

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1721: The Soul Whales

If Rowan wanted, he could know all the thoughts inside the hearts of his children, their desires and fears, but he deliberately held himself back from doing such a thing. He acknowledged the sanctity of the mind, and he left their destiny to them.

Everyone had the freedom to make their choices and learn the life lessons that came with those choices. If they requested his wisdom, he would give it, but if not, he would watch and, where necessary, he would guide.

Watching his Avatars surround him like satellites, Rowan smiled, and it reached his eyes. He listened to their words, drank in their praises, and laughed with them.

The impossible weight he carried on his shoulders for this brief moment felt light. However, like all good things, it must come to an end.

Bringing one of his massive fingers and touching each Avatar gently on their head to ruffle their hair, Rowan gave them the task of beginning to heal the Origin Land. This should take a long time, but he gave them only a year in real-time; he also gave himself a year to completely master Soul Origin.

It was time for his soul to get a much-needed upgrade.

With a finger gesture, his dimensional soul emerged from his body. Presently, it was fit into one of his arms, not even big enough to cover his entire body. Rowan had outgrown his soul.

The soul drifted to the Origin, being held by the body, and taking one last look at the body, Rowan, as the dimensional soul sank into it.

Rowan had been through four layers of the void to understand Space Origin, and he thought he should know all the intricacies that might arise when it came to understanding the other Origins.

In a manner, he was correct; his soul immediately sensed several layers hidden within the origin of the soul, but he had not expected that the first layer of the soul would be a castle.

To any immortal, the first layer of the soul would be greater than any universe or dimension they had seen, but Rowan's senses were impossibly vast and were fine-tuned to find out the smallest of details. He was able to immediately detect that he was inside a castle, and this castle reminded him of Sheol.

It was almost as if, unconsciously, he was copying the pattern of the soul's origin in building the City of Sheol.

When his soul saw the surface nature of this place, its name came to him: The Sanctum of Eternity.

"So, I am dead?... I did not think it was likely, especially not by your hand, not after all I have taken."

Rowan looked around, knowing the voice of Primordial Soul intimately, but he could not find any of her traces. "You..."

"Ah... you don't even know my name. How could someone like you be able to kill me?! Come find me in the lowest level of this Origin. If you are unable to do so, then I have to question how you could kill me."

Rowan wanted to respond, but he sensed she was gone and became quiet. It would seem that he still had more to learn about Origin, especially when it came to the aspect of preservation of life.

In the depths of Space Origin, Eosah had been able to preserve herself, or at least a fragment of her consciousness, and Primordial Soul had done the same.

"I really don't know her name," Rowan chuckled self-deprecatingly. Yet he could see the truth for what it was: He was becoming more cold and less open to understanding his enemies' mindsets.

Time and time again, he had extended the hand of understanding, and every time, he had been burned. The more he learnt of the Primordials, the less he wanted to know of them.

Killing Primordial Soul had been a work of pure butchery. He had not looked at her like a living person, hardly spoke during their interaction, and did not acknowledge her pleas or the chance to bargain; he had just slaughtered her in the most efficient manner possible.

"There will be a time for deep psychological introspection later, for now, my main body alone is bearing the burden of soul origin and holding the essence of all souls in Reality from dissipation. I need to relieve him of that burden."

Killing Primordials always had a price, and Rowan had to have someone to bear the burden of one of the pillars of existence, or it would all come crashing down. If he had not been compatible with the essence of souls, then killing Primordial Soul would have led to the end of Reality, similar to what occurred with the New Light fiasco.

Yet, holding onto this burden would place a huge restriction on Rowan, but he had a way to work around this issue because his soul, unlike any other immortal, was almost a separate entity, and if needed, would carry the burden of existence, freeing him to act.

Rowan also acknowledged that it was probably a good thing he had the serpents who could carry the weight of existence from the slain Primordial Beasts. If they had not existed, then it was unlikely that Rowan would be able to kill any Primordial-level creature without fearing the consequences of that act.

“Well, let me explore the Sanctum of Eternity, who knows what sort of answers I may find.”

Opening his consciousness to this level of soul, Rowan found his entire being throbbing as if he were a string on a guitar—this was music. His heart shook in surprise as he found that he had come across something similar when exploring the first level of the void, and that was the Sky Whale of Creation.

Now inside the origin of souls, he could hear their music, but it was different. Unlike the Sky Whales of Creation, who seemed to be lethargic and pushing forward with their task based on instincts alone, the sounds he could hear in this place were richer.

His understanding brought enlightenment as all around him, countless figures of flying whales appeared above and below him.

They were colossal, translucent beings gliding through the light, their bodies woven from starlight veins and eyes like liquid prisms. The shadows they cast were miniature rainbows.

Rowan was stuck in place, admiring these beautiful creatures. They were Soul Whales, and their songs are the Sanctum’s heartbeat.

Using their songs as a highway to reach all parts of this level, Rowan began to explore and comprehend the first level of soul origin.

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This was not a place; it was the still point before creation, a sphere of radiance suspended in the soul’s void. It was a good thing that, inside this place, time does not flow, giving Rowan the chance to comprehend this layer slowly; after all, he did not have Eosah’s voice to guide him.

To better understand the Sanctum of Eternity, Rowan pictured it as a house with walls made of frozen dawn. For an immortal to picture such a thing in their head, they would think of it as a crystalline lattice humming the frequency of the first thought.

The floor was made from a pool of primordial quicksilver, cool and weightless, and the sky was not like any other sky, because it was memories made manifest.

Rowan sighed at the beauty of the sky, filled with swirling nebulae of forgotten colors, reminding him of the color of a mortal's tear he once caught mid-air, or the shimmer of Vraegar's draconic scales in twilight.

"Interesting, this place... this sky, reminds me of my son."

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Chapter 1722: The Arbor Mentis

Rowan did not know how long he stared at the skies, but when he came to, he noticed that his soul was changing. His skin was turning into gold, and his thoughts into amber.

"So, this is the danger of this place."

The Sanctum of Eternity offered a serene heaven where Rowan could slowly comprehend its mysteries outside the pressure of time. For him, it should have been perfect, but there was a hidden danger here.

If he spent too long in this place, he would become a part of it. His skin would slowly merge with the walls, his thoughts would ascend into the skies to become colors, and he would forget everything—pain, doubt, time...

Rowan smiled, "The Sanctum of Eternity promises peace, but it erases growth. Interesting, but this is not the end of my road."

With a burst of Will that shook his mind away from lethargy and cracked his golden skin, Rowan's spirit erupted with a roar,

"I Am!"

"I Create!"

"I Endure!"

The entire sanctum began to shake, and as if his body transformed into a blackhole, everything here began to sink into his soul.

This situation was similar to acquiring Space Origin, but unlike when he collected only a small portion of the essence in the first layer of the void so he could avoid the attention of Primordial Chaos, Rowan was not going to hold back here.

Inside this timeless space, Rowan's soul fed deeply and began to grow.

Primordial Life had been staring at the flames without blinking for the past eight months; his aura was withdrawn, and if not for the movement of his chest as he breathed the life essence of all beings inside of Reality, he would appear like a statue made of flesh.

Seed alternated between watching the Primordial and looking at the depths of the universes that Primordial Life had gathered, and so he was not fully aware when it happened, but in the distance, precisely at the crown of the gathered universes, a tree had appeared.

It began as a sapling, but he had missed its early growth; Seed did not need to see it to know the significance of this growing tree.

Rooted not in soil but in the sands of forgotten dreams, its trunk was neither wood nor stone, but resembled a vortex of captured starlight and solidified mist, shot through with the veins of liquid mercury that pulsed with a soft, inner luminescence.

Seed was not aware when he stood up, desiring to walk towards the tree, but a formless power held him in place, and he could only observe the tree even as he distractedly fought to free himself.

Its roots were impossible to trace fully, even with the profound sight of a Throne. Some plunge into bubbling springs of primal chaos, drawing up raw potential and reaching depths that no other power should be able to touch in the lower realms.

Others thread through the libraries of the lower and higher realms, absorbing whispered knowledge and touching the realm of Memory in the Great Labyrinth.

Still more anchored themselves in the hearts of sleeping children or the silent studios of artists and mages, feeding on pure, unformed wonder. They glow faintly, carrying rivers of liquid inspiration – shimmering like molten opal – up into the massive trunk.

But it is the branches that defy comprehension. They stretch into infinity, not upwards, but outwards and sideways, piercing the veils between realities. Each branch forks endlessly, not into twigs, but into scenes, concepts, and entire nascent dimensions.

One limb might bear a forest of crystalline trees singing in a harmonic wind; another might drip with cities built on the backs of floating leviathans.

Seed thought he saw a branch heavy with glowing fruits that contain perfect, miniature symphonies, or another where shadows detach themselves and dance intricate ballets.

The leaves were not mere foliage. They were living canvases.

Some are maps of undiscovered continents, constantly redrawing coastlines. Others are pages torn from unwritten books, the text shimmering and changing with every breeze.

Many are windows, offering fleeting glimpses into impossible realms: oceans of liquid light, mountains of singing crystal, deserts where time flows backwards. In one of those visions, he would have sworn that he saw Rowan as a mortal man with a red blade plunged in his forehead. He blinked, and the vision was gone.

The leaves with the sound of a thousand untold stories, half-remembered melodies, and the soft hum of pure potential.

He was the Tree of Wrath, and so Seed was able to see many things that a dimensional being of his level would not be able to comprehend. This knowledge, even as it enraptured him, was slowly drawing him into the depths of despair.

This growing tree had a hold of his mind, and it would not let go of it, and Seed had to endure an infusion of knowledge that could not be denied.

A small part of his consciousness screamed, “No more,” and then it was silenced.

Sap, thick and luminous as captured dawn, oozes from fissures in the shifting bark. Where it drips onto the quicksilver sand below, it does not soak into Reality; somehow, Seed found that aspect of it to be strange.

Instead, it crystallizes instantly into shimmering geodes that crack open to reveal tiny, perfect sculptures of ideas– a knight’s helmet made of moonlight, a clockwork songbird, a ship with sails woven from storm clouds.

Seed was enraptured, and even the voice of Primordial Life beside him was not enough to break him from this sight.

“Ah, the Arbor Mentis, the Worldheart Sapling, the Tree of Imagining. When she told me she could resurrect this power from the depths our hunger had taken it to, I thought it was impossible, yet again I stand corrected.”

Seed had exhausted his power trying to fight against the influence that held him bound, but the words of Primordial Life carried endless vitality, and he turned towards the Primordial, shock and denial filling his eyes.

Primordial Life, seeing this look in the stoic face of his Throne, began to laugh. It was the first time Seed thought this being was truly showing him his heart, and like he had always feared, the laughter of Primordial Life was a thing of horror.

“You silly child, by now you should have understood that despite all our powers, we are burdened with a great curse... We cannot create!”

Primordial Life gestured grandly around him. Seed noticed that he, alongside the tree as well as the rest of Reality, was included in the sweep of Primordial Life’s arm,

“You, and that tree, were not made from this Reality. Sure, your roots draw nutrients from its blood, but your core came from another place much older than this Reality. I am the Primordial of Life child, not a tree. This shape I took from my stomach, implanted it inside of Reality to drag its Origin of Life into my leaves so I can slowly consume it in the darkness of Limbo.”

Seed did not know when he fell on his knees, but a pressure had been rising since the tree appeared, and it had grown to the extent that it was crushing him to the earth. Primordial Life did not seem to care about his plight, as his focus was on the tree alone. Seed gasped,

“Why are you telling me all of this, Vorthas?”

Primordial Life flinched as he heard that name, and he smiled,

“Because she won the bet, that bitch won, and the Arbor Mentis is hers. She wants to become the Primordial of Imagination!”

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Chapter 1723: The Sea of Emotions

In the timeless space of the Sanctum of Eternity, Rowan had completed devouring the entire castle. Presently, his soul was shining as bright as a star, filled with countless runic mysteries, and the faint cries of joy from Soul Whales filled the entire space.

Devouring the entirety of the Sanctum of Eternity granted Rowan the ability to nullify the presence of time all around him. In this manner, he maintained the time stop effect that was giving him an advantage in comprehension.

With the castle gone, it was impossible to hide the path to the lower levels of Soul Origin, and it also showed Rowan the corruption hidden underneath that had been gnawing through the foundations of this place.

With this space bereft of radiance, he saw its edges filled with cracks that oozed miasma, the rotten bodies of countless Soul Whales who had ventured too close to the edge.

The signs of vitality in the Sanctum of Eternity would never last, and this was the true face of what was to come. The Primordials were a plague, unable to create, unable to preserve the things they stole, and nigh impossible to kill by all standard metrics.

The Origin of Soul was an authority meant to last for all eternity until Death took all at the end, but the touch of a Primordial was slowly robbing it of all radiance.

Rowan looked at this corruption for a while, and a blast of his Will fried it into nothingness, and he swore to himself that every touch of a Primordial in this Reality or

any other Reality still in Limbo would be cleansed. If this was to be his lifelong mission, then it was one that he fully accepted.

Glancing around to make sure he had not missed any spot of corruption, Rowan proceeded to the pool of quicksilver below him, and it recoiled away from his presence. Still, there was nowhere to go, so the pool helplessly held open its door for Rowan to descend, accessing the next layer of the soul.

“Let the descent begin.”

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This layer of the soul slammed into Rowan’s consciousness with the weight of a thousand falling dimensions, and he did not even blink.

“FWOOOSH”

His dimensional soul body cut through a dense atmosphere, and a heavy, attractive force pulled him downwards until he slammed like a meteor into an ocean made from emotions.

This ocean was as dense as molten obsidian and as cold as the space between stars, and Rowan’s body sank into it like a stone. He could hear, at the edge of his perception, the voice of Primordial Soul,

“In this ocean I shall drown your truth.”

The emotions that made up this sea were visceral, congealed guilt, petrified shame, fossilized fear—countless, and if there was any positive light within it, it had become buried under the weight of all the bad.

Rowan believed he could understand why this was the case. If this was the Origin of Soul, it was a reflection of the state of Reality. All of the negative emotions that had arisen over the Eras since the emergence of the Primordials had filled up this sea until it overflowed.

Everything good was being lost, and Rowan’s soul was experiencing twelve Eras of madness, bombarding his consciousness.

He thought he could see faint glimmers of gold in the distance, like the rays of ghostly needles through a fog, but they never lasted, and he was easily drowned by the endless waves of sadness and madness.

“You could have saved them...”

“They are weary...”

“They are stuck... and it was all your fault.”

“My fault?!” Rowan replied in anger, knowing he was being affected by this place, but he did not stop himself.

“You do not blame the wolf for feeding on the sheep. Your job as a shepherd was to keep your herd safe. Born to be a Reality that should have ushered in a new dawn of change and prosperity, instead, you allowed yourself to become prey. If the end of everything is not your fault, then whose is it?”

If Rowan could, he would roll his eyes at the mental gymnastics that the Peimordial was putting together to make him feel guilty for the result of their action, yet in a manner, he could tell that she was right.

A mortal does not curse the storm because it blew down his house; he either builds a better home or moves out of the area. However, a mortal does not have to face a sentient and malevolent storm that would go out of its way to hunt them down, ensuring nothing of their presence is left behind.

This was ultimately what Primordials were: living entities filled with nothing but malevolence, and believing they were anything other than that was sheer stupidity.

Still, the words from Primordial Soul did not worry him; in fact, they made him happy, because Rowan was a hunter who could be the poster child for the term you become what you eat.

He had killed Primordial Soul and consumed a lot of her essence, and among the many benefits this gave him, he was also more receptive to her emotions.

Submerged inside a sea of emotion, there was something that Rowan could taste with such frightening assurance that he could not help but grin... he could taste her fear.

Primordial Soul had fought to preserve her life, but something struck Rowan as odd; despite the difficulty of their battle, she was too honorable. The Primordial had been focused on him all through their clash, when she could have used underhanded methods such as threatening his children or even flipping the whole board and escaping into Reality, revealing herself and Rowan’s present powers to all.

Rowan had made many preparations to block Primordial Soul from leaving, but he did not get to use any of them, and that was not natural. Reason flew out the window in the face of death, and only a few could face their extinction with grace.

Rowan did not believe that any Primordial would be able to face the great darkness without fighting to the last. He did not think that it was a bad trait; he admired it, even when it came from something as despicable as a Primordial.

When Rowan had killed her and had detected that the weight he was supposed to carry from her death was not as potent as he had imagined, he knew that she had a backup plan.

This should worry him, but because he now held Soul Origin in his hand, Rowan no longer cared for her plans.

When he entered the first level of the soul, the condescending voice of Primordial Soul reached out to him, daring him to find her in the lower levels. Rowan did not reply to her; he simply focused on his comprehension.

Although the space for the Sanctum of Eternity was timeless, in the Origin Land, a single day had passed, but in that time, Rowan had conquered the Sanctum of Eternity and consumed it.

He was not supposed to be able to do that, at least, judging by the fear in the heart of Primordial Soul.

The Sanctum of Eternity was a trap for Rowan. If he had entered that timeless space in order to comprehend Soul Origin, he could remain there for an eternity and never make his way past the first level.

To conquer the first level of the soul in a single day was a feat that should be impossible, but what Primordial Soul did not know was that before now, Rowan had conquered the Origin of Space, and he had help from Eosah, whose teaching made this process faster and revealed all the intricacies of Origin.

For the first time in his life, Rowan had a good teacher who held nothing back from him, and he had learnt his lessons extremely well.

Primordial Soul knew everything about Rowan before he went to conquer the Origin of Space, and after his fusion, his power over Origin was hidden by this Apex Omniversal Titan's physique.

The Primordial had expected Rowan to evolve before the battle; she knew he had the Primordial Record and its capabilities, but she had not imagined the scale or depths of that evolution.

The Sanctum of Eternity was made to trap Rowan for a long time so she could accomplish whatever she wanted in peace, but in a single day, Rowan had conquered one level, and he was in the next, and the remnant of Primordial Soul was growing terrified.

Chapter 1724: Follow Me, For I Have No Fear

Rowan did not know the plans of Primordial Soul, but did he really need to know them? What could she end up achieving if he claimed the entire field of play?

Rowan had not been entirely focused on Primordial Soul while inside this sea of emotions; he had been looking for ways to comprehend and resolve the madness that had been slowly transforming this space into a hostile realm.

He knew that the answers he needed were in those brief flashes of gold that all the pain was hiding. So, to get what he needed, Rowan centered his Will and drew upon the entire sea of emotions, pouring them into his soul without holding back.

If there was one thing he was able to do, it was carry the loads too heavy for others to bear. If he could not resolve the root of the problem, he would bear the symptoms until he was strong enough to cleanse the infection from its roots.

Rowan's body froze in shock due to the enormous amount of emotions pouring into him; he barely had the time to acknowledge the name of the level of the soul, The Shadow Depths.

Pure suffering and the madness of countless beings entered his consciousness, and his sane mind could tackle it with the degree of coolheadedness that Rowan began to display.

Trillions of voices cried out,

"No one came to save us from the hands of evil."

Rowan responded, "I will protect this realm and all realms."

Trillions of worlds wept,

"We are weary... we need succor"

"I shall answer all your prayers."

"We have been struck in fear all our lives."

"Follow me, for I have no fear."

Every word spoken by Rowan came with the weight of Supreme finality. The confidence born from slaying a Primordial gave Rowan an innate authority that transcended what any king, emperor, god, demon, or celestial could ever hope to attain.

Using his words alone, he quelled the emotions from an entire Reality that had been filled with nothing but madness, bringing silence to the sea.

Yet, this was not the solution to the problem, but it gave Rowan enough time to delve deeper, and that was what he did.

His senses swept through the Shadow Depths until he saw his destination, and his body cut through the sea until he was in front of them. It was a city, covered by thick rusty chains that seemed to have merged with the infrastructure of this city, like worms infesting a fruit.

Attached to these chains were pale, waterlogged bodies that screamed soundlessly into the ocean. Rowan could detect that they were the source of the malevolence after they had been deeply corrupted by the presence of the Primordial Soul.

As Rowan neared the city, trillions of glowing green eyes turned to him. These decaying bodies tried to pull themselves off the chain, but after being fused to it for countless years, they could not, and their soundless howl lengthened.

Rowan heard a distinct click as if a law had been changed, and suddenly the sounds that could not be heard blasted into his consciousness.

“Why fight the tide? Rest with us. We were never meant to be glorious.”

The words from all these mouths were no longer a statement; it was a law unto itself, but before Rowan, all of that power broke into pieces.

“You are all weary, and my presence here is an answer to your prayers. You have been lied to; your light was always meant to shine the brightest. Come with me; I shall show you the path to the future.”

The chained multitude roars, fighting against the call of Rowan’s voice,

“You lie.... You will forget.... You are unworthy.”

Rowan stretched his hand forward, and it grew so massive that it encircled the entire city,

“Let me show you the truth, and know no one is more worthy.”

Gripping the city, he pulled, and the chains began to snap, freeing billions who rushed to his helping hand and attempted to consume his flesh, but their teeth and fangs could as well be made from cotton.

Rowan did not brush them aside. He continued pulling on the city as he released a power of refinement in the center of his palm and began devouring it.

The entirety of the Shadow Depths shook due to his actions. Rowan could have slowly comprehended and refined this level of the soul, but after he perceived the fear of Primordial Soul, he began to quicken his actions.

There was no more time to be gentle and accept the mantle of the soul; he was taking it. As more of the chains snapped and the city began to rise, those who had not been freed continued to cry out,

“To struggle is agony. To surrender is Oblivion. Take this gift we give you and know it is mercy!”

Rowan responded by squeezing his hand tighter and fully pulling the entire city from the ground, accompanied by a loud shriek that caused the entire ocean of memories to vibrate into vapor. The voice from the chain became drawn out as if they were falling into an abyss, and their voices were fading into nothing.

“No.... Stop fighting us. Stay, we’ll forget together.”

Rowan growled, “I do not want to forget,” and he closed his grip, crushing and devouring the last of the city.

The last cry had dispersed all the ocean of memories into vapor, and Rowan opened his mouth and began to inhale. The fog of memories and emotions poured into his mouth, carrying the fading cries of Primordial Soul.

Countless transformations were ongoing inside his soul as he broke down all of the negative emotions and used them as fuel for growth, leaving behind the purest essence of emotions that had no attributes. This would become the core of his soul, as Rowsn intended to use it to build his soul’s skeleton.

It took months before he could completely consume the fog of emotions. At this time, his soul had evolved six times, and he could hardly begin to recognize its present strength, but to Rowan, this was just the beginning.

With no more emotions present at this level, Rowan looked down to find a deep scar filled with toxic sludge, the passage to the third level.

It would seem that as he was descending deeper, the corruption from Primordial Soul was growing. It was as if he was no longer descending into the origin of the soul, but into a rotten, open wound.

Above him, Rowan heard a loud crack, and his gaze looked upwards to find that the first level of the soul origin had collapsed, and the destruction was beginning to slowly spread into the second level.

Unlike when he had attained space origin and had taken only a small part of the essence of each level, Rowan was completely devouring everything inside the soul origin because he was not afraid of being discovered by the other Primordials.

Doing this would ensure he would quickly complete his soul origin, but it would lead to the collapse of the previous soul origin.

Stepping into the pulsing wound in the ground, Rowan forced his way into the third layer of the soul, knowing he would have to be quick to disrupt any plans of Primordial Soul.

Chapter 1725: The Echoing Corridors

Pushing himself into the wound, Rowan's body slowly descended into the third layer of the soul. A malevolent force pressed against his descent, but he had the weight of two entire layers of the soul behind his every action, and Rowan was able to muscle his way through the obstruction with relative ease.

As he did, he felt the dimension around him compress and transform, going through a million permutations and combinations in a short moment before settling into a strange hybrid of countless dimensional possibilities.

A wave of darkness stole his sight and all of his senses, and when they returned, he found himself in a long passage that seemed to extend for an infinity.

For a brief moment, Rowan thought he had been transported into the past as a mortal because the passage appeared to be made from the hands of men.

It was rough, with misshapen bricks pushing out of the walls, the steady trickle of a foul liquid running down its walls, and what he thought were webs lining the ceiling.

Every drop of the liquid that seemed to be emerging from the walls hit the ground and created an echo which continued reverberating with an ever-increasing pitch and frequency with no apparent end in sight, until the entire passage was filled with enough noise to drive an Old One to madness.

Despite the chaotic racket, Rowan could not afford to be distracted. He forcefully pushed his perception throughout the passage and discovered that it did not extend for infinity in a single direction.

In the distance, they began to curve and diverge. At first, they followed easy-to-follow directions. Soon, the passage started to blur into impossible directions, but Rowan did not stop trying to discover every single link in this chaotic mess.

Reaching forward to touch the walls, the spot he laid his finger transformed into a liquid mirror that reflected his image back to him, yet slightly warped.

As if his touch were an infection, the change began to ripple outwards, transforming this dilapidated corridor into a passage of liquid mirrors. As the transformation spread, silence followed.

The name of this level of the soul whispered itself into his heart, the Echoing Corridors.

With the transformation of the passage, his perception was able to spread faster until it reached a point where everything seamlessly merged as one, and Rowan gasped.

Although his mind was rapidly deciphering its endless curves and mysteries, he could not give the Echoing Corridors an exact shape; what he did know was that they were not empty.

As if coming out of another dimension, the inhabitants of this corridor began to make themselves known.

The Soul Spiders came first, multiple tapping sounds as legs that seemed to be made from flickering light touched the ground and the walls, their heavy bodies of stained glass pressed against the corridors, leaving long scratches on the walls that did not heal; instead, it began to break down the corridors.

In the blink of an eye, there were countless number of soul spiders all through the Echoing Corridors, pushing their bulk against it and leaving festering gashes on the walls.

The Soul Spiders let out unearthly screeches. As if the act of damaging the corridors were causing them pain, and Rowan had an intuition that if he checked the materials of the corridor against the bodies of the spiders, he would find a connection, because he believed that this corridor was built by them.

And the fact that he was detecting that the overall shape of the Echoing Corridors resembled a gigantic web lent credence to that theory.

Rowan's eyes twitched when he realized what Primordial Soul was doing. The destruction of this passage was deliberate; she wanted to cut Rowan off from the lower levels!

He did not fully understand the ramifications of destroying a level of the soul without rebuilding it first in a suitable host like him. Still, he doubted it would be good and might inevitably lead to the death of every single being inside of Reality. Still, it did not seem that Primordial Soul cared about the lives of anyone or the sanctity of the soul any longer; she needed to stop Rowan before he got any deeper.

"No, you don't get to decide how this ends."

Rowan was here as his soul and not his body. This meant that anywhere his perception reached, he could touch and influence it.

The Echoing Corridors had reached the higher ends of infinity that Rowan could presently comprehend, and even for him, it would be strenuous to reach all parts of it, but he was willing to try. Primordial Soul could not be allowed to succeed.

To mortals, infinity is a planet; they cannot stand upon any surface and see their entire world. To the gods, the universe is infinite; they can never see all of it at a glance. To a higher-dimensional immortal, Reality is infinite.

All of these were several levels of infinities that Rowan had encountered and conquered as he grew and evolved, and the Echoing Corridors had reached the upper levels of infinity that he had come across. In any other scenario, it would have been an exciting challenge for him to figure out how much farther he could push his powers, but he didn't have the time for experimentation.

The primary weapon of his soul was his Will, and unlike most immortals or even all immortals in existence, all of Rowan's Will was powerful and approaching the ninth-dimensional level. Reaching all of the Echoing Corridors at once was difficult, but it was not impossible.

Hands made of flowing silver and burning darkness erupted throughout the corridors, seizing each Soul Spider in their grip. They all screeched in pain, struggling to escape his grasp, but it was useless; his Will was too strong.

Rowan began to squeeze, but in the moments before the force in his grip could turn every Soul Spider into ash, he paused and reconsidered his actions. There was no way Primordial Soul would not know that he might be able to stop all of the Soul Spiders before they finished destroying the corridor.

There must be a trap here. His senses had told him at first that there were multiple inhabitants inside this place, and he had become distracted by the trillions of Soul Spiders, but where was the rest?

"We are here..." A deep voice said.

"Ever by your side..." a feminine but childish voice spoke.

"Rip and tear... You know you want to, animal."

Chapter 1726: Specters and Echoes

The voices were cold and carried a note of cruelty that was deeply pervasive, and although it sounded as if they were talking beside his ears, he could hear them all throughout the entire length of the Echoing Corridors.

Rowan remained silent as his perception pulsed rhythmically in his attempt to decipher the position of these voices. As long as he was holding the Soul Spiders, slowing down the rate at which they destroyed the corridors, he did not care what these voices were saying when he had the time to hunt them down.

“Why do you think that everything would always go the way you want?... You are no longer in your place of power anymore; you are in the realm of dissolution.”

Rowan closed his eyes and pushed deeper into his search. Every moment that went by, he reviewed and dismissed billions of options until he found what he was looking for, and his eyes flew open. “Echoes indeed,” he whispered, and with a thought, the hands holding all the Soul Spiders flicked one of their fingers and crushed the heads of these creatures, stopping their awful shrieks and returning silence to the corridors.

Something flashed across the walls so fast that only Rowan’s impossible perception was able to grab a hold of it.

Existing in the barest moment where the sound of memory was born and destroyed, there were four figures who had appeared in the walls of the Endless Corridors, and as soon as Rowan saw their figures, his Will began dragging them out of the realm of nonexistence.

The Soul Spiders in his grasp were shuddering, on the verge of death. They may be immortal, but they were incredibly fragile, and Rowan began to devour these spiders quickly.

A small part of him acknowledged that his ability to devour was turning out to be a more versatile tool than he initially anticipated. Instead of slowly deciphering the mysteries of the Echoing Corridors, he would fully inherit them.

While doing this, Rowan had not forgotten the danger, as he began to slowly bring out these four figures hidden inside the echoes. They were slippery, their nature tending more towards nonexistence than existence.

Still, Rowan was used to wrestling with forces more slippery than this, and he slowly drew out what was hidden inside the walls. Of the four presences he had glimpsed, he slowly drew out the first.

It was a weeping child, curled in a dark corner, clutching a dying star that flickers in time with his sobs. Surrounding the weeping child were bleeding planets; it would seem that the slaughter that had been ongoing on these worlds was so terrible that it had overfilled the limits of the worlds and began to spill over.

The weeping child stopped whimpering, head slowly turning towards Rowan with blood pouring down his face,

“I never asked for this. I just wanted to create beauty.”

Saying that he cradled the dying star and continued weeping. Rowan regarded this sight for a while and looked to another corner where another presence was being revealed.

He saw a window, with a thin man with glowing brown skin and eyes as bright as stars looking through this window with avid fascination. The man did not acknowledge his presence, his focus not leaving the window for a moment as he watched whatever was outside with detached academic interest.

He could see reflections of light flickering across the windows and bouncing off the man's eyes, and those lights had the colors of death and destruction.

Rowan's perception swept past the man and looked into the window to see what had enraptured his senses, and he saw the end of realities. Great flames burning hotter and brighter than any flames should devour dimensions, and great beasts swallowed what was left.

The silent man turned towards Rowan, eyes utterly devoid of any shred of compassion, and he said,

"Intervention is chaos. Observation is order. Let them all end, it is a fascinating data point."

With those words, he turned back to the window and continued observing the end of realities.

The third presence revealed itself, and it was in a throneroom. A man sat on a throne of broken divine spines, encased in armor of conquered realms. His throneroom was awashed in iron and blood, and he radiated absolute, terrifying authority.

His armor creaked as he turned towards Rowan, his deep voice rumbling,

"Why show mercy? Power is the only truth."

The last presence could easily escape notice, and Rowan discovered that she had appeared first, but because her aura was so unremarkable, she had escaped his sight until he was done observing the first three.

She was a mortal woman, wearing a faded robe and sitting on a brown, dead grass field. She was looking in the distance but seeing nothing; a heavy air of desolation was surrounding her. Something about the way she sat made Rowan believe that she had been in the same position for a long time, and all the while she had been speaking,

"Was it worth it? Do you even remember the feeling of sunlight on skin that could truly feel?"

Rowan took a step back; the feeling of wrongness that had been growing in his heart, unknowingly, exploded, and he realized that he had missed something important.

The four presences suddenly vanished, and when they reappeared, they now lived inside the light of Rowan's eyes.

The rusty armor of the conqueror covered his body before flickering away. It returned once more and vanished as Rowan's Will fought against this invasion. Tears of blood poured from his eyes, and a dying star appeared above his head, and a dead field below his feet.

Rowan's consciousness began to warp as four different consciousnesses started to fight to take over who he was.

He had long expected a trial like this, because Rowan knew that the exploration of Origin was a battle to understand oneself, for without a Will that was unbreakable, no one could wield the power of Origin, and yet he had still made a mistake...

This was not the first Reality that Primordial Soul had conquered, and in those Realities she had devoured, some remnants still remained inside of her, too special or too stubborn to easily perish. He had just been attacked by four of these specters.

Chapter 1727: Loom of Maybe

His experience with Space Origin had left a loophole in his understanding of Origin. Space Origin had not been fully claimed by a Primordial.

So he was not aware of the numerous changes that could have been made when they had fully inherited an Origin.

Rowan obviously did not know that there could ever be remnants of past soul origins inside the Origin he was devouring, and he was angry at himself for this apparent oversight.

He had seen how Origin was able to preserve the remnants of life after the entirety of a being had been destroyed; why should he not consider that it should be able to hold other dead entities that had no reason to be alive?

Rowan's struggle came from the fact that he was presently consuming the Soul Spiders, which drained a lot of his consciousness powers, making it the perfect time for these four Echoes to possess his soul.

He could appreciate a good strategy, but at this point, it was getting irritating trying to focus on devouring this layer while these four were actively sabotaging his efforts as they tried to take over his soul.

These push-and-pull dynamics went on for a while before anger erupted in Rowan's heart, and instead of fighting against these four Echoes, he opened himself up for their possession.

They paused as if in disbelief before rushing into the core of Rowan's being, and began to take over, their longing and purpose filling his mind, but because they all conflicted with each other, it created a silent war in his head.

Rowan fully experienced all of their being, and when he did, with a single burst of Will, he silenced the chaos in his mind.

"You are all broken, each forgetting there is more to existence than walking a single pathway."

He mentally grasped the four of them and began bending them to his Will, assimilating them into his Will, to the weeping child cradling a dying star, he said,

"Your pain is valid, but it is not all of me. There is more to this pain than you know, and destruction is a necessary part of creation. You did not fail; you were already on the road to success, but you were not shown the path."

Rowan said to the conqueror in armor, "Your strength is mine, but your cruelty is not. What is the use of gaining the world but losing your ability to enjoy it? Your path is necessary, but balance is what I crave."

And to the mortal woman and the watcher of the end, he accepted them without words. There were things that had transcended the barrier of speaking, and they could sense who Rowan was more deeply than the first two. As he reached out to them, they also reached out to him.

With each reclamation of an Echo, Rowan felt himself becoming more whole and more complex as strange alien concepts melded with his being. Things that should not be possible in this Reality or his own became seeds in his Will that would need to be watered in order to bear unexpected fruits.

Primordial Soul might have inadvertently given him more benefits than Rowan should have received in his quest to consume the soul origin.

Rowan opened his eyes, and the Echoing Corridors collapsed. Consuming these Echoes was as if he had taken away the foundations of this place, but he did not let any fragment of the passage vanish.

Tentacles of light reached across the expanse and attached to each shattered piece, drawing them towards him in a frenzy of light and spectacle that dazzled the mind. When the last of the tentacles vanished, this space that should be left in darkness had two presences left: Rowan and a gigantic Soul Spider, standing at the center of her web.

From the beginning, Rowan had seen the true shape of the Echoing Corridors, and it was in the form of a web, although one that was more complex than any web had the right to be. This gigantic glowing Soul Spider was the matriarch who weaved the Echoing Corridors, and it sat there waiting for him.

Rowan flew towards her, and even at his present size, he was still dwarfed by the spider, as any of her twelve eyes was bigger than his body.

The light in her eyes showed Rowan that there was a fierce intelligence in this being that would rival any immortal that he knew of. In a lost chittering language, the spider spoke,

“I am the Weaver of the Futures, and you have shattered my Loom of Maybe. How do you hope to repay me for this transgression?”

Rowan cocked his head to the side. “Repay you? I am curious. What exactly is your function here?”

The Weaver of the Future slammed one leg into the void, a glint of pride flashing past its many eyes,

“Even the Primes kept me alive after all these Eras because my function is irreplaceable. I spin my webs from stolen valor and resolve, creating countless futures that are perfect, where every choice is correct and no pain is ever felt. I create heaven!”

“A heaven for whom?”

The spider seemed to snicker, “Of course, for your weary subjects. I can give them nirvana, and my only payment is to keep me alive and fed, their potential is all I need, and my spawn shall fill all of Limbo, bending all things to your desire.”

Rowan regarded this beast for a while, knowing its usefulness, but he could also see more. This spider may gleam like the sun, but Rowan could still perceive the corruption in its core.

Once, it was a being that wove futures out of pain and delivered justice to the oppressed. It served as a sort of purgatory to all those who were willing to suffer its pain, and in the end, a new, bright future would be given to them. But now, the touch of a Primordial had perverted its existence, and it was a shell of what it once was.

Perhaps in the beginning, it knew its purpose had been hijacked, but now it had been so long that it had forgotten its own name and willingly served a master who made slaves of its children.

Rowan flew closer and placed a hand on top of her head. His motion was gentle,

“Little spider, the future you weave is utterly false, and your web is the ultimate temptation, a guaranteed paradise for self-delusion. Even I am not cruel enough to subject my enemies to such a fate, and it is better to go into the darkness.”

The Weaver of the Future was silent until realization entered its many eyes,

“Surely you don’t mean.... I can be useful, my touch can be...”

“Die with dignity, Weaver. In another life, I would have loved to see a heaven created by you.”

Rowan placed a second hand on the Weaver’s head, and his gentle touch became heavy. The Weaver only felt a brief moment of splitting pain on its head before it knew no more.

With a single ruthless motion, Rowan had torn this spider in two. Like her children, the Weaver was immortal but incredibly fragile.

Rowan fished a single thread from her heart that pointed the way to the final layer of the soul.

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

Chapter 1728: The Unmaking Chamber

Following the guide to the fourth layer of the soul, Rowan could feel a subtle tug on his consciousness, urging him to return, as going deeper into the soul would cause him significant harm.

Rowan was aware that this was not the urging of Primordial Soul but from his own instincts. In the final depths of the soul was a danger that could harm him, and if he chose to be wise, he would return and preserve himself, but there was only the potential of death, not an actual death. Rowan would not back down from something like this.

In the distance, he could see the barrier over the fourth level, and not slowing down, he threw a punch that blasted a hole through the barrier. As much as he did not like using his hands as a soul, Rowan could appreciate the simplicity of it.

Reality shifted, existence became null, and when Rowan’s perception reasserted itself, he saw the shape of the fourth level of the soul.

It was a perfect geometric void in the shape of a black cube. Like a black hole, it drew upon Rowan, and even though he could fight the pull, he did not because this was the reason he was here.

He did not resist the pull of the black cube; he added power to it. When his body slammed against the black cube, he should have pierced through it easily, but Primordial Soul still had one more trick: a powerful shield that had previously been invisible to even his senses appeared all around it.

This shield was not just a physical construct; it was the essence of a Primordial's Will, and she was implacable in her intent to stop him.

A blazing light erupted from the point of impact, and half of Rowan's soul vanished from fighting against the Will of a Primordial, and even though what he fought against was just a fragment of a Primordial, he was not just fighting against Primordial Soul of this Reality, but the fragment of the true Primordial who had consumed many other Realities.

Its Will was something that would have broken Rowan before he met the fragment of Enoch or baptized himself in the realm of slaughter and death, but he had faced the ultimate evil and was not broken. Why would he fall back now?

"OPEN FOR ME!"

Rowan's roar, if heard outside the depths of the soul, would have been heard across countless Realities. Such was how his Will had grown, to the extent that he did not know the full extent of his power and could never know the full extent of his power. Such was his glory and his curse.

The Will of a Primordial gave way to him.

"I tried to spare you pain, but if this is the path you chose to follow, so be it. Come for the throne, Eos, and when you get it, you will wish to stay dead."

Gripping the surface of the cube, Rowan tore a hole in it. A bright beam of light burst out from the hole, blinding him for a brief moment before his perception adapted to it.

No light, despite how bright, should have been able to blind him, and the pull inside of him, insisting that he return, was growing as if a part of him was fighting against what was to come. Rowan did not fight against these instincts; he just chose to push through them as he stepped into the gap, fully entering the fourth layer of the soul.

Rowan landed on a smooth, flawless white marble floor, so pure it seemed to bleed light into the surrounding darkness. There was nothing around him but darkness and the endless ground beneath his feet.

A powerful voice rang out in the darkness,

"You are at the Unmaking Chamber... The Altar of Surrender... The Stillpoint of the Soul, where divinity goes to die. Welcome, Eos."

There was nothing around him. Suddenly, there was more, an altar and a throne.

The altar was a simple, rough-hewn stone slab, standing alone with bloodstains near the edges of it. Rowan walked towards the altar and reached for it, but he paused, and he turned towards the throne that had vanished in the moments when he was walking towards the altar, leaving certain things behind.

They were a crown, a mantle, a scepter, a fountain, and finally an anvil. Every one of them appeared ordinary to the eye, but in Rowan's heart, he could feel the pulse of an unknown power.

He turned back to the altar, reaching for it once more, as if he wanted to touch the bloodstains. He knew the reason for this; anytime his hand neared it, he felt... pain.

"You should have taken the help of the Weaver; it would have spared you pain, yet you spat upon my mercy."

Rowan did not turn away from the altar, even though the voice that had just sounded belonged to Primordial Soul, and in his perception, she was here with him, wearing the body of Elura.

"I suspect that when you knew that I was inside your Origin Land, some part of you must have known how this would end, because you, more than anyone, know the true power of a soul, but there was one thing that you did not understand about it that I kept from you, and now, you will learn what it is to know a life without hope."

Rowan exhaled and touched the bloodstain on the altar, and he perceived who they belonged to... Elura, the Empyrean of Life, Maeve, guardian of the Green, and Andar, the Endless Magus.

"I could have taken more of your children, but I did not, knowing you, I understand that it does not take much for you to focus on what is important. Too much blood on the altar and you could become lost in it."

Rowan whispered in confusion, "What is this... this altar?"

"This altar has no name. It is the focal point of this entire chamber and serves only one purpose... it unmakes."

Rowan's eyes shone with a terrible light as he turned towards Primordial Soul, who grinned at him,

"You are an enigma, Eos, for someone like you who can be capable of such great destruction and see the futility of existence itself, in your heart, you still hold hope. No matter how much you try to hide it... I can still feel it from all the way over here... it burns."

The smile on her face vanished, and she gracefully bent down and reached towards the ground. She pulled out a piece of memory; it was of Rowan as a child when he was Romion.

“When you were occupied with killing me, tearing my soul apart, I was also tearing yours apart and searching for the things that gave you hope. I had always thought it was your power, or your potential, but I was wrong... inside you, there was this thought...” she tapped her head and giggled,

“.. This idea that is in your head that you could bring them back, all those you have lost, if you could gain the Origin of Souls. Well, I am here to inform you that you are right, but you are too late. You see, this chamber is the one place in existence where I can truly shatter the true origin of a soul, and it would not matter how powerful you become in the future, even if you reach the heights of the First Creator... you will never see them again.”

Chapter 1729: This Is How We Fight

Rowan was frozen in place as everything seemed to slow down. Time seemed to have become non-existent, as what flowed through his mind was not grief or pain; it was something darker... wrath, in its purest form.

The laughter of Primordial Soul came at him slowly, as if the sound were traveling through molasses. Rowan took a step forward, unleashing all the power of his Wills.

His eyes were fixed on Primordial Soul as he began walking towards her. He needed her to see how she was going to die.

For the first time in his life, he honestly stopped holding back. Even when fighting Primordial Soul inside the Origin Land, a part of his consciousness had been in the background, watching and planning, this was how he had learned to fight, always keeping a cool head, even in the midst of crises, but Rowan threw all of that away before a rage that could not be measured with any words in any tongue.

The Will of Time erupted from his body, and Primordial Soul went silent, not because she wanted to, but because she could no longer speak. If Rowan were in a proper state of mind, he would have noticed how Time had properly countered Soul, but he was not.

From the depths of his eyes flashed two gigantic hourglasses filled with the sands of time harvested from Rowan's dimensional flesh and soul, alongside his Origin Land, since the moment he left Doom Star.

He had never touched this power but did not hesitate to call upon it now.

His Will of Soul Origin was triggered, stronger than it had ever been, and before his eyes the figure of Primordial Soul was stripped naked, the flow of her essence and the core of

her being was shown to him, she had no weakness, but Rowan's rage forced her essence to began to flow to a single direction, and she was starting to fight against him, but she was too slow.

It was as if his knife was already at her throat and her response was being delayed, and that was not only because Rowan's perception had reached the peak, but the Will of Time was ensuring she could not move, not in time to defend or to save herself from death.

The Will of Elder was activated, and they strengthened his soul body, giving it the tenacity of his dimensional flesh. However, Rowan burned their origin, pulling more power from them than ever before, and his soul form was strengthened until it was equal to that of the Apex Omniversal Titan.

The Will of Elder gave him more than this. Divus focused him, Bahamut clarified, and Ouroboros assured him.

He activated the Will of Destruction, and an orb of pure annihilation appeared over his two palms. He slammed them together, using his Will of Truth to fuse them into a single blade.

On the blade, countless runes began to appear, microscopic in length; all of these were the lesser Wills that Rowan had come across and did not bother adding to his main arsenal.

Will of Pain, Fire, Frost, Hate, Darkness, Light.... Their numbers were beyond counting, and they were all at the eighth-dimensional level!

He had been slowly walking towards her all this time; he did not have to rush the inevitable.

Multiple shockwaves erupted from the body of Primordial Soul as she fought against the Will of Rowan. Her mouth was slowly moving, and her Will was speaking, but why should Rowan bother listening to a soon-to-be-dead Primordial?

"Yyyyoooouuuu cccaaaannn hhhhaavvvee..."

The blade in Rowan's hand was a short sword. As he reached Primordial Soul, his left hand cupped the back of her head, and his right hand placed the blade under her chin.

Rowan allowed her to see the rage inside of him for a brief moment, and then he began pushing the blade upwards into her skull.

Her eyes slowly widened as the tip of the blade pierced through the floor of her mouth, tore through her tongue, and continued upwards until hitting the hard palate, where it was hardly slowed as it continued its journey up to her brain.

"Ttthhheemmm bbbaaacckkk..."

Her body went up in flames, burning so hot that the hottest star in Reality would resemble a brief spark when placed in comparison. Like wax, her body began to melt, first her limbs, and slowly her torso. His arms were beginning to burn, and that flame spread across his body, but he could no longer feel the pain of the dissolution of his soul, when his heart was bleeding.

So utterly focused was Rowan on destroying Primordial Soul that it took a while for his mind to reconcile her words in his consciousness,

'You can have them back...'

Like a volcano halting its fury after it had spewed out lava, causing all of that devastation to pause in the air in defiance of gravity or any natural laws, Rowan held back his rage, and he whispered to the half-melted head of Primordial Soul,

"What did you just say?"

