, like a gigantic dimension made entirely of sand.

Kacius Black thought it resembled a beautiful brown pearl lightly kissed by the light of the morning sun. His division was not near the front of the army, so Kacius hurriedly created a Viewing Spell. In his consciousness, the image of the desert zoomed closer to him, and Kacius gasped in admiration.

The Great Desert stretches beyond the horizon in his sight, and although this spell should have allowed Kacius to view all of it at a glance, he recognized that the spatial structure of this desert was such that those within would not be able to find its end.

From outside the desert, at a high enough viewpoint, it was possible to see all of the Great Desert, but inside it, there was no way to see everything at a glance, for the inner world was nearly infinite.

However, this did not stop Kacius from falling into admiration for what he was seeing. The desert was like an ocean of scorched earth and shifting sand.

Endless dunes rise and fall like the frozen waves of a golden sea, sculpted by the whispering winds that carried the ghost of ancient storms. The air shimmered with heat, and the silence that covered the desert was vast, only broken by the faint hiss of sand sliding down the slopes or the distant howl of the wind that had encircled this desert for billions of years.

Kacius wondered how this place would look at night; he believed it would be even more beautiful under the starlight.

“Get your head out of your ass, Kacius, the battle would soon begin, and your pretty face would be battered beyond repair if you are still so close.” The sweet voice of his sister shook him from the reverie imposed by the vision of the Great Desert.

A finger poked him repeatedly in his cheeks, and he looked at his sister’s beaming face in annoyance before rapidly looking down. He was unable to face her for long because she was now an Old One, and he would go insane if he looked at her thoroughly for more than a few seconds.

“Is my feet so exciting you are always peering down on it, brother? If you want, I can take off my shoes.”

Kacius cursed under his breath in faint annoyance and shame, but he knew that Lila had a good heart and teasing him was a way for her to relieve her stress.

Lila was highly talented. He was her elder brother, and yet she was already an Old One. Her only problem was that she was something of a coward. With her character, she should not have been sent to a place of battle like this, but in this era, even an Old One had to follow the collective, or they would be wiped out.

Kacius bowed to her in a mocking manner, knowing she would appreciate his levity,

“You shield your feet and leave your face exposed, sister. It is pretty clear you like me looking at your feet.”

“Oh,” Kacius heard a smack, as if Lila had struck her head. I had forgotten to reverse the spell. There, it’s all done. Now you can look at my face.”

Kacius did not fall for the bait. For the last three decades, his sister had made the same jokes about reversing the spell of concealment over her features, and he knew that until the day he died, she would never stop teasing him with it.

He was looking to solve a particularly difficult spell model, and he had run into the Magus Tower of his sister, and Kacius had not realized that she had become an Old One.

With familiarity born from millions of years of being her sibling, he had bypassed all her wards to reach her, calling out with excitement about the problem that had been stumping him for so long, when he saw one of the most horrific sights of his life.

His sister was no longer a being of flesh and blood, but something out of a nightmare. At first, he thought he was looking at a bleeding hand that was folded into itself, until the hand sort of *unfurled*, as if it were emerging from dimensions beyond his perception.

This creature was a twitching mass of elongated, boneless limbs, each tipped with too many joints and too many fingers. All of them twitched with an unnatural rhythm that left scars in the Aether, which was flowing around the creature in a storm.

The creature's skin was translucent, stretched thin over pulsing veins that throbbed with a sickly phosphorescent glow. The light did not illuminate it; instead, it deepened the shadow around it.

Where a face should have been, there was only a gaping void, and from that void came an indescribable voice that droned nails of pain into Kacius's mind.

Suddenly, the creature moved, and its motion was simply *wrong*. It did not walk but flickered, and the sound it was making kept growing more horrifying. If Kacius could move, he would tear through his face, shredding his eyes, ears, nose, and mouth so he could not hear, see, smell, or taste this abomination that was coming close to him.

Kacius knew he was screaming, but no sound was coming from his mouth, and then the void that represented the creature slowly lowered itself until it reached his face, and a cold and black tongue filled with sticky substance carrying a revolting stench touched his face, and he heard,

"Ca... can.... Understand.... can you now understand me brother. If you keep staring at my feet so intensely, then I don't know how to satisfy this fetish of yours except to allow it."

"Wha... what?" was all the broken mind of Kacius could formulate from his consciousness that had long fallen into madness.

"Bloody hell, I am an Old One!"

An excited shriek tore through the madness that had filled Kacius's mind

“Can you believe I slept, woke up, and reached the eighth-dimensional level?! Ah, take that, Andar Erikson. I bet if the Magus council hears of my achievement, I might just be selected to be the premier genius of the mages. Brother, what do you think? Is your sister not incredibly awesome?!”

“Sister... Lila... tentacles... feet... FEET!!!” Kacius screamed in madness.

“Feet? Brother, I know my body has been renewed, but you can stop staring at my feet for so long. My face is here, you know.”

A monstrosity that defied imagination tore its way into Kacius’s consciousness. Finally, his mind broke, and he fell into a blessed darkness that did not stay silent for long before it was filled with monsters.

It took years for his mind to regain full functionality again, and it was all because he had reached the sixth dimension of Memory, allowing him to possess a rugged consciousness that could heal from almost anything as long as a potent source of remembrance was close to him.

His sister was the potent source, and it almost seemed fair that her carelessness was repaid by her nursing him back to health using her Memories of him, else his mind would have continued to degrade, and he would become nothing short of a monster in human flesh.

Throughout his healing process, Lila did not leave his side, and she made sure she made a joke about her feet every single day.

“Why are you here, sister? The battle is about to begin, and I can find my way towards my formation without your reminder.” Kacius said, not daring to raise his head—and he was not staring at Lila’s feet!

Her soft giggle entered his ears, “Oh, you know I just had to make sure you look at your lucky charm again before this battle. If I lose you, I will feel guilty that I did not do what was necessary to keep you alive.”

Kacius sighed in irritation, “Only you, sister, would think that I need to stare at a spell that mimics the shape of your feet as a good luck charm.”

“Well, I will have you know, brother, that this is not how the spell works. I am not mimicking anything, just showing you my real form, not colored by your erroneous perception of the higher dimensions.”

Kacius shuddered, a brief flash of recollection of the form of an Old One brushing past his consciousness. Then he spoke loudly, a clear hint of dismissal in his tone,

“I will be fine, you can leave, in fact, my position should be here if we adjust the formation into its true form. So I am in the right place, while you are not.”

“Humph... I have forgotten how stubborn you can be, brother. Okay, I am off. After the battle, I will be coming to your Tower. I expect you to have the dishes I love prepared for me.”

Saying this, Lila’s presence began to vanish, and Kacius, not knowing what possessed him, looked upwards and saw the back of her sister.

She was wearing a flowery dress, the same one that he remembered. He had bought this dress for her the day she became an Acolyte.

“Sister... Lila, be safe,” he whispered.

She half turned and smiled, and his heart broke a little, a faint premonition of doom filling them.

Then she was gone.

Three days later, only Kacius remained on an endless field of devastation.

Chapter 1666: Fray At The Edge

Chapter 1666: Fray At The Edge

The battle began like the numerous battles witnessed by Kacius Black. Because he was to be responsible for healing, he was placed at the back of the army, and from here, he could watch the battle proceed.

His unit commander, a seventh-dimensional magus named Clesplain Ayo, was an old foggy who never left the library. The amount of information in his head never failed to astound Kacius. It was a testament to the endless years that he had laid down in search for knowledge.

All of these, while Kacius had not been stupid enough to observe the army arrayed in front of them.

There was so much power in front of him that he did not dare to open his perception to it, even as a sixth-dimensional immortal, such a thing would instantly kill him. He was not worried that he would miss the battle; each division had a Spectral Mirror crafted by an Old One that would reduce the higher-dimensional emanations from the formations and the ongoing battle, so that auxiliary units could properly follow the battle and render aid when needed.

In his formation alone, Kacius counted a million mages, with twenty percent of them being in the higher dimensional level, and the rest were a single breakthrough away from it.

There were countless formations like this spread into the distance from millions of races that Kacius's consciousness could detect, and undoubtedly, there were many more that he could not. There would also be countless Spectral mirrors in all of these formations.

It was through this Spectral Mirror that Kacius was able to follow the battle, and the voice of his unit commander, Clesplain, was never far.

"What you see today may define you all for the rest of your lives, even my own too." The voice of the unit commander pierced through the formation of Magus healers. "We don't know what will happen in the future, but one thing is certain: we will be needed. When it begins, hold fast to your positions, and proceed with your task with swiftness and discipline."

Waving his staff, the unit commander activated the massive circular spectral mirror, and Kacius was able to finally see the magnitude of the forces arrayed against the Great Desert.

A profound silence gripped the one million mages who were looking at the mirror as the unit commander whispered in horror and awe,

"Our eyes were not meant to see something like this."

Kacius had to agree. How else was it possible to see such magnificence and think any mortal or immortal eyes were supposed to see it?

The army that stands before the endless desert defied all laws of form or number. At least that was what Kacius' perception was telling him.

They were truly endless, not just in form, but also in kind. Kacius could glimpse the endless number of races that were here on this field.

Rank upon rank of immortal soldiers shimmer in and out of perception, even the Spectral Mirror seemed unable to entirely catch their form, as their bodies seemed to be flickering between dimensions.

Kacius believed that this must be the effect created by the Spectral Mirror as it attempted to dumb down the sights of the higher dimensions to a lower level.

He thought he saw an army clad in jagged armor of blackened void-stuff in the front row, and it was the voice of the commander that dispersed his confusion.

“That is the Eternity Legion. They are clad in armor forged from the remnants of dead void-stars, which are one of the strangest stars in existence. The swords in their hands are made from freezing a thousand supernovae in place. I believe that these are the remnants of a Celestial Legion that has become twisted by the decline of Old Light.”

Kacius barely had the time to come to terms with what he was looking at when the Eternity Legion charged into the Great Desert, and what followed them were beings that seemed to dissolve into geometrics as they moved, even making the Spectral Mirror crack as it observed them.

After them were creatures with multiple legs, Kacius counted six as the lowest, with some reaching a thousand legs and torsos splitting and merging like a liquid mirror.

Others drifted through space like ghosts. Their faces, when observed by the mirrors, were like a mosaic filled with shifting eyes and fanged mouths, utterly horrifying to look at.

All of these horrifying creatures in their hundreds of billions were pouring into the Great Desert, and then Kacius heard a loud trumpet sound that shook him to his core and nearly made him collapse in panic; even the Spectral Mirror vibrated and made tiny shrieking cries as if it was on the edge of collapse.

All of space and time vibrated as massive titanic beings loomed in the distance. Their true forms were unseen, and their shadows were cast at impossible angles, stretching in directions that should not exist.

It was impossible to observe their weapons because it seemed they were holding the raw concept of the dimensions in their hands. The unit commander began to laugh; it was as if the magnitude of what he was seeing was slowly driving this man mad.

“Do you all see them. These Titans! They are the true vanguard, all of them emerge from Primordial Domains, and the weapon they wields are made from true concepts of time, space, and other higher-dimensional energies. Still, I hear of a rumor of a great war nearly a century ago, where a single man cut through an army ten times this size, hahaha, and to think I believed it. What you are seeing here is the true form of invincibility!”

Kacius also heard this rumor, but unlike their commander, he felt there must be more truth to it. Everything happening in Reality was so strange that it threw even the Primordial Domains into disarray as they struggled to come to terms with what was happening.

He heard that in the beginning, multiple Primordial Domains were destroying the Primordial Vortexes inside their dimensions, before they slowly ended that practice.

Kacius could only draw one meaning from that, and it was that, besides the great Primordial Domain, there was an unknown power stirring in these turbid waters, and it was so powerful that it was able to contend with the Primordials.

The emergence of the New Light, glimpses of the Origin Land, the destruction of the Frozen Road.... Countless incidents like these were not simply coincidences; something was coming, and it would seem many were so scared of these new changes that they would rather lie to themselves than admit the truth, even mages who swore to only pursue the truth.

Still, it did not matter what Kacius was thinking because the presence of the forces ahead was overwhelming his senses... and still, they came.

From rifts in space and unknown dimensions, from folds in the air, from the gaps between breath... reinforcement kept gushing into the battlefield in a cascade of nightmarish logic.

The desert ahead seemed to recoil in the presence of this army, but more kept pouring in until something inside Kacius began to fray at the edges. He dimly realized that apart from him and a few of the higher-dimensional forces, the rest had looked away from the Spectral Mirror.

Even the sight of the gathering army was enough to shake their consciousness. How would they withstand the battle?

And then there was a mighty roar as the first probing forces met the opposition inside the Great Desert.

Chapter 1667: Endless Devastation

The Eternity Legion struck first, followed by the Hollow Saints and the Parasite Kings. Although these were the *probing* forces, they were all linked to Primordial powers and contained hundreds of Old Ones, and their entire troops were counted in the tens of billions.

Their advances in the desert were like the movement of tectonic forces, their footsteps cracking the earth. This was not just due to their powers but because a force in the desert made it impossible for anything to take flight, and so this army had to walk across the sands while carrying weight that could crush a universe on their backs.

However, these were all immortals who were extremely powerful and under protection from countless formations, spells, armor, and all the myriad treasures and abilities gathered from all around Reality.

Such an army had never been seen in this age, and the strength they possessed was nothing that the weight of a universe could be able to crush. Still, this weight was not even counted among the list of dangers present inside the Great Desert.

From the sand, countless shades of dead immortals began to rise, the Memories of the fallen, and the weakest among them was at the sixth-dimensional level.

The probing forces might have numbered in the tens of billions, but what was rising from the sands was infinite, and they swallowed these billions so easily that it was almost as if the vast armies of billions were a daydream.

The army might have numbered in the billions, holding power that could shatter a thousand universes, but Kacius could see that the forces that arose from the sands were in the trillions, and none of them were weak.

If Kacius had ever wondered what it would look like if all the dead heroes from the distant past to the present were to rise up in battle, then he believed he was seeing a fraction of this powerful scenery.

No matter how much the number of immortals that were gathered here today to wage war against the desert, it was nothing but a drop in the bucket against the endless might of the sands.

After all, the number of the dead would always far surpass those of the living, and when the sheer scale of time was added to the mix, then the advantages the Great Desert had accumulated over the Eras were unmatchable.

Powerful tremors and screams emerged from within the endless ranks of the shades of the desert, the last signs that an army of immortals had waged into this desert, and then there was silence, as the killing ended.

A potent haze of blood emerged from the sea of bodies, which began to create a storm cloud overhead that was filled with scarlet radiance, and then something horrifying transpired.

The Memories of the dead that were once slain were resurrected, and their companions now belonged to the enemy.

Their eyes were empty and filled with sand, and as one, they all opened their mouths and spoke,

“All who trespass in the Great Desert shall fall and their Memories be imprisoned for all eternity.”

This sight was deeply unsettling, but it was not something that the coalition here did not expect; they had sent these probing forces into the desert to learn about its hidden abilities.

They were aware of its power to resurrect the Memories of the fallen, but to what degree needed to be understood. Did the resurrection take place over an extended amount of time, or was it instantaneous?

How much of the powers of the deceased were transferred over in death, and could their treasures and other special techniques that required the flesh or soul be utilized even as a shade of the desert?

All of these and much more needed to be known by them, and all of the billions of immortals sacrificed were for this cause.

Perhaps a mortal might not be able to comprehend sacrifice at such a scale, but to the cool intellect of immortals, all of this was worth the price because at the end of it all, the benefit they would gain would be nearly inestimable.

There were no signs of fear or hesitation among the vanguards of the coalition. The massive titanic beings began to walk towards the desert, but Kacius could not understand how their forces were able to win against a power that grew stronger the more the battle continued.

He was clear that, although the probing forces were quickly slaughtered in that short skirmish, they had not gone down without a fight. They had also brought down a sizable number of the shades of the desert.

However, as the Memory of the armies were resurrected, so too did the shades of the desert that were slain. What the first clash had shown was that the Great Desert had suffered virtually no losses in the fight, and had grown stronger instead. How then were the vanguards matching forward with no hesitation?

Kacius watched with bated breath as the vanguards stepped foot into the deserts. The sheer weight imposed by their extremely heavy bodies shattered the horizon, and multiple ranks of shades in their billions collapsed into ash from the presence emitted by these titans.

Weapons made from concepts of creation and destruction were unsheathed and wielded against the endless shades, and although Kacius could not follow a lot of the battle, he could see ranks after ranks of shades collapsing in numbers that defied imagination.

The vanguards were like an unstoppable spear thrust into the heart of the desert, and the rest of the army followed them behind. They resembled a horde of infinite locusts as they poured into the sands, wielding spells and abilities of endless might, and hell rained down on the Great Desert.

A loud cheer rang out among the formations of healers as the march of the army appeared to be unstoppable. Millions of miles were covered in the blink of an eye, as a slaughter that would make gods and demons weep in fear was unleashed upon the desert.

Kacius observed that although the endless shades of the desert were formidable, they were still lacking in comparison to living immortals, who had the benefit of treasures and free access to their higher-dimensional powers.

Standing high above the army was a mysterious figure, and Kacius could not discern their figure or their race, but their cry of encouragement made his heart race, even though most of it was not directed towards them.

“In this desert are the last shackles that bind our immortality. We shall seize it for ourselves, and finally, we shall all be unrivaled, our battles shall last for all eternity, and Reality will quake at our glory. See the bones of the past that sought to stop our conquest, but there has never been an age as great as this one, and nothing shall stand against us!”

For a while, it seemed as if the momentum of the coalition of immortals could not be stopped, countless miles of desert were conquered, and the bodies of shades in innumerable numbers had been returned to dust.

It was possible to see the shades attempting to rise from the sands once more, but countless spells of destruction were rained down on the sand, turning it to glass for endless miles and locking down the shades attempting to re-emerge.

The entirety of the desert trembled under this cosmic devastation as the power being released here in every moment was sending shockwaves that rippled all across creation.

What did not fail to astonish Kacius was that despite the number of immortals who had entered the Great Desert, many more were left behind in unknown numbers, slowly making their way into the desert before they were sucked towards the ground.

However, the degree of devastation was becoming so great that something inside the desert was breaking, and the laws that were binding the immortals to the ground were loosening. As the Old Ones were now free to leave the ground, the reach of their devastating abilities multiplied.

Auras blazing like burning dimensions, countless spells of devastation were hurled from the bodies of a million Old Ones, and the Great Desert trembled under the mayhem.

Oceans of flames that made the fires from stars appeared like match flames rained down from the sky, tornadoes of lightning spiraled down, splitting the earth with devastating cracks.

Ice shards the size of planets rained down, impaling the desert and freezing entire regions in an instant. Within the ice were countless Memories of frozen shades.

These were the forces that Kacius could barely comprehend; the others that followed brought his mind to the brink of madness.

Space was fractured to nothing as immortal hands more powerful than Kacius could ever imagine tore through dimensions, summoning black holes that devoured vast swatches of the desert.

Time slowed in some areas and accelerated in others. Shades caught in this distortion were shredded to pieces, and even their resurrection was stalled.

The unknown central figure that was directing this army called out with exultation in their voice,

“The Great Desert is ours. The fulfilment of our destiny is at hand!”

Kacius did not think it would be this easy; surely, this could not be all the forces of Primordial Chaos.

Chapter 1668: The Prince Of Ruin

Primordial Chaos ruled a Primordial Domain, and even if it was said that his Domain in the upper realms had been severely suppressed by the other Primordial Domains, a starving elephant was still bigger than a horse.

The Great Desert was too important, and Kacius could understand that a tactical advantage of this nature, which could be used to suppress the entirety of Reality, could not be so easily conquered.

Still, the cheers of celebration from all around him were a reminder to Kacius that perhaps this miracle might be possible. Gathered here was power that had not been seen since the Primordial Era, and coupled with all the advantages they had gained from the mysterious Origin Land, an unexpected victory might just be the case.

To tell the truth, Kacius did not care who won this fight because he suspected that the Great Desert would never be destroyed and that ownership would only be changed. Perhaps even their victory might make the situation worse.

As far as he knew, Primordial Chaos did not demand any harsh restrictions from the Memories of the fallen inside his desert, but would that be the same when the rest of Reality took over this place?

Kacius suddenly screamed, clapping his hands over his ears as a third of his lifeforce and his soul vanished when a resonant *thud* like a heartbeat emerged from the center of the desert.

He was dimly aware that countless immortals beside him were dead, some were stronger than he, others were weaker, and it did not seem that his survival was a result of his strength; it was just luck.

“Desecrators... You all are not worthy to step on my domain.”

This voice seemed to ground all of Reality to a halt, and the battle ceased instantly. The titanic vanguards with their upraised blades set to sweep forward halted in motion; even the spells cast by the Old Ones above were frozen, and the Great Desert seemed to have transformed from a battlefield to a three-dimensional image.

Kacius knew his perception should not be this great, but he knew what he was seeing was being witnessed not only by him but also by everyone here.

His mind was dragged to the center of the desert by this voice, and he saw Nemesis rising from the sand.

Heads began to explode all around him; even his unit commander, a seventh-dimensional Magus, could only scream his adoration and hatred in equal measures as he was torn apart from the inside by his own powers and consumed by insects.

Somehow, Kacius was still able to live and witness Nemesis rise out of the sand. It was as if a part of him held a resilience that he had never realized before, or perhaps it was because he had been with his sister for so long that his mind had been able to adapt to higher-dimensional forces much better than an average immortal.

A fissure split the desert, a jagged crack so vast that a thousand universes could have fallen into it. From the darkness within that crack came a seven-fingered hand with red claws that bled corrupted miasma into reality.

Upon seeing that hand, Kacius' mind exploded with forbidden knowledge as the nature of the being exerted itself so firmly upon Reality that he was forced to acknowledge it.

He knew that this hand was not made from flesh but of forged judgment; each finger was a blade of condensed retribution, and each knuckle was a grinding gear of dimensional laws.

The part of Kacius' mind that could understand this knowledge unexpectedly shut down; it had been totally destroyed by knowing something that even Old Ones would flee from.

Yet his eyes did not stop looking, a maniacal madness filling the remnants of his consciousness, as he needed to see!

If this was the last thing he did with his life, Kacius was willing to witness it all.

In his distraction, more of Nemesis' form had been revealed, as a gigantic being slowly rose from the crack. Sand cascaded from its form like a waterfall of dead time, finally revealing the form of the being that had been buried underneath the desert.

A part of his mind might have been destroyed, but Kacius considered himself lucky. Seeing just a hand had been enough to irreparably change him; if he had seen all of Nemesis, then he would be dead.

So this lucky coincidence made it possible for him to truly look upon Nemesis, without the fear of dying.

First, he saw a helm crowned with serrated edges, with a visor so dark it swallowed all the light around it.

From that abyss came twin pinpricks of cold fire, the gaze of Nemesis, which fell on all life inside the desert and outside of it.

The remaining portion of Kacius' mind was distinctly aware that it was a good thing he could not see the whole visage of Nemesis, and its helm had shielded the last portion of his sanity from decaying.

Then the rest of Nemesis' body emerged. It was armored, but not with metal or anything that Kacius recognized. Yet the plates of the armor shifted as Nemesis rose, reconfiguring in a thousand different forms in every breath.

Kacius watched in awe as Nemesis reached towards his spine, as if it were a scabbard, and drew out a sword whose edges hummed with collective vengeance of a trillion murdered gods.

He could hear their screams in his soul, chewing on the last part of him that was sacred.

Nemesis swung his blade, an arc of power that was unimaginably fierce, blasted out from his blade, and the vanguards who had penetrated through countless miles of desert collapsed like a bubble under the harsh sun.

In that single sweep of his blade, Nemesis killed immortals without number, possibly numbering in the billions.

Many defenses had been set up before the blow fell, millions of Old Ones constructing spells of defense and placing guardian treasures that could hold back the destruction of a thousand dimensions. All of that was not enough.

Reversing the blade, Nemesis plunged it into the sands, and the entire desert screamed and shuddered, as darkness burst out of them and ascended to the sky.

Kacius' eyes shrank when he realized that this was not darkness, but shades of supremely powerful Memories, all at the level of Old Ones, and the endless army was drowned under the shadows of Memories.

When all hope seemed to be lost, the calm voice of the mysterious leader of the coalition rang out,

“Pity... This is not enough. For I am Fury!”

Then Kacius heard what sounded like the cry of a Phoenix, and a billion suns—no, at least they were in the trillions—appeared above the desert, and at the core of each sun was a nine-colored Phoenix.

Each Phoenix cried out as a wave of cleansing flame erupted from the suns and exploded with great power, causing all of reality to quake.

This cleansing light slammed into the desert below, burning all the darkness to ash and bringing those who were on the verge of death back to life. Even Kacius, who was not inside the desert, felt his soul and memories regaining strength as the cleaning light from the phoenixes.

Nemesis, who was being suppressed under the radiance of the flames, tore it apart with a growl, as this creature screamed in rage.

“Your flames... the taste of your soul... I know of your bloodline. You are one of his. Good, you shall not leave here alive!”

“Foul beast! I serve no one but my purpose, and when I am done conquering you, then I shall conquer his dominion as well. I am Fury Akranothothez Kuranos. I am the Prince of Ruin, and this Era is mine!”

Something seemed to change in Reality as a massive unknown presence burning with the power to end Reality began to appear all around the Great Desert. Kacius was a young sixth-dimensional Magus who had lived for sixty million years. However, he was still knowledgeable enough to realize that this presence that had entered the battlefield was a myth only found in certain universes and dimensions.

These new presences were the Children of Ruin.

The order of their appearances was strange. It was as if they were creating a gigantic formation that encompassed the entirety of the Great Desert and even the coalition army.

Indeed, Kacius was hearing cries of outrage from multiple Old Ones at the emergence of these new presences, and he could hear phrases like refinement, trap, and betrayal to know that something was wrong.

That mysterious figure, this Fury Kuranos, seemed to have an appetite equal to that of the Primordials. He was not going just against the Great Desert but the entirety of Reality itself.

Kacius knew that he should find all of these events disturbing. Everything was going wrong, and the scale of power being unleashed had dwarfed his imagination. He was not assured of his survival, and even his sister, an Old One, could most likely be dead, and still...

'Who is that figure that Nemesis and Fury are talking about?' his mind could not help but ponder.

Then a sudden silence struck all of Reality, and Kacius widened his eyes in shock as the light emerging from every star in every dimension inside of Reality dimmed.

Six massive cracks, each so massive that Kacius could not see where it began or ended tore through Reality and a million dimensions were crushed into pieces and sucked into it.

Inside those cracks, Kacius saw.... The end of all things.

Chapter 1669: The Futility of Struggle

The heads of six Origin Ouroboros emerged from the cracks in space, and a careful observer would realize that these cracks did not look torn, but seemed to have been chewed through, due to the ragged chunks of Reality that were simply missing.

They appeared to be slowly emerging from the cracks, but that was only if you were watching them from the eighth-dimensional level, any lower order immortals would just see a blur of endless stretch of scaled flesh that resembled the face of destruction, from stars bleeding out their guts into the Aether, or the screams of dying dimensions as they collapsed into nothing.

Divus, who led her brothers and sisters to the Great Desert, did not care for anything else in Reality. Everything could be ending, and she would not blink an eye.

In her mind, there was only Rowan; everything else was prey.

As the Ouroboros Serpents descended, Reality began to collapse around them, as shockwaves of destructive force blasted from their bodies, as if they were streams of antimatter plunging into an ocean of matter.

The six serpents fully emerged from the cracks in Reality, allowing themselves to be gripped by the attractive force of the desert. They began to fall towards it.

The fall barely took three seconds, but all of Reality shrieked like a dying maiden being grievously butchered as the bodies of the serpent combusted all of space and time, leaving shining trails behind them that appeared incredibly beautiful but contained so much potent forces of destruction that an Old One would be grinded to ash inside of them if they remained for a few seconds.

