

THE PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Chapter 1701: Enochian Crucible

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When Rowan's flesh and soul had been totally consumed by the strange presence inside the Primordial Record, his body began to break down. His body, which should be at the peak of existence, was now shattered, leaving a ruin of divine flesh and cosmic bones behind.

What remained of him resembled a gigantic tumor, warped by the thing that had burrowed into him from his eyes. However, one thing remained constant, and that was a massive stump that had once been a hand, holding down a vibrating black book.

From all indications, Rowan was dead, but his will was eternal. What remained of him stopped the Primordial Record from fully opening.

Years went by, and a dark liquid like tar began to bubble out between the pages of the Primordial Record before it reshaped itself into a series of tentacles, which began to slowly lift the cover of the Primordial Record.

Although the tendrils were tiny, the strength they possessed must have been astonishing because they were pushing against the stump of Rowan's hand, an Apex Omniversal Titan, and they were slowly making headway.

Years continued rolling by, and the movement from the black tendrils halted, no matter how much they pushed, there seemed to be a final barrier that could not be broken, and the tendrils seemed to be aware of this as they no longer tried to push the cover of the black book open, instead they surged towards the mass of tumor that was now the body of Rowan.

With the foundation of corruption already in his flesh, the tendrils were able to easily melt through his body, and they delved into the darkness, looking for the last remnants of Rowan's Will.

The darkness inside of Rowan was infinite, but the tendrils came from a place that defied the notion of infinity, and they found the last remnants of Rowan's Will, who resembled a mortal man staring at the stars.

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This might be the last of Rowan's Will, but it still possessed the power to create a universe around the last part of him.

He could have chosen to become anything inside this universe, but he still found himself returning to his mortal body.

Rowan looked at the stars and questioned himself, “What is the core of my being?”

Was it the relentless search to exceed perfection?

Reaching the eighth-dimensional level was nothing for a being like him. He could have easily attained one of the many countless destinies that he was more than qualified to acquire, but Rowan had always held himself back, always looking for the option that exceeded them all.

He had finally found a path where he would attain Origin for all of his dimensions, and fuse his bloodline abilities into something devastatingly powerful, but his choices had led him to stay weak while engaging in a greater amount of risks. Was it worth it?

“Is the core of my being to become perfection?”

Rowan had chosen to become selfless, to become an idea and not a person. He had let go of his fear of death or failure, of love or fear. He had taken the weight of all of existence and placed it on his shoulders.

He had taken on impossible tasks and assured everyone who believed in him that he was more than a god or any divinity, that he would never falter or fail, that there would never be a time when he would not win.

His mind and will had become unbreakable, even his flesh had followed, but it never seemed to be enough.

“Is the core of my being the journey itself, the relentless search on a road that might have no end?”

As he asked himself these questions, his gaze, which was fixed on the stars, turned towards a corner of the heavens that had begun to fade and shatter into dust as an unholy presence surged into this final portion of his consciousness.

“Why fight the inevitable, Eos? This path was always your... destiny.”

Rowan’s eyes, which were filled with confusion, suddenly cleared up. The presence of the voice, the very clear presence of death, was like a cool spring water clearing away the fog in his mind.

He did not need to ask himself these questions; he never did. His destiny was always his own to forge as he saw fit, ever changing, malleable, and unstoppable.

He had evolved from a mortal to a Reality, and if there was one constant in Rowan's life, that was transformation... His destiny could not be simplified in a simple set of words, that was too small to hold him... everything was too small!

Shedding the last shackles of restraint in his heart, Rowan turned towards the incoming darkness, and he no longer ran away from it.

He took a step forward, and the earth below his feet shattered into dust. His next steps brought him to the heavens, and as he felt that darkness that was deeper than any darkness ought to be fall upon him with greedy hands, Rowan let go.

Not of his Will, not of his essence—but of his form. Of his limits.

“You do not know my destiny!”

With a scream that shattered the universe, Rowan tore himself apart, and at the same time, his body, holding down the cover of the Primordial Record, exploded.

His flesh dissolved into golden dust, and his consciousness expanded like a newly born universe. The presence that had infected his body and soul recoiled—they had expected resistance, this was the natural response of all life and unlife, but they could never have anticipated this... total annihilation.

Rowan had given up on himself to the extent that he was no longer a being; he refused to be bound by that limitation. Now, he was a concept, and his Will was so strong that it thoroughly crushed the boundary between the eighth-dimensional level and the ninth.

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Existence peeled away from Rowan like layers of rotten skin, and Rowan's eyes were open.

There were so many secrets left to explore in Reality, but his imposed limitation had held him back from seeing all of it.

Reality, all of Existence itself could not be defined into a single road; it was an infinite path, and woven across it were endless dimensions. He saw his past, future, and the many branching paths of might-have-beens.

He saw the destinies of everyone his eyes had ever touched, and the Primordials... he laughed when he saw they had no future.

Rowan finally saw him. Enoch. And this being was in everything and everyone.

He was inside Rowan, in every shadow, in every forgotten corner of existence—a cancer threading through all of existence.

Rowan should be scared stiff by this level of violation, but he was no longer just flesh and blood, but change itself.

He reached into his body and did not pull out Enoch; instead, it was the opposite. Rowan created a vortex inside of him... and he began to eat.

Transformation did not have to be clean or perfect, but what it could be was all-embracing. Enoch had told him that Rowan was a part of him, but he should not have done that, because that single statement alone was all he needed to discover his Destiny.

Rowan's eyes opened, and he found himself with his hands buried deep inside the pages of the Primordial Record up to his elbows, and with a sudden heave, he pulled out an entity that resembled a cancerous octopus, and without any hesitation, he threw it into his mouth and began to chew.

The tentacles of this creature fought against him, several of them struggling to escape from his mouth. They pried open his lips and tried to push his jaw open, but Rowan kept chewing relentlessly.

His eyes were glazed as if he were still asleep, but Rowan's physical actions were largely instinctive; the real battle was occurring inside of him as he consumed all that Enoch had been and made it all a stepping stone to his subsequent transformation.

This sight was terrifying because of the silence. The words in Rowan's heart were silent, and when Rowan finished consuming everything in his mouth, transforming it into a smooth, unknown substance, a final thought entered his heart,

"Impressive, I will be waiting for you at the end of Limbo."

Rowan's eyes cleared, and he felt a cool liquid pour down his throat and rest around his heart. He had no time to understand what had just happened when the Primordial Record vibrated, and a thought entered his mind.

Fusion Completed:

Enochian Crucible — The Forge of Shattered Realms.

Chapter 1702: New Bloodline

Chapter 1702: New Bloodline

With the connection he had with the Primordial Record, he could sense that it was extremely weak, but there was a great sense of excitement and accomplishment emanating from the black book; it was as if it had achieved something truly remarkable, and it could not wait for Rowan to see it.

Rowan smiled, a thought to tease the black book to emerge from his mind, but he stifled that urge, because he was equally curious to see what he had gained.

Despite the danger and the near-death situation, Rowan, even in death, had never stopped the fusion process. In fact, due to the hunger of Enoch, who sought to possess him, the fusion was accelerated.

His last act of not just consuming all the power of Enoch but also digging into the Primordial Record to consume the bulk of the remnants of this entity had gone into the elevation of this fusion.

Also, Rowan could sense the quiet power of whatever he had chewed and swallowed, and his instinct was screaming at him that he had just obtained a very ridiculous prize, but he tempered his expectations first, so he could see what could excite the Primordial Record.

Rowan read the first few lines, and he froze in place. If he were a mortal, he was sure his heart would surely stop after seeing what he had gained.

The first and significant change was that when all of his abilities still had fragments of lower-dimensional attached to their make-up, Enochian Cradle did not; it was a power that had reached the level of Concept and exceeded it.

Rowan doubted if he had the fuel to activate this ability; maybe he would only be able to make a single move before he collapsed, but that did not matter if he could still be gaining massive benefits from the additional factors that came with housing a power like this in his body.

He would be like a tree that had always been in the darkness, suddenly gaining the entire sun. Perhaps he would not be able to wield that sun effectively, but just by the light emitted from it, he would be able to flourish.

Rowan had no fear that he would not be able to master this power, because as he understood more about himself during his grueling ordeal a moment back, he also understood the entity that tried to seize his body.

As it turned out, Enoch could be seen as the First Reality, but somehow this title felt too small to encompass what he truly was. It was as if being the first Reality in existence was a small part of his nature, and the only reason Rowan could know this truth was due to his status as a Reality.

Enoch, Eosah, Eos.... There was a thread that connected them all, but Enoch was still the First God, the First Titan, the First Demon, the First Celestial... he was the first of everything, and Rowan knew why Enoch was coming for him, and it was because of his Origin Land.

Rowan was ignorant of his accomplishments most of the time, and he did not truly understand what it meant to create a new power equal to that of a Primordial or even exceeding them, but certain entities knew its significance.

Under the sky, there could only be one who stood above everything, and Rowan had just taken a portion of his light in the creation of his Origin Land.

Birds die because of food, and gods for treasure. His accomplishment had drawn the attention of a being that Rowan may not have come across in his entire life, even if he survived against the Primordials and killed them all, his clash with Enoch may have happened far in the future or not at all.

His Origin Land had placed him on a path of no return, but as it had brought him danger, benefit also came with it.

Rowan knew that without the luck from Serathis he would have instantly perished the moment he saw the eyes of Enoch, without the time bought for him by Chronomancer Prime inside his dead consciousness, Rowan would not be able to find his Destiny, and without the stretered and savagery of the Ouroboros, he would have flattered in the face of true madness.

His consciousness stung as the Primordial Record drew his attention once more, and Rowan obliged.

Enochian Crucible — The Forge of Shattered Realms.

Core Truth:

You are no longer a being—you are a living blasphemy, a warp-spawned anomaly that gnaws at the edges of Limbo. Your blood is a gateway, your voice is a cosmic suicide note, and your mind is a hive of dead divinities whispering in the dark.

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Rowan was sure that with the powers he had gained before now, he was worthy to stand and fight against the bodies of the Primordials who were inside Reality, but to battle their central bodies outside of Reality, he knew that he would fall short.

However, this was the first time that he felt he had the capability to fight against the central bodies of the Primordials outside of Reality.

Enochian Cradle was a power that had exceeded dimensions and laws, encapsulating the entirety of Limbo, which Rowan saw as the totality of all existence.

There was no way to describe this power, and so the Primordial Record simply stated: Core Truth.

Rowan closed his eyes and managed his shaking spirit. He could detect that his soul was multiplying in power with ridiculous speed. Whatever he had eaten that was encircling his heart was feeding his soul with so much nourishment, his dimensional soul had tripled in potency, and there did not seem to be any visible limit to this growth.

His suspicion of what was surrounding his heart was increasing. However, Rowan still suppressed his desires to continue his understanding of the Enochian Cradle, and the Primordial Record did not disappoint.

Symptoms of Your Existence

Rowan nearly flinched when he saw these words. The understanding that whatever he had just gained was an impressive power, but it also came with severe drawbacks, could not be more precise than the presence of these words.

The Enochian Cradle had surpassed what was regarded as techniques, and if not for the help of the Primordial Record, then it would take a long time for Rowan to figure out what he would be able to do with this power.

Bloodline of the Black Zenith:

Your veins pump liquid oblivion, a heritage from the thing that lurks beneath Purgatory's false sky.

Rowan's heart skipped a beat. Was this a new bloodline? If it was, why was this referred to as a symptom by the Primordial Record?

Rowan wanted to explore this concept further and understand what he had just gained from obtaining the Enochian Cradle.

It should be known that after his ascension to Origin, the Primordial Record had evaluated his new bloodlines to be equal to the Primordials, with the potential to surpass them.

After that time, Rowan had the chance to easily gain multiple Primordial Bloodlines, but they had all been rejected by the Primordial Record because they would be subpar.

Yet, he was granted a bloodline by the Enochian Cradle as a symptom of simply obtaining this power, and the Primordial Record had accepted it!

Chapter 1703: The Sound That End Realities

Rowan looked at the details of the bloodline and began to see a trace of its roots.

Your vein pumps liquid oblivion.

Before he began to delve into the depths of space and discover all of its levels, including Oblivion, as he discovered all the mysteries of becoming a complete Reality, this passage might have confused him, but he knew that no Reality could be completed without their Space Origin, and at the fourth layer of the void, their lies Oblivion.

Oblivion was a concept; even the Primordials could only control this force. Only entities such as Reality could contain Oblivion in their bodies.

Rowan had long realized that the way he manifested techniques and spells was not the same as most, and the fact that if he mastered Space Origin and had a space filled with Oblivion, it did not mean that another powerful immortal also mastered Space Origin; they would be able to do the same.

Such a great privilege was due to his status as a Reality, but this new bloodline sought to take this a step further. It would somehow give shape to Oblivion, making it his new blood.

Rowan was perceptive and quickly realized that this bloodline belonged to a living Reality.

If Primordials could gain bloodlines by fusing with the pillars of Reality, then it would seem that Reality could also gain bloodlines, but what did he fuse with to achieve such a boon?

Rowan itched to activate the Enochian Cradle, but he held back; there were still more symptoms that he needed to analyze.

Gate of the Thousand Eyes:

When wounded, your blood splits into writhing tendrils, each tipped with a pupil that stares into a different Reality... This is a road to the unknown and the desolate.

Rowan could recognize this power; was it not the same force that tried to take over his body? The memory of that octopus-like thing that entered his mind through his eyes and even found its way into the core of his consciousness was madness-fuel, but it was a terrible power that, if wielded correctly, could easily lead to the fall of an enemy.

He now understood that Enoch had not attacked him directly, and what had placed him past the edge of despair was the blood of this being, maybe not even more than a drop, left inside the Singularity.

“How many times have I been killed in the last few years. Death must be getting fed up with me.”

Rowan muttered, a bit in irritation, as he was shown his glaring weakness in the face of true power. Yet survival came with benefits, and this ability was now his own.

If he were attacked and wounded, his blood would become a gateway into the bodies and souls of his enemies. Still, this was the most basic way to utilize this ability, as Rowan could understand its endless utility.

Like Enoch, he could shed his blood all over existence, infecting everything and everyone. This was not a reckless conjecture but the truth because this was precisely what Enoch was doing.

Rowan removed his consciousness from considering these depressing thoughts as he focused on the following symptom.

Enoch's Rot:

Your mere presence infects reality with the “Word of Enoch”—a crawling, linguistic cancer that rewrites physics into nightmare.

From the moment he acquired the words of Enoch, Rowan had always hated them. When he learned that this language was the original language of Reality, when Noctis had used it, he should have seen the connection between Enoch and Reality. However, he was still ignorant of too many things at that moment.

The wrongness he had detected in this language was not because Reality was dead; it extended deeper than that. Perhaps the reason this language became prevalent in Reality was due to her death in the first place. After all, rot came for dead things, and what better place to find roots than in a dead Reality?

Rowan grasped his head and moaned in pain. Of the many visions he had seen, there were countless connections and hints of a terrifying secret that was at the edge of his consciousness, but he could not understand them.

He instinctively detested this power, but Rowan knew that it should be the key to countless mysteries of the past; his Will of Truth was practically tearing its way out of his consciousness anytime his eyes glanced through Enoch's Rot.