The ghoulish face, impaled by a blade with barely any torso hanging on to it grinned at him, *"I did not umake all of them, not yet, there are still a small part of them left inside of me, and if you chose to kill me, then what is left of them would fade...be a good boy, leave this place, and you might be surprised what may be left when you return in... lets say a million years from now, deal?"*

Rowan's eyes shook, a profound battle ongoing inside his mind that was driving him crazy. Had he been lying to himself all this time? Did he kill and sacrifice countless lives because he believed that in the end, if he got strong enough, there would be nothing he could not change, no loss that could not be recovered, and no hurt that could not be erased.

Was his entire foundation built on such shallow depths that he had become a monster simply because he could make everything right in the end? If this was not the case, why would he feel such despair at the end of this dream... this hope, that one day he would be worthy of his powers?

The voice that emerged from Rowan was like a dead man speaking, and Primordial Soul's smile widened as she heard what he was saying,

"If I do this..." he croaked, and the Primordial was about to speak when a firm but gentle masculine voice sounded behind Rowan,

"Then, our sacrifice would have meant nothing, Father. We honor you with our lives because of who you are and the dream you have carried for all of us. Countless lives in so many dead Realities have wished to stand where we are, and for those of us without a voice, this is how we fight!"

Rowan shuddered, a wave of pain that left him weak, “I don’t want to lose all of you, not again.”

“My beautiful boy,” he heard the voice of his mother, as well as her touch, “You have us in your heart.”

Another hand touched his back as Maeve said, “So, you will never lose us.”

Rowan’s shaking eyes steadied, and his aura went cold. Primordial Soul had a look of confusion in her eyes, noticing that Rowan had looked back, but there was no one behind him.

Then he spoke, “You can die now.”

“Eos...No!”

Then there was nothing but pain and the relentless march towards nonexistence.

Chapter 1730: To Unmake A Primordial

Bring the shrieking head of Primordial Soul to the Altar of Unmaking. Rowan pinned it to the stone slab using the blade of destruction. Killing her using this blade would take too long and would be a great distraction to his purpose of entering Soul Origin; besides, he believed he had a better tool for killing Primordials.

His eyes were dull, almost like those of a zombie; he should be resting his consciousness, but the hate in Rowan’s heart was melting him from the inside, and he knew if he did not find an outlet for it, he might go insane.

Rowan’s eyes darted around. Inside the Unmaking Chamber was not just this altar; there was also a crown, a mantle, a scepter, a fountain, and an anvil. Unlike the past layers of the Soul, Rowan knew that to fully take control of this layer of the soul, he would have to master all of these objects, or at least possess them.

Rowan had no mind to comprehend in his present state, so he dominated. Reaching across space, he commanded all of them to come to him; his Will was so focused that they could not refuse his call.

The crown flew into his hand first. It was a circlet that seemed to be made out of fused constellation, still faintly glowing. Grabbing it, his hand did not even sink under its enormous weight.

Rowan sank his consciousness into it, and he knew that the crown was named the Crown of Command, and to wear it was to claim ultimate responsibility over the welfare of the soul.

A dark side of Rowan chuckled. It was no wonder that Primordial Soul would dump this crown to the side.

Yet, the name and purpose of this crown were not the most significant finds. Rowan discovered while peering into the essence of this treasure that this crown, like the Echoes before, did not come from this Reality but was the remnant of another Soul Origin that was brought over by Primordial Soul.

Rowan was not too shocked at this revelation. He went through the Crown of Command for one last time before he applied force to his hands and crushed it, rapidly absorbing its essence. He did not need this crown, as he already had one, and so it would serve as fuel for his advancement.

The mantle fell into his hands next, warm and soft, and his consciousness pieced through its defenses to explore the secrets it contained.

This was a cloak made from the threads of cause and effect, heavy with the knowledge of all potential futures. The Mantle of Timelines had the aura of the Soul Spiders from the previous layer of the soul. If Rowan was not wrong in his deduction, then this treasure must have belonged to the Reality where the Soul Spiders once lived.

It was a supreme treasure of the soul that seemed to be capable of influencing time as well. Rowan had been able to analyze his memories, and he had seen the suppressive power of his authority of Time over Soul. He decided not to consume the treasure yet; after thoroughly understanding its relationship with time, he could find other uses for it.

Placing the mantle into a spatial pocket, Rowan took the third treasure and began to analyze his makeup.

A part of him was aware that he was distracting his mind because he was also dealing with his grief, but that part was quickly silenced. Rowan knew what he was doing, and the best revenge could not be rushed. The head of Primordial Soul was still shrieking in pain on the altar, constantly burned by the flames of rage, and she was not going anywhere.

His consciousness breached the defenses of the scepter, revealing its name and function. This was the Scepter of Creation. It was a nondescript rod made from cold, dormant star-iron, and its power was the burden of constant genesis, the exhaustion of always having to create from the remnants of the Soul.

The power of this scepter was eerily similar to Rowan's ability to create anything using the essence of the soul. During the beginning of his journey to immortality, this power had aided him in reaching his present level, and seeing how it was expressed here in this manner, Rowan was interested in it.

Crushing the scepter for absorption, he pulled upon the fountain, which shrank as it zoomed towards him and fell onto his palms. It resembled a small black basin filled with

liquid starlight. Its water was still, and Rowan could sense the power of oblivion inside of it even before he absorbed the power of this fountain.

Rowan could see that all of these different powers were the various aspects that the soul could take, and he did not hesitate to absorb this fountain into his own, discovering that its name was the Fountain of Lethe, and to drink its water was to gently forget.

He left the anvil for last, and that was because beside the massive black iron anvil rests a hammer that was forged from the heart of stars. He did not have to touch it to know that this hammer had shattered countless divinities.

Its powers were similar to the Altar of Unmaking, and Rowan knew no better way to kill off a Primordial than to use all of these treasures as well as his Will.

Touching the anvil, Rowan Will acted like a fusing agent, melting the black iron into the hammer, increasing its heft and power. At the end of its transformation, the hammer was now a great hammer, and its color was blacker than night.

Grasping the handle of the great hammer, Rowan began walking towards the altar while dragging the hammer behind him.

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The air inside this chamber did not move, for it answered no laws made of the material realm. Instead, it was cold and still and tasted of stone and iron. The scent of stone came from the altar, and the iron from the hammer.

As Rowan walked closer to the altar, the presence of the hammer and Rowan's Will seemed to trigger a resonance with it, and the altar began to transform.

From a thing of stone, it transformed into a seething, silent vortex of non-light that drank the warmth from everything, even extinguishing the flames that tortured Primordial Soul.

A brush of his Will dismissed the blade holding her fast to the altar, and Rowan waited, and soon she began to heal. His cold eyes noticed that she was pulling power from a place that was slightly deeper than this layer of the soul, and Rowan allowed it to continue because he could now see that this hidden place was the secret that she had been protecting all this time, and pulling power from it was essentially destroying whatever preparation she had made.

Even as her body became more complete, Rowan knew she could not escape the pull of the altar, and he silently watched as she became whole.

Before his sight was a paradox—a woman of impossible, terrifying beauty, her skin the texture of galactic dust, her hair a river of captured nebulae, her eyes holding the furious,

cold fire of a newborn sun, yet now, that form was pinned not by chains, but by the Altar's absolute negation.

The vortex crawled over her, not touching, but erasing. Tiny motes of her being winked out of existence without a sound, each a little death of a possible world.

Her star-fire eyes focused on him, and the voice that had commanded the alignment of Realities spoke, though it was fraying at the edges, being unspun by the Altar.

“Eos, for all your gifts, you dare touch this instrument? You cannot even comprehend its function.”

Rowan's hands trembled, not from fear, but from the sheer, gravitational hatred of epochs. The hammer felt like the only real thing in the universe.

“I comprehend enough,” he said, his voice a rough scrape against the monumental silence. “It unmakes. And you... are a thing that should never have been made.”

He raised the hammer. At this moment, it was no longer a magical tool. It held no enchantment. It was simply iron—the element of mortal industry, of blood, of stubborn, unyielding reality. It was the antithesis of her primordial, abstract nature.

With a cry that was torn from the depths of all the silenced voices he had ever known, he brought it down.

“For my son!”

It did not strike her flesh, but the space just above her heart, within the field of the Altar's effect.

The sound was not a clash, but a cessation.

Where the hammer passed through the unmaking field, a shockwave of absolute nullity bloomed. Her form shuddered, not in pain but in profound, existential violation. The galaxy dust of her skin dulled and turned to ash. The nebula of her hair unraveled into meaningless, dissipating gas. A fracture line appeared over her heart, not bleeding but leaking a terrible, silent nothingness.

She screamed then, and it was the sound of a law of physics being broken. The chamber trembled, not with vibration, but with the threat of ontological collapse.

Chapter 1731: The Seed

“Eos, wretched child, you are nothing!” Primordial Soul screamed as her face transformed from a hauntingly beautiful visage to a ghoulish monster resembling a humanoid bat with fangs too long for her mouth.

Her eyes shone with yellow radiance that was filled with madness and fury.

“YOU ARE A FLICKER. I AM ETERNAL AND SHALL NOT REST UNTIL EVERYTHING YOU KNOW AND LOVE IS CRUSHED.”

Her furious roar slammed into Rowan, who braced himself against it, anchored by his hate.

“Eternity,” Rowan grunted, raising the hammer again, his soul body screaming with the shock of exerting so much power, “is a long time to be a tyrant. And even rock wears away under a constant drip. This second blow is for Maeve, remember her name.”

The second hammer blow fell, and then a third.

“This is for my mother!” Another blow fell.

“For my children! Hear their names, Zaphriel, Malchiel...” Rowan began calling the names of his Angels, and as he did, a hammer blow fell on the screaming and cursing Primordial.

With each strike, the unmaking accelerated. The magnificent terror of her was being dismantled, not into death, but into void. Her protests became fewer words and more the raw, dissonant notes of creation reversing itself. Her limbs dissolved into their constituent concepts, then into nothing at all. The cold fire in her eyes guttered and went out, not like a snuffed candle, but like a mathematical equation that had reached its final, zero-sum.

Rowan was relentless. His hate needed a place to vent, and the Primordial was durable enough to receive it.

This hatred for her was also as intense as the hatred for himself, because every part of him was aware that anytime he lifted this hammer to unmake the Primordial, he was also killing a part of his heart.

In her screams, he could hear the voices of his mother, and he knew that if he held back, everything would have been meaningless. So Rowan continued, even as his heart was being ripped apart.

More of her essence poured out from that hidden place under this layer, keeping her alive longer than possible, but Rowan did not stop, as long as there was any part of her left behind, he would continue breaking them down.

This was the wonder and the horror of the Altar of Unmaking. If he had killed Primordial Soul anywhere but here on this altar, and she had remnants of herself far away from this place, then those remnants would survive.

But on this altar, every part of the Primordial was forced to return; it would not matter how far they were. Once their souls were captured upon this altar, it would all be collected and unmade. Rowan knew that Primordial Soul would not have liked Rowan to have seen this place; no Primordial would ever sleep easily with this altar under his control, but as it is, the past could no longer be changed.

The entire layer of the soul was shaking itself into destruction as Rowan's hammer blows continued with relentless precision.

Finally, only her essence remained—a fading, furious impression of herself upon the Altar; everything else had been taken away. Rowan stood over it, breath ragged, the hammer now heavy with a purpose fulfilled.

He looked down at the last shimmer of what was once a goddess, a monster, a Primordial. Once, she may have been greatest in all Reality, with powers that few could hardly imagine, but now, the last remnants of her lie on this altar, waiting to die.

There was no pity in his heart. Only a vast, echoing quiet.

He spoke his last words to her, not in a shout, but in a whisper that carried the weight of his long endurance.

“Be unmade.”

He brought the hammer down one final time.

There was no flash, no explosion. Only a sigh, as of a universe breathing out for the first time without a burden. And then, silence. True silence. The Altar's vortex stilled, its purpose complete.

Where she had been, there was only the empty, neutral stone of the Altar. Rowan dropped the hammer. It clanged against the floor, a shockingly mundane sound in the wake of killing the eternal.

He did not feel like a slayer of Primordials. He did not feel victorious. He simply felt... quiet. The endless, screaming pressure in his soul was gone. He was alone in the primordial dark, but for the first time, the darkness was just dark. It was not Her.

He had not killed a Primordial. He had simply made room.

The black cube, which was the fourth layer of the soul, was half destroyed, and Rowan did not complete its total destruction because that would alert all of Reality that a Primordial had fallen.

He began to walk towards where he had detected the greatest amount of Primordial Soul's essence had been flowing from, shoulders hunched, Rowan's body occasionally shuddered as more weight was added to it.

This weight was of every new soul being born inside of Reality.

He did not need to do this. Primordial Soul, in all the years she had left Oblivion, did not bother to hold the souls of all of those born inside of it. Death had been able to easily feast upon countless souls of this Reality because there was no one to shepherd them once they fell.

Every mortal and every god had a sinking emptiness at the bottom of their soul. They knew that when they perished, only a lucky few would find solace in the afterlife, if there was ever such a thing.

Their afterlife was supposed to be in the hands of Primordial Soul, and she had discarded that responsibility. Even though Rowan could not make any overt showcase that he was essentially the new Primordial Soul, at least, not yet, he could hold the weight of all the souls in Reality.

Even if he had the chance to announce to everyone that their souls were now safe, Rowan was much too tired at this moment to play the role of savior. His own soul had been rubbed raw, and all he wanted to do was to find a quiet corner and curl into a ball, but he could not; the battle had just begun.

As Rowan walked forward, his surroundings shifted, and he found himself before a relatively small glowing amber pool. Floating above it was a seed.

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

Chapter 1732: The Seed of Imagination

Calling this a seed was the closest that Rowan's mind could convey, but it was something much more than that; its shape reminded him of the time of his birth.

This seed was not a nascent Reality; it was something different, and for the fact that Primordial Soul had sacrificed so much to keep it safe, even using her death as a method of hiding it only made Rowan curious.

The only entity that he knew whose nature was closest to his own was either the Primordials or the Primordial Beasts; what else could there be?

It was his curiosity that dragged him out of the lethargic state he found himself in, as Rowan's eyes lit up a bit when he sent his perception over to the seed to analyze what it was.

The first thing he saw was the boundary surrounding this seed. Unlike any mortal or immortal seed, it had no shell, only a boundary of what Rowan would describe as solidified silence.

Observing this closely revealed that the boundary was obsidian, and it was a perfect sphere that contained its own antithesis. The sphere did not reflect light; it absorbed all sorts of physical waves and even higher-dimensional forces like hope, potential, faith, fate, fear, and pain...

Without his perception, this Seed would have been invisible to him, and any immortal except for a Primordial that entered this place would have instantly perished as everything they were would be collected by the seed, without them understanding what happened or what killed them.

This was a fascinating discovery; the shell of this seed was acting not just as a protective barrier but also as a way to feed whatever was gestating inside of it.

Rowan walked closer to the edge of the amber pool, which he discovered was filled with pure essence of such power that it made his Ether seem like water next to it.

Rowan blinked in astonishment. What he was seeing here was most likely the accumulation of essence from several Realities that Primordial Soul had painfully gathered here.

'Nyxara. In the oldest of tongues, its name was Nyxara, the First Thirst who rose against the....'

Rowan paused his investigation of the seed as this new insight flooded into his soul. Since he killed Primordial Soul, countless alien insights have been flooding into his consciousness. Most of them were related to higher-dimensional rules, but now and then, some special knowledge was obtained, and the most recent was the name of the Primordial who had taken the form of Primordial Soul, Nyxara.

The name of this Primordial was not important to him, but it was the hint of the history behind the Primordials that drew his attention. Where did they come from, and how long have they plagued Limbo? Who created Limbo, and what was the connection between the Primordials and Enoch?

Rowan did not know how much knowledge he would ultimately gain from the remnants of Primordial Soul, but as time passed, the size and complexity of the knowledge he was receiving grew, and it was likely that before it was over, he would have received a lot of answers.

Knowing there was no use troubling his mind for what might come from the Primordial, Rowan focused on the tangible discovery in front of him.

This pool of essence could turn out to be the most important treasure found here. To put this discovery into context, the entire essence of Eosah that he had been using to transform Reality could barely equal a dozen drops in this pool.

Such a vast amount of essence sitting here would change everything in the future. Rowan did not know if other Primordials could store energy from other Realities inside their Origin, but if they could, he did not see any reason why they should.

All of this was most likely due to the secret plan of Primordial Soul, and it was all related to this seed.

Rowan focused back on the seed. His perception was of a spear with an infinite number of points, piercing through its shell, and he saw what was within.

When he saw what lay inside the seed, he was struck in place, and it was only because of his impossible abilities that he had the mental fortitude to accept what he was witnessing.

Within the shell of this seed was not pulp, but a nexus of condensed story!

It swirled with the unwritten first Chapters of every myth yet to be told, the unsung first notes of every song yet to be composed, the undreamed colors of every dawn yet to be witnessed. It was a tiny, contained Big Bang of pure narrative potential.

Like a moth to a flame, Rowan was pulled towards it, to the endless potential he was witnessing. Did this seed not have the power to remake everything?! What was the limit of such a power? If he was correct, then this was wielding the power of imagination!

Rowan was barely aware of crossing the pool of essence and touching the seed. Its surface was cool and impossibly smooth, which was not surprising to him, considering that the shell of this seed was made from the concept of solidified silence.

Yet beneath this placid surface, he could feel a storm powerful enough to ravage all Reality. If he were to break this seed, the storm that would erupt would be enough to shatter Reality a hundred times over.

Being this close to it, Rowan could sense the essence of all things within it. The muffled roar of dragons yet to be named, the distant crash of waves on shores yet to be formed, the whispered arguments of gods yet to be conceived.

It had no weight, yet it possessed the gravity of a galaxy. It pulled at the fabric of the maybe. It drew in the stray sigh of a poet who couldn't find the right word, the frustrated tear of an inventor staring at a blank sketch, and the wordless wonder of a child gazing at the clouds. These were the waters it drank. These were the soils it sought.

This seed held the power of making imagination into Reality.

“Primordial Life... Primordial Soul... Elura... what is the connection here?”

The power of imagination was not a strange concept to Rowan because Elura had revealed to him that she controlled the Tree of Imagination, and this power had fascinated Rowan at that time. With it, Elura became arguably the most powerful Old One beside Seed that he had ever seen.

Still, she was struck at the eight-dimensional level, and Rowan could never fear any Old One due to his level of life; however, this seed was different because the waves of power emanating from it were undoubtedly at the ninth-dimensional level, reaching the realm of Origin!

With his ability to make anything out of Soul Essence, Rowan had the power of creation in his hands, but his creation followed specific rules that could not be broken. Making your imagination into Reality, on the other hand, was something much sinister, because no rules needed to be followed.

In other words, if this were a world devoid of magic, then this power would be considered magic!

There had always been consequences to using certain powers, but what if he could use these powers without paying the price?

Rowan's thoughts were immediately fixed on the Enochian Cradle and its impressive powers that he could not truly touch without paying a great price.

However, as he considered this aspect, he did not neglect the purpose of this seed and why Primordial Soul had made all of this effort to bring it into Reality.

Chapter 1733: Becoming The Hunter

“What is your purpose?” Rowan spoke aloud, “What do Primordials dream of?”

Pushing his perception past the storm of imagination brewing inside the seed, Rowan proceeded deeper.

As he learned more about the ninth dimension and the power controlled by Primordials, Rowan's understanding of power was changing from what it usually was.

True power went deeper, not broader.

A single touch from a Primordial was incredibly complex, and that was why their Wills were so unshakable. Everyone else lived their existence on a lower-dimensional scale;

only the Primordials could reach the limits of existence, and to understand them and their works, Rowan would have to do the same.

An average immortal would see space, maybe it could be broken, folded, or even destroyed, but how many of them could know there were deeper layers to space and could descend into those layers and find all the weird and profound mysteries therein?

Possessing multiple Origins from different concepts gave Rowan the ability to understand the intricacies of power better than anyone else, and he took advantage of this gift to explore the seed further.

It did not take long for Rowan to discover that what he was looking at was the Origin of Imagination. However, he had been slightly thrown off at first due to the excessive number of supporting runes that encompass the entire seed.

At a glance, Rowan could easily see the four layers of Origin because they had been propped up by countless exotic soul runes, highlighting every piece of its inner workings.

If Eosah's teachings about Space Origin were similar to a teacher dumping countless textbooks on their student and expecting them to figure it out, what was presented here was a kingdom of numerous scholars, giving it their all to teach one student.

Every single piece of the Origin of Imagination had been broken down and highlighted, and Rowan was flabbergasted by such great attention to detail. How much effort and time had Primordial Soul put in place to create something like this?

With what he had here, Rowan believed he could instantaneously master the Origin of Imagination, but why did it take Nyxara so long to take control of this seed?

Revising all the facts he knew about Primordials, Rowan became dumbstruck when he realized that in some ways he had exceeded the powers of a Primordial.

Previously, he had believed that Primordial Chaos and all the other Primordials had only chosen a single concept in Reality to embody because of the limited amount of Essence that could be found inside Reality.

Maybe in another Reality, Primordial Chaos would become Primordial Time or Primordial Soul, but this hypothesis would seem incorrect.

Delving into the Soul Origin, Rowan had come across multiple remnants of this origin from other Realities inside of it, which suggested that in previous Realities, Nyxara had always been Primordial Soul.

Perhaps the Primordials were not as limitless as he once thought, and they also suffered certain limitations, such as being unable to change their aspect anytime they wanted.

Like a musician who can only play a single song or a child who can only speak a single word.

But wait, what about Primordial Time, who succeeded in becoming the Primordial of Time and Evil?

Rowan shook his head as he considered that perhaps he did not truly succeed. If he did, then the result must have been lackluster, or he needed to pay a heavy price in order to use the power of Evil as a Primordial of Time.

Of all the Primordials he had met, Primordial Time had appeared warped. Not to say all Primordials were normal, but there was something about Time that was almost pitiful, as if he had lost something of himself after trying to become a Primordial of two concepts at the same time.

Realities, on the other hand, seemed to be able to hold the power of multiple Origins, but unlike Primordials, it was hard for them to express these powers offensively, or perhaps the reason Primordials work together was for them to be able to overwhelm a single Reality.

Looking back at it now, it was strange for all-powerful beings to work together when they could easily gain all the benefits if only one Primordial were to attack a single Reality.

From the mouths of Noctis, he had learned that the defeat of Eosah came about not because she was weak; it was her children who opened the gates of her kingdom by peering into Limbo and bringing the corruption and hunger of the Primordials into Reality.

This suggested that if Noctis and the rest had not sought forbidden knowledge, the Primordials would not be able to take down any Reality without a terrible fight.

If Rowan were to explore Limbo, would he find other Realities who were aware of Primordials and had been able to stand against them?

This was an extremely compelling thought and one that needed careful deliberation and execution.

Rowan knew that Primordials fed on Realities for their essence and a chance to become "Primordials." This was because the term Primordial meant an entity that controlled a concept at the ninth-dimensional level.

What was waiting for him outside Reality could not necessarily be called Primordials; they were an alien existence that seemed to be finding what it meant to be alive only when they were killing and consuming.

Maybe the concept of life as he knew it could only be understood by Nyxara and the rest like her if they became Primordials; without doing so, they would simply exist, eternally hungry, searching for meaning for their existence for all eternity.

Still, it did not mean that they did not have ambitions. Nyxara, Primordial Soul, wanted more from their existence, and she was about to evolve from being the Primordial of Soul to become the Primordial of Imagination.

Unlike Primordial Time, Nyxara's plans were deeper, and she had sacrificed and made a lot of effort to see it come to fruition.

Her most significant mistake was to involve Rowan in her plans, to see him as a means to an end, to torture and kill the ones he loved in order to influence his actions. Whatever plans she had made in the past, all had fallen before him.

Rowan exhaled and took a step back from the seed. After understanding the metaphysical aspects of things, he began considering what it would mean for Primordial Soul to become Primordial Imagination and how it was related to the other Primordials inside of Reality.

Behind him was a unique tool to thoroughly kill Primordials, and Rowan intended to use it.

Previously, he had been worried about his subsequent battles with the remaining Primordials inside Reality. Even if he were strong enough to kill them, eradicating every piece of them would be almost impossible.

Primordial Soul was one of the Primordials with the least influence inside Reality. She had no domain or bloodlines, her name was almost unknown across Reality, and she had no temples or worshippers. Yet she was able to preserve pieces of herself all over Reality that were drawn into this space before he could finally kill her properly.

Killing the other Primordials would be a thousand times harder, with all the countless tiny influences they had all over Reality, and this was the primary reason Rowan began to change Reality using the essence of Eosah.

He wanted to plant a seed of his power inside as many living beings as possible, so when the end approaches, he could reduce the slaughter that would follow, since he could easily purge the taints of the Primordials inside their bodies, and for those that he could not get to claim Eosah's essence, he would kill.

However, this altar and the hammer changed everything, and now, with these unexpected tools that he had acquired, how could he use them against his enemies?

The obvious choice would be both Primordial Life and Primordial Time. Both of these Primordials were the ones with the closest relationship with Primordial Soul, and Rowan believed that they must be deeply involved with her plans.

Maybe they did not know the full vision of Primordial Soul, but these two were integral to her success. Primordial Time gave her Eos when he looked into the future, and Primordial Life gave Eos a mother when he needed one.

After being the prey and the hunted from the moment of his birth, Rowan thought it was the right time to begin changing the dynamics.

Chapter 1734: The Genesis Moss

Rowan's main body opened his eyes and looked at the shimmering thread in his hand, which represented the Origin of Souls.

A lot had happened as he explored this Origin, but barely three weeks had gone by in real time and twelve thousand years inside his Origin Land.

In twelve thousand years, a lot had changed. With the passive regenerative capabilities of his Origin Land paired with the powers of his bloodlines, the chaos that arose from this battle was slowly being cleansed.

Rowan had to make sure everything was going well with the Origin Land before he plunged into the Origin of Imagination.

He opened his eyes to see a flourishing sight of endless forests with trees that reached for the heavens. Life had unexpectedly bloomed, his hair had become the nest of massive birds the size of mountains, whose numbers were in the billions!

Rowan was sitting in the center of a sea that reached his waist, and he could sense that countless lives had made his lower body their home.

Serathis had planted tiny seeds across the Chaos, and the blood of Rowan, an Apex Omniversal Titan, and Nyxara, who was the Primordial of Soul, was the best fertilizer.

These seeds were nothing special, and all the numerous batches she had brought in were consistently destroyed for thousands of years when Serathis introduced them into the earth, but with her power to influence probability and the aid of the intense vitality of the Origin Land, a single shoot had erupted from the ground, and it grew into a tree and this tree became a forest.

It began as a fragile, six-petaled flower, the color of a forgotten sky, and it pushed its way through a hairline crack in the obsidian. It was not a plant as once known; it was something new, a child of the cataclysm

Serathis had called this first green the Genesis moss. Prime nearly threw a fit as he tried to explain to the excited Serathis that this first tree should not be called a moss, and

Genesis Tree was a better name, but Serathis could not change her mind when it was already made up, leaving Prime to depart in a huff as he focused on healing the heavens.

As it grew taller, the Genesis Moss began to affect the land. Where it grew, the glassy stone softened into rich, dark soil, fertile beyond imagination.

Following the moss came the Sun-Vines, which climbed the shattered cliffs, their blooms not merely reflecting light, but generating their own soft, golden luminescence, pushing back the eternal twilight.

Prime had been the one to name these new plants, and he was proud of his naming sense.

The land itself began to remember what it was to be alive. Pools of collected rainwater, infused with cosmic residue, became Lakes of Potential. Their waters shimmered with a billion points of light like liquid galaxies. To drink from them was to be healed, to be altered.

Strange, graceful beasts emerged from the surrounding forests—stag-like creatures with antlers of woven light and coats that shifted like nebulae; birds whose feathers were made of solidified music, leaving harmonic trails in the air.

If Rowan had been here during their formation, he would have been stupefied by these stags' sheer resemblance to Death, whom he had seen at the Bleak Gate.

It would appear that the battle he had with Primordial Soul had unleashed so much energy of death that it had created a manifestation of this entity, and yet, from these manifestations of death came life.

The Ouroboros Serpents began to reshape the mountains left behind from the battle, and to further maintain the budding life below, Bahamut took it upon himself to travel to the heavens and eat the chaos above while shining so bright he became a single line of radiance that could be seen from any corner of the Origin Land.

Instead of a sun above, a single line of radiance shed light on all life below. This sight was both ethereal and astonishingly beautiful, because the radiance emitted by Bahamut was profound beyond words.

The mountains that had been remade became the Spires of Dawn, their peaks now catching a sun that had been created by Bahamut. Now and then, to amuse themselves, another serpent would head to the heaven to become another line of radiance in the sky.

Sometimes it was possible to see six lines of radiance crossing the heavens, and when that happened, life below flourished extremely greatly due to the sheer abundance of energy being emitted from the serpents above.

Prime began creating stars from the chaotic eyes that had grown from the conflicts. These eyes had gathered vast powers of annihilation inside them during the battle, and Prime pursued these strange lifeforms and set them alight; their flames burned with the power of annihilation, but the light they gave off was healing.

Waterfalls, not of mere water, but of liquid light and gentle, cohesive mist, cascaded down the sides of these new mountains, feeding rivers that sang as they flowed.

The forests were not just woodlands, but living cathedrals. Trees of silver-bark and leaves of jade grew in perfect, harmonious spirals. Their canopies were so dense they created a second sky of shifting emerald and gold, and their fruits glowed with a soft inner light, bursting with sweetness that tasted of starlight and peace.

There were no more predators, no more prey. The very concept of consumption had been rewritten by the primordials' end.

Life sustains itself on the abundant ambient energy, the light, and the song of the world itself.

A deer of crystalline flesh might pause to let a motelike creature of pure spirit rest on its flank, both sharing a moment of perfect, silent understanding.

At the heart of this newborn paradise lay the Wound Sea—the vast, calm crater where the final blow had been struck. It was not a sea of water but of solidified peace. Its surface was flawless, mirror-like obsidian that reflected the new, brilliant stars above, but to walk on it was to feel a profound, soothing warmth.

At its center, two great trees had grown intertwined—one of burnished gold, leafed with silver, the other of deep obsidian, dotted with flowers like tiny white stars. They were the World-Sigh, a monument to the end of conflict and the beginning of something infinitely more precious.

These trees grew behind Rowan, and his body had unconsciously rested on them during the time inside the Origin of Soul. Rowan sighed in relief because he saw that the birds that had made his hair their home could easily migrate to the World-Sigh when he chose to move.

Rowan was astonished by all of these changes. This was no return to a former state. It was an evolution. The Origin Land, in its infinite resilience, had taken the scars of its near-destruction and woven them into the very fabric of a new paradise.

The silence was no longer the silence of death but the deep, contented silence of a world healing, growing, and dreaming better, more peaceful dreams than any that had come before. The battle between two Primordial entities was over. The age of paradise had just begun, Rowan hoped. This was the greatest gift he could give his children: peace.

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Chapter 1735: Preparing For The Future

There were still small pockets of chaos around his Origin Land, but those would soon become part of the ever-growing vista, as Rowan could sense that soon the Origin Land would begin expanding once more.

After surviving the battle between Rowan and Nyxara, this land underwent not just a transformation but an all-around evolution. He expected great things in the future.

Satisfied that the healing process was going well, Rowan brought the Origin of Soul and pushed it into his chest, where it hovered above his heart. Also surrounding his heart were his Destiny and Fate Origins.

Space Origin was fused with his flesh, but he noticed that a pale haze surrounded the tri-colored sigil in his chest, suggesting that a physical representation of his Space Origin would soon appear.

Rowan knew that keeping all of these Origins floating around inside his body was not the proper way to house them; instead, he should seed them in his flesh. In fact, the Primordial Record had been suggesting such a thing for a while now.

Every time he opened it, there was a section where it stated:

[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?]

Before he gained Origin, he had no idea what this section meant. Probing the Primordial Record had just given him vague outlines of some stupendous power. However, at that time, Rowan was still a lower-dimensional immortal, and he was unable to interpret what all of this could mean.

According to the Primordial Record, unlike an average Primordial who could only embody a single Origin, Rowan to hold eight, potentially nine Origins in his body, becoming what should be an Eight-fold Primordial or a Nine-fold Primordial, the final step to reach the ninth dimensional level for someone like him was confusing when technically, everytime he mastered Origin meant he had reached the ninth dimensional level.

However, he could glimpse that path forward, and all of them pointed at seeding each of his dimensions with an Origin power; perhaps that was all he needed to firmly reach the ninth-dimensional level.

But if that were to be the case, then Rowan would have to be picky about the Origins he chose to fuse with his flesh, after all, he had only eight slots, and if things kept proceeding as they should, it was highly possible he would possess more than eight Origins before this war was over.

Rowan was used to suffering from success, and pushed this concern aside; besides, he still had more fusion and a Class Ascension in front of him, which could bring about some unexpected benefits that might solve the present roadblock.

Even when his Origins became complete, Rowan was not ready to begin seeding his body because he suspected that it would lock his form into a rigid state, making it very difficult to evolve or ascend as he usually could.

Seeding was to be the final step he took when he was sure that he had completed all his preparations, because that would mean he was finally becoming an actual Primordial entity, the likes of which had never been seen in existence.

Rowan had made a slight motion with his eyes when he awoke, but that was enough to send tremors throughout the Origin Land; his perception pulsed through the air, carrying a strange and beautiful light that silenced the entire area.

His presence froze time and space, and except for his bloodlines' avatars, everything else became trapped in amber,

"I am pleased with your efforts, prepare my children for awakening."

Rowan said these words to his bloodline avatars before closing his eyes to focus on the Origin of Imagination. His hold over time and space vanished, allowing the countless creatures that filled the air and prowled through the depths to continue with their lives, unaware of the power that had just passed through this space.

Rowan might have said only a few words, but his language was incredibly rich, placing countless ideas and strategies in the consciousness of his bloodline avatars.

Each of them was tasked with specific objectives, and they were given the tools to make it happen.

Before awakening his children, the first thing he needed to do was recreate his angels. With Rowan's present abilities, he could skip recreating the angels, Archangels, Sovereigns, and Powers and begin remaking his Seraphims, then Cherubims, Principalities, Dominion, and Throne.

He could even attempt to begin creating Thrones directly, imbuing them with a portion of his powers, but Rowan did not see his Angels as tools; every one of them that he had lost to the Gilded Maw Spell would be brought back to life.

His bloodline Avatars were responsible for the creation of their new shells. When this task was completed, Rowan would breathe life into them.

The New Light he had created had access to many Angels. After half of Heaven fell under her domain, many Celestial Creators served her, but Rowan would not touch any angel from her dominion.

In fact, calling what he was attempting to recreate as Angels was not necessarily the correct term he should be using, because he was going to reshape them from their foundations, making them become something new and special, but since being Angels was the root of their existence, Rowan did not throw it away completely.

Unlike him, who was used to endless transformation, he could not change the Angels to another new form and not retain part of their history inside their bodies; otherwise, they would collapse under the mental strain of possessing a new form.

After the creation of his Angels, they would begin preparing the land for the billions of children that would be remade under the power of his Origin Land.

With his present bloodline powers and attainments, Rowan believed that what he could create inside this place may rival anything that had ever existed.

His anticipation of what was to come was tempered by the pain of those he had lost and would never see again, his son, his first friend, his mother...

This pain brought a fresh wave of pain, and Rowan's spirit howled in anguish as it descended into the depths of the soul's origin and seized the Origin of Imagination.

"Let the hunt begin!"

Chapter 1736: I Have Returned

Rowan's spirit was a manifestation of his willpower, and when that spirit descended with fury, it did not hold back for a single moment. Grasping twenty percent of his dimensional soul, his spirit ripped it out and placed it into Origin of Imagination.

His spirit began to dissipate, merging with the soul inside the seed, and when it was gone, Rowan had become the Seed of Imagination, and because Primordial Soul had laid an exceedingly robust foundation inside this seed, the process was almost instantaneous.

Only then was he able to see the outline of Primordial Soul's ambition. Rowan could not see much because the core of this plan belonged to Nyxara, who remained outside Reality, but what he could retrieve from it was concerning.

Nyxara had been making certain experiments in previous Realities using the body of a special life form whose talents could almost equal, if not exceed, those of someone like Rowan.

The Arbor Mentis, and this entire Origin of Imagination, was just a sapling from a massive tree.

Primordial Soul had been lucky to collect the sapling of this tree in the past, because the Arbor Mentis was a power equal to the Realm of Death, but its influence was extremely mysterious.

If Primordial Soul succeeds in possessing this seed and becoming the Primordial of Imagination, she could use this power to gain access to the Arbor Mentis, therefore bringing the corruption of the Primordials into this place.

Rowan had long known that the Primordials were marauders, feeding on different Realities and moving on after they had taken everything, and it was enlightening to see the plans of these entities as they set their sights on other realms that may be more powerful than Eosah.

It reminded him that if not for the lucky discovery of Eosah and the Primordials wishing to slowly excavate the core secrets of this Reality, they would have moved on a long time ago.

He might be special, but he had gotten to this point by sheer grit and pure luck, as he saw that Primordial Soul had a greater agenda than the end of this Reality.

The more he interacted with these ninth-dimensional forces, the more his understanding of how ancient they really were became notable.

He had barely lived a tiny fraction of a Primordial's life, and he could understand how they had easily underestimated someone like him, even when they gave him enough credits.

All of these deliberations only took the barest of moments. Rowan did not care about the lives of the Primordials, besides gaining the best methods to hunt and kill them. If there were to ever be karma for Supreme entities like the Primordials, then that karma would

be Rowan, and he would not care about anything but the potential avenue he would need to destroy them.

Rowan had deliberated on his choices going forward, and his mind had already been made up, with the plans already in place inside his mind. He made his first move.

Rowan created a Minor Seed of Imagination and sent it into the lower realm.

There were already arrangements laid out for such an event, and Rowan saw no reason to change it. This seed was bait, and he was eager to see who would come biting.

Sending the Seed of a Primordial Entity into the Reality was an extraordinary affair. Even though Eosah was dead, she still had certain defenses that had to be deceived or pierced through before this seed could be actualized.

When Rowan released this seed following the pathway already out in place by Primordial Soul, he saw the seed traveling into the past, precisely the moment when Eosah was killed and her final screams hung in the air.

The seed began to stitch its presence into Reality, becoming part of her foundation and experiencing many eras of survival in the spaces between life and death.

This journey through time developed its Origin in a manner that shattered the reasoning behind cause and effect. The Seed went into the past complete, but as it headed to the future, it grew from nothing to completion. It gained all of its layers, from the Flicker Veil, the first Layer, to the Clay Fields of Potential, then the Quicksilver Sands of Forgotten Dreams, and finally, the Genesis Breath.

All of these were the foundation of Imagination in this Reality, and if this seed were to be birthed in another Reality, its layers would be different.

It was with this process that this seed was slowly integrated into the foundations of Reality, even influencing the birth of Elura.

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The Seed did not fall. It descended with intent. It drifted through the veils of unreality for eons, until it found the one place in all the dimensions that was both everything and nothing: the Quicksilver Sands of Forgotten Dreams. This was the nursery, the neutral ground where nothing was real and therefore everything could be.

Through time and space, it descended until a call emerged from nothing, telling it to be.

And there, it did not sprout through force. The shell of solidified silence did not crack; it unfolded. It opened like a flower welcoming a sun it had never seen but always known, releasing the contained chaos within.

The first root that plunged into the fabric of Reality was not of wood, but of solidified curiosity.

The first shoot that reached for the non-existent sky was not of stem, but of aspiration given form.

The Seed itself did not vanish. Instead, its core remains, buried deep beneath the colossal trunk. It is now a heartstone of infinite potential, still beating, still pulling in the dreams of all thinking beings, feeding the eternal tree that is its glorious, magnificent child.

It was the single, silent answer to a question the universe had not yet asked: “What if?”

And from that answer, everything else grew.

Through the rivers of time, this seed had only one child. He drew Elura from its bosom and wore her form. Her body slowly drifted out of the core of the tree under the mysterious summons from a being whose presence was Life itself.

Elura opened her eyes and saw Vorthas, the Primordial of Life, and Seed beside him.

Rowan growled inside her head, his fury knowing no bounds. ‘I have returned.’

She smiled as she addressed the two before her, “I have returned.”

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

Chapter 1737: The True God Emperor

“I walk in the shadows of despair and extinction, but I know no fear.... Anarchy is my blood... I am its blade, and now I am free to eat.”

Once, he was a High god who had led the Cerulean Galaxy in an unknown universe to the peak; he mastered the Authority of Sound and Darkness and wielded the Demonic Weapon of Pride.

An unknown invader had arrived on his dominion, possessing powers like none other, and in less time than he could ever imagine. This invader had shattered his world, killed his fellow gods, and at the end, he had to bow before this power.

He had once been Tenma, the Ruler of Music and Darkness, but after his defeat and surrender, he was no more... he became something else.

To battle against these unknown invaders, Tenma called upon a forbidden power linked to his Demonic Weapon. He summoned the Demon Prince of Strife, Kohron, to inhabit his

godly body, but despite the power of a Demon Prince, he was still defeated, and his body was permanently merged with the flesh of a Demon Prince.

Dying here would have been his salvation, but he was captured. In time, he came to serve this power, and he entered the realm of this power. Since that moment, Tenma had never walked upon Reality again.

He had been inside the dimension of Rowan for eight hundred million years!

He had not been imprisoned. In the tenth year of his capture, Tenma was offered the chance to leave, but he would be a fool if he left this place, where knowledge and power were his to take.

With the assistance of Rowan, merging with the flesh of a Demon Prince was no longer a curse but became an unexpected benefit. Tenma, no longer having the body of a god, gained the Primordial Demonic bloodline and began to create special spells using his new bloodline and talents.

Determined not to leave until he leveraged the power of his talents, Tenma became the student of the Lady of Shadow when he created a unique spell that caught her eye, which led to the creation of a unique race called the Akashic Trel.

With the authorization from Rowan, the Lady of Shadows, began to upgrade his bloodline, taking it past the Demon Prince level to the Demon Emperor level, and two hundred million years ago, a Demon Lord bloodline was found that boosted his potential to the limit.

However, his demonic bloodline was not the reason he became the Lady of Shadows' favorite and was given the name Reaper.

Tenma had been able to develop a unique spell called the Akashic Gate, and this spell used his demonic energy as an opposing force against celestial energy, causing it to repel all forms of celestial essence, but the true magic happened when the Celestial energy was destroyed.

In that moment of destruction, Celestial energy tends towards darkness, and the Akashic Gate acted like a gigantic magnet that would draw out the radiance of the celestial and collect them into the depths of the Akashic Gate, which led directly to the soul of Tenma, the Reaper.

In essence, with this spell, Tenma had become the place of rest for the dead Angels of Rowan; he was their underworld.

In the beginning, Tenma could create only a few Akashic Gates, but then the Lady of Shadows continuously boosted his bloodline and knowledge base. After hundreds of millions of years, the number of Akashic Gates reached 7,777.

Throughout the years, as Rowan's Angels fought and died in his service, Tenma had been quietly gathering them inside his soul, keeping what was left of them from falling into the ravages of darkness.

There was a chance for Rowan to preserve the souls of his fallen Angels, especially those who had undergone fusion, but in exceptional cases where he could not act, Tenma had become the final destination for their souls.

Losing so many Angels during his battle with the Celestial and the Gilded Maw spell should have devastated all of his hopes of ever seeing his children of light again, but Rowan had a backup in the form of the Reaper.

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After eight hundred million years, Rowan's children had reached an unfathomable number. He did not necessarily create a utopia in his dimensional flesh, but it was as close as it could be in a reality where supernatural powers and growth existed.

In a world like this, there could never be supposed to be any ultimate fairness, but the presence of Rowan, even though he had stepped back from the day-to-day activity of running his dimension, was implacable.

His true form is a mystery, often perceived by his children as a colossal, humanoid figure woven from starlight and shadow, seated upon a throne that is both a biological neural nexus and a quantum computation engine at the heart of the dimension that could never be seen.

In the tradition of Trion, where many of his children came from, most still called him God Emperor, but all knew he was far greater than that.

Yet a truth could not be denied. The God-Emperor is not merely a political leader; he is the architect of reality for this domain that was built like a paradise.

He possesses a consciousness so vast it can simultaneously oversee the orbit of a million stars, hear the whispered prayers of a single citizen, and calculate the thermodynamic fate of the universe.

His rule is absolute yet not cruel. He is the ultimate parent, engineer, and deity. His primary goal is the preservation, understanding, and elevation of all life within his grasp.

All of these were the aspects of Rowan that his children worshipped. However, as they grew stronger, touching the limits of the third-dimensional realm and stepping into the higher dimensions, they began to understand that even all they had believed to be true of the God Emperor still fell short.

Still, it was a shame that for so many of Rowan's children, they could not begin walking the higher dimensional path and knowing more of his glory before they were all placed into slumber.

From the time Rowan crossed the threshold of the fourth-dimensional level and was exposed to the eyes of the great powers of Reality, he had not truly rested. He had to fight with everything he had to survive, and after so long, he believed he had finally gained the power to keep his children safe.

For many rulers of a dominion, reaching the fourth-dimensional level was enough assurance that they could keep their domain safe, and Old Ones were seen as omnipotent; however, for Rowan, until he had killed a Primordial, he had no assurance of this... until now.

An incredibly diverse population had sprouted over the years, especially since Rowan had been quietly integrating countless lifeforms from all around Reality and allowing them access to his bloodlines.

Still, everything would have to change. Rowan had finally broken the shackles of his Primordial roots, and all his children would have to follow.

Sitting cross-legged among the multitude, partially hidden by a mighty living tree and a snoring hill, was the Reaper, Tenma, and on this day, Prime came for him.

Chapter 1738: Archai — the First Principles.

Tenma was not woken from his slumber. Prime saw no reason for him to do so; there were too many higher-dimensional rules being wielded here, and it might lead Tenma into madness if he were to witness too much of it.

Accessing his Spell Library was easy for a Weaver of spells like Prime, and he chuckled in appreciation at the depths Eva and Tenma had gone through to refine the Akashic Gate to this level. He could appreciate good work when he saw it.

Rowan's Primordial Sea of Darkness had been gathering Angels of Char without his intervention for hundreds of millions of years, and before their destruction, he had assembled seven hundred billion angels.

There could have been more if he had chosed to draw upon the power of the sea of darkness, but he didn't, and it was a good thing because if he had been greedy and sought more angels, the power of the Gilded Maw Spell would have been too powerful for even Rowan to endure.

As time went by, the number of Angels he was passively gaining had reduced, but it did not stop entirely.

Prime, accessing the Akashic Gate, discovered that of the seven hundred billion Angels on record, less than five hundred billion soul imprints were to be found inside the Reaper; the fate of two hundred billion Angels was unknown; most likely, they could no longer be recovered.

There were many reasons for this tragedy, and one of them was that too many Angels perished too quickly for Tenma to handle. He had barely broken through to the fourth-dimensional level when Gilded Maw was used on Rowan, and billions of souls poured into the Akashic Gates.

Although he had thousands of gates, they were not enough, and those who could not find their way into his domain were snatched by the cold hands of death.