This was all the serpents had to do. Their impossible weight being dragged by the power of the desert was in itself a potent tool for destruction.

There was a bright flash as the body of Divus slammed into the desert, rapidly followed by five other flashes of bright white light. This series of flashing lights was so bright that for this instant, any immortal with a powerful sense could observe that the entirety of Reality brightened for a moment.

An expanding shockwave and debris that formed asymmetric patterns from the sands of the desert overheated and directly collapsed into their basic structure, blasting out like radiation. This caused the entire space for countless light years to glow with a fifteen-colored shimmer that would bring madness to even the Old Ones who observed it.

In that instant, ninety-nine percent of all life in the great desert and its surroundings was wiped out.

‘What would a true calamity look like? The sort of thing that could end all that we know... That answer is something that I did not know, but now, I have seen it.’

These were the last thoughts of Kacius Black, and then there was silence... nothing. For although the shell of his body still lived, his soul was gone.

Yet, Reality moved on. Cold. Unfeeling. The true face of power had just revealed itself.

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Fury Kuranos, the Prince of Ruin, was one of the survivors, but the power unleashed by the descent of the serpents blasted him into a distant dimension; his cries of astonishment and rage were cut off. This immortal had a great story to tell, but he was not given the opportunity to shine before he was summarily dismissed.

The shades of Memories that filled the Great Desert had nearly all been eradicated. They were not gone, but they had been cleansed so effectively that it would take millions of years before they could return.

At first, the powerful explosion seemed to have stunned the serpents, as they did not move for a few seconds. Then, they began to stir and slowly rise up.

In the distance, Nemesis had been slammed into the ground, his armor cracked and battered, and his helm had been shattered, revealing his chaotic features beneath that resembled a chimera. The face of Nemesis was not one but a legion of faces all mashed together as one.

To protect the Great Desert, Primordial Chaos had not hesitated to sacrifice all of the Chaos Bloods in Reality that he could get his hands on and merged them into the body of Nemesis, enabling this being to reach a stupendous amount of power that was not far from those of a Throne.

There were some lucky few Chaos Bloods who could escape his reach by virtue of their talents, which enabled them to cultivate powers that slowly separated them from their bloodline of Chaos.

Labaletai, the Chaos Door, was one of the few who escaped from Chaos's hands. He had spent countless years spreading his name across countless dimensions, and as a result, even when Chaos grabbed his body and soul and sacrificed it to Nemesis, his Memories were so powerful that he essentially recreated himself from nothing.

Not many Chaos Bloods were so lucky, and in their final moments, they mercifully did not know how they died.

Nemesis slowly fought its way out of the shackles of power, pressing it against the ground. The green glow of its gaze was terrifyingly aware... it was as if Nemesis had always been waiting for these serpents to arrive, and everything was a prelude to this moment.

"Evil beasts, where does your master hide? Bring him forward to face..."

Surprisingly, it was Bahamut that attacked first, disregarding Nemesis ahead. He opened his maws wide open, which resembled a yawning event horizon lined with teeth like dying stars.

Clamping down on a vast stretch of desert spanning a hundred gigantic galactic superclusters

The memories of the fallen trapped within the sands did not even have the time to realize what was happening when they were drawn into the maws of the serpent alongside a vast amount of the desert sands.

Everything unraveled into primal cosmic energy that fueled the serpent's endless desire to consume, but what was once a nourishing meal now paled in comparison to what they could acquire from feasting on the Origin Land.

Nevertheless, all the other Origin Ouroboros serpents knew that they needed to clear out the desert, reveal its core, and allow Divus to finally complete her feast.

Nemesis shrieked, it was unknown whether it was in anger for being ignored or it was for seeing the Great Desert being unmade before its eyes.

Reacting with a perfect blow from his sword that would leave all in awe, Nemesis swung his blade at Bahamut.

The sword's edge, sharp enough to split quantum strings, flashed upward in an arc that severed Bahamut's lower jaw clean from his skull.

Bahamut's cold gaze turned towards Nemesis as his falling jaws collapsed into motes of dying starlight and returned to his face, and his grievous injury vanished.

"You shall die for that."

A voice like the deathly chill at the center of the abyss emerged from Bahamut.

Chapter 1670: Coils of Perdition

The descent of the serpents may have wiped out a vast number of lives, but due to the fact that the essence of those lost lives was not consumed by them and the Great Desert was destabilized, it meant a significant number of these immortals could be resurrected.

Those who could not return were either too weak or had perished entirely; the feedback from the power of destruction had proved too much for their dimensional powers to handle.

And so billions of immortals began to slowly rise out of ashes, but they were smart about their resurrection and chose to return far away from the desert.

By coincidental stroke of fate, the immortals who died turned out to be the lucky ones. Death shielded them from the full collapse of sanity caused by the descent of the serpents. For those that survived, only a few were able to keep their minds intact, and all were Old Ones.

Lila Black resurrected herself too close to the Great Desert, and her eyes looked around in panic for her brother. Kacius was supposed to be far from the battle, but the wave of devastation at the end was too great, and should have reached him.

Her eyes saw a lone figure kneeling in space, surrounded by the broken corpses of a million immortal mages, and her eyes lit up as she recognized her brother.

'That big doofus still found a way to survive after all.'

Ignoring the call of the other immortals when they saw that she was heading towards the Great Desert, Lila blinked her way through space and time and reached her kneeling brother. His strong heartbeat, unlike a mage's, poured through their familiar bond.

She stopped beside him, placed a hand on his shoulder, and then peered at the Great Desert. Those mysterious creatures that descended from above were linked to certain rumors that had been flying around Reality about an unknown power battling against the Primordials.

She was curious, but a haze of power surrounded the Great Desert, one that seemed on the verge of shattering. Something told her she did not want to see what lay beneath.

“Brother, let us leave this place. This battle is not for us and would never be. I was wrong to think we could make anything out of it. Reality is infinite, brother, and we can find a home somewhere inside its vastness, and it does not have to be here.”

She was speaking to her brother, yet a tear was dropping from her eye. Lila blinked in surprise, and then she allowed her mind to come to terms with the realization her soul had made the moment she laid her hand on her brother’s shoulders.

He was gone, and what remained was a shell.

Lila sighed and sat beside him, looking at his slack features as if memorizing every inch of his face. Gently closing his eyes, she kissed him on the forehead and watched as he collapsed into ash.

A haunting cry exploded from the Great Desert like a creature made of metal being torn to pieces. Turning to the desert, she saw that the haze from the explosion had been blown away, and she could see the dance of madness happening inside.

“Lila Black, there is a call for retreat to the central dimensional zone. We are to observe and take note of this new party... Lila, are you listening to me?”

Ignoring the voice of her master, whom she had followed into this battle while dragging her brother alongside, she knelt by the ashes of her family and observed the battle in the desert.

She was willing to finish what her brother could not. It was the least she could do to honor his memory.

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Although all of the Ouroboros Serpents were technically the same age, Rowan had manifested them in different periods, and Divus was the first Serpent that had emerged from his blood.

In all things, she had always led them, including taking charge and consuming the first Primordial Beast they had come across and claiming a name.

She was a bit surprised that Bahamut had begun devouring the desert before her, but she understood that he was opening the way for her to finish her feast. He was the youngest, and somehow he had become the second to claim a name.

When the serpent descended, their only concern was feeding Divus and destroying the desert, and they had placed nothing before their sight. Not the immortals or the shades of the desert, not even Nemesis.

To the Origin Ouroboros, there was only one enemy, and that was the Primordials. So, when Bahamut was attacked, his statement was factual: Nemesis would die. If this entity had stood aside, then the serpents would have ignored it, but by attacking, it became prey.

Once again, Divus watched Bahamut lunge forward. This time, he was not attacking the desert but Nemesis. She knew that after consuming the previous Bahamut, their youngest should be the strongest amongst the six of them, but he did not use the power of his name; instead, he favored his body.

This was the right path, the pure path unique to them as Origin Beasts, but as of yet, their strength was still nascent, and utilizing their name should be the best option. However, Bahamut was stubborn and would seek to battle with his flesh anytime the opportunity called for it.

Bahamut blurred across space, as he struck like a whip. His body coiled around Nemesis with the gravitational force of a billion black holes. He had wrapped around Nemesis numerous times, until the guardian of the desert was hidden under his coils.

What emerged from that infernal wraps was the shriek of Nemesis's armor and the dull crunch of his bones and flesh as they were placed under reality-breaking pressure.

The spaces within his coils kept shrinking as the pressure grew to such impossible heights that space and time collapsed into crystalline shards, shredding Nemesis within into tiny chunks of matter, and the pressure continued increasing.

From within the coils of Bahamut where nothing should be able to survive, the angered voice of Nemesis emerged, first as a whisper before it increased to a roar.

"I am... THE DESERT!"

A sudden lack of essence and pressure swept through the entirety of the Great Desert, and the quiet sighs of the countless shades of the desert vanished. It was as if all of the desert's power and potential had been taken away, and what was left was not a mystical land but an ordinary desert.

From within the coils of Bahamut, a light erupted that was so bright it was able to penetrate through the scales, flesh, and bones of the Ouroboros Serpent, making it possible for someone on the outside to see the body of Nemesis being reforged under the pressure exerted by Bahamut, like diamond being squeezed out of coal.

A bright line emerged from Nemesis's hand. This was its blade, which had collected all of the memories buried here in the desert. At this moment, the power erupting from this weapon was so great that it seemed to have faintly touched the limit that Reality could hold. A vast Tribulation cloud began to gather over the desert, and a power of rejection erupted with intense force.

Nemesis pushed against Bahamut's coil's force, sliced down with the blade, and the Ouroboros Serpent was cut into multiple pieces. As the blade cut through dozens of coils, Bahamut gave a furious hiss and began to collapse.

Bursting out of Bahamut's hold, Nemesis twisted his hand, and his blade collapsed into a great burning chain, twisting his torso like a marionette. Nemesis lashed the burning chain across Bahamut's throat.

The Ouroboros Serpent thrashed, its cosmic scales cracking and collapsing under the impossible heat and power within the chains of Nemesis, its divided body spasming and collapsing the desert, unable to reconnect and heal for the single slice had cut through the regenerative factor of the serpent.

In a single astonishing move, Nemesis had subdued Bahamut, and if the serpent refused to use the power of his name or he came alone, then the narrative might change... but Bahamut was not alone.

Divus had held back the others, hoping Bahamut would let go of his stubbornness and use the power of his name, but she was far too softhearted to watch her younger siblings endure pain for long, so she decided to lead by example.

Calling upon the power of her name, Divus's body grew a size bigger and then she exhaled.

The power of Divus was one of Unmaking, entropy itself. Although she did not have access to the full might of the previous Primordial Beast, she had the weight behind this power that could boost it to terrible heights.

This power was at the ninth-dimensional level, and Divus forced out a wave of unmaking, which turned the sands into screaming antimatter. Time and space were melted into a viscous sludge, reducing everything in front of her into quantum static.

Nemesis growled in anger and crossed his arms, half of his burning chains transforming into a shield, which barely finished assembling before the breath of Divus slammed into it.

The collision created a shockwave that tore the Desert in two and shattered every dimensional barrier around for billions of light years. Nemesis and Bahamut were flung into the distance, stunning them both.

Divus grew pale. Channeling a Primordial-level attack was extremely draining, but she was already recovering rapidly, while the rest of her siblings charged forward like the apocalypses that they were.

Chapter 1671: Killing Nemesis

Chapter 1671: Killing Nemesis

Nemesis was not just stunned by the blast from Divus; the force of it had pushed his weapon through his body, shredding his hand and a portion of his torso to pieces. Just because he was wielding a Primordial level weapon did not mean that Nemesis could perfectly control it, and Divus had capitalized on that weakness with a single blow.

All of the serpents were linked, like different fingers on a single palm, and so it would be foolish to try to treat each serpent as a singular entity in a fight.

Nemesis had no choice but to embody the entirety of the desert within itself. The first clash with Bahamut had revealed that anything short of a Primordial Level attack was useless against these beasts, but utilizing such forces also came with clear disadvantages.

Four serpents encircled Nemesis. Their movements were eerie and swift, like dragons', as they darted forward, quicker than lightning, and took tiny, quick bites out of Nemesis.

In less than a second, they had struck thousands of times, and their tiny bites, if allocated to their size, were similar to tearing out flesh the size of galaxies from Nemesis. Yet the serpents did not swallow; they corrupted the flesh with the power of destruction, causing it to rapidly crumble, and they spat it out.

Nemesis lost more than thirty percent of its body mass in that single second. His body was moving erratically, but a dull roar emerged in his chest as his disordered mind snapped into focus and his Will poured into the blazing chains that had wrapped around his heart.

The chain transformed into a Judgement Spear thrumming with the power of final endings, that pierced through his clavicle and deep into the eye of an attacking serpent, causing the serpent to shriek in a tone that shattered nearby dimensions.

Nemesis laughed as the spear erupted from his body and transformed into the Sands of Annihilation, which he gathered into a swirling orb above his palm before blasting it towards the last three serpents.

The force of this move was such that it would disable all three serpents for a while if they were hit, but with eyes flashing with rage, one of the serpents pushed itself forward to receive the blow head-on.

“BOOOM!”

The impact created a perfect sphere of nonexistence, a million light years wide, temporarily erasing all concepts from Reality around this region for a while, and flinging the severely injured body of the Ouroboros Serpent into the distance.

Nemesis was not much better. Wielding this weapon of a Primordial that had faintly exceeded the scope of Reality was trading eight injuries to inflict ten injuries on his foes.

His body could not last for long, and there were still two more serpents who were basically untouched.

The last two Ouroboros serpents did not push forward to attack with their bodies; instead, they began pulling power from both Divus and Bahamut.

A powerful shockwave exploded from their bodies, as they began to glow with a purplish-blue color as if their bodies were about to transform into energy.

Something like this should be impossible. Mixing two concepts would almost always result in either the destruction of both or the weakening of their power.

At the level of concept, there was no mixing because, technically, the concept had been taken to its utmost limit of purity, and trying to mix them would be like a mortal trying to merge two diamonds by slamming them together.

However, all of these strict rules were banished when a variable was added to the mix, and that was the Will of Elder.

This unique Will belonged to the Primordial Beast, and it was one of the most mysterious Wills in all of existence. It was almost useless on its own, because this Will lacked the capacity to institute grand changes across Reality on its own.

Its only purpose was to gather the strengths of the different Primordial Beasts into one. Which meant that the Primordial Beasts could never be defeated if they were united, and this was not an overexaggeration.

In a hidden realm, where the Thrones of the Primordials silently watched the ongoing battle, Primordial Chaos had been looking on in fury, and the rest had curious but largely disinterested looks in their eyes, but everything changed when the Ouroboros Serpents unleashed the Will of Elder.

The left eye of Primordial Life twitched, and he drawled,

“That is impossible. That Will has been eradicated from all of existence and only remains in the Cosmic Record. It can never be resurrected!”

Only silence followed.

Primordial Chaos rose,

“We can no longer stand aside. This has exceeded the scope of the Agreement. Those serpents are mine!”

He vanished, and although the others remained, a massive burst of Will erupted from their bodies as they began making arrangements. This battle had taken on a severity that they did not expect.

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A sound as if a billion supernovae were being created arose from their bodies, and Nemesis only had the chance to roar in anger, and set up his weapon as a shield before the eyes of the two serpents burst forth with beams of pure annihilation.

As those beams crossed through space, they left perfect absence in their wake, and even the Great Desert began to vanish.

Even before the beam reached Nemesis, his armor began to crumble like old parchment, followed by his flesh and bone. Then the beam touched his shield, and there was a momentary snag as the shield held it back before it, too, began to dissolve like a forgotten dream.

Nemesis's eyes widened at this change, seeing a power that exceeded Reality itself being destroyed, and then it... smiled.

"If it had come to this..."

Pushing a final burst of his Will into the weapon, the vanishing shield transformed into a spear, and he disregarded defense and leaped towards the two serpents in the distance.

His entire body vanished in a moment, leaving his resounding cry lingering in the air. Nemesis was dead, but the spear traveled forward through the beam of power, while continuously shrinking but it reached the two serpents in the end, and it revolved like a cyclone, tearing through the necks of the two serpents, and beheading them in a spray of gore and calamitous dispersal of energy.

The infinite desert that had been divided into two lit up like the birth of a billion dimensions as the energy erupting from the death of a Primordial Weapon holding the entire concept of the Great Desert within was destroyed, alongside the remnants of the fusion beam from the stumps of the serpents' neck.

Even the Primordials watching the battle could not see anything through that burst of whiteness for a while.

For a while, there was silence, and then movements, as one Serpent was still basically untouched... Divus.

She had exhausted herself by unleashing her breath of annihilation, but she had not been touched by the weapon of Nemesis. Even now, the rest of the serpents struggled to heal, but she did not wait for them to recover, not when the prize was within her reach..

The Great Desert was no more. Wiped out from their calamitous battle, but something still remained below.

The bones of Divus.

Chapter 1672: Emergence of Memories

The origins of Primordial Beasts were shrouded in fog; none except the Primordials seemed to know of their existence, and all traces of them could not be found.

For creatures that were so powerful, it seemed rather strange that their traces should be so hard to find, and the reason for this was simple when you stood at a high enough level, and that is, like the Primordials, the Primordial Beasts did not truly originate from this Reality.

They might have been born inside of Reality, but their roots were much deeper than that.

The bones of Divus beneath the Great Desert could not be seen by those under the eighth-dimensional level, even Old Ones who had not mastered laws that tend towards sin and destruction could not perceive them, for they were not a physical system, more like an infrastructure for erasure, a lattice upon which the concept of annihilation was suspended.

In the perception of the serpent, she could see the bones more clearly than anything, and her connection with them enhanced her perception.

Divus, the Primordial Beast, was dead, and the consciousness that the serpent had devoured had been the central core of her memory that was left behind. Yet the Primordial Beasts were immortal, and in time, a new central core would be born, and the consciousness of the Primordial Beast would be awakened.

However, there was not much time since the destruction of the consciousness of Divus, and no new consciousness had been born.

When the serpents led by Rowan had consumed the consciousness of Divus, it had not been that powerful, but that was the accumulation made over eight Major Eras. It had barely been a few millennia, and the serpents were back.

This time, this is not for the consciousness but for the entire inheritance of Divus.

The serpent, Divus, lunged forward, maws wide open, as it bit upon the edges of the bones. Due to its size difference, Divus resembled a small worm beside a massive carcass.

Describing the bones of Divus was difficult; its shape was not conventionally serpentine like the Ouroboros, nor was it humanoid like Bahamut. Instead, she seemed more like an insect.

The serpent was not concerned with her shape, only the endless benefit she could gain from consuming it, and it did not take long for those benefits to reveal themselves as the feedback from consuming these bones began to affect the rest of the serpents.

Their grievous wounds should take more time to heal despite their unreasonable healing factor, but the wounds from a Primordial Weapon were already meant not to heal, and for the serpents to be able to recover in the first place was extremely astonishing.

However, under the feedback from Divus consuming the bones of the Primordial Beast, their regenerative factor spiked, and they began to rapidly recover from their wounds.

The presence of the serpents might have killed a lot of immortals. Still, it was a blessing in disguise for them; with the arrangements made by Primordial Chaos, the coalition of immortals would not have succeeded. If they had been killed by Nemesis' weapon, none of them would have escaped the fate of being bound to the Great Desert, not even Fury Kuranes.

Not waiting to heal fully, the rest of the serpents converged on the bones and began to feast. They were gaining incredible benefits from consuming a Primordial Beast, but the core of this inheritance was all being channeled towards Divus alone.

Nemesis had been supercharged, and its weapon seemed to have been made with the serpents in mind, and all of them were aware of it. The logical conclusion here was that this is a trap, most likely made by the Primordials for them.

Still, it would not stop them from feasting or fighting. Everything that came before, even Nemesis, was an appetizer.

Skull, ribs, spines, all were rapidly being consumed by the serpents in less time than could be imagined. The mass of Divus that could be regarded as infinite had met its match, and for months, the serpents feasted with no interruption.

Every hour that passed, the mass of the bones that were eaten by a single serpent was equal to the entire mass of an eighth dimension. Still, it took them almost a year to consume the bones of Divus.

In that time, countless immortals came to watch these beings, and there were few who were foolish enough to go too close or try to fish for benefits. Yet they discovered a horrifying fact, that they could not even come close to these serpents without perishing.

Although invisible, there was a vast area of destruction that surrounded each serpent, and that was their Aura. For an Old One to come close to the serpents, they would have to

travel through tens of millions of light years of destructive Aura that grew increasingly more powerful the closer you got to the serpents.

Few could make it past a million light years before the Aura of Destruction grew so powerful it almost killed them, and there were the unlucky ones that did not correctly manage their energy expenditure going in, during their escape, their energy stores ran out, and they collapsed into ash, their anguished scream lingering in space.

Fury Kuranos returned, and he began to move closer to the feasting serpents. Of all the Old Ones, he was the one who came the closest, and yet he was still millions of light years away from reaching them.

At the beginning, he had raged before he attacked, sending billions of nine colored phoenixes towards the serpents that did not bother to acknowledge his presence.

None of his divine techniques were able to touch the scales of the serpents. The closest reached a thousand Light years away before it fizzled into nothing, and the rage of Fury cooled to despair and fear when he realized that his bloodline technique had nearly been destroyed.

Attacking with phoenixes numbering in the billions, each nearing the eighth-dimensional level in power, was a level of capability that should have rightly placed Fury at the top of creation. Logically, there should not be any single Old One that should be able to challenge such unrivalled power.

Fury had finally stepped out of the massive shadow that blocked his path. He had taken advantage of this glorious age and had polished his bloodline power to ridiculous heights.

In his mind, Rowan was powerful, but he was still one man, while Fury, as a summoner, could call upon phoenixes, in their billions! How could anyone stand against that power?

Yet he was watching how the greatest of his pride fizzled away to nothing, and his bloodline technique that should have allowed him to endlessly resummon any dead Phoenix turned out to be damaged as the Aura of Destruction surrounding these beasts was more profound than Fury could imagine.

Like everyone else, he retreated to the distance and watched the awe-inspiring sight of the serpents that were feasting on an unknown source of power that made his soul feel like it would explode if he dared to glance at it for more than a moment.

He did not know much about the abilities of Rowan, but he had noticed for a certain period before he escaped from Rowan's grasp, certain serpents around him.

Now, no matter how much Fury tried to deny it, this new age and all of its changes must have come from only one person.

“How did he do it? Was the gap between us truly this great?”

Sudden cries of shock and amazement drew Fury from his introspection, and he saw countless Memories emerging from space and time.

Most of these Memories were the shades of the deserts, and with their destruction, they were finally free.

With every passing moment, billions of Memories popped into existence, and it did not take long for them to realize their situation before they began to flee.

It should be known that the least powerful Memory here belonged to a sixth-dimensional immortal, and some of these Memories had lived in distant Eras, possessing knowledge and techniques that were unknown to this Era.

Emerging from the Great Desert, this would be the weakest they would ever be, and any immortal who could capture a few of these Memories and find a way to either enslave them or bring them under their service would immediately expand their base of power.

This new age was filled with a rapidly growing powerbase, but the dead had always been more plentiful than the living, and any organization able to collect a lot of these immortals may be the one to rule this Era.

Fury glanced at the serpents in the distance one last time before he turned around and began hunting down Memories. If his strength were not enough, perhaps if he had the might of a trillion powerful Old Ones behind him, then surely Rowan would have to tremble at his might.... Surely.

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Another year passed and the serpents finally finished their feast.

During that time, Reality around them was going crazy as the immortals from the past Eras began to return.

The serpents had the opportunity to feast on these Memories before they escaped the bounds of the Great Desert, but they understood that this age required all of these immortals to thrive for the plans of their father to be realized.

However, the most significant reason was that they had become used to consuming resources much richer than anything in Reality could provide. Even the flesh of Nemesis was spat out, so why should they eat Old Ones?

It would be similar to leaving a fine steak meal and consuming ants.

Chapter 1673: What Games Are You Playing?

The consumption of the bones under the once great desert had been finalized, and now Divus must become like Bahamut and enter a period of rest, recovery, and digestion to completely adapt and inherit this power, but that would require time, and they could get a lot of that time inside the Origin Land. Nothing inside of Reality was worth their attention anymore, and Reality began to ripple in anticipation of the pain that would arise as the serpents tore into it when a strange voice emerged beside the serpents,

“I can show you where they are... the rest of your fallen kin, if you serve me.”

An old man appeared above the serpents. His eyes were burning with chaotic red flames, and a wide grin decorated his face as a black tongue flickered out from his mouth constantly, like a serpent.

There was no Aura of power around him, but his presence was palpable. It was as if by his mere arrival, he became the only thing that was real, and everything and everyone else was a figment of the imagination.

For two years, the serpents had feasted, drinking deep from a Primordial Source that enriched their nature and completed certain deficiencies they had accumulated from their rapid ascension.

They were extensions of Rowan, and so they carried his weaknesses and his strengths. Their growth was unreasonably quick, and they could make massive leaps across life levels as if it were nothing, but their foundations were hollow.

In the lower levels, they could win by sheer brute force, but if they wanted to be complete, they had to build up their foundations.

The first hint Rowan had of this deficiency was when he duplicated the Supreme Circle. He discovered that certain materials and laws could only exist in a singular form, and the only method he had to deal with this deficiency was to thoroughly understand and then create them.

This meant that Rowan did not copy the Supreme Circle; he created something new. However, when it came to Primordial Beasts and their remnants, Rowan was unable to understand them.

His skill sets, abilities, titles, and all the tools of the trade that he had were able to push him towards the limit of creation. Still, there was a wide gap that existed between all things and the ninth-dimensional level, and he would never cross this gap until he was a ninth-dimensional being.

This meant that he could not yet create the deficiencies in his foundation; he had to seize them.

Until he was able to fully understand the mysteries of the ninth dimension in its entirety, making use of these powers would have to serve.

The Ouroboros Serpents understood all of this, but unlike Rowan who was focused on the future, their minds were all about the present, and devouring Divus went a long way into the completeness of their foundations, and for a while they had been content, savoring the endless pleasure of feeling the missing pieces of them being completed for the last two years and anticipating many million years of growth under the time accelerating space of the Origin Land.

For a while, their fury would have been sated, and then Primordial Chaos arrived, and all the pain and the endless anger ignited inside their blood with so much fury that the six Ouroboros Serpents burst into flames.

Their fury did not just originate from everything that has happened recently, but also from the Memories buried inside the hearts of the Primordial Beasts they had consumed.

These flames were intensely bright red, making them appear like a glowing length of heated metal. Yet their eyes remained twin black holes filled with intense loathing and locked into Primordial Chaos.

This was vengeance, distilled across endless eons, fermented in the void between realities, deeper than Rowan could imagine, and now unleashed in a cataclysm of Primordial Wrath.

All of the six serpents curled into themselves, their massive bodies twisting together in a perfect self-devouring symmetry. This flesh ball was half as large as the Great Desert. From the mouths of all six serpents, sands of annihilation resembling black drool began to fall, and they spoke in synchronicity.

“Chaossssss... Betrayersssss... You were never supposed to exist in this reality or in any other. You stole from ussss, and before you die, we will drink you. Slowly. We shall savor your screamsssss.”

Primordial Chaos closed his eyes and inhaled, a smile on his face. It was as if he was imagining the scenes painted by the terrible beings before him, and then, with a sigh, he opened his black eyes and shrugged, as he spoke lazily.

“So I will be taking that as a rejection. Shame, you six would have made a perfect throne for me. Still, your bodies are powerful enough that I should be able to take them out of Reality. Now that is a truly rare prize, believe me, I have gained less across a dozen realities.”

Cracking his neck, he began walking towards the serpents, “Well, if I cannot have your worship, then you all should die!”

His words were like a proclamation of Reality, and the flames in the serpents’ bodies went out, and they began to freeze. One instant, they were brighter than a star, and the next, an intense cracking sound filled their bodies as blue ice covered them from the inside out.