Rowan was beginning to understand why the Primordial Record called these symptoms, as he saw that the next ability had been warped by the Enochian Cradle.

His Dimensional Engine had become fused with his dimensional fabrics skills, and they were transformed by this power.

Dimension Engine:

The Flesh-That-Is-Not-Flesh- Your heart is a pulsing wound in causality, a machine made of screaming void.

That does not appear like something he wanted in his body, but he could see the use for it; he was a Reality after all, and he could use this ability better than any random immortal with a body or flesh or spirit.

Astrolabe of the Blind Watcher: Your vision is a thousand fractured dimensions at once, but none of them are real anymore—just echoes of what you’ve consumed.

Now, this was surprising. Astrolabe was slowly losing relevance to Rowan when he could casually cut through time and space with just a thought, but the new application of this power might turn out to be quite interesting, especially if he paired it with his crown.

There were still more fabric skills to explore, so Rowan placed his mind away from experimentation for the moment.

Knowledge Well (Drowned Oracle): Your thoughts are not your own. They are the last gasps of devoured realms, speaking through you in tongues that burn the air.

This was definitely a power he had to be wary of. Knowledge Well was deeply integrated into his consciousness; if he was not careful with it, then the chance that this new version might begin to change his thought processes was high.

“My thoughts would no longer be my own? This should be terrifying, but I have seen this trick before.”

Hollow Forge (The Maw That Crafts): Your hands unmake matter and weaponize the silence left behind. Every object you touch becomes a hollow relic, whispering lies of its own creation.

Rowan was already noticing a trend when it came to these dimensional fabrics skills; they had all been corrupted in a manner that would bring equal harm to him in proportion to how much of their power he was using. How could he trust his own creations when they would whisper lies to him?

Rowan sighed in disappointment. The Enochian Cradle had given him a great surprise, but it had also brought about painful debilitations alongside it.

However, Rowan thought that this must come about due to the origin of his dimensional fabrics skills being so weak that it could be easily warped by the power of Enoch.

It was easy to forget that Astrolabe, Hollow Forge, and Knowledge Well came from a Celestial Creator’s legacy, and could only grow this powerful because of Rowan’s bloodline; their roots were ultimately too weak, and this made it easy for the corruption of Enoch to transform them into tools of nightmare and not of blessings.

Rowan had been viewing the last page of the Primordial Record, and he believed that the legacy of the Enochian Cradle had ended, but he was wrong. The page of the Primordial

Record flipped, and even though it should have been the last page, another new page appeared, and Rowan's eyes shone with amazement.

The Word of Enoch (The Sound That Ends Realities)

Chapter 1704: Works of Despair

Chapter 1704: Works of Despair

The Word of Enoch (The Sound That Ends Realities):

Your voice is not sound. It is the anti-song of the void.

Unstitch: A whisper that peels away layers of reality, revealing the raw, throbbing nothingness beneath.

Graft: You fuse two unrelated dimensions together, creating a new hell or a new heaven.

Silence: You erase a concept from local reality.

Rowan perused these three abilities for a while, understanding that this was basically a tool-kit for a living reality to work with.

The Breath of Enoch that was available in the higher echelons of Reality was famed for being able to affect Reality, but that breath was nothing before the words.

Rowan's Origin Land was a treasure trove that he could not yet explore because he lacked the proper tools for that sort of thing, but with these words, he would be able to explore the intricate mysteries that made his Land special.

Rowan could begin his experiments with all of Reality and find the path of development for his Origin Land, and the utilization of this power did not end here. No domain was safe from him, not the Primordial Domains, not even the Realm of Death... in time, he should be able to peer through all their secrets.

After the disappointment from the dimensional fabric symptoms, Rowan was eager to pursue this new power gained from the Words of Enoch, but he was surprised when the page of the Primordial Record flipped once more.

Your Origin Bloodline fused with Dimensional Fabrics Skills. With the merger of the Enochian Cradle, shadows of Fabrics Skill were generated from the Symptoms of your existence.

Final Approval is needed for an opposing Shadow Template to be added to your Existence.
(Y/N)

The description of what the Primordial Record wrote was complex, but its core essence was simple. In the fusion of his bloodline skills, Breath of Enoch and his dimensional fabrics skills, there were certain factors that made the fusion to become unstable.

It turned out that the Breath of Enoch was too powerful, and the fabric skills of his dimensional flesh inherited from the Celestial Creators were too weak. This ultimately led to a situation where the fusion skill he had gained was deeply influenced by the Word of Enoch, becoming more like curses than blessings.

However, Rowan's bloodline was far too profound to be easily suppressed, and his Origin Bloodlines had fused with his dimensional fabrics skills even before the merger with the Word of Enoch.

Perhaps if Rowan had only a single Origin Bloodline, this would not have mattered to a corrupting force as powerful as the Word of Enoch, but he had three, and the influence they had over his skills could not be so easily diminished.

With the influence of his bloodlines, the Primordial Record would be able to drag out the skills from the curses imposed by the Enochian Cradle.

In other words, his Original dimensional fabric skills were weak and could only bear the symptoms of this fusion, but paired with his Origin Bloodlines, there was a possibility to gain the skills from this fusion. That is, if Rowan was willing to take the risk.

He hesitated for a brief moment before he pushed ahead with acquiring these skills. Rowan was already the enemy of Enoch, whether he wanted to or not.

Rowan had been placed on a path that he could not just step away from, and for the slightest chance of victory, he would have to push forward.

Rowan spoke; the voice that boomed from his chest was surprisingly powerful, and all of the changes he had been undergoing were causing unknown modifications throughout his body.

"Primordial Record, you are authorised."

The black book seemed to freeze; it was as if it had entered a separate dimension for a moment, and then it returned. This was the first time Rowan was observing something like that, but the words now being written on the fresh page drew his attention.

Dimensional Fabric (The Skin of the Abyss):

You do not manipulate dimensions. You wear them.

The first skill was familiar and also quite odd. For anyone else who gained this power, this would be a skill that was beyond Supreme, but as a living Reality himself, was he supposed to wear his own skin?

Realization entered his eyes, and Rowan nearly slapped himself. It would seem that the endless trauma might be affecting his cognitive abilities.

He already had this ability, but it was in a weakened form. His latent forcefield that had been with him all his life!

From the beginning, Rowan had always wondered about this force field that surrounded his skin, even when he was a mortal. At first, he believed it was an application of his telekinetic abilities, but this forcefield had continuously evolved over the years until he had a powerful barrier all over his body at all times, filled with laws and the power of higher-dimensional energies.

It was the reason why, even if he stood still and allowed any average immortal to attack him, they would have to control a higher level of dimensional comprehension to pierce through the barrier over his skin.

In the memories of Serathis and Prime, he had seen Fury Kuranes charge at the Ouroboros Serpents but could not approach them. This was the innate forcefield at work, but Nemesis could easily breach this forcefield because it had higher law comprehension than Rowan, who was at the seventh dimensional level, hence reducing the power of his forcefield to this level as well.

Now he knew the truth. This forcefield was an innate application of his power as a living reality. Even as a mortal, his legacy would not leave him, and any discerning eyes would see it as the mantle of power.

It was a good thing that the Primordial Record had the capability of hiding his nature, else he would have already been discovered long in the past for being a Reality.

The Skin of the Abyss should help him forge a more resilient forcefield around his body. Rowan believed that he should be able to apply deeper dimensional tactics to his forcefield.

With so many methods to defend himself, if he continued stacking all of these methods together, then it would not be long before he was invincible.

Rowan's heart settled. There was a chance that this upgrade might have gone the wrong way, but as it was, he had succeeded in obtaining diamonds from coal.

The next ability was slowly written down on the page.

Astrolabe Gaze:

Your eyes project the geometry of dead dimensions, forcing viewers to confront the infinite—and go mad.

Simple and horrifying at the same time. Astrolabe was no longer a method to traverse across dimensions; instead, it had become a window to these dimensions.

Yet it was impossible not to notice the effect of the Enochian Cradle, in the fact that all of the dimensions that Astrolabe could see were dead. This power, it seems, worshiped death and madness, and it was amazing that he could still gain so much benefit from it in the first place.

Hollow Forge:

You can sculpt flesh into doorways, turning living beings into temporary gates to your Core Abyss.

Core Abyss: Your heart is a patchwork of stolen realities, shifting between forms like a thing that hasn't decided how to hurt you yet.

Rowan frowned a bit; perhaps he had been too quick to cast judgment on the efficacy of these new changes. No matter how tame his bloodlines had made these skills, they still reeked of madness and horror.

His new Hollow Forge skill gave him a sub-skill, Core Abyss, that transformed his heart into a prison/torture chamber.

What sort of madness could birth an entity like Enoch, where everything he touched turned to works of despair?

Rowan actually felt a growing sense of alarm as he delved deeper into the abilities that were present inside of this single Enochian Cradle.

A sense of weariness was beginning to fill his senses, and he had a reckless urge to kill himself. The burden he was carrying was too much. What sort of chances could he have against a power like this when Rowan's entire capabilities had evolved from the scraps of his bloodline?

How could he dare to call himself the first under heaven when Enoch, a creeping shadow that did not just exist in this Reality, but all Realities. He was not even sure he could win against the Primordials in the end, yet he was already glimpsing the final abomination at the end of the road.

Rowan suddenly punched the side of his head, and he whispered,

"My thoughts, be still. My destiny heralds transformation. No matter how powerful he is, Enoch is a corpse, and if he can be killed once, he can be killed again."

Chapter 1705: Time To Kill

Chapter 1705: Time To Kill

Rowan did not care if his statements were false; simply stating them prompted his Destiny to respond, and the corruption that filled his consciousness was washed away.

“So, this is the weight of this power... interesting.”

When Rowan’s power was placed into perspective, he was a relatively humble individual; still, it did not mean his ego was not bigger than a galaxy. To control the sort of power he had, you need confidence that could crush diamonds.

Every time he used his powers, his willpower would have to equate to a mortal jumping into an active volcano, while believing with no doubt that they would survive.

To have a mind like that either required madness or an unshakable confidence in their abilities, and this confidence was further solidified by the acquisition of Intent and then Will. This was all without adding the boost from bloodlines and other skills acquired along the way from the endless trials he had undergone that boosted his mind to ridiculous levels.

All of this meant that Rowan’s mind was unshakable, but that seemed to mean little to the power he had gained. The endless wave of self-doubt that had plunged him into the midst of depression was dangerous, and if this had happened in the center of battle, Rowan would find himself presenting his neck to his enemies and beg them to relieve him from the burden of living.

What was important to note was that Rowan had not activated the Enochian Cradle, and its debilitating effect was already this strong. There was still more of this ability that was yet to be seen, but for the first time ever, Rowan stopped himself from viewing the powers on the page, at least not yet.

First, he needed to refamiliarize himself with the changes made to his body, and he needed to especially address his elevation to the eighth-dimensional level.

With everything that had happened, this space was on the verge of destruction, and he had little time before it all went crashing down around him. Placing the black book gently to the side, Rowan closed his eyes and looked at his heart, and saw his Destiny.

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Rowan had killed enough Old Ones by this time to know how their eighth-dimensional powers were exemplified. The realm of Destiny was ephemeral, and for many Old Ones, their understanding of it was paused at its beginning; they could not explore this realm

further without countless years of effort, and most of the time, the gains that were made were minimal.

However, Rowan was sure that no Old One in existence could be able to see their Destiny with the bare eye like he could.

Surrounding his heart was what resembled, from a distance, a dense fiber bundle that glowed with an enchanting light. It was as if a universe had been spun into threads and then weaved together for this bundle to be created.

Rowan's 'heart', on the other hand, did not resemble any anatomical structure known to most immortals; instead, it took the shape of a colorless sphere that would have been invisible if not for the light of Destiny that surrounded it.

His senses neared Destiny, and he was shaken because he understood that for any dimension to take a physical shape, it meant it had touched the realm of Origin!

Just like the Book of Fate from his seventh dimension, Rowan had gained the Origin of Destiny, and he knew that the most likely suspect for this boon was the energy of Enoch that he consumed from the Primordial Record, or the more accurate description would be Enoch's eye when he recollected that this skill from Enoch was most likely related to the Gate of the Thousand Eye skill.

Of all the Origins he needed to acquire, Rowan could not have believed that he would gain Destiny Origin in this manner. Looking back, the dangers he had experienced in order to gain Destiny's Origin were overly inflated for an immortal of his level, and he was sure that the act of eating one of Enoch's eyes was so heaven-defying that it would be strange if he had not acquired such a benefit.

Gaining Destiny's Origin changed everything for Rowan, as he had just gained three out of the five known Origins; he did not know if the ninth-dimensional level had an Origin, which was not likely, since every dimensional Origin he gained was equal to reaching the ninth-dimensional level.

That meant that if Rowan fully comprehended Space Origin, he would automatically become the Primordial of Space; the same thing would happen if he fully comprehended the Origin of Fate and Destiny.

Now, if Rowan was able to get the Origin of Time, Memory, and Soul, that meant he had completed all the known pathways of the Dimension known to this Reality.

But did he have to stop here? Why could he not go after Primordial Chaos or Primordial Demon and become Primordials in these pathways, too? He could also become the Primordial of Death, or Blood, maybe Pain... he just needed to search for their Origin.

Looking at Destiny's Origin surrounding his heart, Rowan knew that this was a feasible pathway for him, but he would need an extraordinary amount of time to be able to achieve something like that.

Searching for Origin was never easy, and he had an advantage inside this dead Reality where Eosah could no longer lay claim to her dominion and the Primordials, higher-dimensional entities that had no reason for being inside a Reality, were present, thereby showing him a clear pathway to Origin.

Without such pleasant coincidences, to gain Origin would be countless times harder, and he should focus on acquiring what was close to him, rather than take his mind on these flights of fancy,

Still, getting Destiny's Origin was a pleasant and unexpected boost to his power base, and if there were any signs that Rowan needed to denote the probable success of his following action, it would be Destiny itself.

He extended his senses slowly towards Destiny, and he was enraptured by the beauty and complexity in every woven fiber. The intricate structure transcended reason, and he could only see its structure because of his Will that had all stepped into the eighth-dimensional level.

There were countless mysteries for him to solve here, but there would be time for that later; first, he needed to kill Primordial Soul.

Rowan stood up, and the Reality he created shattered around him. His senses swept through the castle, and he noticed that barely a month had gone by in real time. He still had roughly four years before the duel.

The Primordial Record zipped into his consciousness, and Rowan's perception went slow, and Reality grinded to a halt. In the distance, he noticed the New Light looking at him, but with his enhanced perception, she seemed to be frozen in place.

He noticed that a wave of force had begun to ripple out from his body, disintegrating Reality around him, and he knew that if he stayed here for a moment longer, his presence would most likely destroy this castle.

He peered at the New Light for one last time, and space and time in front of him folded, allowing him to walk through it into his Origin Land.

Chapter 1706: The Twelve Major Eras

Inside Oblivion, upon seeing that Primordial Soul was gone, Rowan did not panic; he had never expected that he would be able to find the body of Primordial Soul before now, and

learning she was no longer imprisoned was a good thing for him because one of his greatest hidden dangers had been broken.