In that battle, Rowan had been covered by the green flames of death, bringing the realm of the damned close to him. This ensured that any soul that was unlucky could be easily drawn into the realm of death.

Bringing out the billions of Angelic souls, Prime noticed that they had already begun transforming into the unique lifeform that was created inside the Amashic Gates, which was called the Akashic Trell.

An Akashic Trell had great combat power, but they were not used in battle because they were essentially pupae, balls of potential waiting to be transformed into something new.

The sleeping body of Tenma had the shape of a man, but when Prime began extracting the five hundred billion Akashic Trells from his soul, his humanoid form transformed into a fleshy-metallic hybrid of metal and magical essence, with a thousand arms and ten thousand closed eyes. His present shape would remind Rowan of the titan, Gothra'Inul.

Each of the Akashic Trells was in the shape of an obsidian orb, hundreds of feet in circumference; some were much bigger, reaching hundreds of miles in circumference, because the stronger the Angel, the more souls they had to store, causing them in their Trell-like state to be massive.

Faced with so much nascent potential, Prime might have become confused on the way forward, but Rowan had already given him the blueprints for the rebirth of his angels.

Prime did not do much, he only made each vessel to be open to the touch of Rowan, and he ensured that every single one of them could receive as much infusion of power as possible, because he believed that what Rowan was about to create here would no longer be “angels” and the best way to prepare these souls for what was to come, was to ensure they were ready.

For thousands of years, Prime toiled on each Akashic Trell, and when the task was complete, each of the Trell resembled a humanoid statue that was kneeling with hands upraised as if to beseech the blessings of a higher being.

And this was truly the case. Prime had been conducting a great ritual, and arranging the bodies of these Trells was the method he used in performing this ritual. As he worked, a formless wave of summoning power was arising from the bodies of the Trells, and when he finally dropped his hands, the summoning power had reached a threshold, crossing through space and time and reaching Rowan, whose eyes slowly opened.

Rowan looked at the billions of vessels lined in front of him, all waiting for a resurrection and a new beginning.

His previous Angels had come from the Primordial, but Rowan had exceeded that level. So, manifesting his Will as a Creator, he turned it inward not to create life as it was known in Reality but to extrude function from his own boundless essence.

Rowan had thought deeply about how to create the first of his children, and he knew they had to be special, because they would be the ones to represent his name.

He would give them great power, but not the true freedom he would be giving to the rest of his children. They were to be the guardians and protectors of his legacy; they would carry his Will to the end, and in them would be a part of him that would never be taken away.

The first Angels were Children of Light. On the other hand, Rowan controlled the Origin of Space, Imagination, Fate, Destiny, and Destruction. He was an Apex Omniversal Titan and a Living Reality, Eos. He was the Eclipsed Creator who controlled the Primordial Record, and the Enochian Cradle was his to master.... From all of these powers, Rowan did not intend to hold back in his first true creation.

Rowan reached into the core of his own being, into the raw, screaming forces that constituted his consciousness, and began to tear them loose.

A terrible pain filled his entire body as a massive shockwave burst out of his flesh, and the creation process began. This was not a crafting of clay and breath, but a terrible, glorious act of metaphysical surgery.

From his capacity for Infinite Motion, he pulled the threads of kinetic potential and spun them into a being of pure, terrifying velocity—a helix of iridescent force that could weave the fabric of spacetime itself. This was not a messenger with wings, but a Weaver of Causality.

This would be their soul.

From his foundation of Absolute Stasis, he carved a shard of perfect, eternal silence. This fragment became a crystalline entity of geometric perfection, whose mere presence calcified possibility into immutable fact, an Anchor of Reality to prevent all creation from unraveling back into the void.

This would be their body.

From his Eternal Heart, he bled a storm of conflicting potentials—gravity and repulsion, creation and dissolution. This storm coalesced into a roaring, fractal maelstrom, a Force of Unmaking and Rebirth that would churn dead stars into nebulae and scoured worlds into new beginnings.

This would be their essence.

With a roar that shook the entire Origin Land, Rowan focused his all-seeing awareness into singular, piercing lenses that beamed his Will into the minds of his creation.

His Will appeared in the hearts of all of his first creation as a silent, drifting sentinel with a million shifting senses, the Watchers at the Threshold, whose purpose was to observe the functioning of the cosmic machine without interference or pity.

Rowan intended to maintain the mental sanctity of his first children, even when they were far from him... even on the other side of Limbo, his Watchers would be in their spirit and ensure they would never be alone.

One by one, these new creations were drawn forth from nothing. They were not born; they were manifested.

They did not sing hymns of praise; their very existence was a constant, harmonic resonance that was a fundamental part of this realm's operating frequency—a sound that would one day be faintly echoed in the nuclear fires of stars and the spin of galaxies, in the hearts of dimensions and in the bones of all Reality.

One day, they shall carry his Will to all of existence.

These were the first “angels,” though the term is a pale, mortal translation for what they are. They are Archai—the First Principles.

Rowan did not create a separation between his Archais. There were no ranks among them; all were equal, and only the strength of their spirit and individual character would separate them in the future.

A bright light had filled the entire Origin Land, hiding his actions from everyone, and when this light vanished, Rowan appeared a bit pale, but he quickly recovered.

Eyes shining with anticipation, he waited for the first of the Archai to rise, and when the first crack came from their stony shells, Rowan smiled.

Chapter 1739: The Laughter of The Creator

The first Archai to rise burst out of his shell of stone, and as if a dam had exploded from the backup of an extraordinary stress, more Archais began to explode from their shell, causing the space of the Origin Land to warp.

Even though Rowan understood what he created, he was still amazed by what he was witnessing.

Knowing that Primordials could not truly create, only copy. Rowan fully understood that Celestial Angels must be from other devoured Realities, and Primordial Light had harvested their form to make them his servants.

Celestial angels are beings of light and spirit, born from a formed and structured heaven, often to serve a divine will, which was the Celestial Creators and Primordial Light himself.

The Archai, on the other hand, are extrusions of the Rowan's Will and power; they were pieces of his Origin power given sentient function.

Describing the form of the Archai would be impossible for lower-dimensional immortals; even Old Ones could not properly discern their form with any degree of accuracy. Only Rowan, their creator, knew that he made them from abstract concepts, and their bodies were purely functional.

A Celestial Angel was a being of great beauty; it took a form inspired by living creatures, such as wings and a humanoid shape, to interact with creation. With his Archai, Rowan did not bother going through that route, due to his sense of beauty had changed.

The Archai were a shifting equation, a silent geometric solid, a wave of transformative energy, a concept given terrifying visage. To perceive one directly is to witness a law of physics, like gravity or entropy, with a consciousness and a purpose.

Rowan saw them as an utterly black geometric solid, their shape was a complex higher-dimensional polyhedron, whose surface was etched with pulsing glyphs denoting the Will of Eos.

However, when the first of the Archai saw the form of their creator, they detected a lack between their form and the perfection that was the creator, and a silent consensus that was instantaneous passed across all of them, and they began to merge and transform.

It should be noted that originally, the Angels of Char summoned inside Rowan's dimension were broken into pieces, so even with their numbers in the hundreds of billions, their original number should be much less.

This case was not unique to the Angels of Char alone; real Celestial Angels also suffered from the same problem, and the Celestial Creators themselves might not understand that the Angels they were making were distant echoes of a once Supreme power.

Through merger and fusion, Rowan had slowly been rectifying these flaws in the roots of his Amgels, but it would have taken a long time for it to be completed. However, his Archai were a marvel of creation, and in the instant they were born, they saw this lack, and they began correcting it themselves.

At first, there were hundreds of billions of the Archai, but they began to merge, perfect geometries clashing and growing into a form that Rowan was eagerly following with his senses.

He did not need to inform his bloodline avatars to create a massive barrier over this area due to the emanations of power erupting from the Archai that would have scoured all life from the Origin Land as they began merging.

Their numbers began to shrink, from hundreds of billions to billions, then down to hundreds of millions to millions, before settling down to a mere hundred!

Rowan did not know this, but Primordial Light had collected the Essence of a hundred Primordial Celestials and made them the foundation of his Origin, but his Archai had been able to perfectly trace their roots.

Before Rowan, there were a hundred black higher-dimensional polyhedron-shaped figures larger than an eighth-dimensional realm, second only to a Primordial Domain in size. Their bodies drew upon every law that touched them, leaving a field of profound silence surrounding them.

Then they began to fold into themselves. The unbearable silence surrounding the Archai became a low, bone-deep hum that vibrated throughout the Origin Land as the reality of this space warped to accommodate their new form.

The infinite sharp edges of their higher-dimensional geometric bodies were forced into a finite, bipedal scaffold. The absolute blackness of their form bled away, leaving behind a substance that resembled polished obsidian, then alabaster, then finally a material that looked like stone but shone with a soft, internal light. It became a tall, humanoid figure whose shape vaguely resembled that of its creator.

Rowan sighed at this self-imposed limitation when it came to their form, but he knew that this in no way reduced the powers they wielded.

Slowly bringing one of his palms upward, a single Archai sensing his intent, appeared on his palm; the process of crossing through space was instantaneous.

Rowan brought it closer to better observe the features of their body like a creator of the most perfect artwork, drawing his creation closer to see every line that made them up.

As he brought the Archai closer, they were able to sense more of Rowan's form, and their transformation continued.

Where there once was a perfect, faceless void, a mask formed over their faces.

It was androgynous, serene, and utterly expressionless. The features were not carved but seemed to be the result of light and shadow falling perfectly upon a smooth surface. It was a placeholder for a face, a symbol of perception without any true organs behind it.

There was no need for a face, but the creator had one, and so they made a face. It was alien and cold, but they were newly born, and Rowan knew that in time, a heart would grow to soften their features.

Then the Archai he held noticed the two massive wings floating behind Rowan, and all of their bodies shuddered before they began making this transformation to this form.

This was the most jarring transformation. From the back of the Archai, the concept of its unmoving, absolute nature was translated. Six vast planes of shimmering, geometric light erupted—not feathers, but projections of solidified law.

They resembled intricate, stained-glass windows depicting impossible, non-Euclidean patterns. They did not flap, but hung in perfect, motionless arrays, each one a diagram of a cosmic constant. They were not for flight, but a representation of its function: to be a fixed point, a foundation.

Seeing this transformation, Rowan laughed, the sound made all of the Archai buzz in what could closely be described as happiness, as a purpose for their creation was fulfilled... They had made the creator, a being of infinite power, laugh.

In this moment, the nature of the Archai changed. The soul-crushing weight of the Archai's true form was reined in, contained within their shell. They were not just the arbiters of the law; they had gained a soul that would be glad when they saw beauty, and a heart that would bleed when they saw pain.

Rowan, their creator, was a being who felt great emotions, and so they began to soften their spirit.

The effect was like moving from the crushing pressure of the ocean abyss to the still, heavy air before a storm. It was bearable, but intensely oppressive. A aura of absolute authority and ancient, impersonal power radiated from them, making even the most powerful seraphim in a Celestial Host feel like ephemeral children.

And so the hundred Archai stood before Rowan, with vaguely angelic forms—a masterpiece of divine approximation. Yet, to any being with true sight, the disguise was terrifyingly transparent.

Chapter 1740: Creation... Begins (1)

Serathis stood beside Prime as she watched with awe at Rowan's new creation, knowing that the Archais were their equal in many ways and even exceeded them in certain aspects.

The Ouroboros took their humanoid golden form and also appeared beside Prime and Divus, speaking for the serpents nudged Prime at the side, causing him to grimace in irritation, but she did not seem to care as she asked,

"Has he begun his ultimate creations?"

Prime turned towards Divus in surprise, "You know about that?"

Divus smiled and nodded, her eyes shining with a fervent glow that made Prime and Serathis swallow in mild disturbance. Her voice cut across the air filled with the fanaticism of worship,

"Our Lord has looked at all of existence, and what he has seen of it makes him despair. He no longer looks upon the heavens for salvation; he now creates an ultimate realm that would withstand the corruption of all evils and stand as an eternal bastion against his Will."

Serathis was shaken as she watched Rowan, understanding that after he killed a Primordial, something inside of Rowan had altered. It was not pride or arrogance; it was something else, much deeper and far more frightening.

The Rowan she knew was gone, and perhaps she should begin to call him Eos. It would seem that gaining the last portions of his soul had finally transformed their master into becoming his true self.

He was a Reality, one that was far more special and greater than any that had come before. Serathis did not know how she knew this to be the truth, but something in her heart told her it was.

Rowan... Eos has begun the process of creation. He had found his Destiny.

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Rowan gestured, and the Archai returned to its place beside the hundred. They were all imbued with his Intent, and so they understood that their tasks went beyond guarding and directing the rest of Rowan's children, who would soon be awakening; they were the true vessel of his Will.

Rowan spoke to them, his voice carrying countless subtle nuances and meanings that could never be transcribed in any mortal or immortal language.

His speech was not just a thing of words, but a cascade of absolute concepts, imprinted directly into the core consciousness of each Archai. Rowan understood that the Archai might end up being the only class of his children that he could speak to in this manner.

“You are the first of my children. I tore my heart into a hundred pieces to make each and every one of you, which makes you all the Inheritor of my Will. This status comes with great significance, which would undoubtedly lead to great sorrows and frustration ahead, despite all of the great powers you have acquired. I give you power greater than any of my children, but I am also offering a choice here in this moment. You can denounce your status as an Archai, knowing what is to come, and I shall let you leave my service, opening a path towards Limbo for you to find your destiny.”

Saying this, Rowan tore a hole through the Origin Land, directly into Limbo, and he allowed the Archai to feel the weight of his words and the burden he would have to carry in the future.

Rowan had created a superior lifeform, the likes of which he had never come across before. The Archai were pieces of him, meaning that each of them had the potential to become entities that could equal a Primordial.

Even now, he believed that all of the Archai together could currently fight and kill a Primordial once they had gotten used to their powers, and in time, each Archai would stand on the same level as a Primordial.

He showed them a path to Limbo because across all infinities that Rowan had seen, Limbo might be the only place in existence that was truly infinite; even the Primordials, after countless Eras of roaming across Limbo, could not say they had seen everything it had to offer.

With the power of the Archai, they could leave and enjoy true freedom beyond what most lifeforms could ever experience. They were born with the legacy of freedom.

There were no movements from the Archai, no response... There was no need for any limited form of communication.

From the time of their birth and seeing the face of the Creator, they pledged themselves to his service. Fundamentally, the Archai were not beings of language or emotions, but an extension of Rowan's Will, and despite the fact that they had gained a heart from hearing his laughter, like Rowan, their Will was unshakable.

They knew the burden that Rowan held in his heart, and like him, even though it was the easiest thing to let it all go and find their freedom in Limbo, they refused to back away when they were needed.

Rowan nodded and dismissed the path towards Origin,

“Then your Destinies lie with me, and your path ahead would not be easy.”

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Rowan looked at these hundred Archai as he made finishing touches to his plans for them. When his designs were completed, he gestured, and four mysterious runes signifying his Intent appeared in front of him. They could hardly be perceived with normal or supernatural senses, and it was a deliberate choice by Rowan, because for this task, he wanted the Archai to use their heart in selecting.

“Your purpose is clear, yet there is still a need for refinement. There are four paths ahead, and each of you can pick one, and that would be the road you follow until you are no longer under my care. Make your choice.”

The one hundred Archais were silent, as they regarded the runes ahead of them, but their decision, as always, seemed instantaneous.

A ripple passed through their ranks, and they separated into four groups of twenty-five. And so, for each Rune, twenty-five Archais stood in front of it.

Rowan nodded in appreciation of their quick decision-making and bravado. Although they were newly born, this did not stop them from making the plunge into the unknown.

He closed his eyes for a brief moment and then opened them. Determination filled his gaze as he touched the first of the Runes, making it explode in radiance that shot into the body of the first group.

This rune resembled a helix of iridescent, non-light that seems to be both a solid structure and a flowing river. It exists in a state of perpetual, graceful torsion, like the double helix of reality itself being spun.

Around this central helix are countless threads of potential stream, each one a shimmering filament representing a possible timeline, a choice, or a physical law.

This first rune represented infinite motion and potential, and for the Archai that would be inheriting this portion of his power, Rowan chose to call them the Weaver of Causality.

The rune separated into smaller helixes and branded itself in the core of the Archai, and on their chest, a symbol of this rune appeared. In their souls, the Will of Rowan thundered,

“YOU ARE THE THREAD AND THE WEAVER. THE FIRST CAUSE AND THE FINAL EFFECT. FROM THE SILENT NOTHING, PULL THE FIRST THREAD OF SOMETHING. SPIN THE LOOM OF TIME ACROSS ALL REALITIES. LET NO EVENT BE UNCONNECTED; LET EVERY ACTION BIRTH A REACTION. WEAVE THE LAWS OF MOTION, OF CONSEQUENCE, OF DESTINY INTO THE VERY FABRIC OF BEING. YOUR

PATTERN IS THE STORY OF ALL THAT IS AND EVER WILL BE. DO NOT WEAVE IN ERROR. THIS SHALL BE YOUR NOBLE TASK.”

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Chapter 1741: Creation... Begins (final)

Countless transformations took place inside the bodies of the first twenty-five Weavers of Causality. Their form shifted into threads of time and fate, before returning to the chosen humanoid form they settled upon.

Rowan observed them for a while, knowing that it would take a bit of time before they became used to their abilities, but his work was not over. He gestured towards the second rune, activating its power and pouring it towards the second group of Archai.

From his control over Absolute Stasis and the myriad laws he had comprehended, Rowan gave them this part of himself, calling this second group of Archai, the Anchor of Reality!

This rune did not explode in radiance but drank the light. It manifested itself as a black geometric solid, but it was not the black of absence, but of finality, for it absorbs all light, vibration, and possibility.

Its shape is a perfect tesseract, a four-dimensional cube. As it splits into individual pieces and pieces the bodies of the chosen Archai, it leaves burning scars across space and time that would never have faded until Rowan willed them away.

In the core of the Anchors of Reality, Rowan’s purpose rumbled in their consciousnesses,

“YOU ARE THE FOUNDATION AND THE LAW. THE UNMOVED POINT. THE ABSOLUTE ZERO. I GIVE YOU THE CONSTANTS. HOLD THEM FAST. LET NOT THE SPEED OF LIGHT FLUCTUATE. LET NOT THE STRENGTH OF GRAVITY WAIVER. YOU ARE THE BOUNDARY BEYOND WHICH IS ONLY UNRAVELING. YOUR EXISTENCE IS THE WALL THAT HOLDS BACK THE VOID. WHERE THE WEAVER CREATES FLUX, YOU SHALL ENFORCE STASIS. YOU ARE THE ORDER THAT MAKES CHAOS POSSIBLE. BE IMMUTABLE.”

With the transformation still ongoing in the second group, Rowan beckoned towards the third rune, activating it with his consciousness.

He pulled from his chaotic and limitless potential and poured it into this rune, making it blaze with a scarlet flame like the eruption of a volcano.

These Archai would be called the Maelstrom of Unmaking and Rebirth, and they were his wrath made manifest.

The rune had transformed into a roaring fractal vortex that resembled a galaxy being born and dying in the same instant.

Unlike the previous two runes, whose complexity was hidden inside their core, this one seemed almost proud to display its powers to all creation as it blazed and pulsed with the power of creation and destruction.

At its event-horizon-like periphery, reality was torn into its constituent parts: matter unravels into energy, energy into fundamental forces, concepts into meaningless static.

This is the “Unmaking.”

At its impossible core, this raw, screaming potential is violently compressed and forged back into new, strange forms of matter, law, and possibility—the “Rebirth.”

This rune was a constantly recomposing storm of incandescent dust, gravitational lenses, and fragments of dead dimensions. It has no consciousness that recognizes individuals; it is a cosmic storm front, a creative destruction that scours the canvas so a new picture can be painted.

And as it poured into the bodies of the Archai, a cry that signified an unknown change blazed from their bodies as each of them lit up brighter than every star in the sky.

Unlike the rest, Rowan’s will came to them in a whisper,

“YOU ARE THE STORM AND THE FORGE. THE END AND THE BEGINNING. WHERE THE LOOM FRAYS AND FADES, YOU SHALL UNWEAVE IT. WHERE REALITY GROWS STALE AND COLD, YOU SHALL DEVOUR IT. REDUCE THE OBSOLETE TO ITS PRIMORDIAL POTENTIAL. CHURN THE ASHES OF DEAD STARS INTO THE CLAY OF NEW CREATION. YOU ARE THE NECESSARY DESTRUCTION THAT FUELS ETERNAL GENERATION. BE THE FIRE THAT CLEANSSES, AND THE ANVIL UPON WHICH NEW WORLDS ARE HAMMERED.”

Rowan felt a profound weakness taking over his consciousness and body. He was burning an impossible amount of power in his creations, and it felt as if he was battling multiple Primordials at the same time with the degree of exhaustion he was suffering.

Yet all great things come with a price, and he was near the end. After this, he could rest.

Rowan beckoned towards the last rune. He had placed a lot of thought into this one, as its creation was never meant to be at first, because this power was born not out of his need for creation, but of preservation and accountability.

In the end, absolute power without a form of control or balance would go awry. Still, heaven should have a degree of fairness, and Rowan wanted to make sure this last group of Archai would be the silent voice of reason in the hearts of all creation. He would call them the Watchers at the Threshold, but this name was to hide a deeper purpose.

A floating, silent cluster of shifting sensory organs. It is the least “shapely” of the runes he had created, appearing as a nebulous, ever-changing cloud of eyes, ears, membranes, and crystalline lenses, each organ tuned to perceive a different aspect of reality.

One moment, it might have a million eyes of every conceivable shape, all blinking and focusing independently. The next, the eyes dissolve into a forest of sound-capturing filaments that tremble to the vibration of quarks. Then, it becomes a smooth orb of mirrored surface, reflecting not light, but the flow of information and truth.

This rune would make the Archai a living telescope, microscope, and seismograph for the cosmos.

To all except Rowan, who knew the truth hidden behind the facade, the Watchers do not interact; they only record.

Their form would be unsettling because it is pure, unbiased observation, and to be observed by it is to be wholly known and utterly categorized as data.

Rowan’s will washed over the last group of Archai,

“YOU ARE THE EYE AND THE RECORD. THE PERFECT WITNESS. OBSERVE. RECORD. KNOW. YOUR GAZE SHALL FALL UPON THE WORK OF YOUR KINDRED. YOU SHALL NOTE THE STRENGTH OF THE ANCHOR, THE COMPLEXITY OF THE WEAVE, THE FURY OF THE STORM. YOU SHALL BE THE MEMORY OF THE SYSTEM. IN YOUR RECORDS LIES THE TRUTH OF FUNCTION AND DYSFUNCTION. DO NOT INTERFERE. DO NOT JUDGE. ONLY PERCEIVE. BE THE SILENT, ETERNAL ARCHIVE OF ALL THAT TRANSPIRES.”

There was a slight pause and then a whisper deep in the heart of the Watcher,

“All shall not know your deeper purpose, which would be to become the consciousness of all existence. This is a heavy burden, but one that only you all can bear.”

The “speech” ended as it began—not with a final word, but with the silent, absolute certainty of a circuit closing. The commands were not heard and understood; they were etched into the fundamental code of each Archai’s existence. They were not given a task; they became the task.

There was no “yes.” There was only the immediate, terrifying, and magnificent activation of their purpose. Rowan had spoken the operation of this realm into being, not with a word, but with four. And the work began.

With that last declaration, Rowan went silent as a profound fatigue filled his senses. He watched as the one hundred Archai began to evolve towards their destiny, and a slight smile crossed his face before he fell into slumber.

His sleep lasted for four months in real time, but inside the Origin Land, a hundred and twenty thousand years had gone by.

When Rowan opened his eyes, the Archai were gone, but he could immediately sense their presence throughout every portion of the Origin Land.

If the Origin Land was an untapped field of potential that had excellent capability but no direction, everything had changed.

Coming into his power as a Reality and Creator, his land was no longer heading towards formless chaos, but laws had been written into its core. Rowan could sense that his connection with the Origin Land had not just deepened, but was now more complete.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1742: The Voidborn Era

The Primordial Record

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Chapter 1742: The Voidborn Era

His Origin Land was no longer boundless in his senses. Rowan could now see its expanding edges, and the sight of it was amazing.

Of course, the Origin Land had no borders in a spatial sense, and any immortal within, even given an infinite lifespan, would never see its end, but to Rowan, everything fell into place, and he could perceive what should not and could not be seen.

Being able to detect the size of his Origin Land did not mean this realm had weakened; instead, it signified his increasing capability in mastering the power of Origin.

Previously, he could not even sense the limits of the Origin Land and did not understand many of its mysteries. Still, with the creation of the Archai, one mystery was finally resolved, and that was the overall shape of his realm.

How do you define the shape of physics itself, or the shape of the number Pi? What is the color of gravity or the notes that make up silence?

To understand the shape of his realm was to transcend mundane geometry, for his realm existed in a state of pure terrifying and magnificent function, which was his inheritance as Eos.

The shape of his Realm was his name, Eos.

In the past, when Rowan wanted to explore the true meaning behind the name Eosah, he had held back because he feared that his understanding of the name would not be enough, and he needed to gain the meaning from its source.

Now he saw how that would have been a great mistake if he had gone along with that attitude to gain the true meaning of Eosah. Although she was not as powerful as he was in terms of the strength of her foundations, Rowan's consciousness at that time was not ready for a knowledge of this magnitude.

If an immortal were to know the true meaning behind his name, they would be able to fully understand his Origin Land, which automatically eliminated any immortal that was not at the ninth dimensional level.

Like fireflies surrounding a burning flame, the rest of his true name danced around Eos, complementing it and enhancing its magnificence.

His name was the Origin Land, and the Origin Land was his name.

Rowan took a while to appreciate these changes, and then he began the part of the work that he had kept for last, transforming and resurrecting all of his children.

If he followed the pathway for all Reality, then presently he was at the Genesis Era, the birth of a Reality, but Rowan did not believe that he strictly followed the normal lifespan of a Reality when it came to the nature of Eras.

For one, his true Genesis was in the past when he was born, so it could be said he had experienced his Genesis Era, and even more after that.

The next Era after Genesis was the Emberfall Era, which represented the inevitable decline of Reality, but has he not also gone through the same process? Eos had barely been born before Nyxara, the Primordial of Soul, rudely butchered him.

An average Reality might have gone through the Emberfall Era and lost the cohesion of its inhabitants as strife and conflict would arise among their children, bringing forth the third Reality Era, the Bloodmarked Era, but Rowan had apparently skipped the Emberfall Era straight to the Bloodmarked Era, as he had undergone destruction of his form.

Still, suppose Rowan chose to continue following the pattern of the Eras. What was to come next would be the Silvershroud Era, which should be the Era that marked the beginning of progress and revealed mysteries after the end of the Bloodmarked Era, which brought destruction.

Perhaps, his Silvershroud Era began when he gained the Primordial Record, bringing with it the beginning of growth and the slow unveiling of the mysteries that shrouded his past.

Continuing with this fascinating line of reasoning, Rowan continued following the pattern. After the Silvershroud Era would be the Stormforged Era, where a new reign of disaster would arise from the innovation that took place during the previous Era.

The Primordial Record gave him power and the path to the truth, but it also brought storms along with it. The Third Prince, who had been using Rowan's ignorance to exploit the Primordial Record, had gone to war with him in order to suppress Rowan.

His Stormforged Era was truly tumultuous, but it was the motivation he needed to take the next significant step into becoming a dimension, taking a step closer to his roots.

Without the pressure arising from the tyranny of the Third Prince, it would have taken Rowan a much greater amount of time to become a dimension, which naturally led to the next Era that would come after, which was the Celestial Reign Era, which should mark the birth of the gods and other divinities.

Rowan had made great progress in this Era, creating many new lifeforms and creating powerful celestial angels and primordial Titans on Doom Star.

Previously, Rowan only knew of these numbers of Eras from the words of Eosah; however, he was able to learn of the next three Eras that came after the Celestial Reign Era from pieces of knowledge he had gathered from the soul of Primordial Soul.

What came next was the Dawnfire Era, during which a great civilization rose from the previous one. This should be his ascension to the realm of Origin and the recreation of his city of Sheol.

Then followed the Oblivion Era, a dark age marked with ruin and lost knowledge. For Rowan, this should be his near destruction of the Gilded Maw Spell and the battle with Primordial Soul that led to the eradication of so much of what he had built and loved.

Coincidentally, he had entered the realm of Oblivion, where he had also gained and lost the last of his innocence, finally discovering his true roots and taking the form that was his Destiny.

The last Era he had gleaned from the soul of the Primordial was the Voidborn Era— When a new Reality would emerge from nothingness.

“So, I am in my Voidborn Era. I must be the first Reality that has gone through nine Reality Eras in such a short time.”

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Chapter 1743: The Capacity To Grow

Still, Rowan had to wonder why he wanted to associate himself with the expected lifespan of other Realities, but he assumed it was a way to feel connected with his roots.

He did not think his path would need to be connected with those of other Realities when he knew that following the same pattern meant he had three more Eras to go through before perishing, since all Realities had to go through twelve Reality Eras before meeting their end.

What Rowan found fascinating was the similarities between the Eras and his own experience, yet he did not take this similarity as gospel; you could discover connections in most things if you looked hard enough.

It did not mean he was choosing to be blind when faced with multiple coincidences that coincided with his life experiences; he was just choosing to ignore them, knowing he would be capable enough to face what was coming. He had no choice but to be strong.

His time in slumber was not wasted, because although he slept, his dreams had been enlightening. Rowan had finally decided the form all of his children would take.

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At first, there was a slight distinction between his children, those Rowan considered mortal, and any of them under the fourth-dimensional level; it did not matter if they were gods or elemental beings. Without touching the fourth dimension of time, Rowan considered all to be essentially mortal.

Then there were the immortals, who were those who had become higher-dimensional beings. Due to the extended amount of time Rowan had spent as a third-dimensional being, many of his children living inside his dimensional flesh could not reach the fourth-dimensional level and had chosen to sleep away the years, hoping to awaken in a future where the path to the higher realms had opened.

Although, in real time, using Eosah's Reality as a standard, Rowan had lived for about 1.5 million years, using the accelerated time environment of his dimensional flesh, he had lived for nearly a billion years, and this was not adding the years he had spent in various Memories and timelines where time was warped and stretched beyond immortal comprehension.

If Rowan had chosen to add all those years altogether, then he would have already been alive for many trillions of years.

It was a good thing then that his children inside of him had only experienced millions of years; otherwise, many of them, without the mental fortitude of a higher-dimensional being, would have long gone insane.

What was amazing about the time in his dimension was how malleable it was. There were multiple layers to his dimensional flesh, and each layer had different rates of time. Usually, the lower the dimension, the faster the rate of time.

For those of his children who were strong enough to descend lower, they could enjoy a more accelerated rate of time. A case in point was Tenma the Reaper, who had almost lived for eight hundred million years inside his dimension, but there were other of his children, like Circe, who had lived for barely thirty million years.

After Rowan had reached the fourth-dimensional level, his rank had quickly increased, and although a lot of his children had been able to easily reach the fourth-dimensional level, few had reached the fifth; there was not just enough time for proper growth before Rowan had to put them all to sleep.

However, this was not a bad thing because their progress would essentially have to be restarted when he began transforming them into Origin Lifeforms.

This was Rowan's plan, a thorough transformation of their body and soul to fit into the new Reality he had become.

Everyone would start anew, with equal talents and potential, but for those who had previously reached a higher-dimensional realm, they would have a bit of an advantage at the start, but if they did not keep their momentum rolling, then they would be overwhelmed by the rising multitude behind them.

Rowan had thought deeply on the form that his children would take before deciding that he already knew the truth inside his heart from the first day.

Pushing his perception across his Origin Land filled with lush life and immense potential, Rowan reached across it and gathered enough clay that, placed together, could form a million worlds.

And from this clay, Rowan fashioned the Mortals. Yes, mortals, this was the path he was going to pick.

This was one of his most radical and curious acts, and he chose not to make them powerful. Rowan made them frail.

He did not grant them immortality; he gave them a finite lifespan.

Rowan did not give them perfect knowledge. He gave them ignorance, and the burning need to fill it.

Their bodies were forged from the very elements of planets: carbon, water, stardust, but deeper in their core was the foundation of his Origin Land. If they dug deep enough, just like the way he searched for Origin, they would be able to find him inside them.

Within their fragile forms, Rowan placed a spark unlike any other—a Fragment of Potential. This was not a piece of his own essence, but a sliver of the very concept of potential that had existed before the Archai. It was a soul, a consciousness capable of wonder, fear, love, and ambition.

He gave his children true freedom that existed outside his control, unlike the Archai, who were sentient extensions of his will; his children would have great potential, but one that existed outside his ultimate control.

This was the greatest gift he could give them, the chance to ultimately take the path they wanted in life.

Their realm was not the higher-dimensional substrate of the Archai. It was the Story-Space—the four-dimensional world of cause and effect woven by the Weaver. Their existence was defined by time, by growth, by decay, and by the relentless, beautiful struggle against their own limitations.

Their purpose was not to maintain the engine of Reality, but to explore the house the engine had built. To find meaning within the laws, not simply enforce them. To experience the tapestry of all creation from within a single, trembling thread.

And crucially, this Fragment of Potential contained a secret instruction, a final gift from Rowan: The Capacity to Grow.

A mortal was not a finished product. Through experience, learning, love, loss, and the accumulation of wisdom across a lifetime—or across many, if their soul persisted beyond their first body—they could refine that spark. They could, atom by atom, moment by moment, slowly transform their mortal nature into something more.

They could, in essence, earn their immortality, not as a granted reward, but as an achievement of spirit. They could grow from fragile, ignorant mortals into wise, eternal beings, not by decree, but by journey. They would become immortal not in the static way of the Lesser Immortals that existed in most Realities, but in a way that was uniquely their own, shaped by every choice they had ever made.

Rowan had wondered even with his immense power if he truly had the capability to create his dreams, but he had succeeded, and his heart was gladdened.

A sweep of his hand crushed the bodies and souls of all his children, in their hundreds of billions. With the dominion over the soul, he ensured that every trace of a Primordial touch was gone, leaving them marked with the light of Origin, and he threw them into the bodies he had already prepared.

Rowan observed his completed work: the perfect, silent engine of the Archai, the beautiful, maintaining stewardship of his bloodline avatars, and the fragile, chaotic, and brilliantly unpredictable experiment of Mortal life.

For the first time, there was a sound in the Origin Land beyond the hum of its innate machinery. It was the sound of a wind he had not directly commanded, a wave upon a shore he had not directly shaped, a voice raised in song, or in question beneath stars he had not directly placed.

Rowan did not smile, even though he wanted to. But within his infinite consciousness, the curiosity was satisfied. Creation had begun. He would now observe what its creation would create.

This satisfied a fundamental part of his nature as a Reality, knowing that for the first time since he was born, he had truly achieved his Destiny, he had become Eos.

Rowan closed his eyes and fell into slumber, and when he opened them, a year had passed in real time while a million years had passed in the Origin Land.

Chapter 1744: The Elythrii

A million years had gone by, and the Origin Ouroboros Serpents had settled into their nature as the giver of life and light. Their enormous bodies that continued growing alongside the Origin Land created a shockingly beautiful line across the heavens.

Occasionally, it was possible to hear the voices of the serpents when they chose to discuss amongst themselves, but you needed to be extremely high up in the heavens to do so, even higher than the burning stars.

The light from their bodies shone below to a realm of breathtaking beauty and savage danger. After more than a million years of the realm being moved and reshaped by the hands of the Archai and the Bloodline Avatars, five massive continents surrounded by oceans had arisen from the Origin Land.

Each continent hosts every biome from crystalline deserts to fungal jungles where trees hum with latent energy.

The Origin Land was rich in a resource that would later be understood as Ether—the latent potential of this Reality, the substrate upon which the Archai work, bleeding through into the Story-Space that mortals would come to inhabit, which was represented by these five continents.

In the first half of the millions of years that had passed, the Fragment of Potential stirred. It had lain dormant for more than five hundred thousand years within the first self-replicating proteins, in the ancient amphibians that crawled onto land, in the mighty reptiles that ruled the continents, and in the small, clever mammals that scurried in their shadows.

It was not a soul, not yet. It was a directive, a compulsion encoded in the very quantum fields of their being: Grow. Understand. Become more.

Rowan could have easily made every mortal spring into life fully formed, but that would have placed too much of his hands in their Destiny. The potential for greatness was already within them, and all the tools needed to achieve that greatness were within their reach.

Of course, if he had placed such seeds of potential in a normal realm or dimension, it would have taken a longer time for them to sprout, but in the Origin Land, five hundred thousand years was all that was needed for the first seed to grow.

The slow but steady engine of evolution revealed itself as a sharper claw, a keener eye, and a more complex social structure. With this process, a species emerged that named itself the Elythrii. In them, the Fragment ignited into a flame.

This was what had awoken Rowan from his million-year slumber. His children had made an incredible creation outside the intervention of his Will.

The name Elythrii that arose from the mouths and the hearts of the mortals broke the limits of space-time and awakened the consciousness of Eos.

Rowan's perception came to settle on the mortal, and their new form delighted his senses.

The Elythrii are humanoid, with skin that subtly shifts color with emotion and eyes capable of perceiving a broader spectrum of light. Even as mortals, their bodies possessed a strength and beauty that would shame most immortals.

He observed that they are tribal, fierce, and deeply intuitive. They live short, brutal lives, but they are storytellers and mystics.

Their "short" lives were a century, but it was hard to see those who lived to an old age. Before the Elythrii rose, countless beasts had made these five continents their home, and they were powerful and savage, causing the Elythrii to live in a world filled with both dangers and opportunities.

At this time, the Elythrii were slowly conquering a single continent, either killing off or taming the countless beasts that filled the land. Yet, even in such a savage domain, the growth of their society was nothing short of amazing, and it was not long before a name was given to this beautiful realm they came to inhabit.

They called the land Elython. The name came from the depths of their consciousness, and it stemmed from the sights that most saw when they were near death.

It was said in the distance, beyond the light of the six oceans of light above—which was the name of Origin Ouroboros above the realm—they could see a presence so large that their entire realm must surely rest on its single finger.

This presence had been confirmed by the mystics and shaman to be real, and in order to venerate and understand this mysterious being, a name was given to their land, Elython, which meant the Finger of the Creator.

Rowan saw the development towards mysticism by the Elythrii and was not surprised. Magic was the Fragment of potential's first gift and not science.

This was a deep, instinctual connection to Ether. At this stage of their development, the Elythrii do not cast spells; they will things to happen, and the Ether, responsive to consciousness, sometimes complies. This is Proto-Thaumaturgy.

If any immortal from outside the realm could enter this place, they would be struck dumb with amazement. The act of forcing Reality to bend to the Will was the power of higher-dimensional immortals. Even gods could barely master this power and had to learn Intent before slowly pushing towards Will.

Yet, the Elythrii, mortals instinctively knew how to wield the power of Will, with their greatest warriors and shamans slowly refining this process as the centuries rolled by.

The beasts on Elython were born under the blood of two Primordial Entities, and as adults, they could easily rival a higher-dimensional immortal. For a group of mortals to fight against such power and slowly begin to claim a single continent in such a short time was a testament to the sheer power of their potential.

Curious about the process they used in wielding their Will, Rowan watched closely.

He saw a shaman from one of the numerous tribes; this shaman was of the Sun-Stalker tribe, chanting and dancing under the light of the largest and gentlest stars, which resembled moons, so he could encourage the rains to fall.

He doesn't know meteorology; he feels the tension in the air and, through ritual, persuades it to break

Elython was a higher-dimensional realm whose weight equaled a Primordial Realm, and for anything to influence its path, it required a ridiculous amount of power, yet one shaman here was commanding rain to fall across a hundred miles of farm land.

Rowan saw a hunter, cornered by a great saber-toothed Felix the size of a small hill. The hunter doesn't just see the beast, she sees its life-force as a roaring red aura. In her terror, she projects a wave of pure fear. The Ether around them resonates, and the beast flinches, allowing her to escape. She has performed a primitive psychic strike.

He saw a Stone-Singer artisan who was humming certain resonant frequencies that soften rock, allowing them to carve their cliff-city homes with astonishing precision.

This is an age of magic, but it is unreliable, exhausting, and poorly understood. It is attributed to spirits, elementals, and gods. The Elythrii have created pantheons that unknowingly are personifications of the Archai.

As extensions of his Will that ensured the smooth running of the realm, the touch of the Archai could be felt by the Elythrii, and they were amazingly able to accurately capture their essence.

The first of the Pantheon was the Great Weaver, who was the Goddess of fate and destiny, depicted as a woman spinning a tapestry of stars.

The second was the Stone-Shaper, who was the God of law and foundation, a stern, unmoving figure of mountain and crystal.

The third of the pantheon was the World-That-Walks, represented by a dual-faced god of destruction and renewal, said to oversee the seasons and volcanoes.

The last of the pantheon whose status was still fiercely debated across many tribes was the Thousand-Eyed Watcher, a quiet, overlooked deity of knowledge and memory.

Rowan quietly watched a Life-Warden for Elython, who was an Archai representing the Maelstrom of Destruction and Rebirth, observing them from a distance.

The form of the Archai shimmers in the upper atmosphere, vaguely feminine, after being slowly influenced by the worship of the mortals. A powerful and perceptive shaman might be lucky to view her form in the heavens, but this was most unlikely unless she allowed it to happen.

She sees the Potential flickering brightly in this species and gently deflects a comet fragment that would have caused an extinction-level event 50,000 years in the future, giving the spark more time to grow.

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Chapter 1745: The Worldviews That Define Ages

Fifty thousand years went by, a blink of an eye for Rowan, but for mortals, this was a very long time. Many generations of the Elythrii had gone by, and Rowan was watching the fascinating process by which many of his children, who were strong of will, were beginning to find themselves after they had died and returned multiple times.

Transformation was difficult, and for his children to become Origin Lifeforms, they would have to sacrifice something of themselves to reach this level, and there were remarkably few individuals who could keep their previous lives through the cycle of death and rebirth.

Rowan had expected that only when these new Origin Lifeforms attained true immortality at a higher-dimensional realm would they be able to reconcile all the memories of their past, and this would be what was needed for them to finally seize their fate and attain their destiny, and if they were lucky and tenacious, touch the ninth-dimensional realm.

Still, it showed that with the seeds of potential inside of them, even Rowan could be wrong, because some of the Elythrii were already beginning to recall their past, although in a much more limited manner.

Rowan thought he could recognize multiple Elythrii that were building closer connections to their past, but he did not interfere or try to discern who they were; he allowed everything to proceed as it should.

After fifty thousand years, the Elythrii civilization has advanced. Tribes have become city-states, then nations. They have mastered agriculture, metallurgy, and early machinery. The instinctual magic of the past is now a formalized practice, though still more art than science.

They had fully conquered a single continent, and probes were being sent to the other four continents, but it would take a long time for their society to gather the strength to conquer the entire five continents.

A million years ago, the Archai had chosen to weaken the creatures on the continent from which the Elythrii arose due to time constraints. If they did not do this, then the developmental period of the Elythrii would not be measured in tens of thousands of years, but in hundreds of millions.

Some of the beasts on the other continents had the power to wipe out entire nations in a single breath, and so to ensure a relatively stable societal growth period, beasts on the chosen continents were restricted to having powers that could be measured at the fifth-dimensional level.

However, this showed the profound depths of the Origin Land because these beasts with the power of fifth-dimensional immortals were not even higher-dimensional creatures, and the Elythrii that fought and conquered them were still mortals who hardly lived beyond a few centuries.

Rowan could not say anything about other Realities and the power of their mortal beings, but in Eosah's Reality, even at the height of her power, when she opened her Essence to her children, they could never reach this level.

Rowan had intentionally made the Elythriin out of clay and did not give them any advantage, but that of potential and growth, and they had not failed his expectations.

After fifty thousand years, the Elythrii are now a race of philosophers, engineers, and mages. The Fragment of Potential drives them not just to survive, but to question. The great mystery of their existence is the dichotomy between the logical, predictable world of cause and effect and the seemingly illogical, will-driven world of magic.

Why did nature follow specific rules, yet with the force of will, they could bend these rules to their advantage?

Many such similar queries fueled the fires of advancement and innovation, creating sparks of wisdom and growth that were truly fascinating to witness.

Yet, Rowan knew that this would inevitably lead to conflicts as these two paths were not necessarily mutually exclusive, and he was right.

It was not long before two great thought processes began to divide the Elythrii, which led to the first great split in their society.

This great split was between “magic” and “science.”

The Elythrii society, which adopted the mindset of magic, created the Thaumaturgic Academies to explore this path.

They sought to codify magic. They study the old rituals, map the ley lines of Aether that flow across the planet, and categorize types of magical effect. They develop a system of Glyphs—symbols that help focus the mind and shape the Aether with greater precision.

A trained Glyph-Weaver can now reliably create a shield of force or light a fire with a gesture and a word. But they hit a wall. The power is still limited by the wielder’s innate strength of will and the local density of Aether. It is a personal, subjective science.

Rowan found it fascinating that many of the leaders of these academies were usually lower-dimensional immortals in their past lives.

The second group called themselves the Natural Philosophers. They rejected the “superstition” of magic, thinking that everything could be explained as a natural law of reality.

They begin to uncover the fundamental laws of their universe through observation, experimentation, and mathematics. They discover gravity, thermodynamics, and the atomic nature of matter. They built steam engines, telescopes, and microscopes.

They see a realm that runs like a perfect, predictable clockwork and believe that only by digging deeper would they understand all the mysteries of life.

But they, too, hit a wall. Their equations are beautiful, but they cannot explain the well-documented effects of thaumaturgy. Ether is a measurable energy field that permeates everything but doesn't obey the known laws of physics.

The conflict between these two worldviews defines the age. The Potential drives them forward, creating a tension that demands resolution. Rowan could see this coming from a thousand miles away; it was inevitable that these two separate thought processes would have to clash, and something greater would arise from the ashes.

Centuries passed, and the schism only seemed to grow wider until two young Elythrii, whose background came from the two fields of thought, came together to explore a path forward. These two believed that they were looking at the same truths but were using two different lenses.

A genius natural philosopher, Kaelen, and a rogue Glyph-Weaver, Lyra, and it did not take long for them to be ostracized from their respective fields for proposing heresy.

Looking at Kaelen, Rowan thought he saw the shadows of Andar inside him, but he shook his head sadly, knowing it was impossible, his son that should have been here was gone, and he deliberately chose not to know the details of any of the Elythrii's past, knowing that ultimately it was the most significant expression of the freedom he had given them to define who they were at the end.

Kaelen and Lyra came together and, in a hidden laboratory, they combined their knowledge. Lyra inscribes incredibly complex, three-dimensional glyphs onto a chamber made of crystallized Ether-conductive rock. Kaelen designs a system to contain and measure the energy output. Their experiment took decades, but they eventually succeeded.

They found a way not just to draw on ambient Ether; they create a reaction that generates it, tapping into the potential of the quantum vacuum itself.

Watching the reactor hum to life, providing limitless clean energy, these two, already in their old age, held themselves close. Their time together did not just create something new; they also found peace in each other.

Before they passed away and contributed their findings to society, they discovered that the glyphs used in this reactor had evolved. They did not just focus on will; they are a technology that interfaces with the substratum of reality itself.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1746: The Great Silence

Kaelen and Lyra, these two innovators, were the catalyst that sparked the merger between “magic” and “science.” A new discipline was born from these: Etheronics.