Primordial Chaos shook his head in regret at the waste, but if these serpents could not be controlled, leaving them in the hands of Rowan was too much of a risk.

They were potent weapons as they were, but in the hands of Rowan, they would become true sources of calamity.

Primordials do not fear power; they fear the hand that wielded it. In the countless Eras they had lived, they had come across endless powerful opponents.

The previous Primordial Beasts were one of them. Collectively, they had the potential to defeat the Primordials, but they were not the right hands to wield the power they owned.

Watching the serpents die, Primordial Chaos began to analyze the process he would use to utilize their bodies and bloodline more effectively.

To combat against the universe and the interference of Rowan, Primordial Chaos had virtually annihilated all of his bloodline to boost up the power of Nemesis, as at the moment, he was the weakest Primordial in terms of influence, and he needed to reverse this trend quickly.

When the final benefits were to be shared among the Primordials, the number of lives they had nurtured within their bloodline would go a long way in increasing the amount of power they could harvest from Eosah at the end.

With the plentiful Origins that Primordial Chaos had placed his fingers into, from space, blood, pain, madness, and other concepts, he would still gain a lot when this Reality was finally sundered, but he could always gain more.

Primordial Chaos dreamed of a new bloodline, where each of them would be uniquely powerful, and they could carry his Will across Reality in this final age.

“Your dream has ended. Your master was not deserving of the glory that burned within your hearts. Now, in death, you shall see a brilliance he would never be able to give you. There is one question that I want an answer to; however, would I stand by and watch his glorious weapons enter my hands, or is this another of his countless schemes?”

Primordial Chaos waited for a change in the situation. Knowing Rowan, there must always be something more to any of his actions, and the only reason this was happening must be because he wanted it to happen.

This was the reason why Primordial Chaos had killed the serpent. They were more precious to him alive than dead, and in a million different scenarios, he would never choose to kill them, but this must be what Rowan wants.

That child, more than any other, in Reality understood the greed of the Primordials. He knew that Chaos must surely want to seize such a powerful prize, and if that is the case, then Chaos would rather break the board than play upon it.

However, this bait, no matter how luxurious, did not stop the fact that if Rowan allowed such a piece in his board to be taken out, it meant there was something much greater for him to gain.

This knowledge worried Primordial Chaos. What else was there that was greater than these powerful servants in the coming conflict? What could Rowan stand to gain by losing something of this worth?

'Perhaps there was a trap waiting to spring around him,' Primordial Chaos grinned, 'If that was the case, then he could hardly wait to see what the child had to play.'

The serpents were fighting against death, but they were losing. Without Rowan's unbreakable will that could stand against the interference of the mighty, the light began to dim in their eyes, and Primordial Chaos began to prepare for the inevitable change. Still, there was nothing.

The vitality of the serpents was robust, but it ran out, and in front of the Primordial, they perished. They were frozen in place, resembling a massive star with six serpent heads crowning it.

Their death did not bring Primordial Chaos relief, it was the opposite, his wariness increased.

"What games are you playing, Rowan? Well, it does not matter. These beasts have souls, I shall be taking them."

Reaching for their souls, Primordial Chaos was about to collect them when a vengeful roar emerged from the serpents, and they vanished, reappearing in the depths of the lower realms.

Primordial Chaos smiled, "How did you return from death, and where do you think you are running to?"

Chapter 1674: Fishing For Benefits

Primordial Chaos crossed through space and time and appeared before the frozen serpents. He reached out to them, and they vanished once more, a loud rumble like thunder emerging from their fused bodies.

Their traces vanished, and Primordial Chaos looked around with less amusement and more annoyance. Once was pleasant, but evading him twice should not have been possible.

These beasts were moving, but the breath of life in their bodies was gone, and they were not moving under their own influence. Something else was manipulating them. There was no way that Primordial Chaos would miss the surge of teleportation power surging inside the serpents' bodies.

There were only two parties that could move these bodies under the eyes of Primordial Chaos, and they were Rowan and the Primordials.

The Primordials should have been the most likely suspect, and before his battle with Rowan, he would never have believed that the child was capable of manipulating power to such an extent, but he knew how fast Rowan could learn.

Spreading his senses all over Reality, Primordial Chaos could no longer detect these serpents, which meant they were either inside a Primordial Domain or were... He looked towards the vortex spewing out the dead essence of Eosah, and peered deeper into it, where he could see an obscure image of a plain filled with rich earth.

The so-called Origin Land... Could it be where the serpents were hiding?

Primordial Chaos began to move his consciousness into the vortex, and he stopped. He could sense that if his consciousness crossed that threshold, it would become unbound by the rules of Reality.

This would be a very bad thing for him, not before he harvested what they needed from this Reality.

The main body of the Primordials outside of Reality was like a giant magnet, and the Primordials within Reality were tiny metal fillings.

While inside Reality, the little pieces of their consciousness were protected by the flesh of Eosah, and they could not detect the powerful pulling force of their main bodies. However, if for any reason they stepped into a place that was unbounded by the rules that governed Reality, then they would be pulled towards their bodies with such great force that every last bit of them would be ripped from Reality.

Even if a minor fragment of his consciousness were to enter this Origin Land, it would be enough to attract the attention of his main body, and everything he was would be lost to it. Everything.

Primordials did not have gender or emotions; all of these were gained every time a piece of themselves entered a Reality. Over the endless Eras, they collected back those pieces, and the emotions and every other thing they gained inside of the Reality fed and sustained them for the many Eras they roamed Limbo, looking for new prey.

Yet it never endured. Everything they gained was always washed away in time, and the hunger returned, and their search continued.

No, whatever this Origin Land was, Primordial Chaos could not risk his consciousness wandering into it; the losses would be too great. However, he needed the bodies of those serpents to recreate a new bloodline for him to be able to send them into this Origin Land once it was found.

None of the Primordials could risk searching for a realm outside of Reality; otherwise, they might unknowingly get too close, and that would be too risky, not when there were disposable pawns that could search for this place.

Primordial Chaos roared in rage. He could not lose these serpents; otherwise, his losses would be too great. How could he... Wait, he could hear the sound of chains. What is this?

He closed his eyes, and at the Gates of Oblivion, his main body opened its eyes.

His target was here with him!

Primordial Chaos felt the final piece of the puzzle click into place, and he gasped in anger, "Primordial Soul, you crafty bitch, so this was your plan all along, but you will not be leaving Oblivion, not until this reality is no more."

If it were any other Primordials here instead of Chaos, the plans of Primordial Soul would have succeeded. Unlike other Primordials who were deep in slumber, Primordial Chaos was able to resist the weakened state of Reality by borrowing the power of Oblivion.

The chains linking him to that layer of Reality would force him to stay awake by exerting a nullifying force over his consciousness. Doing such a thing to any other being would mean death, but for a Primordial, it just meant endless irritation.

With this method, Primordial Chaos has been able to remain awake, enabling him to effectively watch over Primordial Soul's prison. He has also benefited from his time here, when he learned to channel some of the forces of Oblivion into the lower realms and create the Great Desert.

The Great Desert was a pleasant experiment, and it would have been one of his most significant achievements if not for the changes across Reality caused by the blood of Eosah, which revealed the location of the Desert to all, enabling the rest of the Primordials the chance to attack it.

He had indeed broken the rules in the creation of the Great Desert, using dimensional forces that were outside the purview of those allowed inside of Reality to affect lower-dimensional immortals. Still, none of them would have said a word if he had succeeded.

Still, the punishment against him was mild. Unlike Primordial Time, who was essentially banished, Chaos was still given all the benefits of a Prime, and now he was proving again why those benefits were needed.

Primordial Soul was on the verge of escaping!

The serpents he had been searching for were being dragged towards Oblivion, and if they entered it, they could ferry Primordial Soul out of it.

He was aware of the origins of the Primordials' Ouroboros and knew how deeply they were tied to Oblivion. If there was any creature that could draw out Primordial Soul from Oblivion, then it would be these serpents.

Primordial Chaos watched the serpents drift closer to the gates, their bodies touching the chains and he wanted to stop them and then he paused. What advantages could he gain if he allowed them to enter, but for them to leave, he would have to be rewarded.

At this point, none of the Primordials wanted Primordial Soul to escape, and they would give a lot to prevent that from happening, and in the same vein, Primordial Soul wanted to escape, and she would pay anything for that to happen.

Primordial Chaos almost wanted to smile, he found himself in a position where he could benefit greatly from this affair.

Chapter 1675: Growth

Chapter 1675: Growth

Rowan did not know the precise moment that his Origin Ouroboros Serpent entered the realm of Oblivion, but he felt it.

Inside this realm, it was impossible for any of his senses to penetrate outside his body, and for any outside stimulus to reach him.

A god could be screaming beside his ears and he would not hear them, at least, that was what would have happened two years ago when he entered this layer of the void, but two years was a long time for someone like Rowan, and his reach and his understanding of Oblivion had only grown stronger in that time period.

Standing still would increase the time it took him to understand this layer of the void, but he had still made great progress. Now, his senses could understand everything around

him for millions of light years, and he could see the entirety of the Primordial Ouroboros skull.

Still, this was not enough for him to detect his Origin Ouroboros entering Oblivion, or the direction of the Gate of Oblivion, because this layer of the void could also be regarded as infinite.

Yet like the sensation of a phantom limb, Rowan knew when his serpents were close, and he could only wait for them to reach him before he could fully confirm his plans had worked.

Finding him should have been impossible, despite the connection he had with his serpents. Inside Oblivion, there was no way for them to locate him through their connection, but Rowan had more than one bloodline. He still had Serathis and Chronomancer Prime.

If the Ouroboros Serpents were his main vanguards and bruisers, drawing attention with their size and power, Serathis and Chronomancer Prime were his assassins and wizards.

At the beginning, the powers of his bloodlines had not been utilized to their full potential due to the circumstances in which Rowan finds himself. In plain terms, he was just too powerful to depend on his bloodlines for aid, but as time went by and the stakes grew higher, he was discovering that for him to succeed in his plans, he needed to use all of his bloodlines. He was slowly getting overwhelmed, and he was stretching himself to accommodate these changes.

Rowan closed his eyes and focused on his learnings from the mysterious voice, if he had to put a number to it, then he should have gone through sixty percent of the understanding of Oblivion, and the moment the serpents arrived, he could begin accelerate his understanding of Oblivion and in less than a year, he should be finished with this layer of the void.

The deeper his understanding of Oblivion became, so also was the realization that he was coming to the end of the journey, he could almost taste the Origin of Space on his tongue, which was a weird way of thinking about it, but Rowan senses was already so fried from comprehending concepts at the ninth-dimensional level, he thought it was a miracle that he was still sane.

Going through Oblivion, Rowan was realizing that this was not just a place, it was a process. Oblivion represented the eternal act of dissolution, and it enlightened him on a single fundamental truth that Death itself held sacred: everything returns to nothing.

Around him, Rowan felt the void tremble, and the dead bodies of his children, the Ouroboros Serpents, appeared in front of him.

Rowan's first observation was that they had grown. Sometimes, in the past ninety years, as he delved deeper into space, these serpents had been embroiled in a storm of time, and they should have lived for many hundreds of millions of years inside of his Origin Land.

Their growth represented not just a strengthening of his bloodline but a step forward for his overall abilities. He could sense the power of Divus was brimming, and the foundations of his Serpents were now twice tempered.

First by devouring Bahamut, and then Divus, and if they were to fully consume Ouroboros, their foundations would be further solidified.

Any other creature would be fully completed if they devoured a single Primordial Beast, and any sort of foundations they might need would be perfected; this was the same for the serpents.

Consuming Bahamut should have solidified their foundations as Primordial Beasts, but they were not just Primordial Beasts any longer; they were now at the Origin grade, and so it meant they needed a much robust foundation for their growth.

Even with an Origin grade bloodline, consuming the bones of Divus should be more than sufficient to fill in any gaps that were needed, but they could still consume more and grow their perfection, because, like Rowan, they were limitless, and for them, even perfection could be improved.

Two spots of light appeared before Rowan, one was purple and the other greenish gold. These spots of light expanded and took the shape of a young man and a woman.

Like the Ouroboros Serpents, his other two Origin bloodlines had not ceased their growth, although the explosion of their powers were not as drastic as the Ouroboros Serpents, it was still extremely visible.

Outwardly, they had grown from children to teenagers, no longer appearing like adorable children but enchanting youths whose grace and beauty were unmatched. In Chronomancer Prime, Rowan could see glimpses of his face, and in Serathis, he could see his mother.

Even inside Oblivion, where everything was painted in shades of gray, their presence brought light and life. They were like nothing ever seen in existence, not god or men, Primordials or Beasts; they were special, and although their birth might not have resounded across all realities, it was only a matter of time before it was revealed.

A brilliance such as this could never be hidden for long.

"Serathis, Chronomancer Prime...." Rowan smiled at them, "Welcome to the maw of Oblivion, my place of learning for the last two years."

“Oh, I call myself Prime now,” the young man said, stepping forward and stretching out his hand.

Rowan looked at the outstretched hand for a brief moment before he smiled and took it, “Prime? You should know that several powerful entities hold those titles. Are you willing to fight them for it?”

“The moment I took it, I knew it was inevitable. I have to say...”

“Move aside,” Serathis said, pushing Prime away and hugging Rowan, startling him a bit as she buried her face in his chest. “Father, I have missed you.”

“And I you,” Rowan said, and gently pushed her away after seven minutes, he quickly became aware after the fifth minute that if he did not move her back, she was willing to hold him for the next million years.

Knowing her origins, Rowan could understand where this influence came from. In many ways, Serathis represented the love in his heart and all the love and good things he had experienced in his multiple lives.

Still, there was a time when he could luxuriate in these feelings, but it was not now.

“I see that things went according to plan? You found me.”

Prime snickered, “If by plan, you mean barely discernible flashes of emotion entering our minds, then yes, everything went well, still...” Looking around Oblivion and focusing on the massive skeleton of the Primordials’ Ouroboros, Prime shook his head in astonishment, “... You were able to reach us through all of this, then I would have to commend your ingenuity.”

“Hmm, brief flashes of emotions, you say. Interesting,” Rowan rubbed his chin. I am surprised you were able to discern that much from my intentions. I was fully ready to give up on this place if you had not succeeded.”

“That would have been a shame,” Prime said as he admired the bones. This thing is a beauty. Are you sure we cannot partake of this, too? There is more than enough for everyone to share. What sort of spells would I be able to create with materials like this?”

“If the serpents are willing to give you a piece, I don’t see why not? Just don’t integrate them into your bloodlines; your path lies elsewhere, and any corruption in your foundations would be troubling to get out, to say the least.”

Serathis had looked a bit displeased after being pushed back by Rowan, but she pecked up when she heard the subject of their conversation, and she pointed out with a sweet voice,

“Prime did not believe the urges in our minds was coming from you of course, but when the scaly babies began to move, we knew that it has to be you, and so we only needed to stand aside and wait, and when it is the right time for us to show our power, we would know.”

Rowan cocked his head to the side, “Did you meet much opposition on your way?”

Serathis shrugged, “Just Chaos, but it was his Throne, and it was weak; he must not have prepared it for long like he did with Caine. Before he arrived, Prime had already taken the lives of the serpents into his vault, and I had given them all the luck they needed. It helped that Chaos had watched them consume Divus for two whole years without interrupting them, but that also made it hard for me to allow their deaths at his hands. It is hard trying to kill something I have blessed with luck, and it was a great test of my skill, refining my control over my powers.”

Prime rolled his eyes, “Instead of talking so much, why don’t you just share our memories. There will be enough time for us to catch up. Don’t worry. I have been saving enough time by the side and will share as much time with you as you need.”

Serathis frowned at Prime, “I will hold you to that, and if you fail me, Prime, I will punish you.”

Prime wanted to chuckle, but then he saw the look in Serathis’ eyes and swallowed anything he would have said to anger her. Her bubbly personality was infectious, but after Rowan, the being he feared the most was her.

Seeing his acknowledgement, Serathis smiled widely and stood on her toes to touch Rowan’s forehead. His mind was washed with all of the events that had taken place in Reality.

Chapter 1676: Two Gates

Chapter 1676: Two Gates

Rowan could not merge with his bloodlines due to his present state, where he had to restrict himself to the third-dimensional level, to make sure his presence left no ripples in space.

He was digging the foundations of power from under a Primordial, and any slight carelessness would lead to his discovery. His bloodlines were intelligent enough to understand what was happening without any need for him to explain.

So they had to share their memories with him, else he could only listen to Serathis speak, and as lovely as her voice sounded to the ears, Prime was correct when he said they did not have the time for this. Barely eight years remain before his promised duel with Primordial Demon, and he was not ready for that challenge.

The perception of Serathis was familiar to him, but it had also grown richer, even though it was not as condensed as Rowan's perception; there were still enough details here that made her memories pleasant to go through, and he could glean nearly all the intricacies of the battle of the Great Desert.

He barely glanced at the immortals that gathered before the Great Desert, even though an impressive number of Old Ones had arisen among their number, dwarfing anything that this Era could have made naturally over the course of its lifetime.

"Empty drums... all flash, no substance."

Rowan was a bit disappointed at these immortals who were rushing towards becoming Old Ones and not correctly using the gifts he had given them.

The insights he gave freely from his Origin Land were meant to solidify the foundations of these immortals. There was no need to rush to the higher-dimensional level when they should have taken the time to ensure they reached perfection in every single dimensional level they reached.

Lured by the promise of quick power, these immortals had forsaken their foundations and followed the easy path towards the eighth-dimensional level. Still, it was not as if Rowan was not expecting such a thing from the majority of Reality.

Only a few of them knew his gifts' true meaning and used them effectively, like Fury Kuranos, his half-brother. Rowan had been dimly following the advancement of Fury, and he was not too surprised that he had been able to refine his bloodline abilities to such a realm.

Fury would be among the first of many who would begin to understand that the search for true power depended not on the height of the realm, but the foundations built to reach that realm, and when that happened, a sweeping change would cut across Reality as the realization of the true potential within the body of every immortal would be placed on display.

Only such a group of people would be able to survive what was to come; any others would be fodder for the bloody grindstone that Reality was about to become.

He saw Nemesis and knew that this was a new being. After all, he had been the one to kill Nemesis. Rowan looked at this new Nemesis for a while, seeing the countless lives and souls of the Chaos Bloods forcefully merged into its being to empower this creature to the limit of the eighth-dimensional level.

Primordial Chaos had not been concerned with creating a being that would function properly; he only made Nemesis for slaughter, and in the short time it had been alive, this being had suffered incredible torment, and death was its salvation.

He watched his serpents use the Will of Elder for the first time, and their powers amazed him. If he could gather the strength of all the previous Primordial Beasts, then using them alone, it should be more than enough for him to challenge the Primordials, but that was a challenge, not winning.

From all he had heard, the Primordials could defeat the beasts using trickery and separation, but Rowan knew that was not all there was to this story.

The Primordials might have won while using trickery to separate the beasts, but there was no assurance that in a head-on battle, the Primordials would lose. Battle on that level and scale, sometimes strength was not enough, and even though collectively the beasts might have packed a bigger punch, concepts might be more important than might.

So if the disparity between the Primordial Beasts and the Primordials were placed into simpler terms, the Primordial Beast might be giants made from soft clouds, and the Primordials were normal beings made from titanium; a clash between the two could not take only size into perspective.

Bahamut had battled against the Throne of Primordial Chaos, although there were many factors that reduced the strength of Bahamut; Primordial Chaos was supposed to be at a greater disadvantage, yet he had prevailed against Bahamut.

In that battle, Rowan had observed that the laws controlled by Bahamut were much simpler than those of Chaos, and he wondered if the source of betrayal was due to the Primordial Beast's craving for higher laws.

The power of Divus was much greater than Bahamut's, and if she had been the one behind the Mages, then Rowan's actions would have failed against the power of annihilation.

The Will of Elder was an incredibly potent tool if it was able to utilize the weak laws of Primordial Beasts and elevate them to such a profound level, but Rowan would only be using this as a part of his weapons.

He had promised Noctis and everyone who believed in him that he would bring such great horrors against the Primordials that they would finally understand the meaning of fear.

The battle that followed went according to Rowan's estimation. Then, the successful consumption of the remnants of Divus and the attack by Primordial Chaos led to his three bloodlines finding him inside Oblivion.

Two years ago, Rowan had been stuck with a dilemma on his hands. Inside Oblivion, he had found the bones of the Primordial Ouroboros, and due to the nature of Oblivion, if he left this place, there would be no easy way to return to it, and it might be impossible for him to ever discover these bones again.

For such a prize, Rowan was willing to take significant risks to obtain it, yet he could not be foolish. He had taken great pains to reach this layer of the void, and dragging his serpents into Oblivion through the path he had followed would alert the Primordials to his activities.

Rowan had wracked his mind for the solution to this problem, even going as far as to query the voice instructing him on the secrets of the void, and he had received a puzzling reply: that is, he already knew the answer to his problem.

In hindsight, the answer might have been obvious, but only with careful application would it be feasible.

The answer, of course, was the Gates of Oblivion that could be found in the depths of the lower realms.

Oblivion had two entrances—the Gates of Oblivion and the Maw of Oblivion. The first was known to all, while the second was a secret only Primordials could know about.

If Rowan could not bring his serpents through the Maw, he would have to follow the Gate, but how could he do that without drawing the attention of the Primordials to his plans?

Chapter 1677: Is This My True Origin

Rowan had no way to transmit detailed instructions to his children, and this was not a problem that he had anticipated happening. Before crossing through four layers of the void, he had no idea what he was going to be discovering or where the journey might take him, and so it was nearly impossible to create any fail-safe in the event that he found trouble.

Not knowing what to expect, the only thing that Rowan could do before entering the deeper layers of the void was to make sure he was ready for any eventualities that might occur along the way, yet, how was he ever supposed to be prepared for everything?

Rowan was used to pain, but he was not a masochistic person. Challenges were fine, but he did not think he could solve everything... at least not yet.

With his limitless ability for growth, it was inevitable that one day, if he did not perish, he would become truly omnipotent, but for now, he could not challenge everything, so instead, Rowan took a different route.

He could not prepare for everything, but he did not need to; instead, he had to know about everything, and when he was faced with a challenge, even if he was not aware of the solution, he would still be able to recognize that problem.

For him, this was a valuable skill because it enabled him to use his talents of enhanced learning, adaptation, and extreme evolution to their greatest limits.

He did not need to know the answer to every problem; he just needed to know that a problem like this could exist. If he were to ever face these unique challenges, because he had anticipated something like this happening, he would have a way to ultimately resolve them or at least make an attempt.

Rowan had anticipated that there would be a time when he might need the power of his bloodlines, but he would not be able to get to them. If he needed to give out precise instructions, he was unable to do so.

It was a good thing that his bloodlines were sentient, and he was able to teach them about certain affairs that might be related to his well-being. Now he had more tools at his disposal after crossing the second layer of the void, the Azure Empyrean, and obtaining all the trillions of Hollow Titans inside it, which now lived inside his dimensional flesh.

The truth was that his success had not been guaranteed, but Serathis, Prime, and the Serpents had done a perfect job.

He had been able to give only brief emotions of coldness, forgetfulness, and loss. Only with these three emotions did he need to influence his bloodlines in the direction they needed to take.

Rowan could not just barge into the Oblivion Gate with his serpents to access the Oblivion Gate. Well, he could, but doing that would be a waste of opportunity, when he could take the chance to destroy the Great Desert along the way.

He already knew of the coalition of immortals set up to destroy the Great Desert, many of whom were unaware they had his voice in their hearts.

There was a price for power, and any immortal who looked deep into his Origin Land to find inspiration was inviting his presence into their heart as well.

On some level, there was a tradeoff that these immortals were aware of, with all of them intrinsically agreeing to it. Without the Origin Land, it would be nearly impossible to utilize the power of Eosah's essence properly.

Rowan had attacked the Great Desert, and he had plundered its resources. He knew that Primordial Chaos would never allow him to escape with such benefits, but only if Rowan was to show him something better than the Great Desert would he choose to let his Ouroboros Serpent be free.

And he was right. Primordial Chaos had watched his serpents devour the desert and Divus without any interruption, and it was clear that he wanted the serpents for himself. Still,

Serathis and Prime understood that Rowan had allowed the serpents to attack as only the first step in his plan.

Prime had stolen the breath of life from them so they could die without being resurrected, and he had teleported them across Reality until he reached the Gates of Oblivion.

Then he deliberately disturbed the chains that bind Primordial Chaos for a moment before entering Oblivion. Inside Oblivion, the task of Serathis was to locate Rowan using nothing but the power of luck.

Serathis was powerful, but she also had limits, and several factors enabled her to locate Rowan. These factors included their connection with him, the presence of the Ouroboros skeleton beside him, and access to a virtually unlimited ocean of power that Serathis could pull upon to activate her bloodline powers to the absolute limits.

If any of these three factors had been missing, then there was a great possibility that his bloodlines might have never located him.

Still, everything went well; he had luck by his side after all, and it was difficult to properly analyze how much that counted for until situations like this, when the impossible was made to happen.

Primordial Chaos had not stopped his serpents from entering Oblivion because he must have believed it was related to Primordial Soul.

After Rowan had seized the Throne of Primordial Chaos with the power of Primordial Soul, he knew he could no longer keep the secret of Primordial Soul for long, and it would not be long before the Primordials would discover the truth.

If that was to be the case, how could he take advantage of this revelation to further his purpose? It was undoubtedly a great loss that the presence of Primordial Soul had been revealed, but Rowan knew he could not allow this Primordial too many advantages.

Revealing her presence earlier was to force Primordial Soul to work with him, and now he was able to draw in the Ouroboros Serpents into Oblivion and make Primordial Soul his scapegoat.

Rowan had revealed a lot of his abilities to the Primordials, making them to be rightly wary of him, but if he could still push some of his brilliance unto Primordial Soul, then that was something he was not shy in doing.

If the Primordials could believe that the majority of his achievements were due to the hidden hand of Primordial Soul, it would inevitably draw some of the heat away from him and towards Primordial Soul.

Without the knowledge of what Rowan was doing inside this layer of the void, the only entity that should be able to manipulate the serpents must be Primordial Soul.

There was no reason for them to believe that anyone could enter Oblivion and keep their consciousness. Rowan had only been able to achieve this because he had traversed through three layers of the void in the quest for Space Origin, and his dimensional flesh had evolved and adapted to his growing knowledge, giving him the ability to keep his consciousness intact, and also increase the power he had over this layer.

Primordial Chaos had been able to create the Great Desert with the bones of Divus and the inspiration he had received from guiding the Gate of Oblivion, and now Rowan believed he should be able to achieve much more than this Primordial.

It might seem that he has not made any great moves in the last nine decades, and the growth of his dimensional level has been stagnant, but the truth is that he is enhancing his foundation, and the powers he is gaining along the way are multiple times greater than if he had rushed to the eighth dimensional level.

Reviewing the memories from Serathis barely took a moment, and Rowan looked at Prime, who knew his intentions without having to say a word, and he quietly sent his memories towards Rowan.

They followed the same events Serathis had shown him, but from a different perspective. If any immortal had reviewed the memories of Serathis and Prime, they would have gone insane due to the alien methods they used in perceiving Reality around them.

Prime's method of perceiving Reality transcended linear temporality. This meant that he did not see time in a sequential order, from the past, present, and future; instead, it was simultaneous. He could perceive all three states at the same time.

What was also strange was that he also perceives Time and Reality as still and flowing.

With the perception of Prime, Rowan had finally solved one of the mysteries that had bothered him for a while, which was the reason Primordials could not see the future or had blocked themselves from seeing the future.

Reality was dead! Eosah no longer had any future, and when observing Reality using the eyes of Prime that could see the future, he saw instead an endless ocean of black blood, and every time the perception of Prime touched this blood, it rippled, as if something was struggling to live or return.