This was indeed a remarkable gift from Eosah, even though Rowan was a bit disappointed about not getting Primordial Soul on a platter. No Primordial worth their salt would endure an eternal prison.

The two things Rowan needed to be worrying about now were when and where. When did Primordial Soul escape, and where was she?

The when was easy enough to figure out if his hypothesis was correct: Primordial Soul used the act of Primordial Time peering into the future to awaken Eos, who was Rowan.

Maybe because he was born before his time, or maybe because his *mother* Eosah was already dead, or Rowan was not even given the time to awaken to his nature, Primordial Soul had killed him.

Rowan was not a fool. Her story about his soul gathering outside of Oblivion was compelling, and if he took the time to investigate it, he was sure that he would be able to find aberrant souls like these floating in the Nothingness.

Primordial Soul wanted to deceive him, so she was most likely going to go all out, and he would see evidence where he did not even think to look for such evidence.

Her story about his Soul Origin being broken into a thousand pieces while she released only three of those pieces into Reality was certainly compelling, and it went a long way to address the mysteries about his origins, as to how he had existed in three different dimensions, before his three souls combined into one.

Rowan Carter from Earth, Rowan Kuranos from Trion, in the final age of the gods, and Romion Elythia, born of Elura and the Third Reflection, from the age of the Emphyrean of Life.

Primordial Soul repeatedly told Rowan that she wanted his support so she could be free from Oblivion. To pay him back for his help, she would surrender all the pieces of his soul left with her.

Rowan had not believed her, not fully, but did Primordial Soul must have known it did not matter if he did, as long as Rowan had continued to think that she was locked inside of Oblivion, she would easily maneuver him to the place that she wanted for the fatal strike.

Rowan had repeatedly undermined her authority in the short time they were in alliance, and she must have allowed it to give him a false sense of comfort.

Looking back at her words, Rowan could see that Primordial Soul did not lie to him, not really, she told him she would return the pieces of his soul to him, but that could also

mean that she would take what was left of his soul to finally killed him, after all, the majority of his soul must be inside her stomach. It could be argued that if she left Rowan with only three percent of his soul, then Rowan was the small piece that needed to be returned to the original.

This was what troubled Rowan for a while before he discovered the present state of things for himself. For some reason, Primordial Soul did not kill him entirely; she had left a small part of him alive, and it was only recently that she began to pay attention to him.

Without meeting Eosah, Rowan would not have understood why the Primordial had not killed him entirely, and it was most likely due to the strange space underneath Oblivion.

With the experiment he had done using the New Light, Rowan knew that the Primordials could destroy Reality at any time; they had already taken their prize, but they were still waiting for one more thing, and that thing had fractured the Primordials.

Clearly, Primordial Soul knew of Rowan's relationship with Reality, and she may be counting on him to be the window to take control of this unknown power.

So, Rowan knew how he was killed, and that naturally led him to the when.

Rowan had entered the Great Darkness as a mortal, and he had summoned the Spirit Matrix Gate and acquired the Lost Flame. During that process, he had seen the vision of the past and watched as Primordial Time was banished by five other Primordials.

He had no steady reference for the past, since he did not know how many Major Eras had gone by, that is, until he met Noctis and confirmed the age of Reality from Eosah.

This knowledge that had been lost to all but the Primordials had come to him as he had viewed the form of Eosah. This information was deeply surprising and unsettling at the same time, because from the knowledge he had gained from Eosah, every Reality followed the pathways of these eras.

Some could be short, and some could be long, but none of them had ever exceeded the twelfth Era.

From the beginning, it was the Genesis Era, which represented the birth of Reality, then the Emberfall Era, which represented the slow decline that would inevitably come, and then the Bloodmarked Era, representing war and strife.

These were the first three Major Eras, but for a Reality that Eosah, who was killed at the Genesis Era, had no control over who would institute the next Major Eras, and it was the Primordials that did it on her stead.

And it wasn't as if the Primordials wanted to change the Eras; they would rather have a single unending Era, but since they had claimed the foundations of Reality, they were also bound to some of its rules.

The Era that followed the first three Major Eras would be the Silvershroud Era, which should be the Era that would mark the beginning of progress and unveiling mysteries after the end of the Bloodmarked Era.

After this would be the Stormforged Era, where a new reign of disaster would arise from the innovation that took place during the previous Era, but this Era was a transition Era that would give birth to the Celestial Reign Era, which should mark the birth of the gods and other divinities.

These were the second set of the Major Eras, and after these were six Major Eras which Rowan was not able to know their names because he could not look deeper into Eosah, but he knew of the Primordial Era and the Supreme Era, so there were four unknown Era left.

However, what he was concerned about was the Era that Primordial Time had looked into the future to find him, and drawing from the knowledge he drew from Eosah, he saw that Primordial Time had looked into the future in the Stormforged Era.

Most likely, it was his action of looking into the future that triggered the birth of the Stormforged Era. How long then did it take for Eos to be awakened? Was it in the fourth or fifth Era, or maybe even further?

Rowan did not care for the precise time; he knew that he would have been born in the fourth Major Era, and that would mean Primordial Soul had awakened from slumber in the fourth Major Era, and she had been hiding for the last eight Major Eras.

The when was answered, now Rowan needed to know where Primordial Soul had been hiding for so long.

Chapter 1707: Only One Leaves Here

To understand where Primordial Soul had been hiding for all these eras, Rowan had to place all the truths he had learned about existence to figure it out.

Primordial Soul was gone, but Rowan could see countless trillions of soul origin orbs that were tucked into the folds of Oblivion, he had not noticed them at first due to the nature of this place, but when billions of soul origin orbs erupted from these folds and was swept into the distance, he understood how this Primordial had been fooling the rest of Reality for so long.

Rowan gazed deep into Oblivion, and he saw vast amounts of soul origin orbs, almost without number, hidden deep inside of it, and every now and then, a large number of these orbs would be swept away by a tide of soul force.

Rowan held back the instincts that nearly pushed him into devouring all of these soul orbs. If he did, then his storehouse of soul power would explode to unknown limits.

At a glance, it seemed impossible to determine where she was. Reality was extremely massive, and to search for a single person, even if they were a Primordial, was worse than searching for a single pin in an ocean of pins.

However, Rowan was not an ordinary immortal, and he was able to determine certain truths that reduced the area he needed to search.

The first thing he considered was that it did not matter if Primordial Soul awakened in the fourth Major Era; it did not mean that she would leave Oblivion, and the reason for that was obvious: Reality was too weak to hold a Primordial, not after it had been emptied out by the others.

If Primordial Soul had escaped from Oblivion, there was no way that she would be able to survive in a Reality that had been drained of all Essence, and so the safest option would be to remain inside of Oblivion without alerting the other Primordials that she had awakened.

Primordial Soul had fed on the Essence of Reality alongside her brethren, and the *weight* of her existence may be greater than any Primordial inside Reality.

Then there was the fact that Primordial Chaos had been standing guard outside the Gate of Oblivion, and had been funneling the soul fragments from the “sleeping” Primordial Soul to the rest of Reality.

If anything had changed, then he would be the first to notice, and so, Rowan had to look back through time to find the one moment when Primordial Soul was free enough to act, and the answer was simple: it was during the transition from the Primordial Era to the Supreme Era.

The past was important, and knowing all the events that happened before was the most excellent judge of what was to come in the future.

In all of the previous Eras, there had always been a prevalence of Essence in Reality, although with each new Era that passes, the Essence becomes smaller.

Rowan believed that even for Primordials, feasting upon Reality was a meal that took a long time, and so with every Major Era that passes, the Primordial Essence floating around in Reality shrank.

Yet, every meal must end, and the Primordials finally consumed every single bit of Primordial Essence inside Reality, and usually, this should have been the end of Reality, and the Primordials were supposed to leave the dead Reality behind, but they were still awaiting a grand prize.

Reality was not supposed to exist for long, not after all its Essence had been drained, but the Primordials extended its lifespan by introducing the dimensional system to the life forms inside of Reality and creating Aether and Aetherium to keep the fire of life burning, even if it would only last a single Era.

For such a grand working, all the Primordials needed to contribute their power, and Rowan had seen it.

Old Man Seed had shown Rowan the dawn of the Supreme Era. He had seen all the Primordials create a blade that swept through all of Reality and instituted great changes across Reality that had remained till Rowan began to transform Reality again.

Primordial Chaos and the rest of the Primordials, believing that Primordial Soul was sleeping inside Oblivion, would not be too focused on her, and that should be the gateway for her escape.

Still, she would have to be extremely careful, and to ensure that she slipped out without being noticed, Primordial Soul should have left a lot of her strength behind.

If the *weight* of her presence was that of a planet, she had to reduce it to the *weight* of a bee to avoid attention.

Rowan had found the storehouse where she kept an infinite amount of soul origin orbs inside Oblivion. Leaving so much of her strength behind would enable her to escape from the attention of the Primordials, while still maintaining the facade that her main body still remained inside Oblivion.

If Rowan's willpower were weaker, he would have consumed all of these soul orbs at this moment, but he held back, knowing that doing so would not lead him to his goals and would only serve to make Primordial Soul wary.

Although she had given up much of her strength, the core of her being still remained, and Rowan knew that she was not weaker; instead, it was the opposite.

All Primordials had great power, but their power tied them to a single position, and they could only influence Reality using their Thrones. Primordial Soul had shed all the weight of power while still keeping all the benefits.

So, where would an unfettered Primordial go after they had escaped their eternal prison?

Rowan had no idea, but he could use the events of his life to find out clues that might lead him to the truth.

The first clue was his awakening. Primordial Soul said she had used three pieces of his shattered soul and placed them inside of Reality. If that was the case, then Primordial Soul was originally living in the Nothingness outside Reality.

From that place, she could watch Rowan's first cry as a Nascent Reality drew the Primordial Record towards him. Watch as he fumbled with his powers and slowly evolved to the Titan he had become, and the more she watched, the deeper her plans went, until she felt it was time.

The other Primordials were aware of Rowan's dimensional flesh and soul, but only Primordial Soul was mindful of his Origin Land.

She had watched his dimensional flesh and soul be destroyed, and Rowan knew that there was only one place a Primordial like her would go.

The end was coming, and all the chips were being laid on the table.

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Rowan entered his Origin Land, and the entire place went still, and then the heavens above him exploded with radiance.

Going on one knee, Rowan dug his fingers into the dirt and collected some of the earth, bringing it to his nose. He inhaled its scent. Rowan closed his eyes and allowed only his sense of smell to pervade his consciousness, and then he slowly began to open the rest of his senses, until he was connected to the Origin Land, down to its fundamental level.

In the spot where he dug, his fingers were the flint of metal; it was the hilt of his Destroyer. Rowan reached for it, hesitated for a moment, and then he grabbed it.

Behind him came the calm voice of Primordial Soul,

"My son, you never cease to amaze me."

Rowan drew the broken blade out of the earth. "You praise me now, but soon you shall be cursing my name. I thought you would be hiding?"

"No, my son, I wait for your return. In your soul, you know how this should end. Only one of us leaves here."

Rowan stood up and turned towards Primordial Soul, as he began to shed the last guise of mortality around his body, and he nodded, "Yes, I know."

Chapter 1708: My Weapon Is Not Complete

Rowan looked at Primordial Soul's physical form, her height equal to his own. The robes she wore shifted like shadow and smoke, and a purple and golden shimmer throbbed from the area around her chest in time with her heartbeat.

Her hair was like strands of living darkness, twisting like serpents, whispering words of madness, but to Rowan's ears, all he heard was her deepest secrets.

The face of Primordial Soul was Androgynous, and it was almost impossible to assign a certain age to her because she appeared neither old nor young.

What Rowan paid attention to were her eyes that resembled smoldering coals; they appeared similar to his own, but his eyes had a streak of scarlet inside them that pulsed with all the fury of a bloodthirsty Revenant.

This was the first time that Rowan was seeing the full appearance of a Primordial, aside from their frozen bodies inside Reality, and he had to admit that of all the Primordials, Primordial Soul was the one that struck him as normal, which meant she was the most abnormal of them all.

They were the same height at first, but when Rowan began to shed his last ties to mortality, his size began to expand as the Reality Crown appeared over his head, as well as the wings of the omniverse appeared behind him, and they flapped once, causing his feet to leave the ground.

Primordial Soul regarded him with unabashed curiosity, *"Your form is new."*

A grin appeared on Rowan's face that seemed both endearing and manic at the same time, "You have no idea. You killed me as a child, are you surprised to see what the remains of my flesh grew up to become?"

"Boom!"

A wave of radiance exploded from Rowan's body as he fully unveiled the glory of his Apex Omniversal Titan's body, the Tri-core sigil blazed like the sun, and in this moment, Rowan appeared like the sovereign of all existence. Still, all that radiance was snuffed out by a wave of red and black as the armor of a Slaughter Revenant covered his body.

The armor did not move like metal, but as if it were made from flesh and blood; the blood-seeking runes that filled the armor made Rowan resemble an Abyssal mountain of muscle and scars.

His bloodthirsty grin was the last thing to be seen before the helm, which resembled the bleeding maw of a beast, snapped shut around his face, leaving only his two glowing red eyes showing through.

Rowan stood in the sky, the light from his crown came from dead dimensions, so they painted his surroundings with an air of desolation and dread that would drive Old Ones to madness.

He brought the broken blade of his Destroyer to his face, noticing the eyes of Primordial Soul glancing at the weapon, and then Rowan suddenly opened his hand and allowed the blade to fall, his massive wings floating behind him, beating once more, and he vanished.

Rowan had appeared inside the City of Sheol, a realm that was as vast as an Eternal Realm. A god could spend their entire lifespan traveling from one end of this city to the next, but they would never reach it. Only a higher-dimensional being that had reached the eighth-dimensional level was fit to leave the boundary of this city and see what lay beyond in the Origin Land.

Due to his size, Rowan had appeared one of the many supermassive planets inside of Sheol, and Primordial Soul was on another planet, with the distance that separated them from each other as vast as the gulf between a dozen galaxies, and in fact, a dozen galaxies separated them both.

Yet when Rowan flapped his wings and vanished, his body crossed all that space and instantly appeared before Primordial Soul. Her present height stopped at his waist, but her Aura was a thousand times greater than his own. Rowan did not care.

The eyes of Primordial Soul were still fixed on the broken blade of the Destroyer, which was still falling when Rowan appeared before her. He could feel her perception falling over his body, and her eyes began to turn towards him, but she was too slow.

Behind him, the dozens of galaxies froze before they shattered in chaos, the heavens wept blood where he had passed through space and time, and the Revenant of the dead began to arise behind him, drawn by Rowan's unflinching Will to kill.

Snarling in rage, Rowan activated his Infinite Titan Core to the maximum output, pushing his agility, strength, and constitution to the limits, and at the same time, he activated his Doombringer's Covenant from his Slaughter Revenant Aspect, which held the ability of Divine Slaying and Army of One.

Rowan threw a punch that should crush her head into powder, but even though the body of Primordial Soul was not moving fast enough to respond to him, her perception had already fastened around Rowan, and that meant her hand, clasped in a fist, came up in response, disregarding space and time.