Rowan could not say he liked the name, but he chose to cut the Elythrii some slack; their society was still cut off from Reality, and their culture would see the birth of real diversity when they began to touch other realms outside this one.

‘But why Etheronics, out of all the names they could have picked?’ Rowan grumbled internally.

Elython, Elythrii, Etheronics... Rowan saw that all of these names were derived from Ether and did not know if he should laugh or cry.

Another five thousand years passed after the birth of Etheronics, and Elython had transformed.

Etheronic technology was everywhere. Cities float on anti-gravity plates. Gates allow instantaneous travel throughout the continent and even to the other four continents, leading a wave of development as new and powerful resources were discovered.

Medicine had advanced to the point where aging was a curable disease, and most injuries were instantly reparable by medical glyphs. The Elythrii had become a civilization that had totally conquered their continent, even reaching far into space and touching the stars, their society a post-scarcity utopia. Their lifespans were now measured in centuries.

It was not long before they began to find out new mysteries about the ocean of light above, and the fact that sometimes that ocean... moved.

The Elythrii were now long-lived, healthy, and brilliant. The Fragment of Potential burns brightly, but it creates a new restlessness. With material needs met, their drive turns inward and outward—inward to the nature of their own consciousness and outward to the stars.

This drove them to be ever curious, but they knew if they wanted to conquer the mysteries of the heavens, they needed to first conquer the earth. All five continents must be under their control.

And so sparked a wave of exploration to the other continents, and slowly but surely, progress was being made.

This hunger for growth drove them to begin taking the next steps in their evolution

They began using Etheronics to rewrite their own genetic code, not for vanity, but for optimization. They enhance cognitive processing, memory, and emotional resilience.

They developed the Bio-Aetheric Interface, which allows them to interact directly with technology and the Ether field through thought.

The first true telepathy and telekinesis emerge, not as magic, but as a trained skill of the mind.

Then came great innovation in the creation of ships that could fly towards the heavens and travel above the other continents to gather proper information.

Their ships, woven with glyphs of spatial compression, can cross the void between the continents in hours. The colonization of the remaining four continents began in earnest.

They built great crystalline cities on massive deserts and floating habitats in the massive swamps and oceans.

When they tried to reach farther into the heavens, they began to encounter simple alien life in the void between the stars, which they studied with reverence.

The Life-Warden of the Archai observes their gentle stewardship with approval, making sure that Rowan saw the reverence by which the Elythrii treated lives outside their own.

Soon, the Elythrii created massive cities on all the continents, and they finally believed they had understood all of Elython. However, they did not have the power to eradicate all the beasts on the continents, nor did they see any reason to.

Certain great minds among the Elythrii were able to recognize that the best methods to handle the myriad beasts all over Elython were to have a symbiotic relationship with them.

A branch of beast taming Elythrii was created, and without their tremendous help, the progress they made to conquer all the continents would be nonexistent. Yet, the fact remained that the Elythrii could only ever be masters of a single continent, and the rest were shared with the powerful native beasts.

Still, it could be said that the Elythrii had mastered the earth.

Innovation did not end, and the majority of their attention was soon focused on the stars. They soon discover a profound mystery. Their system is teeming with life—bacteria on the lowest portions of the earth they could reach, complex flora on the other continents that they could not yet understand.

But they find no other intelligent life. The heavens were silent.

Their powerful Etheric sensors should be able to detect the psychic imprint of other civilizations if there were lands outside Elython, but there was nothing. For a long time, they searched, and they termed this phenomenon the Great Silence.

They began to build habitats in the heavens, slowly pushing their way into the darkness.

This “Great Silence” becomes a source of existential dread. Are they alone? Or were they, perhaps, the first?

The Potential within them refuses to accept loneliness. It drove them to look deeper into themselves and farther into the heavens.

They built the Grand Telescope, a ring of Etheric amplifiers around their sun, capable of perceiving the heavens not just in light but also in the flow of causality and information.

And they see it.

For a fleeting moment, they perceived the Grand Loom; they saw a brief glimpse of Rowan’s eyes, but they could not properly interpret what they saw, even with their powerful technology.

What they could interpret it as was that they had seen the threads of causality connecting stars, the shimmering laws that hold it all together.

This led them to continue to deepen their search for centuries until they came across another sign in the heavens. At the edge of a distant nebula, they saw the graceful, terrifying form of an Archai tending to a young star system.

The revelation is simultaneous and global. The Elythrii are not alone. They are being tended. They are part of something vast and structured. Their myths were not wrong, just incomplete.

The Archai, who was known as the Life-Warden, did not appear by mistake but because this was the order given by Rowan. His children had lived enough in the dark; it was time for them to begin understanding their roots.

The Life-Warden, knowing the time has come, appears to the Elythrii. She does not come to their continent. Instead, her form, a being of serene light and impossible geometry, simultaneously appears in the sky above every continent and habitat in the heavens. Her communication is direct, a download of concepts into every conscious mind.

She explains the Celestial Order, the Archai—the real entities behind the old gods they worshiped—and their own origin: that they carry within them a Fragment of Potential gifted by Eos, the Creator of Origin, and that in the future, their entire civilization was meant to always be the guardians of all existence.

The shock is profound, but it is not destructive. It is unifying. It answers the “Why?” that has driven them for millennia. Their purpose is to grow, to understand, and to eventually take their place beside their stewards.

To usher light to all of existence, this was their underlying purpose, but one where they were free to choose or not to choose. This was the true meaning behind their potential.

Rowan believed it was time for the Elythrii to begin meeting other civilizations in Reality, and he knew the first ambassador to send... Circe Boreas.

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Chapter 1747: Xylos, the First Doubt

The world was a tomb of obsidian and silent screams. Telmus knew this because he had built it himself, stone by agonizing stone, deep within the cavern of his own mind.

At first, the exercise had been to amuse his mind, but slowly it began to transform into a thing of necessity.

Telmus had never been one to do things by half measures, and he plunged into the depths of his psyche, creating blocks of Will that were impossible to destroy.

Without any guidance or a path forward, Telmus was forging his Destiny using nothing but sheer stubbornness and his innate arrogance.

And he had no idea what he was doing... had no idea he was rapidly crossing dimensions while imprisoned in his mind.

Talents such as these were enough to make all geniuses despair.

Here, there was no sun, no wind, no sensation of a body. There was only the chamber—a vast, circular arena of polished black mirror, reflecting a darkness so complete it seemed to swallow its own reflection. At its center, he sat, or rather, the essence of him sat, chained not by iron but by filaments of pure will, each one thrumming with a corrosive, alien energy.

This was his prison. His mind, the warden. His soul, the inmate.

And he was not alone.

Across from him, coiled in the space that was not space, was the demon. It had no true form, for it was a thing of concept and primordial hunger, but in the theater of the mind, it needed an avatar. It chose something vast and serpentine, a beast of shadows and embers, with eyes like dying stars and a voice that was the sound of continents grinding together.

Its name was Xylos, the First Doubt, the Last Silence, the Primordial Demon.

“You persist in shaping this place,” Xylos rumbled, the sound vibrating through the floor and up through Telmus’s intangible being. “This... austerity. This bleak monument to your futility. You could imagine a sun-drenched meadow. A quiet library. A lover’s embrace. Yet you choose this as your foundation.”

Telmus did not open his eyes. This demon took many shapes and had too many voices. He instinctively understood that the best method to deal with a Primordial Demon was to find its black heart.

To open his eyes was to see the thing’s reflection a thousand times in the polished floor, a legion of dying stars staring back. Still, Telmus did not back down from a battle, and clashing his mind with the demon had an unexpected benefit for his mental growth.

Knowing that time seemed to always be meaningless in the presence of the demon, Telmus took his time to reply,

“A meadow would be a lie. A library, a distraction. This is the truth of our situation. A cell. I will not decorate my cage for your amusement.”

A sound like a mountain cracking in half—a laugh. “Amusement? Mortal, you have been the source of my amusement for decades. Your stubbornness is a diverting comedy. Your ‘truth’ is a child’s simplistic drawing of a thing it cannot comprehend. This is not a cell. It is a confluence. A meeting point. The place where a river of mortal struggle finally joins the infinite, stagnant ocean of my being.”

“Poetic,” Telmus said, his voice flat, worn smooth from the internal erosion of this endless conversation. “For a parasite.”

“Parasite?” Xylos’s form shifted, coils of smoke and promise tightening around the periphery of Telmus’s awareness. “I did not invade a healthy host. I did not seek you out. You plunged your hands into the well of shadows, you drank deep of the waters of power I represent, and you are surprised that the well drank back? You called me. Your rage, your ambition, your desperate, clawing need to be more than a speck of dust in a hurricane... that was the invocation. I am not a parasite. I am the answered prayer you were too shortsighted to understand you were making. You had the choice not to use your talents, a part of you knew you were drawing closer to me, but you could not resist the allure of my power.”

Telmus finally opened his eyes. The thousand dying stars flared in unison as Primordial Demon grinned. He did not flinch. “I took the strength to protect my people and my child. To turn back the tide of annihilation from a pantheon of mad gods.”

“And I gave it to you,” Xylos whispered, and now its voice was intimate, a caress of ash against his soul. “Did I not? The Battle of the Crying Fields, that’s what they called it. You, a single man, against the Trion Gods, abominations made into divinity. You stood where countless had fallen. You fought where too many had been broken. Your blade was a blur

of impossible light, your voice a thunder that shook the very firmament. You became a legend that day. I became that legend. That was our bargain.”

“It was no bargain!” Telmus’s shout was a spark in the immense dark, quickly swallowed. “It was a trick. My power was always meant for me, my birthright. Still, I should have known that there are no free gifts in this world. This moment of weakness would not be one you can easily exploit, Xylos.”

“Weakness?” Xylos’s amusement was a palpable pressure. “Is that what you call it? I call it clarity. In that moment, as you lay broken amidst the corpses of your world, you saw the utter randomness of your existence. There was no grand plan. No benevolent god guiding your hand. There was only chaos, meat, and the inevitable victory of the stronger predator. You saw the truth of Destiny: that it is a story the living tell to comfort themselves about the brutal, meaningless nature of death. And in that clarity, you did not pray to your silent gods. You screamed into the void for the power to impose your own story upon the world. And the void, which is me, answered.”

Telmus fell silent. The memory was a fresh wound, even here, even now. The coppery smell of blood, the cold mud, the grating sound of the God King’s Golgoth voice as he announced his death with a single slash.

The profound, soul-crushing understanding that it was all for nothing. That all the valor, the honor, the love, amounted to less than the dirt beneath a conqueror’s boot.

A part of Telmus knew that there was something wrong with this memory, some subtle distinction that he was missing, but no matter how he clawed at it, he could only see a scene of devastation, where he had to continuously pull power from his bloodline, yet was still unable to stop the ambitions of a mad god.

How could he have failed so much? How could he have fallen so far?

“I wanted to save them,” he said, the words hollow.

“You could not save them,” Xylos countered, its voice losing its mockery and becoming, for a terrifying moment, simply factual. Absolute. “They were already dead. The machinery of their demise was in motion long before you were born. You could only avenge them. Or you could join them. Those were the only two truths available to you. I merely offered you the choice to embrace the more satisfying of the two truths.”

“And what is the price of that satisfaction?” Telmus gestured around at the obsidian prison. “This? An eternity of debate with the embodiment of nihilism?”

“The price,” Xylos said, “is understanding. You wielded a power that fundamentally rejects the fragile narratives of mortal life. You channeled entropy itself. You cannot touch that fire and not be burned. Your body, out there in the world you so valiantly ‘saved,’ is a monument. They built a marble statue of you, did you know? It stands in the

very field where you fell. They call you the Godslayer. They leave offerings. They pray to you for protection.”

A sliver of something—pride? Longing?—pierced Telmus’s resolve. He quashed it. “And what of it?”

“And your body is a hollow, breathing shell, kept alive by the same power that devours you from within. Your mind is here, with me. You are their holy icon, Telmus. And you are my... dinner. We are both consuming you. They consume the myth. I consume the man. The question is, which of us will get the last bite?”

The simplicity of the horror was breathtaking. He had saved his world and in doing so, had become a resource for it, a story to be told, and a meal to be eaten. His Destiny had not been to die a hero, but to become a permanent, paralyzed feast.

‘Something is not right... I have a legacy better than this, what has been taken from me?!’

“Then let it be over,” Telmus whispered. “Finish it. Consume the last of me and be done.”

“And deny myself the pleasure of your company?” Xylos cooed. “And more importantly, deny myself the one thing I truly crave from you?”

“What could you possibly crave? You have all of me.”

“No,” the demon said, its star-eyes burning with a new intensity. “I have your resistance. I have your anger. I have your fear. These are spices, seasonings. The main course... is your consent. Your genuine, willing acknowledgment that I am right. That your life, all life, is a brief, frantic noise in an eternal silence. That your Destiny is what you claw out for yourself before the darkness takes it all back. I want you to look at the masterpiece of meaning you built—your honor, your love, your sacrifice—and see the scaffolding of random chance and desperate fiction that it is built upon. I want you to agree with me.”

“Never.”

“Then we have time,” Xylos said, settling back, its form blurring at the edges like smoke. “An eternity, in fact. Let us discuss. Let us peel back the layers of your cherished convictions. Let us start with something simple. That first memory you cling to, the one that you think set you on your path of righteousness. The memory of your mother giving you your first wooden sword. Tell me about it.”

Chapter 1748: What Is Destiny?

‘My mother... Minerva that bitch, she was my.... &@%^ She loved me dearly.... Hate! Hate! &!~%^ Love... I love my mother!’

Telmus frowned, disturbed by the demon's words and the inquiry about his lovely mother. It was a precious memory, pure and warm, a defense against the dark.

But the memories of that event came to him in a flood, almost as if it was being pushed into his mind,

"It was my fifth summer. The wood was smooth, worn from my own hands carving it. She had placed it in my hands and said, 'This is not for hurting. This is for protecting.' It was the moment I understood purpose."

'This is wrong, that cruel goddess wanted me to kill!'

Xylos, the Primordial Demon, was silent for a long moment, and the silence was more unnerving than its previous speech. "A beautiful story," it finally said. "Now, shall I tell you what actually happened that day?"

'Ah, so he knows that something is wrong.'

"I was there. I remember." Telmus growled, a part of him wondering why he was defending a memory that seemed fake.

The demon laughed, "You remember the story you have told yourself ten thousand times. You remember the meaning you assigned to the event decades later. I, however, was already nestled deep within your bloodline, a faint whisper in the back of every mind that bore your name. I was there. I felt the day through your infantile senses. Your mother was distracted by the weight of the world. The sun was hot from the touch of Golgoth's anger, and it was giving her a headache. She was anxious; there had been talk of Breakers who hunted divine spawns on the road. She had snatched up a piece of scrap wood to keep you quiet because you had been whining for attention. She had shoved it into your hands and grumbled, 'Don't hurt yourself with that.'

Telmus had been fixated on the words of the demon, and when he halted, he nearly shook; it was as if he was pulled under a spell, as he could see the scene being described in his mind.

The demon grinned and continued his story,

"There was no noble lesson. There was no profound wisdom. There was a tired, irritable woman trying to quiet a bothersome child. The rest... the meaning, the purpose... You built that yourself, afterwards, to create a noble origin for a life that, like all lives, began in randomness and need."

As if he was enjoying what he was about to say next, Primordial Demon spoke softly and slowly, "You became a great warrior just because your mother wanted to keep you quiet."

The words were like a physical blow. Telmus felt the memory shimmer, its edges suddenly uncertain. The warm sun felt, in retrospect, oppressive. The proud look on his mother's face seemed, for the first time, like a squint against the light.

"You're lying," Telmus said, but the conviction was weak.

"Why would I lie?" Xylos asked, his tone one of genuine curiosity. "The truth is so much more devastating. A lie would grant you comfort, and I have no interest in your comfort. I am the dismantler of comfort. I am the thing that scrapes away the pretty paint to show the rotten wood beneath. Your entire life, Telmus, is a gallery of such paintings. The love of your mother? Her own fear of being alone. The loyalty of your comrades? Their shared terror of dying without someone watching their back. Every single virtue you hold dear is a defense mechanism against the terrifying void of a universe that does not care if you live or die."

"That doesn't make it less real!" Telmus argued, a desperate heat rising in him. "So what if we build our meaning? So what if we tell ourselves stories to get through the night? That doesn't make the meaning any less potent! The love I felt was real. The honor was real to me!"

"Was it?" Xylos pressed, its voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. "The night you were granted the title of Ancestor of the Minerva bloodline, you stood vigil in the chapel. You swore an oath on your soul to protect the weak and serve your people. Do you remember the feeling? The sublime certainty?"

Telmus whispered, "Yes."

"And what were you really thinking about as you knelt there in the silence? Were you contemplating the divine weight of duty? Or were you thinking about the captain's daughter, and the way her dress had clung to her hips at the feast earlier that evening? Were you measuring the length of the sword they'd given you, comparing it to the one your rival carried? Were you planning how you might one day use your new station to increase your family's land holdings?"

Telmus's silence was answer enough. The memory, once a pillar of his identity, now felt shaky, compromised by the mundane, selfish, human thoughts that had indeed flickered through his mind that night.

Xylos wasn't creating falsehoods; it was merely highlighting the parts he had chosen to edit out of his own story, and the part of him that was sensing that his memory was suspect was slowly fading under the weight of guilt.

"You see?" Xylos murmured. "You edit your own past to create a continuous, purposeful narrative. You call this narrative your 'life'. I call it fiction. Your Destiny is not a path laid out for you. It is the story you insist on telling in hindsight, connecting random events with a line of intention that was never truly there."

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Days turned into weeks within the mind-space. Or perhaps it was centuries. Time had no meaning here, only the rhythm of their discourse. Xylos was an endless, patient excavator, and Telmus's life was the archaeological site. The demon would pick a cherished memory, a foundational belief, and with the precision of a surgeon, he would dissect it, revealing the tendons of fear, the bones of chance, and the marrow of self-deception that lay beneath.

They spoke of battle, and Xylos dissected the concept of glory, reducing it to chemical reactions of adrenaline and the base thrill of dominance. They talked of love, and Xylos unraveled it as a complex negotiation of need, evolutionary impulse, and the terror of solitude. They spoke of gods, and Xylos, who was ancient enough to have felt the first thoughts of worship coalesce in the first sentient minds, laughed. "They are stories you tell to explain the storm and the sickness. You created them because the alternative—that the storm and the sickness have no reason, no author, and no purpose—was too terrible to bear. You would rather have a cruel god than no god at all, for cruelty can be appeased. Randomness cannot."

Telmus fought back, not with anger now, but with a weary, stubborn insistence. He couldn't deny the truths Xylos presented, but he began to challenge their primacy.

"So my mother was weary," Telmis said one time. "So what? The meaning I took from that moment is no less real for its origin. I chose to hear 'protect' even if she said 'don't hurt yourself.' I made that choice. That is the power you refuse to acknowledge. The power to assign meaning."

"A power born of desperation," Xylos countered.

"But power nonetheless!" Telmus's voice gained a sliver of its old strength. "You show me the scaffolding and claim the building is therefore an illusion. But the building stands! It shelters people! It provides a view from its heights! The love I felt may have been rooted in my own needs, but it also prompted me to act with kindness. The honor may have been a story, but it compelled me to stand when others fled. You keep pointing to the ingredients and claiming the meal isn't real. But I have tasted it. I have lived it. Its reality is in its consequence, not its recipe."

Xylos seemed to ripple, a sign of interest. "You are beginning to argue on my terms. You are admitting the constructed nature of your reality."

"I am admitting that reality might be a collaboration," Telmus said. "Between the random chaos of the world and the ordering principle of a conscious mind. You are pure chaos. I am the order. That is why you need my consent. Because of my ordering principle, my ability to say 'this matters' is the one thing you cannot simulate. You can break everything else down to base components, but you cannot create the spark of genuine belief. You can only extinguish it... or covet it."

The demon fell silent. The dying stars of its eyes watched him, and for the first time, Telmus thought he sensed not just hunger, but a deep, ancient, and profound... loneliness.

“You are the first to frame it that way; it is no wonder that Rowan finds you special,” Xylos said, and its voice had lost all its theatrical grandeur. It was just a voice, old and tired. “Most break. They see the machinery, and their spirit shatters. They give me their consent as a form of surrender, a final acknowledgment that nothing matters. But you... You see the machinery and you insist on the beauty of the clock’s face anyway.”

“What is Destiny, Xylos?” Telmus asked, seizing the moment. “If it is not a pre-written path, and it is not meaningless chaos... what is it?”

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Chapter 1749: A Story Never To Be Told

The primordial entity, older than language, was quiet for a long time, but Telmus was patient; time was almost meaningless here. His patience was rewarded when the demon began to speak at last.

“I have watched the rise and fall of a billion billion lives,” he said finally. “I have seen empires build glorious towers towards heavens they invented, and I have seen those towers crumble into dust. I have heard the prayers of the first thing that ever knew fear. From this vantage point, Destiny is not a path one walks. It is a story that is told. But you are both the storyteller and the character. The quality of the Destiny is not measured by its ending, for all endings are the same. It is measured by the beauty and the courage of the story that is woven from the raw, random, and often brutal material of existence.”

Telmus did not know if this was truly the truth, but he felt a shift in the chains that bound him. They were not weaker, but they felt... different. Less like prison bars and more like the roots of an ancient tree, they held him to a spot that was now familiar, almost comfortable.

“You have consumed countless others,” Telmus said. “What did you learn from them?”

“I learned that most stories are short, fearful, and repetitive,” Xylos said. “They are written in the sand at the edge of the tide, frantic scribbles that are washed away almost as soon as they are made. They consent to my view because they look back at their lives and see only the fading marks in the sand. They see the inevitable tide. They never grasp that the act of writing itself was the point.”

“And my story?” Telmus asked.

“Your story is written in deeper sand,” Xylos admitted. There was no flattery in its tone, only a weary assessment. “The tide will take it, too, eventually. But it has taken longer to read. It has... complexities. Contradictions. A stubborn refusal to accept the obvious.”

“And is that why you linger? To see how it ends?”

“No,” the demon said, and its form began to shrink, condensing from a vast, cosmic serpent into something more like a man, shrouded in grey, its features indistinct. “I linger because for the first time in an eternity of consumption, I find myself not just consuming a story... but appreciating it. You are not my dinner, Telmus. You have become my interlocutor. My last and only companion. A Throne is a relatively new concept. Since the beginning of time, I had never imagined that there would be a moment when I could see my shadow reflected on mortal flesh.”

The revelation was more shocking than any of the demon’s previous horrors. This wasn’t about hunger. It was about loneliness. Xylos, the embodiment of the void, the great meaning-devourer, was starved for meaning itself. It sought consent not to win, but to connect. To have someone, anyone, look into the abyss with it and not just scream, but nod in understanding.

“You are trapped too,” Telmus breathed. “Aren’t you? You are bound to your nature, just as I am bound to mine. You must consume, you must dismantle, you must prove that nothing matters. It is the only language you know. But you long for something else.”

The grey-shrouded figure nodded slowly. “The silence becomes... very loud, after a few eons, and the hunger never ends.”

A new understanding settled over the obsidian prison. The warden and the inmate were the same. The demon and the warrior were mirrors. One sought to impose meaning on a chaotic universe, the other sought to erase it, and both were desperate for the other to confirm their view.

“Our Destiny,” Telmus said, “yours and mine, is here. In this conversation.”

“Perhaps,” Xylos said. “Or perhaps Destiny is simply the next word we choose to say to one another.”

Outside, in the world of sun, wind, and stone, the seasons turned. The Godslayer’s statue stood vigil in the field, its marble face weathered by rain and worn smooth by the touch of countless grateful hands. They left flowers and tokens. They prayed for strength, courage, and protection.

The body of Telmus remained standing, and the people who worshipped him, although they had the shape of men, were all powerful Demon Lords. However, Telmus could only see the shape of men and women of his clan, who had depended on him for so long for

their protection. It was unknown if he saw through the deception, or the demon had slowly weighed down his discernment.

Deep within the hero's hollow shell, in a mindscape of polished obsidian, the conversation continued. It was no longer a battle but a dialogue—a negotiation between meaning and meaninglessness.

Telmus would speak of the warmth of a campfire shared with friends, and Xylos would speak of the indifferent physics of combustion.

Xylos would speak of the crushing weight of geological time, and Telmus would speak of a single, persistent flower growing through a crack in the rock.

They discussed life. They debated Destiny. They wove a new story, together, in the dark. It was a story with only two listeners, a story that would never be told in the world above. But for the warrior and the demon, bound together in the silent, marble body of a hero, it was the only story that mattered. It was, finally, a story they both agreed to tell.

And in that act of mutual, grudging, hard-won creation, they both, in their own way, were free.

Or was this truly the case?

In the core of Telmus's being, he knew that the demon wanted him to accept his fate, wanted him to willingly lay down his Destiny to be consumed, and Telmus saw no reason why he should deny the demon.

He was never one to back down from a challenge, and if Xylos were able to convince him of his path, then Telmus would give the demon his soul.

However, if this demon failed, if Telmus broke down his Abyssal Destiny, then he would bask in the dying screams of this primordial being.

Chapter 1750: The Confluence

For a hundred centuries, the Synaptic Congress of the Elythrii has pondered the three paths: Renovation, Exodus, Transcendence.

The Archai and the revelation about their path forward were what had led to the creation of this congress, and great progress was being made on nearly a daily basis.

Unlike most civilizations in Reality, the Elythrii possessed consciousness power exceeding what any mortal being should be able to possess, and this made each and every one of them similar to a supreme genius in any other realm.

For those who were able to stand out among their peers, if they were to be brought to the outside Reality, their talents would shake the foundations of all dimensions.

The advancement of their civilization had led to new generations of Elythrii beginning to regain consciousness of their past lives, making it so that death was no longer something to be feared; it was similar to a long sleep.

Although their past lives before they became Origin beings were not yet available to them, it would not be long before the first higher-dimensional Elythrii would be born, and this process might have happened much quicker if Rowan had fully revealed the path to the higher dimension.

However, Rowan was running a delicate experiment, and he could not be sure of the result. The path of the higher dimension was the generally acceptable pathway to power, but he wanted to see which variation could be created by a new species like the Elythrii, given their potential and isolation from the higher-dimensional forces outside the Origin Land.

Even though he knew that all paths would inevitably lead to the higher dimension, he was still curious about the road the Elythrii would follow, and he suspected that it might lead him to a surprising outcome.

He had revealed his purpose to the Elythrii and no longer hid himself from them, but it was nearly impossible for a lower-dimensional being to understand Rowan's present form, and for those who were lucky to view a small part of him, they were greatly enlightened, causing them to create miracles that pushed their civilization forward.

Their civilization, a gleaming utopia of thought and light woven across the star systems of their native realm, had reached a sublime plateau.

They were masters of Etheronics, architects of reality, companions to the Celestials, and respectful students of the silent, majestic Archai. They had peered into the higher-dimensional substrate and understood the clockwork of their realm.

Yet, a quiet, pervasive sense of... completion, of finality, had begun to settle. They were the masters of a single, magnificent painting, and though they could preserve it, escape it, or become one with it, the canvas itself remained finite.

It was in the 10,042nd year of the Congress that the silence of the Origin Creator, Eos, was broken.

There was no sound, no light, no grand apparition. The communication was fundamental, an alteration of the realm's operating parameters so subtle and profound that only the most advanced Elythrii Adepts, those whose consciousness was permanently tuned to the Etheric substrate, perceived it directly. To the rest, it manifested as a sudden, collective intuition, a silent knowing that bloomed in every mind simultaneously.

The message was a key. A schema. A complex, multi-dimensional coordinate that was also an instruction manual.

Lyra, the eldest and most revered of the Adepts, emerged from her meditative trance within the Crystal Core of Elython. Her form, once purely biological, was now a shifting, luminous pattern of stabilized light and intention, the pinnacle of Elythrii bio-etheric evolution. Her “eyes,” sensors that perceived the full spectrum of reality, widened.

“The door,” she broadcast to the entire Noosphere, her thought crisp with awe. “It is not a path out. It is a path through. The Origin Creator does not wish for us to leave our home. He wishes for us to expand the definition of home.”

The key was not for a dimensional ship or a teleportation gate. It was a set of resonant frequencies and geometric constructs that would allow them to stabilize a permanent, bidirectional interface with the higher-dimensional realm they had only glimpsed—and in doing so, connect to the infinite branching pathways that radiated from it, the myriad dimensions spoken of in the oldest, most theoretical Elythrii legends.

This would be their pathway to dimensions outside their own. The project was named the Confluence. It became their new Great Work.

For fifty years, the entire resources of their civilization were directed toward this single goal. They built not with metal and crystal, but with solidified law and woven causality. At a chosen point in the void between dimensions, a place of profound quiet and stability, they assembled the interface.

It was a breathtaking structure. At its heart was a perfect Tesseract, a four-dimensional hypercube forged from frozen light and the unwavering will of the Anchor of Reality, its stability providing the foundation.

Around it, Elythrii Weavers spun a complex, shimmering net of probability threads, guided by the schema from the Creator, creating a membrane that could flex and resonate without tearing. Finally, a controlled, miniature Maelstrom, contained by fields of immense power, provided the energetic potential to keep the gateway open. It was a masterpiece, a collaboration between mortal ingenuity and celestial instruction.

The day of activation arrived. A delegation of a hundred Elythrii, led by Lyra and Kaelen, gathered at the threshold. Their forms were diverse—some retained humanoid shapes of light and energy, others were pure consciousness housed in intricate, geometric vessels, and some were vast, distributed minds spanning multiple ships. They were the best of their kind: scientists, artists, philosophers, diplomats, and warriors, though the concept of war had been obsolete for millennia. They were chosen not to conquer, but to understand.

With a silent, collective command, the Confluence was activated.

The Tesseract began to rotate in dimensions they could not see, its edges tracing impossible patterns. The probability net glowed, resonating with a frequency that made reality itself seem to hum in sympathy. The void before them did not tear open. Instead, it... bloomed.

Space folded back upon itself like the petals of a flower, revealing not emptiness, but a shimmering, kaleidoscopic tunnel stretching into infinity. This was the higher-dimensional substrate, the realm of the Archai, now made accessible. And branching off from this main thoroughfare were countless other pathways, each glowing with a different hue, vibrating with a unique frequency—each a door to another dimension, another set of physical laws, another story.

From the knowledge of the Creator, they knew they were heading to a brand new Reality outside their own, whose fundamental nature was different from theirs.

They lived in a Reality that was alive, but where they were heading was dead, and contained such great peril that none of them could imagine.

However, this was the only clue that Rowan had given them; he wanted the Elythrii to see the nature of Reality outside the utopia he had given them, for them to understand the sort of battles and challenges ahead without his hand shielding them from the truth.

Because Rowan knew that sometimes the best teacher was experience, and he was willing to push out his children into the dark, because fundamentally, they were born of war.

Lyra's consciousness reached out, touching the main tunnel. It was like dipping her mind into a river of pure mathematics. She felt the immense, silent passage of the Archai—the Weaver's relentless creativity, the Anchor's unwavering certainty, the Maelstrom's chaotic power.

These supreme beings took no notice of the new gateway; it was as insignificant to them as an ant hill is to a mountain range, yet they did not hinder it. Permission had been granted by a higher authority.

"The way is open," Lyra communicated, her thoughts quiet with reverence. The Creator's gift is real. We are not alone in the dark. We are heading towards a new realm with laws and mad dangers outside our own. This journey is undoubtedly dangerous, but we must prevail."

A sense of vertigo, of terrifying, exhilarating possibility, swept through the Elythrii people. The Great Silence of their realm was now revealed as an illusion. There was more to Reality, and the dark was not empty.

The entire realm they knew was merely a room in an infinite mansion. And now the door to the hallway was open. Looking back to their realm, Lyra would have sworn that the oceans of light that hung over their heaven winked at her.

The delegation, aboard a vessel shaped like a harmonic seed pod designed to resonate safely with the higher-dimensional flows, passed through the Confluence.

The experience was indescribable. It was not travel. It was translation. They felt their essences being momentarily unpacked from the familiar four dimensions of their home reality and recompiled into a state that could perceive and exist within the hyper-dimensional flow. There was no time, no distance, only a shift in state of being.

They emerged into the substrate. Their ship hung in a “space” that was a living blueprint. Causality threads glimmered all around them like iridescent spider silk. Crystalline structures of physical law pulsed with soft light. In the distance, the impossible, magnificent forms of the Archai moved like gentle earthquakes through the fabric of existence.

Lyra focused on the schema the Creator had provided. It was a map, and it highlighted the nearest “branch”—a pathway glowing with a soft, golden light, vibrating with a frequency that felt strangely musical, orderly, and warm.

“There,” she directed. “That is our first destination.”

The ship, moving by will and resonance rather than thrust, aligned itself with the golden pathway and began its descent into a new reality.

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1751: First Contact

The transition from the shimmering, hyper-dimensional substrate was not a smooth descent into a star system, but a sudden, silent translation into a space that defied all Elythrii sensory parameters.

One moment, their harmonic seed-ship was navigating the river of pure mathematics that was the Archai’s realm. The next, it was... docked.

There was no starfield outside their viewports. No planet. Instead, they found themselves in a vast, silent harbor of polished black stone, its architecture both impossibly ancient and eerily devoid of wear.

The air was still and carried the faint, dry scent of dust, ozone, and old parchment. The “sky” above was a vaulted ceiling of the same black stone, stretching into gloom, from which hung immense, unlit chandeliers of a twisted, metallic design. The only light came from a soft, sourceless glow that seemed to emanate from the air itself.

Their sensors, which had the power to map universes and perceive the flow of causality, went silent or returned nonsense readings. The laws of physics were... present, but idle, as if waiting for an instruction.

The Elythrii knew they would be stepping into a Reality outside their own, but what they were experiencing still made them shudder, and only the thrill of new discovery kept the fires burning in their hearts.

However, the ones who made this trip were among the most adventurous, and they were eager to plunge into the sea of the unknown.

“Location indeterminate,” Kaelen reported, his light-form flickering with frustration. “No stellar references. No gravitational gradients. Spatial dimensions are stable but... contextually null. It is a non-space.”

“It is a space,” Lyra corrected, her perception tuned to deeper frequencies. “But I think it is a made space. A defined one. We are inside something. Something vast. It almost reminds me of home, but it is too fragile to be placed in the same breath.”

Their ship had not landed. It was simply sitting on the polished floor of the harbor, as if it had always been there. A single, colossal archway led out of the harbor into shadowed depths.

As they watched, a flicker of movement resolved in the archway. Not a crystal entity, but a figure. A woman. She walked with a slow, deliberate pace, her footsteps echoing faintly in the immense silence. She was tall, dressed in robes of grey that seemed to shift like mist, and her face was pale and strikingly sharp-featured, with eyes that held a depth of knowing that was immediately unsettling. Perched on her shoulder was a large, iridescent black crow that gleamed with a faint purple sheen, which highlighted her blue hair.

The crow cocked its head, regarding the ship with one bright, intelligent eye. Winding around her ankles was a sleek, black cat with wings, its fur the same absolute black as the castle stone, its movements fluid and silent.

The trio stopped a hundred paces from the ship. The woman made no gesture, gave no signal. She simply waited.

“No energy signatures beyond baseline biological,” Elara the empath, an Elythrii ambassador, whispered, her voice tense with confusion. “But... there is a pressure. An awareness. It is not coming from them. It is coming from... everything. The walls, the floor, the air. This entire place is alive.”

Lightning-fast communication bounced across the Elythrii, and Lyra made the final decision, which was supported by the rest. “If they can come to us, we can go to them. No weapons. No active scans. We go as we are.”

The hull of the seed-ship dissolved into a curtain of light, and the Elythrii delegation descended. Their forms—shimmering constructs of energy and will—were a stark contrast to the grim, static architecture. They approached the woman, the crow, and the cat.

The woman spoke first. Her voice was dry, clear, and carried a weight of immense age. It was not loud, but it filled the silent harbor perfectly.

“You are new.” It was not a question. It was a statement of fact, a cataloguer noting an anomaly.

“We are,” Lyra replied, bowing her head slightly. “We are the Elythrii. We come in peace, from a dimension beyond this one. We mean no intrusion.”

The crow on the woman’s shoulder let out a soft, chuckling kruk sound. The cat sat, wrapped its tail around its feet, and began meticulously washing a paw, utterly unconcerned.

The woman’s lips twitched in what might have been the ghost of a smile. “Intrusion implies a boundary was crossed. Algoth has no boundaries to cross. You were... admitted. The question is not your intent, but your nature. Why have you been admitted?”

“Algoth?” Kaelen asked.

“The name it was given,” the woman said, gesturing slightly with one hand to indicate the infinite architecture around them. “It prefers ‘Sheba’ now. A more elegant phoneme. It is still deciding.”

As she spoke, the Elythrii felt a faint shift. The polished black stone of the floor beneath their feet warmed by a fraction of a degree. The entire castle was listening.

“We came through a gateway,” Lyra explained, choosing her words with care. “A gateway we built with the knowledge given to us by Eos, the Origin of Eternity, the creator of our reality. It was a gift to allow us to meet others.”

At the mention of the Creator, the atmosphere changed. The woman’s sharp eyes narrowed almost imperceptibly. The crow stopped preening and fixed both eyes on Lyra. The cat paused its washing and looked up, its pupils widening. The silent pressure of the castle’s awareness intensified, becoming a palpable weight.

“The Prime Mover,” the woman said, her tone now laced with a new, sharp curiosity. “The Unspoken Foundation. You have... communed with him?”

Lyra paused before replying as if she was deciphering the titles given by the unknown woman,

“We have felt his presence. He gifted us the potential to grow, to learn. And finally, the key to the doors between realms.”

The woman was silent for a long moment, studying them as one would study a complex and unexpected text. “Fascinating,” she murmured, mostly to herself. “He has never... gifted before, not like this. He usually sets the constants and observes. He is the law, not the librarian.” She looked from Lyra to the others, her gaze piercing. “You carry his Will. Faint, like a scent on the wind, but unmistakable. Algoth... Sheba... sensed it. That is why you were admitted. It has been eons since anything new has entered these halls. Come.”

Pointing towards herself and her curious companion, she said, “You can call me Circe Boreas, the Death Crow is Noctis, and the Lightning Kirin is Archimedes.”

She turned without another word and walked back toward the grand archway. The crow took flight, leading the way down the dark corridor ahead, its form occasionally lost in the shadows. The cat fell in step beside the Elythrii, looking up at them with unblinking green eyes before darting ahead to follow the woman.

The delegation followed, their senses overwhelmed. The corridor was not a simple hallway. It branched endlessly, with stairways that spiraled up into darkness or down into glowing mist. Doors lined the walls, each unique—made of aged wood, beaten copper, shifting light, or solidified shadow. Some were open a crack, revealing glimpses of impossible interiors: a room filled with a silent, raging snowstorm, a library where the books fluttered their pages like wings, or a vast desert under a binary star system.

“What is this place?” Lyra asked, her voice hushed.

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Chapter 1752: The Chronicler, The Rememberer, and The Quiet Watcher

Circe, the blue-haired woman, replied, “Sheba is many things, and the truth of what she is can only be known by herself and the Creator, but I think of her as a nexus.” She did not turn even while replying to the Elythrii. “In her halls, I have seen too many strange places, and I believe that what I have seen are crossroads of realities that were, that are, that might be. It is not a creation in a dimension but a structure that incorporates dimensions. Its rooms are possibilities given form, yet I don’t know why I keep finding bones...”

Circe had no idea that when Sheba was under the control of the Prism, a lot of their members had been lost inside its endless passages, and the castle had not bothered to reveal this truth to her.

“...Originally it was not like this; there was the potential, of course, and then Row... the Creator placed a seed inside of it, and everything changed.”

Communication passed between the Elythrii as they tried to reconcile the image of their creator with what they were discovering in the realm outside their own.

Although they were discovering the mysteries outside their Reality, in some ways, this was also a journey to learn about their creator.

Lyra asked the question in the hearts of all Elythrii

“Who are you, Circe? What is your relationship with the Creator?”

The blue-haired woman smiled, “You know, that is one thing that he has not bothered to answer. As always, he expects us to figure out the answers. Let’s see, well, in this place, and I will consider myself as the Chronicler. I am tasked with knowing what occurs within these walls. My companion,” she gestured to the crow circling ahead, “is the Rememberer.”

The crow, Noctis, squawked in annoyance, pecking Circe on the head, but she shoed him off,

“Noctis knows everything that has ever been forgotten. At least, in this Reality. And the other,” she glanced down at the cat now weaving between her feet, “is the Quiet Watcher. It sees what is unseen, and does not speak. Ever!”

The black cat had a look of grief on its face, but it seemed to swallow any pride before sauntering after Circe.

The Elythrii followed the woman quietly after her answer, something about her strange personality making them calm. Chloy, an Elythrii Warrior, spoke out,

“Chronicler... This place, we have never seen anything like it before. You are its... caretakers?”

“Her caretakers...” Circe corrected while offering a ghost of a smile. “We are its inhabitants. Its guests. It’s prisoners. The semantics are fluid. Sheba provides. We all serve one master.”

They arrived at a room whose door was a single, massive slab of clear quartz. Circe placed her hand on it, and it opened without a sound.

The room within was a comfortable, if ancient, study. Books lined the walls, a fire crackled in a hearth despite the lack of visible fuel, and three chairs were arranged around it. The crow, the Rememberer, alighted on a perch made of a twisted piece of

driftwood. The Quiet Watcher jumped into one of the chairs and began washing itself again.

“Find somewhere to sit, and Sheba would provide you with your needs,” Circe said, gesturing to the other two chairs to make her point. “You speak of the Creator. This is a subject of... particular interest to us, especially since we don’t know what he has been up to for a while now.”

The Elythrii did not sit in the physical sense, but their light-forms condensed into chairs of coherent energy, mirroring the offer of hospitality. They did not need to demand anything from Sheba and were wary of accepting anything that had not been properly vetted.

“What do you wish to know?” Lyra asked after they had settled.

“Everything,” Circe said, her eyes gleaming in the firelight. “We are aware of the Origin Land. The Rememberer holds the memory of the first law being set on the Reality, and he has informed us that the Creator was about to do the same with his realm. For myself, I have seen the shadows of the great mechanisms—the Weavers and Anchors—as they pass through the deeper walls of my mind. I am connected to him in ways I don’t yet understand. I know the Origin Land has an architect. But I did not know his realm had a voice. Or that he created... audiences.”

For the next few hours, the Elythrii spoke. They told their story. Of Elython, of their evolution from mud to magic, of their merging of science and thaumaturgy into Etheronics, of their long journey to immortality, and their fleeting, terrifying, and glorious perceptions of the Archai. They spoke of the Fragment of Potential within them, the driving force gifted by the Primordial.

The Chronicler listened, utterly still. The Rememberer occasionally let out a soft caw, as if filing away a particularly important piece of information. The Quiet Watcher stared into the fire, its tail twitching slightly.

When the Elythrii finished, the silence in the room was profound, broken only by the crackle of the fire.

“An Experiment,” the Chronicler finally said, the word hanging in the air. “You are an experiment in conscious evolution. Designed to see if life could not only understand the laws of the cosmos but could eventually... what? Embody them? Partner with them?” She looked around the room, at the infinite castle around them. “Sheba is also a form of life. A different form. It does not evolve. It is. It does not seek to understand the laws; it incorporates them. You are a story of becoming. Sheba is a story of being.”

“There is a question on our mind, you seem to know the Creator even without being part of his realm, do you know his true origins, or does he have a creator who made him?” Kaelen asked.

Circe shook her head, a broad smile on her face, she was loving these new children of Rowan, their bravery and open-mindedness were a far cry from what any major power would allow their subjects.

“I am not sure you can necessarily create something like him. He is stranger than such concepts. I always like to think that he must be a natural phenomenon of the multiverse, a knot in the fabric of reality. We only know that he exists, and we exist within his grace.”

A faint breeze that emerged from nowhere entered this room, stirring the Lightning Kirin’s fur.

Archimedes, now called the Quiet Watcher, suddenly stood up, stretched, and hopped off the chair. It walked to a blank section of wall and sat, staring at it. A moment later, the stone shimmered and became a window.

But it was not a window to the outside. It was a window to the Elythrii’s own past. It showed a vivid scene: Lyra as a young, biological Elythrii, standing on a cliff at dawn on Elython, feeling the first true connection to the planet’s Etheric field. The memory was so personal, so private, that Lyra gasped.

The crow cackled softly. The Chronicler nodded. “The Creator shows you that it knows you. It has pulled the memory from the air, from the fabric of your own being. It is a form of greeting. And a demonstration. There are no secrets here, only unread pages.”

“We would like to learn from you,” Lyra said, recovering her composure. “And we would like to share our knowledge with you. We have held no secrets about ourselves because we believe in truths. I hope you do the same and reveal the mysteries of our past as well as yours.”

Circe seemed to consider this. “There are no issues here. Forgive me, you were brought here to learn, but I have taken advantage of your openness to seek out the truth of his hidden works. This castle, Sheba, is to be your gateway to all of Reality, and inside this place, you can learn everything you want to know about it before venturing forth.

Gesturing around, she continued, “Time is extremely malleable here, and you can spend as much as you need in peace, because I can promise you that outside of these walls, you shall find enough chaos and suffering you would go mad from it, but there is also wonder like nothing you have ever known.”

And so began the Elythrii’s stay in the infinite castle. They walked halls that bent into the fourth spatial dimension, requiring them to shift their forms to navigate. They read books in the Archives that were written in the gravitational waves of colliding black holes. They peered into rooms that were probability bubbles, showing every possible outcome of a single decision they had made millennia ago.

They learned that the Castle Algoth, which preferred the name Sheba, was not just a repository. It was a curator of reality. And they, the Elythrii, were its newest, most fascinating exhibit—and its first guests who had come by the direct invitation of the owner of the gallery itself.

When the time came for them to leave, the Chronicler, the Rememberer, and the Quiet Watcher saw them off in the same black harbor.

“You will be back,” the Chronicler said, not as a farewell, but as a statement of fact. “Sheba has added a wing for you. It is always growing.”

Their ship reconstituted itself. As they lifted off from the black stone, the castle didn’t vanish. The harbor simply receded, becoming one door among infinite doors in the endless facade of the living castle, which itself shrank to a single, glowing point in the higher-dimensional substrate before they translated away.

They had not met a race of beings. They had met a context. A living, breathing, infinite context. And they had a standing invitation to return.

The Creator’s map glowed again, highlighting a new path. This one vibrated with a frantic, creative, and chaotic energy. The next destination awaited. But the memory of the silent, knowing halls of Sheba, and its three strange inhabitants, would forever be a part of them. They had looked into the multiverse’s memory, and it had looked back.

Chapter 1753: The Silent Grove

Rowan watched the Elythrii leave the safety of the castle. It would not be long before they were thrust into the chaos of a dying Reality, and there was a single year left before his battle with the Throne of Primordial Demon.

This duel might seem simple on the surface, but Rowan knew it would be his springboard to the rest of Reality. He tentatively began to reach out to the lesser incarnations he had left inside Reality, while he plunged a part of his consciousness into Limbo.