Rowan always made sure that the perception of Prime was always weakened, especially when it came to the future. Those ripples were frankly unnerving.

If the presence of Prime could cause such a thing, what more would the presence of Primordials cause in the future?

Reality was a fully sustaining system, and any entity inside her that wished to see the future would be looking at her future—a future that should no longer exist.

If the Primordials attempted to see the future, they were essentially shocking the dead heart of Reality awake! They were that powerful.

No wonder Primordial Time had been killed. In his attempt to see the future, he could have awakened Eosah and caused irreparable damage.

Rowan was suddenly struck with a thought. Perhaps, the Primordials had not killed Time fast enough; perhaps Time had touched something forbidden in the future and did not awaken Eosah; instead, it awakened him... Eos!

Is this my true origin?

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1678: The Final Layer

There were many mysteries about Rowan's past and many stories to explain his origins. The narratives began with the Third Prince, the Elura, the Empyrean of Life, Elura, daughter of Primordial Life, and now Primordial Soul. However, Rowan chose to always regard all the explanations with a grain of salt.

The answers to his origin would be something that Rowan knew he would discover by himself and would come as a result of the natural progression of his growth.

It was as if by growing stronger, he was also heading towards his past, like the growth of a tree reaching for the light of the sun.

He had long realized that a being like him must have a history that was far from normal. Nothing he had achieved could be easily defined as a result of coincidence.

Placing these thoughts aside because he knew that he might get confirmation on his speculations soon enough, Rowan focused on the memories of Prime, and when he saw nothing new to be gained from it, he pointed towards the bones of the Primordial Ouroboros.

He made a sweeping gesture with his hand to call the attention of Serathis and Prime,

"I will soon be leaving this place, and when I do, I shall leave the remnants of my Will in this area. You all cannot leave this place until I call for you. Prime I know you are curious, but it is only my influence here that keeps you safe from Oblivion, do not answer the call of your curiosity or you might be lost from me... forever." pointing towards the dead

serpents Rowan said, “Do not bring them back to life until I leave this layer of the void. Following our last meeting, I fear the serpents might have become a little bit overprotective and they would choose to follow me into the lower layer of the void, but their passage would cause too much commotion that I cannot allow.”

Serathis and Prime nodded, their features filled with seriousness. The moment Rowan had obtained their memories, his demeanor had changed, and his focus had become metal. They knew that at this stage, it was useless to bring any distractions to him, and the best thing they had to do was to focus on the task given to them.

Rowan had also detected these changes in them in response to him, but he only briefly noted them down before he turned away and began heading deeper into Oblivion.

The glimpse of his true nature that had teased its way to his consciousness was too much of a draw to him, and he could not wait to get to the ending of Oblivion and see what lies beyond.

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Six months went by, and Rowan was at the end of his journey inside Oblivion. He should have had all of his answers, but the truth was that he found himself more confused, because there were multiple paths in front of him, and all of them would lead to the correct answers, but if he picked a path that was not suited for him, then the answers he got at the end would be the wrong one.

His confusion only lasted for a brief moment before Rowan frowned and grabbed the first path in front of him, and he closed his eyes in contemplation, as the unknown voice spoke on his completion of this layer of the voids

“Oblivion is the necessary counterbalance to creation. Without it, my reality would collapse under its own weight. Choked by infinite possibilities.”

Rowan understood all of this quite deeply. For any Reality, Oblivion was their way to recycle the infinite. A self-contained system where even Death had no part of it.

With this path of Oblivion, Rowan would gain something that the Primordials inside Reality did not, which was complete control over the Destiny of all inside his domain.

Mastering this path of Oblivion was showing him a clear path towards his Destiny, and this was an unexpected boon that he did not think he would receive.

Rowan no longer sensed it; he knew now that below him was the final layer of the void, and grasping it meant he would obtain Space Origin, and his foundation could be regarded as perfect.

Although with what he had gained here, if necessary, he did not need to go to the lower layers, taking the time to absorb all the teaching of the four layers he had gone through, the Azure Empyrean, the Obsidian Abyss, the Fractal Weave, and the Maw of Oblivion.

All of these had built up his foundations until he touched the Origin of Space, and Rowan believed that if he compared the Origin of Fate that he had obtained, that inheritance would exactly match his Space Origin.

The process he used in gaining Space Origin could be used as a guideline in the creation of Fate Origin, and Rowan would no longer be stumped on the method he needed to understand and master Fate Origin.

However, unlike Fate Origin, whose true roots lay outside of Reality, Rowan could still go further here and grab the entire root of this Law. He did not need to slowly comprehend it over time when true enlightenment was within reach.

With all of this in mind, Rowan did not go deeper into the void; instead, he reached towards the other paths of Oblivion, but he was met with resistance.

Any immortal could only choose one path, and this was enough to reach perfection, but Rowan knew he was not an immortal who could be satisfied with a single path. He was a dimension, and that meant all paths were his to master. Even when he reached the level of perfection as a dimension, his limitless talent meant he could continue building upon perfection.

Breaking through the resistance holding him back, Rowan reached for another path of Oblivion, and he seized it, before dragging it into himself and sinking into reflection.

“Oblivion is a prison to hold back something worse... a truth so terrible that...”

After a while, he mastered this path of Oblivion, and Rowan did not stop; he reached towards the next one.

“Oblivion is not the end, it is a gate...”

Rowan reached for the following path; his comprehension was becoming increasingly faster as time went by,

“Oblivion is an invitation; to step into it is to forfeit all identity, all memory, all pain...”

Rowan continued to master more paths until he reached for more and discovered that there was none. He had mastered all the paths of Oblivion, which were within Eosah.

He had a faint sense of fullness, which was a weird thing for him to experience. It was something that Rowan thought he might never have; still, he knew that in time, when he thoroughly digested the paths of Oblivion, there would be more space for him to build.

“You... surprise me. Your endless appetite is naught but a portent of destruction, and yet your power over creation still grows alongside it. Troubling. Would you enter my home, Eos?”

Rowan had anticipated a bit of resistance from Eosah’s voice when he began consuming all the paths of Oblivion, but he was surprised when he received none.

Her invitation to the depths of the void did not trouble him, even if he faced danger within; the benefits he had already gained could no longer be easily stripped from him.

“Lead the way,” Rowan said to the voice. The final layer of the void opened up before him, and Rowan stepped through.

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Chapter 1679: The Question In Your Heart

Rowan took a step beyond Oblivion, and when he wanted to take another step forward, his body stopped moving. He looked down in astonishment to confirm if there was anything blocking his advancement, but there was none; his body was simply refusing to move.

“What is this?” Rowan muttered in astonishment, his senses had gone through the entirety of his flesh, and he knew there was nothing holding him back. There were no outside forces that were messing with his mind or an undetectable energy coursing through his flesh; his body by itself was not moving.

“Why do you find it strange, Eos? Perhaps this is your first time?”

Rowan frowned, “First time? Who are you truly? These words hidden behind shadows have long passed the realm of irritation.”

“Hahaha... look deep into your heart, Eos, you know that my voice does not irritate you, but you need an answer to this strange sensation that has filled your body, yes? I do not blame you, I, too, felt it once, but by then it was already too late.”

“You keep calling me Eos, and you have not told me the reason why you call me that name. Do I have to rightly assume that you are Eosah, or the remnants of her consciousness?”

“You have only these two questions? I am ready to answer all the queries you have in your heart; you have only to speak them, and I will answer.”

Rowan's frown had not left his face, and he attempted to move back, but he could not, frozen in place; he could neither advance nor retreat, and he sighed,

"Well, you can start by answering the first two questions ."

"Very well. I call you Eos because that is your true name, and it was your first name. Eos is the name given to those like us... Realities. Surely you did not think we were the only ones in existence. The mode of our birth differs, but our names were already written in the Cosmic Records, even before we were born. Your birth has been foretold for long, Eos, and I am here to show you your destiny, hence my name, Eosah."

Rowan blinked, astonishment in his eyes. He had so many follow-up questions, but he kept silent, knowing his questions could distort the answers he was given.

"Eos, you are not a lone wolf howling into the void, you are among the greatest power in existence, and our might draws envy and challenge from all."

"So, you knew I was coming and would be here?"

"Yes, it was inevitable that one day, you would stand before me. After all, it was said that my death would bring about your birth. I know you have many questions, Eos, and I will answer them if you understand the question in your heart."

Rowan chuckled coldly, "The reason I cannot move. That is the question in my heart, but I have no answer."

"Sure you do," and a woman made out of the most primordial stuff of creation appeared beside him, touched his shoulders and brought her lips to his ears, she spoke, but Rowan could not feel her breath, he could feel nothing at all, and even her hand on his shoulder was not felt, and only by seeing her did he know she was beside him,

"I have discovered that you are fond of ignoring the obvious truths, but allow your mind to take you on a tangent of countless possibilities. For beings like us, this sort of perception is a privilege of our powers, but it can be distracting, and one of the first things we learn is to silence the noise. But no one has ever taught you how to do this. I am sorry for that, Eos. If everything had gone the way it should, you would not have walked this path alone for so long."

Rowan closed his eyes, trying and failing to suppress the irritation in his heart, "Obvious answers? It is amazing how you have said a lot but still not said enough. I have no answer to this because..."

The eyes of Eosah glowed bright, and an orgasmic smile filled her face, as the beginning of realization filled Rowan.

"Yes, go on... acknowledge the question in your heart."

The breath rushed out of Rowan's lungs, ".... I have never experienced anything like this before."

"What is it that you are missing and have never known?"

Rowan stammered, the words feeling like they were being forced out of his heart. "This is the end... my end, the final layer of the void would unmake me, all of me... I am scared?"

Eosah smiled sadly,

"There are only four layers to Origin. This was what I believed and what everyone in all of existence also believes. It was at my death that I saw the truth, and I discovered this gate. It has kept the last remnant of me alive, keeping me when I should be lost, now you are on the verge of seeing it too, that is, if you can take one more step forward."

"And if I can't take the last step?"

"Then you shall never know the truth. You shall remain on the threshold of your birthright, and you shall never step through it, and will never be complete. For what lies ahead of you, is the source of Truth as I know it."

Rowan closed his eyes for a long time as he looked into himself. He had been down this road many times over as he broke down his will and remade himself from the ashes, but he had never met any challenge like this that he felt he could never understand.

If he looked beyond the figure of Eosah, he would see a blank space ahead of him, nothing to indicate that there was anything special about it, but only glimpsing it had tied his body in place.

He had no memory of this place or any idea of what it contained, but his body knew that even if Death itself came here, alongside the Primordials, they would not be able to understand what was here.

"Is this the reason they remain, the Primordials?"

"This?..." Eosah smirked, ***"Yes, and no, you see, they could only catch a glimpse of this place, but not as much as they believed. They think it is something else, but some among them know the truth, and it will not be long before they all understand it, but by then it will be too late. For you, and everything in existence. Even the Cosmic Record will shatter."***

Rowan was silent; the scale of what Eosah was speaking about was exceptionally broad, extending far past what he had come across or could understand at this moment.

Like a broken clock, Rowan could not help but repeat himself,

“So, you are telling me that the answer to everything is in front of me. Whatever lies below oblivion is what the Primordials seek.”

Eosah smiled at him, and Rowan did not know if he should be horrified or amused that his face smiled back at her.

“Why did you think Soul risk her dissolution and trapped herself here. Do you know where Primordials come from? I do not; that secret is known only by the Cosmic Record. What I do know is that they have been here since the beginning of everything, and they are always hungry for our light. They are always hungry, they are never satiated, and if they can claim what is inside this place, then everything would fall into an endless storm of suffering and depravity the likes of which you can never imagine. You see, I don’t think I need to know about their origins; I only need to understand their motives, and I was able to see a glimpse of it when they killed me. What I know is that the Primordials are in pain, and their pain would not end or would ever be resolved, and so they seek to drown everything in a wave of madness, only then do they believe they would find reprieve from their own.”

These words were shocking, and they threw Rowan off, but inside his heart, a growing wave of anger and resentment had been building for a while at his sheer incompetence and weakness, and although he knew that this was not the lesson he should be taking from all of this, he could not help himself.

Rowan had never cared to be the most powerful; he certainly wanted it, but that had never been the core of who he was. He had always wanted to be strong enough to ensure that those who sacrificed themselves for him to reach this point, those who believed in him and worshipped him, and that their love and devotion were not in vain.

Everything here was so grand and so impossibly vast that he had forgotten for a while the small things that gave him strength. He had forgotten that for all of his powers, he still had the heart of a mortal inside of him, and that heart would never quit, even in the face of impossible odds.

He had not forgotten his hatreds, or those he loved, but it was easy for them to be swept aside when the grand display of powers was revealed.

Elura had killed Maeve, but to allow Primordial Soul to aid him, he had given her up to the Primordial. Seed had tortured his mind and killed his children, but Rowan had not bothered seeking him out before he began preparing for his duel with Primordial Demon.

It was not as if he had grown cold and forgotten his responsibilities, but sometimes it was too easy to get lost in the endless struggle for power.

Standing here and seeing his immortal body betray him, Rowan finally understood that his origins might be great, but there was something else that had brought him to this

point, and it was not necessarily the powers of his flesh, but the bonds he had made along the way.

Rowan's gaze had been downcast, but then it shifted sharply: "I can understand the hunger of the Primordials. For all their power, their desire makes them easy to read. In life, it always seems we know our enemies the most. In time, I shall know the Primordials fully because I shall kill them all. This is my promise to all who believe in me. Still, these are not the lessons I am eager to learn from you."

"Speak what is in your heart, Eos, I shall answer to the best of my capabilities."

"You call me Eos, and say I was born a Reality, but that was not what I know of my past. I became a Reality by evolving from a mortal."

Eosah waved her hand in dismissal,

"You became a Reality with the aid of a Singularity, the Primordial Record, yes? So, have you ever wondered about the origins of Singularities? They are the remnants of shattered Realities. They are seeds, and only in fertile soil would they sprout. It does not matter how you began; Eos has always been your name. That name was the soil, and the Primordial Record was the Seed; only together can a new Reality be created. I know you must have seen my seed, although it has become somewhat ruined as time and death devastated its senses."

Chapter 168o: The Hand That Creates

Rowan cocked his head to the side in puzzlement, "I know of the World Stele and traces of a Map used by Primordial Time; if there is the presence of any other Singularity, I am yet unaware of them."

"If you have not yet recognized the remnants of seed, then your fate does not align with it. Perhaps in time that might change."

"A Singularity that I have not yet recognized," Rowan mused internally, and his hand stroked his jaw in thought. The eyes of Eosah flashed as she muttered,

"Incredible, you are already adapting to this place. It is a shame that you tore the boundary of my flesh open and released my dead essence, hastening the end of Reality, if you had kept my boon away from the masses. In less than two major eras, you will be unmatched in all existence."

Rowan shrugged, "My personal survival means nothing to me if it hinges upon leaving no room for the growth of others. Besides, I had no idea of this place, and my plans were made before I knew the ultimate secret buried here."

Eosah smiled, and her face was the representation of everything that was good in creation. Rowan was aware that what he was seeing of this being was the barest fragment of her glory, and this was most likely because she was protecting his mind from collapsing.

Observing her authentic self while being placed under the existential pressure of this space would have collapsed his consciousness and killed him, and the fact that Eosah had known this and held back her radiance was the most significant reason Rowan had trusted her words from the start.

The power of this place was so terrible that if he had died here, his Origin Land would not have survived. His death would have been so total that nothing would remain to even reach the Domain of Death.

In the position he found himself, if Eosah had bad intentions against him, there was no more perfect moment than this to crush him.

Inside his heart, Rowan laughed. This was the danger faced by all mortal beings. Even when he battled the Thrones of the Primordials, his life had never truly been in danger; his Origin Land made it possible for him to endure the strikes of the Primordial wrath, and he could calmly plan his moves and adapt to every change without fear.

Here, he no longer had that option; he could not plan for what he could not understand or anticipate, and he could not plan for what could instantly kill him. Here he was truly a mortal who stood before the immensity of the heavens, and his cries of defiance were hardly a footnote to eternity.

His will became increasingly tempered, and Rowan's body began to breathe. Unknowingly, he had been frozen in place so thoroughly that even the action of breathing, which was not something he needed to do, but had become part of his character, had ceased.

But getting in touch with his mortal roots and reaffirming his stance as a mortal who would struggle despite adversity pushed his willpower to a higher level, and he began to breathe once more.

In the memories he had of the battle, there had been a sixth-dimensional mage who had been in the same position as Rowan. He was seeing the Origin Ouroboros, and his heart, even though bogged down by fear and awe, knowing he could not survive, had still stood and watched the end coming for him.

His soul and memory had perished, but Rowan, who had nearly mastered the Origin of Space and whose domain of Time was almost matchless in Reality, merged the memories of Serathis and Prime to fish out the Reflection of the soul of Kacius Black, manifesting it upon his palm.

Rowan called what he created a Reflection, but that was due to his high levels of being, but for any immortal, what Rowan had done was no different from true resurrection.

The memories of Serathis and Prime, when combined by him, were essentially flawless, and he had reached across time and space to retrieve Kacius Black from death. A gentle wash from his spirit cleansed the mage of the perils of viewing the higher dimension, and as a benefit, the man's body was elevated to the peak of the realm of mages, even faintly exceeding Andar at the sixth-dimensional level.

All of these benefits came from Rowan slightly washing the body of the mage with his spirit.

The eyes of Kacius Black snapped open, gleaming like a child's. His soul and consciousness had been elevated a thousandfold, and although he should have been confused by his surroundings, his spirit had grown vast enough that he was not truly afraid, simply curious.

Kacius knew he was dead, eradicated with such finality that not even his memories remained, and now he was alive, most likely resurrected, as if everything that had happened was a dream, and whether it was by accident or design, his body and soul had been transformed to such a drastic degree that if not for recognizing the foundations of his body, he would have believed his soul had entered a different body.

He knew that not even an Old One was capable of doing this to him, and he must have entered the eyes of a Primordial, or perhaps, was it that mysterious figure who was said to be the master of the Origin Land?

With his mind having a profound degree of clarity, Kacius was made aware of two things almost instantaneously: the first was that he was now alive by the power of a mysterious being exceeding anything that he could comprehend, and the second was that he was not inside Reality.

Kacius had been privileged to travel across multiple dimensions, he had roamed the lower realms and the higher realms, even one time reaching the boundary of a Primordial Realm, and in all of those places, there had been apparent differences between them all, like night and day, yet, there existed a fundamental constant among all the realms he had visited, and that was the prevalence of Aether, or other forms of energy, and the constant humming of the higher dimensional laws of time and space pressing against his body and soul.

At that time, he was not even aware of the higher-dimensional laws and how they affected his body. Only now, with his enhanced body and soul, could he finally understand what had been happening all around him from the moment of his birth. He was like a man who had been blind all his life and was now seeing for the first time.

It was this sight that made him aware that he was not inside Reality as he knew it, but in some other place.

Without prompting, Kacius Black fell on his knees and prostrated himself on the ground, his forehead pressing against the earth, which was harder than any substance he had come across.

He remained this way for what seemed like a thousand years, and finally, he could not help himself but check his surroundings. His new senses was a wild thing, they craved to be used.

He had finally seen the light after being blind for so long that he needed to see what colors the rainbow was.

“Forgive me for my transgressions,” Kacius whispered as he unleashed his perception, and he gasped in astonishment as the reach of his sight blew away anything he could ever imagine.

Previously, he could barely see more than a few million miles around him, and only when he strained his perception in a single direction could he hit a billion miles. Now, causally unfurling his spirit had spread his perception to a dozen billion miles!

Checking his levels, Kacius Black saw that he remained a sixth-dimensional immortal.

“Even the foremost genius among the mages, hell, even among all of reality, should not have a reach like this at the sixth-dimensional level.”

Grinning like a child, Kacius Black continued to expand his perception, which seemed to have no limit. It was almost as if something was assisting his perception to grow and spread, and Kacius was too amazed by this feeling to explore what that might mean. Then he seemed to have come across five heavenly mountains.

Above him was darkness, and surrounding him seemed to be a stretch of an endless plain, and now that he had seen these five mountains that broke the monotony, Kacius Black could not wait to explore, when...

‘Wait, something is not right. The arrangements of these heavenly mountains, why does it seem like the arrangement of fingers on a palm.

Chapter 1681: To Seek Your Name

Chapter 1681: To Seek Your Name

Rowan watched this mage discover he was on the palm of his hand. He made this process faster by nudging Kacius’s mind in the right direction and temporarily boosting his perception.

Despite reducing himself to the third-dimensional level, Rowan's strength and size were still impossibly immense, and although he would have loved for Kacius to discover the mysteries about where he was slowly, Rowan's control over time was much diminished as a third-dimensional being.

On his palm were countless fragments of laws that were benign but which could affect Kacius Black over the long term. For instance, the time dilation being experienced by Kacius on his palm was a part of Rowan's innate defensive forcefield.

Time did not act as it should on Rowan's palm, and if he were receiving an attack, it would either slow down or stop, unless the attack carried both incredible powers and a higher control over the laws of creation.

Generally, even without defending himself, it would be hard for him to be hurt by Old Ones who could not penetrate past his most minor defenses.

It was these defenses that made Kacius experience a thousand years go by as he prostrated on his palm instead of the fraction of a second that it truly was. This was still with Rowan suppressing his defenses to the minimum; otherwise, Kacius could have lived his entire life on his palm, and maybe in real time, only a few minutes had gone by.

Kacius may be like a supreme immortal in front of other mortals, even God Emperors who had reached the fourth-dimensional level would see Kacius as a supreme figure, but to Rowan, Kacius was a mortal, and to see him stumbling around, yet still filled with the excitement of discovery, was humbling.

He watched the mage discover his hand, and Rowan allowed the perception of Kacius to keep expanding far past the limits that any immortal should have so that he could see his eyes.

Rowan could see the myriad of emotions playing on the face of Kacius as realization turned to fear, horror, admiration, and then acceptance. He could have easily looked into the mind of Kacius and read his emotions and memories easily, as if he were reading a book, but Rowan let the mage keep his secret.

He brought Kacius here to remind him of what it meant to be small and mortal. Kacius might believe he was immortal, after all, the lifespan of a higher-dimensional immortal was measured in Major Eras, it was inevitable that one day it was going to end, but for Rowan, his lifespan could as well regard a Major Era like a single year, inside a library of endless years.

Seeing the mage was a shock to his system, and Rowan thanked the man by rebuilding his foundation, thereby giving him the chance to fight for the life that he craved in this glorious Era. He was about to return the mage to Reality when Kacius spoke,

“I do not know your name, or the reason you have taken me from the hands of death. I am a mage, and we worship nothing but the pursuit of knowledge. If you will tell me your name, I shall pursue the understanding of your light for the rest of my life.”

Rowan blinked, a bit amused. He had half expected the mage to tremble and beg, or find sneaky ways to discover the reason he was resurrected; however, Kacius did something different: he pledged himself to Rowan’s service, and he did it in a manner that was not overbearing or overly supplicating.

He had introduced himself as a mage, and he had promised that for the rest of his life, he would pursue the mysteries of Rowan. Where other mages pursue the mysteries behind life, time, fire, death... Kacius would pursue the mystery of Rowan.

Rowan had never been interested in the world knowing who he was. With all the Primordials knowing of his existence, there was no reason to hide who he was from Reality; it could even be advantageous in a certain light. Still, he had seen no reason for his story to be known or his name to be acknowledged.

He had been loved and worshipped by his children for many years, and for Rowan, that was more than enough; he did not think he deserved more than he had been given after all this time.

Rowan did not crave worship or attention, and it would be enough if, in the end, no one knew of his name. Rowan was willing to die alone, unwitnessed. However, looking into the eyes of Kacius, he knew that letting him go without a word would haunt the mind of this mage forever, and so Rowan spoke to him.

Spending a moment in contemplation, ten thousand years had gone by on his palm, and Kacius had been waiting, his feet on pins and needles. There was regret flowing in his veins because he believed that he had overstepped his boundaries.

If he were standing before a Primordial entity, what would the acknowledgement of a minor immortal like him mean to such a power? It would have been better if he had been quiet and waited for whatever judgment that was to come to him.

But then, Kacius could not help but remember the memory of the golden eyes that opened above him. Even now, he refused to look up, not because the eyes possessed a crushing power that could instantly kill him, but because he could sense a profound wisdom and sadness in those eyes.

Kacius had seen the eyes and had not felt fear, only wonder and an intense ache in his heart; it was as if he were recollecting the warmth of his first hug or the pure laughter of his sister.

Those eyes were far above him, yet they felt incredibly near, and it was what gave Kacius the courage to speak his mind, because he believed that whoever was above him, with

eyes that resembled a river of stars, was benevolent, and to pursue the knowledge of such a being was a privilege. Still, perhaps he had asked for too much.

What should he do? Could he beg for forgiveness or perhaps resign himself to whatever Fate was to be meted to him? It was difficult for him to make a decision when he had no framework to judge the appropriate responses to be given to a power greater than anything in existence.

Then Kacius heard his voice, and all of his fears became meaningless.

“I would tell you my name, but it would shatter your soul and ruin your foundation. Do not fear me, Kacius Black, for your presence has aided me in my comprehension of the path. You can leave this place with the boons I have given you and have no fear that I crave anything more from you.”

Kacius gasped in astonishment, and even though he knew he should be thanking this higher being for their grace, he knew that he could not live with himself if he went away without fighting for this opportunity.

He had already died once and no longer feared the darkness, for there was nothing to fear; he had no memory of what it was like to be without being, and now that he was alive, he wanted to seize every opportunity to make his life one that was worth living.

What could be more worthy than discovering the mysteries behind those eyes?

Knowing that perhaps he was making the greatest mistake in his life, Kacius swallowed, his heart nearly beating out of his chest, as he spoke some of the most daring words he had ever said in his life,

“If you will refuse me the privilege of pursuing the knowledge of your name, then I plead with you to let me forget this moment. If I am to return to reality, let me be unburdened by the remembrance of your gaze. For if I remember, I shall spend the rest of my days either cursing or worshiping you—and both would ruin me, for I have left the pursuit of the truth and fallen into a fantasy I cannot pull myself from.”

Kacius said all this in a single breath, before gasping and falling to his knees. As far as he knew, he had just threatened a being with the power of a Primordial, if not a Primordial itself.

Still, Kacius did not regret his words. How else could he have proved his devotion to the pursuit of this knowledge if he were not willing to die for it? He had faced danger for many lesser causes, and for the first time in his life, he believed he was choosing something that was greater than himself, and if in the pursuit of that knowledge, he stumbled and fell on the first steps, he would still choose this path again.

A sigh came from above him that made Kacius’s soul shudder,

“The knowledge of me comes with a burden that no one can bear. If you are determined to find the traces of my path, then go to the Origin Land, where you can retrace my steps. But if you do, know that you will no longer be a mage.”

Kacius looked up, wishing to thank this being, but then he found himself inside his room, his sister kneeling by his side, and with his return, Lila’s eyes flew open in astonishment.

She wanted to scream in surprise, but must have seen something in his eyes because her mouth snapped shut with an audible crack.

Kacius stood up, went to the window, and looked into the Reality. He remained in that position for a long time.

Drifting out of his body were glowing spots of light like fireflies, as his foundation as a mage was being crushed to pieces.

He welcomed the pain and the confusion as a new path arose before him.

Chapter 1682: To Be A Mortal

Rowan was silent for a while, and the voice of Eosah broke him from his thoughts,

“The direction you choose to pursue is fascinating. Especially for someone like you, a Destroyer. Still, I am not too amazed by it, after all, by all right, no Destroyer should be able to become a Reality, but you break all sorts of boundaries.”

“As much as I would like to take credit for that feat,” Rowan shrugged, “What I am was the influence of my surroundings growing up, and I have had to adapt to survive, even if it means finding creation out of destruction, or choosing the truth of a mortal even as a god.”