Their fists collided, and a million galaxies around them turned to dust, and both of them were steady; in this confrontation, their strength was equal.

Quicker than thought, than the speed of even the greatest Angel in creation, Rowan threw another punch, that weaved outside the guard of Primordial Soul, tearing through her perception and slamming into her ribs.

The strength behind his blow crumbled space around them for countless light years, and his fist tore through her flesh and bones, until Rowan reached her heart, and he grabbed it and tore it out of her body.

Primordial Soul did not even flinch; her punch caved in Rowan's chest, causing him to take three steps backward, but in that first step, his wounds had healed, and his armor was realigned.

Rowan took a step forward, then he looked down at his chest, where an ephemeral arm of Primordial Soul had found its way into his chest and was digging for his soul.

Rowan growled in rage, and his Revenant armor echoed his anger with a metallic shriek straight from the foulest pits of hell.

Closing the gap between them, he headbutted her, flattening her nose and causing black ichor that resembled the blood of Reality to spray out for a million miles.

She retaliated with a knee to his gut, nearly folding him in two, with his feet leaving the ground, grabbing him on his neck and waist. Primordial Soul slammed him against the earth.

Space shattered as a wave of destruction erupted from that blow that continued to extinguish countless galaxies around them, and from a distance, you could see that a corner of Sheol had become plunged into darkness.

"You fight like a beast," Primordial Soul frowned.

Rowan laughed aloud, "And you hit like a whisper."

Rowan lashed with his legs, sweeping her feet away, and then he grabbed her feet and threw her into the distance.

Space crumbled around her body as she tried to disperse the force of Rowan's throw, but the power he had exerted was too great; countless bloody Revenants that had appeared behind Rowan struck her body as she crossed through space, making Primordial Soul cry out in irritation, and her body suddenly ground to a halt as a blade exploded from her face.

Her head had nearly been sliced in two as the broken blade of Rowan's Destroyer had burst through the back of her head and out of her face, turning one of her eyes to jelly.

From the moment Rowan dropped his blade and attacked, not even a thousandth of a second had gone by, and his blade had not fallen more than nine inches before Rowan threw Primordial Soul towards it.

He appeared behind her and seized the handle of his Destroyer, "My Revenant weapon is not complete; it needs the blood of a Primordial."

Rowan exerted force and pushed his blade down, slicing Primordial Soul in two.

Chapter 1709: Madness And Blood

Chapter 1709: Madness And Blood

This brief clash was brutal, almost animalistic, but the level of laws that were being thrown around had eclipsed anything that any immortal in Reality could withstand; a battle like this was never meant to be fought inside a Reality.

Every move they made carried an infinite number of laws, and so a simple punch had myriad changes within it that would take a billion Old Ones, an endless number of years to slowly decipher and understand.

For Rowan's punch to reach her, he had to basically tear through a field of omnipotence around her body, which reduced all damage to null, and even when that field was torn through, her flesh was not truly flesh, just concepts that had been woven so intricately it took the guise of flesh because of their will.

Primordial Soul had placed Rowan as an equal in her mind. She had watched as countless powerful enemies fell before him, and he grew stronger; he was fully growing into his nature.

Few may understand that although the Primordials were said to be matchless, it was not necessarily the case; there was one entity that could match and kill them given the right situation, and those entities... were Realities.

Of course, most Reality would never gain the capacity to kill a Primordial because they were mostly beings of Creation; however, what would happen if an entity whose sole function was to give life to the darkness of Limbo becomes corrupted by fury, bloodlust, madness, and death?

Nobody knows, not even Primordial Soul herself, the architect of this madness.

Still, nothing would prepare anyone for the screams of agony that erupted from Primordial Soul as Rowan cut her in two and pulled out the blade.

As the Destroyer tore Primordial Soul in two, it also ripped her apart from the inside and feasted on her blood, flesh, and bones.

Rowan slowly pulled his hand back, and the Destroyer emerged from its feast a thing of horror. It had once been broken in battle, with barely a third of its blade left, and that part was filled with cracks; only the Will of this powerful weapon and the nurturing of Rowan kept it whole.

Drawing the blade from the broken body of Primordial Soul, Rowan growled, “As I unmake, so also do I create.”

What emerged from the body of Primordial Soul was both grotesque and awe-inspiring. Pulling from his talent of creation and destruction, he fulfilled the last requirements needed for forging a new blade using his Aspect as a Slaughter Revenant.

His blade that had once been broken was now whole, but it was no longer made from metal. Its length was forged from all the bones that could be harvested from the body of Primordial Soul, including vertebrae, demure, her spine, and the bones from her limbs, all melded with her sinews and hardened cartilage.

The edges of the blade are lined with teeth and fingernails sharper than the edges of a dimension, and they numbered in the billions. Tendrils of flesh and blood began traveling up the blade, covering the hilt and the pomel, transforming the metal into flesh.

The hilt became wrapped in still-living muscle fibers that pulsed faintly underneath his grip, as if the sword were breathing, and the guard shifted, spreading through Rowan’s fingers as if it were holding his hand.

The pommel of the Destroyer had a fleshy orb—the eye of Primordial Soul, and at first, the eye was blazing with pain and fury, but it slowly turned red as the Will of the Slaughter Revenant corrupted it to the core, and it became an extension of Rowan.

Even after taking out the blade from the remnant of her body, Primordial Soul was still screaming. What remained at Rowan’s feet was a shapeless mass of broken flesh, and her pain was so great that a million faces erupted from her flesh and began to scream.

Their mouths kept stretching wide open, tearing her flesh further into pieces, revealing wet glimpses of a strange void inside of her.

Rowan did not give her any chance to Recover, he had injured her, but not in the way that truly mattered, still, he knew that a battle like this was not just about dealing more damage, it was like making music, knowing the right note to place in the correct position for a thrilling score to be created was essential else all would be chaos.

Rowan brought his leg up, a blaze of annihilating power turning it into a pillar of pure destruction, and he slammed it into the screaming flesh below.

In the brief moment before his leg could smash against Primordial Soul, the screams from her suddenly ceased, and a weird silver glow erupted from the billions of eyes all over her body. Rowan's leg pierced through the barrier of her perception and slammed into her flesh.

The mass of flesh below tore itself in two, creating a massive chasm that led to a strange dimension. Rowan tried to pull back his leg, but it was too late. A suction force drew his leg into the chasm, and the broken flesh of Primordial Soul closed around his leg, and then an intense sound of chewing erupted from his limbs.

In a single moment, the armor around his leg was shattered, and a sharp and persistent pain covered his entire leg down to his knee.

Rowan pushed all of the power of his Core into his feet, and a wave of radiance exploded from his leg that blasted Primordial Soul into tiny fragments of flesh.

Rowan looked down at his legs and groaned in pain. He noticed that there were tiny purple spots all over his legs. With the physique of an Apex Omniversal Titan, he should be invincible, but as always, Primordials did not care for the damned rules.

The tiny purple spots on his leg did not show the accurate scale of the devastation. He may have blasted away the flesh of Primordial Soul from his leg, but she had managed to push a lot of her body into his leg, and those tiny spots of purple were showing where her flesh had pierced through his leg to fuse with it.

Underneath his skin, the flesh of Primordial Soul had branched into veins, threading through his arteries like parasitic roots, and heading towards his bones. If they could breach his bones, they would have a superhighway that could easily open a floodgate to the rest of his system.

Rowan roared and swung his sword to cut off his leg, but Primordial Soul appeared beside him, her flesh was a mishmash of bleeding flesh and screaming madness, she grabbed hold of his hand, preventing his blade from falling, and she giggled,

"I am beginning to like this game we are playing. Let me in and I will show you pleasure like you have never known."

Her flesh transformed into bleeding tentacles that grabbed all of his limbs and suspended him in the air. His wings were beating wildly, teleporting them into various corners of the city, but Primordial Soul had a firm grip on Rowan, and even with his strength, he would not be able to free himself before it was too late.

Reaching inside his soul, he pushed his consciousness towards the forbidden power of the Realm's Butcher, and with a growl that shook the heavens and the earth, he activated it.

Chapter 1710: You Shall Love Me

Chapter 1710: You Shall Love Me

Without the power of the Enochian Cradle, the Realm's Butcher Onslaught was the single most powerful technique in his arsenal, but its power did not come because of the amount of energy it could siphon from his body—which was infinite due to the fact that this technique fed on his rage, and his soul, taking from it a permanent toll—it was because it was a pure killing tool.

There was no way to wield it so it would injure or be harmless, and the only way to survive it was to be strong enough, because anything that it cuts would die.

This technique was meant to kill an enemy that was supposed to be impossible to kill, and the best scenario for this attack was to send it at a far enough distance from yourself because its power was indiscriminate, and there was nothing keeping the wielder of this power safe from its bite.

Knowing all of this, Rowan chose to unleash this technique directly on his body. First, there was silence, and then his Slaughter Revenant armor shrieked as it tried to pull itself away from Rowan's body, but it was already too late.

Primordial soul howled with glee and fear, a truly terrifying sound, like the Slaughter Revenant's armor. She tried to flee, but Rowan did not let her; his wings, which he once used in trying to escape, now wrapped around the body of Primordial Soul, pressing her against his back.

Even as she struggled to escape his hold, Primordial Soul whispered in his ears,

“Child, you are insane! You dare to erase causality itself?!”

“You have no idea the depths of my hate. I dare to do anything!”

At this moment, they were precisely at the center of the City of Sheol, and a bystander in the distance would see a sudden flare of scarlet light that painted the entire city red.

A loud cracking sound resounded as the Reality around Rowan and Primordial Soul fractured before it simply vanished, leaving a hole that tore through his Origin Land, through Reality, and the Nothingness, straight into Limbo.

Rowan could barely feel his body being eradicated from its roots and the despairing screams from Primordial Soul, before the pain from his soul became too much and he blacked out.

He did not see the City of Sheol shiver before it began to shatter into pieces, and he was drawn through the hole in reality caused by his blow. It was as if a massive black hole had spawned inside a planet and was devouring everything around it.

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He must have been gone for barely a moment, but everything around him had changed. A loud and persistent screaming sound filled his senses while a tremendous pressure pressed down on his entire body, making him feel as if an Origin Ouroboros Serpent had squeezed his body.

His perception exploded out of him, and he found himself in a strange passage, all around him was a powerful suction force that was threatening to suck him towards Limbo, but a force was holding him in place and fighting against the pull of Limbo.

Rowan looked down and saw the lower body of Primordial Soul wrapped around what was left of his bloody torso, since he no longer had legs. She was fighting against the pull of Limbo while dragging him towards salvation ahead, which should lead to his Origin Land.

Quickly realizing that the blow he had delivered with Realm's Butcher Onslaught had destroyed a portion of his Origin Land and torn a way directly towards Limbo, Rowan could see countless heavenly bodies, which should be the fragments of Sheol, blasting past him as they were sucked into Limbo.

His mind was a bit blurry from the trauma of losing one percent of his soul in that single move. A single percent might look small, but considering the nature of Rowan's dimensional soul, it was greater than the souls of nearly all of his children combined.

It took a single moment to understand what was happening, and in the next moment, Rowan was fully aware of his body. Using Realm's Butcher had cleansed his body of every single piece of Primordial Soul inside of him, but it had also eradicated nearly sixty percent of his entire mass.

These included two of his legs and his right arm; his left arm was spared because he was holding his Destroyer, and the blade had borne some of the brunt of the damage, but half of its length had been shaved off, making it resemble a stiletto.

Those portions of him were gone and could not be regenerated in the conventional sense, and the only way Rowan could heal was to recreate what he had lost, but Rowan was not too concerned about this because he realized that the suction force emerging from Limbo was not targeting everything indiscriminately; instead, it was focused on Primordial Soul.

Rowan quickly realized what was happening since something similar had happened to him when he began to gain the power over the Origin of Space; his many Incarnations had been drawn towards him, and only by forcefully repelling them did he not merge with the many streams of consciousness he had all over Reality.

The same thing was happening here, but on a much larger scale. The main body of Primordial Soul was outside of Reality, and being this close to it, the force being exerted on this branch of the Primordial must be under an ungodly amount of strain. This could be seen from the fact that the barest amount of force escaping from Primordial Soul was sucking the entire City of Sheol into Limbo.

Primordial Soul still had the capacity to fight against the pull of her main body and also carry Rowan alongside her, despite the fact that she was also deeply damaged by the blast of Realm's Butcher. Rowan saw his opportunity and went for it, twisting his blade to the side, and he drove it into the spine of Primordial Soul until the tip burst out of her right eye.

She had been silent all this time, but her body seized, and she shrieked in anger and desperation. The blade began to feast, tearing her essence and using it to repair itself while transferring the purest life force to Rowan, who used it to start recreating his flesh.

If you continue that action, we will both fall, and you do not want to meet my main body; if you do, you shall love me."

"I will take my chances," Rowan grunted as he pulled back the blade and stabbed her again in her spine, and he did it multiple times, taking out huge chunks of her flesh, his body was half way healed but his limbs had not fully regrown, still, Primordial Soul endured the continuous blows as she tried to recover fast enough while pushing to escape this void, and she was nearly at the edge, a few moments more and she would escape Limbo.

Rowan's hand was a blur as he continued stabbing, and when he detected that his limbs had fully regrown, his eyes flashed with a scarlet glow, and he stabbed towards the head of Primordial Soul.

Used to the assault from Rowan, the Primordial did not resist this attack, letting it happen with her consciousness entirely focused on escaping Limbo. The tip of the blade had just pushed into her skull when Primordial Soul's consciousness screamed danger, but it was already too late as Rowan activated his foul technique once again.

"Kill!"

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1711: Silence and Dread

The Destroyer plunged into the skull of Primordial Soul, and because Rowan had all of his limbs regrown, even his wings, he could push himself higher and angle the blade downward so that it pierced down through her neck before bursting out of her chest as he simultaneously triggered Realm's Butcher Onslaught while sacrificing another percent of his soul.

Despite the pain, he could observe what happened next without passing out because he was using the technique away from his body.

The upper half of the body of Primordial Soul vanished, and a frightening crater appeared in the void between Realities. Rowan noticed that his Destroyer had lost almost half of its mass once more, as this technique damaged the weapon as well.

Still wrapped around his body were the remnants of Primordial Soul's flesh, and Rowan unhesitantly pointed his blade at his body and stabbed through the body of Primordial Soul into his own, pinning her to himself.

"You are making a mistake, child. We could..."

With the blade inside his body, Rowan pushed three percent of his soul into the rune of Realm's Butcher, and he activated it.

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Inside the Origin Land, there was darkness. Although the City of Sheol had been empty, its glorious light had illuminated the Origin Land, but the battle between Rowan and Primordial Soul had destroyed the entire city, and all that it was had been sucked into Limbo, except for the Purgatory Gate.

Rooted firmly in the Origin Land, the Purgatory Gate had survived the collapse of Sheol, and it shielded all of Rowan's children who had been sleeping, awaiting the day that he woke them all.

A massive crater was at the center of what had been Sheol, and it led directly into Limbo, a place where only Old Ones could barely peer into.

A large armored hand, bigger than stars, erupted from the crater and grabbed onto space, before another hand emerged holding the remnants of a broken blade that seemed to be made from bones and bleeding flesh, and before long, Rowan dragged half of his body outside the crater.