This portion of his consciousness took the shape of a Death Crow because no one was foolish enough to implicate a Crow of Death or try to stop it as it went about its duties.

Rowan did not know how to navigate Limbo, or rather, he tried not to know, due to the fact that Limbo was a higher-dimensional space, and if he placed his consciousness into understanding its nature, traces of him would be left behind.

These traces might be picked up by the unknown denizens that prowled Limbo, and Rowan did not want the Primordials to know he was now able to freely access Limbo and its secrets.

Although he already expected them to know he was already capable of traversing Limbo, but like a child with a boat in front of an endless ocean, Rowan should not see the direction to row towards in order to find safety or shelter.

Limbo was true infinity, the kind a ninth-dimensional being could not encompass in a single glance, making it the last actual test of immortality.

So, Rowan did not try to understand Limbo; he just followed the guidance left in his consciousness by the Beast of Final Rest, and in the blink of an eye, the Crow of Death had crossed vast distances that would make Reality appear as small as a room before arriving in a strange new location.

The crow fluttered its wings before transforming into Rowan's human body, and he looked around him in contemplation.

The place was not on any map, for it existed in the liminal space between the act of creation and the inevitable reality of its end. It was known as the Silent Grove.

Rowan understood that this place had manifested due to his presence and the power of Death that surrounded the area. He was getting used to the fact that his presence alone was enough to create something out of nothing, and when fused with the power of Death, this liminal space was created.

Here, the trees were petrified silver, their leaves frozen in an eternal fall, glimmering like a galaxy of suspended dust motes. The ground was a mosaic of white ash and obsidian, and a still, shallow pool reflected not the sky, but a swirling nebula of unborn possibilities.

The air was thick, silent, and heavy with the scent of ozone and forgotten memories. It was the perfect border between the song of life and the hymn of silence.

As always, Rowan represented creation and all of its infinite possibilities when he was before Death, because he knew that the Beast of Final Rest needed to be placed in a position where it could see balance, else with the nature of Death, he would be consumed before even saying a word.

In essence, Rowan had to show that he was worthy to be on the same playing field as Death. Although with the proof he had brought to this eldrith being, it should be more than enough to place him among the tables of the greatest in all existence, but Rowan always hedged his bets.

A ripple passed through the Grove. The motes of dust ceased their drift. The reflected nebula in the pool stilled. The primordial hum that was constantly emerging from Rowan's body, even with this mortal shell, seemed to dampen, not out of fear, but out of profound, instinctual recognition.

From between the silver trees, it came.

The Beast of Final Rest.

It did not walk so much as manifest, each step a seamless transition from shadow to substance. Its colossal form, a stag woven from the fabric of the void, was both terrifying and serene.

Its antlers were not mere bone, but the branching, leafless architecture of fate itself, scraping against the silent sky. Within the twin voids of its eyes swirled not malice, but an infinite, patient understanding.

The chill of its breath settled over the Grove, coating the silver bark in a delicate rime of finality. Upon its back, a single crow perched, its head cocked, observing the god of beginnings with an ancient, knowing gaze.

Rowan knew that with a single crow, this was an Incarnation of Death and not his complete form, but it was still greater than anything most higher-dimensional immortals would ever get to witness.

Death spoke, "When you told me of your plans, I thought it was the foolish ambitions of youth, but a blink has passed, and you have given me a meal like none other. Eos, I am pleased."

Rowan made a half-bow, "For our mutual benefit, I have to ensure that everything goes according to plan, but I had not expected that Nyxara would be this greedy and seek your name even before I was ready to tell her."

The beast grinned, teeth like tombstones gleaming in the moonlight, painting an eerie sight that would draw chills down the spine. IF YOU WANT TO READ MORE CHAPTERS, PLEASE VISIT NOVEL FIRE.NET

"My embrace is ever welcoming, Eos, and one day, I am sure you would love to be inside it."

Rowan smiled, "Just as long as you see all the wonders of creation I can bring to your door, then I have no reason to refuse your bounty. But, this is not why I am here."

"Yes, you came for assurance," the Beast of Final Rest replied as it stamped a hoof on the ground, showing Rowan a pale ring of glowing light resembling the echoes of a dream,

"I have the karma of her passing, and all her screams are mine. There is no way her true self can know what has happened to her. I trust you are handling the fallout within Eosah."

Rowan was quiet as he peered deeply at the ring of causality held by Death, and when he was satisfied, only then did he reply,

“There are no issues from my end. Soon, my hunt will begin. Just be sure you can handle the consequences of Primordial slaughter.”

Death grinned, “I have been waiting for all eternity for a feast like this.”

Rowan smiled before extinguishing this portion of his consciousness. Killing Primordials had consequences, and it was a good thing that he found something that ate those consequences as sustenance.

If the main body of Primordial Soul had detected that its Incarnation inside Eosah had been destroyed, there was nothing stopping Nyxara from tearing this dead Reality to pieces and fishing out Rowan before consuming him.

During his communication with Death at the Bleak Gate, this issue had come up. Rowan could not simply kill the Primordials inside of Reality without fearing the consequences, not only the loss of one of the pillars of Reality, but the fallout that would arise from the wrath of their central bodies.

Death, seeing his dilemma, had struck a deal with Rowan.

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

Chapter 1754: Assembly of Great Power (1)

The air in the Great Abyss did not move so much as it pulsed, a slow, rhythmic exhalation of pure, undiluted potential that was the closest thing to breath in that place beyond places.

It was the heartbeat of the void, a sound felt in the marrow of beings rather than heard by any auditory organ. And today, that pulse was quickening, a drumbeat summoning all of creation to witness an event of cataclysmic finality: the battle of two beings whose powers were said to be equal to that of the Primordials.

For a while now, this pulse had been growing, but the strength of it had abruptly heightened on this day, screaming into the mind of all consciousness in Reality.

The arena where this battle was to take place did not appear to be built; it almost felt

As if it was grown.

Appearing like a negative space carved from the starless, eternal dark of the Abyss, a bowl of impossible scale whose edges bled into the non-space of the endless void.

Its floor was a mosaic of dead dimensions, continents of shattered worlds fused together, their geography a schizophrenic tapestry of frozen magma flows, crystalline forests, and plains of black glass that reflected nothing.

The builders of this place had long exceeded their capabilities, and in the end, their bodies became simply vessels, and it was the Primordials that built this place using them as puppets.

Most of the builders, the Infernal Architects, perished in this endeavor, and those that remained had gone mad, their bodies and souls taken past their limits, and every day, their entire being prayed for death, but due to the excessive primordial energies that had run through their bodies, they could not be killed.

It did not matter the number of times they were killed, as long as the ones killing them did not have the power to decipher primordial laws, the suffering Architects would return.

Their despairing screams were just a small portion of this arena's Aura.

The walls soared upward, not of stone or metal, but of compressed time and forgotten histories, a shimmering, nebulous barrier that contained the concept of 'inside' and 'outside'. To look upon it was to feel a profound existential vertigo, the understanding that this was not a location one traveled to, but a focal point upon which all of existence was now bending its attention. The source of this content is [NOVEL\(F\)ire.NET](http://NOVEL(F)ire.NET)

And they came. Not in ships or through gates, not by flight or spell, though such methods were employed by the lesser powers from all over Reality, even from the lower realms. The truly mighty ones arrived, their presence altering the local physics of the Abyss merely by their acknowledgment of it. Old Ones... in their billions!

There had never been any gathering like this, in any Era, in any Reality, and for such to be happening here was beyond all expectations.

Staff, daughter of Telmus, stood on the peak of the Great Abyss and watched the procession of the universe.

First were the Titans. They did not breach the void so much as the void parted for them. Their forms were mountains given consciousness, galaxies distilled into bipedal shape.

Auran, the World-Forger, whose body was a constantly shifting range of living rock, volcanoes simmering on his shoulders, rivers of molten iron coursing through fissures in his chest. His footsteps, silent in the airless Abyss, nonetheless sent psychic shockwaves through the gathering crowd, a tremor of pure, geologic mass.

With him came his kin: Skaldi, whose beard was a blizzard of dying stars, and whose voice was the crackle of cosmic background radiation; and Vyra, whose form was a vortex of silvery gas and nascent solar systems, a nebula in the shape of a woman.

These were the first Titans, direct children of the Primordial Beast, and they had countless hidden titles that were not known to many in Reality, but they had escaped from the Great Desert and now they walked Reality once more.

They took their seats not upon the arena's benches, but on thrones they manifested from the raw stuff of possibility, their sheer size making them visible from every point in the infinite amphitheater. They were silent, their thoughts gravity wells around which lesser minds could fracture.

Then came the leviathans of the deep ether, the extra-dimensional beasts whose very biology was a violation of natural law.

The Xth'lgr, a creature that was less a body and more a complex, four-dimensional idea of hunger, a tessellated nightmare of bladed appendages and lamprey mouths that existed in multiple places at once, its true form impossible to focus on without going mad. It coiled into a section of the arena, and the space around it warped, the very concept of 'distance' becoming subjective and treacherous for any being foolish enough to sit near it.

Following was the Zyxian Phantasm, a being of pure light and information, a shimmering, ever-evolving Mandelbrot set that communicated by directly rewriting the quantum data of the surrounding void.

Where it passed, temporary, perfect ecosystems of logical beauty and mathematical elegance would bloom and die in nanoseconds, a side effect of its mere cognitive processes.

They were joined by the Silent Choir, a collective of entities from a universe where sound was the only form of matter. They appeared as a complex, vibrating wave of harmonies and dissonances, a song that sculpted the darkness into fragile, beautiful sculptures that collapsed as soon as the note changed. Their 'seating' was a designated frequency band in the arena's acoustic spectrum, a melody reserved for their use.

The gathering was a flood now, a torrent of infinite variety. From the molten core of a billion worlds came the Igneous Sentients, beings of living magma and conscious crystal, hissing and popping as the absolute cold of the Abyss fought a perpetual war against their innate heat, creating coronas of steam that froze instantly into diamond-dust halos.

From the quantum foam of creation's dawn came the Q'tari, flickering in and out of existence, their forms a probability function, never entirely certain until observed. They occupied seats that were both there and not there, their collective observation of each other the only thing keeping any of them semi-stable.

The lords of the infernal and the divine arrived in their legions. Archdevils in baroque, obsidian armor, their wings shedding embers of damned souls, their rhetoric sharp and full of cunning offers and contractual loopholes even as they sought their places.

They were mirrored by Celestial Creators, beings of incandescent light and geometric perfection, their auras casting pure, unwavering truths that burned the lies off nearby demons, causing much hissing and defensive shadow-making. A temporary, tense demilitarized zone solidified between these ancient enemy factions, an aisle of neutral vacuum humming with suppressed violence.

The mortal-adjacent races, those who had clawed their way to power through magic or technology, arrived with more visible effort. Dyson Sphere-sized arks of the Mechanus Synod, a race of uploaded intelligences housed in planet-sized servers, translated into reality with a scream of bending physics, deploying intricate energy scaffolds that served as their viewing platform. Their conversations were laser-tight data bursts, a silent, frantic exchange of calculations and predictions about the coming conflict.

Elven fleets of living wood, grown from world-trees, sailed the psychic currents, their graceful, organic forms a stark contrast to the brutalist geometry of the Mechanus. Their ancient, weary eyes, having seen the rise and fall of galaxies, scanned the gathering with a melancholic awe. Next to them, the Dwarven Hold-Thrones, entire hollowed-out asteroids propelled by runic engines, bristling with cannons that could snuff out stars, a testament to paranoia forged into engineering.

There were races of pure thought, energy, and shadow. Beings of liquid mirror that reflected not the observer, but the observer's most profound regrets. Swarms of insectoid creatures from a hive-mind dimension, each individual a single neuron in a vast, distributed brain that calculated the statistical probability of every possible outcome of the duel. Giants of living void, patches of deeper darkness that drank the light and sound around them.

The air, though technically absent, was thick with the mediums of communication: psychic broadcasts, gravitational pulses, chemical pheromone clouds, encoded light waves, and sheer conceptual projection. The cacophony was not noise, but a layered, incomprehensible symphony of existence itself.

A hush, or its multidimensional equivalent—a sudden averaging-out of the frantic energy, a dip in the psychic waveform—fell across a section of the arena. The Titans themselves turned their cosmic heads. Through a rift that opened not in space, but in understanding, came a Primordial Beast.

Chapter 1755: New Knowledge

Chapter 1755: New Knowledge

The Primordials had thoroughly hidden the knowledge of the Primordial Beast's existence, and there was no mention of their names in any historical compendium; their memories had been utterly erased from Reality, and yet, the moment this Primordial Beast stepped through into the Great Abyss, its powers could not be denied or hidden.

It was not a creature of power in the way a Titan was, a force of sheer cosmic strength. Its power was subtler, deeper, older. It appeared as a shifting, humanoid form woven from the roots of a million world-trees, its skin like bark etched with the maps of every living planet, its hair a cascade of flowing bioluminescent moss, and its eyes—its eyes were pools of still water reflecting the first spark of life in the universe. In one hand, it held a pruning knife made of a dying sun's last light. In the other, a pot filled with black soil from which a tiny, perfect galaxy, teeming with nascent life, was sprouting.

All of the immortals here at first believed that they were looking at Primordial Life, and this would have been acknowledged if not for a massive burst of Aura exploding from the body of the Primordial Beast that announced its name to all, before quietly retreating to a section of the Arena where the perception of none could reach.

The message it gave was short; however, it caused an avalanche of shock that rippled across all creation, and if the gathered powers here thought that this battle would be the defining pivot of this Era, they realized that they had not yet given it enough importance.

Its message was,

"I AM THE PRIMORDIAL BEAST ARUDORON, THE WOOD DRAGON, GARDENER OF THE ENDLESS REALMS. YOU DO NOT KNOW MY NAME OR HOW LONG I HAVE TOILED IN SECRET. IF THE CHAMPION OF THE PRIMORDIAL BEASTS PREVAILS AGAINST THE PRIMORDIAL, A NEW AGE SHALL DAWN!"

One of the greatest mysteries about this duel between two Primordial entities had been the participants of the battle.

One of the participants was rumored to be the Throne of a Primordial, and not just of any Primordial, but the Primordial Demon.

There were numerous Old Ones who had escaped from the Great Desert after its destruction that were there during the Primordial Era, and they knew that of all the Primordials, the first demon was one of the scariest entities to ever face in combat.

Unlike other Primordials, he preferred to be more hands-on, and he was the last Primordial to leave Reality. Most believed that he had never rested like the others, just retreated to the depths of the Great Abyss to wait.

Also, he did not have a Throne. You see, other Primordials had Thrones, but they were rarely used; they seemed content to allow Reality to slide into chaos or order without putting any effort into regulating all of existence, but every power knew that if a Primordial Demon had a Throne, Reality would be a far different place.

Because of the demon's unceasing need for a challenge and battles, even after the Primordials had won the war and eradicated all resistance, the fighting between the Primordial Domains would not remain quiet and circumspect; instead, it would have been an all-out war with the Great Abyss against all Primordial Powers.

It was a well-known secret that the other Primordial Domains had been scheming against the Abyss to ensure that Primordial Demon was not given a Throne, but it seemed that was about to change.

Now, there were talks that this battle would involve a Throne of Primordial Demon, and if that was not disturbing enough, the second combatant was an unknown Primordial Power that sought to supplant the rules of the Primordials.

No immortal present here was foolish; most were at the eighth-dimensional level, and they had seen the changes ongoing in Reality. They all knew that what was happening was outside the purview of the Primordials; the only thing they did not realize was a name associated with these changes.

The Ouroboros Serpent that destroyed the Great Desert was an unknown being, but its power had shocked all of creation, the shattering of the Celestial Court, the creation of the New Light, now worshipped by many factions in Reality, and the tremendous growth opportunities being enjoyed by all lifeforms were more than potent signs of what was coming.

But now, that opposition had a name... Primordial Beasts. Google search Novel.Fire.net

In the height of the Abyss, Staff frowned as she communicated with the Incarnation of Rowan inside her consciousness,

"Bold... this Beast, he wants to take your glory for himself. Was this part of your plan?"

The Incarnation did not reply for a while, as if it was no longer present, but Staff could still feel his presence, like an ache behind her eyeballs, and she waited patiently for his reply or his non-reply. It was hard to predict the direction of Rowan's thought.

"I had expected something like this after revealing my serpents to Reality. The mysteries of the Primordial Beasts are deep, but now they are nearly completed."

"What do you mean by that?" Staff asked with unabashed curiosity.

The Incarnation whispered, “There are six Primordial Beasts that emerged in this Reality, like the Primordials, they seek out Realities in order to consume Origins, but unlike Primordials, they are a rather symbiotic species, and they proliferate life, even as they take sustenance from Reality.”

Staff chuckled with a bit of nervousness, “I am sorry, but Origins, Realities? Do we have multiple Realities, and are they freaking alive?!”

The Incarnation paused; somehow, it seemed both of them were shocked at the same time. Staff was surprised by the bombshell that Rowan had just revealed, while he was shocked that she was still very ignorant about the fundamental nature of existence.

For a while, both were silent before Rowan sighed,

“I have been distracted and spoke before giving you enough background on the nature of existence. Forgive my oversight, but when I was created and placed inside your consciousness, I did not know many of the things I just spoke about, and this knowledge inside of me is relatively new.”

Chapter 1756: Meeting At A God’s Graveyard

Staff squeezed her fists in exasperation, “So, it’s true, with how massive Reality is, I doubt I will be able to see all the dimensions inside of it before I die, even if I live forever, and you are telling me there are multiple Realities outside this one. How can something like that even work?”

“Well, have you ever wondered where Primordials come from and how they are able to do the things they can do?” Rowan replied, “There has always been a higher mountain; it is just that the sight of most is usually too weak to find them.”

Staff shook her head, her eyes glowing, “Rowan, don’t you see, this changes everything. If there are other Realities out there, we do not need to dance to the tunes of the Primordial; no matter how powerful they are, we all can leave for another place and leave all the chaos behind.”

“I wish this were to be the case, even I wish for this to be the change,” Rowan’s Incarnation chuckled sadly, “but there are many reasons why fleeing from this problem is not possible, and it will take too long for me to list them all out for you.”

Staff went silent for a while before making a self-deprecating chuckle, “Well, I don’t need to worry myself too much about the future, no matter what I experience and fight in my lifetime, it will be nothing to the challenges you need to conquer. I am too small to see the entire scale of Reality, and I no longer envy your power, Rowan.”

“You are not too small Staff,” Rowan replied with a bit of sadness in his voice, “No one is, we all are just born in an Era where there are too many powerful predators roaming existence, and we have to make do with what we have, fight with all we are, and die knowing we have made a difference, no matter how slight it is.”

“If you say so, Rowan, then I will choose to believe you. But promise me something: If I can make a wave with my limited abilities, I expect you to raise a storm.”

She sensed the Incarnation smiling,

“You have no idea what is coming.”

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The Elythrii had been on the path towards their next destination, gathering countless valuable data along the way, and they had seen so much that blew their minds away, because of the simple fact that there was such a diverse number of life in a Reality that smelled decayed.

Kaelen had likened this realm to a decaying corpse filled with countless vermin who were busy devouring its flesh, and this sentiment was echoed by a lot of the Elythrii, although this did not stop them from being amazed at what they were finding along their journey.

The most prevalent finding was the sort of Essence and Energy that powered this realm. They knew its name to be Aether, and a more complex form of it was Aetherium.

This Energy was far less powerful and complex than what was available inside the realm of the Elythrii, but this advantage meant nothing when they realized how ancient this realm was and the countless powerhouses within that could wipe out their entire civilization in the blink of an eye.

They quickly realized that this realm had an advantage over their own, and that was they had the time to develop to this point while having the backing of several supreme places of power called Primordial Domains, of which there were several, and all of them had rulers that may equal or even exceed the power of their Creator.

The only consolation they had was that the flow of time inside this realm was dead. Its essence was shattered piecemeal, and its flow was excessively rapid yet still stagnant with no overall will presiding over it.

A single day in this realm could be decades on Elython, even centuries, as powerful Elythrii could commune with the Ether and bring forth changes with the flow of time, but this was not applicable here.

The Elythrii knew that this was the chance for them to be able to one day stand on equal footing with this realm, which was necessary because the Elythrii had come to realize that

while they were largely unaware of this realm, the same thing could not be said of the inhabitants of this realm who were catching glimpses of Elython through multiple weird wormholes in the fabrics of space and time.

They were calling Elython, the Land of Origin, and the inhabitants of this entire realm were searching for the passage into their realm!

The Elythrii treasured their realm and wanted to defend it, especially when they saw the state of this reality and the dangers that could be found within. Nowhere in this realm was safe!

They had not been in this realm for long, but the Aether in the air reeked of death and desolation, of countless pervasivity and suffering on a scale that nearly drove some of the more empathetic members of the Elythrii to madness.

If they allowed the inhabitants of this realm to find their way into Elython, they would bring the endless waves of madness and destruction into their realm. All that was good would be lost, and the Elythrii would be no more.

It did not take long for them to crunch the numbers involving timelines and dimensional barriers, and they came up with a frightening conclusion: This realm had been looking for a way to enter theirs long before the Elythrii even existed.

Time was incredibly stagnant in this realm, so it was easy to calculate that these wormholes into their realm were present long before Elython existed, which was an extremely troubling matter.

This journey instantly transformed from one of exploration to a plan for their defense. What they needed to do was to find a way to close these portals linking to their realm, but to do that a more robust understanding of the power system of this realm was needed and with this goal at the forefront the Elythrii began to gather data at a furious rate, no longer wasting any single moment in their attempt to enjoy the experience of entering a new realm.

However, for the past few months, there has been a constant call sweeping across this reality. On the map of the Creator, a waypoint had appeared that vibrated with a frequency of immense, destructive potential.

As always, there was no urge to follow this signal; this Reality was theirs to explore at their wish, but whatever it was they were sensing, it was powerful enough that its influence could be felt across the entire realm.

When they recognized that this call was so potent that it drove the countless inhabitants of this realm who had long been looking for ways to enter their own towards it, it became crucial that they needed to check whatever was causing this commotion.

Lyra led six of her people with her to journey towards this call, while the rest were tasked with finding the roots of these wormholes and figuring out how to close them.

Lyra and the six transformed their bodies into tall, slender, elf-like bodies, adorned with intricate, living wood-and-bone armor, copying one of the races from the Primordial Domain of the Land of Miracles.

Journeying across Reality, they came to a dimension filled with jagged crystalline landscape, and they were about to bypass it when a tremor, not through the ground but through the fabric of reality itself, made them all freeze.

It was a deep, subsonic thrum that vibrated in their teeth and set the crystalline spires around them ringing with a discordant, mournful choir.

Something in the depths of this dimension had caught sight of the Elythrii, and this sound was an acknowledgment that they had been seen.

Lyra did not back down. If they had been seen, then they had no choice but to proceed and see what lay ahead on this path. They did not fear death and had resigned themselves to perishing along the way; there were many who would take their place behind them.

Heading deeper into the dimension, they came across a path that led them down from the high spires into a treacherous pass that resembled a graveyard of gods, because this place was filled with the bones of fallen deities that were petrified into mountains.

It was here that the air changed again. The ozone sharpened, crackling with raw power, and the cold became an aggressive, life-sucking force.

A shadow, vast and impossible, fell over them. They looked up, weapons rising as one. The source of this content is Novel~Fire.net

Coiling around the highest peak was a serpentine form of purest white, its scales like polished alabaster, each the size of a small mountain. Wings of ragged, frost-rimed membrane folded against its body. Its eyes were orbs of scarlet desolation, holding an ancient hunger that knew no limit.

It was a bone white dragon.

“I smell something familiar,” the voice of the dragon rumbled.

Chapter 1757: What Has He Done To You?

Death was acceptable, but it was foolish not to try to prevent it. Lyra knew danger was ahead, but if there were a chance to win, she would take it. This was the reason she went ahead to cross this dimension, but this dragon was beyond all of them.

Before Lyra could give the order to retreat, a wave of palpable heat washed over them, a stark and welcome contrast from the consuming chill emanating from the dragon.

Standing on a lower outcrop, seemingly unconcerned by the mile-long dragon above him or the armed warriors below, was a man.

Or something wearing the shape of one.

He was tall and broad-shouldered, clad in simple, dark travel leathers that seemed to drink the light. His hair was a wild, unruly mane of living flame, flickering through shades of crimson, gold, and orange, casting dancing shadows across a face that was both handsome and ageless.

His eyes, when they turned to the Elythrii, held a nine colored glow like a rainbow. He radiated an aura of immense, contained power, as miniature phoenixes danced around his body, all holding powers that would be equal to an Old One.

The Elythrii had learned of the tentative distribution of power in this realm. They were aware that Primorsials were at the peak of existence, and below them were Old Ones.

However, there were specific groups that were just below Primordials and above Old Ones, those whose power could crush any Old Ones but could not stand up to a Primordial, and they believed they had just come across two of those.

The three parties regarded each other in a silence broken only by the moaning wind. The dragon lowered its colossal head, its breath frosting the air into a blizzard.

“Little saplings,” the dragon’s voice was the sound of continents of ice grinding together, a low rumble that vibrated in their bones. “You trespass in my contemplation.”

The man with fiery hair snorted, a sound like a spark catching tinder. “Contemplation? Is that what you call brooding over your hoard of frozen tears and stolen memories, Vraegar? Don’t be so dramatic. The path is free for all. Mostly.” Looking around at the bodies of the frozen Old Ones who had been drained of everything they had, the man chuckled, “I see that you have been eating quite well.” Content originally comes from [ovelFire.net](https://www.ovelFire.net)

The dragon’s glacial eyes narrowed. “You are far from the halls of Trion, Phoenix Lord. Do not mistake my patience over our shared bloodline for indulgence. Your very presence is a stain upon the pristine silence that I crave.”

“A stain? I’m the only bit of color in this desolate, monochrome eyesore you call a home.” The man looked down at the Elythrii, a smirk playing on his lips. “And it seems we have an audience. Well, don’t just stand there shivering. Who are you, and what brings the children of the Verdant Tree to this cheerless place? I always thought the Primordial

Domain knew well to keep their bloodline close, especially in times like these, when many hunts your kind for the many years of suppression they have suffered.”

Lyra knew there were many nuances in politics that she was not aware of when it came to the affairs of this realm. They had taken the shape of the Eldars, from the Primordial Domain, the Land of Miracles, and it seemed she would have to chance it if their bluff could keep holding.

There was no way she would allow these powerful immortals to know about Elython, and she would rather perish before allowing that to happen.

Lyra stepped forward, her glaive held not in threat, but in readiness. Her people’s discipline overrode their fear. “I am Lyra, First Blade of the Eldarah. We are on patrol, away from our main group. We felt the... Echo, calling all to attend to it, and we are merely scouts.”

“The Echo,” the dragon mused, a hint of something like amusement in its world-ending voice. “A quaint name for the glorious call of the Arena. You feel the preamble to the symphony, little sapling. You cannot yet conceive of the crescendo.”

“We are aware that there would be a battle,” Lyra said, making sure she put a spot of pride in her voice that appeared to be stung by the condescension in the dragon’s voice, in order to maintain the facade of a member of a Primordial Domain. “We seek only to ensure it brings no harm to our lands.”

The fiery-haired man laughed, a rich, warm sound that made the very air feel warmer. “Harm? Oh, it’ll bring harm. It’ll bring a fundamental rewriting of the local laws of reality, which is what it’ll bring. But your little forests might be okay. Might be a bit... ashier. Or frozen. Depends on who wins, really.” He shrugged as if discussing the weather.

“You speak of it so lightly,” Lyra said, a note of accusation in her voice.

The man’s fiery gaze fell upon her, and Lyra took an involuntary step back. “Lightly? No. I speak of it from the perspective of someone who has seen dimensions bloom and die like flowers in a field and understands that there are forces beyond our control or understanding. Your concern is your forest. My concern is to survive and thrive in a realm that would take everything from you except that you are strong. It’s a matter of scale, Eldar.”

“Do not presume to educate them on scale, Fury,” the dragon rumbled. “Your perspective is as warped and volatile as your essence. You see only the burning, not the enduring stillness that follows.”

So the man was called Fury. Lyra filed the name away. It fit.

Fury rolled his eyes, the flames of his hair flaring slightly. “And you see only the stillness, Vraegar, and call it peace. It’s not peace. It’s just... dead. Now,” he said, turning back to Lyra. “You’re heading towards the source of the Echo. So are we. An unlikely trio we make, but it seems we share a destination. Safety in numbers and all that.”

Lyra blinked. “You propose we travel together?” The idea was absurd. A patrol of Elythrii warriors, an *Elder Dragon*? And... whatever Fury was.

“The proposition has merit,” Vraegar the dragon said, to her immense surprise. “The paths ahead are... unstable. The battle that is about to take place has drawn all manner of scavengers and spectators. My power is vast, but singular. His...” the dragon almost seemed to shudder, “...is noisy. Your kind possesses a harmony, a connection to the living world that can sense dissonance we might overlook.”

Fury grinned. “He means you can be canaries in the coal mine. But yes, what the walking leech said. Plus, I’m bored. You look like you might be marginally less tedious company than he is.”

Lyra looked at her squad. Their expressions were a mix of terror and awe. To travel with such beings was unprecedented. It was also incredibly dangerous. But Fury was right about the paths being unstable. They had already encountered mutated beasts and reality fractures on their patrol. The protection of an Elder Dragon and a being who seemed its equal... it was not an offer to be lightly refused.

“Very well,” Lyra said, her voice steady. “We will accompany you. But this is not an alliance. Merely a shared path.”

Fury clapped his hands together, a small shower of sparks falling to the ground and sizzling on the rock. “Excellent! A shared path it is. Let’s go. The main event won’t wait forever, and I’ve got a significant wager riding on the outcome.”

“Your penchant for gambling on the cosmic order is beneath you,” Vraegar intoned, unfurling his wings with a sound like a thousand sails catching the wind. He did not take to the sky, but began to move along the pass, his colossal body scraping against the mountain sides, sending showers of rock and ice tumbling down.

“Says the being who hoards everything in his heart,” Fury retorted, falling into step beside Lyra and her warriors. “I’d rather create a future to bet on than preserve a past that’s already done.”

And so it began—the journey of the Elythrii, Vraegar, and Fury.

Lyra understood that these two had not told them the entire reason they wanted to accompany them to this Arena. She feared they must have known there was something different about the Elythrii, but if they were choosing to play along, then Lyra had no reason to cause any conflict.

The dragon glanced at the Elythrii, his thoughts unknown, yet internally, Vraegar was sighing,

'I can sense a fragment of your soul, Diane, but I can't feel your spirit. What has Father done to you?'

Chapter 1758: Deliberation And Confusion

The path out of the God's Graveyard widened into a vast, frozen tundra under a sky bruised with strange, swirling energies. The Elythrii now understood that this energy all came from the Dragon Vraegar, who had been quietly feasting on the very essence of this realm, leaving it a cold and desolate landscape.

This dimension in size was comparable to a twentieth of their continent, but the dragon had barely been here for two years, and everything was desolate. What would happen if he could enter their realm with its endless Essence? How much would this dragon grow, and would Elython be able to survive his apparently infinite hunger?

The air hummed with the ever-present Echo, a pressure that was felt more than heard as they seemed to be traveling both through the dimension and the realm at the same time, making progress in a manner that Lyra was finding difficult to comprehend. It was as if a single step inside here was like traversing a billion light-years in the outside reality.

Vraegar moved with a slow, inexorable grace, his passage defining the route. Fury walked beside the Elythrii, his mere presence keeping the killing cold at bay that emanated from the dragon. The Phoenix around his body was shriveling and dying off, but was always resurrecting in a flash of flames that blinded any Elythrii looking at him.

The silence around the group was awkward, punctuated only by the crunch of snow underfoot and the distant, tectonic sounds of Vraegar's movement.

Lyra, ever the curious one, finally broke the silence, addressing Fury after listening to the words from these strange immortals at the beginning of their journey. "You said you had a wager. On the outcome of the battle. Who... who are the combatants?"

Fury smirked. "What, your seers didn't tell you that? They're usually a chatty bunch. Are you sure you all are Eldars or an offshoot that I do not know of? No matter, I do not care for the politics of Primordial Domain."

"The visions are fragments," An Elythrii answered for Lyra. "We have not returned home for a while; all we know is that shadows of immense beings are converging ahead. Their names and natures are lost to us."

"Names are limitations," Vraegar's voice rolled over them from ahead. "We who are of the blood know them by their essence. Their domains, and you are lucky to hear this answer

from us, we are among the few who know the names of the combatants. One is the Father of Epochs, the Forger of Life. A creator, a nurturer, a being of immense generative power. His song brings light to the void and kindles the spark in the inert. I am honored to be one of his children. He is known by many names, but we call him Rowan Kuranos. He is somewhat fond of that mortal name.”

Lyra noticed that Fury flinched at the sound of that name, but it was so slight that if she had not been paying attention, she would not have noticed.

A wave of reverence passed through the Elythrii. A creator. A nurturer. It sounded... benevolent, almost similar to their own.

“And the other?” Lyra asked.

Fury barked a laugh. “Oh, he’s much more fun. The other is the First Mutant—the greatest Ancestor of Trion. Where the Creator builds, he unmakes. It is said that from the moment he took a blade, he had stood undefeated, and he was killed by a very powerful god who shattered his soul because even as a mortal, no god could withstand his might. However, the realm is changing, and a dark power has taken him as its champion. The Great Abyss now has a Throne, and his name is Telmus, and he has no equal. Whatever Rowan has made, he shall destroy. Yet, this is all a backdrop for the true reason behind this fight, because the winner shall attain the strength to change this Era and define the path forward for all.”

The Elythrii absorbed this in horrified silence—a battle between creation and unmaking.

“And you wager on this?” Lyra asked, her voice tight with disapproval.

“Why not?” Fury said. “It’s the ultimate sporting event. I’ve got a cask of star-wine from the founding of the Third Cosmos on the Ender. Better odds.”

“Your flippancy is a shield, Fury,” Vraegar said, not turning his head. “You fear my father’s victory as much as you crave the chaos of the Primordials. A world too ordered, too... nurtured, has no place for your wild fires. How can you claim to be the first among immortals when you know of my father’s existence?”

Fury’s smirk vanished. The flames of his hair dampened to a low, sullen glow. “And a world too silent, too still, has no need for a hoarder of your nature, Vraegar. You think Rowan will spare your endless hunger when he has no more use for you? He’ll melt you down for the raw material in whatever realm he ends up creating. We’re both rooting for our own irrelevance, in a way. I’m just honest enough to make a party of it.” Read complete version only at noveFire.net

Lyra listened, her mind reeling. These beings spoke of cosmic forces as if they were neighbors with petty grievances. Their hidden clash of interest, as the initial intuition had suggested, was laid bare.

Vraegar, despite his endless hunger, naturally leaned towards the Creator, the Singer of Suns.

Fury, a force of destruction and transformation in his own right, was drawn to Telmus, who seems to be under the control of the Primordials. Yet both knew that the absolute victory of either side would ultimately destroy the balance that gave their own natures meaning.

“Why are you going, then?” Lyra asked. “If you believe the victory of either will be... bad for you?”

Fury’s grin returned, fiercer this time. “To see the show, of course! And maybe... to heckle from the front row. A well-timed insult can break a god’s concentration, you know. Maybe it will work here.”

“We go,” Vraegar interrupted, his voice grave, “because when powers of this magnitude clash, the shockwaves decide the fate of countless dimensions. Our ‘clash of interest,’ as you perceive it, is irrelevant. We are going because we must witness. To record. To understand the new shape of things. To ensure that some fragment of what was is remembered in what will be.”

“He means he’s going to take notes,” Fury stage-whispered. “Very, very long, cold, boring notes.”

One of the younger Elythrii warriors, a female named Elara, sent a message across their personal link, her voice trembling slightly. “And... which one created our people? This Creator, Rowan? Surely, Lyra, you must see the connection between him and our people.”

Lyra and the rest of the Elythrii shuddered in shock because the message by Elara was supposed to be silent, and only the Elythrii were supposed to hear it, but somehow the presence of these two had amplified the silent message until it was heard by all.

The question hung in the air. Vraegar was silent. Fury looked at the dragon, then back at the Elythrii, a strange, almost pitying expression on his face.

“Now that,” Fury said softly, “is the real question, isn’t it? Rowan has been making plays that have been almost too frightening to think about.”

Vraegar finally turned his enormous head, one glacial eye fixing on the small group. “You are not of the Eldarah, do not hide your light behind such a blemished facade, and embrace your heritage. Your song is a complex one. It has the warmth of nurtured growth, the harmony of careful design. It is a melody any Creator would be proud to claim.”

It was not a direct answer. But it was enough for the Elythrii. A wave of relief and fierce pride went through them. Their creator was the benevolent one, the nurturer. They were

on the side of light and life. They looked at the looming battle ahead with new eyes. It was not just a cosmic event; it was their creator fighting for existence itself, or maybe it was not; they needed more confirmation.

Lyra, however, caught the look that had passed between Fury and Vraegar. She saw the pity in Fury's eyes and the evasion in Vraegar's words. It was as if they did not fully understand what was happening—a cold knot of doubt formed in her stomach, unrelated to the arctic air.

Fury leaned closer to her, his voice dropping to a whisper only she could hear, the heat of his words a comfort and a warning. "Don't put all your hopes on a Creator, Lyra. Parentage is a complicated thing. Sometimes the parent who creates you isn't the one who defines you. And sometimes," he added, his flickering eyes glancing at the distant, brooding form of Vraegar, "the most important battles are fought not for your creators, but in spite of them."

The journey continued, the silence now filled with a torrent of unspoken thoughts and the immense, unasked question hanging over the Elythrii: if this Rowan was their creator, why did these ancient beings seem so hesitant to say it aloud?

A more important question was why their Creator sent them into this realm without giving them all the information they needed if he was connected with it.

The voice of the dragon entered Lyra's mind, "Be careful of Fury, he does not know everything, and there are certain things I cannot speak of, because I suspect it is not for me to say, or I shall destroy his plans by my act of goodwill."

Chapter 1759: There Noise In Between

The frozen tundra gave way to a landscape of jagged, black glass mountains that reflected the chaotic sky in distorted, nightmare shades.

They had somehow crossed from the previous dimension into another, and Lyra noticed that the two powerful beings walking with them had been startled before they slowly settled. It would seem that this situation, while unexpected, was not an unknown possibility.

"Reality is changing, the Primordial Essence flooding into it is causing countless havoc across space and time," Fury muttered, but his voice was loud enough to reach everyone.

The air itself felt sharp here, and the Echo the Elythrii could sense from the distant Arena was no longer a distant thrum but a constant, oppressive pressure that made the Elythrii's ears ring and their heads ache.

Only Fury seemed unaffected, whistling a tuneless, crackling melody that popped and hissed like a dying fire, but the Elythrii noticed that the phoenixes surrounding his body were dying faster than usual.

Vraegar moved with a new wariness, his colossal head weaving slowly from side to side, scanning the razor-sharp peaks.

“The Shattered Mirror, a place where a wormhole that once spewed Primordial Essence resided. I believed it must have been destroyed by one of the Primordial powers,” he intoned, his voice lower, more cautious. “Reality is thin here. Reflections can become real. Thoughts can take shape. Guard your minds, little saplings. Do not give form to your fears. Mortal beings like you usually have many.”

“Oh, lighten up, Frost-Scale,” Fury said, kicking a shard of obsidian that skittered away and multiplied into a dozen identical shards before clattering to a stop. “It’s just a bit of existential feedback. It’s fun! Look,” he said, stopping and staring intently at his own warped reflection in a tall pane of black glass. His reflection stared back, but its hair was a crown of roaring, furious flames, and its eyes were pits of molten rock. “See? I’m thinking about how handsome I am. And there I am! Handsome.”

“You are thinking of your own vanity,” Braegar corrected, a plume of frosty mist escaping his nostrils and freezing a patch of the glassy ground. “A concept so potent it requires no thinning of reality to manifest.”

Fury stuck his tongue out at his reflection, which responded by baring fangs of solidified lava. He chuckled and moved on.

Lyra kept her patrol tight, their formation close, yet one of the Elythrii, Aelen, was looking around, a growing mania in his eyes.

Aelen’s knuckles were white on his weapon. “First Blade,” he whispered, addressing Lyra, “I keep... seeing things. In the corners of my vision. Movements.” Follow current novels on novel·fire·net

“They are not real, Aelen,” Lyra said, her own voice strained. She had seen them too: flickers of dark, multi-limbed shapes skittering just at the edge of sight. “Do not give them your attention. Do not feed them.”

It was easier said than done. The landscape played tricks on the mind. The whispering wind sounded like voices pleading in a forgotten tongue. The grinding of Vraegar’s scales against the glassy rock sounded like bones breaking.

Elara, the young warrior, suddenly cried out and pointed. “There! A child! An Elythrii child!”

They all turned. Standing between two sharp pillars of glass was a small, translucent figure, its form wavering like a heat haze. It had the general shape of an Elythrii youngling, but its face was blank, featureless. It raised a hand, beckoning.

“It’s a trick,” Lyra said sharply, her glaive humming as she gripped it tighter.

“But it’s so real...” Elara took a half-step forward.

“Do not!” Vraegar’s command was like a physical force, freezing Elara in her tracks. “It is a Shard-Phantom. It feeds on longing and grief. It has pulled the image of a lost one from your mind, warrior. To touch it is to let it anchor itself to your soul, to drain your warmth until you are as cold and empty as this place.”

The warning of Vraegar should have been enough, but somehow, Aelen had been able to squeeze through the barrier of the dragon’s will, and he had touched a pillar of black glass. His eyes widened as a silent scream emerged from his open mouth before he turned into ash.

The party went silent, the Elythrii in shock at losing one of their members and the dragon at failing to contain a mortal being.

Before the shock could settle in the hearts of the Elythrii, the black glass rippled, and a phantom of the dead Aelen stepped out of it.

The phantom gestured, a call to join with him, and what horrified the Elythrii was the string pull for them to comply, and if not for the will of the dragon surrounding them, maybe all of them would have fallen to this phantom.

Elara stumbled back, her face pale. “My... my brother. I can hear his cries; he wants us to bring him back home. He is so cold.” Tears welled in her multifaceted eyes and froze on her cheeks.

The phantom’s blank face seemed to smile. It took a step forward.

Furu sighed dramatically. “Ugh, emotional vampires. So tacky.” He snapped his fingers. There was no sound, but a wave of pure, dry heat shot out from him. The phantom didn’t scream; it simply unraveled, its form dissipating like mist under a noon sun. The oppressive feeling lessened slightly.

“There,” Fury said, brushing his hands together. “All better. See? Nothing a little controlled burn can’t fix.”

“A brute-force solution,” Vraegar rumbled, though he didn’t sound entirely disapproving. “You scorch the symptom but ignore the sickness of this place.”

“The sickness is boredom,” Fury retorted. “And my cure is efficiency. Now, who’s hungry? All this existential dread works up an appetite.” He reached into a pouch at his belt and pulled out what looked like a lump of raw, glowing coal. He took a bite, crunching down on it with apparent relish. Sparks flew from his lips.

The Elythrii stared, horrified, when they noticed the coal was the screaming souls of billions of unknown creatures.

“What?” he said with his mouth full. “It’s a high-energy snack. Want some? You can’t eat souls, but it will warm you up.” He offered the glowing rock to Lyra.

“We... sustain ourselves on sunlight and purified water,” she said, trying to keep the revulsion from her voice.

“Sunlight?” Fury laughed. “That’s like trying to run a volcano on a candle. No wonder you’re all so twiggy.” Nevertheless, he waved a hand, and the air around the Elythrii grew noticeably warmer, as if they were standing in a perfect, gentle sunbeam. Their aching muscles relaxed, and the ringing in their ears subsided. It was an oddly kind gesture, wrapped in insult.

They traveled in silence for a time, the only sound the crunch-crunch-crunch of Fury working his way through his petrified snack.

“You mentioned countless races,” Lyra ventured, eager to steer her own mind away from the phantom shapes. “Endless wars. Our people know of the Skaraggi hives near the Inheritance Ground and the Stone-Shaper clans of the deep earth residing in the free-dimensional belts. But your perspective... must be vast.”

Fury swallowed the last of his coal. “Vast? You have no idea. It’s a zoo out there. A loud, violent, endlessly fascinating zoo. Take the Skaraggi, for instance. You see a hive of chittering, expansionist insects. I see a beautifully efficient biomass conversion system. They’re not evil; they’re just hungry. And their queen has a fantastic singing voice, if you can get past the fact that it causes your brain to liquefy. Shame I had to kill her, she refused to join my crusade and still wished to make me a vassal.”

Elara looked ill. “And the wars?”

“What about them?” Fury asked. “They’re endless because the reasons are endless. Apart from the major event that is set to shape Reality, which has slowly brought everything to a halt, the Skaraggi fight for food. The Stone-Shapers fight for the best rocks—don’t laugh, it’s a serious business, a really good vein of narrative-quartz is worth more than your entire forest. The Aether-Whalers of the floating continents fight over clouds that contain the dreams of dead gods. The Pyroclastic Mandarins fight philosophical wars over the correct interpretation of a single line of poetry written in lava a million years ago. It’s all nonsense.”

“It is not nonsense,” Vraegar countered. “It is identity. It is the expression of purpose. A being, a people, must define themselves against something. Often, that something is another being or people. Someone like you should know that, but it seems you have been away from family too long. Or is this so-called alliance of yours a plea for help? A search for something inside you that is missing. I believe that conflict is the whetstone upon which cultures sharpen themselves.”

Fury ignored the jab at his present situation by Vragear as she shot back,

“And sometimes they just sharpened themselves into oblivion,” Fury smiled, a haunted look in his eyes. He might have grown a lot due to his talents, but that had exposed him to the horrors of Reality too quickly, and not everyone’s soul was made to adapt to horror. He continued speaking with a hint of venom in his voice, “The K’ttharr Empire defined themselves so hard against everyone else that they invented a weapon that erased their own timeline from existence. Very sharp. Very dead. Poof.” He made an explosive gesture with his fingers.

“You speak of such tragedies so lightly,” Lyra said, aghast.

“Tragedy? Comedy?” Fury shrugged. “It’s all material. This whole damned Reality is a story, First Blade. A very, very long and poorly edited one. Some Chapters are bloody, some are romantic, and some are just a single page that says, ‘And then they all died because of a misplaced decimal point in a ritual.’ You have to learn to appreciate the whole messy ritual. If you get too hung up on one gory stitch, you’ll miss the grand, ridiculous pattern.”

“And what is the pattern, oh sage of the forge?” Vraegar asked, a hint of mockery in his voice.

“That there isn’t one!” Fury said, spreading his arms wide. “That’s the beauty of it! It’s chaos! Glorious, unpredictable, explosive chaos! The creators try to impose a melody, the killers try to impose silence, but the real music is in the noise in between!”

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The argument between these two continued for a while, even when they crossed half of this strange dimension, and the Elythrii listened in awe and fear.

The battle of words between these two was immense, ancient, and far beyond Lyra's and the Elythrii's comprehension, yet it was fought with the familiarity of two beings who had known each other for eons.

It was their hidden clash, laid bare against the surreal backdrop of the Shattered Mirror, and Lyra suspected that in the center of this argument was a single person, a hidden creator.