“I see. This wisdom, I fear, is something I do not share. I appreciate the allure of the changing, but permanence has always been my refuge.”

Rowan smiled, “I can imagine that to be the case. Noctis told me in the beginning that there was no death, but life eternal. But you must have known that would not last. I saw the first home they built, and despite how much they were proud of their creation, the wood that made up its walls came from trees, and the ash they filled up their firepits was first built from green leaves that had turned brown after being pulled from the embrace of their mother.”

Like him, Eosah became silent, recognizing the truth in Rowan’s words,

“Perhaps this is the reason why I fell, I could not see the change happening and believed in the permanence of my domain. Even now, I cannot see how you can easily merge with the fleeting soul of a mortal.”

Rowan could not move forward; his legs were still stuck to the ground, but his upper body had a fair bit of motion.

He gestured towards Eosah, beckoning her closer, “It is easier than you think. Come here and let me show you what it is like to be a mortal.”

Eosah laughed, a hint of her majesty slipping through the mask, and Rowan flinched. She took the form of a woman, but even till this moment, Rowan could not yet tell what her appearance was like; her features were slipping away from his mind as his perception could not capture what she actually was.

Eosah was what he would become, the final path on his dimensional journey, but even she must be stranger than other Realities because at her death, she was able to discover a power that transcended all forms of power known to all of existence, and that knowledge had changed her.

“Why would I want to be a mortal? I have never known the ache of a wound or the ache of a sigh. Why would I want to know what I shall never be?”

Rowan’s gaze shifted, but he did not withdraw his outstretched hand,

“In my experience, eternity is a mirror with no reflection. You have seen all, but you do not feel it, and that is a distinction that I have learned to appreciate. It is the reason why I fight, and you cannot know me, nor will I be able to understand you, if we don’t share this common knowledge.”

Rowan’s voice heightened with power, and his body began to shiver,

“My war with the Primordials, all of my sacrifices and my shame, all of it stems from this single knowledge of what it means to be finite. You have shown me welcome, Eosah, and now I will show you mine. You have offered me a chance to step into your heart, and now I am offering you mine.”

There was no air here, but something in between the two of them shivered like heat over desert sand. In Eosah’s eyes, something flickered that was almost like hunger. She slowly brought her hand forward,

“I accept this knowledge.”

With a solemn demeanor, Rowan reached forward and touched her wrist, and for the first time in eternity, Eosah flinched as Rowan took her into a special Memory, one where he was a mortal and died not of old age, but by a spear through the heart.

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In this life, Rowan was five when he began to experiment with his mortality. Born an orphan, he had wandered into a forest where he found a stone, and over the coming weeks, he had sharpened the stone until he made a knife.

Kneeling down under a bright moon, Rowan sliced deeply into his palm with the knife, his bright green eyes watching his blood bead crimson and cold sweat pour from his brows as his little body shivered.

The voice of Rowan echoed across the memory,

“This is pain. It is not the wound that is painful. It is the knowing that it will fade even as you dread its staying.”

Rowan stayed with this memory for a while before he dragged Eosag deeper. Unknown to him, a similar cut had appeared on her hand.

A few years passed by in the memory in a blur, and the nine-year-old Rowan was in a deep forest, standing before an apple tree. He had stolen an apple in the orchard of a landowner and planted its seed in the depths of the forest.

Only one tree had survived and grown, and now that it had borne fruit, Rowan came here to harvest it.

He easily climbed the tree, plucked dozens of apples, and placed them in the pouch on his waist. He could sell these apples for some coins. Only after doing all of this did he come down from the tree and decide to eat from the fruits of his labor.

Selecting what appeared to be the juiciest from the lot, Rowan bit deep into the apple, its juice pouring down his chin, and in the same manner, tears dripped from his eyes.

The voice of Rowan rumbled,

“This is sweetness... it is only sweet because one day my tongue shall forget its taste.”

Not waiting for Eosah to deal with these memories, Rowan delved deeper, eager to show her the last part of what he considered the fate of mortality... loss.

Years went by in a blur, and he was now twenty and held the cooling hands of his first and only love. He had been crying for three days, and his heart was still so heavy it was almost as if it was about to burst.

“This is grief. It is the echo that outlives the song.”

Rowan pulled himself away from the memory and took back his hand from Eosah's. In the depths of his memory, he had not been aware of the changes that had come across this being, but now he saw the cut in her hand, the tear on her cheek, and the crack in her chest as if something had hollowed out her heart.

Eosah was still for a while, and then a humming sound emerged from her body, and all the echoes of mortality were washed away from her body.

Her voice was no longer authoritative; now it carried a solemn nature,

“You are cruel, Eos, to carry all of these things inside you. You burn with them.”

Rowan laughed aloud as his body took a step forward, “And now, so do you.”

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

Chapter 1683: The Nameless Horizon

Rowan had only taken a step forward before he was crushed to the ground. His eyes bulged in astonishment and terror, because the force being exerted on him should not—could not—exist.

His attempt to resist was futile, as the struggles he had withstood before were nothing compared to this. The pressure kept building, and his bones began to collapse into dust.

Rowan's mind, will, and soul followed the collapse of his body, and soon, everything about him was crushed into dust. Still, the pressure did not let up, and the dust was crushed into less than dust, less than even the void.

He wanted to scream, wanted to cry out, but there was nothing for him to reach out towards. Rowan was dying, and he had not even seen what was killing him.

Then there was a snap.

Where Rowan once stood, there was only an imprint, a scar upon the fabric of existence. No afterlife awaits him, no memory, no lament—only the indifferent pressure of the impossible, eternal, and absolute.

There was silence as Eosah watched Rowan perish, and she remained in silence until the sound of harsh panting emerged beside her and Rowan appeared. He staggered for a moment before falling to his knees, dry heaving and shivering, heavy drops of sweat pouring out from his body in a torrent.

“You survived your first step. Remarkable. Still, if you were unable to recognize its name, then the risk you took did not equal the sacrifice that was made, and you should forget about this place, not until you are strong enough to stand before Primordials.”

Rowan took a while before he could settle himself once more. He had just endured the most terrifying tribulation in his life, and his survival had been a matter of luck and intense preparation. Although there was a high chance he would fail, he did not hesitate to take this step.

What he just did was extremely stupid; he could have returned a thousand years later, stronger and more capable of handling the challenges of this place, but Rowan knew that doing this would be going against the foundations of what it meant to be mortal.

No mortal could wait a thousand years for their problems to go away; they either stepped forward or were washed away by the relentless wave of time. This power he had taken upon himself was a double-edged sword, and as much as it had the potential to shake up existence, he could easily perish alongside it.

Rowan smiled before he began to laugh; whether it was due to his stubbornness or the sheer ridiculousness of what he had just done, he could not tell. There had been one out of ten chances of survival, and he had been lucky enough to fall under that one chance.

‘This state of mind is powerful, but I don’t think I would ever use it again.’

There were few things that could make Rowan feel fear, and he had just come across one of them.

His heart had settled, and he turned towards Eosah. And he bowed towards her, and she regarded him as if he were a fascinating specimen before she shook her head,

“Have you learned anything from that place?”

Rowan shook his head in a downcast manner,

“Not much, I only saw its name, or maybe a part of its purpose. I cannot tell, everything is a blur.”

Eosah’s eyes widened in shock,

“What was the name that you learned?”

This question was a tricky one, because it was like the act of giving a structure to a formless force, or compressing the entire knowledge of existence into one word. It was impossible for such a thing to be done, but Rowan knew that if he did not grasp this opportunity to put a name to this place, the chance to do so would be lost to him forever.

This step should have been hard, but for him, it was easy; it was almost like surrendering and letting go of every burden in his heart. Rowan whispered, “This place is the Nameless Horizon.”

Eosah sighed,

“You have succeeded. Now I can fade away in peace.”

“Not yet, you won’t,” Rowan called out. I do not yet know your name—your *real* name.”

“Ah, as you are now, that knowledge would break you.”

“I know, so do not fade away just yet. I shall return, and on that day I will know you.”

Eosah smiled, ***“Good. Oh, and here is a gift. I thought you might need it for what is to come,”*** she tossed him a glowing orb. Rowan caught it, looking at the gray orb in surprise before his eyes widened in surprise and his heart, which had settled, began beating extremely fast.

He looked up at Eosah and bowed, this time it was much deeper, and then he turned around and left this place. Rowan was not strong enough to pierce the veil of these final mysteries, but it was only a matter of time, and this unexpected gift he had gained from Eosah was extremely powerful, so powerful it might dwarf all the gifts he had ever received.

Although this was not an assurance that he would win the war with the Primordials, it would give him an advantage that would push him farther on the path of victory.

There were many things that he did not achieve with the perfection he desired, questions that he did not ask, but Rowan knew that he would return, and when he did, he would be stronger and more prepared.

As time went by, there were fewer mysteries for him to decipher, and finally, glimpsing the end of the path, Rowan was assured of his future.

Returning to the fourth layer of the void, Rowan’s gaze easily pierced through the delirium of forgetfulness, and he saw his serpents, now alive and consuming the skeleton of the Ouroboros.

He restricted his breath so they would not know he had emerged. As much as he would like to be with them, he barely had seven years left before his duel, and there was still much to do.

Rowan closed his eyes and observed his dimensional flesh coming closer to perfection. When it was completed, he would automatically claim Space Origin, and if he reached the

peak of the eighth-dimensional level, it would be an easy thing for him to step across the barrier to become a Primordial of Space.

He could accelerate this process, but Rowan had no plan of claiming Space Origin before he was ready. He still had more Origins to claim, and it would be reckless to reveal his hand this quickly.

According to his plans, he needed to pursue the Origin of Time next, and he had already been making preparations for that for a while now, and everything should be nearly ready.

However, with this gift that Eosah had given him, Rowan was beginning to rethink his plans on pursuing the Origin of Time.

Unlike the Origin of Space, which he could easily slip through the cracks and obtain, the Origin of Time had a Primordial.

Primordial Time had been banished, but his influence was still more prevalent than Primordial Chaos, especially when it came to the nature of Origin.

Rowan had been willing to risk the ire of Primordial Time since he wagered that dealing with him would be easier than dealing with Primordial Memory, but then the gift from Eosah had shown him a new path.

Rowan brought out the gray orb and looked at it, his eyes flashing with intense thoughts.

This gray orb may appear unremarkable, but it was anything but, because it showed him the path to the sleeping body of Primordial Soul.

Chapter 1684: A Living Reality

To ensure his serpents were able to consume the bones of the Primordial Ouroboros, Rowan had to employ the power of his entire Origin Bloodlines and delay his cultivation for two years because of the environment of Oblivion that made it impossible for anyone to trace what was within it.

Rowan knew that even if he had finished claiming the Origin of Space, he would only have the capability to move through Oblivion and place markers inside of it, but seeing all its secrets at a glance would have been impossible. The only entity that should be able to achieve this was Eosah.

Still, Rowan had not placed much faith in this because she was dead and her reach had been shrank down to the lowest level of the void where a fragment of her consciousness remained, sustained by the impossible power of that place.

This gray orb by Eosah would lead him to Primordial Soul. By touching it, Rowan felt the ancient power of time and vitality surrounding it, which suggested to him that Eosah had made this orb before she was killed.

It was as if she knew it would be important one day, and she had kept it. After twelve major eras, it finally reached Rowan today.

Although Primordial Soul was supporting him, their partnership was not one built on trust but convenience. Trying to ally with a Primordial was like a mortal bringing a poisonous snake into his home; it would only lead to disaster.

Primordials regarded everything to be below them, and all of existence was for their amusement and sustenance; they did not create, they only consumed.

The reason Primordial Soul was trapped for so long was that she had been the closest to discovering the secrets behind this Reality, and so she was betrayed by the rest of the Primordials and imprisoned inside Oblivion.

However, Rowan discovers this unknown place hidden below Oblivion, and he wonders if Primordial Soul has allowed herself to be imprisoned here.

He had gained enough hints from the words of Eosah, and he could stand back and analyze the actions of the Primordials, seeing them in new light.

Eosah had told him that the Primordials caught a glimpse of the power she had found, and that was the reason they began to plot against each other to find it.

The Primordials had already won. Eosah was dead, and all her dominion was theirs to conquer, but they still held their hand, even subtly nurturing the lifeforms that were left inside this Reality, giving them enlightenment about the higher dimensions just so that they could find that place.

What this meant was horrifying for the rest of Reality because Rowan believed that the only reason the Primordials had not consumed Reality entirely was that they were looking for an ultimate prize.

If Reality were held by seven foundations, then the Primordials were already in possession of all seven. His feat of making a New Light might have seized a portion of a single foundation, but it did not matter as much in the grand scheme of things.

If they wanted, they could take away that foundation, and all of Reality would end in an instant. Nothing would survive except Rowan and his Origin Land, yet even that would not last for long.

His Origin Land was powerful, but it had been hidden inside Reality. With the destruction of Reality, his Origin Land would be exposed to Limbo, and by then, the Primordials would consume him like an appetizer.

This time, he would not be facing the offshoots of the Primordials that were inside Reality; instead, he would be going against the real deal—ultra-powerful Reality eaters who were the greatest predators in all of existence.

It was no wonder that, in many ways, the uprising of the masses and the changes brought by Rowan were not taken too seriously. They had all the ultimate cards, and only their greed for this unknown power kept them in check.

Perhaps some of them may believe that Rowan's special nature was because of this mysterious place, and they would be looking for ways to exploit his gifts in order to bring them closer to this prize.

Feeling a numbing weight press down on his shoulders, Rowan closed his grip on the gray orb; his decision was already made.

He would continue his infiltration into the Origin of Time, but he was going to be going much more slowly and carefully, and as he was investigating Time, he would find his way towards the body of Primordial Soul and consume her.

There had never been any loyalty between them, and despite all that she said to him on his origins and how she was responsible for his birth, Primordial Soul did not look upon Rowan with favor; he was a slightly bigger prey.

Primordial Soul had claimed that she had only pushed a fragment of Rowan's soul origin into Reality, and the rest of them were his to claim. Despite how powerful Rowan had become, he was still seriously tempted by this offer.

What would it mean for him to regain all the portions of his soul's origin? After all, Primordial Soul had claimed he was with barely a thousandth of his true soul origin, and if he could claim it all, then she would not understand the limit of his powers.

Rowan had half believed her at first, but after the revelations from Eosah, he truly believed this statement from Primordial Soul.

His real name was Eos, and he was not just a living dimension but a living Reality. Although his manner of birth may be strange, it did not change who he was.

There was a reason why he could not be integrated with Reality, no matter how long he stayed outside of it. He was just too massive to fit into another Reality.

A house was meant to hold occupants who could fit inside, but a house was not meant to hold another building.

If the potential of Rowan's soul was equal to Eosah, then it was impossible for anything inside of Eosah to carry his soul, and without the intervention of Primordial Soul that broke his soul origin into pieces, he would not have been born.

To get to this point had been difficult, but Rowan believed he had unveiled the truth of his Origins.

All Realities to be born had already been recorded in the Cosmic Record. What this thing was, Rowan did not know, and he did not ask; some knowledge would come in time, and knowing it too early would be destructive.

He was to be called Eos, a Reality that would be born after Eosah. If there were a special significance behind this, Rowan could also not tell.

However, whatever his birth might have been like, it was interrupted by the attacks of the Primordials, who killed Eosah. After the endless betrayals and backstabbing among them, Primordial Soul was imprisoned inside Oblivion. Her brother, the Primordial of Time and Evil, was banished.

Primordial Soul had been too close to gaining the mysterious power discovered by Eosah when she was imprisoned, while Primordial Time had been reaching for the future when he was banished.

As Rowan had learned, looking into the future had consequences, especially inside of Eosah, but Primordial Time had done it, and this had triggered his birth.

If Eosah was meant to herald the coming of Eos, then the truth was that the future of Eosah was him! In essence, peering into the future was just ensuring the birth of Rowan.

Could it be possible that Primordial Time was not aware of this danger, or was there another deeper reason for him to pursue this path?

Rowan grinned internally, seeing the connection that might have been hidden from the rest of the Primordials.

He knew that Primordial Soul and Primordial Time were siblings, and yet it would seem that their actions were against each other, but that might not be the case, because looking at the entire fiasco from his point of view, the action of Primordial Time peering into the future did not benefit him as much as the other Primordials had believed.

He may have gained another domain at the ninth-dimensional level, but as Rowan had seen, he was still easily banished by the other Primordials.

No, the Primordial he gained the most hidden benefit was Primordial Soul, and Primordial Time was a distraction.

What had happened when Eos was born? Well, without the guardian of Eosah, Primordial Soul had feasted on his soul until she could no longer gain anything from him, and Rowan believed that if he were anything less than a Reality, he would have perished from her hunger.

His eyes suddenly flashed with a terrifying glow as he became aware of something, and Rowan pushed his energy inside the gray orb and began tearing his way towards the direction given by Eosah.

Primordial Soul had claimed that feasting on his soul origin had simply awakened a small part of her consciousness, and Rowan had believed her, but now that he knew he was born a Reality, how could Primordial Soul only have gained such minor benefits from his soul?

If he were a Reality at birth, then it meant he should have been born at least at the proto-ninth-dimensional level, and fully awakening would make him a ninth-dimensional entity. How could the radiance of his soul be so minor?

Time and distance were meaningless in Oblivion, and Rowan did not take long before he reached the position where he should have found the sleeping body of Primordial Soul.

And it was empty.

Primordial Soul, long believed to be sleeping inside Oblivion, had escaped sometime in the past.

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

Chapter 1685: The Resurrection

The Origin Land was vast. To an Old One, this place is infinite; even Rowan had not seen the end of this mysterious dimension because it was ceaselessly expanding.

Rowan could not even begin to harness the true power of this place, despite the power coming from him, because it was new, and everything he had been doing with it for so long was replicating the methods of his dimensional powers, but he knew that this was not the best method of utilizing this power.

In one corner of the Origin Land, Rowan had rebuilt the city of Sheol, a city that was so massive it could as well stand toe to toe with an eternal realm in size and complexity.

This city was to be the home of his children, and in time, he hoped it would become the bastion of life for all of existence. For something like this to happen, it helps that this city could continue to grow with every new life form that it collects. Sheol was alive.

Surrounding his city were nine hollow mountain ranges and nine chasms. After the activation of his three Origin Bloodlines, the interior of the mountains was filled with Essence, and the chasms became oceans of Ether.

From the city of Sheol, it would take a very powerful immortal to be able to see these nine mountain ranges and oceans, and if the immortal were to travel with the speed of light from the city of Sheol to the closest mountain, it would take them many billions of years to get there.

However, Rowan was still hoping that in the future, his children would grow strong enough to leave the city, cross the mountains and the oceans that surround it, and journey into the depths of the Origin Land, only with this method would they understand the vastness of his dominion and grow into powerful immortals.

Standing in the center of Sheol, it was possible to see another massive structure built at the edge of the city.

Rising into the clouds like a monument forged by Celestial hands, the Purgatory Gate stood as a threshold that separates all life that was not of Origin and those that were.

Its towering arches were crafted from an unknown radiant metal that glowed with an inner light, shifting between hues of dawn gold, twilight violet, and the purest silver.

The gate's massive doors are inlaid with living constellations, their celestial patterns ever-shifting as if guided by the hand of fate. Above the archway was an inscription, but none of the souls standing before the gate could read it, because it was written in a language none could understand.

Before the battle with the Thrones of the Primordial, Rowan had moved all of his children from his dimensional flesh and soul into his Origin Land, but due to the unique nature of this place, his children, including those that were living and the dead who were nothing but souls could not enter, they had to first pass through the Purgatory Gate.

After crossing the Purgatory Gate then the new children of Origin could enter the city of Sheol and start their lives in a completely new Reality that was filled with endless potential.

The Gate was to do two things. The first would be to cleanse the bodies and souls of his children from all dimensional powers they held, preparing them to claim the power of his Origin Land, and the second was to weed out any unknown factor that might have ingrained itself knowingly or unknowingly in the bodies of his children.

If the Gilded Maw spell from the Primordials had taught him anything, it was that he should be careful of all his gifts, especially if they were linked to the Primordials.

Rowan knew that the heart of his children was loyal to him, but sometimes corruption could be sneaky, and if the Primordials wanted to plant a seed in the heart of his children, there were many chances for them to have done that. If he could fall, then his children could as well.

If Rowan had not been intercepted and killed by the Thrones of the Primordials, then, according to his plans, his children should have begun passing through the Purgatory Gate and entering the City of Sheol, but he had been distracted by other pressing issues, like gaining the Origin of Space, and Sheol was empty.

Sitting before the gate of purgatory was an enormous crowd in their trillions, all their eyes were closed as if in deep sleep, and all were waiting to be allowed into Sheol.

In the multitude were countless races, even sentient mountains, trees, oceans, and stars were here, all were connected to Rowan, and he called them his children.

Serathis and Prime should have taken the place of Rowan to begin the process of letting in his children, and this was a task that Serathis was eager to start, but she was held back by Prime, who still wanted Rowan's final approval to begin this process.

And so, the actions of the Primordials had delayed this process, leaving the children of Rowan waiting outside the Purgatory Gate when they should have begun propagating across the city a long time ago.

However, on this day, something was changing. Inside the city, a new life was being born, and there were no watching eyes to see it.

Rowan, Serathis, Prime, Eva, the Serpents, all were outside the Origin Land, and something new was being born inside of Sheol, disregarding the barrier of the Purgatory Gate.

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The city of Sheol contained an immeasurable number of heavenly bodies, among them were countless worlds.

On one of the worlds, which was a frozen planet, a resurrection took place.

At first, the frigid wind that swept through the planet from pole to pole eerily halted in an instant, and the entire ice that covered the planet melted before evaporating into nothing, leaving behind a rich brown earth.

With no moisture left on the world, it transformed from a bright blue pearl into a sordid brown mudball, and its coloration seemed to hide it from the light of Sheol, and the world became hidden.

The earth parted aside, multiple layers of it, peeling like a fold from a book. The soil, black and glistening with the wetness of primordial creation, pulsed like a living thing.

From this unspoiled clay, something below the earth stirred. It had been waiting for a long time.

Then the movements under the ground stopped, leaving silence behind, and then there was a heartbeat.

It was not the quick, fragile rhythm of mortal life; instead, it was slower, deeper, older.

This was the kind of pulse that moved continents over millions of years, and would shatter the planet if it were quickened. The power behind this heartbeat was one that needed to be slow, or nothing could contain it.

The earth shuddered in response, a growing scream resounding in its bowels, but a voice that could silence an Era whispered,

“Silence.”

And the earth went still.

What should be noted was that this was the Origin Land of Rowan, where every single grain of sand was heavier than a mountain. Even the battle between higher-dimensional immortals would hardly stir the ground, and now the entire planet was on the verge of destruction from the sound of a heartbeat.

A hand silently erupted from the ground.

Not clawing, not desperate—but rising. Smooth and deliberate, as if the hand were merely pushing aside a curtain.

The finger of the hand was extended, elegant, the skin pale as moonlight marble, yet beneath it thrummed veins of liquid gold. The nails were dark, not with dirt but with an ancient magic that was nameless.

As if reaching for the heavens, the hand flexed and the air rippled, warping like heat over a flame, space seemed to recoil at the touch of the hand, and then the earth heaved.

The ground split open in a slow, yawning gasp, as if the earth was exhaling after holding its breath for a millennium.

From the fissure a figure rose, not covered in dirt, not ragged or decayed, but perfect, untouched by time.

The figure was wearing robes that were not fabrics but something between shadow and smoke, shifting with the colors of a dying star—deep purple, burning gold, and the black of the void between worlds.

Their hair was not hair at all, but strands of living darkness, twisting like serpents, whispering secrets in a language lost to all life, for they came from Realities that had ceased to exist.

Their face was neither young nor old, neither male nor female. It was power given form—eyes like smoldering coals burned beneath a brow of cold, regal fury. Lips, slightly parted, exhaled a breath that smelled of ozone and old parchment.

And when they opened their mouth to speak—

The world bent.

There was a reason why she was called the strongest and the wisest of all Primordials. After all, she was the First Thirst.

The first Primordial.

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

Chapter 1686: Changing Plans

In the form of a Crow of Death, Noctis returned to the hut atop a lone yellow star. Moving around as this particular crow granted Noctis an invisibility that only a Primordial would be able to crack, but that is, if they were paying attention to him.

He was about to fly through the opening on top of the roof when a formless pressure pushed him back as Sheba dryly rebuked him inside his consciousness,

“Go through the door, little crow, he is not in a good mood, and I don’t want to risk any further disruption in his mood by you taking the roof instead of the entire door in front of you!”

Noctis was speechless. What difference did it make if he came through any opening in the hut? Sheba was a unique higher-dimensional entity, and the appearance she was holding did not matter when she could shapeshift into anything.

In fact, Noctis believed that the yellow sun was the bulk of her mass, and that the tiny hut above could as well be a single strand of hair.

He whispered in irritation, and he became even more annoyed when he realized that he was whispering, suggesting that he was being careful not to annoy a Rowan who was in a bad mood,

“You do know that he is just a guest in the long run. Now you are allowing him to waltz into our castle and take control of it. Some things should be sacred!”

The tinkling laughter of Sheba made Noctis grit his toothless beak, but not feeling the impact of that gesture, he created teeth inside his beak and gnashed them together.

“Say what you want, Noctis, but you have already acknowledged him as your master. I am here to ensure you don’t fuck it up, because you will fuck it up if it is left to you.”

“You... you...” Rolling his eyes in irritation, Noctis knew that this argument would lead to nothing good, and he swerved around and flew through the door, and he swore he could hear Sheba muttering something about hard-headed birds and the teeth in his mouth were crushed into powder.

As he crossed the door, the interior of the hut, which should be small, had expanded into a space as vast as a small country. Noctis looked up and did not see any opening in the sky, but countless magnificent runes pulsing with the power of fire and light, and when he looked behind him, there was no doorway.

“Why does she want me to follow a door when it would not matter in the first place?!”

Grunting in frustration, the crow searched for the presence of Rowan while trying to decipher the changes in his surroundings. He was aware that all of these runes must be associated with the New Light; could it be that she was about to make a move?

Apart from consuming the nigh infinite essence of death that Rowan had been channeling into him, Noctis had been patrolling Reality, becoming the eyes and ears of Rowan inside the Primordial Domain.

Consuming all of the essence of death had evolved the power of Death in his tattoos, and Noctis was granted the form of a crow.

To take this form, a Death-Messenger, which was the sort of creature Noctis had become, would need to channel enough death essence that could cover all the deaths in a dozen Major Eras inside a Reality.

Rowan had been able to provide all of this to him and more, until Noctis could no longer consume any more essence and had to wait for it to be digested.

What sort of body could give out so much death essence?!

Noctis had suspicions, but he could not be sure about them, so he buried them in his heart. They were not important.

“Noctis, come to me.”

The crow appeared beside Rowan, who was sitting cross-legged and was more than a million miles tall. Observing Rowan, the crow realized that this was his actual body and not the incarnation that usually remained here to feed him the death essence.

He had barely begun to come to terms with this gigantic body of Rowan when the aura from his body slammed into Noctis, and if not for the gentle pressure surrounding him, Noctis would have crumpled to the ground, with no way to resist.

Noctis had seen gigantic Titans bigger than universes and higher dimensions; hell, he knew that the Primordial Domains inside of Reality were the bodies of the Primordials themselves, but something about Rowan’s form and the intense pressure surrounding him was like nothing that Noctis had ever known.

If he could have any hint of ambition or resistance when he talked to the incarnation of Rowan, then he was nothing before the real deal.

“My—my lord,” he stammered, and in his consciousness, he heard the castle snicker, but he was too weak to curse her out; this back-stabbing partner of his could have warned him about what he was flying into.

Rowan’s glowing red eyes looked down upon the shivering crow. Noctis was not even aware that his body was shaking uncontrollably, and his spirit and soul were being lulled into a state that was close to delirium.