The wound that was made by Realm's Butcher refused to close, and so Rowan used his Will to force his Origin Land to merge itself over the crater, and so the void began to heal, but it was slow, as if the lingering energy here was fighting for every inch.

Everything below his chest was gone, and he turned around and collapsed into the empty space around him, dismissing the armor of the Slaughter Revenant as he regulated his consciousness.

A breathless laugh burst out of his chest, and he did not try to suppress it. He had many plans going into this battle, but none of them were fully formed because he decided not to use any of his previous abilities, leaving him with a largely untested pool of power to draw from.

Rowan had no plans for banishing Primordial Soul out of Reality because he needed to kill her so she did not merge with her true form. If she did, then a pillar of Reality would be consumed, and while that would not end Reality, it would kill every lifeform inside of it except for extremely powerful Old Ones and the Primordials.

With Rowan's ability to control souls, there was a chance he might be able to step up and bear the burden of carrying every soul in Reality without developing an Origin, but that would leave him severely weakened, and the Primordials would be able to take advantage of him.

However, in the heat of battle, Rowan considered all of these points and still decided to go for the kill. There were too many unknown factors in battling a Primordial, and he could not be a hundred percent certain that he had what it took to kill them, and if an opportunity presented itself, he did not have the choice not to take it.

A loud cracking sound drew his attention, and he turned to the side and saw the Purgatory Gate beginning to crack. After merging his bloodline and abilities together, he had not yet activated the new changes because of the changes brought by the bloodline of Enoch, and so the Purgatory Gate was like a tree without roots.

By all rights, the moment that Rowan had finished with the fusion of his abilities, the Purgatory Gates should have vanished, but it did not; instead, it remembered the wishes of Rowan to protect his children and it endured when it should have disappeared into nothing.

Even the battle between two beings whose powers were at the peak of existence did nothing to shake this gate, but in the end, it was starting to fall.

Struggling to sit, Rowan began to recreate his body, and because he had done this once before, he was getting better at recreating his body. His perception was drawn to the Destroyer, towards the pommel of the blade where the eye of Primordial Soul had merged with the weapon.

The eye that had previously been in a drowsy state was now shining with a weird pale glow, but its gaze was not fixed on Rowan, but away from him, at the closing crater.

The wound Rowan had left in space was massive, enough to place a dozen universes side by side just to factor for its length. He had forced the Origin Land to close over the wound, but it was slow, and it would take months for this process to be completed.

Following the direction of the eye on his sword, Rowan looked towards the closing crater and saw the upper half of Primordial Soul's head looking at him.

Due to the darkness of this crater, there could be no light inside of it, yet her eyes shone through the darkness like a beast of prey, and then arms began to emerge from the crater, and when they exceeded a thousand, Rowan stopped counting.

Pushing his body to heal faster, Rowan began to slowly get to his feet. Something in the air had changed, and he knew that he was now truly facing Primordial Soul, and she had torn off the mask.

Like a massive spider made from too many arms with no legs, she emerged from the crater, glowing eyes fixed on Rowan, and she charged at him in silence.

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Chapter 1712: The Killing Spear

Looking at Primordial Soul charging through the darkness like a gigantic eldrith spider, Rowan was reminded of the Demon King, Minerva, and his Will of Truth instantly created the connection between this Demon and Primordial Soul.

So it would seem that Primordial Soul had links to all the Primordial Domains, and she had been secretly placing all her agents in various spheres of power; all of this was expected, yet it still struck Rowan with a sense of absurdity on the truths they considered infallible, being nothing short of deception.

Since he was not depending on his body to regenerate his flesh but his creation power, Rowan pushed backwards with his wings, his legs exploding out of his waist, and bringing his sword in a guard position as he summoned his Revenant armor, which was all he could do before Primordial Soul, in all her fury slammed into him.

Tens of thousands of arms tore at him, each arm had the power to tear a Reality to shreds, and it was all Rowan could do to keep himself safe from the onslaught as he furiously defended himself, and he was pushed backwards, beyond the area where the City of Sheol lay.

A terrifying feeling of incoming impact pinged in his consciousness before he slammed into the mountain range that contained all the Ether in his Origin Land. His Slaughter Revenant Armor was powerful, but it was not meant for defense, and the barrage of blows from Primordial Soul had crushed his armor long before he collided against the mountain.

The Tri-color Sigil in his chest burned brilliantly red as Rowan channeled all of his power into his Constitution, and that was the only reason he was not vaporized by the impact.

The City of Sheol had been massive, and only a higher-dimensional immortal could even think of crossing its length. Still, it was nothing before the enormous mountain ranges that Rowan had used in storing his Ether; they had been billions of times bigger than the City of Sheol. They were the densest material inside the Origin Land.

However, with this crash, countless trillions of tonnes of rocks were vaporized in an instant, and Rowan's body tore through half the mountain range before the velocity over his body subsided.

His flesh had transformed from solid to a state that was between spirit and a gaseous material since the impact had loosened the bonds between every part of his body, and with a roar of rage that resounded all over his Origin Land, Rowan compressed his body into a solid form.

With the force that Rowan impacted the mountains, the sound and shockwave emitted from that crash were so powerful and profound that it became a living entity made from madness and pain. However, its existence was thankfully short as the light from Rowan's Crown blazed out like the explosion of a thousand supernovae.

The entity could barely scream before it was dissolved into nothingness, and the light of the crown pounded on Primordial Soul, forging links of dead dimensions that bound her hands.

A shrug from Primordial Soul tore the chains to pieces, but this gave Rowan enough time to grab dozens of her hands, and with a roar, he pulled her apart. Her face held a bit of amazement as it was split in two from the center, and heavy sparks of laws combined and exploded down the middle of her body as the laws she controlled battled against those of Rowan's.

Every action taken here was one of intense Will, which is why the battle appeared incredibly brutal.

To inflict a single wound, Rowan would have to conquer the infinite number of laws controlled by Primordial Soul, cut through her space, time, memory, fate, and destiny, while ensuring that his Will to kill was potent enough to pierce through the haze of this clash in order to reach his target.

To put this in plain terms, if the body of Primordial Soul was a castle, and one of her hair could be seen as a single block in that castle, to destroy a single block would mean that Rowan had to create an army of billions, because every block in this castle were guarded by their personal army of billions.

When these two armies clash, Rowan would have to have a divine general waiting to slip through the chaos of the battle and break that block.

The trouble here was that this castle contained trillions of blocks, and to hurt Primordial Soul, Rowan would have to wage battle against all these trillions of blocks at the same time, while having trillions of divine generals that could cut through the battle and inflict damage on the blocks.

What made it even more of a chore was that each block was unique, and its armies and methods were different from those of the previous block. With a lot of them having methods that were bizarre, meaning Rowan had not come across such laws before, all were most likely remnants of ancient Realities now long destroyed, and the only way he could win was to cut through with force.

In essence, every single blow that Rowan landed against Primordial Soul might seem brutish and straightforward, but the complex workings underneath were something that no immortal alive could even comprehend.

Of course, describing it in such a simplistic manner was far from grasping all the intricacies of this battle.

The surprise on the face of Primordial Soul before she was torn in two was because she had noticed that Rowan's method was growing more refined.

In the beginning, harming her would have required him to utilize a billion units of energy, but now he had used one less unit. When placed against the enormous entity that was Primordial Soul, this single unit meant Rowan's adaptability and comprehension had reached a point where a Primordial became astonished.

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Flinging one part of her body into the distance, Rowan slammed the remains of his Destroyer into the half he was still holding, causing his blade to feast with glee.

Below him, the massive crater caused by his crash exploded, and a pillar of Ether erupted from it, soaring into the heavens.

Thrusting his hand into the pillar of Ether, Rowan transformed it into a spear of twilight with the length of a million light-years. Squeezing his fist again, he condensed the spear until it was under a million miles long and shone brighter than any star in Reality.

His eyes turned black as he combusted ten percent of his soul, and the spear in his hands transformed into the living embodiment of slaughter. The Origin Land screamed as the presence of this spear began to degrade the mountains around him, but Rowan was focused on holding this spear in place and could not afford to lose control of it.

If he had not undergone the dangerous trials during his fusion when his mental capabilities were brought beyond the limit and his consciousness was baptized in fires of perdition that no immortal mind should withstand, he would not have been able to keep his mind focused.

His Destroyer had already consumed half of Primordial Soul's body, and the other half had healed from its wound, and Primordial Soul had assumed her complete shape once more, but Rowan was not giving her the chance to regain her momentum.

The weapon had a mind of its own, and Rowan did not need to direct it; he simply pointed it at Primordial Soul and let go of it.

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1713: Stinks Of Fear

Space and Time shrieked in pain as they tore themselves apart in order to make way for the spear, essentially eliminating the distance between Rowan and Primordial Soul, making it so that the moment the spear left Rowan's hand, it was already in front of Primordial Soul's face, yet, her response was still impossibly fast, almost as if she could predict or see the future.

A thousand arms erupted from her body and clasped the spear, covering it in a mound of limbs. Primordial Soul detached those limbs a moment before another frightening implosion occurred, vaporizing the limbs and sending a bolt of scarlet lightning piercing towards the Primordial.

Realm's Butcher Onslaught could not be avoided, even by a Primordial, and a move like this was supposed to be the final play of a desperate enemy that was willing to die and end all existence with them.

Only a being like Rowan could release multiple Realm's Butcher Onslaughts as if it were nothing, and only a being like Primordial Soul could continue enduring such a killing technique without perishing.

The lance of scarlet lightning pierced towards Primordial Soul, and she shrieked in rage, pushing her body to the limits and receiving the blow. In an instant, Primordial Soul was

vaporized, leaving a long gash that melted the space of the Origin Land, displaying a shocking view of Limbo.

Following his previous orders, the Origin Land began to struggle to close the gap in its body. As Rowan collapsed to his knees, he had lost twenty percent of his soul, and the wounds across his Origin Land were severe, since he was losing so much of it that could not be recovered.

When Rowan threw the first punch at Primordial Soul, he came to a frightening realization that she was impossible to kill, her laws were complete and perfect, reaching realms that he had not yet mastered, and she did not just contain the Origin of soul, but so many other Origins.

Her essence was endless, and it did not matter how much he damaged her; she would recover from everything, not unless he erased her from causality itself, making it so that she never existed.

No matter how much it was costing him, Realm's Butcher Onslaught turned out to be the most effective weapon against a Primordial that he currently controlled, not unless he activated the Enochian Cradle, but Rowan was keeping this power under wraps because he knew that revealing it might possibly lead to driving Primordial Soul crazy and she would disregard everything, even allying with the other Primordials in order to stop him.

In the distance, a glint of purple and gold appeared from nothing, and the bloody flesh of Primordial Soul began to reconstitute itself from this light, bringing an air of desolation and horror that would drive Old Ones to insanity.

Rowan's eyes brightened when he noticed that the Aura of Primordial Soul was weaker, and he could trace it to the loss of Origin. He could not tell how much Origin Power was inside Primordial Soul, but he knew that she was spending Origins to return to life every time he erased her from causality.

Rowan did not know how many Realities the main body of Primordial Soul had consumed or how many Origins were allocated to this body, but it could not be many. Origins were precious, and Rowan suspected that the nature of a Primordial meant they could not attain Origin with their personal efforts; they had to consume it.

He may be losing a lot using Realm's Butcher Onslaught, but if he considers how much Primordial Soul was losing in this battle, then he may be slightly ahead.

In the blink of an eye, Primordial Soul had recreated her body, and now she no longer appeared in the form of an abominable many-limbed spider, instead she wore armor made from starlight and her hair burned with a purple flame, her demeanor had changed and she now resembles a warrior only the long draconic tail that burst out of her waist spoiled this picture.

She charged at Rowan once more in silence, and Rowan, too, did the same. At their level, words were meaningless because they knew that only one of them was leaving this place alive.

Primordial Soul was not aware that he had attained the Enochian Crucible, so she felt her secret of escaping Oblivion must never leave the Origin Land, and Rowan would have to die to protect this secret and bring her one step closer to claiming the ultimate prize.

Space and time parted before them, and they clashed. A moment before the clash, Rowan began to take advantage of his homefield.

Using Realm's Butcher Onslaught so frequently was not just because it was the only weapon that could effectively kill a Primordial; with Rowan's comprehension, he was rapidly mastering this technique.

Due to how dangerous it was, he could hardly practice with it and so everytime he used it, his consciousness was rapidly deciphering all the intricacies of this technique, and from a novice, he had mastered it to a sublime level in such a short time, and that meant he no longer needed to wield it so crudely, but adapt this teschnique to his battle style.

Rowan opened his mouth, and the heavens and the earth fell inside. Countless light-years filled with the divine mountains that held his Ether were swallowed by him, and all of them were rolled into a ball and shoved inside his Tri-core sigil, even as Rowan burned another five percent of his soul and poured the power of Realm's Butcher into the orb in his chest.

Rapid-fire punches and feints between Rowan and Primordial Soul shattered the horizon, causing the Origin Land to wail in pain. This form of Primordial Soul was powerful, but Rowan was rapidly evolving in battle, his blows becoming so strong that when they impacted, they sent shockwaves that flayed the flesh from the bones of Primordial Soul.

She barely flinched as she parried his follow-through attack; the force shattered her arms, but she regenerated instantly, her body stitching itself with writhing soul-threads.

Primordial Soul suddenly tore herself in two, and Rowan attacked her clone, who dissipated into dust in a single strike, leaving him open for her counterattack.

A blade made from the condensed soul of a trillion Old Ones was manifested in her hand, and she struck quicker than a thought.

This blow would have sliced him in two, but he could only angle his body fast enough to lose only a single hand.

Rowan did not slow down, not waiting for his arm to be regrown. He turned and headbutted the sword, snapping it in half, catching the blade with his left hand and

infusing it with his Will to end all Primordials. Rowan rammed the jagged stump into her stomach.

Primordial Soul coughed out black blood stained with the tears of eternity, but her free hand plunged into Rowan's chest and seized his beating heart.

She whispered to him since they were presently close like lovers, "I could end you this instant."

Rowan grinned, "Do it."

Seeing the fearlessness in his eyes, Primordial Soul squeezed, but his heart did not stop; instead, it beat harder. Her eyes opened wide in surprise, and she wanted to pull out her arm to rip out Rowan's heart, but his right hand had regrown, and he seized her wrist, bending it first to break the bone before he pulled it back, ripping her flesh and leaving her hand behind inside his body.

Primordial Soul shrieked, and a storm of screaming faces, their mouths stretched in endless agony, poured out from her body in numbers beyond infinity to bury Rowan, but his Revenant armor exploded into a river of molten corpses that transformed into flaming revenants powered by hate and rage.

These two armies collided, and heaven and earth shattered into pieces.

Primordial Soul and Rowan looked at each other for a moment, and they clashed once more, their mighty bodies tearing through the battling armies.

Slipping under a wicked clawing slice from Primordial Soul that would have decapitated him, Rowan seized her throat like a striking snake, and his chest burst open, blasting the orb he had created towards Primordial Soul.