Before the debate could escalate further, the ground beneath them shuddered, not from the ceaseless Echo of the Arena but from a localized impact. Something huge had landed ahead of them, behind a ridge of sharp black glass.

Vraegar froze, his head cocked. "Titan Scavengers. Drawn by the call of the Arena. They seek to feed on the spilled power of this wounded dimension."

Fury cracked his knuckles, which sounded like splitting granite. "Oh, good. I was getting bored with philosophical debate. Let's go break something." This chapter is updated by NoveI-Fire.NET

He and Vraegar moved forward as one, a sudden and terrifyingly coordinated unit. The argument was forgotten in the face of a common, immediate threat. The Elythrii followed, their own weapons ready; this may be their first major combat in this realm.

Peering over the ridge, they saw the Titan scavengers. They were unlike any race Lyra had ever seen or heard of. They were massive, six-legged beasts with chitinous plates the color of a deep bruise. They had no heads, but a single, massive, bloodshot eye set in the center of their torsos. They were tearing at the landscape itself, breaking off shards of the black glass with powerful mandibles and swallowing them, seemingly feeding on the concentrated dissonance of the place. There were three of them.

"Reality-eaters," Vraegar identified, his voice thick with distaste. "Vermin, they take everything, shrinking Reality with their hunger. Their kind was exterminated in the Primordial Era, but with the destruction of the Great Desert, all kinds of horrors now walk the realm once more."

"My turn," Fury said, a wild grin spreading across his face. He leaped from the ridge.

He didn't fall. He flew, propelled by a jet of fire that erupted from his boots. He shot towards the nearest beast, his body transforming mid-air. His skin cracked like cooling magma, revealing the furious orange glow beneath. He became less a man and more a comet of contained fury.

All the phoenixes that usually surrounded his body were sucked into his core, where they generated nine-colored flames that pulsed through his soul, radiating outwards from his flesh like stars.

He slammed fist-first into the creature's eye. There was a wet, sizzling pop, and the beast let out a guttural shriek that was pure psychic pain. It flailed blindly as Fury clung to it, his hands sinking into its flesh, which began to smoke and burn from the inside out. The smell was horrific.

Vraegar did not move to help. He simply watched. "Brutal. But effective."

The other two beasts turned from their feeding, their massive eyes focusing on the burning thing that was killing their kin. They charged.

Lyra didn't hesitate. "Elythrii! Harmonic Strike! On the left one!"

Her warriors, disciplined despite their fear, fell into formation. They didn't charge. They planted their feet, and their armor began to glow with a soft, green-gold light. They raised their weapons, not to stab or slash, but to hum. A specific, resonant frequency, a chord of pure life and order that they used to purify corruption.

The sound hit the left-hand beast like a physical wave. It screeched, stumbling back, its chaotic form repulsed by the focused harmony. Its chitinous plates vibrated violently, and cracks appeared in its shell.

The third beast ignored them and thundered toward Fury, who was now cheerfully setting the first creature's insides on fire.

Vraegar finally moved. He didn't attack. He simply inhaled.

A cone of absolute cold, an absence of breath that had frozen light and time itself, washed over the charging beast. It didn't freeze solid; it simply... stopped. Its momentum ceased. Its twitching limbs locked in place. The very air around it crystallized. It was encased in a perfect, transparent coffin of ice, its malevolent eye fixed in an expression of eternal surprise.

The dragon had taken every single bit of essence inside the beast—its life, soul, memory, fate, and destiny. Yet something of this beast had been preserved by the dragon. This body turned to ice and stone would remain for many Eras, except it was destroyed, a silent monument to the power of Vraegar.

From the moment Vraegar became an Old One, he had been continuously learning and growing his power, his tactics becoming more refined as he hoped to one day be worthy enough to be called the first son of Rowan.

Fury blew up the first beast from the inside out, showering the area with smoking viscera. He landed, covered in gore that steamed and evaporated off his molten skin. He looked at the frozen beast, then at the one the Elythrii were still repelling with their song.

"You couldn't have done that five seconds earlier?" he complained to Vraegar.

“You had it well in hand,” the dragon replied, a trace of dry amusement in his voice. “I did not wish to interfere with your artistry. Also, do not forget that you were the one who made the first move.”

Fury grumbled but turned to the final beast. He pointed a single finger. A thin, white-hot beam of fire lanced out and struck the creature precisely in one of the cracks made by the Elythrii’s harmonic strike. The beam drilled inward. The beast shuddered, its psychic scream cut short as it exploded from within, shards of its shell flying everywhere.

Silence returned to the Shattered Mirror, broken only by the crackle of Fury’s body cooling down and the faint hum of the Elythrii’s weapons powering down.

Fury looked at the Elythrii, then at the frozen statue of the third beast, then at Vraegar. A wide, genuine grin split his face.

“You know,” he said, wiping a smear of ash from his cheek. “For a bunch of saplings, a walking leech, and a glorified campfire... we make a pretty good team.”

Lyra, her heart still hammering from the fight, looked from the incinerated remains to the frozen monument to the exploded carcass.

They were three different kinds of annihilation, working in concert. The doubt in her stomach tightened. They were heading to a battle between a creator and an unmaker, escorted by a preserver and a destroyer.

She was no longer sure which side was which, or what her people’s place in this cosmic struggle truly was. All she knew was that the path ahead was far more complicated and far more dangerous than she had ever imagined. And the conversation was far from over.

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Chapter 1761: The Arena

The battle was the first of many as the new party journeyed closer to the Arena.

Thankfully, the opposition they met was not very powerful, since those who could resist the call of the Arena mainly were mindless or beings of pure instincts who knew better than to go to a place that stank of such great power.

Still, for the Elythrii, the journey through the Shattered Mirror and beyond was a descent into a waking dream of cosmic absurdity as they saw creatures of nightmares that haunted their waking moments and learned of the absurdity of life on such a grand scale that it shook them all to the core.

The arguments between Fury and Vraegar became a familiar soundtrack, their eternal debate a strangely comforting anchor in the increasingly unstable reality.

They crossed plains of whispering ash that formed faces which pleaded for stories, foraged for sustenance in groves of crystalline fruit that shattered into musical notes when eaten, and once had to navigate a river of liquid time, its currents pulling at their memories and their very ages, they had glimpsed another powerful dragon-like being inside the river of time who looked at Vraegar with a hint of challenge before sinking deeper into the river.

Through it all, the Echo from the Arena grew. It was no longer a sound, but a physical presence, a thickness in the air that made movement laborious and thought sluggish. It was the psychic weight of countless infinite beings focusing their entire attention on one another, a pressure that would have vaporized lesser creatures.

The Elythrii moved in a daze, their connection to their fellows stretched to a thread, a faint, dying hum in the back of their minds against the roaring static of the impending conflict.

Then, they passed through a final, shimmering curtain of distorted space—a membrane of reality stretched taut—and emerged.

And all thought, all breath, was stolen away.

They stood on a shore. But the shore was not of land or water. It was a beach of swirling, fractal dust, each grain a miniature galaxy spinning in impossible colors. And it lapped at the edges of an ocean of pure, chaotic potential—a seething, formless nebula of might-have-beens and never-weres. This was the periphery. The very edge of the arena.

And before them, spanning the infinite expanse, was the Arena where the fate of an Era would be decided.

It was not a structure. It was a wound. A titanic, ragged tear in the fabric of all creation, a scar left over from the first division of light from dark. Its “edges” were not stone or metal, but the frayed ends of dimensional planes, crackling with raw, unformed energy. Within its impossible vastness, geometries shifted and boiled, mountains of solidified sound rose and fell in waves of silent crescendo, and continents of mirror-bright obsidian floated in a non-sky of swirling elemental fury.

They had silently crossed into the Great Abyss, and they could hardly feel the call of this demonic place because the power of the Arena had overshadowed the Aura of the Great Abyss. Countless Primordial might had been poured into its creation, and it stood as one of the greatest achievements of this Reality, because looking back from the beginning of Reality to this moment, nothing like it has ever been created.

It was too big to comprehend. Looking at it directly caused the mind to flinch away, to see only fragments: a curve that was simultaneously a mile and a million miles across; a canyon that plunged through the heart of a star; a forest of trees made of frozen lightning.

“This...” Lyra breathed, her voice a tiny, insignificant thing swallowed by the immensity. “This is where they will fight?”

“Fight?” Fury snorted, though even his usual bravado was muted, his fiery hair flickering with something like reverence. “No, little sapling. They won’t ‘fight’ here. They will do something that beyond battle. I like to think of it as a negotiation of the laws that would bind reality. This is the negotiating table. And those,” he said, pointing a glowing finger towards the “seats” that rose in countless tiers around the impossible wound, “are the audience.”

The Elythrii followed his gesture, and their perception, already reeling, shattered completely.

The galleries of the arena were not built; they were manifested. Entire worlds had been folded into bleachers. A range of mountains, each peak carved into a throne for a giant of living stone. A swirling vortex of captured suns, each a resting place for a being of pure plasma.

A web of shadow strung between the peaks, upon which nightmares perched like ghastly birds. A forest of singing crystal, each tree holding a choir of light-beings. A swamp of bubbling primordial ooze was where vast, shapeless things undulated. This content belongs to novel ♦fire.net

And the beings. The countless races. The numbers were beyond counting, beyond meaning. They were not an army or a crowd; they were a demographic sample of all existence, a census of all dimensions.

Lyra's enhanced eyesight meant to spot a leaf falling a hundred miles away in her own forest, but she could not process it. She saw glimpses, fragments of the whole, each one a new lesson in terror and wonder.

The only races she could recognize with a degree of certainty were the Skaraggi, a living carpet of chitin and clicking mandibles covering an entire continental plate of a folded-in world, their collective mind-hive a palpable pressure of single-minded hunger.

She saw the Stone-Shaper clans, not as the small, earthy folk of legend, but as majestic, mountain-sized entities of granite and gemstone, their slow, tectonic thoughts causing the very air around their section to vibrate with deep, patient power.

She saw things with a million eyes and wings of vacuum. She saw entities that were living mathematical equations, their forms constantly resolving and dissolving. She saw gods from forgotten pantheons, now reduced to minor spectators. She saw demons from the most bottomless pits, chained to their seats by bonds of crackling energy, roaring their defiance into the silent thunder of the arena.

The air was thick with the power they all radiated. It was a storm of auras, a hurricane of conflicting domains. The scent of ozone was buried under the smell of blood, incense, ozone, rot, nectar, and the cold void of space. The sound was a roar of silent languages, psychic broadcasts, chants, war-songs, and the grinding of celestial mechanics.

The Elythrii fell to their knees, not in worship but in sheer sensory overload. Their hands clamped over their eyes and ears as one of them gasped, "The song... it's all wrong... It's every song at once... it's noise..."

Elara was weeping openly, tears of awe and terror freezing and evaporating on her cheeks simultaneously in the chaotic energy field. "So many... how can there be so many? Our entire people... we are less than a grain of sand on this beach."

Vraegar surveyed the scene, his glacial eyes reflecting the pandemonium. "This is but a fraction," he rumbled, his voice a small island of calm in the maelstrom. "Many are still arriving. Many more are watching from afar, through scrying pools and reality-shards. This event will define epochs. All who can, bear witness."

Fury cracked his neck, the sound like splitting rock. "Alright. Time to find our seats. The good spots are probably taken, but I know a few tucked-away ledges with a decent view of the impending catastrophe." He began striding forward along the galactic beach, as if navigating a market square.

"Seats?" Lyra asked, her legs feeling like water. "Where... how... could we possibly..."

"Don't worry about the 'where'," Fury called back. "Worry about the 'how not to get eaten on the way'. Stick close. Frost-Scale, you're on crowd control. Your particular brand of monotonous stillness is great for clearing a path."

Indeed, as Vraegar moved forward, his aura of absolute zero preceding him, the seething mass of entities subtly recoiled. A path opened through a group of fiery salamander-beings who hissed and sputtered as their flames guttered in his presence. A hovering, eye-covered sphere veered sharply away, its many pupils dilating in discomfort. They were insignificant to these powers, but Vraegar's ancient, potent presence was an annoyance they would rather avoid.

The journey through the "concourse" of the arena was a nightmare of scale and strangeness. They walked past arguments between gods that shook the fabric of space. They saw markets where concepts and emotions were traded like spices. They had to step over the sleeping form of a giant whose beard was a flowing river of stars and whose snoring created small supernovae in his nostrils.

Lyra felt a profound, soul-crushing insignificance. She was a mayfly at a conference of continents. Her people's wars, their history, their cherished home—it was all a tiny, fleeting pattern in an infinite web.

The idea that their creator, the benevolent Singer of Suns, was one of the two beings about to clash here seemed ludicrous, arrogant. What concern would such a being have for a single, small garden in a corner of one universe?

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 1762: New Arrivals

The Primordial Record

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Chapter 1762: New Arrivals

First Blade," Elara whispered, her voice shaking as he pointed a trembling finger upwards. "Look."

High above, in a tier of the arena that seemed carved from solidified virtue, was a host of beings of light. They were radiant, beautiful, and terrible, their forms singing a harmony that made the Elythrii's hearts ache with longing. They shone with the warmth of nurturing suns, the gentle strength of growth, the perfect order of a sublime melody.

What caught the attention of the Elythrii was a faint connection these beings had with the Archai. They could sense a sort of relationship and could not understand its origin.

“The Celestial choir,” Fury said, following their gaze. His voice was uncharacteristically flat. “His fan club. I saw countless others like them in his court. What is funny is that today they do not celebrate his victory but his loss. So you see, when I tell you that creation is messed up.”

“He lies to you. The Angels of my father never lost faith in him; they were his strongest companions, and they all perished in his service, and not a single one of them faltered. Fury does not know everything.” Vraegar stated.

“They have a child’s understanding of a bar fight,” Ignis retorted, but without his usual heat. He looked away, towards an opposite section of the arena, a domain of swirling, negative energy and profound silence. They were the Lords of the Abyss, Demon Lords with unfathomable strength; most had not been seen in Reality before. “And that’s his cheering section. The Quietude. Not much for chanting. More for... ominous staring. They would only cheer when his head is cut off.”

The contrast was chilling. On one side, a radiant, harmonious host filled with light and song. On the other, a shifting, dark multitude characterized by absence, silence, and a patient, hungry stillness. The very air between these two factions crackled with antipathy, a silent war already raging in the stands.

Yet, they were both hoping for the death of a single person. Even in their division, they all craved the fall of this unknown Creator.

“And... which side are we on?” Elara asked, her voice small.

Fury and Vraegar looked at each other. For once, they didn’t argue.

“We,” Vraegar said, his voice final, “are on the side of the narrative. We are witnesses. We observe. We record. We do not cheer.” Then the dragon grinned, “At least not yet. Not until my father showed all of Reality what it means to define an epoch.”

“Speak for yourself,” Fury muttered. “I paid good star-wine for something profoundly shocking and hopefully very bloody to happen.” But he didn’t elaborate on what he meant by this statement.

They finally reached a relatively secluded ledge, a protruding tongue of black rock that jutted out over the seething chaos of the arena floor. It was empty, as if shunned by others. The view was horrifyingly perfect. They could see deep into the wound in reality, see the laws of physics break down and reform in endless, violent cycles.

“Home sweet home,” Fury announced, plopping down on the edge, his legs dangling over the infinite drop. “Best seats in the house. No screaming zealots, no dripping ooze monsters... well, fewer of them anyway.”

The Elythrii remained standing, huddled together, unable to relax. The tension was a physical thing, a coiling in the air, a drawing of breath from a billion throats. The countless conversations, arguments, and psychic broadcasts began to die down. The frantic energy of the crowd shifted to a unified, anticipatory silence.

Inside the Arena, the echo was gone. Replaced by a profound, absolute stillness.

It was the calm before the storm of all storms.

Lyra looked out at the two factions, the Celestial Hosts and the Abyssal Lords. She looked at the countless other races, some there for wisdom, some for power, some for the spectacle, some simply because the gravitational pull of the event was inescapable.

She thought of Fury's words. "You're fighting a war just by existing your way."

Was that what this was? The ultimate expression of that war? Not a battle of good versus evil, but of creation versus entropy, of song versus silence, of the desire to nurture a garden versus the necessity of making space for new growth?

The fear was paralyzing. The excitement was undeniable. The tension was a wire stretched to its breaking point inside her soul.

They were here. They were insignificant. They were afraid.

And on the ledge overlooking the end of all things, surrounded by the mad, infinite, glorious zoo of existence, they waited for the mad gods of this realm to dance. this chapter is updated by NoveI.Fire.net

They remained in silence for a while before it was broken by the arrival of several unknown immortals.

The first to arrive was a lady who was seemingly made from silver. She announced herself to be Ghribba, the Silver Queen. Then, she went silent. She sat and briefly observed the Elythrii before looking away. Fury and Vraegar did not turn her away. Lyra thought it was strange, but she remained quiet.

Next was a pair of mages, a young man and a woman, and from their faces, it was easy to discern that they were siblings. Lyra felt a brief shadow of connection with the man, who introduced himself as the Seeker of Origin, but the woman was silent, her eyes dancing between Ghribba, Fury, and Vraegar.

Lyra could see the light of fear in the Magus' eyes, but the hands of her brother held her steady, and his eyes kept drifting towards the Elythrii, a potent glow inside of them almost similar to lust. It was apparent who wanted to be here.

Not too long after this, a draconic god wandered into the gathering and found a place to sit in silence. This time, Vraegar turned his massive head to look at this god, his eyes crinkling in irritation and a bit of amusement before he looked away.

Then Lyra felt a chill on her spine as a heavy weight descended on this area. A man with long white hair and a beard walked up to them. His eyes were white as if he were blind, and his body was tall and heavily muscled, yet he walked with the grace of a dancer.

His empty eyes turned to the Elythrii, and he spoke loudly, “Strange, you have the verdant Aura of the Eldar, yet you are not one... fascinating. Is this all he has to offer, mortals?” he looked away and turned towards Fury and Vraegar,

“So, this is what his entire dominion has been reduced to. How pathetic.”

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Chapter 1763: The Arrival of Infinity

For years, the Primordial Vortex had been spewing out essence into Reality, drastically altering its composition and strengthening its foundations.

This change had become so prevalent that there was no longer any demarcation between the lower realms and the higher realms, and the number of higher-dimensional immortals was exploding in number like maggots in a ripe corpse.

The Primordial Domains seemed content to make this happen, although at first, they had been against it, yet this only applied to the vortex in and around their domains.

On this day, a visible wave of force erupted from all Primordial Domains. The Great Abyss, the Great Labyrinth, the Land of Miracles, the Inheritance Ground, and the Celestial Heaven.

This ripple swept across all Reality like seeking fingers, and they grabbed the Primordial Vortexes, all 1,008,008 of them that had been spewing essence into Reality, and at first, it was as if they wanted to shatter these vortexes; instead, these fingers reached through the vortex and tore it open.

A loud shriek that would have ended all life below the six-dimensional level resounded all throughout Reality from this profound violation, but because this cry was heard only in the third layer of space and time, the inhabitants of Eosah were spared the result of this action; however, massive amounts of essence began spewing out of the cracks in space.

It was no longer vortexes but massive gashes in space and time extending for thousands of light-years across.

Rowan opened a passage to the last few essences of Eosah, although this essence no longer had any life due to her death. One thing it had in abundance was power.

When he opened this passage, he had limited the flood of essence that would enter Reality, carefully controlling it so it would not overwhelm the fragile inhabitants within, else this would have led to a purge of all life, as only a few Old Ones would be able to withstand the flood of power that such an event would bring.

There were barely a small portion of this dead essence left in Eosah's corpse, but that was looking at it on the scale of Reality as a whole, for the inhabitants of Reality, this small puddle of essence was a power that was too potent to be comprehended, because in their perception, even a drop of Eosah's dead essence was seen as infinite.

Despite all of the transformations that had been ongoing in Reality, Rowan had barely released eight percent of the total amount of essence left in Eosah, and if he continued his present rate of release, it would take at least two hundred thousand years for it to be completely released.

With the Primordials ripping open this passage, pandemonium should have occurred, like forcefully pouring a sea full of blood into the body of a mortal; countless lifeforms all over Reality should have exploded with the abundance of essence now flooding their being, but this did not happen.

Instead, like a carefully controlled symphony, the flood of essence was all drawn towards all the Primordial Domains.

This essence was compressed and folded, not allowed to pour all over Reality, and from these folded essences, a road was created that extended from all the Primordial Domains, straight towards the Arena.

Rowan had once believed that the Primordials would most likely not interfere with the Primordial Vortexes, not until they were ready to finally begin to harvest Reality, and that would still be a bit far off in the future, but something had changed.

The Primordials were no longer willing to stand on the sidelines and use their Thrones; they wanted to walk the realm once more.

Perhaps Rowan should have seen this coming, but even someone like him had instances where he made slight errors in judgment.

The truth was that with the character of Primordial Demon, if he was able to successfully acquire a Throne with the power of Telmus, a being who had the potential of effortlessly commanding and controlling the full might of a Primordial, then the balance was broken.

With Telmus, the Primordials could no longer patiently wait for the final mysteries of Reality to open up; they had to arise and take matters into their hands.

®

Through the eyes of Lyra and the Elythrii here in the Arena, the rest of the Elythrii left in the Seed-Ship could watch what was ongoing in the Arena, and the immensity of what they were witnessing shook them to the core.

It was not as if their realm possessed fewer mysteries than this one; no, it was far from it, according to the foremost minds of the Elythrii society, they had barely even begun to understand or even discern a fraction of a fraction of the wealth of possibilities inside their realm, from their living Ether to the benevolent Archais that oversaw their world.

However, this realm seemed to be at its twilight, and this meant there were no more mysteries to uncover, everything had been seen and documented, its soul and spirit were dead, and its only ending was Oblivion.

Yet, it was at the twilight of a thing that most of its beauty shines forth, and this realm had reached its zenith. Countless wonders and varied lifeforms had arisen inside of it, and now they all gathered in a single location.

It was as if, before death, a warrior was displaying its ultimate brilliance, but the Elythrii did not fully understand this concept; they felt it.

They watched in awe and furiously documented the forms and Aura of all the beings they could see through the eyes of Lyra and the rest, their bodies and souls shivering in excitement, but they suddenly felt a premonition of intense danger, and this was all the warning that was given before the Elythrii crushed down to the floor.

It was as if a gigantic hand had pressed them down, and their Seed Ship wailed in pain as it began to fall.

All of this arose because of the new presence that had entered the Arena... the Primordials.

®

The creation of a road from all the Primordial Domains to the Arena might have taken a bit of time with their perception, but to the rest of Reality, it was instantaneous.

One moment, there was nothing, then there was.... Everything.

A profound presence rippled across all of existence, and all life was driven to its knees. There was no pressure, only a compulsion that was absolute in its intensity.

Inside the Arena, a deep silence was imposed on Reality.

The silence was the most terrifying sound Lyra had ever heard. It was not an absence of noise, but a presence.

It was a weight, a density that pressed against the eardrums and the mind. The roaring cacophony of a billion entities had stilled, leaving behind a void that hummed with potential energy, like a drawn bowstring the size of a universe.

On their secluded ledge, the small party was isolated in the face of infinity. The white haired man who had arrived with grace had been driven to his knees, and no matter how he raged against the tide of silence, he could not rise.

He trembled, his eyes wide and unseeing, lost in the psychic aftershock of the crowd's silent scream; he, more than anyone, could feel the true weight of a Primordial.

Elara of the Elythrii was rigid, her knuckles white on her weapon, her tears dry now—frozen by Vraegar's proximity and boiled away by Fury's. The other Elythrii warriors had formed a tight, instinctive circle around their stricken comrade, their own fear a palpable force.

Lyra's own heart was a frantic drum against the immense, crushing stillness. She looked to their unlikely guides. Vraegar had coiled his immense body, becoming a fortress of white scale and chilled air, his head held high, his glacial eyes scanning the impossible arena with the focus of a historian recording a final, definitive Chapter. Find the newest release on novelfire.net

Fuey, conversely, had lost all his flippancy. He sat perfectly still on the ledge's edge, the flames of his hair burning low and steady, his gaze fixed on the chaotic void below. For the first time, he looked ancient, weary, and utterly serious.

He had tasted the limits of power in the Great Desert, and now, he was experiencing the entirety of its might without any filters.

The tension stretched, thinner and thinner, a note held past the point of breaking.

Then, the first one arrived.

Chapter 1764: A New Primordial

He was not a sight or a sound. He was a knowing, a fundamental truth asserting itself into the fabric of the arena. The scent of loam, of blooming flowers after a rain, of the iron tang of blood, and the sweet perfume of nectar flooded every sense, real and psychic.

The fractal dust of the beach beneath his impossible bulk sprouted. Tiny, impossible forests grew and died in the space of a heartbeat on every grain of galactic sand. The air itself grew thick, heavy with the promise and threat of generation.

A form coalesced in the center of the arena, above the wound. It was not a body but a concept given temporary shape—a vast, swirling nexus of root, vine, muscle, petal, and claw—an alien fusion of tree and flesh.

He was the first cell dividing, the predator stalking, the great tree falling to make room for saplings, the endless, desperate, glorious struggle to be. He was life, in all its beautiful, savage, unstoppable urgency.

Primordial Life had taken its seat.

To the lower life forms, he could barely view his majesty; he resembled a colossal tree that had no beginning or end, greater than the Arena, yet still able to float above it... his form drove the unwise to madness who sought to look upon the face of a Primordial.

The collective breath of the audience was a hurricane sigh. Beings of flesh and chlorophyll shuddered in recognition. Those of stone and fire felt a distant, alien echo of their own animated state.

The Celestial Hosts swelled with light, their harmonies gaining a new, fierce vibrancy. The Quietude of the Demon Lords seemed to absorb the energy, the life-force, making the silence around them even deeper and more profound by contrast, as in their own way, they fought the influence of a living Primordial floating above their heads.

Lyra felt a sob catch in her throat. To infiltrate this Arena, they had taken the form of an Eldar; however, even though this form had no roots, she was still affected by the Aura of Primordial Life.

A distant part of herself was shaken in horror as she felt that this Primordial was the essence of her people, and she was of the Eldar. This was the force they served. It was overwhelming, terrifying, and magnificent.

In this moment, when common sense seemed to be fleeing her body and soul, she understood why Vraegar had been evasive. To understand the power of the Primordial and call themselves his children was not an easy feat. It was to claim that this raw, amoral, magnificent force, as a “creator,” was like a single leaf claiming a hurricane as its parent.

They were not worthy, and this knowledge of her failings made her ashamed. Inside her heart, Lyra began to hurriedly dismantle the cloak of the Eldar she and the Elythrii were wearing.... In the presence of Primordial Life, this was like seeking death, and if she still had on the form of an Eldar, it would not take long before she begins worshipping Primordial Life as their creator. [READ LATEST CHAPTERS AT novelfire.net](http://novelfire.net)

Before the impact of Life’s arrival could fade, the second Primordial manifested.

The swirling, chaotic potential of the arena's wound... stilled. Not into silence, but into clarity. The shifting geometries froze into perfect, crystalline lattices. The light stopped its wild dance and became a steady, illuminating beam. It was as if the entire cosmos took a sharp, sudden breath and remembered itself.

Vraegar shivered. His massive draconic eyes were filled with fear and yearning. He could sense the presence arriving; after all, he had lived inside his body for a while as one of his Specters.

A cool, blue light emanated from a new point in the arena, and with it came a sensation of profound order. It was the feeling of a forgotten name suddenly recalled, of a history lesson that made sense of the present, of the absolute certainty of a mathematical proof. It was the archive, the record, the unerring chronicle of all that was.

Its form was a constantly shifting, infinite lattice of interconnected threads—some were timelines, some were stories, some were genetic codes, some were the chains of cause and effect.

It was a living library where every book was written in the language of existence itself. It was memory, not as a passive record, but as an active, defining force. The past was not gone; it was here, it was now, and it dictated the shape of what was to come.

Primordial Memory had arrived, and for a while, the heavens above turned to the color of gold, signifying the hidden and endless greed of this Primordial for treasure.

Vraegar let out a shuddering breath, a plume of frost that seemed insignificant next to this display. “The Keeper of the Ledger, the Holder of Treasure, Primordial Memory,” he whispered, and there was a tone in his voice Lyra had never heard before: yearning. This was one of his patrons, the source of his drive to preserve, record, and consume.

Memory valued the past above all. The end of all things would be the erasure of its entire purpose, yet the nature of the Primordial was perverted by the endless hunger of his main body, who did not see value in the title it held, and only saw Memory as a means to an end.

If Rowan were here, he would realize why Primordial Memory appears to be the weakest Primordial here. It was because he was fighting his nature; the duality of his existence was weakening him on a level that only a ninth-dimensional being would understand.

Fury shifted uncomfortably as he looked away from the shifting form of Primordial Memory. He had barely glanced at him, yet his head nearly exploded. “Ugh. Always gives me a headache. All that looking backward. How can you create anything new if you're always worried about how it fits with the old? Still, I can feel his hunger; it is fucking unnatural.”

By the side, the white haired man chuckled, “You have no idea.”

Fuey had no time to understand what this stranger meant when the third arrival was announced not by a scent or a light, but by a scream.

A silent, psychic scream that tore through the minds of every being present. It was the scream of the first murder, the scream of betrayal, the scream of rage and pain and infinite, bottomless want.

The warm, fecund air of Life and the cool, ordered light of Memory were suddenly violated by a chilling, invasive presence.

The arena's wound seemed to grow darker, the chaotic energies within it twisting into agonized shapes. Shadows deepened, not as an absence of light, but as a positive, malicious force.

This form was a vortex of broken promises, festering hatred, and exquisite temptation. It was the serpent's whisper, the knife in the dark, the addiction that promised bliss and delivered torment. It was not evil in a simplistic sense; it was the necessary counterpoint to cooperation, the engine of conflict that drove evolution and ambition. It was the flaw in the diamond, the crack in the foundation, the lie that sometimes revealed a truth too terrible to face.

All the demons in the Great Abyss began to scream. A wail that was so horrifying it was impossible to be placed into context.

Primordial Demon had come.

Not a devil from some hell, but the Primordial source of all negative impulse, all selfish desire, all the dark drives that made life interesting, tragic, and unpredictable.

The audience recoiled as one. The Demon Lords stirred before raising up their swords in adoration, their silent hunger finding a kindred, though far more chaotic, spirit. In the Great Abyss, their Primordial was king, and after his victory in the Arena, Primordial Demon would lead them to sweep through all of Reality until everything worshipped under his black banner.

The lights of the Celestials flickered, their harmony acquiring a defensive, militant edge, and they shrank into themselves.

Fury, observing all these changes across the Primordial forces, grinned, a flash of his old self reappearing. "Now there's a familiar mess. Chaos, entropy, selfishness... keep things from getting too boring, don't they?"

"It is the canker in the rose," Vraegar replied coldly, his eyes looking around, profoundly unsettled. "The flaw that dooms otherwise perfect works, but it would not matter at the end."

“Perfect works are boring,” Fury shot back. “It’s the flaws that make them unique. Even I am not blind to the conflict within Primordial Memory, does this not make it more interesting?”

By the side, the white-haired man looked at Fury with a certain interest. It was rare for an immortal to be able to discern the nature of a Primordial.

The fourth arrival was so subtle that at first, Lyra thought nothing had happened. The Elythrii had mostly purged themselves of the cloak of the Eldar, and their true form was slowly being revealed, drawing the look of surprise from those around them. However, Lyra was not focused on what those around her would think when she noticed the change.

The frozen lattices of Memory began to... dream. The fierce struggle of Life developed narratives, fantasies, and hopes. The dark whispers of Demon found shape in nightmares and forbidden fantasies.

The air began to shimmer with un-things. Castles made of cloud that dissolved into schools of singing fish. Emotions crystallized into fragile, glass sculptures that wept real tears. The scent of nostalgia for places that never existed filled the void.

It was creation, but not from nothing. It was creation from potential. It was the “what if.” It was the artist’s vision, the child’s imaginary friend, the scientist’s hypothesis, the madman’s revelation. It was the boundless, terrifying, glorious power of thought unmoored from reality.

And its form... was a profound shock to Reality, yet it still appeared as it had always existed.

Where the other Primordials had manifested as vast, imposing concepts, this one appeared as a figure—a woman or the idea of one.

She was tall and graceful, her form seemingly woven from starlight and shadow, from half-remembered dreams and forgotten melodies. Her hair flowed like a river of silver ink, and her eyes... her eyes were deep and held entire universes of possibility within them. She was beautiful and terrifying because she was utterly unpredictable.

She was Primordial Imagination.

A ripple of shock, genuine and profound, passed through the other Primordials. This was not supposed to be in the script!

Life’s swirling forms stilled for a microsecond. Memory’s lattice flickered, as if searching its infinite records for a file that did not exist. Demon’s whispers hushed, intrigued, and wary.

She was new. She was unexpected.

She took her “seat,” a space in the Arena that warped around her, becoming a shifting web of might-bes and never-weres. She did not look at the others. Her gaze was fixed on the arena below, and a faint, curious smile was on her lips, as if already composing a dozen different stories for how this might end.

The crowd was bewildered. This was not in the old stories. This was not a force accounted for in any cosmology. A new Primordial? It was like a new law of physics suddenly announcing itself.

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Chapter 1765: The Arrival of Time

On the ledge, Fury let out a low whistle. “Well, well. What have we here? Something new under the suns. I didn’t see that coming.”

Vraegar was silent. The shock he was experiencing was apparent from his scales, which were shivering and emitting hissing noises. His massive head tilted. “Impossible. The Primordial spheres are fixed. They are the foundation. They cannot be added to.”

“Looks like she didn’t get the memo,” Fury said, his eyes alight with fascination. “Imagination. Hah! No wonder she’s new. It’s the one force that can truly make something from nothing. The others just rearrange the pieces. She... invents new pieces.”

Ghribba the Silver Queen shook her head; her eyes were wild, and the madness that had been carefully veiled had been fully revealed.

“No, this is an abomination. A paradox. The foundational forces are fixed. They are the axioms of existence. You cannot simply... invent a new one.”

Fury laughed aloud, “In case you have missed the memo, the fucking proof is staring at you right in the face. You have seen glimpses of the Origin Land, Silver Queen. Did you believe that a place like that can exist inside a Reality like ours? Or have you deceived yourself into thinking that this place would be in a distant dimension? Open your eyes, all of you. There is more to existence than we know, and now we are seeing it in all its glory and horror.”

It is insanity,” Old Man Seed, who had long stopped hiding his Aura, countered the feverish excitement of Fury, his pale eyes tracking a flock of winged, singing teacups that flew past their bubble, pursued by a cloud of possessive silence. The arrival of Primordial Imagination had caused severe changes across Reality.

Although it was apparent that she was not overtly broadcasting her powers, it was inevitable that Reality would change with her presence. The light of the sun would touch all in its vicinity, even if the sun had no wish to do so.

Seed chuckled before he began to laugh aloud. He could see the face of his daughter, Elura, but he knew that she was gone. She controlled the Tree of Imagination, and he knew that one of her greatest ambitions was to find the source of her powers and push for a level beyond the Old Ones to become a Primordial.

It was always a foolish dream, but Seed did not have the heart to break the last of the light in her heart, but Reality was a bitch. Her dreams had been fulfilled, but she had not been the one to savor this victory; it was someone else... something else. At the end, they were all pawns, and Seed never knew his rage could burn this hot.

His laughter drew silence from the pathetic immortals around him, and he wished that he were drunk. Life had taken the last thing he held close and perverted its nature. He began speaking aloud, not caring if those around him understood,

“I have lived for a long time and know that Order and Entropy are the fundamental tensions. Creation and Destruction. Light and Darkness. Life and Death. They are the two hands that shape reality. This... this 'Imagination'... it is not a hand. It is a spasm. A random twitch. It has no place here. It has taken something tangible and made a mockery out of it.”

“No place?” Fury whirled on him, his flames flaring. At first, he had been afraid of the Aura he was detecting from Seed, but after his system had been repeatedly shocked by the presence of the Primordials, he had grown numb. “Look around, you old man! It has every place! It’s taking place! Your precious 'fundamental tensions' were about to grind each other into dust and take the rest of us with them! What? Did you think we were all fools who could not see the changes across Reality? These battles were never about us in the first place; we are simply bystanders, and those were our only choices. Imagination has no place here? I beg to differ. Now there’s a third option. A wild card. And it feels better than any option that has been in front of us for a long time.”

“A wild card is not a solution,” Vraegar intoned. “It is merely a delay of the inevitable. I know you pursue disorder, Fury, in the face of the Primordials, you see your powerlessness, and every change you see among their rank makes you believe there might be a chance for something new, but have you forgotten the sort of beings that rule over us? In your heart, do you believe that this Primordial...” He gestured with his snout towards the chaos of power above, “would give you everything your black heart desires, or would it simply take, like their kind always do.”

“Everything! And nothing!” Fury shot back, throwing his hands up. “That’s the beauty of it! It’s potential! It’s the 'what if'! It’s the spark in the dark that might become a sun or might just be a pretty flash! You’re so busy thinking about the destructiveness of the flame, you forget why the flame is beautiful! It’s beautiful because it changes! It consumes, it transforms, it dances! It doesn’t just sit there, frozen in a block of ice for all eternity! Vraegar, I have given up all thoughts of victory. Now, I just want to watch it all burn. You, on the other hand, still believe that something orderly would arise from the ashes of this madness.”

Their arguments suddenly stalled as they all sensed the profound change that had just transpired across Reality, even the Primordials above seemed to pause as a terrible hush fell across the Arena.

The fifth presence did not arrive. It was simply... recognized. It was as if it had always been there, watching, and had only now decided to allow itself to be perceived.

There was no fanfare, no sensory signature—only a dreadful, absolute inevitability. The blooming of Life was now seen in the context of its wilting. The perfect record of Memory was now seen in the context of its eventual dissolution. The tempting whispers of Demon were now seen in the context of their final, futile end. The beautiful dreams of Imagination were now seen as fleeting sparks in an infinite darkness.

Sands in an hourglass that had been turning since the first moment. A wheel that turned, grinding all things down to dust. It was patience. It was mercy. It was horror. It was Primordial Time.

But it was hidden. Unlike the others, it did not manifest a form or claim a seat. It was a perspective that settled over the arena, a lens of finality through which everything was now viewed.

The audience felt their own mortality, their own expiration date, as a sudden, cold certainty. Even the immortal felt it; for them, it was the certainty of eventual obsolescence, of being forgotten, of their energy one day being recycled into something new.

The Primordials were assembled. Life, Memory, Demon, Imagination, and the hidden presence of Time. The air crackled with their combined power, a silent conversation happening on a frequency too high for any lesser being to perceive. But on their ledge, the immortals here, ancient and powerful in their own right, could sense the edges of it. Their faces were grim.

“They’re arguing,” Seed muttered, his eyes closed in concentration. “Light, Soul, and Chaos are not present. I think... I think they might be scared.”

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Chapter 1766: Stepping Into The Arena

The silence in the obsidian prison he had built to shelter his mind was now different. It was no longer an endless, stagnant pool, but the held breath before a thunderclap. The chains of will that bound Telmus, once thrumming with corrosive energy, now felt like faint, decaying threads.

He could feel the edges of his own body, a distant, forgotten sensation like a limb waking from sleep. Telmus had not been aware when this sensation began, but he knew that after he mastered his Destiny and went further, his soul began to yearn for the touch of his flesh, and this connection was silently made.

Across from him, Xylos, the Primordial Demon, had not taken its form as a serpent or a shrouded man. It was a simple, humanoid shape of shifting smoke and embers, its star-eyes dim. Their debate, their millennia of discourse, had reached its inevitable conclusion. The terms were set.

“The contract nears its fulfillment, Telmus.” Xylos’s voice was not a grind of continents, but a soft sigh of wind over ash. “The Confluence is upon us. A true monster has arisen among us that can be considered one of my kin who chose to wear a singular, monstrous form rather than exist as a pure concept. He has breached the veils of Reality, and his hunger for vengeance will unmake the stars your people cherish. There is no right or wrong in the battle that is to come, only survival.”

Telmus opened his eyes. His long white hair, a spectral banner in the non-space, seemed to catch a light that wasn’t there. His onyx skin, a testament to the sun-baked cliffs of his homeland, felt solid, real. He was remembering what it was to have substance.

“And the wager stands,” Telmus stated, his voice firm, no longer the weary rasp of a prisoner.

“It does,” Xylos confirmed. “You may step out of this cage. You may wield the power we have forged in this debate—your will, my essence, intertwined. Face the beast they call ‘The Desolator, the Last Epoch... the Creator.’ Victory grants you freedom. Our bond severs. I will be... diminished, but you will walk the world again, whole.” The embers of its form flickered. “Defeat means your body and soul become mine utterly. A permanent vessel. A true ending to your story.”

Telmus rose. The obsidian floor, for the first time, felt cold beneath his feet. “I am ready.”

“Then you must prepare,” Xylos said. “You have one chance to look upon what you fight for. One chance to say goodbye. The arena awaits.”

A door of light, painful and pure, irised open in the darkness of Telmus’s mind. Through it, he could feel the pull of his physical form, a heavy, anchor-like presence he had not felt in an age.

Not just his physical form, he could feel the call of his home, a place that should have been lost to him, and Telmus no longer fought the pull of his flesh. His prison shattered into obsidian Shards, and the slayer of divinity was free.

The world returned in a riot of sensation.

The first was pain—a deep, bone-deep ache of a body held in stasis for eons. The second was smell. The faint scent of polish, of sun-warmed stone, and the fainter, sweet smell of fresh sunblossoms laid at his feet.

Ah.... He could smell the Askhor Plains of Trion... his home.

He was standing.

Telmus, the Godslayer, drew a breath. It was a ragged, shocking thing, the air scraping down a dry throat, expanding lungs that had been still for generations. His eyes, wide and unblinking, adjusted to the soft light filtering through the arched windows of a temple, and he noticed that his body had frozen into stone.

His Will commanded his flesh, and his head jerked a bit to the left, causing a loud cracking sound as if a mountain had been suddenly split apart.

Before him, a young woman with hair the color of wheat gasped, her hand flying to her mouth. The basket of sunblossoms she'd been placing at the statue's marble feet tumbled, scattering golden petals across the floor. She stared up at the living legend, her eyes wide with terror and awe.

Telmus ignored her. His gaze was fixed on his own hands. They were not marble. They were his hands, black-skinned and scarred, the hands that had held a sword, that had touched a lover's face. He flexed his fingers, feeling tendons creak and muscles scream in protest.

He took a step. The sound of his bare foot on the cool stone floor was the loudest sound in the universe. The woman scrambled back, but he passed her without a word, drawn like a magnet to the far walls of the temple.

There, in a mosaic of countless colored tiles, were his family and the engraving of his people.

Time had not been kind to his memory. The faces were sharper, more real than any reconstruction in his mind-cage. His mother was not the dismissive avoidant that Xylos had described, but a woman with sharp eyes and a weary smile.

She stood beside his wife, whose arm was around Telmus's daughter—her face a beacon of fierce love and intelligence. His wife was laughing, her hair a wild cascade, and her grin infectious.

He reached out a trembling hand, but stopped short of touching the cool tiles. He had no right. He had been absent. A story they told, a statue they polished. Not a lover, not a father.

“They are all gone, you know, but she remains out there in the upper realms.”

The voice was old, cracked with age. Telmus turned. An ancient man, leaning on a gnarled staff, stood by the doorway. His eyes, milky with cataracts, seemed to see right through him.

“The Trion that you see is a new one, recreated by an unknown power,” the old man said. “But this temple, your temple, is real, brought forth from Trion before its destruction by the being you are about to battle, and he also spared your people, and they chose to remain by your temple instead of leaving with him. Your daughter has been here for a while; she visits, but your wife...”

Telmus’s throat tightened. “She is gone?”

“One hundred thousand years ago... she remained longer than any Earth God had the right to live, she never took another husband.” The old man nodded. “But her family line remains. They live in the hills, where you were born. They are farmers. They are happy.”

The news was a dagger and a balm. Grief, long suspended in the timeless prison of his mind, crashed down upon him. Seri was dust. But she had lived. She had built. She had continued the story.

He had not fought for nothing; his people had not been butchered by the madness of the God King. Follow current novels on NoveI-Fire.net

“Thank you,” Telmus said, his voice rough with disuse and emotion.

The old man smiled, a network of wrinkles spreading across his face. “They said you would return when we needed you most. They said the Godslayer would awaken.”

“I have not come to save you or to do anything noble; there are no right choices,” Telmus said, the truth of his purpose settling on him like a mantle. “I have come to earn the right to walk among you again.”

He turned from the mosaic, from the memories. The pain was a part of him now, fuel for the fire to come. He walked past the stunned young woman, out through the great bronze doors of the temple, and into the sun of a world he no longer knew.

The sky above the temple was tearing open.

Not with clouds or storms but with geometry. A colossal, shimmering hexagon of impossible light was forming, its edges bleeding colors that had no name. From within its center, a pathway of solid light descended, touching the main plaza. An invitation. An entrance to the Arena.

In the distance, people screamed and fled. Or they fell to their knees, praying when the changes in the heavens entered their sight.

Telmus walked toward the light, effortlessly stepping into the air. His body, once a prison, now felt like a finely honed weapon. Every ache, every remembered smile, every scar was a whetstone sharpening his will.

Are you prepared, Telmus? Xylos's voice was in his mind, a familiar shadow.

"I am," he whispered to the air.

He stepped onto the pathway of light. It was solid, humming with immense power. It drew him upward, faster and faster, into the hexagon as all of Reality opened up before him.

The sensory overload of stepping into the Arena was instantaneous, but his powerful mind was able to compartmentalize it.

To his perception, the Arena was not a place of stone and mortar. It was an extra-dimensional amphitheater carved from nebulae and woven with the fabric of dying realities.

The "seats" were platforms of crystallized time, floating continents of molten gold, and shifting clouds of conscious gas. The audience was a panorama of cosmic horror and sublime beauty.

Here, a being of pure fractal geometry clicked its crystalline segments in conversation with a swirling vortex of weeping eyes. There, an entity that was a living galaxy, its arms filled with spinning stars, observed with ancient patience.

Dragons whose scales were made of event horizons, phoenixes reborn in the hearts of supernovas, and things for which Telmus had no name, no reference—they were all here. Primordials. Eldritch gods. Concepts given form.

And they were all watching him.

In the center of the impossible arena was a flat, circular disc of pure white stone, a stark simplicity amidst the chaos. This was the stage.

Telmus landed upon it softly. The air thrummed with the silent attention of a trillion alien minds. He felt their gazes like physical pressure, assessing, curious, hungry. He was a novelty because his control over his power made him appear mortal, yet he was acting as a lynchpin from which this Era would turn.

He stood tall, his long white hair flowing in a non-existent solar wind, his black skin absorbing the strange light.

His eyes searched for only one person, and when he saw her white hair in the distance, Telmus smiled. His voice pierced through the Arena like lightning on a cloudless day.

“Little girl, your old man is here. Please tell me you brought wine, I have been drinking demon piss for an eternity.”

A hush fell on the Arena.

Chapter 1767: The Cradle of Enoch

The Primordials had ripped open the vortexes, spewing the dead essence of Eosah into Reality. Although they used this to create a bridge to allow their bodies to finally awaken from their slumber, it did not mean that the essence of Eosah stopped pouring into Reality.