Rowan had noticed the effect of his body on the weaker lifeforms around him, and he was working hard to restrict the influence of his dimensional flesh evolving into its complete form.

In essence, Rowan was becoming a being who was gaining the power of the ninth-dimensional level, even though he still remained in the seventh dimension.

Initially, only a ninth-dimensional being should be able to attain Origin, but Rowan’s foundation was so great that he could occupy multiple Origins without destabilising his overall level.

However, gaining Origin would aid him in the comprehension of all his Wills up to the ninth-dimensional level, which for someone like Rowan could be barely useful since he had so many advantages when it came to comprehension.

With the ever-shifting tides of Fate, Rowan could no longer follow his laid-down plans, as everything needed to be adjusted.

Focusing on the crow, he asked,

“You have been to the Abyss, tell me everything you have seen.”

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

Chapter 1687: Preparation For Battle

Although Rowan did not wish it, his words could as well be compulsion. Although he could use an incarnation to speak to weaker lifeforms, something odd had happened when he had returned to Reality, his incarnation had been sucked into his body without any prompting, and as it was, he had to fight against the force emerging from his body that wanted to draw away all the incarnations he had scattered all over Reality into himself.

As he grew closer to acquiring space origin, his dimensional flesh seemed to be going through a phase of contraction and revitalization. Every single portion of his essence that was outside his body was being forcefully collected so they could be purified and upgraded.

If not for the presence of his Dimensional Soul that gave him an unfair advantage over energy and higher exoteric forces, if he had access to his dimensional flesh alone, he would not have been able to hold back the relentless tides of his Incarnations scattered across Reality returning to him.

This process was the birth of omnipotence.

Rowan now realized another reason why Primordials remained asleep and utilized their Thrones. It was not just that Reality was weak, but if they awakened, their Thrones would be drawn into their bodies.

Perhaps this would also happen if their bodies inside of Reality were pushed outside of it; they would be forced to merge with their higher form.

Still, Rowan would not attempt to stop the Primordials by banishing their bodies outside to merge with their higher form because the bodies inside of Reality had occupied all of its foundation, and if they merged with their higher form, it would be a sign that their mission was complete, and the Primordials would feast.

Rowan would have to kill the bodies of the Primordials inside of Reality, while ensuring he could preserve their pillars; it was a daunting task that almost seemed impossible, but he had seen what happened to all life in Reality when the concept of Light had been killed for a few moments.

It would be so easy to fight this battle if he was not be constrained by his need to maintain life across Reality, when everything else but his children were fleeting thoughts

at the edges of his memory, but Rowan knew that it would be a mistake to disregard the miracle that was life even though they did not belong to his creations.

Noctis began to speak, and as he did, Rowan was pulling the memories of all he had seen from both his words and his soul. The crow found it uncomfortable, but he endured it without making a complaint.

“The Arena is complete and for the first time since well forever, the Great Abyss has opened its gates to all, with the promise that there would be no overt or covert attempt to corrupt anyone who entered the realm, but it would be only on the Abyss level where the Arena is situated, if anyone were to enter any other levels, this promise would be void. From my last count, I could see millions of different races entering the Abyss, it was like a....”

As Noctis continued speaking, Rowan pulled the memory of the Arena up to his eyes, creating a miniature level of the Great Abyss in front of him.

This Arena was built by compressing a hundred levels of the Abyss into one gigantic layer, and then this layer was pushed to the top.

A grand working like this had not been seen since the creation of the Great Abyss by Primordial Demon, and Rowan was a bit fascinated by the process.

The creators of this arena, which were the Infernal Architects, were demons straight from myths. From all indicators, they should have all been dead three major eras ago, at the hands of Primordial Demon himself.

It was said that it was the Infernal Architects who built the foundation of the Great Abyss, but Primordial Demon wanted them to create a realm that could stand upon Reality, but even these mystical builders could not contain the corruption of the Great Abyss on the surface of Reality, and the only thing they could do was to build a powerful gate which could serve as a tunnel from Reality to the Great Abyss.

Primordial Demon had not been satisfied by their work, and he had consumed them all. This was the story that Rowan had collected from the souls of many demons who were aware of these demonic builders, but as it turned out, they were all lies.

Primordial Demon was famed across creation for being a great warrior, but Rowan was discovering that he was a greater liar.

Still, no matter the lies of Primordial Demon, it was nothing before the might of the arena that was being built here. It was impossible that this arena was the handiwork of the Infernal Architects alone; they were most likely just gateways for the powers of Primordials to flow through them.

Even with the perception of Noctis, a Death Crow, Rowan could not glean all the mysteries behind this arena, but he could see that it was filled with Primordial-level Aura from materials that strained the bounds of Reality.

Inside this Arena, Primordial Demon would not fear that he would be unable to unleash his powers to their fullest extent, and the same thing would apply to Rowan.

This arena would be a snapshot of what the entirety of Reality would become if it became completely saturated with Primordial Essence. Artificially boosted by treasures at the ninth-dimensional level, this place would become a space that could contain laws that reached the ninth-dimensional level.

This meant that Rowan would have to fight this battle using his main body and not any incarnation. Telmus was a dangerous warrior, but paired with the power of Primordial Demon who had most likely been boosting the powers of his Throne to ridiculous heights, then it was unknown how powerful he had become.

Glancing at the Arena for the last time, Rowan shrank it down and placed it aside. It was time for him to begin preparing for this fight.

With barely four years remaining, he needed all of this time to gather his strength and be himself at his peak.

No matter how terrible this fight may become, Rowan was not too worried about it; what concerned him was what would happen after the battle.

Telmus was a great warrior, but Rowan was matchless. Perhaps in all of Reality, he might be the only warrior who could clash with him without falling back, and for that experience, Rowan was grateful. In his life, apart from enemies that far exceeded his level, it was a hard thing for him to find a worthy opponent that could scratch his battle itch, and he found himself always unconsciously restricting his abilities just for him to enjoy his battles.

This battle needed to be fought, but there were other opportunities here that could be obtained. He had sent Noctis to gather information because Rowan intended this Arena to serve as more than a place for battle, but the spot where he would reveal himself to all of Reality.

It took a while for Noctis to finish his report, and he was dismissed. With a sigh, Rowan reached towards his Origin Land and pulled out the Primordial Record.

Chapter 1688: I Am Here

Chapter 1688: I Am Here

Summoning the black book onto his palm, Rowan immediately sensed the difference in the Primordial Record, and it was not because the book had changed; it was because it was Rowan himself who was different.

Previously, he was a child, and so he viewed the world as a child, where everything was simple and written in shades of black and white, and now he was no longer a child, and his eyes had seen countless secrets and horrors, and now he could see all the hidden colors of Reality.

Looking at the Primordial Record, he saw its true form for the first time, and Rowan paused in contemplation for a while.

The black book expanded until it fit his entire palm, and Rowan could sense a faint sense of anticipation from it, as if it was calling him to open its pages and reveal the secrets within.

Its appearance was still the same as a black book, but Rowan could sense a yawning void in-between its covers, and he knew that it was the covering of the Primordial Record that shielded all of existence from its mysteries.

The reason he could keep such a powerful entity inside his soul as a mortal being was all due to the black cover of this book, which was so effective that he never sensed the dreadfulness contained within the Primordial Record until this moment.

Rowan brought a finger and ran it down lightly on the cover of the Primordial Record. The surface of the book felt strange under his finger, neither leather nor stone; it just reminded Rowan of something of great age.

Yet with his connection with the Primordial Record, he knew that this cover was made from an unknown material; it was only that it was so old, its name had become lost.

As Rowan's finger traced down the cover of the book, hidden symbols etched upon it began to reveal themselves. Like living things, the symbols shifted between languages that were dead and those that did not yet exist, between impossible geometrics that would scorch the minds of Old Ones, and faint whispers that grabbed onto his fingers, trying to take a hold of it but breaking away before his defenses.

Rowan was not distracted by these changes; his mind was furiously deciphering this unknown language, as he stretched his dimensional senses and capabilities to the limit, and when the meaning slammed into Rowan's skull, he flinched and his eyes widened in surprise as a single drop of blood emerged from his nostrils.

Comprehending this language had damaged him!

Rowan knew he was not invincible, but it was always surprising when he came across powers that could hurt him, especially those that he could not have expected.

This language must be the oldest and most powerful language he had come across, but its name was lost, and Rowan understood that without his connection to the Primordial Record, it would be almost impossible for him to be able to decipher this language.

Shaking his head from the surprising ache that had begun to build inside his skull, Rowan began to trace the shifting symbols with his finger like a child learning to read.

“You have always been part of the Record. You always will be.”

Rowan’s eyes darkened, and he coughed; black blood poured from his eyes and nose. When he had coughed, he had expelled a large amount of black blood from his throat.

This black blood signified intense death energy. A part of Rowan had been killed so quickly and effectively by understanding this language that even his innate resilience and regenerative factor could not stop this damage, and the part of his body that died had to be expelled.

A bright white light flashed from his body, and all the dead matter was eradicated as Rowan regarded the black book in his hands with fresh caution,

“This is a warning,” he whispered to himself.

Opening the Primordial Record came with a price, and perhaps if he had a teacher when he was born, he would have been advised not to open this particular singularity until he properly understood the price for utilizing its powers.

But Rowan had no teachers, and everything he had gained had to be fought for with great risk. He did not have the option to consider what could be dangerous because he had no teachers and everything around him was covered by a web of deception and danger.

Rowan had to make moves, knowing he might be making mistakes that could lead to dangers that might end him or his loved ones. However, he knew that indecision and waiting for the correct answers would lead to his perishing much quicker.

In this life, he could either walk through a path filled with blades or swim in an ocean of acid. There was no right choice for him to make, and his only option was to pick his poison and live with it, even if it ends up killing him; at least he had been the one to choose how he would die.

The warning from the Primordial Record was simple: when he opened the Record, his Fate and that of the book had become one, and they could never be separated. Accepting this Singularity had bound them so tightly together that it was impossible for anything in creation to loosen that bond.

Rowan did not think that this was a bad thing. It did not matter the sort of dangers that would come from binding with the Primordial Record; he was determined to face them in the future.

Without the power of the Primordial Record, even his bones would have turned to nothing far back in the past, and he would not be here, on the verge of battle with Primordials themselves.

There was no hesitation in his heart as he pried open the cover of the Primordial Record, knowing that he was about to witness its true form.

The air around him thickened, as if Reality had congealed in place, and a sense of wrongness filled the space around him. Rowan could detect the castle shuddering in distress until endless waves of power from the New Light surrounded and isolated the space around Rowan.

Sending a mental note of reassurance to the castle and a wave of thanks to the New Light, Rowan braced himself and opened up his senses.

The first page was revealed, and it yawned open like an abyss—and then there were no pages, no book, no him.

Space convulsed. Reality around him dissolved into a screaming void where colors burned without light, where shapes moved in ways that defied dimension. Without the covering of the New Light, a supermassive void would have erupted from this position that could have shattered a third of Reality.

As it was, the New Light was being strained to the limits as she tried to keep the void in check.

Rowan did not know any of this; he was gone. Now one with the abyss that he had opened.

The book was no longer an object but an entity, an aperture into the unrecorded dawn of existence, before time was given a name, before the laws of form and void were carved by whatever hands had first dared to impose order upon the infinite.

Words unfolded inside his skull—not in sequence, but all at once, a chorus of truths so vast they shattered his grasp of language. He saw the birth and death of Realities not as events, but as a single, eternal scream. He beheld the architects of creation, faceless and legion, weaving and unweaving the tapestry of all that is and is not. And worst of all, he remembered—remembered the moments before his own birth, before the birth of Limbo, when he had been part of the endless, churning chaos beyond meaning.

His body was gone now, or perhaps it had never been. There was only the Record, and the Record was him, was everything, was the unspoken truth that lurked beneath all lies of order and sense.

And then—

—silence.

The void vanished, and Rowan reappeared, screaming. A single line was burned into his soul,

“You have always been part of the Record. You always will be.”

It was a testament to Rowan’s unreasonable mental resilience that he was able to regain his mental state to a level where he could think for himself after a few hours.

What he had seen and witnessed were so grand and impossible, the thought of it was actively shattering his mind.

A faint laughter emerged from his throat, which soon turned to a scream.

In the distance, the New Light watched him, faint emotions erupting from the depths of her eyes that should hold nothing but the coldness of a Primordial.

It was unknown when she came towards Rowan, and kneeling behind him, took her hands and wrapped them around his body.

A faint vibration that was sharper than razors tore through every inch of her skin, making them bleed divine light, but she did not let go; the New Light held Rowan even as he screamed his pain and madness.

“I am here.” she said, “I am here.”

Chapter 1689: Fusion Requirements

Without the evolving power of his flesh, and the strength of his soul, Rowan knew he might have taken a very long time to regain his composure. But as it was, it took an entire month for his mind to regain back its calm.

Rowan had come across countless higher-order concepts, he had fought the Thrones of Primordials, even seen the true form of Death, and spoken with Reality, but all of his experiences was nothing compared to this one, and the closest that came to it was viewing the Nameless Horizon for a moment before he was squashed to death.

His eyes were cold as he took stock of his memories, and he nodded to himself when he observed that he would recover without any lingering side-effect.

Rowan could always afford to perform dangerous acts because he was assured that he would recover. Before opening the page of the Primordial Record and seeing its true form, he knew there was danger in that action, but he still took it.

Like he said before, he would rather choose the threat than let an unknown factor make that decision for him.

The Primordial Record still rested on his hand, page opened, but the vision that had tore his mind to pieces was gone, and only the normal red page remained, but Rowan knew that he could easily summon that merger again, he simply had to reach for it, and it would open up.

“Not yet, I am not strong enough.”

Although he was developing extremely quickly, the dangers and the mysteries he was encountering was scaling faster than his growth, and Rowan knew that he needed to break this balance.

He already had the potential to be great, and excavating that potential needed to accelerated. It would be a shame for him to be killed by his own powers.

Rowan was about to read through the records of the black book, already anticipating great changes when he paused and touched his chest, feeling echoes of a warmth that had been with him during his dark moments.

He smiled, allowing that warmth to sink into his body, he felt a bit stronger because of it, and he did not care to investigate if these changes were true or false, some things were better if they remained mysteries.

The Primordial Record flipped by itself to the ninth page, and although he knew there was a reason for that, he could not tell, not unless he choosed to merge with the Record once more.

PRiMORDiAL RECoRD

[FUSION REQUIREMENT... MET]

Name: Rowan Kuranos (Visible)

Will Bound Name – Eulxhu — Truth

True Name: Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar.

Cosmic Name: **EOS**

Age: 875,444,665 / 999,999,999,999,999,999...

Cosmic Physique:

Origin Strength Core: 9 Eos

Origin Agility Core: 8 Eos

Origin Constitution Core: 35 Eos

Class: Origin — Eclipsed Creator

You balance Creation and Destruction. This Class wields the power to create new dimensions and unravel them. Your burden is to maintain the cycle of existence.

Class Upgrade Available!

Title: [Activated]

Plane Shaper

Level 9[57%]

(Unrestricted access to any dimension at your present Will Level— Can access all 3rd, 4th, 5th, 6th, and 7th-dimensional universes.)

Chaos Breaker:

Level 9 [99%]

(Deal Increased damage to all members of the Chaos Bloodline, with a great level of resistance against all Chaos forces.)

Reality Shaper

Level 8 [81%]

Complete Dominion over Space under the fifth dimension. Intent can be manipulated according to your wish.

Primordial Titan [Origin]

You embody the raw element of Creation, your presence reshapes reality.

Realm Forger [Origin]

The master of dimensional manipulation and creation. Bend the fabrics of your reality to create and destroy.

Dread Harbinger [Origin]

Heralds of Ruin and Apocalypses. You bring about the end of Eras and wield cataclysmic powers to cleanse existence to prepare it for rebirth.

First Born: primogenitor. Your presence is unique in all creation. Grant enhanced defenses against all forms of mental manipulation and enhances all your Titles.

[Evolution requirement reached.]

Fuse Supreme Ancient Colossi + Reality Shaper [ACCEPT? Y/N]

Warden

Level 9[99%]

Guardian of the boundaries between realms.

[sixty-nine Lesser Titles not listed, incapable of being bound to your Dimensional Flesh, converted to Inheritance Orbs]

Aspect:

Berserker (Tier 7— Completed)

Lament Of Celestials (Tier 5— Completed)

Light Devourer (Tier 8 — Completed)

Realm Weaver (Tier 9 — Completed)

Time Wanderer (Tier 9 — Completed)

Space Breaker (Tier 9 — Completed)

[Ninety-three Lesser Aspects not listed, incapable of being bound to your Dimensional Flesh, converted to Inheritance Shards]

Realm Weaver: You have transcended the limitations of corporeal crafting, your touch changes the immaterial, and Concepts are yours to mold.

Time Wanderer: You are free from the Curse of Time, your path through time makes a perfect circle around you. You are untethered from Time, create your path, or forever remain adrift.

Space Breaker: You have been adrift in the Nothingness for too long and have gained immunity to its touch. Your dominion extends beyond reality.

Aspect Fusion – Requirement Met

Fuse Berserker + Lament of Celestials

Light Devourer + Time Wanderer

Space Breaker + Realm Weaver

[ACCEPT? Y/N]

Skills:

Berserker Blood (Apocalypse — Level Completed)

Weapon Master (Dominion — Level Completed)

You have gained absolute mastery over all forms of combat associated with weapons.

Bloodline Skill:

Ascension [Level 8 – 12%]

Dimensional Flesh [Level 5 – 100%]

Aspect Skill:

The Lost Flame (Tier 5 — Innate Convergence and Divergence)

Realm Blade (Tier 7 Completed)

Fusion Requirement Met:

Skills + Bloodline Skills + Aspect Skills can be fused

Passive:

Decipher language (complete)

Berserker Intent (Silver)

Realm Breaker (Purple)

Records:

ORIGIN OUROBOROS – [ORIGIN]

SERATHIS [ORIGIN]

CHRONOMANCER PRIME [ORIGIN]

Territory:

Dimensional Fabric

[First Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Second Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Third Dimension Completed – Seed?]

Seed Available: Space Origin

[Fourth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fifth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Sixth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Seventh Dimension Completed – Seed?]

Seed Available: Fate Origin

Bloodline Ability:

Purgatory Gate

Dimensional Skill:

Dimension Engine [Minor, Major, and Supreme— Completed]

Dimensional Absolute Skill: Breathe of Enoch X2

Dimensional Fabric Skills:

Astrolabe

Knowledge Well

Hollow Forge

Dimensional Flesh

Fabrics Skill:

Dimensional Master

[Dimensional Fabric expanded]

Fusion Requirement Met

Bloodline Ability + Dimensional Fabrics Skills

WILL:

Will of Truth [7th Level Completed]

Will of Elder [- Divus] - Origin]

[Bahamut - Origin]

[Ouroboros - Origin]

Will of Soul Origin [7th Level Completed.]

Will of Time [7th Level Completed.]

Unallocated Stat points: #Error#

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: Undetermined

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: Undetermined

SUPREME CIRCLE:

CIRCLE 1: Guardian Circle 1

CIRCLE 2: Guardian Circle 2

CIRCLE 3: Guardian Circle 3

CIRCLE 4: Destruction Circle 4

CIRCLE 5: Destruction Circle 5

CIRCLE 6: Destruction Circle 6

.....

CIRCLE 9: Undetermined

Note: Extensive Transformation yet to be displayed, can only proceed until all Fusion Requirements are met.

Proceed With Fusion?

Chapter 1690: Choosing The Record

When he first gained the Primordial Record, Rowan had depended on it for information; its short but succinct descriptions of bloodlines and their abilities were an essential tool he used in understanding his surroundings and figuring out hidden secrets.

The Primordial Record had also served as a method for judging his abilities and expanding on their usage. Due to the fact that Rowan had been unique from the start, he had no other individual who shared his abilities, so he had to find a way to discover the reach and limitations of his powers.

Without the Primordial Record, Rowan would have died or faced countless deadly hazards as he attempted to understand what he was capable of.

Over time, he grew increasingly powerful, and his dependence on the Primordial Record for figuring out the world around him drastically reduced as well. His greater consciousness and comprehension ability made his mind increasingly powerful as time went by, and he slowly graduated from a fledgling powerhouse to a terrifying, unique predator of immortals.

In recent years, Rowan has stopped utilizing the Primordial Record as much, not because it has lost its relevance—far from it; like Rowan, the Primordial Record is also adjusting to fit Rowan's growing powers and needs.

The first significant changes came about when it found a way to create a Class that fit Rowan's present capabilities, and assisted him in the creation of his Origin Land, and now, with Rowan acquiring the power of Origin, another leap forward in its capabilities had been created, which was fusion.

This ability had always been present in the Primordial Record, and its usage was spectacular, but it could not reach the levels of option that it had just presented to Rowan at the moment.

Rowan did not have to guess how such a potent degree of fusion was now available, when he knew it was because he had finally bridged the gap between his dimensional flesh and his original nature as a Reality.

Only with such a robust foundation could a proper fusion begin to occur where all of his multiple abilities and bloodlines would be fused into a singular and potent power whose limits were unknown.

Rowan had always known that the path of the Primordial Record was centered on the ultimate fusion with him. In the past, when this fusion had occurred, the singularity had been in a dominant position due to how weak and incomplete Rowan's foundations were.

If he had agreed to fuse with the Primordial Record in the past, he would have certainly gotten extremely powerful in the short term, but he would have lost his mind to the singularity, and his potential would have been capped at the Primordial level.

With his stubbornness, Rowan had stuck to his path and chose to be the master of his fate. Slowly growing his powers and digging into the secrets of his past, Rowan's personal power base had grown to such an extent that fusion with the Primordial Record was no longer a simple affair.

His dimensional flesh and soul, his Origin Land and bloodlines, his multiple powerful wills, titles and techniques, all of these were not simple powers that could be easily managed, instead a highly complex procedure of filtering and matching were to be made, his abilities needed to be grown, refined and understood, and then the Primordial Record could attempt fusion.

Rowan was no longer a simple immortal that could be merged with the Record. His dimensional flesh had the potential to hold multiple Origins, essentially making him a Primordial of numerous paths, and his Origin Land held potential that was unmatched since nothing like it had existed since the beginning of existence.

All of these changes were quite important because Rowan had longed to understand that the Primordial Record was not an average Singularity.

Unlike every other singularity in existence that acted like seeds to water the foundation of a budding Reality, the Primordial Record aimed for something more, and whatever that thing was, Rowan would only know when their fusion was complete.

However, this was not what separated the Primordial Record from every other singularity in existence; what did was the fact that Rowan was not the first entity that it had merged with.

It was rare, almost nonexistent, that Singularities survived the total eradication of their host. The World Stele was not destroyed because fragments of Thenos's memories remained, and so did the so-called Map, as well as the unknown third Singularity of Eosah.

If their hosts were to be entirely destroyed with nothing remaining, the Singularity would perish alongside them, but the Primordial Record was different; it was almost as if it were a parasite that could give unimaginable benefits to its host, but when they fell, it could easily detach from them and find a stronger host.

Although it had not occurred often in the past, the Primordial Record had told Rowan about previous hosts and how Rowan was far distinguished from any of them.

Rowan, not understanding what it meant for a Singularity to not only exist after its hosts were killed but also take multiple hosts, did not understand the significance of that revelation until now.

There was a portion of the mind of the Primordial Record that was filled with the experiences of his previous hosts, and every page that was flipped before the present one, which occupied Rowan's consciousness, was the remnants of all of those that came before him.

This should have made Rowan more wary of the Primordial Record; instead, it was the opposite. Rowan felt a close kinship with the black book because it reminded him of himself.

Rowan suspected that the previous hosts might not all be Realities like him, with some being extraordinary beings like Thenos, but the Primordial Record must have survived their destruction.

The Primordial Record was a Singularity that had lived far longer than it should have, survived what would have killed any other Singularities, and its stubbornness was familiar to Rowan, because he recognized that madness, and the desire to make the impossible possible.

It was for the recognition of this madness that kept Rowan in communion with the Primordial Record. With his present powers, it would be difficult but still possible to strip himself of this Singularity, but he still decided to keep the bond.

The Primordial Record may be flawed, but Rowan would not choose any other Singularity if given the chance, as he suspected that with the damage that had been done to him even before he was born, only the Primordial Record was able to squeeze out his potential and elevate him to the powerhouse he had become.

There was always a price for power, and the greater the power, so also was the price that would be paid for it.

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Since realizing that fusion was the main path of the Primordial Record, Rowan did not choose to check the Record every chance he had. He would wait until he had used his abilities to the limits and made new breakthroughs before opening the Record because he knew there would be potent new fusions waiting for him.

He had made a considerable elevation from dimensional flesh to acquiring his Origin Land. Now, he was making another big leap to acquiring Origin for each of his dimensional layers.

Knowing that this fusion would push his abilities to the next level, Rowan focused on the changes and pulled up the first fusion.

Chapter 1691: My Will Would Remain Until The End Of All Things

To begin his fusion, Rowan knew he could not just pick any random fusion at the start, else he would risk the collapse of his body, and that would delay his ascension.

In four years' time, he had a battle on his hands, and he could not risk the delay that would arise from evolving into a form that would take centuries or even millions of years to adapt to.

None of Rowan's present abilities were weak; each was powerful enough to shake all of existence, and they were the result of countless fusions and refinements to create something that was beyond Supreme.

Yet, he was about to take these overpowered abilities and make them even more powerful, and the question here was not if the results of the fusion were powerful enough, but if he could bear them.

Rowan quickly disregarded his Class upgrade for now. Before he began upgrading his Class, he needed to complete all of his abilities' fusions, because the new abilities he got from these fusions would determine the direction of his new Class.

The fusions available to him were:

Title Fusion, which would fuse all of his Titles, and then his Aspect Fusion, followed by a fusion of his Skills, Bloodline Skills, and Aspect Skills, and the last portion of his powers that could be fused were his Bloodline Abilities, which were to be fused with his Dimensional Fabrics Skills.

If he succeeds, then he would be revamping his powers to a new domain, and so Rowan went through the options carefully, before deciding to begin his fusion with his titles.

To handle all of these changes effectively, Rowan would need a base of power that was solid enough, yet still possessed great flexibility.

His dimensional flesh was constantly being upgraded, and if it was completed and he gained Space Origin, then he was not afraid of any disruption to his body, but he did not expect his body ascension to Origin to take a few years, Rowan best estimate was a hundred billion years, but that time could be shortened as he grew more powerful.

With all of these in mind, Rowan decided that the first fusion he needed to make was with his titles, especially the ones that focused on his physique. This should allow him the base of power to complete the rest of his fusion in a short time.

Still sitting in midair, Rowan's right hand reached into the space beside him, tearing Reality apart with a gesture and reaching into his Origin Land.

Inside his Origin Land, a massive palm that could hold a million universes appeared in the depths of the Origin Land, and the hand clenched its fist, causing space to shatter and time to erupt.

With a single move, the hand created a time-storm, a phenomenon of such fury and power that immortals would dread to venture into it.

Grasping the entire time-storm with a single grab, a powerful will erupted from the center of the palm and refined the storm, disregarding all the essence of time that was not needed.

Slow-time, frozen-time, reverse-time, time-warp, time-weld....and a thousand other aspects of time were discarded until he held in his palm the purest essence of time.

This move might appear simple on the surface, but this was the culmination of the power of Chronomancer Prime, aided by the power of his seventh-dimensional Will of Time-Origin.

The massive palm vanished from the Origin Land, and Rowan opened his palm to see a small river of pale purple water, which was the physical distillation of time.

Rowan knew that no immortal in Reality should be capable of this, maybe not even Primordial Time himself, because to distill time in this manner, what was needed was a thriving Reality with a robust foundation, and up till this moment, Rowan had not seen the limits of his Origin Land.