She responded by sloughing off her skin, escaping from Rowan's grasp, revealing underneath an army of screaming shades from multiple fallen Realities whose souls had been tortured and transformed over the endless Eras.

"This is getting old..." Rowan growled, "Show me new tricks."

The orb that blasted out of his chest transformed into an exact replica of Rowan, but it was only his Incarnation as a Slaughter Revenant, and with a sweep of his blade, the Incarnation turned the screaming shades to dust.

Yet the wave that erupted from that blade did not stop at the shades; it continued on until it sliced Primordial Soul in two, and red lightning erupted from her wound to tear her into pieces.

As a new body of Primordial Soul erupted from space, the Slaughter Revenant Incarnation turned to Rowan and chuckled, “Do you smell that?”

Rowan smiled like a wolf, “Yes, she stinks of fear.”

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Chapter 1714: Killing The Thirst

The clash between Rowan and Primordial Soul was taking place in a higher-dimensional realm with properties of the ninth dimension, yet the Origin Land was beginning to suffer nearly irreparable damage.

The void had transformed from an inert space to something eerily consumable. It tasted of rust, ozone, and the metallic tang of freshly spilled divinity, the likes of which had long been lost from Reality.

The land around them for countless light years wasn't earth; it was the scab of a reality torn from normality into madness, a crust of ossified screams and crystallized despair over a churning abyss of primordial chaos.

Above, a bruised sky pulsed with veins of sickly green and bruised purple, where distant, lidless eyes blinked with the slow, indifferent rhythm of dying suns.

This was the result of higher-level laws of Will being created and destroyed in great magnitudes; this was the wound between Realities and was the fallback option for a higher-dimensional realm to contain the spillage of such a clash.

Rowan had lost thirty percent of his soul, and even with his great tenacity, his Aura had begun to diminish, but his battle capabilities had risen. Being pushed towards the edge of nothingness, he was not weakened; instead, he grew stronger. The same thing seemed to be happening to Primordial Soul, yet hers was different.

Every time Rowan destroyed her body and she sacrificed her Origin to return to life, it was as if he was peeling back layers of flesh like an onion to reveal her core. It was as if everything he had been killing was the masks she wore to deceive all of Reality, and Rowan had succeeded in breaking through the many masks to the real Primordial within.

This was the first time he was seeing a Primordial, and if not for the strength of his consciousness, Rowan would have fled.

It was easy to forget that Primordials were not limited to their Origin. The Primordial Soul was just a mask borne by the Primordial, who stole the origin of souls from this Reality. Only after shedding this guise would their true nature be revealed.

The First Thirst, known as Primordial of Soul, stood not just as a woman, but as an absence given dreadful form.

Her silhouette was woven from the negative space left by extinguished consciousnesses, a painting of stolen sighs and silenced prayers.

Within her, Realities filled with endless lost souls flickered and screamed, trapped fireflies in a jar of obsidian glass. Her face was a shifting mosaic – a child’s terrified sob one moment, a lover’s final gasp the next, an ancient sage’s bewildered stare the next, all dissolving into the hungry void beneath.

She radiated a crushing melancholy, the weight of every unfulfilled longing, every forgotten dream. This Primordial wasn’t just essence; it was memory, and the First Thirst was the archive of all that ever wept.

All whose cravings could never be satisfied, the betrayer and the betrayed, everything that was wrong, given a voice.

This thing spoke,

“You must always have known that meeting here, this battle, was entropy’s inevitable tide. Seeing me as I am, you have seen the end of your path.”

Rowan shook his head in irritation, “And is that the path of soul?”

“What else is there?” the First Thirst crooned, “Endless possibilities bloom at our command, and I shall save all of existence when I become complete; all other paths lead to him.”

Rowan’s eyes lit up as he asked, with great weight in his voice, “Who is he?” He feared and expected the answer.

“Your wretched father... Enoch. Now, I end another of his children!”

She attacked, and Rowan did not hold back, knowing that the end was coming and refusing to allow any shred of weakness to taint his Will, despite everything he had learnt and the magnitude of the enemy before him.

Rowan’s eyes flashed as he sacrificed half his soul and pushed it into the body of the Revenant Incarnation, activating Realm’s Butcher Onslaught to the extreme.

Space folded, screamed, and tore like wet parchment as the First Thirst converged towards Rowan, a sigh given terrible purpose; her form elongated, becoming a spear of concentrated sorrow aimed at his form, but the Revenant Incarnation stepped forward to welcome the attack.

The Incarnation did not try to stop the attack; instead, he opened himself and accepted the blow, his chest parting like rotten fruit before her ethereal touch. He might be Rowan's Incarnation, but he lacked his durability. Still, that did not matter for what he wanted to achieve.

Like a whale swallowing water, the body of the Incarnation absorbed the entirety of the Primordial.

Inside the Incarnation, the First Thirst didn't find organs. She found war. She saw the echoing screams of the first cellular conflict, the shattering of primal atoms, the grinding tectonic fury of nascent worlds. Her touch, designed to unravel essence, met a maelstrom of pure, self-sustaining destruction. This was the Core of Rowan's Slaughter Revenant Aspect and his Realm's Butcher Onslaught.

Anti-Life, Anti-Creation itself.

The First Thirst screamed within the Incarnation as her body brushed against this anti-creation – not dying, but unbecoming, their histories erased, their identities dissolved into the raw, shrieking static of conflict.

The Incarnation screamed, and Rowan also roared in pain, a sound that cracked the scab-crust beneath them, revealing the churning, multi-colored chaos below.

Struggling to escape the death zone that the body of the Incarnation had become, the First Thirst pushed one of her arms out of the Incarnation's chest, clawing for salvation. Her screams were madness.

Pushing through the pain and the madness of placing his mind into such a convergence of forces, his Will steadied the mind of his Incarnation, knowing he could not let the Primordial escape. With all of the sacrifices he had made and all the grief he had suffered, being this close to winning the fight, he could not let her win.

Feeling the depth of his conviction, his Incarnation responded.

The hand of the Incarnation, large enough to cradle a mountain range, closed around the ephemeral shaft of the Primordial's limb. Where his fingers touched, her form crystallized– not into ice, but into jagged shards of solidified grief, snapping off with the sound of a million breaking hearts.

The Primordial recoiled, not in pain, but in profound violation. The crystallized grief embedded in the Incarnation's palm pulsed with captured anguish before dissolving, absorbed into his furious heart.

Turning to Rowan, the Incarnation grinned, a rictus that split his face to the hinge of his jaw, revealing teeth like broken monoliths dripping with saliva that sizzled where it hit

the ground. He flexed the hand, and new scars, shaped like weeping faces, formed over the knuckles.

“We shall kill them all,” the Incarnation said, and then he began to implode, compressing all the powers of the end into the Primordial trapped inside of him.

“No, this cannot be; I am eternal.”

The Primordial became desperate; she inverted. Her outer form collapsed inward like a dying star, revealing not emptiness but a nexus—a place where all the souls within her were stripped bare, not as individuals but as raw feelings—terror, joy, love, despair—woven into a pulsating, cancerous heart of pure emotional potential.

This was the Core of Soul, the beating engine of all sentient experience. She thrust this exposed core against the Will of the Incarnation, a psychic tsunami of pure being intended to overwhelm, to drown his oblivion in the sheer, crushing weight of existence, only to be met with laughter as Rowan combusted what remained of his soul and added the power to the Incarnation.

“You are the first to die, but not the last. Find solace in that, it is all I have to give.”

Chapter 1715: Grafting Nightmares

Burning all his soul in an instant should have killed anyone else, but Rowan had long learned to live without a soul, as to him, his soul could be seen as a clone and not the entirety of his being.

He could afford to live without a soul, but for this battle, his soul was too important to be extinguished, at least not until he was assured that Primordial Soul was dead.

Three strikes ago, he had already mastered Realm’s Butcher Onslaught to a sublime level, and when he made the final infusion that burned what was left of his soul, he had mastered this technique beyond perfection, reaching a state that had exceeded the limits of this technique.

This was not a simple achievement, and Rowan, before this battle, would never have believed that he would be able to achieve something like this, because with the power and complexity of this technique, mastering it was equal to mastering a law to its Origin state.

Yet, Rowan did not just master this technique; he did it in the midst of battle, and he only had seven opportunities to learn and perfect it. Seven great strikes were all it took.

Many factors were responsible for such a profound accomplishment. The first was that he was fighting a Primordial, and the stakes could never have been higher. Barely a decade

ago, in real time, he thought his greatest battle would be against the Throne of Primordial Demon, and now he was fighting a true Primordial.

The second reason for his progress was that every usage of this technique was killing him, and in the midst of such a stimulating battle that had driven his focus beyond the limits, his comprehension seemed to have broken through into a new realm.

You are what you eat, and for Rowan, he had been eating the Primordial throughout their clash, learning, adapting, evolving, and it was happening so quickly that it was easy to miss if one was not paying attention.

Mastering Realm's Butcher Onslaught to the limit meant that even when his entire soul was lost, he was able to recreate it in a new form, which would slowly transform back to his dimensional soul, albeit that it would be slow. Rowan had essentially created a loophole where there was none.

In the absence of his soul, tens of billions of Hollow Titans he had gained during his understanding of Space Origin, flooded the missing part of his being, and they began conducting a ritual of transference, where they gave everything to their Creator, releasing a pale wisp of radiance that served as the primordial building block for his soul.

In a moment, the tens of billions of Hollow Titans had exhausted all their essence, and they retired back into Rowan's body, but there were more Hollow Titans, emerging from his bones to fill up the void of his soul.

A single spark appeared inside his body, and a new soul roared to life. It was a powerful soul, bright with all seven lights of emotions, but a slow golden transformation began to spread throughout the soul as it transformed into a dimensional soul.

All this took place very quickly inside Rowan's body, but in a short while, he had already regained one percent of his previous soul power. It was not a lot, but it meant that with time, he could continue using his killing technique without limits, and if he could keep using Realm's Butcher, then it was inevitable that he would reach a point where he would no longer need to sacrifice his soul to utilize this technique effectively.

With one part of him focused on recreating his soul, the other was concentrated on his Revenant Incarnation, whose task of killing a Primordial needed all of his attention.

Inside the body of the Incarnation, the battle had reached a feverish height. The implosion of power had created a swirling vortex, not of darkness, but of absolute null. The Anti-Core. This was in response to the move by Primordial Soul.

Rowan had watched and learned from the final move made by Primordial Soul; her utilization of primordial laws had reached a point where he could only watch in awe, but it was all he needed to furiously grow and catch up.

The creation of the Anti-Core solidified his control over the Origin of Space, Fate, and Destiny inside of him, pushing them to new heights and advancing his entire power base.

What he had created here was a perfect vacuum where not even the concept of feeling could exist. It wasn't destruction; it was uncreation, and with a roar that could shake all of creation, the tidal wave of raw soul-energy from Primordial Soul hit the vortex.

The forces were at a stalemate for a moment before the wave of Anti-Life overcame the power of the Primordial and crushed her dreams, swallowing them under a relentless tide of red.

It wasn't absorbed; it was erased. Vast swathes of captured lives, histories, loves, and losses simply... ceased to be. Not destroyed, but unmade, retroactively negated as if they never were.

The Primordial core-heart screamed, a sound that made the heavens of the Origin Land weep blood. Fissures raced across the core of the Primordial. Souls from long-dead Realities trapped within her were dissolved into silent, formless static before winking out. The loss wasn't just power; it was meaning. It was the deletion of Chapters from the book of existence.

“BOOM!!!”

The core of the Primordial exploded, and there was such a rush of power that it tore the Revenant Incarnation in two. Focused on killing the Primordial, there was hardly any time to adjust to the rush of power that emerged from her dissolution.

A weakened form of the Primordial slipped out from Rowan's body like a stillborn baby emerging from a wound in its mother's stomach.

Rowan growled with rage, knowing that this was a tactic by Primordial Soul to fight for her life, and he had failed to anticipate it.

The raw energy shed by their clash – the dissolving souls, the negated emotions, the shredded concepts – rained down into the Origin Land below. It fed the chaotic scar created from the dead laws from their clash.

Rowan felt a change in the earth and instantly understood the plans of Primordial Soul, but it was too late to change it.

Tentacles of pure, unstable potential, iridescent and shifting, thicker than continents, surged upwards, not to attack, but to caress, to taste. If it had been an attack, Rowan's senses would have felt it, but like him, Primordial Soul was learning, and she had seen a blind spot in his defenses.

One brushed past the Primordial's wounded flank. Where it touched, her form mutated. Translucent parchment skin sprouted chitinous plates etched with insane, non-Euclidean patterns. A weeping sore blossomed into a secondary mouth filled with needle-teeth that gnashed and chattered in a language of broken angles.

He could not allow this to happen, and so Rowan attacked.

Another tentacle, drawn by Rowan's violent output, lashed towards him. He seized it, not to repel, but to wield. He tore the end off, the severed tip writhing and screaming with the voices of unborn nightmares, and jammed it into the wound of the Incarnation left by Primordial Soul as she escaped her cage of flesh.

The nightmare-tendrill grafted onto the Incarnation, becoming a new, thrashing limb that spat bolts of chaotic energy that warped space and time around their impact points.

A piercing scream blasted from the body of the Incarnation, who was fed with all the power of souls that Rowan had recreated, and its powers transcended into a new and terrible state.

The graft changed the Incarnation on a fundamental level. His pure, focused violence became infected with Primordial Soul's chaotic potential. His strikes became unpredictable, spawning random pockets of warped reality – bubbles of accelerated time where moss grew thick on the Primordial form in a fraction of a second, zones of reversed gravity that tore chunks of soul-stuff from her, spheres of pure madness that made trapped souls within her turn on each other.

Primordial Soul, reeling from the loss of her core's energy, from the mutations, from the relentless, adaptive assault, saw the truth, and a shriek of despair and disbelief erupted from her soul.

It wasn't just that Rowan was stronger. It was that Soul was fragile. She was fragile!

Soul required context, meaning, and memory. It was the story written on the blank page—Rowan the eraser, the null, the page itself, indifferent to the story.

What about the chaotic energies of the soul? They were the potential for both, but drawn to the entropy Rowan embodied. He was becoming a vortex, not just of destruction, but of *unmaking*, amplified by the very chaos of a Reality warped beyond its pure nature.

Primordial Souo shrieked,

"I created this... I created this madness... is it not beautiful?!"

Despite being continuously torn apart by an Incarnation that had exceeded all scope of meaning, Primordial Soul fought on, a symphony of desperation.

She condensed the remaining power of her core into a single, shrieking lance of pure identity – the defiant “I AM” of every soul that ever existed.

She ignored the ravages of the Incarnation and drove it towards Rowan, but with a flap of his wings, Rowan changed places with his Incarnation, who absorbed the blow with its core.

For a moment, the Anti-Core pulsed as its operation slowed—the sheer, concentrated force of being pressed against the edge of uncreation. The faces of heroes, lovers, artists, thinkers, children—countless expressions of existence—flared bright against the swallowing dark.

Chapter 1716: The Slow Unraveling

Rowan roared, not in pain, but in ecstatic challenge. Pushing power into his Incarnation to fight against the last outburst from Primordial Soul. The power of his soul was not enough, and so, pushing deep into his physique as an Apex Omniversal Titan, he activated his Final Form.