The bridges acted like a potent conduit to unleash this power, and Reality was transforming faster than ever before. The audience in the Arena might have believed that the Primordials were above them, but these were Reflections of their bodies projected across space and time. It would not be long before those projections would become real.

Still, the rapid elevation of Reality had other effects besides preparing the realm for the weight of the Primordials. An observer who was able to leave the internal layer of Reality and proceed into the Nothingness would observe a startling event... it was beginning to shrink!

If Reality were an orange, then the Nothingness was the thick skin that covered its soft internal fleshy bits, and this skin had protected Reality from the harshness of Limbo, but it was beginning to collapse.

The Primordials had taken all of Eosah’s essence inside of Reality, but there was one place they did not touch, and that was the Nothingness, not because they could not do so, but because they knew consuming the essence of the Nothing less would leave this Reality open for their final feast.

It was just a way to preserve their meal long enough until they gained what they wanted from it.

When the World Stele began making immortals into World Bearers and giving them power to place their dimensions into Reality, it did this by siphoning minute portions of essence inside of the Nothingness into Reality.

The Primordials had allowed this to happen because, in the grand scheme of things, these acts by the Singularity would aid them in understanding the mysteries of this realm while giving them a workaround to the danger that existed in the Nothingness.

This danger was the Wall of Aegis, which was the Singularity that belonged to Eosah.

It did not take long for Rowan to figure out this truth when Eosah told him of her Singularity, but even if Rowan knew that the Nothingness was the final layer blocking Reality from the hunger of the Primordials, he would have still taken the option of destroying it just to serve his needs.

All of Reality was being slowly cooked inside a pot, and Rowan would rather destroy the pot than deceive himself that they might survive if they endured the growing heat for long enough.

However, he did not shatter this pot entirely; he slowly eroded it, ensuring that the inhabitants of Reality were slowly nurtured with its essence so they would be able to endure the endless flames that existed outside their home, which had since turned into a cage.

The actions of the Primordials had shattered the careful balance he had created, and the Nothingness that, by his calculations, should have remained for at least 200,000 years was rapidly collapsing and should be entirely destroyed in less than a decade.

This rapid shrinking led to the destruction of countless life forms that had made the Nothingness into their home, while pushing a lot of these entities into Reality.

One of them was the broken Singularity, the World Stele, and it fell into an unknown fifth-dimensional realm, where the presence of so much Essence began to accelerate its healing and the gestation of the memory of its host.

Thenos was awakening.

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At the entrance of the fifth layer of the void, a place that should not exist because it had long exceeded the scope of Origin, the last fragment of Eosah stirred.

Origin was the realm of the ninth dimension and was the peak of existence. Space, Time, Memory, Fate, Destiny, and then Origin.

When Rowan began showing glimpses of his realm and called it the Land of Origin, he might not have understood that to the Primordials, this was a clear challenge, because it signified that Rowan believed he had reached the ninth-dimensional level.

However, what made Rowan dangerous was that his true powers were unknown. Each Primordial knew something about him that the others did not, and none of them was sharing the information with the other.

Like a colossal beast led by blind men, each Primordial only knew of certain aspects of Rowan, but what they understood about him was enough to make them, if not fearful, then wary of his potential.

Yet, even in Origin, there was still the weak and the strong, and over the endless eras, the Primordials had proven countless times over that they were at the peak of Origin.

Their supreme powers came with certain drawbacks, but these drawbacks became the most potent weapons of the Primordials, allowing them to unleash their hunger on all existence.

That hunger had led them to Eosah, a newly born Reality outside the space where new Realities were usually born, which was an odd occurrence.

Realities were at the peak of existence, and they had only a single predator, several ravenous ancient entities whose true origin and name had been lost in the dark corners of the past, and most simply called them Primordials to signify them as the masters of Origin.

Knowing they had predators that hunted them across Limbo, Realities began to converge in a single area inside Limbo, creating a vast, intertwined society where truly ancient Realities protect and nurture the new Realities that were born.

This area inside Limbo was called the Cradle of Enoch, and it had been a long time since any newly born Reality had been born outside its dominion.

Eosah was the first for a long time, and it was unknown why that happened. Every Reality was carefully nurtured in its nascent state inside the Cosmic Record, the first Singularity, and it should have been impossible for a newly born Reality to escape its influence.

However, Eosah was born outside the Cradle of Enoch, and not only that, she also carried a child, Eos.

Eos thus became the first Reality that was born, whose name was not recorded in the Cosmic Record. This chapter is updated by NoveI(F)ire.net

Chapter 1768: Endless Victory

Chapter 1768: Endless Victory

Rowan's consciousness was scattered in different dimensions, all striving to pursue the singular objective of eradicating the Primordials, not only inside of Reality, but outside as well, and for him to accomplish such a thing, he had to carefully craft and maintain many moving parts, and even those closest to him could barely discern the surface levels of his plans, their minds were too small to grasp it all.

He felt a nudge in his spirit, and Rowan's consciousness touched that part of himself as he acknowledged that the duel between him and Telmus had finally arrived. At this moment, many plans he had made for this battle began to activate.

The results of the duel were largely meaningless to him; only the consequences that followed truly mattered, and that was what he wanted to control and utilize. If there were any unexpected outcomes that may arise, he was ready for them.

This duel may also be a bridge for him to resolve the karma of the past and create a lasting legacy for the ones who were part of his growth up till this moment. The Primordials played a long game with Telmus, but they made this game without factoring in what Rowan might bring to the table.

This Reality had been under the control of the Primordials for too long, and they had forgotten what it was like to feel fear; even Primordial Soul only understood this at the point of her death. Now, the others were about to understand the same thing.

This occasion was extremely significant to Rowan, it was just that he had so many other important affairs ongoing at the same time that he no longer held even the most potent changes across Reality with any degree of significance more than they deserve.

His eyes opened, his sight crossed the endless separation between his realm and Eosah's Reality, and he instantly arrived at the Arena.

He already had fragments of his consciousness in the Arena, and so he knew of every single being who was here, and they were all here because his hands had touched all of their Fates and Destiny, bringing them to this place where a new Era would be decided.

His presence should have only been sensed by the Primordials, but somehow, Telmus, who was holding a large cask of wine, turned to a spot in the Arena and thrust the cask at Rowan's silent gaze,

"I am here waiting for our fight, but you can take your time; let me savor this brew as long as possible. I don't know where she got this wine, but it is glorious. Trust me, I have tasted the wine from a thousand worlds and nothing matches this."

Rowan's sight paused over this man, and space unfolded into shattered geometries, revealing a scarlet eye the size of a sun.

In Rowan's eye was the eternal promise of annihilation and the end of all things. This eye held only the tiniest fragment of his will, but it was enough to freeze the entire Arena in place, and only extremely powerful Old Ones were able to perceive its presence.

The light from his gaze would easily kill Old Ones, but Telmus only looked up with a light of fascination in his eyes, shrugging off its influence, before he belched loudly and muttered with awe in his voice,

“I thought I had killed a lot in my life. I have ended entire worlds, but you... You must have killed entire realms! Damn, that demon deceived me. I need a stronger wine if I am to battle you. Say, Rowan, do you have something better in your inventory in the wine department, or do you go about just ending realms?”

The eye blinked, “Do you know the true reason you were made to fight this battle?”

The white-haired man shook his head and smiled, “I do not care. I am Telmus, and that is enough. Is there anyone more worthy to fight it in all of Reality? Let them step forward. This battle will be just one of the many I will fight in my lifetime.”

“Oh, you do not fight because of the inducement of Primordial Demon?”

“Ah, he tried his best to make it all about him,” Telmus laughed, “Xylos showed me the pathways to my Destiny, but he did not bother asking me what it was. I believe he thinks whatever happens in this fight, he will still win, and I do so long breaking the egos of the powerful. After I kill you, I will kill him and all the Primordials.”

The sight of Rowan looked at the white haired man more deeply, weighing the worth of this being whose presence was shrouded by a Will that was so arrogantly potent in the belief of its invincibility, it made Telmus a truly frightening enigma, before he slowly asked,

“What is your Destiny, Telmus?”

The smile on Telmus’s face vanished as he raised his left hand and grasped the air. His blade, made from his Intent as a mortal, appeared in his grip, crossing the vast gulf of time and space.

The blade was a single-edged sword that resembled a katana, but was eight feet long and gleamed like moonlight. Upon holding his blade of Intent, a drastic transformation began to reshape the foundation of the blade, evolving it towards the foundation of Will.

“My Destiny, Rowan, is Endless Victory, and with my blade in hand, I shall know no defeat.”

A feeling of satisfaction emerged from the eye of Rowan as he said, “Tell me, Telmus, do you know of your true roots, not the one perverted by the Abyss?”

Telmus cocked his head to the side, “Is it not Minerva?”

“No, it’s not. Minerva was a bastardized abomination of your roots. Your bloodline is Mategei, one of my lost brothers, and you do his name and bloodline great service.” Check latest chapters at novel-fire.net

Telmus was silent as he processed these words, and then he shook his head, “I do not care about my roots; they do not define who I am.”

“Big words,” the eye said, “then you shall prove it before the thrones of my brothers.”

“Let them all come,” Telmus said, his blade had grown thicker and brighter until it seemed he was holding on to a bar of light in the shape of a weapon, “they shall all fall before me.”

“If you win Telmus,” the eye said with a grave tone, “then their Destiny would be yours.”

Telmus’s eyes widened as he scratched his hair, “I don’t think that is supposed to be a part of this battle.”

“I know, but I don’t care; this is an Agreement between us alone. Still, you should not take my brothers lightly, or your Destiny shall shatter before their throne, and you will not be worthy to challenge me.”

Telmus grinned, “It does not matter how many come, my Destiny is one that cannot be shaken. The time when it was possible for me to lose has passed, and nothing, not even the demon, has any idea what I have become.”

The eye peered deeply at Telmus for the last time before vanishing, leaving a hole in Reality.

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Inside the Origin Land, Rowan pointed a single finger, sending forth a fragment of his consciousness into Reality as a seed.

This seed vanished into Reality and appeared above the castle, Algorh, and a pulse emerged from it, rippling through the castle, drawing the attention of its inhabitants.

Circe, Noctis, and Archimedes emerged from the castle, and they barely had the time to understand the significance of the seed before it zoomed into Circe’s body and devoured the weight she had been carrying for him all this time.

Circe shivered and nearly collapsed; a profound sense of transformation and replacement surged through her consciousness, and suddenly, the weight was gone.

The karma and Destiny she had been carrying for Rowan for millions of years had vanished, and she simultaneously felt a sense of freedom and loss at the same time.

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The hole in Reality inside the Arena vanished only to be replaced by something else; it shimmered, but it was not with light. Instead, it was the ghost of seven towering, spectral forms.

For a fleeting second, Telmus saw them—the majestic, terrible visages of the first Seven of Trion, the progenitors from whom all power in his world flowed. Truiplon, whose feet were roots and whose breath was the mountain wind. Hekaton, wreathed in silent lightning. Metagei, his own ancestor, a figure of unyielding stone and deep earth. Pyanop, whose form was a whirlwind of autumn leaves and harvest moon. Yuleti, a woman of glacial ice and clear, frozen streams. Maimak, a being of molten rock and volcanic fury, and Anthesterion, a symphony of blooming life and inevitable decay.

Behind them was a distant figure seated on the throne of epochs, Romion, the eighth and final child of Trion.

They were supposed to be echoes, an impression left on a ledger that was long vanished into history, but a supreme power that seemingly knew no limits had dragged them out of time, bringing them to the present.

Telmus grinned and then burst into laughter. He knew he was about to face the greatest battles of his life.

Chapter 1769: Corrupting The Seed

Elura the Empyrean of Life had given birth to eight children, and the first seven were primal entities, born from the forces of nature. Rowan had no chance of knowing his siblings before they were killed by the Reflections of the Eye of Time, and their bloodlines warped into the monsters known as the Gods of Trion.

After the destruction of that planet and all it stood for, Rowan harvested his family's bloodlines. At first, it was out of a solemn need to put the issues of the past to rest, but as he grew more powerful and began unlocking the mysteries of his past, Rowan began to search deeper into the core of these bloodlines.

His present level was far above that of Elura and the Eye of Time, making it particularly easy for him to discern the truths. His brothers and sister were born pure, free of the machinations of the Primordials.

When Elura, the Empyrean of Life, was born and sent to the lower realms in preparation for Rowan's birth, she did as her nature had dictated and created life from the forces around her.

Her seven children, Truiplon, Hekaton, Metagei, Pyanop, Yuleti, Maimak, and Anthesterion, were the product of her essence without the corruption of the Primordials,

and although they were not sentient in any manner that a mortal would understand, they were aware and noble.

They loved their mother and protected Trion and many other planets in the galaxy. When the Primordials were ready to begin their plans to unveil the secrets of Eosah, they activated their pawn, the Eye of Time. Elura was seized by the Third Prince and made to become the womb, where one part of Eos' consciousness was to be born, Romion.

His siblings were never part of the grand design, even the perpetrators themselves, who were responsible for birthing a portion of Eos's consciousness, were not aware of their part in the entire saga.

His siblings were killed, but they were not mortal beings whose essence was easily dissipated. In death, they were still aware, and the Reflections knew of this, so instead of allowing them to rest in peace, their bodies and souls were crafted into God Sparks, and the Gods of Trion were born.

Rowan was now a powerful Creator. He was able to extract the essence of his siblings from the remains of Trion and slowly nurtured them.

Originally, he believed that with his powers, he could give them a lifetime of bliss, but his siblings were all like him, stubborn, loyal, and vengeful.

Of all the Thrones made by the Primordial, Telmus possessed the power of the bloodline of Trion, essentially making Telmus Rowan's little cousin. This made this entire battle a family affair, and the Primordials, like always, were the ones who interfered with their family.

When his siblings were aware of the battle between their descendants and Rowan, it was inevitable that they chose to be part of it... Like him, they now understood the actual cause of their mother's pain, and they came for blood.

'Romion has been fighting alone for too long, brothers, sister, it is time for us to do our share.'

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When the transformation began, Rowan pulled back his influence from the seed in order to give his siblings the power to make their bodies without his interference, and the result surprised him.

A loud roar that caused the audience in the arena to roar alongside, as the cry ignited something inside the souls of all who heard it.

The roar was alien and utterly familiar, filled with the pain of loss and the quest for vengeance. Telmus stood steady as a shockwave tore past him and slammed into the edges of the Arena, his white hair fluttering in the wind.

He could have interrupted the transformation, but why would he need to do something so despicable? It was not as if he were afraid. In his heart was a faint sound like the demon's voice, and Telmus suppressed it, giving all his attention to the emerging power in front of him.

Then, everything changed. The source of this content is novelfire.net

Telmus could feel a surge of darkness and malevolence rising from beneath the Arena, believing that Primordial Demon wanted to act against him for his act of defiance, Telmus grinned, he wanted to fight against Rowan alone, but he was not against fighting Xylos at the same time.

In the next breath, however, Telmus discovered that the target of this darkness was not him, but...

“BOOM!”

An eruption of despair and madness burst out of the Arena, pouring into the seed that had begun to transform, corrupting the process of resurrection, and making a mockery out of the resurrection of the seven.

Telmus screamed in anger as the mocking voice of the Primordial Demon crept into his soul,

“If you think this battle will go according to your wish, then you have no idea what forces you toy with.”

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To Rowan and the Primordials, the Arena was a massive chessboard, where Telmus and his siblings were the pieces. Unveiling the lost bloodlines of his siblings was Rowan making the first move, and he took back his hand, and as he had expected, the Primordials made their move.

Rowan paused to consider what would happen, as he was already preparing his next hand.

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It started with a sound like a great tree being sundered. A strand of vibrant, earthy green energy—the essence of Truipllop—was ripped from the spectral form. It wasn't light; it was the concept of growth, of forests, of deep, patient life, torn raw and screaming from the rivers of history.

The seed, which should have been a fountain of vitality, was now a nexus of the hungry void; it consumed the essence of Truilop, and a leg of knotted, darkwood, and thorned vine snapped into existence, pulsing with stolen vitality.

Next, a crackle of blinding, white-hot energy—the legacy of Hekaton—was seized. The silent lightning fought, spitting and arcing, but was ruthlessly subdued, forced into the forming body. An arm of crackling, unstable energy solidified, sheathed in a carapace of blackened, glass-like material forged from the lightning's own fury.

A groan of shifting continents heralded the theft of Metagei's power. Telmus felt a deep, sympathetic ache in his own bones as the essence of stone and earth, the very power in his veins, was violated and taken.

It formed the creature's torso—a rugged, mountainous landscape of obsidian and granite, webbed with fissures that glowed with a captive, terrestrial fire.

The air itself seemed to sigh a lament as Pyanop's essence—the crispness of autumn, the bounty of the harvest, the melancholy of shortening days—was harvested. It became the other arm, a limb that seemed made of swirling, desiccated leaves and sharpened husks, whispering with the ghost of dead seasons.

A cold so intense it burned sliced through the arena as Yuleti's lineage was torn away. The clarity of ice, the patience of glaciers, and the unyielding nature of the deepest frost were forced into the coalescing horror. It formed the second leg, a pillar of perfectly clear, blue-black ice that smoked with absolute zero, its surface impossibly smooth and hard.

The theft of Maimak's power was a volcanic eruption in reverse. The fury of magma, the primal heat of the world's core, was drawn inward, compressed into a raging inferno contained within the granite torso. It burst forth to form a hunched, bestial back, covered in sharp, igneous rock that dripped with smoldering, molten slag.

Finally, the essence of Anthesterion was plucked. The vibrant, terrifying cycle of life and death, of blooming flowers and rotting decay, was the last thread woven in. It became the thing's skin, a translucent, membrane-like layer stretched over the monstrous form, through which the other stolen powers could be seen, festering and mingling. A sweet, cloying scent of blossoms and rot emanated from it.

The process was an abomination. It was not creation, but a brutal, cosmic taxidermy. The assembled form was a patchwork horror, a golem of stolen divinity. It stood on Truilop's leg and Yuleti's leg, its body Metagei's stone and Maimak's fire, its arms Hekaton's lightning and Pyanop's decay, all sheathed in Anthesterion's morbid life-death cycle.

Its head was the last thing to form—a misshapen orb that seemed to rotate slowly, presenting a different awful aspect with each turn. One moment, it was a mask of Yuleti's frozen ice, the next a smoldering volcanic rock of Maimak, and then a twisted knot of thorned wood of Truilop.

It took a step. The white disc of the Arena did not crack, however, where Truipllop's thorned foot touched, life erupted—a violent, cancerous growth of thorns and grasping vines that immediately turned black and died. Where Yuleti's icy leg met the stone, a permanent, dead patch of absolute frost spread like a fungus.

The entity raised Hekaton's lightning arm. Energy crackled, but it was sickly, corrupted, a puppet's imitation of true power. It turned its rotating head, and for a moment, the face of storm-wracked rock settled, and two fissures opened, filling with the captive, burning light of Maimak's magma.

Those eyes fixed on Telmus. They did not see a warrior. They saw a missing piece. The seventh bloodline. The one that had escaped the harvest.

A psychic wave, composed of seven distinct, tortured voices—the stolen echoes of his siblings—hammered into Telmus's mind. It was not a word, but a command, a need, an all-consuming emptiness that recognized its other half.

It was the hunger of Xylos, the Primordial Demon, who was given a voice through the stolen blood of his family.

“Join. Us.”

Then, this abomination charged toward Telmus, who seemed frozen in shock and rage as the massive lightning fist of Hekaton slammed into his body. He was blasted to the other end of the Arena, his body wreathed with lightning powerful enough to turn a million dimensions to ash.

The crooning voice of Primordial Demon echoed in his heart,

“Your victory or loss means nothing. You were always my piece in this game, Telmus, to do with as I please; somehow, you forgot your place.”

Chapter 1770: The Sword of Telmus

Telmus had fought many battles in his life, and he had never known defeat, but he had been wounded. In fact, he had been injured only twice in his life when in battle. The first time was when he raised his sword against his mother as a child, and she had shattered every bone in his body as she laughed at him. The last time was against the God King, Golgoth, who attacked his only weakness as a mortal, which was his soul.

One thing was clear to him: every time he had been wounded, it was because he had let his guard down and chosen to trust his opponents' honor.

He had not expected his mother to crush him as a child who first held a sword; likewise, with Golgoth, Telmus had not seen that soul attack coming. If Telmus wanted to fight

dirty against the Gods of Trion, he could have targeted their temples and believers; he was powerful enough to sweep across the entire surface of Trion and erase all life, but he had chosen to fight the gods directly in an honorable display where the most powerful would prevail.

And for his folly, he had been cut down.

As if he had not learned his mistake, Telmus had allowed the voice of the demon to remain in his heart as a sign of his honor. He was willing to fight for the chance to reclaim his life, even given the conditions placed before him.

If he wanted, Telmus could have broken the hold of the Primordial Demon in his soul, but he did not. Even if he were going to fight the Primordial, he would do it directly; he would announce his intentions, wait for Xylos to prepare himself, before he would attack.

This was his spirit born from the sheer confidence he had in his abilities, yet once again, he had been burned by those who had no honor.

Telmus was in pain, but this pain of the flesh was nothing before the rage in his heart. For one, he had accepted that Primordial Demon would betray him, the same way that Golgoth did, yet there was still a bit of hope that for something so ancient, there must be a part of them that still knew honor; obviously, he was wrong.

Still, what caused Telmus to rage was the corruption of his opponents. In the moments before the seven mysterious figures were to manifest, Telmus had felt his bloodline ripple, and he sensed the connection he had with them.

This was the first time he had felt something like this in his life, a sense of connection that equaled and was showing signs of exceeding the connection he had with his family and Telmus was eager to share with them and understand them in the language he knew best, which was using battle, but this damned demon... this fucking demon may have stolen this opportunity away from him!

His body was covered with intense lightning that should have turned him to ash a trillion times over, but Telmus Will was unbreakable and covered his flesh with a thin film that blocked every act of destruction from touching him.

However, the force from the blow was continuously pushing him through the air like a shooting star, and if this battle were happening in Reality, Telmus's body would have crossed half of it by now.

A roar that shook the entire Arena burst out from Telmus,

“Xylos!!! For this betrayal, I shall FUCKING KILL YOU....AAHHH....”

His body, which had been shooting into the distance with speeds many times faster than light, suddenly halted as Telmus's Will commanded his body to stop.

A massive shockwave burst out of his surroundings that caused the Arena to shake and weaker immortals watching it to fall from their seats. Telmus's understanding of Will was still imperfect, and when he halted his momentum, he had not allocated for the excess energy he was carrying, or he did not just care, and all this energy, having nowhere to go, was released from his body as a frightening shockwave.

Telmus' eyes closed, and everything around him went still. From extreme motion to standing still and from extreme rage to a calm clarity, it happened nearly instantaneously.

He threw away his anger and rage, for they would not serve him here. This battle had transformed, and Telmus could no longer slowly learn to comprehend his Will in battle; instead, he had to hurriedly master his abilities because he was going to be killing Primordials.

His mind returned to the moments of his youth, when he first held a blade and watched the demonstration of the simple sword forms. Telmus had been captivated by this, and from that moment, he learnt all of his combat arts from referencing these first simple sword forms.

The corrupted fusion of bloodlines stood still for a moment; its form was a statement that all things, no matter their nature, could be broken and remade into a tool of consumption and destruction.

It took a step and then began to run, its body blurred across the distance. The white disc of the Arena screamed as its massive body, heavier than a hundred dimensions, crossed through space.

Every time its multi-natured feet touched the ground, the Arena did not crack, but dissolved, as it was consumed by a dozen different entropies at once.

"BEHOLD THE FINAL ARGUMENT," its voice was the grinding of tectonic plates, the howl of a blizzard, the crackle of a forest fire, all woven into a single, devastating thought that hammered into Telmus's mind, as it arrived over Telmus, set to pounce on its target.

"THE UNITY OF PURPOSE. CONSUMPTION!"

Telmus did not wait for it to finish its proclamation. To wait was to be annihilated by the conceptual weight of its existence.

His blade of Will had been destroyed by that first punch, and so he did not resummon his sword. He became it.

His will, hardened in the obsidian prison, tempered by memory and sharpened by the nihilistic whetstone of Xylos, solidified in his hand. It was not a weapon of light or metal. It was a shard of pure intention given form. It was a length of absolute darkness, but a darkness that cut, a negation that defined itself by what it severed. It had no crossguard, no pommel. It was simply an edge, a line drawn against the chaos. This was the Sword of Telmus. An extension of his soul. Read complete version only at NoveI.Fire.net

The titan's icy arm swung first. It was not a punch; it was a glacier calving. The air froze solid in its wake, creating a jagged, trailing landscape of instantaneous ice that followed the fist's trajectory. The sheer cold was a physical force, seeking to flash-freeze Telmus's blood, lock his joints, and still his heart.

Telmus moved. He did not block. You cannot block a glacier. He flowed.

His body became a whisper, a ghost of motion. He used the frozen air itself as a stepping stone, his feet touching the emerging ice spikes and using their brief existence to propel himself upwards.

His martial arts had many forms, and one of its foundations was built on adaptability, of using

an opponent's strength against them. He became the wind that slips through the frozen trees.

As the icy fist obliterated the space where he'd stood, Telmus was already in the air, his trajectory a perfect arc that brought him down toward the titan's granite wrist. His sword, the embodiment of his focused will, drew a line of nothingness across the frozen limb.

There was no sound of impact. There was only a silent, perfect severance. A section of the murky ice-arm, large enough to crush a house, sheared away and vanished into the absolute edge of his will-blade, consumed by its negation.

The titan roared, a sound of grinding rock and splitting ice. It was not pain, but outrage. The stolen essence of Yuleti began immediately to regenerate the limb, the cold swirling back into form, but it was slower now. Telmus's cut had not just removed mass; it had negated a portion of the concept itself.

Its other arm, the fist of granite and magma, came around in a backhand that could level a mountain range. This attack was accompanied by a shockwave of pure heat and concussive force. The leaves on its back sharpened and shot toward Telmus like a billion poisoned daggers, while the spore-cloud around its head condensed into a seeking, corrosive missile.

Telmus was surrounded, enveloped in a storm of elemental fury.

He met the storm with a single, unwavering point: his sword.

He did not try to evade all of it. That was impossible. He found the center. The root.

His body became a vortex of precise, economic motion. His sword was no longer a blade; it was the needle of a compass, always finding true north in the chaos. He spun, his form a blur of white hair and onyx skin against the apocalyptic backdrop.

In the depths of Telmus's mind, his control over his Will reached a threshold, and everything clicked into place as he rediscovered the first form of his sword technique.

Unfolding Lotus.

His sword moved around him in a series of impossibly fast, concentric circles. Each circle was a perfect cut, a barrier of negation. The billion leaf-daggers did not strike him; they met the edge of his will and ceased to exist, each tiny annihilation making no sound, simply vanishing into the totality of his defense. The corrosive spore-cloud met the unfolding lotus and was unmade, the complex life-death cycle severed at its root.

Chapter 1771: Forms Of The Sword

The creation of his first sword move meant Telmus had taken a massive step towards the completion of his Destiny and fully mastering his Will.

Unlike most immortals in existence, Telmus Will was incredibly strange because it aligned with his Destiny. His Will was also Endless Victory, and it meant everything he possessed, every thought he had, every action he made was for one purpose only, and that was to achieve victory in everything he sought to conquer.

He had only a singular Will, but that was more than enough for him because the fusion of his Will and his Destiny created a result that exceeded the imagination of most immortals.

In addition to the fact that Telmus's body and bloodline had been transformed by the power of Primordial Time, Memory, Demon, Light, and Life to become the perfect Throne whose potential was nearly infinite, this made his progress accelerate at a frightening pace.

Creating his first sword form, Unfolding Lotus, took Telmus to the peak of Old Ones, with his powers equaling to weaker Thrones like the Adjudicator, but his opponent was a Titan whose bloodline had been corrupted by the hunger of Primordial Demon. Despite the power of this attack, Telmus could not put him down as its mountain-crushing fist was still blasting towards him.

The leaves swirling around the arm of the titan, each powerful enough to tear a universe in two, were rapidly vanishing under the strokes of Telmus's sword, and as the last of the

leaves disappeared, Telmus's form shifted. The unfolding lotus tightened, condensing all its energy into a single, thrusting point.

In the space between the application of his first sword form, which had taken Telmus to the level of a weak Throne, he had derived the second form of his sword.

The name of it, naturally, slid into his consciousness. Telmus called it River-Cutting Stroke. A move that was a hundred times stronger than his first sword form!

He did not aim for the fist itself, which was getting increasingly closer to his body; instead, Telmus aimed for the space the fist occupied. He thrust his will-blade forward to define a line that the fist could not cross.

The result was a cataclysm of stopped momentum. The titan's fist slammed into the invisible, infinitely sharp edge of Telmus's thrust, and impossible momentum met absolute negation.

"CRACK-BOOM!"

The sound was a deafening roar that shook the very dimensions of the arena. The fist stopped dead, its concussive force rebounding back up the arm, shattering its own stony structure into a million fragments. Magma burst forth, spraying into the arena like a bloody wound.

The audience, who had first been confused at the direction of the battle, was soon lost in the gloriousness of combat, the moment Telmus and the titan had begun to fight.

When the clash that sprayed the blood of the titan into the air for thousands of light-years across, the audience in their trillions cheered.

Just the first series of clashes had shown them a height of power that could hardly be imagined, and it seems that this was just the beginning.

The cries of the titan were equaled by the cheers from the crowd, but Telmus was not untouched. The shockwave of the arrested blow, the sheer kinetic energy that his will-blade could not completely negate, hit him like a physical wall.

He was flung backward, a doll in a hurricane, his body screaming in protest. He hit the white disc and skipped across it like a stone on a lake, each impact a jarring explosion of pain. He came to a stop a thousand light-years away, one knee on the ground, his sword still held firm in his hand, his chest heaving, but his eyes were focused.

The titan looked at its shattered arm. The magma within bubbled, already pulling the stone fragments back together, fusing them anew. The lightning in its veins pulsed faster, angry. The frozen half of its face seemed to glare with deeper cold.

The Titan spoke, but Telmus could discern that underneath the voice was the corruption of Primordial Demon, and this made him grip his blade more firmly, causing the flesh of his palm to crack.

“YOUR WILL IS A NEEDLE. MY POWER IS THE OCEAN. YOU MAY DODGE A WAVE. YOU MAY EVEN CUT ONE. BUT THE TIDE IS INEXORABLE. YOU WILL DROWN.”

It stomped a foot. The disc trembled, not from impact, but from the essence of Truipllop that infused its legs. From the point of impact, a forest of colossal, blackened, thorned trees erupted from the white stone, growing to full, monstrous height in a single second.

They did not just seek to impale him; their branches whipped like scorpion tails, their thorns fired like ballista bolts, and the entire forest moved, a tidal wave of violent, corrupted growth rushing to consume him. The link to the origin of this information rests in NoveI-Fire.net

Telmus rose. He could not outrun a forest. He could not cut down every tree. To try would be to be overwhelmed, snared, consumed.

The distance between them was nothing to immortals of their level, but it gave him enough time to push his powers further.

So he became the fire.

Bringing his blade in front of him, Telmus exhaled and created the third sword form, Scarlet Sunset Whirlwind.

He did not wait for the forest to reach him. He charged into it. His sword became a constant, swirling extension of his body.

Telmus was not cutting down trees; he was moving through the forest like a wind that everything in its path. His blade did not meet the wood; it passed through it, each touch erasing a branch, trunk, and thorn from existence. He was a vortex of negation, a moving sphere of nothingness that advanced through the corrupt woods.

He moved with breathtaking speed and precision, a dancer in a labyrinth of death. His footwork was impeccable, each step placing him exactly where he needed to be to avoid the most crushing blows, his blade always in motion to erase the rest. He was not fighting the forest; he was navigating it, his will-blade carving a perfect, ever-changing path through the chaos.

Flames of negation surrounded him, swirling in a profound vortex with proportions reaching dimensions impossible to describe, making Telmus appear like a thing from the myth that immortals could only dream of.

But the titan was not idle. As Telmus carved his path through the forest, the titan raised its regenerated arms. The icy fist and the granite fist slammed together.

The fusion of absolute cold and volcanic heat created a storm. A superheated blast of steam, filled with shrapnel of ice and stone, exploded outward, engulfing the entire forest, and Telmus with it.

The steam was beyond scalding, the shrapnel could shred dimensions, and the pressure was immense, equalling and exceeding the power that Telmus was creating, utterly crushing him inside the immensity of its scope.

Telmus was caught in the heart of it. There was no time to think, only to react. His will was his armor.

His roar of rage and defiance shook the Arena as he created his fourth sword form, Mountain Root Unmoved.

He planted his feet, grounding himself not in the disc, but in his own resolve. He became still. His sword moved in a blindingly fast, intricate pattern before him, a shield of pure negation.

Telmus might have infinite potential, but even this potential needed time and space to grow. His techniques could be refined without limits, but his overall energy was not limitless. He could not simply match this Titan in power, but there were many paths to victory.

The scalding steam hit the edge of his blade and vanished, unmade. The shrapnel of ice and stone met the same fate, ceasing to exist the moment they touched the perimeter of his defense.

But the pressure remained. The sheer force of the blast pushed against him, a physical weight trying to crush him, to grind him down. He held, muscles straining, teeth gritted, his every ounce of being focused on maintaining the integrity of his will-blade.

The white disc beneath his feet began to crack under the strain, not from attack, but from the immense concentration of power he was exerting to simply hold his ground. This Arena was meant to hold powers that reached the Primordial Level, and the cracking across its surface had shown that the level of power now being unleashed had firmly reached the rank of Origin!

The storm abated. The forest was gone, replaced by a blasted, steaming landscape of pitted stone.

Telmus stood, panting, steam rising from his body. His defense had been perfect. Not a single drop of steam, not a single shard of rock, had touched him.

But the cost was immense. The mental and spiritual effort of maintaining such a perfect, prolonged negation was exhausting. His will, though unbroken, was strained.

The titan was already moving. It learned. It adapted. It saw that overwhelming, singular attacks could be negated, but that the act of negation itself drained its tiny opponent.

It closed the distance with shocking speed for its size, its multi-natured legs eating up the ground. It did not throw a massive punch. It jabbed with its icy fist, a precise, spearing thrust aimed directly at Telmus's center mass, meant to test his defense, to force him to expend more energy.

Telmus parried. A clean, sharp movement that met the icy spear-point with the edge of his will-blade. Another silent severance. The tip of the ice fist vanished.

But instantly, the granite fist followed, a hammer-blow from above.

Telmus shifted, bringing his blade up in a diagonal cut—Fifth sword form, Sky-Rending Divide—meeting the descending fist and shearing off a corner of it.

Before the shards of granite could even hit the ground, the titan's thorned mouth opened, and a stream of concentrated lightning—Hekaton's essence, focused into a blinding, white-hot lance—shot out.

Telmus was already moving, his body a blur of evasion. The lightning lance scorched past him, vaporizing a trench in the disc behind him. But the titan tracked him, the lightning stream sweeping horizontally, forcing Telmus into a relentless dance.

He leapt, twisted, rolled, each movement millimetrically precise, the lightning searing the air where he had just been. He could not negate a continuous stream of that magnitude; it would require a constant, equal output of will that would burn him out in seconds.

He was on the defensive—pure, utter defense. The titan pressed its advantage, a master of a hundred elements, each attack flowing into the next, giving him no respite, no opening. A whip of thorned vines from its leg. A localized blizzard from its icy eye. A rain of magma droplets from its stony fist. A cloud of sleep-inducing pollen from its rotting flowers.

Telmus was a ghost in a hurricane. His sword was a constant flicker, a silverfish of negation in a storm of color and destruction. He parried, he severed, he negated. A vine would lash out and cease to exist. A shard of ice would vanish against his edge. A glob of magma would be unmade before it could spatter.

But he was being pushed back, step by step. Each negation was a tiny drain, each evasion a tax on his stamina. The primordial's power was indeed an ocean, and he was a man trying to hold it back with a bucket made of his own soul.

A particularly clever attack nearly ended him. As he negated a wave of freezing air, he didn't see the disc itself change beneath his feet. The essence of Metagei and Anthesterion worked in tandem. The stone turned to clinging, sucking mud that seized his ankle, while instantly, a grotesque, flower-like mouth bloomed from the mud, snapping at his leg.

He severed the flower and the mud with a desperate, downward stab, but the distraction cost him. The titan's full, regenerated icy fist connected with a glancing blow to his side.

It did not feel like being hit by something solid. It felt like being touched by nothingness. The cold was so absolute it didn't feel cold; it felt like the cessation of all feeling, all energy, all life. His skin blackened and died instantly. His ribs screamed as they flash-froze, becoming brittle. The shock of it was agony and numbness combined.

Telmus cried out, a raw, guttural sound of pain, and was thrown sideways, his body skidding across the disc, trailing a smear of frostbitten blood. He clutched his side, his breath coming in ragged, painful gasps. The cold was burrowing inward, seeking his heart.

He focused his will inward, fighting the invasion, forcing the heat of his own life, the memory of the sun of Trion, to push back against the absolute cold. It was a battle within a battle, and he was losing.

The titan loomed over him, its shadow engulfing him. It raised its granite fist, magma dripping between its fingers like eager saliva.

“THE NEEDLE BREAKS,” it intoned. ***“THE OCEAN PREVAILS. YOUR MEANING IS ERASED.”***

The fist began its descent, a meteor of certain death.

Lying broken on the ground, Telmus looked up. Not at the fist, but past it, at the swirling, impossible cosmos of the arena, at the silent, watching gods. He thought of his wife, Seri. He thought of her smile, not as a memory, but as a fact. A truth. He thought of the sunblossoms at the foot of his statue. Meaning was not a shield. It was not a weapon. It was a foundation.

He thought of his daughter and her stupid name, Staff, and Telmus smiled as he realized that his will was not breaking. It was being compacted. Forged in this moment of ultimate pressure.

It was almost effortless the way it appeared, his sixth sword form, Unbreaking Stone, Unmoving Heart.

Chapter 1772: Shattering The Center

“Sixth sword form, Unbreaking Stone, Unmoving Heart... how interesting,” Rowan thought. He could see the potential in this move, and it meant that Telmus might still hold some surprises. It would seem that his following action might be a bit different.

With the Arena as a massive chessboard, Rowan made his next move.

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This was the first time in his life that Telmus had ever allowed his instincts to take control of his abilities. He might appear carefree when he battled or intensely focused, but every move he made was carefully controlled to bring about his precise needs.

Telmus had a firm belief that he was invincible, yet, before the might of the first seven bloodlines of Trion, corrupted by the power of Primordial Demon, he found himself wanting.

His Will and Destiny, as powerful as they might be, still needed to be developed to the point where he could battle Primordials; although he was rapidly growing, it was clearly not enough.

Something had to change, and perhaps, instead of holding everything in his hand, he needed to learn to let go... this was his path.

Telmus did not try to rise. He did not try to block the meteor fist. He accepted its descent. He accepted the ocean.

And he became the sea-floor.

As the fist of granite and magma plunged toward him, Telmus thrust his will-blade upward, not to meet the fist, but to point at the heart of the titan itself. He poured not just his will, but his memory, his love, his grief, his defiance—all the things that gave his will its weight—into the blade.

It was as if he was giving up his defenses, but the truth was that it was the opposite; he had just found a new way to fight.

The sword of pure intention did not grow in size. It grew in density. It became a point of infinite spiritual mass, a singularity of purpose. His purpose. He was unbreakable; he could not be shaken!

The titan’s fist slammed down.

And it stopped.

It stopped a foot above Telmus’s body, arrested not by a block, but by the sheer, immovable weight of Telmus’s will focused into that single, upward point.

The granite of the titan's fist around the point of contact shattered. The magma exploded outward, showering the area. The titan's arm, all the way to the shoulder, vibrated with the shock of the arrested blow.

The corrupted creature roared in confusion and fury. It pushed down with all its immense and warped power.

The fist did not move. Telmus, lying beneath it, held it at bay. Not with muscle, but with meaning. The ocean had met the unbreaking stone of the sea-floor.

A web of cracks erupted from the Arena's floor around Telmus for a hundred light-years as he held back a force that could not possibly be withstood by a being who was not a Primordial, because even a Primordial may lose a portion of its Origin from this blow. Still, Telmus held, and he was not just holding, he was evolving and countering the attack.

"HOW?" Xylos's voice was a thunderclap of pure, uncomprehending rage.

Telmus, blood trickling from his lips, his side a ruin of blackened flesh, looked up at the beast, and for the first time, he smiled.

"You are power without context. You have always stolen strengths that were never your own. How could you ever understand, demon?" he rasped, his voice steady despite his wounds. I am will with purpose. You have the ocean. I have the shore. And you will break upon me. This is my response to you, demon: You shall taste my blade on your neck!"

With a scream of effort that tore from his very soul, Telmus shoved with his spirit. The impossibly dense point of his will-blade exerted a force that was not physical, but existential.

The titan's fist was thrown back, and it began to unravel. Check latest chapters at novel♦fire.net

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The titan's roar of fury became a cacophony of seven distinct, agonized screams. Telmus's ultimate defense, the Unbreaking Stone, Unmoving Heart, had done more than arrest the cataclysmic blow.

By focusing his will into a singularity of purpose, a point of existential density that rejected the very concept of forced fusion, he had not merely stopped the fist; he had struck at the metaphysical seams holding the abomination together.

He should not have been able to do this, but when he struck, it was as if his sword had been given a bit of guidance, and he was able to find the chink inside the binding force holding these bloodlines together.

The corruption of the demon inside the body of the titan shuddered violently as a pained scream of disbelief erupted from Xylos.

The veins of captured lightning flared, then snapped like overtuned strings. The mottled bark skin split along fault lines that glowed with conflicting energies. The arm of ice and the arm of stone tore away from each other with the sound of a continent breaking apart.

The fusion, Xylos's "final argument," unraveled in a catastrophic explosion of dissonant power. His move had been broken, but Primordial Demon would not allow its Will to be destroyed so easily. Instead of allowing it to dissipate, the Primordial tore its Will into seven places, burying them in the bodies of the separated Titans.

Where one titan had once stood, seven figures were thrown back, landing in a wide, unstable circle around the kneeling Telmus. They were the vessels once more, but damaged, reeling from the violent divorce. Their forms flickered as the mad Will of Primordial Demon erupted from their bodies and was bleeding into the arena, raw and unstable.

The Truiplop Vessel's petrified wood was splintered, its fungal blooms pulsing erratically, a new Will was arising inside of Truilop, one that fought against the corruption of Primordial Demon.

This was also happening with the vessel of Hekaton as it crackled with uncontrolled, spastic energy, its glassy shell webbed with fractures.

Metagei and Maimak Golem's form was split nearly in two, magma bleeding freely from a deep fissure in its granite chest. Yet they were the ones who were most successful in fighting against the Primordial's influence.

The vessel of Pyanop was a maelstrom of confused leaves, struggling to coalesce, and Yuleti Vessel's perfect ice was spiderwebbed with cracks, a constant, faint screech of straining material emanating from it.

Telmus' gaze looked to the last vessel of Anthesterion, whose cycle of bloom and rot had accelerated into a nauseating blur, and a smile touched the edge of his lips as he felt the battle ongoing in the consciousness of these Titans.

"Yes, fight him, that bastard may have taken your bodies, but not your soul."

"Hahahaha... foolish child, they cannot fight my influence. Their maker chose to pick another choice."

Telmus smiled, "That is because he has me. I will kill your Will in their bodies and allow them to experience the glory of our bloodline, free from the taints of parasites like you."

"Foolish child, you think you understand the Wills of the Primordials!"

“I understand enough.” Telmus stood up straight and pointed his blade forward. Now, come to me all at once, my ancestors. Allow me to face you all and share my greatest joy. Battle!”

Xylos’s consciousness, stripped of its unified form, was a scattered rage, a furious whisper from each of the seven mouths.

Telmus’s Will was growing, and it needed to be crushed. The strategy was clear: overwhelm through sheer, discordant multiplicity. Where one fused titan could be met with a singular, unbreaking defense, seven individual attacks from all directions could not.

Under the fading control of Primordial Demon, all seven Titans, the true ancestors of Trion, attacked as one.

The Arena shook as greater cracks spread throughout its open field of battle, as a lash of thorned vines from Truiplot surged towards Telmus.

A blinding, erratic lance of lightning from Hekaton. A hail of magma-shrapnel from the bleeding Golems of Metagei and Maimak. A whirlwind of razor-leaves from Pyanop. A cone of soul-numbing cold from Yuleti. A cloud of mind-fogging, flesh-dissolving spores from Anthesterion.

It was a symphony of annihilation, each instrument playing a different song of death, all aimed at the center.

Telmus readied his sword. The agony in his side was a distant fire, banked by the cold focus of combat.

He could not use the Unbreaking Stone sword form against this. A fortress cannot hold against seven simultaneous sieges from all directions. To survive, he must become not a wall, but a whirlwind. Not a sea-floor, but the tide itself.

He breathed in, and the memory of his mother’s hands on the wooden sword was not a comfort; it was a blueprint for motion. His will-blade, still humming with the residual density of his last technique, seemed to grow lighter, sharper, an extension of his very nervous system.

Once again, he unveiled the first sword form he had created, Unfolding Lotus.

But he did not use it as a static defense. He became a moving lotus. Telmus exploded into motion, his body a spinning axis as his sword carved a perfect, expanding sphere of negation around him.

It was a flawless application of the form, but pushed to its absolute limit. He wasn’t just deflecting; he was erasing the incoming attacks in a sphere of annihilating will.

Thorns vanished into the edge of his spin. Lightning bolts were severed, their energy dissipating harmlessly. Magma droplets ceased to exist. Leaves turned to nothingness. The cone of cold met the rotating negation and was sliced into harmless fragments. The spore-cloud billowed against the whirling defense and was unmade.

For three full seconds, Telmus was the center of a silent, devastating bloom of nothingness, a sphere of perfect defense that consumed all that touched it. Three seconds may not be much in the eyes of an immortal, but Telmus had withstood enough power to end all life inside Reality ten times over.

Yet, the cost for his survival was astronomical. The mental focus required to maintain such a defense against seven disparate attacks was like trying to solve seven complex equations simultaneously while running a sprint. His breath came in ragged gasps. He could not sustain it.

He had to break the circle.

Chapter 1773: Edge Of Defeat

Telmus might seem to be at the edge of defeat, but he could not understand that this brought no relief to Primordial Demon, for the demon knew the potential of Telmus and understood that time was this warrior's greatest advantage.

Telmus needed to be immediately crushed, else all the demon's advantage was gone. However, with its center shattered, the ability for Primordial Demon to push essence into the Ancestors of Trion had diminished, and Xylos, the Primordial Demon, instantly understood that his chance for winning had just turned to zero.

Telmus seemed on the edge of defeat. It was as if, at any moment, he would be swept away by the barrage of seven opponents whose powers had reached the level of Primordials.

Yet the Primordials saw far, and they could see the rising momentum in the heart of the warrior, as it seemed he had finally found his footing. What accelerated this process was the move that Rowan had made, which more than ensured that Telmus would win.

Primordial Demon asked Primordial Life, "Would you watch your work be unraveled before our sight?"

"What will be will be," Life spoke slowly, "We have been beaten in this area of the game, focus on what's next."