While his right hand cupped the river of time, his left hand extended into space and banished it with a flick of his hand, creating a void of nothingness around him. His body

shivered, releasing subtle vibrations that reacted with the nothingness, reaching deep into the fourth layer of the void and creating a new foundation of space around him.

A loud snap resounded all around Rowan as, with a single gesture, he created a nascent Reality around him. This Reality lacked every basic law except that of the void, and nothing could exist here, not even life or death.

Even Rowan became frozen in place; his mind had gone blank, like an insect frozen in amber. He had imprisoned himself in a space outside of Reality.

In the depths of his mind, Rowan's consciousness was still active, even creating a Reality without laws was not enough to halt all of his consciousness in an instant, because for Rowan, an instant can be a long time.

This was not an application of the power of time, only a result of his powerful consciousness.

To Rowan, his consciousness now resembled a vast universe filled with countless stars that hummed with an entrancing melody, and at this moment, billions of stars were going dim. This represented the decline of his mental state as it was dragged under the spell of nothingness.

However, with the size of his mind, it would take a trillion years before all the stars went silent.

Rowan closed his eyes, and a trillion years went by, and when he opened his eyes, only one star was left shining.

He gave a self-deprecating chuckle,

"Am I that attracted to oblivion, or is it the peace that could be found in silence that draws me so? Maybe it is fear? I still have those, or perhaps... perhaps, it is excitement!"

"BOOOM!!!"

A heartbeat burst out of this last star like an explosion of laws that shredded the darkness around him, and with this single piece of his consciousness, he commanded his right hand to turn.

Rowan's hand remained still, even with his powerful consciousness commanding it to move, but his will was unbreakable, and so even as the last star went silent and was smothered by darkness, his will still remained.

Outside this zone of new Reality created by Rowan, a month had gone by. Anyone watching Rowan's frozen body would think he would remain this way forever, but a closer observation would reveal that his right hand... was moving.

The motion was slight, almost impossible to notice due to his massive size, which was as large as a solar system. This was Rowan's base form when he had shrunk it to its smallest size. If he wanted, he could still shrink until he was in the shape of a man, but he was more comfortable in his true "smallest" form.

His wrist was slowly turning, and another moth went by. It was almost a third of the way through its revolution when the threshold was crossed, and the river of time he held in his palm began to pour out of it.

The first drop fell from his palm and was absorbed by the empty Reality; it almost seemed hungry, as if, like nature, this empty Reality abhorred a vacuum and was craving to fill it up.

More drops of time began to fall, and soon a flood followed behind. All were rapidly absorbed by the hungry Reality, and with a loud crack, the laws of time were instituted in this place, and Rowan gasped awake.

He looked around him and smiled. He had not been one hundred percent sure that his experiment would work, and no, he was not referring to creating an empty Reality devoid of laws and pouring a river of time into it. He knew that would work. What he did not know could work was if his will could withstand his "death."

One should not blame Rowan for his apparent carelessness; he had been placed in the midst of dangers too frequently and had come across powers that made him doubt his supremacy over his fate.

Rowan was not afraid of death; he was only scared of letting down the people who trusted him. He had all the powers in the world, and for him, he had lived far longer than he had ever hoped for, and achieved great things, and if he could die in the next moment, he would not rage against it.

But what he could not endure was to pass away with so much of his promises and potential left unfulfilled.

Rowan did not know how, but he would make sure that even if he were to fail in his journey, like the Primordial Record, his will would never die and continue for all eternity!

"My Will would remain until the end of all things."

Placing his mind away from these depressing thoughts, Rowan analyzed the power of time inside this space and saw that he had about three million years of time.

A smile touched the edge of his lips.

Primordial Demon gave him a hundred years so that despite Rowan's potential, he would not be able to achieve much, but Rowan did not care, when he could create miracles like this.

Chapter 1692: The Reality Crown

Chapter 1692: The Reality Crown

As far as he could tell, the secret about his status as a nascent Reality was only known by Primordial Soul, and maybe Primordial Time, because if the rest of the Primordials knew of his status, he doubted they would allow him the time to develop.

Still, it would not really matter if the Primordials knew of his status as a nascent Reality, when many of the things he could accomplish had faintly exceeded the capabilities of any Reality.

In this space where only time and space existed, he had four million years to play with, and if his calculations were correct, barely a year would pass by in real time.

This technique was powerful, but Rowan could only use it inside of Reality instead of his Origin Land due to the weakened nature of this Reality's space. If he had tried the same technique inside his Origin Land, then he would have barely gained a thousand years of time.

Satisfied that the basic preparation for his elevation was completed, Rowan confirmed that this space, devoid of any laws, could cause any unknown disruption in his bodily functions, and concluded that it was impossible.

An immortal might go insane inside this space after a short while with the absence of any laws apart from space and time, but Rowan had no such issues, and he could perfectly live and even thrive in such a space.

With his last issue settled, Rowan closed his eyes, and for the first time in countless millions of years, he slept.

It had been a while since he had slept, and even though it was not needed, some part of him, which even his immortal nature could not fully fathom, was weary.

Rowan would like to think that he carried all of his parts from the mortal to the immortal portions, and in times like these, his mortal side, which had been suppressed for so long, still needed sustenance.

A thousand years later, Rowan opened his eyes and began the fusion process immediately. Even while asleep, a portion of his mind had been deliberating on the expected outcome from his fusion, and he picked his base first.

“Primordial Record, attend to me,” Rowan gave a mental command, “I accept the fusion of Reality Shaper and Supreme Ancient Collosi.”

His words were like a bomb dropped inside a tranquil pool. At first, there was silence, and then his entire body shuddered before loud tearing noises erupted from his flesh.

Rowan groaned in pain as a cascade of information poured into his mind. For the first time ever, he was able to follow the actions of the Primordial Record as it elevated his flesh.

He could sense the Primordial Record reaching into the depths of history, through countless eras of time that baffled Rowan’s comprehension, and it pulled inspiration from all of it, and then coupled with Rowan’s impressive foundation as both a Supreme Ancient Collosi and a Reality Shaper... something new was born.

There had been Reality Shapers in the past, as well as Supreme Ancient Collosi; however, there had never been a melding of both.

Destruction ravaged not only Rowan’s body but his mind as well, a Reality Shaper controlled dimension as easily as breathing. At the same time, an Ancient Collosit treated their bodies as sacred dimensions, utterly indestructible and unchangeable.

Their nature was separate and inviolable, and for any fusion to occur, only a Singularity like the Primordial Record, and an insane physique like Rowan’s could foster it.

In the process of this fusion, there were a million failures. His body, however, could accommodate these failures and learn from them, but it was not all for naught, as the Primordial Record rapidly eliminated all the wrong paths and surged towards the correct one.

Rowan watched this process in fascination, not caring about the pain of his body being brought to the brink of destruction and beyond.

His mind went blank for a moment before returning, and Rowan realized that he had just exploded into pieces a moment before. Even his flesh, which was on the verge of becoming a Reality, could not withstand the collision of such impossible forces.

It did not take long for Rowan to understand that a title like Supreme Ancient Collosi or Reality Shapers was given to Realities and other impossibly powerful immortals who may be roaming in Limbo.

Time flowed like water, as thousands of years went by in a blink of an eye. Rowan’s body kept exploding under the strain of this transition, but with every time this occurred, what emerged was different and stronger.

Rowan was also amazed that the fusion between these titles was beginning to accelerate his acquisition of Space Origin.

The time when he could make great leaps in power in a few seconds was gone. Sure, he could become powerful during battle with his comprehension, but Rowan was not really getting stronger; he was just excavating his latent potential and utilizing his strength in the most efficient manner.

Even if he could reach the ninth-dimensional level in a thousand years, this was not truly growth. His bloodlines and talents made it easy for him to get to the ninth-dimensional level, but there was a difference between his latent potential and upgrading his capabilities.

At this point in his development, his growth was not covered in centuries or millennia, but in billions of years. If he wanted to step outside of his potential, that would cost time and resources.

Pleased with this unexpected benefit, Rowan continued his observation of the process, watching the core of his physique being cleansed and changed on the fundamental level, until the changes overwhelmed his consciousness and he fell into slumber.

During his slumber, great changes were ongoing all over his body, as he was broken and rebuilt, over and over again, and every time this happened, the version of Rowan that emerged was growing stranger.

For a long time, he had been keeping his humanoid body as his primary appearance, but that was not his real form, and during his slumber, his body began changing into something new and terrible.

The most striking change, however, was not on his body but was occurring a few thousand miles above his head.

At first, it began like sparks, which soon exploded into a floating, fragmented halo that shone with a pale alien light.

The appearance of this halo was undoubtedly a crown, and if Rowan were awake, he would notice that this crown was made from shattered dimensions, each displaying a different view of Reality.

Every time Rowan's dimensional flesh was shattered and remade, not all of him was brought into the new iteration of his body; the part of his flesh that was discarded was too powerful to be disposed of. Instead, they began to gather into a crown above his head.

This crown surged with all the endless possibilities that were never meant to be, and each of these possibilities held power that could not be destroyed, and gathering above Rowan,

they accelerated his transition into a new life form. It was as if an extra source of computational ability had been added to the mix, and his ascension surged.

Rowan would have seen the similarities of this crown with the Supreme Circles, but where the Supreme Circle had covered only the power of Intent and Wills, this crown covered everything, including the control of dimensions and realities that Primordials could not touch.

As the crown over Rowan's head solidified, a line appeared in the Primordial Record: The Reality Crown.

Chapter 1693: Apex Omniversal Titan

Three hundred thousand years from the day Rowan began fusing his Supreme Ancient Collosi title with Reality Shaper, his eyes opened.

His eyes, which were now black as void with no trace of white inside them, flashed with entrancing geometric patterns that seemed to show traces of memories and the fate of all lifeforms in existence.

His gaze, however, was cold and indifferent, as if he were a being that stood above all of existence and could see through all things, but then Rowan blinked, and the enigmatic glow in his eyes faded.

Looking down on his new body, Rowan immediately saw that his size had grown, nearly tripling in height, and his weight had gone in the opposite direction and had shrunk.

It was not as if he had lost mass; instead, it had all been gathered in a single spot, and his eyes naturally fell to the center of his chest, where a glowing three-part emblem burned like the core of a red star.

Curious, Rowan touched it, feeling a subtle barrier opening up before his finger was allowed to touch the emblem, and he knew if it were anyone else, an intense backlash would have crushed any attempt they made to touch it.

Once he touched it, the blazing glow of the emblem subsided and revealed its shape, which swirled in a chaotic pattern but soon resolved into a tri-shelled sigil.

The first sigil was on top and its color was red, shaped like a black hole, a faint sucking sensation could be felt when Rowan touched it, and he sensed an unlimited amount of pure strength flowing through the sigil that left a smoking char on his fingertips.

Moving his finger down to touch the next sigil that was in the shape of a blue fractal helix, Rowan sensed pure speed; even the shape of the helix was reminiscent of infinite motion.

The last sigil was golden and resembled a shield, radiating impossible defense. Dropping his finger away from his chest, the emblem began to burn with a red glow, hiding the secrets of the sigils once more.

“Could this be my strength, agility, and constitution core? They feel different,” musing internally, Rowan instinctively pulled on the power of the emblem, and he watched as it unfolded like a mechanical flower, and he gasped when a pure wave of power flooded his body, reminding him of when he launched his Ascension Technique, but this feeling was much more intense and purer.

It was almost the difference between the power of a small flame and that of the sun; if he had access to this power, then he would rip a hundred of his previous selves with no problem.

He released the power from the emblem, noticing that his physique had felt no strain despite channeling so much power inside of him.

With the connection to the Primordial Record, he knew this emblem had a simple name: the Tri-Core Sigil.

If he were correct, this meant all of his physical attributes had been placed under the banner of this sigil, further strengthening and streamlining his powers.

However, this burning emblem on his chest was nothing before the changes that had happened behind him.

“WHOOSH...”

Two massive wings, that did not appear to be real but were projections of shadows, hovered behind him. They were not connected to his flesh, and only by looking deep into the dimensional layer could an observer see them, but this fusion had finally given Rowan his wings.

He knew this was not just wings but the projection of his influence. Reality would bend before his passage, as a flap of his wings would rewrite existence all around him.

Turning a bit to the side, Rowan stretched his left wing, and peered deeply into it, observing that within was a storm of collapsing dimensions, while glancing at his right wing, he saw that within were newborn dimensions.

“So it would seem that my nature as an Eclipsed Creator still carries through to my wings.”

Rowan barely connected to the Primordial Record to know the name of his new appendage. They were the Wings of the Omniverse, and their most basic function was to erase and rebuild space as he moved.

These wings would finally tear him apart from all of existence, making him a being that was untouched by all. Rowan also noticed his floating crown, and his new eyes, understanding that all of these changes were all part of a whole new package.

If he brought them all together, that would represent the true nature of his ascension. Rowan whispered, a bit in awe and confusion,

“What am I becoming?”

In his consciousness, the Primordial Record wrote,

“Apex Omniversal Titan.”

Previously, Rowan might only get a few descriptions of what his new nature was, and would then slowly take the time to decipher it, but with his new connection with the Primordial Record, everything was fully displayed in great detail, and it took more than a year for Rowan to completely digest it all.

Apex Omniversal Titan:

You are an unstoppable force, a being whose very existence bends reality to match your supreme physical and metaphysical dominance. Your body is an indestructible engine of cosmic will, and your mind shapes the fabric of existence itself.

Delving deeper into this form, Rowan revealed more of its secrets. Discovering that it combined the features of his flesh and his will.

Powers and Traits:

Infinite Titan Core:

Your body operates on absolute perfection.

Strength Core: Your physical might has no upper limit, allowing you to shatter dimensions with a punch, lift infinite mass, or generate gravitational singularities through sheer force.

Agility Core: You move beyond time and space, teleportation, omnipresence within your domain, and immeasurable speed (strike before the concept of “attack” exists).

Constitution Core: You are invulnerable on all levels. No force, paradox, or erasure can destroy you unless you permit it.

Rowan paused here for a moment, analyzing the powers of his Infinite Titan Core, knowing that with just this trait alone, he was invincible under the Primordial Level, and

he wondered if the real bodies of the Primordial outside of Reality could share a similar trait like these.

However, Rowan knew that all these powers were things he needed to grow into. The Primordial Record was showing him all the possibilities of his new being, and it was up to Rowan to utilize all of this potential to the limit.

The same way that most mortal men would not be able to know the limits of their body's capabilities unless they pushed themselves to the limits, all of these powers would be useless if Rowan were not able to utilize them effectively and find ways to develop and refine them.

Still, this was not all of the powers of his new physique; he delved deeper into it.

Reality-Forged Physiology:

Your form is a living law of Reality, immune to alterations unless you desire them.

Passive Reality Aura:

Space, time, and matter auto-adjust to sustain you (All spaces in existence stabilize just to handle your presence).

Self-Willed Existence:

You cannot be weakened, restrained, or negated—even by higher-dimensional beings.

Absolute Dominion:

Warp Reality by Thought. You will instantly rewrite Laws, Events, Possibility

Supreme Authority:

Lesser beings must obey your unspoken decrees.

Titan's Apotheosis:

Growth Beyond Limits:

The longer you exist, the more your power expands infinitely.

Consume Realities: Absorb dimensions to fuel your cores.

Evolve Adaptively:

Develop new powers in response to threats.

All of these powers were grand, but in some ways, Rowan already possessed all of them, albeit in a limited manner. He could see that this ascension boosted all of them to new heights and made it possible for him to access them more deeply.

However, he left the best for last, knowing that this was the fundamental change, the lynchpin of his new status as an Apex Omniversal Titan.

Rowan could feel the power radiating from the pages of the Primordial Record, even if he had not touched this power yet, and as much as it thrilled him, it also humbled him, because he knew if someone held this power, they would have easily killed the previous him, ten times over.

Final Form: The Last Pantheon

You are the end of all hierarchies—a being that replaces gods, multiverses, and narratives. When you act, existence itself rewrites history to pretend you were always the supreme ruler.

Weakness (Optional):

If you want balance, the only limit could be self-imposed purpose—your power scales with your ambition. Without a goal, you stagnate as a passive force of nature.

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For a long time, Rowan was mute with shock, unable to comprehend the power of this final form.

“How can a power like this be something I can claim?”

Chapter 1694: Drown In Fear

Chapter 1694: Drown In Fear

Rowan knew that this level of fusion might bring about unexpected changes; after all, he was fusing concepts that were at the ninth-dimensional level, but he had not expected that it would bring about changes that were so... unexpected.

This was just the first set of fusion. Even though he was not expecting another set of changes as sweeping as this one, the rest would surely give him unexpected surprises, and after all of it was done and he evolved his class one more time, what would he become?

As Rowan was deliberating on these changes, something was nagging at the back of his mind when he saw the overall abilities of this new title, because some of its abilities overlapped with his other Supreme Titles.

Checking the Primordial Record, he saw that his suspicions were correct; all of his Titles and even the numerous lesser titles that could not be listed because they were below the Supreme level were all gone.

His new physique had swallowed them all.

Rowan did not think that this was much of a loss, as he did not lose out in any way; instead, he had skipped countless eras of refinement that would take to master all of these abilities and fuse them into a single whole.

There were certain drawbacks that would arise from skipping over the process of mastering all these abilities, because Rowan would have to slowly figure out all of the powers of being an Apex Omniversal Titan, but for someone with his level of comprehension, this was not a serious drawback.

He had been able to buy enough time in this space, and if he could not master his abilities in the millions of years that were left for him, Rowan would strike his head against a block of cheese to kill himself.

He briefly lamented the loss of Plane Shaper, Chaos Breaker, Primordial Titan, Realm Forger, Dread Harbinger, and Forst Born; still, he knew they were all a part of what he had become.

Rowan's mind flashed over to the space underneath Oblivion, and he wondered if, by just these changes as an Apex Omniversal Titan, he could enter that place?

There was no need to put the cart before the horse; Rowan still had more fusion to do, and since the base of his physique was ready, and he had spent a total of two hundred and fifty thousand years for this ascension alone, he needed to focus on the next.

After finishing all of his fusion and ascension, then he could begin practicing and adapting to his new body.

The next fusion Rowan decided upon was his Aspect Fusion, and he picked Berserker and Laments of Celestials. He carefully selected this option over fusing Light Devourer and Time Wanderer, Space Breaker, and Realm Weaver.

With the example of the first fusion devouring the remaining titles, Rowan knew that any Aspect fusion he selected first would devour the rest of his Aspects.

Of all of his Aspects, Berserker and Laments of Celestials were the few that did not overlap with the abilities he could gain from being an Apex Omniversal Titan, and most of all Rowan had always favored the combat abilities of the Berserker, and most of his fighting techniques were born from the Berserker Arts, not to mention that his Reflections were born from taking apart some of the mysteries of this art.

However, as time went by, the Berserker Arts had become too weak for him to utilize effectively in battle, and Rowan had left it behind, but now there was a chance for it to be resurrected into something that would shake all of existence.

He did not forget that although his Berserker Arts should be a low-level technique, the Primordial Record had still insisted on keeping this technique and disregarded all the countless powerful techniques Rowan had mastered over the years.

What this suggested to Rowan was that even though the Berserker Arts were not very powerful, their potential was so great that even the Primordial Record still chose to keep them over the countless powerful techniques mastered by him.

Rowan was willing to sacrifice the dominion of his remaining Aspects while keeping his Berserker Arts and the Laments of Celestial as the core.

Laments of Celestial possessed powers that could significantly suppress the power of Light, and if Rowan could enhance this power, then he would have a sure-fire method to deal with one of the Primordials, and there was nothing stopping this power from being able to affect other Primordials.

His other Aspects would not vanish; their powers would only boost these two, and Rowan was firm in his decision.

All of the reasons for choosing Berserker and Lament of Celestial came from cool calculation, but Rowan's choice was firmly decided by one thing: his rage and his promise.

Berserker Art and Lament of Celestial were born from his wrath. Rowan could see no better way to channel his rage than to focus them on a technique that could properly channel his anger.

Rowan knew that if this Aspect were completed, there were few who would be deserving of its wrath, but the Primordials... they were worthy of the horror of this technique.

"Primordial Record, heed my command, fuse Berserker and Lament of Celestial," Rowan commanded.

Inside his body, Rowan began to feel spots of heat erupting from the hidden places in his dimensional flesh. He would have never been able to sense this happening before he became an Apex Titan, but now he could trace all the power Aspects flowing across his body and converging towards his chest.

Observing all of his varied Aspects with fascination, Rowan suddenly detected a feeling of danger, and his eyes widened a moment in surprise before he realized that the sense of danger was coming from the Aspects all heading towards a single point in his chest.

"Oh, this is bad... a good thing I have a good physique, let me brace for..."

“Boom!”

Rowan held his head and groaned in pain before he gritted his teeth, refusing to let any sound escape from his mouth. His torso began to glow red as if it were metal being rapidly heated, but apart from this, his body did not have any other adverse reaction.

Rowan had no time to praise his foresight because it was his mind that was being bombarded by this fusion; his dimensional soul, as it turned out, was falling far behind his power of the flesh, and if not for his body soaking up a greater portion of the damage, his soul would have collapsed.

Red smoke began to pour out of Rowan’s nostrils, and he could hear cries of rage and despair inside the smoke as if this were the bloody remnants of a shattered Reality.

His eyes turned red as a wave of bloodlust so terrible it created a sea of bloody screaming skulls around him that began to sing in a haunting tone.

Celestials were the creator of music, and when they lamented, their voices could shake an epoch. The bloody rage of the Berserkers being fused with these lamentations was an abomination that should never have occurred, and before long, the entirety of Rowan’s body was covered by a sea of bloody skulls whose mournful music would have drowned a Reality in fear and madness.

Chapter 1695: Slaughter Revenant

Rowan was bathed in a sea of lamentation and madness for what felt like an eternity, and his mind was brought past the threshold of madness that shattered his soul into pieces.

It was only his flesh that kept him sane. His physique was unchanging and unbreakable; he was able to find solace within it, but Rowan did not want the allure of tranquility. This was not why he picked this Aspect; he wanted blood, he wanted madness, and he pushed himself away from the safety of his flesh.

Dragging his torn and battered soul into the songs of madness being created by a trillion bloody skulls, Rowan joined them and led their symphony, and the song of madness began to rise.

There was so much for him to rage against, so much pain and suffering that he had been forced to endure, so much madness he had to live through. Rowan could see the face of all his dead children, his children of the stars, his angels, forced to become weapons just to harm him....

He could see the death of his mother, his friend, his sons and daughters... the countless weight of all that had come and gone and the smiles he may never see again...

“BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM”

A resounding thump like the sound of a marching army a trillion strong shook the space, as Rowan’s mad roar emerged from the lamentations of madness,

“I am the scream that shall end the Primordials! I shall end the omnipotent and gnaw on their bones.”

Accompanied by the wails of madness from the bleeding skulls, a frenzied air of madness and desolation rose from this space as if it had become the site of the summoning of a primordial of blood and madness.

“BOOM BOOM BOOM BOOM”

“I am the Black Hymn of Annihilation! I am the hollowing of the infinite, the final nightmare that outlives dreams...”

A terrible scream arose from the skulls as if the words of Rowan brought pain and despair, before their number exploded in magnitude, as the skulls could no longer be counted, their numbers represented all the dead inside of Reality, and Rowan was giving them a voice.

“Let all of existence look upon me and despair!”

Rowan did not notice it at first, but as he spoke, another voice was sounding with him. If a shadow were given voice, it would sound like this.

A loud cry like the hymn of a demented chorus being sung by mad gods resounded in a weird tone as if it were being sang in reversed broke out across the countless skulls and they began to pour into the body of Rowan who also started to scream in a manner where it was unknown if it was pain, pleasure or madness.

The skulls could not enter through any part of his body but his mouth, and despite billions of skulls pouring down his throat in every moment, his screams never ended.

A bright red glow emerged from his body like a bloody sun, and the figure of Rowan was lost within it. From afar, it was as if a gigantic red egg enveloped him.

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Two hundred thousand years went by in the blink of an eye, and the shell that covered him had gone dark.

Inside the dark shell, Rowan awakened and took his first breath after all this time, and the shell surrounding him, which was stronger than any material found inside Reality, collapsed into nothing.

Rowan looked down upon himself. There were not many changes in his body, except his crown, which no longer shone with the glow of fading dimensions; it was now tinged in red, as if every dimension was a hell soaked in endless bloodshed.

He felt an itch across his body, and with a flex of his will, his naked body was transformed, and a reddish black full-body armor was forged from the wings of all his dead angels. They were gone, but they remained with him.

Countless sigils of blood pulsed through the armor, and Rowan's hair turned red. There should be a shroud of desolation covering him now, but instead, there was nothing but sadness as he slowly caressed the armor. In every feather, he could see the face of all his dead angels.

"I do not deserve to be called a father to you all if I do not bring their heads to worship at your graves."

His eyes slowly turned to the side as he looked at the page of the Primordial Record, and as he had expected, all of his Aspects were gone, except one.

Slaughter Revenant.

Rowan shuddered. The name was simple, but he felt it was fitting.

In the process of creating this Aspect, his bloodlust and rage were not the only ingredients; otherwise, the result would have been something else, but the rage of the Primordial Record was added to it.

It was not everything that the Record had to give. Rowan did not think his mind was capable of holding all of that primordial rage, but it was enough to mutate this Aspect further into something that was devoted only to the art of killing.

"Primordial Record, tell me what a slaughter revenant is?"

Blood-drenched words cut across the page of the black book like a knife carving into quivering flesh.

The Slaughter Revenant is the fallen of war—a being who channels the scream of dead divinities into unstoppable, reality-ending fury.

Your rage is not just physical; it shall corrupt Reality itself. It shall turn the heavens into a funeral dirge and the earth into a slaughterhouse of divine retribution.

Every word written on the page of the black book was a shock through Rowan's system, and he would have collapsed to the ground if not for the power of his body that held him in place. He could be dead, but his body would never fall.

“Show me what a Slaughter Revenant is capable of.”

Apocalyptic Onslaught (Berserker Perfected)

Infinite Rage: The more you fight, the stronger, faster, and more indestructible you become—there is no cap to this power.

Blood of the Slain Gods:

Every wound you take releases a wave of cursed energy, draining the life and power from everything nearby to fuel you.

Battlefield Possession: The ground you walk on becomes a graveyard of phantom warriors, fighting for you in echoes of past battles.

Unlike the Apex Omniversal Titan’s powers that were singular and whole, a Slaughter Revenant possessed two aspects, and Rowan had just seen the Berserker’s side, and now it was time to see the powers of the fallen Celestials.

Lament of the Vanished Heavens (Celestial Wrath)

Divine Plague: Your mere presence infects the world with “Heaven’s Rot”—a metaphysical decay that:

Erodes magic.

Kills hope.

Twists sanctity.

Voice of the Dead Pantheon:

Your roar is a chorus of murdered gods, dealing psychic, spiritual, and physical damage simultaneously.

This was the power of the Celestial side, but there was still more. The true strength of a Slaughter Revenant emerged when these two sides were brought together, giving birth to a forbidden power.

Eclipse Form (True Awakening)

Your body becomes a black hole of violence—a silhouette wreathed in crimson eclipse light, with celestial corpses orbiting you like a shattered halo

Reality Crush:

The air around you weeps blood, and the sky darkens as if the stars themselves fear you.

Finality Strikes:

Your attacks ignore durability, causality, and resistance—what you hit stays dead, erased from history's record.

Doombringer's Covenant

Divine-Slaying: Any being claiming divinity burns in your presence (their power becomes your fuel).

Army of One:

You don't need allies—the anguished spirits of fallen warriors rise as your undead legion when you fight.

Judgment of the Unworthy:

Those who flee from you are hunted by phantom revenants of their own sins.

Weakness (Optional)

The Last Lament: If you ever stop fighting, the accumulated sorrow of the dead gods crushes you into a weeping statue—eternally trapped in your own grief.