He felt something break inside of him; his body was not yet ready to unleash such powers, but this battle was a whetstone pushing him to heights that were unknown. Logically, he should have completed all of his Origins, upgraded his Class, and perhaps done a final fusion to be able to fully activate his Final Form, but Rowan was learning how to manipulate higher-dimensional complexities far better than he could have ever imagined as this battle continued.

A wave of shadow and pure, unfiltered power poured from his Reality Crown towards Rowan's body, and his form began to expand. Numerous mysteries were born and perished inside of him. Entire universes filled with alien lifeforms that lived and died over the span of a thousand Eras emerged in his heart, and when it seemed that his body was about to reach an unknown peak, his foundation crumbled.

Like attempting to carry a mountain when his legs were made from matchsticks, Rowan could barely hold his Final Form for a moment. Yet, in that single moment, he had regained his dimensional soul from nothing, breaking the curse of Realm's Butcher, and his body had been brought to the peak.

This was Rowan's cruelest weapon, copying Primordial Soul, who could feed on Origin to regain her life; Rowan could feed on himself to be reborn.

'But if Origins come from Realities, could it not be said that the Primordials are borrowing our unique talents to be reborn?' Rowan mused internally before pouring power into his Incarnation.

The majority of the abilities he was using in this battle were untried and extremely dangerous if he made a single misstep. Using the Incarnation, Rowan had a buffer and the freedom to go crazy with his speculations, and knowing that any backlash that may arise from his mistakes would have to travel through his Incarnation before reaching him.

Rowan could not tell what would happen to him if he created an Anti-Core inside his body, or accepted the entirety of a Primordial in his flesh so he could cage them, even grafting a tentacle from the shed vitality of Primordial Soul.

With his incarnation, he did not have to hesitate; he could explode with his entire focus and not fear failure.

And that was what he did, and in a single stroke, he nearly emptied his infinite power into the body of the Incarnation.

The grafted Nightmare tendril convulsed as the swirling vortex in the chest of the Incarnation pulsed, and from its depths, not nothingness, but the echo of the first negation, the memory of uncreation, surged forth. It met Primordial Soul's lance of identity.

The collision was silent. Utterly, profoundly silent. Light and void canceled each other. Then, the entire Origin Land screamed as it shrank. To withstand this clash that would have ended Reality a thousand times over, ten percent of the Origin Land was lost.

Yet from this destruction, Rowan saw enlightenment, and he channeled that destruction into his palm, creating a disk, and in this moment, Rowan knew that he had not just attained the Will of Destruction, he had also gained its Origin alongside it!

Truly, the best environment for him to grow was in battle.

At this time, Primordial Soul was resisting the Incarnation with everything she had when her eyes turned to Rowan, followed by her head, she looked at the swirling disks, and her face transformed into that of Elura.

"My son, there is much you do not know of the..."

Rowan crushed the disk, releasing a beam of Destruction Origin at the Primordial as he growled, "I know enough."

Its beam rippled outwards, piercing through Primordial Soul's face like a hot knife through snow. Not destroying her, but unraveling her. The dreams of souls began to fray at the edges. Individual threads – lives, memories, essences – started to slip from the weave.

They didn't die; they dispersed, like smoke in a hurricane, dissolving into the chaotic energies of annihilation or simply vanishing into the indifferent void.

The mosaic of her face shattered, the expressions freezing in the final moments of terror, confusion, or sorrow before dissolving. Her form, once a defined absence, began to blur, to lose cohesion. Patches of her simply... ceased to hold together, dissolving into motes of faint, dying light that were instantly snuffed out by Rowan's radiating aura of violent negation.

The Incarnation, seeing the state of the Primordial, laughed like a maniac and charged towards her before slamming into her body, the poison of his Anti-Core traveling deep into the struggling Titans, whose screams could unravel existence.

She tried to pull back and coalesce, but the Revenant Incarnation would not let her escape, burning all of its life force to keep the corruption within her form.

No longer needing to be bound in the form of Rowan, the Incarnation transformed into a great beast that fused the form of all three Primordial Beasts that Rowan presently controlled.

A chaotic array of claws, fangs, wings, tails, scales, and all manner of beastly monstrosity sprouted inside her flesh, infecting her core and cracking the soul-stuff beneath. The gnashing mouths bit into her own substance, consuming the trapped souls nearby.

The Primordial's core-heart, already fissured, pulsed erratically, shedding great chunks of solidified emotion that shattered like glass when they hit the scab-crust below that had spread for nearly half the Origin Land, releasing clouds of anguished mist.

The Origin Land was dying to contain the battle between Rowan and Primordial Soul, but it was worth it, Rowan believed.

Finally, the struggle ended, the Incarnation perished, and Primordial Soul's flickering body collapsed on her knees; she had no more Origin to burn.

Rowan advanced. He wasn't triumphant; he was consummate. This was his purpose, refined to its purest, most horrific expression. Rowan was not aware, but during the battle, he had begun to call upon powers of the Enochian Cradle, because upon gaining the Origin of Destruction, a passage to that power seemed to have solidified inside his consciousness, becoming a part of him.

Pouring destruction down his hand, he lashed out, wrapping around the Primordial's flickering torso. Where he touched, her form rotted.

Not decayed in a biological sense, but conceptually decomposed.

Hope became maggot-ridden cynicism.

Love curdled into possessive obsession.

Joy crumbled into hysterical ash.

The souls trapped within these rotting sections didn't scream; they warped, their essences twisting into shrieking parodies of themselves before dissolving into his hand, feeding its chaotic power.

Primordial Soul's body flashed and took the form of Maeve. Her eyes filled with terror and despair, she slowly raised a hand—a gesture that might have been defiance, pleading, or simply the final spasm of a dying concept.

Rowan seized it. His massive fingers closed around her wrist. Her form was insubstantial, yet he held it with impossible force; there was a weird form of gentleness in his grip.

A slight bit of hope bled through the eyes of Maeve, and then Rowan pulled.

It wasn't physical. He pulled on the thread of her existence. The fundamental cord that bound the Primordial of Soul together.

And it gave, not with a snap, but with a terrible, slow, unraveling.

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The final moments were not loud, but profoundly, cosmically quiet. Primordial Soul didn't explode. She dissipated. Like smoke caught in a sudden, absolute vacuum.

Her Fate and Destiny unwound, thread by agonizing thread. Each soul, released from the binding weave that had kept them trapped for countless Eras, experienced a microsecond of pure, terrifying individuality – a flash of their life, their love, their fear – before winking out into absolute, unremembered nothingness.

Their mosaic faces dissolved into faint afterimages, then gone as the core-heart within every soul gave one final, feeble pulse, a dying ember, then shattered into a cloud of iridescent dust that hung for a moment, beautiful and terrible, before being sucked into the hungry vortex of Rowan's chest.

The last to go was the concept itself – the Primordial essence. It didn't fight. It simply... ceased to be bound.

A sigh echoed across the Origin Land, not of defeat but of release, of a terrible burden finally laid down. The sigh of the last soul realizing oblivion is peace. Then, silence—a silence deeper than the void between Realities.

A silence that hurt.

Rowan stood alone amidst the ravaged scab-crust of his Origin Land.

Chapter 1717: Consequences(1)

The Origin Land had been scarred to the point that it was almost unrecognizable. It was no longer infinite; instead, it resembled an abominable womb of a colossal creature that had been torn to shreds.

Rowan let out a deep breath, relaxing the tension that had filled his body. As he did, all the backlash from pushing himself past the limit began to surface.

The battle might have seemed under his control from the start, but Rowan had been on the edge of extinction from the beginning

Rowan shuddered, a feeling of near-death making his legs go jelly-like, but his physique was like a million-year-old oak tree, and he could never fall. Even if he were going to perish, it would be on his feet, a small gesture in the grand scheme of things, but Rowan had a peculiar pride.

Terrible wounds and mutations began to appear all over his body as the price for killing a Primordial was not cheap. However, there was also an intense benefit that came with slaughtering a Primordial, but first, he must accept the baptism of transformation.

Rowan grunted in pain and closed his eyes. When he opened them, his form was monstrosously changed. A pulsing, iridescent appendage covered in screaming mouths that still chewed on fading motes of soul-dust appeared around his shoulder like a cape.

New scars covered his body, and they would not fade, shaped like galaxies being extinguished.

His Tri-core pulsed slowly with the power of the Anti-Core he had created and perfected. A killing weapon for Primordials, and it almost seemed alive, but for now, it was sated but still eternally hungry.

The chaotic energies of Destruction surged around him, caressing his form like worshippers touching a god. He had not just won; he had consumed a fundamental aspect of existence when he accepted the death of Primordial Soul into his core.

Rowan looked down at his hand, the one that had held Primordial Soul's unraveling wrist. Trapped between his knuckles, almost invisible, was a single, faintly glowing thread. It was the color of forgotten twilight, the echo of a final, unanswered prayer. A single, irreducible shard of Soul that even his nullifying vortex couldn't fully erase.

He closed his fist around it. The tiny light didn't go out. It pulsed, a weak, trapped heartbeat against the crushing darkness of his being.

Rowan, the Eclipsed Creator, Apex Omniversal Titan, Killer of Primordials, and the Devourer of Soul, tilted his head back towards the bleeding sky; his thoughts were unknown.

He did not know how many individuals since the beginning of existence had been able to kill a Primordial, but he wagered that it could not be much. Something of his nature as a Reality seemed to be the perfect counter for these beings, and Rowan was not so proud to know that he could only kill Primordial Soul because she refused to flee.

She could not return to Reality or to Limbo, and her only choice was to choose whether she would fall by his hand or that of her brethren. It was a testament to the coldness among Primordials that she allowed herself to be killed by him rather than take the chance to be saved by her kin.

Rowan sighed at the heavens, but it was indifferent. He didn't roar in victory. He didn't laugh. He simply stood, a monument to violence and unmaking, the silence of the extinguished souls a new weight in the Origin Land.

The death of Primordial Soul came with consequences, but if anyone could carry the repercussions, it would be him. Rowan was sensing the mortal lives inside of Reality and noticed that the foundation of souls had not been shaken.

He frowned in contemplation, feeling the weight of the Soul Origin that he had accepted in his heart and finding it a bit weak. It was not as if Primordial Soul was not dead, but something or someone else was carrying another piece of her radiance.

Was it possible that Primordial Soul had foreseen her death and made arrangements before entering the Origin Land? Rowan could not be sure. What he knew was that after leaving here, he would hunt down her remnants, and nothing would stand in his way.

The grafted limb on his shoulder twitched, a mouth opening to whisper something in a language that curdled the air.

"The battle was over. The feast was concluded. The song of the stars had been chewed down to the last, silent note. And only the Hunger remained."

Rowan recognized that this limb came not just from the remnants of Primordial Soul but was also corrupted by the Enochian Cradle. Towards the end, after gaining the power of Destruction Origin, Rowan was beginning to feel the influence of this being more closely.

It was time to handle it.

Summoning his Primordial Record, Rowan aimed to finish his fusion, upgrade his Class, and tabulate all the changes that he had undergone before preparing for what was to come.

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Primordial Life still sat before the fire where his kin had once gathered. By his side was Seed, who was sitting cross-legged with his eyes closed.

After a while, the Old One opened his eyes, and a flash of impatience and anger could be seen in those milky orbs before they disappeared.

“Why do we wait here in the lower realm? Do you trust to be safe in the domain of Chaos?”

Primordial Life did not respond for a long time, and when it did, Seed rolled his eyes and looked away.

The Primordial had said, “You forget that although the lower realm was given to Chaos, someone else’s domain also rests here.”

Seed eyes penetrated through countless universes before lighting up, “You mean, Soul.”

Primordial Life smiled, “Yes, Soul... you remember the arrangements I have shown you, but I did not tell you my speculations, at least not entirely.”

Before this gathering, Primordial Life had gathered all the universes inside of Reality that had a peculiar feature: they contained Underverses grafted to them.

“Tell me, Seed, what do these Underverses remind you of?”

“Nothing.”

“Surely you can do better than that.”

“No,” Seed frowned, “I don’t think I can, not before you bring back my daughter.”

“Your daughter?” Primordial Life laughed, “If I am not wrong, she will soon be here.”

Chapter 1718: Return of Soul Origin

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

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: 876,442,695 / 999,999,999,999,999,999...

Omniversal Physique:

Infinite Titan Core

Strength Core: 35 Eos

Agility Core: 32 Eos

Constitution Core: 75 Eos

Class: Origin — Eclipsed Creator

Class Upgrade Available!

Title: Apex Omniversal Titan

Trait: Tri-Core Sigil

Reality Crown

Reality-Forged Physiology:

Passive Reality Aura

Self-Willed Existence

Wings of The Omniverse

Absolute Dominion:

Supreme Authority

Titan's Apotheosis:

Growth Beyond Limits:

Consume Realities

Evolve Adaptively

Final Form: The Last Pantheon

Weakness: Self-imposed

Aspect

: Slaughter Revenant

Apocalyptic Onslaught (Berserker Perfected)

Infinite Rage:

Blood of the Slain Gods

Battlefield Possession

Lament of the Vanished Heavens (Celestial Wrath)

Divine Plague

Voice of the Dead Pantheon

Eclipse Form (True Awakening)

Reality Crush

Finality Strikes

Doombringer's Covenant

Divine-Slaying

Army of One

Judgment of the Unworthy:

Weakness (Optional)

The Last Lament

Skills:

Realm's Butcher Onslaught

Records:

ORIGIN OUROBOROS – [ORIGIN]

SERATHIS [ORIGIN]

CHRONOMANCER PRIME [ORIGIN]

Record Gained:

Black Zenith

Territory:

Origin Land

Dimensional Fabric

[First Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Second Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Third Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fourth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fifth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Sixth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Seventh Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Eighth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

Seed Available:

Space Origin

Fate Origin

Destiny Origin

Destruction Origin

Soul Origin [Incomplete]

...

Reality Skills:

Enochian Crucible — The Forge of Shattered Realms.

Core Truth:

You are no longer a being—you are a living blasphemy, a warp-spawned anomaly that gnaws at the edges of Limbo. Your blood is a gateway, your voice is a cosmic suicide note, and your mind is a hive of dead divinities whispering in the dark.

Symptoms:

Bloodline of Black Zenith

Gate of The Thousand Eyes

Enoch's Rot

The Flesh-That-Is-Not-Flesh

Astrolabe of the Blind Watcher

Knowledge Well (Drowned Oracle)

Hollow Forge (The Maw That Crafts)

The Word of Enoch (The Sound That Ends Realities)

Unstitch

Graft

Silence

Reality Fabric:

The Skin of the Abyss

Astrolabe Gate

Hollow Forge

Core Abyss

Purgatory Gate Ascension (The Final Shape) – When you stop pretending to be mortal, the truth emerges:

The Godforge Unmade: Your body unfolds into a living cathedral of screaming portals, each leading to a different extinction event.

Enochian Exile: You pluck a victim's soul and stitch it into the fabric of a dying dimension, where it fuels the end of all things.

The Lie of Your Form

You Insist on Pretending There Are Rules.

Body: A shifting mass of prismatic shadows, with too many joints and not enough faces.