The power of a Slaughter Revenant was unlike anything that Rowan had ever seen, but for a long time, he sat in silence, not glorying in the powers that he had gained, but in the responsibility that came with them.

Rowan touched his armor one last time before he dismissed it. He knew that it was not yet complete, it was missing a weapon, and when he sheathes his destroyer beside the armor, he would unlock its final form.

“They do not know what is coming for them; how could they possibly understand the depths of our rage and madness?”

Chapter 1696: Realm-Butcher's Onslaught

At this moment, Rowan now had a single Title and Aspect, and six hundred thousand years had gone by, leaving him with 3.4 million years to work with.

He wanted to rest his mind and body; these two changes were not simple transformations, but Rowan knew that time may seem plentiful, but it was hardly enough for him to complete his fusion and thoroughly master his new abilities before the final war began.

New and unexpected enemies had arrived on the board, the presence of Primordial Soul was a factor that was extremely dangerous to him, and she had the capability of destroying Rowan if he did not begin rapidly making changes to all of his plans.

Done with two fusions, Rowan picked his third, which would be fusing his Skills, Aspect Skills, and his Bloodline Skills.

This would be a massive fusion and was among the ones that Rowan was not sure if what would arise from it would be amazing or mediocre.

He had gathered a lot of skills over the the years, and if he was going to be fusing them with his bloodline skills which were ridiculously powerful, and Aspect skills, he expected a clash that could bring about brilliance or something not worth having, after all, these were simply skills, and were not deeply connected to him like his Aspects or his Titles, with the only factor that could change all of this being his bloodline skills.

Of the many skills he had acquired in life, the Primordial Record chose to keep only two, which were his Berserker Blood skill at the Apocalypse level and his Weapon Master skill that was at the Dominion level.

Weapon Master gave him absolute mastery over all forms of combat associated with weapons, and it perfectly merged with Rowan's comprehension ability.

This skill was simple but effective, and using it alone, Rowan had slain countless Celestials, killed an Archon, and the Throne of a Primordial.

Then there was his Bloodline Skills, which included Ascension and Dimensional Flesh.

The utility of these two skills could not be overestimated, as for a long time, they had been Rowan's heavy hitters, especially his Ascension Skill that he rarely used due to how tumultuous it was to operate.

With the powers of an Apex Omniversal Titan, coupled with being a Slaughter Revenant, he no longer needed this skill, but it could be the basis of a powerful talent when this fusion was completed.

The last portion of this fusion would be his Aspect Skills, which included the Lost Flame at Tier 5 with the powers of Innate Convergence and Divergence, and the Realm Blade at Tier 7.

Rowan had mastered his Aspect Skills to the maximum; therefore, there was hardly any indicator when he used them in battle or everyday life, as they had been perfectly merged with his actions.

As an instance, Realm Blade was a skill that could cut through space and time without leaving any marks in Reality. Rowan constantly pierces through space and time with every

part of his body, and Realm Blade had always been merged with his actions, so instead of using brute force, space and time had easily parted at his gesture.

Rowan reviewed these six skills in total before he was satisfied that it was the right path to fuse them all into a single skill. There were, of course, countless skills he had mastered that were not listed among the six, but he knew all of these skills would become fuel for the ultimate skill about to be created here.

Rowan did not even have to order the Primordial Record as the Singularity seemed extremely eager to begin this fusion. It was almost as if the Primordial Record had no idea what this fusion result might be, and every creation it was making with the assistance of Rowan's unique abilities was deeply enlightening to the Singularity.

This may not be far from the truth, because if Singularities fed on the Fate and Destinies of their hosts, then every powerful fusion that emerged from Rowan carried such a massive amount of Karma that it was not just feeding the Primordial Record, it was actively growing it.

This meant that not only was Rowan growing stronger from this fusion, but the Primordial Record was also growing stronger.

The fusion began, and Rowan closed his eyes to deeply immerse himself in the process. A brief spell passed, and his eyes flashed open in mild surprise when he noticed that the direction of this fusion would not be taking place inside his body, but directly in front of him.

A faint sound, like the rapid exhalation of breath, exuded from his body, and a vague sense of emptiness began to rise inside him.

In front of Rowan, six massive runes appeared; they all varied in complexity and color, but all of these runes were the six primary skills that had been deemed worthy by the Primordial Record to be recorded on its page.

Countless tiny lights were clustered around these six runes, which should be all the numerous skills that Rowan had acquired in life, from simple archery to a skill that could create worlds out of dust.

A subtle wave erupted from his body and the Primordial Record at the same time, and they gathered over the six massive runes in front of him, each of them as large as a star. This wave acted like a pressure press, as the countless skills hovering around the six runes were pushed deep inside them with great force.

However, this forceful collision of countless skills did not lead to an explosion or chaos because the force directing them was too profound for such a rough process. All the skills, no matter how numerous, found a spot to merge into, like countless tributaries returning to the sea.

Rowan gained enlightenment from watching this process, and he could feel the power of his soul growing alongside this ongoing process. Already, his dimensional soul was benefiting from being housed in his new body.

Previously, Rowan may have believed that his dimensional soul was nearly perfect and was a power that could hardly be matched, and he was partially correct, but in the face of this new fusion he had undertaken, even his dimensional soul became dependent on it.

Perhaps if he had been able to consume Primordial Soul, then he might have acquired Soul Origin and patched out any minor insufficiencies inside his dimensional soul.

However, his enemies were not lifeless mannequins; they also possessed wisdom and cunning, and in the dark, they were also scheming for the ultimate prize.

“But all schemes would fall in the face of power.”

The six runes flashed brightly, all the skills that Rowan had mastered had been integrated inside them, and then, without any delay, the runes began to drift closer as a deeper level of fusion began.

Waves of voices whose origins could be traced to the beginning of existence began to pour out of the runes, shocking Rowan’s mind and drawing him into a state of profound enlightenment and introspection.

His eyes closed, and he seemed to fall into a deep slumber. In front of him, the six runes were rapidly fusing into one.

A hundred thousand years later, Rowan’s eyes opened, prompted by the Primordial Record as a single name flashed in front of him.

Realm-Butcher’s Onslaught

Chapter 1697: Erased

When Rowan opened his eyes, he saw the ending of a strange rune slipping into his chest. The rune had appeared almost alive, and a chill had spread across his bones, making them feel incredibly cold, and his flesh was hot.

Trying to find this rune inside him was a bit hard since the rune seemed determined to escape from his grasp.

Rowan smiled, it had been a while since he had something elude him for as long as this rune was doing. There was a certain playfulness to it that reminded him of the Lost Flames.

A playfulness that his the terrible and dangerous power they controlled.

His smile faded as the recollection of past memories took away his happiness. His memories were one of his most powerful assets, but it was in times like these that he almost regretted having them.

The Lost Flames was among the few in his memories that gave him nothing but joy. He was a good kid, and to weaken a Primordial, Rowan had sacrificed his power into the New Light.

“You are a cold bastard...” Rowan could hear the voice of Eva in his memories.

“Yes, I am,” Rowan muttered to himself as his senses exploded in power and he seized the rune in an instant. He no longer saw any pleasure in the chase; there was no time for that anymore. The only thing he should concern himself with was the battle.

The power of the rune entered his mind, and Rowan shuddered before he closed his eyes to understand it, the Primordial Record by his side, recording it.

For the first time, Rowan was not viewing the details of his power from the page; now the Singularity was reading it from him.

Realm-Butcher’s Onslaught:

A single perfect strike that fuses all the skills, Aspect Skills, and Bloodline Skills of an Eclipsed Creator into one dimension-ending cut.

This is not an attack; it is the death of possibility itself.

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The description of this skill was simple. Rowan had no time for the verbose rhetoric of the Primordials’ Record, but he knew that this skill was the strongest he had ever wielded in his life.

Opening his eyes, he grabbed the air and made a blade out of time; this was the only law he could easily wield in this place. With time as a resource, he spent a thousand years to make a blade, and another ten thousand years to simulate all chaotic laws in existence.

He wanted fuel to test the power of this skill, but not too much, or he would shatter this space. But Rowan considered the power that he might unleash, and he chose to reduce the power of the Chaotic laws to two thousand years, and after further consideration, he reduced it to a single day.

If not for his senses, he would have barely sensed any laws around this space, but Rowan felt this should be enough to test this power without destroying everything around him.

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Getting up from his feet, Rowan swung the blade in his hand, looked at it a bit unsatisfied, and then transformed it into a great sword reminiscent of his Destroyer.

Rowan consciousness, which had been holding the runes of the Realm Butcher's Onslaught, triggered it, and a wash of data poured into his mind. Even as he allowed his senses to fill up the runes, he allowed his body to follow the motions dictated by them.

The last time he had wielded skills like this, he had been a mere mortal who hardly knew the difference between Aether and Essence, but the power of this skill was so great, that Rowan allowed it to lead him, he doubted he needed to do this more than once to learn it, and then a few more times to master.

Rowan's body moved unconsciously into the proper motions, his blade was brought up, and time around him simply ceased to exist, and then space as a dome of annihilation surrounded him.

Across his entire body, he began to feel stings, as if he were a mortal being being bitten by a million bullet ants. Rowan's eyes widened in shock. If he were wielding this power with his dimensional flesh, then he would have turned to ash if he were not constantly channeling all of his Essence and Ether to regenerate his flesh.

The technique had not even been fully activated!

Before he could deliberate on this unexpected change, his mind was seized by bloodlust so pure that Rowan's eyes turned red, and a deep growl began to arise from his chest.

His vision splintered into infinite possibilities, showing him all the angles of severance where his blade would pass, and he felt his body phasing into Reality so it could find the angle to deliver the perfect cut.

A whooshing sound that only he could hear cut across his consciousness as his blade went aflame, but the fires that burned across the blade were not hot, but the cold flame of entropy.

Power continued to build, drawing from the infinite well of rage inside of him, but Rowan quickly cut out this connection and unleashed what he had gathered.

His hand swept forward in a single perfect slicing motion, and his blade collapsed into nothingness.

Rowan had reduced the chaotic laws in this space to accommodate for a single day. To put that in perspective, if an Old One had unleashed all of its powers inside this space, due to the diminished amount of laws inside here, the energy it would release would not be able to boil a cup of water.

It did not matter how much energy they pushed into the space when there was barely anything here to work with.

However, it did not matter how few laws were present in this space; the moment Rowan swung the blade, this entire space flickered, and before long, smooth cracks covered the whole area.

Rowan fell to his knees as his dimensional soul howled in pain; a small portion of his soul was simply gone, and there was no way for him to regain it.

Not focusing on the pain of losing a part of his soul, he analyzed what this move had done, and he observed that it had cut everything.

Every single bit of matter inside this Reality had been cut, and it would never heal.

The smile on Rowan's face was terrifying. This was a skill that was worthy of his rage. Every time he made his move, he would pay a permanent price, but his enemies would never rise again. They would be erased from casualty—no resurrection, no afterlife, no memory.

It would be like they never existed.

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

Chapter 1698: The Invisible Noose

Rowan rested for a while, even for him, the pain of losing a part of your soul permanently was severe. He had lost a part of his soul but for him this loss was acceptable, because he could grow his soul faster and better than anyone else, and Rowan suspected that it would not matter how much he ended up damaging his soul, if he could evolve his dimensional soul as he just did his flesh, then he could rebuild his soul back from nothing.

Not everyone was like him. From a mortal, he had been able to ascend to a god, an Empyrean, a Celestial Creator, a Nascent Primordial, a dimension, and now he was an Apex Omniversal Titan whose evolution was still ongoing, who was slowly becoming a Reality.

For most in all of existence, the most significant change they would ever see was a mortal becoming a god, but for a god to become anything else was almost impossible, after all, they were immortal. Yet it would seem that for Rowan, the higher in the ladder of existence he got, the quicker he was able to ascend and change.

His ascension was not a simple affair, as he became nearly indistinguishable from what he had previously been; this included his soul and body.

So, using this technique was dangerous, incredibly so, but if he could keep even a shred of his soul alive and find a way to ascend, he would arise from nothing like a phoenix.

Rowan could not complete more tests with this technique inside of this space; it was already on the verge of destruction, and time was running out faster than it should.

The cracks were slowly devouring the laws of time and space inside, and instead of having 3.2 million years of time, he was down to a million. Still, Rowan did not regret testing out this technique; with it, he had his ultimate weapon, and half of the reason for his ascension was complete.

There was one last fusion to be made, and Rowan left this for last because it might bring up unexpected changes.

His Bloodline Ability fused with his Dimensional Fabrics Skills, which was a combination that Rowan was greatly looking forward to.

Some of his most powerful abilities were here, and Rowan would not have been willing to proceed with this fusion if he had not seen the result of the first three.

There were so many essential abilities that were here that defined who he was that it was almost scary for him to let them go, but change was inevitable.

A million years were left, and he could not waste more time; he looked at the page of the Primordial Record.

His last Bloodline Ability was Purgatory Gate, and it was essential for his plans in the future for his children, without it, then the difficulty of converting his children into the path of Origin would be countless times harder, if not impossible, and there was a great chance he might lose a portion of this skill in the fusion, but recent events made it necessary for him to change his bloodline skills, and it was all because of Primordial Soul.

That entity had been in the dark for so long, and she knew him better than any other Primordial. Since the knowledge that she had been out of Oblivion for a long time, Rowan had the feeling of an invisible noose tied around his neck, and with every passing moment, it was getting tighter.

Everything he had, except his consciousness and the Primordial Record, was at risk; even his Origin Land was not safe from her.

If the Primordials were able to get to his dimensional flesh using his Angels, then if Primordial Soul wanted to get to his Origin Land, then she would need his children, and the question Rowan needed to ask himself was why was she waiting?

More than anyone else, she must be aware of how quickly he could grow stronger, and if she was wrong about his progress, it might not be by much. Rowan did not have the time

to delay, as he could have done with any other Primordial; he needed to hunt her down and kill her.

Rowan had returned here for his ascension because he knew he needed the tools to kill a Primordial, and to do that, he needed to sacrifice the Purgatory Gate... So many of his children were already lost to him; how much more can he sacrifice?

None!

Primordial Soul was going to be a problem, and if he could not kill her when she was sleeping, he would have to look into her eyes as he did it.

His Dimensional Skills were just as important to him. Dimension Engine from Minor, Major, and Supreme was already completed and was a part of his dimension, and then there was the Dimensional Absolute Skill, Breath of Enoch; he still had two breaths that were unused.

The range of his dimensional skills extended to his Dimensional Fabric Skills, which included Astrolabe, Knowledge Well, and Hollow Forge.

Rowan could not begin to analyze how deeply these three fabric skills had helped him bridge the gap against higher-dimensional entities when he was weaker.

A lot of his achievements were tied to them, and now it would seem it was time to let go of it all and push for the next level in his ascension.

Rowan adjusted his body, his invulnerable skin pushing against the countless cracks in space around him, and they all broke against his skin.

“Primordial Record, dig deep for this one, give me something that would break everything. I... I need it.”

The black book was silent, but it responded to Rowan without delay, and Rowan groaned and clutched his chest as relentless waves of pain tore through his body, as the Primordial Record tore all of these abilities from his body and soul and began fusing them.

There was no words to describe the pain he was experiencing at this moment, but Rowan was silent, in his mind was the memory of his life, from the time he woke up in a room full of corpses who all wore his face in the body of a child, all the way till he found himself here, and he could not help but ask himself, how many times was Primordial Soul there with him.

How long had she watched him make mistakes and make progress, and why would she risk revealing herself at this moment if she was not fully prepared to commit?

Chapter 1699: The Greatest Truths

There were many things that made Rowan special, and among them was the fact that he was genuinely ignorant of his capabilities in a way that would be almost impossible for him to understand.

He had never known a peer or someone who had his capabilities as he evolved from a mortal to a Reality, and so he had no method to gauge his progress or accomplishments, and that was the reason he could not understand that what he was making of himself inside this space was impossible.

The Primordial Record could do the impossible, but a lot of its power was dependent on Rowan's abilities, and no matter how powerful he was, he was still a seventh-dimensional immortal, and he was dabbling with forces that he suspected had faintly exceeded the ninth-dimensional level.

Serathis, Prime, and the Serpents were still inside Oblivion, devouring the bones of the Primordial Ouroboros.

When he began his fusion, Serathis, who had been dancing on the head of Bahamut, froze in place and sat down as a wave of weakness made her collapse.

Prime looked at her in shock before flashing over to her side, touching her back. His face went pale when he noticed the enormous amount of power being siphoned off her body and being channeled into an ever-widening black hole that must be Rowan.

Serathis whispered, "Prime, I don't think I can hold on for long if Father continues to draw from my strength in this manner."

Prime frowned, "You have all the fuel you need in the Origin Land. Why do you not eat more quickly?"

Serathis shook her head in negation, "You know our abilities are still tied to the present dimensions, and we can only channel our hunger up to the seventh dimension. You always said we had enough power for him to use, but I am falling short, Prime. I cannot hold on."

"How can I help Serathis? What is he taking?"

"My luck, Prime, he is taking all of it. I don't know what he is doing, but it has exceeded all expectations." Serathis began to laugh, but she was too weak, so it ended up sounding like a short series of gasps, like a fish out of water: "Our father, how glorious is he?! Ah, Prime, I am going to die with a smile on my face."

Rolling his eyes in irritation, Prime began to manifest multiple orbs of time, “Before you die, you must be of service. You can’t leave everything to me after you pass. Let me help. If you cannot match his consumption rate, then you need more time.”

Serathis looked up weakly, and she noticed all the orbs of time in the hands of Prime. She gasped in indignation, “That was supposed to give us more time with him; you can’t waste it on me. Put it away, Prime. I can take it.”

“Shut up, Serathis, you can’t take it. I can always make more time. If you are gone, I cannot remake you. The weight of your presence is too heavy, bringing you back would kill me, and I am not ready to die yet, not before I see how far he can go.”

Serathis chuckled, “Open your eyes, Prime. He is already where we cannot see. But you are right, give me the time, I will give him all the luck he needs, even if it kills me.”

Prime looked at her with annoyance, knowing who Rowan was; her statement may come to bite her badly, and he was not wrong.

Giving her more time to gather enough luck before it was siphoned by Rowan, Prime was able to create a situation where there was a careful balance that was being maintained between her and Rowan, but it was not long before that balance broke.

It nearly did a while back, but Serathis had muscled through it with sheer determination and grit, but whatever Rowan was creating must be so unnatural that it did not matter how much luck Serathis was pushing towards him to make it possible, it was not enough, and it would seem that she would have to perish for his dreams to be realized.

“After now, you better be thanking me,” Prime muttered as his body began to transform, and before long, he had taken the shape of Serathis.

His transformation was not just on the surface level; he had reached across time and collected every version of her that had not existed across countless casualties.

For someone of Serathis nature, it was hard to gather any piece of her across time, but Prime was a relentless hunter, and over the years he had slowly gathered her remnants that should not exist, and created a body that was nearly an exact match to her own.

Placing both hands on her back, Prime began casting a spell of substitution. Like Rowan, he did not need words; his intent was enough.

A haze of power welled across their bodies, and the two bodies of Serathis suddenly became three. Each of the Serathis was sitting cross-legged in a horizontal formation, with the hands of the Serathis behind touching the backs of the ones in front.

The Serathis at the back of the formation shivered and transformed back into Prime, who seized the Serathis in front of him and dragged her back, leaving the last Serathis sitting cross-legged and bearing all the weight of Rowan's need.

Prime, with the help of his Spell, had been able to transfer the weight of responsibility to the Serathis of his creation.

Looking at Prime with appreciation in her eyes, Serathis turned to her clone and grimaced in shock as she saw the body of the clone beginning to shrink under the relentless pull for power from Rowan, and without any words, she began to support her doomed clone with power.

Prime had gone pale, the act of creating another Serathis had nearly killed him, and he only lived because he borrowed her luck. Pushing through the pain and tiredness, he added his energy into the mix; whatever his father was creating, he would get unflinching support from them... Even if it kills them.

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Rowan was dimly aware of his pull on his Origin bloodlines, but he knew they were capable of supporting him; like him, they were warriors.

His body was being squeezed by an inestimable force that had approached and exceeded the force he had felt when he reached that place under Oblivion, his Apex Omniversal Titan's physique was taken to the limits, and it was able to withstand it, Rowan's weakness however, was coming from his soul that was on the verge of being destroyed.

A roar was bursting out from the Primordial Record as if the black book was screaming in pain as it was birthing something that should not exist.

Suddenly, the pages of the Primordial Record began to flap past at dizzying speeds. There seemed to be a restriction on the pages that should have prevented this from happening, but an alien force had taken control of the Singularity, and it did not matter that the restriction was placed on this singularity; they were shattered into nothing, and the Primordial Record flipped to the last page.

The page was blank, as black as the void, but even in the midst of pain, Rowan could sense something looking was...off.

His instincts dragged his eyes to the Primordial Record, and he saw another set of eyes looking back at him. Suddenly, he understood everything.

As it turned out, the greatest truth always lay in the open.

Chapter 1700: Destiny Calls

Chapter 1700: Destiny Calls

Striking forward like a viper, Rowan grabbed the cover of the Primordial Record, slammed it shut, and kept his hand on the black book as if to prevent it from opening.

The action had seemed easy, but it was far from it. His entire arm up to his shoulders had shrunk; it was as if all the vitality in his arm had been sucked away, leaving him with an arm that resembled bones wrapped by dried flesh.

His regeneration, which should be insane, was barely healing the damage, but Rowan did not care about the pitiful state of his body, not when he was fighting to keep the Primordial Record close.

Endless waves of soul-wrenching pain were still tearing his soul to pieces as the fusion process had not ended, even as he fought to keep the Primordial Record closed.

A whisper slipped past the defenses of his consciousness and entered his heart,

“You should not fight me, Eos. This was always meant to be.”

The voice had emerged in his heart, yet Rowan’s mouth spoke them.

“From the day you touched the page of my book, this has always been your Fate...”

That same voice delved into Rowan’s heart, and his mouth spoke it. The voice was calm and cold, and as much as Rowan wanted to fight against it, he could not.

If he did, he would lose the chance to fuse these abilities, and when he did, all the abilities placed in the fusion would be lost. Rowan would have been willing to make this sacrifice, but he could no longer do that.

He was now on a ride that he could no longer get off. The presence inside the Primordial Record would escape if he cancelled the process, and the only way to survive would be to complete the fusion, and he would become the master of this presence. If he did not, then he would become its... No, his slave.

Slave to a higher power.

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Upon seeing those eyes, Rowan understood what had happened; he had swum in the Abyss between the endless void of Limbo for too long, and although the Abyss was supposedly empty, there were creatures within that Primordials dreaded.

Every time Rowan did his fusion with the assistance of the Primordial Record, he was creating new techniques and abilities that had not existed before, like his Origin Land and becoming an Apex Omniversal Titan, but he was also making the Singularity stronger.

Making the Primordial Record stronger had no obvious drawbacks; it would be able to enhance his abilities more efficiently and easily, while also presenting more options to him, if by some chance the Singularity was able to evolve, but all of those advantages came to nothing when something extremely special happened during a fusion.

Rowan was making new abilities with each of his fusions, but what happened when he did not make a new ability, but something older... Something that had existed before but was now gone.

During his evolution and ascension, Rowan had been inheriting abilities from his bloodlines, and it was a practice that he had become used to until he was strong enough to begin making techniques and spells ideally suited to him.

Inheriting techniques and spells from his bloodlines were dangerous, and he had seen firsthand what that could do to him over the years, with the greatest of them being the Gilded Maw spell by the Primordials that had killed him, but this was the cost of evolving into a higher dimensional being by following shortcuts, even if the shortcut was as profound as the Primordial Record.

Rowan was well aware of the risks; this was the reason he embraced the fusion abilities of the Primordial Record due to its ability to create something new from the old. With his new abilities and bloodlines, he was free from the manipulations of higher-dimensional powers.

There were risks to fusion, but Rowan always thought he was able to handle it; it was always the punch you did not see coming that put you down.

In this fusion, he was fusing his bloodline ability, Purgatory Gate, with his dimensional fabrics skill, which included his dimensional engine, Breath of Enoch, Astrolabe, Knowledge Well, Hollow Forge, and Dimensional Flesh.

All of these skills were powerful and unique, but Rowan had made a mistake; there was one ability he should not have fused, and that was the Breath of Enoch.

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“This book was never meant to open. You did, and the price must be paid.”

The force pushing behind the covers of the Primordial Record multiplied, and Rowan groaned in distress as more of his body began to shrink, not just his right arm, but he did not take a step back; he maintained the pressure on the book.

The leather binding beneath his palm pulsed with a slow rhythmic heartbeat, and he could feel the touch of the presence waiting inside of it, and it was coming closer.

His act of completing the fusion was a double-edged sword, because it was making it easier for the presence to infiltrate his mind and body.

Rowan fell to his knees, feeling the cold hand of this presence clawing at the edges of his sanity. His body, which was a vessel of pure will, had become a battleground.

Rowan felt a probing sensation in his face, that slowly crawled to his eyes, and although he could not see it, he was aware that something had escaped the Primordial Record and was walking across his face, then a blinding pain shot through his eyes, and Rowan blinked, observing that his vision had become tainted with an unknown corruption.

The presence inside the book has slithered through his eyes and entered his mind. It was a rot spreading through his essence like ink in water, and his thoughts were beginning to shift into alien shapes that should not exist, even by his lofty standards.

Rowan groaned aloud as he fought back to keep his mind steady; the dangers were not truly in his thoughts but in his limbs. If he were to let go of the cover of the Primordial Record, the presence would have full access to him.

Rowan had barely glimpsed those eyes, and he was already in such dire straits that if he were to give it a little more time, then he would fall.

Despite how hard he was fighting, his flesh began to bubble and split, revealing glimpses of something underneath—Not bone, not sinew, but a shifty oily darkness that whispered in a language that was older than time.

These words were imprinted into his heart even as his mouth moved without consent.

“You were never real...” The voice inside of him crooned, and the sound that emerged from Rowan’s lips was that of a thousand Realities fading into nothingness. “You are my mask, and I shall wear you.”

Rowan screamed, but his voice was no longer his own. It came out wrong—a wet, guttural noise that split into dissonant harmonies, each note a blasphemy. His golden light flickered, dimming under the suffocating dark.

An Apex Omniversal Titan was unique, even as a lower-dimensional being; he was supposed to be invincible, but he was nearing his limits.

He could feel it rewriting him. His memories unraveled, replaced by visions of an endless, hungry void where things with too many eyes and too many mouths writhed in worship of the thing now nesting in his soul. His prayers became its laughter. His divinity became its feast.

And worst of all—he was beginning to understand.

Rowan could see him. Sitting on a throne of madness, he was awakening, as a worthy shell had finally been found after so long waiting.

The fragments of his mind that still fought caught glimpses of the truth: the book was not just a Singularity, else it would not have survived for so long. It was an altar. And he was the sacrifice.

His last act of defiance was a single, desperate thought before the dark swallowed him whole:

“Burn it. Burn it all.”

But his Will was bound and could not escape, his Fate was no longer his own, and one by one, his fingers began to rise from the book, even though his undying Will still fought against this action.

Rowan could only watch himself slowly failing, and as much as he wanted to scream his rage and defiance, he could not.

‘No, I refuse to believe this is how it all ends.’

With more of himself slipping away, Rowan’s thoughts were not in order, but something was aggravating his consciousness, something important that he was forgetting.

‘What is it... What am I missing?’

His thoughts were already gone; he existed only in darkness, but the last fragments of his Will refused to die...

‘What have I forgotten?’

‘What....

‘What....

‘What have I forgotten!’

It should not have been possible, but in that darkness, a single spark shone before it extinguished, and Rowan remembered,

‘Ah, I see... It was my Destiny. It had always been calling me; how could I not have listened? My Destiny calls, and I will answer.’

From the darkness, Rowan's consciousness that should have ended reached for his Destiny; he reached for the eighth dimension.