Voice: A chorus of dying dimensions

, each word a little closer to silence.

Crown: A floating halo of broken dimensions, each shard a window to your crimes.

The Truth of Your Form:

When you stop moving, observers realize you were never really there—just a hole in the world shaped like a person.

Ultimate: “The Last Word of Enoch”

The Void Whispers Back: The more you use your power, the more it uses you. One day, you'll be just its puppet.

The Watcher in the Blood: Enoch is stirring in your veins. He hungers.

You are not his child. You are the wound in his heart.

WILL:

Will of Truth [8th Level Completed]

Will of Elder [– Divus] – Origin]

[Bahamut – Origin]

[Ouroboros – Origin]

Will of Soul Origin [8th Level Completed.]

Will of Time [8th Level Completed.]

Will of Destruction [8th Level Completed.]

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: Undetermined

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: Undetermined

Note: Influx of the same Origin Soul recovered, no proper estimation of the present soul strength or physical capabilities can be made until complete soul sublimation.

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Rowan wanted to proceed with the upgrade of his Class before he remembered that he had not finished going through all the details of the Enochian Crucible, but the Primordial Record did not forget, and he paused his upgrades to view all the traits that came with this supreme power.

This was extremely necessary because of the changes this power was bringing to his system, despite not being activated. All his new fusion abilities had aided him in killing Primordial Soul, but at the end, his hunger and coldness... were not necessarily normal.

All of these emotions, or the lack of them, came from him, but they seemed easier somehow.

Knowing that deliberating on these would take a while, Rowan noticed that on the Primordial Record, there was no more dimensional fabric; instead, it had been changed to Reality fabric. It would seem that his status as a Reality was being acknowledged by the Primordial Record.

All of the traits that followed the Enochian cradle were all strange and fascinating, and it helps that the Primordial Record had given him a small description of their capabilities.

Abilities? Why would he ever call them abilities? They were powerful, but were closer to curses. The Ultimate Skill, which was the Last Word of Enoch, seemed more like a promise of condemnation than a skill; it was almost challenging Rowan, daring him to activate this power.

Rowan deliberated on this for a while, not because he was scared of Enoch, which he was, but he had long reached the point where fear was no longer a stumbling block to his drive. Instead, his consideration was the changes that activating this power would do to his new Class.

From what he could see, Enoch's power was far too powerful for him at this point. If he accepted the changes and the new bloodline, its corruptive influence would inevitably shift his Class to something closely related to Enoch, and that was what Rowan did not want.

He had not forgotten that it was his unique creation, the Origin Land, that drew the attention of this being, and if he accepted so much of its powers now, then his unique path would inevitably be corrupted by it.

Rowan placed the Primordial Record away, as it was now, he felt he had the power to go against the Primordials inside of Reality, and after that he would push for the limits of his growth, then he would consider upgrading his Class and fusing with the Enochiwn Cradle, that should give him the power jump he needed to confront the main forms of the Primordials outside of Reality.

Looking around, Rowan sighed at the scale of destruction that had been meted out on his Origin Land. He had expected this level of carnage, yet even his expectations could fail sometimes because he had not anticipated how much he would grow in this battle or the level of destruction he would unleash.

Even the Primordial Record was no longer a beneficial tool to ascertain the level of power he was able to dish out; the black book could only highlight it, but when it came to realizing this power, only when the acts were done could the full scale of what Rowan was now capable of be displayed.

In the distance, the last remnants of his Purgatory Gate collapsed, revealing his children who had slept through this reality-ending battle.

The Purgatory Gate alone was not able to shield them from a battle of this level, but the Origin Land had folded around them for protection. Still, if this battle had gone on for a bit longer, there was a great chance that they would all perish.

Rowan closed his eyes and finally began to take stock of the actual benefit from this battle, which was the return of the soul origin stolen from him as a child by Primordial Soul.

Chapter 1719: The Birth of Eos

Killing a Primordial was rather anticlimactic, but it was not as if Rowan was expecting much. After all, what he had just done could be seen as cutting off the hand of a massive creature with a thousand arms.

The blow had been painful, and may have lasting consequences to the Primordial, which may most likely end up being devastating in the future for that entity, but that was not the most significant usefulness from her death.

Every Primordial inside of Reality was intrinsically connected to Rowan, and it was by killing them that the connection they held with him would be revealed, and this was equally as important to him as any growth in power he would gain by battling and killing them.

So the Primordials for him were the keepers of his past, and for Rowan, the past was like a book; killing Primordial Soul was the first Chapter to that book. From her, the connection would begin to unravel.

Rowan glanced at his sleeping children in their trillions and sighed. He should deal with the gains he had acquired from this battle, heal his Origin Land, and take care of his children. He was expecting his bloodline avatars to be returning soon, and with their help, the healing of his realm would proceed much faster.

It also reminded him that he needed to begin recreating his Angels. If the integration of his children with the Origin Land kicked off, they would become powerful, but he would still need a special branch that would act as his eyes and hands in this realm.

Of the many creations that Primordial Light had built, then Angels were one of the most paramount of them all, and Rowan could not wait to bring them back to life.

With his mind settled, Rowan plunged deep into his nascent dimensional soul. In this battle, he had destroyed and recreated his soul multiple times, and despite his extraordinary talents, his creation was not perfect since he was under tremendous pressure.

Killing Primordial Soul and experiencing the death of all the countless souls she had gathered from previous dead Realities, alongside acquiring Soul Origin. Rowan's knowledge of the soul had taken multiple broad steps forward, and his last dimensional soul was now too weak for him to regard as perfect.

He believed that if he finished comprehending Soul Origin and upgrading his soul with the knowledge he had gained from this battle, the next time he used Realm's Butcher Onslaught, the damage he would suffer would be extremely minimal.

Rowan quickly made his consciousness silent, which was a gigantic feat when the size of his consciousness had reached reality-defying levels.

In the silence of his consciousness, he grasped the portion of his soul that had been taken from him, and the first thing he sensed was a crystalline void that was beyond time.

Rowan paused and explored deeper, beyond this void were countless dimensions folded like origami dreams, and then they began to merge when a quiet Will that appeared almost nonexistent took shape in their midst.

A silhouette etched in nebulae took shape, vast as the collective memories of ten thousand universes.

Rowan was stunned, "Is this my birth?"

Easing himself deeper into the vision, understanding slowly began to stream into his mind.

First, he began to see the curve of a skull emerging; it was not made from bones but woven from event horizons!

Smooth as quantum foam, haloed by the birthing-light of colliding dimensions. Within its translucent cortex, spiral arms of unborn galaxies drift like milk-thoughts.

Rowan could spend all of eternity looking at the formation of his bones, and endless fascination would not cease to emerge from its creation.

Immediately, he began to see where his foundations were incorrect. He had built his space origin on the foundations of Eosah's body, but she was not him, and although they were both Realities, their potential and powers were different.

His body began to subtly change, breaking away from the mold he had given it, but Rowan was not even aware of it, with his mind focused on the transformation of his birth.

He saw his tiny fists unfurl—Each knuckle a singularity wrapped in dark matter swaddling, gripping strands of cosmic strings that thrum with creation's frequency.

When the fingers flex, superclusters ignite in their palms: sapphire nebulae blooming like fingerprints.

Rowan shuddered at the glory of his birth, realizing this was something that occurred very rarely in creation, and his Light should have illuminated all of Limbo at his birth, so that all may come and worship him, but this crystalline void had hidden his Light from all.

He barely paused to acknowledge that thought; what was important for him was to delve deeper into the mystery of his birth and synchronize his past with the present to fully unveil the future.

Rowan saw the creation of his flesh, his skin like folded spacetime— Stretched taut over limbs longer than inflation epochs, dappled with constellation freckles and molecular nurseries.

Where veins should be, rivers of liquid gravity flow, pulling star-dust into the shape of capillaries.

Eyes like bound universes. One iris a swirling Mandelbrot of matter, the other a perfect void of antimatter, both blinking with the slow pulse of entropy reversed. Its gaze holds the weight of eternity... and the lightness of a first breath.

“By the light of all creation, he was beautiful!”

Rowan paused. This thought was not his own; it spoiled the harmony of this pristine scene with the stench of desire, and he knew that this thought came from Primordial Soul. She had watched his birth, and even if the Primordial would not acknowledge it, she had nearly fallen to her knees and worshipped him.

Rowan watched himself float in an unknown dimensional cradle, suspended by gravitational lullabies sung by colliding branes.

Around him, relic photons from dead universes gather like fireflies, weaving a shawl of faded light.

Then the first sign of awakening bloomed across his body as his small mouth sighed and the air trembled.

A sound like celestial harps tuned to Planck length, exhaling vapor that condenses into dwarf galaxies. Ribbons of dark energy curl from its lips, knitting new spacetime into being.

Rowan had always loved music, and it would seem that even before he gained consciousness, his first sigh was as beautiful as a Celestial choir.

Then, in his sleep, he began to dream. Black holes became rattle-toys, spinning with metallic hums. Supernovae burst like soap bubbles against the cheeks of curved vacuums. Entire histories—from quark dances to dying stars—flicker beneath eyelids thin as cosmic microwave background.

Rowan's body, as he observed these changes, shuddered and transformed multiple times as an intense baptism began to reshape him from the inside out.

For so long, he had not understood the past or where he stood in it. He had been following the path laid by others, and through sheer grit and tenacity, he had overcome all the challenges in his path. Now that he could see where he came from, see his roots, everything became clearer and more beautiful.

Rowan watched his beautiful dream occur across countless Eras, for even time had no power here, but before long, the darkness came, the eyes filled with greed, salivating over his Light, and above his sleeping form, a mouth filled with blackened fangs opened wide.

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Chapter 1720: Meeting Impossible Standards

The maw filled with greed descended, but before they could begin feasting upon Reality made flesh, the baby extended a hand to them as if in welcome.

Rowan watched Primordial Soul freeze as if in indecision for a moment before an untold hunger fell upon her, and she began to feast.

Dismissing this aspect of his memories, Rowan opened his eyes and saw that his body had changed. Under the baptism of his memories, he had become more perfect; the last of the scars left from the battle with Primordial Soul were all gone, and he appeared like a radiant deity who was opening his eyes after a long time of sleep.

His eyes had also changed, filled with endless layers denoting all the laws and powers that Rowan had mastered in his life. If an Old One were to peer into his eyes mistakenly, they would become fastened in place as their souls would freeze trying to comprehend a fraction of the mysteries in his eyes.

The infusion of memories had not taken a long time, but looking at the strand of soul he held in his hand, Rowan had barely mastered a percent of this Soul Origin. Yes, this strand of silk-like soul was the Origin of Soul, and Rowan was slowly delving deep into it.

At this time, Rowan had access to Space Origin, Destruction Origin, Fate Origin, Destiny Origin, and finally Soul Origin. In such a short time, he had managed to achieve heights that were almost improbable to anyone else, but he knew that apart from Space Origin, he had not fully delved into the rest and fully mastered them.

Rowan had not forgotten that one of the reasons his fusion could gain so many powerful effects was that he had almost mastered the Origin of Space, making him a sort of pseudo-primordial. If he could fully master his other Origins, then he would have no competition inside of Reality.

At first, he had intended to pursue the Origin of Time, but after killing Primordial Soul and acquiring her Origin, he should be able to quickly comprehend it, even more easily than he had comprehended the Origin of Space.

Still, this would take a bit of time, and he barely had three years in real time before his duel, but while inside his Origin Land, time became more malleable.

Rowan sensed a quiver in his heart, and he smiled as a spatial opening opened in the corner of his Origin Land, ushering his bloodline avatars.

If there was also one reason he did not upgrade his Class once more was because of these Avatars, he did not know how much changes would be brought by his new Class, and before he took that step, he wanted to ensure that all of his Avatars had thoroughly mastered their consciousness, making it so that when the upgrade happened, they would not be swept underneath by the relentless tide of progress.

Rowan's Destiny was of endless transformation, and if anyone wanted to keep up with him, even his Avatars, then they must have the ability to withstand significant change. Still, he could ensure they were adequately prepared for this step; their help had been invaluable over the years, and Rowan had become fond of them.

It was hard for him to find individuals who could walk this road with him for long, and for those who did, he treasured them.

Prime and Serathis led the way, followed by the serpents wearing their golden humanoid form. Rowan watched with amusement as they entered the Origin Land and saw the scale of the destruction.

First, there was disbelief, followed by fear and intense rage, but then Prime waved his hand. The last scene from the death of Primordial Soul entered their eyes, and a heavy silence fell over the avatars.

Serathis suddenly burst out with laughter and began to cheer while chanting Rowan's name, and the serpents soon followed. Only Prime remained in mute shock. Unlike the rest, he was an individual who deeply believed in cool thoughts and planning ahead.

All of his projections had indicated that Rowan would be able to kill Primordials in the future, but that would take at least 200,000 more years in real time, and many millions or even billions of years of painful upgrades inside the Origin Land that would call upon all the resources that Rowan had accumulated.

Prime was not wrong, except like everyone else, he had severely underestimated Rowan's real origin or the power of fusion that the Primordial Record could exert with Rowan's supreme influence.

When he had been battling to save Serathis' life, he had believed that Rowan must be making great changes inside the Origin Land, but entering this place and seeing the result of a Primordial Level battle, Prime was extremely shocked that the battle had taken place without pulling from any of Serathis' luck.

What did this mean? Did the preparation for this battle almost kill Serathis? If that was true, then would she have instantly perished if Rowan had chosen to use her powers during the fight?

Prime's mental state almost collapsed, as a feeling of dread and urgency exploded in his heart. There had been an innate arrogance in his heart when he knew that he, along with Serathis and the serpents, was unique in all creation, holding potential that could rival and even exceed the Primordials in the future.

Their progress was already rapid, and the powers they were accumulating only needed time to shine. Prime believed that they were an indispensable part of Rowan's plan to

conquer the Primordials, and he looked at the rest of Rowan's children with a sense of entitlement and a little bit of pity.

He knew how the children of Rowan craved to help their father, but his enemies were always too powerful. Prime sympathized with them, knowing it was the way of life, and they, the strong, would be the ones to hold the heavens once it collapsed.

Looking at the remnants of this battle, which drove chills down his spine, and turning to face Rowan, whose presence had expanded to a level where Prime's perception could hardly encompass a small part of him, this bloodline avatar began to truly understand what Rowan's enemies and friends came to feel when they stayed with him long enough.

He felt a sharp pain in his side and turned to see the silent serpent Divus looking at him with a smirk on the side of her lips,

"Our father is the greatest in all of Creation Prime, and none of us is worthy of him. Standing here to witness his glory would be the greatest sight there ever was and will ever be. Do not forget that."

Prime was shaken before he scoffed while muttering silently, "When did this snake become so talkative?"

Still, Divus's words drove a new burst of fear in Prime. He did not want to be left behind, to become one of Rowan's children who could only look upon him from afar. How could he repay the grace of life when he could not be of use to the creator who made him?

It was then that a memory entered his mind of one of Rowan's children, Andar, and his struggles to follow the path of his father.

"Fuck that, I can do better than him."

For the first time in his life, Prime cursed aloud.

In his heart, he whispered, "I have to, else I am not worthy."