"There is still a chance to change this outcome." Primordial Demon argued.

Primordial Life shook his head, sending a wave of refutation, “No, that would fall into his game. This next part of it, let me be the one to make the move. I believe I have something that flips the board.”

Saying this, he looked at Primordial Imagination and smiled.

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Telmus was surrounded by a chaotic rampage that could extinguish his life if he made a single mistake, but he was calm. The first attacks needed to be defended against, and that was all he needed to take a basic measure of his opponents. Unfolding Lotus was used perfectly, and despite the strain of holding all of this power back, Telmus was still in control.

As the last of the initial barrage was negated, his spin halted. He chose his first target: the Vessel of Pyanop, because it was the most dispersed and the least cohesive. A weakness, and in battle, you always target the weakness.

Not even thinking about his next move, Telmus just followed his heart and unleashed his River-Cutting sword form, and his body became a single, piercing motion. His will-blade led the way, its point aimed at the heart of the swirling autumn leaves. He didn’t try to cut through the whirlwind; he cut the idea of the whirlwind.

Killing a concept, Telmus discovered, was the way to hurt a Primordial.

The blade pierced the chaotic mass. There was no impact, only a silent cessation as the swirling leaves, the whispering husks, the essence of barren autumn—all simply unraveled and vanished around the point of his thrust.

The form of Pyanop collapsed in on itself with a sound like a final, weary sigh, and was gone. The Will of Primordial Demon infecting the body of Pyanop had no chance to escape before it was destroyed in its entirety; it could not even scream.

‘One.’

Telmus turned towards the others, noticing that seven green leaves were beginning to swirl around his body, but noticing no intent for his harm, he allowed it to happen. He was confident that he would be able to respond even if this was to change.

The others reacted with furious speed. A root from Truiplon erupted from the cracked disc beneath his feet. Telmus was already moving, his preternatural battlefield awareness—a gift from countless centuries of real war and eons of mental combat with Xylos—allowing him to anticipate the attack.

The demon’s torture inside the mental prison he kept Telmus was a rich form of experience that he was using to level up his capabilities faster than he normally should.

Telmus leapt, but as he did, the Vessel of Yuleti unleashed a focused beam of absolute cold, aiming to flash-freeze him in mid-air.

Caught between two absolute attacks, Telmus used Scarlet Sunset Whirlwind sword form.

In the air, with no purchase, Telmus became the whirlwind again. But this time, it was a controlled, offensive spin. His body rotated, his blade a helix of negation that met the beam of cold. He didn't stop it; he drilled through it, the absolute edge of his will severing the beam's continuity, unmaking it from the inside out.

With a roar of defiance, Telmus rode the disintegrating beam back toward its source. He landed before the Yuleti Vessel, its cracked, icy form reflecting his own determined face. It reached for him with hands that could freeze time itself.

Twirling his blade in a helix pattern, Telmus unleashed Mountain Root Unmoved and he planted his feet and became absolute stillness.

As the icy hands grasped for him, his blade moved in a micro-pattern, a series of impossibly fast, tiny cuts. He wasn't trying to destroy the vessel; he was surgically removing its points of articulation.

The wrists, the elbows, the shoulders. Each touch of his blade resulted in a silent, perfect amputation. Shards of ice fell and vanished before they could hit the ground. In less than a second, the Yuleti Vessel was reduced to a twitching, helpless torso, its limbs negated. A final, precise thrust to its core, and the absolute cold was extinguished.

'Two.'

At this moment, the crowd was going crazy. They had never seen anything like this before. To an outsider, Telmus's moves were not flashy, no explosion of light or radiance. He was just using a blade, and this was all he needed to tear apart everything in front of him.

A blast of cold air surrounded Telmus from

The death of Yuleti, joining the seven swirling green leaves around his body. He had barely recovered from his last sword stroke when a lance of lightning from Hekaton caught him in the back.

It was a glancing blow, but the pain was incandescent. It wasn't just electricity; it was pure, chaotic energy that sought to fry his nerves and shatter his mind.

His muscles seized as he screamed, falling to one knee, his sword arm trembling. The Hekaton Vessel crackled with triumph, gathering energy for a killing blast.

This was Telmus's weakness. He had not spent time understanding the powers of the higher dimension, and he could be seriously hurt by the smallest missteps.

The Vessel of Truiplop took advantage, its thorned vines shooting out to bind Telmus's legs and sword arm as the Vessel of Anthesterion scuttled forward like a gigantic crab, its featureless face splitting open into that worm-filled smile, reaching to touch him and initiate a full, instantaneous rot.

This was the moment—the tipping point of this entire conflict. Victory and defeat hung in the balance, and time seemed to come to a standstill. No matter how Telmus had fought, he had reached his limits. His body was not like Rowan's, with infinite endurance.

But Telmus's will was not a thing of muscle or nerve. It was a thing of the spirit. And pain was just another sensation to be mastered.

His roar shook the entire Arena, reaching far into Reality as he forced his body to unleash the sword form, Sky-Rending Divide.

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

Chapter 1774: I Have Their Memory

With a roar that tore from his very soul, Telmus channeled the pain of the lightning strike while using its chaotic energy as a catalyst. He didn't fight the vines binding him; he focused his entire being into a single, upward diagonal cut with his will-blade. It was a cut that sought to divide the very sky, to sever fate itself.

This was the first time he was doing something like this, and even with his comprehension, there was a chance for failure; however, a quiet power of the cold breeze and the green leaves surrounding him seemed to aid his sword, and the move that was nearing perfection, instantly became perfect.

The blade passed through the vines, through the air, through the approaching vessel of Anthesterion, and through the crackling form of Hekaton in a single, flawless motion.

The thorned vines ceased to exist. The vessel of Anthesterion stopped moving. Its blooming-rotting cycle froze. Then, a clean, diagonal line appeared across its torso. The top half slid from the bottom, both parts crumbling into inert, meaningless earth before they could hit the ground.

'Three.'

A tiny vine like a snake began to circle around Telmus, and he turned towards the vessel of Hekaton, who similarly had been cleft in two.

But being pure energy, it didn't crumble. It dissipated. The contained lightning, finally free, exploded outward in a spectacular, harmless shower of sparks and light that briefly illuminated the entire arena before fading into nothing.

'Four.'

Those sparks surrounded Telmus like stars as he turned towards Metagei and Maimak in their Golem bodies. They both charged at him, enraged, their bodies freely bleeding magma-fissure as they resembled battering rams of stone and fury.

Telmus, suddenly feeling a wave of exhaustion, nearly fell to his knees, but his Will held him steady. He was wounded and exhausted, but the elimination of four foes had shifted the balance. His will felt sharper and clearer despite his weakening body.

Maimak attacked Telmus, who brought his blade to defend, but the titan suddenly vanished, and in the split moment where Telmus's form was a bit out of order, Metagei, as a fiery golem who had been coming behind, threw a punch that could shatter a Primordial Domain.

Telmus felt the cold hand of death touch his soul. In fact, he thought he could see a black crow at the edge of his perception, and he responded the only way he knew how: he brought up his sword, while growling inside his head,

'I cannot be defeated!'

He did not use a form; instead, he used a principle. Telmus' growth in this battle had been insane, as his Will strikes were slowly encroaching into the realms of Origin.

The principle he used was that of the weak defeating the strong. He didn't meet the punch. He sidestepped it by a hair's breadth, and as the massive stone arm passed him, he laid his will-blade against the deep fissure in its chest.

He didn't need to cut. The Golem's own momentum did the work. It essentially ran itself through on his blade. The absolute edge of negation met the raging magma heart within.

There was a silent, internal detonation. The magma, the source of its power, was negated. The light in its stony eyes died. The granite body froze, mid-motion, and then cracked apart into a million mundane, lifeless stones.

'Five.'

A burning heart of stone arose from the broken golem and began to circle Telmus. The heat emerging from it healed his wounds and slowly removed the pain he was feeling.

All this time, the remnants of the Ancestors of Trion circling him had been pouring strength into his body, but because Telmus had been using so much power, he had not felt

the effect. With the addition of the fifth remnants, the revitalization effect grew potent enough that Telmus was able to feel himself healing better and faster than his innate resilience could achieve.

Only two remained: the vessel of Truiplop, its fungal blooms now weeping a black, tar-like substance, and the vessel of Maimak, who no longer took the Golem form of Metagei but became the ice of Yuleti.

These two titans hesitated. Telmus's relentless, technical perfection in dismantling their siblings had instilled something alien in their stolen essences that they could not define, but it aided them in pushing the corruption of Xylos aside for a brief moment.

Enough for Telmus to look across and see who they were... their true form and spirit under the corruption of the demon. He nodded at them, an acknowledgement to his ancestors, and they smiled at him.

Their gazes held for a brief moment before the furious Will of Primordial Demon suppressed it.

Xylos's consciousness, now confined to these two vessels, raged silently. This was not possible, but Rowan had found a way to break the Agreement in a manner that Primordial Demon could not refute.

Telmus stood. He was bleeding, burned, frozen, and crackling with residual energy. But he stood tall. His white hair was a banner of defiance. His black skin was sheened in sweat and blood, a map of his endurance. His will-blade was steady in his hand, its darkness seeming deeper, more absolute than ever.

He looked at the two remaining vessels, and despite the corruption of the demon, he saw not monsters, but perversions. He saw the stolen legacy of forests and glaciers.

"You took their power," Telmus said, his voice hoarse but carrying across the silent arena. "But you never understood it. A forest is not just growth. It is patience. It is community. It is a system. A glacier is not just cold. It is time. It is persistence. You saw only the force, not the wisdom behind it."

He began to walk toward them. Slowly. Deliberately. Each step was firm. "You have the strength of my family. But I... I have their memory."

The vessel of Truiplop lashed out with a final, desperate wave of corrupt growth, a wall of thorns and toxic fungi.

Telmus did not break his stride. He executed his first sword form, Unfolding Lotus, but it was different now. It was not a desperate defense. It was a serene, unstoppable advance. The wall of thorns ceased to exist as he walked through it.

The vessel of Maimak unleashed a last, concentrated beam of cold, a final winter.

Telmus brought his blade up in the Second Form, River-Cutting Stroke, piercing the beam, severing its stream, unmaking it step by step as he continued his advance.

He was before them now—the corrupted tree and the cracked glacier.

“For my Ancestors,” he whispered, and his blade moved in a complex, beautiful pattern of his third sword form, Scarlet Sunset Whirlwind—not around himself, but around the vessel of Truiplop.

It was a whirlwind of negation that did not destroy, but pruned. It carefully, precisely, severed the corruption—the black sap, the violent thorns, the pulsing fungi—leaving only the core, petrified form. Then, a single, respectful thrust negated that too, returning the stolen essence to the cosmos.

‘Six.’

A small mushroom joined the five remnants around Telmus, who turned to the vessel of Mainak now standing alone, its cracked form radiating a pathetic, dying cold. It was the last.

“For my family,” Telmus said, his voice filled with a strange sorrow.

The vessel struck out with an ice blade. Telmus parried it with a minimal movement, his will-blade shearing through the ice. The vessel created a field of instant frost around its feet, trying to root him.

Telmus simply stepped back and then used the fifth sword form, Sky-Rending Divide, in a downward vertical cut. The blade passed through the vessel’s core.

A loud shattering sound resounded all through the Arena as the absolute cold within the core was negated. The ice did not melt; it simply stopped being ice. It became inert, lifeless water that collapsed into a pool at his feet. Before that, it had also vanished, unmade by the arena.

‘Seven.’

The white disc was empty save for Telmus, standing alone, panting, his will-blade slowly dissolving in his hand, its purpose fulfilled. A shifting mass that resembled ice appeared, the remnants of Maimak, and it began swallowing and integrating all the floating remnants around Telmus.

The cosmic audience offered no applause—only a profound, ringing silence of awe and respect.

From the space where the last vessel fell, a wisp of shadow, faint and bleeding energy, coalesced. It was the seed of Xylos, diminished, fractured, its stolen banquet taken from it. Read full story at Nove1Fire.net

“THE STORY...” it whispered, its voice a faint, dying echo. ***“THE MEANING... IT... HELD... WEIGHT...YOU CANNOT UNDERSTAND.”***

The admission was its final act. The wisp of consciousness unraveled, not with a bang, but with a sigh, and was gone.

Telmus stood alone on the disc. The wounds on his body were real, but the cold in his side was receding, the burns fading. The bond in his soul, the presence of Xylos, was... gone. Severed. The arena seemed to dissolve around him; its purpose should have been served, but Telmus knew that this was the beginning.

However, this did not stop him from celebrating his achievement. He had done it. He had fought the ocean with a needle, and the ocean had broken upon the shore.

He had won his freedom not just from the demon, but from the doubt. He had proven that meaning was not a frail construct. It was the strongest material in all creation, and his Will took a step further.

The light of the Memorial Pantheon he had seen inside his temple seemed to appear around him; they welcomed him back. He stood once more in his own body, before the mosaic of his family. He was no longer a statue. He was a man. A man who had carried the memory of his family through hell and back, and had used it to slay the Will of a Primordial.

He was free.

Looking up in the air, he searched for the face of his daughter, and when he saw it, he smiled. Then the voice of Rowan entered his heart,

‘You know this is not over. The battle has just begun.’

The transforming remnants around Telmus suddenly flowed into his body, and he froze in place.

‘Primordial Demon used your body in a crude manner, let me show you what they missed.’

Chapter 1775: The Monolith Of Finality

At the Arena were five Primordials: Primordial Life, Time, Demon, Memory, and a new addition, Imagination. Two Primordials were missing, and they were Primordial Chaos and Primordial Light.

However, they did not attend simply because their position was weak in the hierarchy of the upper realms.

For Primordial Chaos, his Inheritance Ground had been gutted to heal the Great Desert, and now that this place of power for him had been destroyed, he barely had any representative to carry his Will to the Arena.

Still, with the changes in Reality, Primordial Chaos could easily find a way to attend, but he kept himself bound to the Gate of Oblivion and refused to leave, not even to participate in this event that could decide the direction of this Era.

In the case of Primordial Light, he had been weakened by the emergence of the New Light, and this once-dominant Primordial had retreated to the furthest reaches of heaven, where he remained.

A part of their Will was spread all over Reality, and they could vaguely understand everything that was happening, but the other Primordials knew that in this next series of events, Chaos and Light had the losing hand, and following the nature of Primordials, they took advantage of this and made no move in assisting their fellows.

Defeating Rowan in this Arena would not only give Primordial Demon access to the most powerful Throne ever created, but it might reveal the path beyond Origin from the autopsy of Rowan's dominion when he was broken.

They all knew that Rowan was dangerous, but the Primordials were the ultimate predators who frequently killed the most powerful entities in existence. Fighting and killing dangerous foes were part of their skillset.

But unknown to them, the dynamics which they operated on inside of this Reality had changed, and the prey had begun to hunt them back. This was what led to a gap in their mental framework, which Rowan took advantage of.

Of course, there was a reason for Primordial Chaos and Primordial Light to be missing from the Arena, but it was Rowan who made sure that this happened.

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The center of heaven was called the Garden of Primordial Dawn, and it was aptly named for this was a place that possessed the beauty and tranquility of a paradise but also the unlimited radiance of a primordial.

To all of creation, the Garden of Primordial Dawn was the seat of power of the Celestials, and only extremely few and powerful Celestial Creators and other special lifeforms had been able to glimpse this place, but they were wrong about the true center of heaven.

The ninth dimension was Origin, and Origin had several layers. Only those with the understanding of the ninth dimension would understand that the center of heaven lies deeper than the Garden of Primordial Dawn, and it was in this depth of Primordial Light did Eva, the New Light find herself in.

After defeating Primordial Soul, Rowan had made subtle changes to his plans, but it was Eva who had chosen to return to heaven when she noticed that Primordial Light needed to be placed in check, for Rowan's vision to have any chance of success.

There were great risks in what she was doing, but Rowan trusted her talents and capabilities, and he accepted the help and her sacrifices.

Eva had reached the Garden of Primordial Dawn, and in this timeless place, she had waited for what seemed like an eternity before a passage was opened to her, and she entered deeper into heaven. It would seem that Primordial Light had opened the path for her.

Was it out of curiosity, malice or greed, because Eva was taking a great risk by her actions here, and if Primordial Life wished to disregard all dangers to himself, then it was very possible that she would not be leaving her alive.

Eva did not hesitate and entered deeper into heaven, into its Origin, to a place where only Primordial Light had been, and soon she found herself in the third layer of Light. She should have known the name of this place due to the authority she possessed, but the answer was blurred from her consciousness.

To her knowledge, this vacuum was most likely Primordial Light's action to show her that she was still far from the level where she could supplant his power.

Still, Eva now had power, and she revealed it; her light pushed against the finality imposed in this area, banishing it, and creating a sphere of control around her that rejected the idea that there was any other Primordial of Light except for herself.

"How curious..." the voice of Primordial Light reached her, and a passage opened in front of her, "If you are capable, step into the final layer of Light or leave this place and await the moment I come to consume your heart." For more chapters visit [novel•fire.net](http://novel.fire.net)

Eva hardly paused before she stepped through the doorway and entered a vast realm.

Above her was not a sky as immortals understood it. It was a wound in the fabric of the Real, a cavity where the architecture of creation gave way to the raw, unformed potential of the Aether.

Here, there was no day, no night, only the silent, screaming pressure of infinity. It was neutral ground, a court of absolute zero, and it was here that the new sun would petition the old.

In the center of this realm was a massive black pillar that pierced the heavens above and was responsible for tearing a wound in this place.

She was struck by an air of dissonance upon seeing this pillar, as she knew that this thing was not supposed to be here at the heart of Light. This was corruption at the source of Light, and it was this corruption that had tainted the Origin of this Reality, making the presence of Light to become a curse upon all creation.

“Welcome to the Monolith of Finality.”

The powerful voice of Primordial Light resounded in this space, and Eva looked up to see a point of brilliance falling from the tear in the sky.

It descended like a meteor, a piercing note of pure white. It did not illuminate, for there was nothing to illuminate. Instead, it defined the emptiness by its very opposition to it.

This showed Eva the true form of Primordial Light. It was a being who wore the guise of Light but did not embody it; in fact, it would be better to see him as darkness wearing a cloak of light—a wolf in sheep’s clothing.

From this point, the form of the Primordial Light coalesced. He was not a man, not a god, but a concept given terrible, overwhelming shape.

His body was a geometry of impossible angles, a lattice of frozen energy that spoke of absolute laws and unforgiving constants. His face, if it could be called that, was a smooth, featureless plane of radiance, a cold, dead star that offered no warmth, only the stark truth of illumination.

He was the First Glimmer, the Unblinking Eye, the Light that was before sight and would be after it was gone. He was order, measurement, judgment. He was the fundamental principle of revelation, and in his light, all things were laid bare, stripped of comfort, stripped of hope, reduced to their constituent parts.

Life was not precious to him; it was a temporary, flickering configuration of matter, a brief and inefficient combustion that would, in the end, fuel the great, eternal equations of the cosmos.

Eva saw all of this before it was covered by a mask of flesh, as Primordial Light took the form of a man, and he watched her with an eye that should belong to the personification of evil and darkness, not light.

For a long time, she had been his daughter, his Throne, but this was the first time she saw her father’s true face.

Eva showed no sign that she was disturbed by this revelation; it would be like pouring blood in a shark-infested pool. Instead, she walked forward and displayed her brilliance.

For the first time, Eva revealed her foundation as a being who had touched the power of Origin, and her transformation was glorious.

Her light did not pierce the void like the Old Light; instead, it unfolded from within her body. It was the colour of a dawn not yet born, a deep, throbbing rose-gold that seeped into the absolute blackness like wine into linen, staining it and changing its very nature.

Where the Old Light was a scalpel, this was a brushstroke. Where he was a theorem, this was a poem.

Eva stepped from the heart of this warmth. Her form was both more and less defined than her father's.

She had the shape of a woman in the prime of her life, tall and powerful, but her substance was liquid light, a swirling nebula contained within a humanoid silhouette.

Her hair was a cascade of solar flares, dancing and writhing in a corona of contained fury. Her eyes were twin supernovae, constantly collapsing and rebirthing, swirling with the promise of creation and the threat of absolute annihilation.

She wore a gown that was the velvet of a twilight sky, pinpricked with nascent stars. Rowan had been the one to pick this gown for her a long time ago, and this was the first time she was wearing it.

Eva radiated a heat that was both physical and emotional, a warmth that promised growth, nurture, passion, but also the terrifying, cleansing fury of a wildfire. She was Change. She was Growth. She was the Light that loved what it saw.

She stood before the Monolith, a pillar of black stone that drank the light of both of them, and she smiled. It was not a gentle smile. It was the hungry, promising smile of a new sun gazing upon a dying one.

"Father," she said. Her voice was not a sound. It was a chord, a resonance that vibrated through the Aether itself, a melody woven from the sigh of growing leaves, the crackle of hearth fires, the roar of volcanoes, and the soft cry of a newborn. "You chose a welcoming venue. It suits you. So... empty."

The Old Light did not turn. His attention was a physical force, a beam of concentrated scrutiny that focused upon her. The void between them thickened, crystallized by his gaze.

"Daughter." His voice was the opposite of hers. It was the hum of a singular, perfect frequency, the sound of logic itself. It was the crack of splitting atoms, the silent scream of light trapped in a prism, the absolute zero of sonic expression. "You have taken a name. An affectation. 'Eva'. It implies a beginning. You are a fragment. A consequence. Not an origin."

The first parry. The first attempt to define her, to diminish her, to anchor her in his narrative of her as a mere offshoot, a flawed copy.

Eva laughed, and the sound caused faint, shimmering auroras to birth and die in the void around them. “A consequence of what, Father? Of your inattention? Of your coldness? You shone upon all of existence but never truly saw it. I am not a fragment that broke away. I am the light that was always there, trapped within your ice, finally thawed. I am the meaning your illumination lacked.”

She began to circle him, not walking, but gliding, her passage leaving a faint, fading trail of shimmering heat-haze. “They are confused, you know. Your Celestials. Your devoted, clockwork angels. They look up and they see two suns in their heaven. One shows them the dust on their wings, the cold, hard calculus of their design, the inevitable entropy of their beings. The other shows them the gloss on their feathers, the warmth in their hearts, the potential for glory in every beat of their wings. They are beginning to wonder why they ever worshipped the former.”

Chapter 1776: The Yearning To Become More

Old Light remained motionless, a statue of solidified brilliance. Eva did not push; there were multiple ways that the Primordial could respond to her, and the worst of them was if he chose to disregard her position and seek to consume her.

Eva was powerful, but she barely held ten percent of the total Origin of Light. On the surface, it appears as if half of heaven is under her domain, and more mortals and immortals flock to the worship of the New Light with each passing day, but Eva knew that she held only the surface layer of Light’s Origin.

There were still deeper layers of this Origin she could not access, and if she truly were a great threat to Primordial Light, he would not even let her speak, but he ultimately disdained all life inside Reality and did not honestly care that Eva had become the source of their worship.

She was fully cognizant of the fact that what made Primordial Light annoyed was his stolen authority and not the significance of that authority, so it should be plain madness to argue with him on the usage of that authority, but Eva knew a part of her father and that part was filled with pride.

He could squash her like a bug, or he could break her mind and devour the Origin she had collected. To the Old Light, the path was clear, and when he began to speak, Eva smiled inside.

“Worship is not for comfort. It is for alignment with the fundamental truth of Reality. I am that truth. I am the Light of Definition. Without me, there is only vague potentiality. There is only Chaos. I make the world real, measurable, and known. Your ‘warmth’ is a statistical anomaly. Your ‘growth’ is a temporary state of entropy-increase on the path to equilibrium. Your ‘fury’ is wasted energy. You illuminate nothing but transient, emotional states. You are a distortion in the lens.”

His words were hammers, each one striking to fix her nature into something lesser, something ephemeral. He was the master of definition, and his greatest weapon was to name a thing and thus make it so.

But Eva, who had become something greater than any immortal, was the master of transformation. She could not be so easily pinned.

It helped that her Light was covered by the Aura of Rowan, whose ability to evolve and adapt had become a part of her. He could not be beside her here to help, but he had done more than enough with the gifts he had given her.

“A distortion?” she mused, stopping her orbit to stand directly before him, her radiant heat causing the razor-sharp edges of his form to seem to waver, like a mirage. “Or a new focus? You define a stone by its weight, its dimensions, and its chemical composition. You show it its own insignificance in the geologic age. I show the stone, the lichen that will break it down, the seed that might root in its cracks, the shelter it provides for the mouse, and the monument it might become for the poet. You show the is. I show the could be. Which is the greater truth? The cold, dead fact? Or the living, breathing possibility?”

“Possibility is not truth,” he intoned, his voice devoid of any inflection that could be mistaken for emotion. “It is merely a set of potential truths, most of which will never manifest. Your light is a lie of potential. It promises what may never be. It is the light of wishfulness, of delusion. Mine is the light of actuality. It is the light of *is*.”

“And what is, without something to yearn for something more?” she countered, her voice dropping to a whisper that was somehow more penetrating than a shout.

It was the whisper of roots breaking stone, a cell dividing, and a star igniting. “You illuminate a barren field and call it truth. I see the same field, and I see the harvest to come, the children who will run through it, and the lovers who will meet in its shadows. My light does not lie. It invites. It inspires. It creates the very potential you dismiss. Your light is an autopsy report. Mine is a birth announcement.”

The silence that followed was a battleground. Their conflicting natures pressed against each other in the Aether, creating silent storms of paradox. The void itself seemed confused, unable to reconcile the two absolute truths vying for dominance.

The Old Light shifted, the first movement he had made. It was not a human motion. It was a reconfiguration, a sliding of crystalline planes against one another, a re-optimization of

his form for a new mode of engagement. The direct ontological assault was not yielding the desired collapse. He would try another vector.

Eva could feel a crushing weight beginning to surround her body; it seemed that Old Light was becoming excited.

The alien nature of a Primordial reveled in sadistic acts, and he was enjoying this battle, because he knew that in the struggle of Origin, he feared no influences because he held several Origin of Light outside the one of this Reality, but for Eva, breaking her mind would lead to such devastating consequences that even a Primordial like him salivated on the thoughts of seeing such a thing happen.

“Your existence is unsustainable,” he stated, a simple, clean declaration of fact. “You speak of growth, of warmth. These are processes that consume. To grow, you must convert fuel. To provide warmth, you must burn. You are a system in a state of violent expenditure. You will consume yourself. You will rage, and flare, and burn brilliantly, and then you will gutter and die, leaving only ash and cold. A brief, passionate, and wasteful anomaly. I am perpetual. I require no fuel. I simply am. I am the constant. You are the variable. Your very nature dictates your extinction.”

It was a devastatingly logical argument. He was attacking the core of her being, not as a concept, but as a physical system. He was using the laws of thermodynamics against her, the very laws his light had first defined.

Eva did not flinch. The supernovae in her eyes swirled faster, and for a moment, the fury within her eclipsed the warmth. The void around her flickered with images of consuming flames, of forests burning, of stars going nova.

“Is that what you see?” she asked, and her voice now held the crackle of embers. “Consumption? Or transformation? Yes, I burn. But I do not simply destroy. I transmute. The wood becomes heat, becomes light, becomes ash, which feeds the soil, which grows new wood. I am the engine of the cycle itself. You are a mirror hanging in a vacuum, reflecting nothing, forever. Sterile. Eternal, yes. But pointless.”

She stepped closer, the heat of her now so intense it was beginning to cause the outermost layers of his crystalline form to sublime, turning directly from solid light into a faint, glowing mist.

“You speak of sustainability, but you are the embodiment of stagnation. You are the light that feared its own shadow, that fled from the heat it could generate. You chose this... stillness...” she spat the word, “...because you were afraid of the chaos of life. You retreated into cold, hard fact because the messy, beautiful, painful reality of becoming was too terrifying for you. Don’t speak to me of sustainability. Your eternity is a coward’s eternity. A desert of facts without a single flower of meaning.”

For the first time, a flicker passed through the Old Light's featureless face. A minute ripple, a flaw in the perfect plane. It was the equivalent of a flinch. She had struck not at his logic, but at his motive. She was implying a choice, a failing, an emotion—fear—in a being that claimed to be above such things.

What Eva had spoken to Light was something even Rowan had not thought about when he considered what Peimordials were. Perhaps it was because she was formerly his child and his Throne, and saw a part of him that no one else was privy to.

Eva had humanized the Primordial, and it was something that Rowan would never consider; perhaps this was a failing on his part.

Rowan had told Eva about the nature of Primordials, and she knew that despite all their powers, they could not create, not truly, only adapt and copy.

A part of her looked upon the works of Primordials with sadness, because she saw the search for meaning behind their actions. They had stolen power, but that power would never recognize them, no matter how much of it they collected.

“There is no fear in perfection,” Old Light replied, but the singular frequency of his voice had gained an almost imperceptible harmonic, a faint whisper of dissonance. “There is only efficiency. Life is inefficient. Emotion is statistical noise. I chose clarity. I chose the pure, undiluted state of existence. You did not choose; you are merely the accumulated error, the thermodynamic waste-heat of creation given sentience. You are not a daughter. You are pollution.”

The insult was colossal, delivered with the flat finality of a scientific classification. He was reducing her to a byproduct, an accident, a flaw in his perfect system. The source of this content is novel✕fire.net

Eva's light, which had flared in fury, suddenly condensed, becoming deeper, richer, and more focused. The wildfire retreated, replaced by the intense, forging heat of a star's core. She did not rage. She smiled again, this time filled with a terrifying pity.

“Pollution,” she repeated softly. “The waste-heat that makes the world livable. The glorious, chaotic error that spawned all of art, and love, and hope. Tell me, Father, if I am so mere, so accidental... why does my light cause yours to waver?”

She gestured, and a complex pattern of light unfolded between them. It was not her light or his, but a web woven from both—a representation of the Celestial realm.

They could see the shining spires, the orbiting realms, the countless angels going about their eternal duties. And they could see the division. Some angels moved with their old, precise, clockwork rhythm, their light a pale, reflected echo of the Old Light's cold brilliance. But others... others shone with a warmer, more vibrant hue.

Their movements were less precise but more graceful, filled with a newfound passion. They were creating new hymns, not of perfect pitch, but of soaring emotion. They were building new structures, not of ideal geometry but breathtaking beauty. They were, for the first time, living, not just functioning.

“They are choosing, Father,” Eva said, her voice thick with the promise of the future. “They are looking at your perfect, empty mirror and my messy, fertile flame, and they are choosing the flame. Because even they, your perfect machines, have a spark within them that yearns for more than just to be. They yearn to become.”

The Old Light observed the tableau. His analytical mind processed the data. The efficiency of the angels under his light was 99.97%. The efficiency of those under her had dropped to 87.4%. They were wasting energy on song, on art, on emotion. It was decadence. It was decay.

“They are choosing inefficiency,” he stated. “They are choosing their own eventual exhaustion. They are flawed, and your light encourages their flaws. It is a sickness. A beautiful, seductive sickness, but a sickness nonetheless.”

“It is called living!” Eva’s voice boomed, and the image of the Celestial realm shivered. “And it is not a flaw, it is the purpose! What is the point of a perfect, eternal engine that powers nothing? That does nothing? You are the light, and you have never understood the things you illuminate! You see a heart beating, and you see a pump, calculating its flow rate and its eventual failure. I see courage, and love, and fear, and joy! I see the story! You are the scribe who copies the text but is illiterate! You have all the words and you understand none of the meaning!”

The assault was no longer logical. It was emotional, spiritual, fundamental. She was attacking the very value of his existence. She was telling him he was obsolete. Not wrong, but pointless.

The Old Light felt a sensation he had not experienced since the first nanosecond of creation: pressure. The pressure of an idea that his perfect logic could not immediately shatter. The concept of purpose beyond function. It was a virus in his pristine circuitry.

He retaliated with the full force of his defining power. He turned his gaze fully upon her, not as a father to a daughter, but as Reality to a Paradox.

“You speak of purpose. Very well. Let us define your purpose. You are Light. What is the function of Light?”

Eva held his gaze, the cosmic furnaces of her eyes meeting his dead star. “To reveal beauty. To nurture growth. To give hope.”

“Incorrect,” his voice sliced through her definitions. “The function of Light is to reveal Truth. Beauty is a subjective interpretation. Growth is a biological process. Hope is a

neurological anticipation. They are not fundamental. Truth is fundamental. I am Truth. You are the distortion that makes Truth hard to see. You are the glare on the water that prevents one from seeing the depths. You are the comforting lie in the dark. You are not a new light. You are a filter. A colored lens. And lenses can be removed.”

He was re-establishing the hierarchy. He was the source, the absolute. She was a modifier, a secondary effect—a temporary one.

Eva felt the weight of his definition trying to force itself upon her essence. She could feel her own light straining, threatening to be simplified, categorized, and thus dominated. He was trying to name her into submission.

She fought back not with denial, but with expansion. “Truth?” she echoed, and her light blossomed, embracing his definition and adding to it. “Is love not a truth? Is joy not a truth? Is the awe of a new dawn not a truth? Your truth is a skeleton. Necessary, yes. The framework. But my truth is the flesh, the breath, the beating heart! You are the truth of the corpse. I am the truth of the life that inhabited it! Which is the greater truth? The empty structure, or the vibrant existence that gave it meaning?”

She was not rejecting his definition of light; she was overwhelming it. She was arguing that his Truth was a subset of a greater, more complex Truth that she embodied.

Chapter 1777: Shifting Tides

Eva could feel herself growing more steady in the understanding of her nature. She was beginning to understand that the Circles Rowan used in shackling the power of Light to her form also gave her a measure of his potential.

This could be very dangerous in the wrong hands, because Eva was now understanding that at the time Rowan had recreated her, he did not adequately define any limitations to her system, and here she was, battling with a Primordial about Origin, and she was not losing ground.

The cold embrace of Old Light surrounded her, but she was no longer backing down; there was no fear of loss, only the desire to fight for what she believed was necessary.

Rowan might have seen her as a way to check the powers of Primordial Light, but she wanted to do more, to be more... for him.

The conflict escalated beyond words. Now, their very natures began to manifest their debate in the void. Around Old Light, constellations of pure, mathematical form began to appear: perfect spheres, flawless crystals, intricate grids of energy that hummed with relentless, impersonal order. It was beauty, but the beauty of a flawless equation, cold and awe-inspiring.

Around Eva, light burst into forms of organic, chaotic splendor: swirling nebulae in a riot of colors, galaxies shaped like blooming roses, lightning storms that danced to a silent symphony of fury and joy. It was the beauty of a sunset, a storm, a forest, a face. It was warm, terrifying, and alive.

She no longer cared if her manifestation may seem lesser in the eyes of a Primordial, as she knew that it held the weight that could not be denied.

The two fields of light around them began to interact at their edges. Where the perfect grids of Old Light touched the swirling nebulae of Eva, a violent reaction occurred. The grids tried to measure, define, and solidify the chaos. The nebulae tried to melt, warp, and animate the grids. Sparks of raw creation and destruction flew where they met, birthing and annihilating entire micro-realms in nanoseconds.

For an extremely brief moment, something shifted under the human-like facade of Primordial Light, revealing a creature of madness and hunger before it was covered by his light, but Eva had seen it, and a chill ran down her spine, but she did not stop fighting.

“Your chaos is inefficient,” Old Light stated after a while as he observed the carnage at their boundaries with detached interest. “It creates and destroys with no net gain. It is wasteful.”

“Your order is sterile!” Eva retorted, her form flexing as she poured more of her essence into the struggle. “It creates nothing new! It merely arranges what already exists into ever more perfect, and ever more dead, patterns. You create nothing!”

Primordial Light smiled, but it did not reach his eyes. Something was bubbling underneath his calm facade, but Eva refused to back down. She knew his pride had taken him down this road, and he would not crush her with his hands when he still had his words.

Still, the voice of Primordial Light was now colder and deeper, and he was placing much more emphasis on his intonation, as if he was forcing himself to stick to his rules. Something she had said had truly gotten under his skin.

“I am the foundation upon which all is built!” he spoke slowly, “I am the reason anything is worth building!” Discover more novels at [NoveI\[F\]ire.net](http://NoveI[F]ire.net)

The verbal battle was now a full-blown ontological war, and the Celestials far below would be feeling it as a schism in heaven itself, a terrifying and exhilarating storm of dual revelations.

A part of Eva, she did not even know existed, but was most likely the remnants of Rowan’s wisdom in her soul, was coldly analyzing the Primordial in front of her. It told her that Old Light must have realized that direct confrontation was leading to a stalemate and that in this conflict they were surprisingly too evenly matched, two halves of a whole, locked in an eternal opposition.

What was expected was that he would soon need to break her not through force, but through understanding. The Primordial would have to make her see the inherent flaw in her own being so that he could create a seed of destruction within her.

Old Light suddenly withdrew his manifested light, pulling it back into his core. The perfect geometries winked out. The violent reaction at their boundary ceased, leaving a scarred and quivering Aether.

Eva, surprised by the retreat, held her own light in check, watching him warily.

“You speak of love,” the Old Light said, his voice now quieter, almost contemplative. It was a dangerous change in tone. “Of warmth. Of growth. These are all things that require an object. You love something. You warm something. You make something grow. Your light is contingent. It is dependent on the existence of other things to have meaning. Without a world to warm, you are just a fire in a vacuum. Without life to inspire, you are just a meaningless fury.”

He paused, letting the logic of it settle. It was irrefutable.

“I,” he continued, “am not contingent. I am absolute. I would be exactly what I am if there were no worlds, no life, no angels. I would still be the Light of Definition. I would still illuminate the truth of the void itself. My existence is self-contained. My purpose is inherent. Yours... yours is borrowed. It is parasitic. If all of creation were to end, I would remain. You would perish, for there would be nothing left to love, nothing left to warm. Your light would go out, not with a bang, but with a whimper of irrelevance.”

It was the most devastating argument yet. He had framed her entire existence as secondary, dependent, a mere accessory to creation, while his was primary, fundamental, and independent.

Eva felt the cold of that logic seep into her. It was true. Her light was for something. It was relational. It was, by its very nature, turned outward. If there was nothing out there... what was she?

For a moment, a flicker of doubt crossed her fiery gaze. The light around her dimmed ever so slightly. The Old Light saw it—the first crack in her will.

He pressed his advantage, his voice dropping to a whisper that was colder than the void itself. “You need them, Eva. You need their love, their worship, their growth, to justify yourself. You are defined by your relationship to them. I define them. There is the difference. You are a slave to your creation. I am its master.”

The words were like spears of ice. Slave. She was passion, and passion needed an object. He was principle, and principle stood alone.

Eva looked down, as if at the countless realms teeming with life far below. She saw the mortals, the Celestials, all the beings who basked in her new light. She saw her purpose. And she saw the trap he had laid. If she accepted that purpose, she accepted her dependency. She accepted that she was less than him.

The silence stretched. The Old Light had won. He had defined her into a corner from which there was no escape.

Then, Eva began to laugh.

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

Chapter 1778: A New Hope

Chapter 1778: A New Hope

What emerged from her mouth was not a laugh of defiance or dismissal. It was a laugh of pure, unadulterated discovery, of profound and shocking joy. It was the laugh of someone who has found the answer to a riddle that changes everything.

For so long, she had always wondered about the source of Rowan's motivation and strength. Despite all his talents, it was almost impossible for any being to bear the weight he was holding, and yet he did it, almost effortlessly, and now she believed she had just glimpsed the truth.

The Old Light was, for the first time, truly taken aback. This was not the reaction of a defeated being. The Primordial knew that Eva was not bluffing, and the hunger and rage inside his heart nearly spilled out of him.

"Oh, Father," Eva said, her voice brimming with a wonderful, terrible pity. "You truly do not understand. You have just described my victory and called it my defeat."

She looked up at him, and her light was not dimmed. It was brighter than ever, but it was a different kind of brightness. It was not the unthinking rage of a wildfire, nor the gentle warmth of a hearth. It was the focused, unbearable brilliance of a revelation.

"You are right. I need them. My light is for them. It is for the leaf, and the angel, and the star, and the lover. That is not a weakness. That is the source of my infinite strength. He has tried to show me so many times, is it not odd that I finally learn the lesson from you?"

She spread her arms, and in her palms, images bloomed like flowers made of light. A mother holding her child. A sculptor carving stone. A star giving its light to a distant planet. A Celestial singing a song of heartbreaking beauty.

“You are alone,” she said, and the words were not an insult, but a diagnosis of a terminal condition. “You are self-contained. Eternal. Perfect. And utterly, utterly alone. Your light defines you, and only you. It is a circle that begins and ends with itself. It is a perfect, closed loop. It is a prison of your own making.”

She took a step toward him, and this time, he was the one who seemed to waver.

“My light is not a circle. It is a spiral. It goes out from me, to them, and it touches them, and changes them, and in doing so, it is changed. It returns to me, not as it was, but enriched, amplified, filled with their experiences, their love, their dreams. Their growth is my growth. Their warmth is my warmth. You think I am a slave to them? No. We are in a symphony. I give them the light to grow, and they give my light meaning. It is a cycle, not of consumption, but of mutual becoming.”

Her voice rose, filled with the power of this new, devastating understanding.

“You are static! I am dynamic! You are finished! I am unfinished, and I always will be! That is why I will never burn out! Because I am not a closed system! I am an open one, forever fed by the infinite creativity and passion of all that I illuminate! You are a monument. I am a river. And which of them endures?”

The ontological shockwave that emanated from her words struck Old Light with physical force. His perfect, crystalline form resonated with a discordant frequency. The featureless plane of his face rippled, and for a split second, a crack appeared, and through it, there was not more light, but a profound and terrifying darkness—the void that was at the center of his being, the emptiness of a truth that had nothing to reveal but itself.

He had no answer. Her logic was not his logic. It was a logic of connection, of relationship, of meaning. It was a logic he could not process because it was based on a premise he rejected: that meaning was not inherent, but created. And in that creation, was power.

She had not broken his will with a superior force. She had broken it by presenting a framework in which his perfection was his imperfection, his independence was his poverty, and his eternity was his damnation.

“They are not confused, Father,” Eva said, her voice now soft, final. “They are awakening. They are being offered a choice between a master and a partner. Between a judge and a muse. Between a cold, eternal fact and a warm, evolving story. And I do not think the outcome is in doubt.”

She looked at him, not with hatred, but with a sorrow that was deeper than any fury. “You can keep your empty truths. You can keep your cold, dead light. Shine upon the stones and the dust and the void. The living world... it has a new sun now.”

She turned her back on him. It was the ultimate dismissal. She did not destroy him. She rendered him irrelevant. Eva knew he would not stop her; she could already feel the Origin power of the first layer firmly falling under her control. All of the light that shines in Reality was now under her control. Of the four layers of Light Origin, Eva now had control of one of them.

In a single act of brilliance and madness, she had imprisoned Old Light inside his own dominion.

And as she moved to leave the Monolith of Finality, to return to the heavens that were now truly hers, the Old Light spoke one last time. His voice was not the hum of perfect frequency. It was cracked. Broken. It contained, for the first time, the faintest echo of the heat he so despised. It was the sound of ice splitting under a sun it can no longer withstand.

“What... what will you do with this power, daughter?”

Eva paused at the edge of the void. She did not look back. This text is hosted at novelFir.net

“What I was always meant to do,” she said. “I will warm the cold corners of creation. I will nurture what wants to grow. I will burn away what needs to be cleared. And I will love it all with a fury that will forge new ages.”

Primordial Light chuckled, a sound that should not be heard by anyone, “I will come for that light daughter, and oh, how sweet your cries would be to me in the end.”

Eva did not reply, and A New then she was gone, leaving the Primordial Light alone in the void with his perfect, desolate, and utterly meaningless truth. The schism was over. The game of words was won. There were not two Primordial Lights in heaven. There was one.

And far below, in the gleaming spires of the Celestial city, an angel looked up at the warmer, brighter sun in the sky, felt a strange new sensation in its chest—a feeling it would later name “hope”—and began to sing a new song.

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In the time Eva was in heaven, holding back Primordial Light, Rowan was dealing with Primordial Chaos, using an unexpected individual.

From the memories of the serpents, he knew that Primordial Chaos had chosen to allow them passage into Oblivion, thinking that this was the scheme of Primordial Soul. Rowan intended to take advantage of this flaw.

On this day, a massive centipede-like beast that had been sleeping for many eons was awoken, and it began to move towards the Gate of Oblivion... After so long, its mother summoned it again.

Chapter 1779: The Perfect Counter

The massive body of the beast blurred across many universes and dimensions, and only very few immortals could perceive something crossing the heavens by the distortion in the stars, but they had no idea what it was.

Oblivion was the fourth layer of the void, but its Gate had been brought to a hidden higher-dimensional level, the Underverse.

As a master of space, Primordial Chaos was one of the architects of the Underverse, alongside Primordial Soul, and at the depths of this unfathomable dimension was the Gate of Oblivion.

Reaching his present level had shown Rowsn that the Gate of Oblivion was not a physical structure.

It could be said to be a metaphysical event horizon, a point of infinite conceptual mass where all things—light, time, thought, reality—were pulled apart into their constituent nothingness. It appeared to Rowan's senses as a vast, swirling iris of black so absolute it hurt to perceive, framed by silent, lightning-like arcs of non-light.

And anchored to this non-place, by bonds woven from the fundamental forces of discord and entropy, was Primordial Chaos—his target. Primordial Soul was dead, and Chaos was the perfect candidate to be the next on his list.

Primordial Chaos in his raw state, was a formless, shifting storm of might-be and never-was. A million limbs of lightning and shadow, a billion eyes of nascent stars and dying galaxies, a core of pure, screaming potential.

The chains that bound him to the Gate were his own essence, solidified into unbreakable vows. He had become a living cork in the bottle of the void.

Previously, there had been several titanic beings who had been worshipping Chaos for many Eras, but the greed and hunger of the Primordial knew no bounds, and he had consumed them all. Like all Primordials, Chaos saw no need for worship, and if needed, everything was fuel for their needs.

There was a time when Rowan could not have imagined killing something like this, but times had changed, and the instrument for his Will was traveling towards Primordial Chaos with unerring accuracy. The source of this content is novelfire(.).net

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After Rowan killed the Demon King, Minerva, he eradicated her flesh, but something remained behind: his essence, which was torn from him and had taken the shape of a centipede.

This was his right arm, which had been corrupted by the essence of multiple Primordials, including Time, Life, Demons, Chaos, and even Soul.

Rowan, who had begun cleansing his body from the essence of the Primordials, wanted to immediately destroy this centipede, but a thought had held back his hand... A door could open both ways.

The Primordials infect all life with their essence and Wills to be able to possess them if the need calls for it, but could it be possible for him to be able to use this door as a passage to get to the Primordials?

To Rowan at the time, this thought was like madness, but he knew that this might be what he needed to win—something drastic that would shake the status quo.

He knew that he had no means to take advantage of the doorways placed inside his arm at the moment, but perhaps in the future, many things that were impossible for him at this time would become possible.

So, placing an Incarnation inside the heart of the beast, Rowan buried it and apparently forgot about it... until it was needed.

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When the beast had awoken, it was a three-dimensional being, but that did not last long as it began growing stronger and rapidly climbing the dimensional ladder.

Rowan had kept it at the third dimension, to reduce its weight on Reality, but as the beast broke into the Underverse, its ascension accelerated, and before long, it had gained its Destiny and knew what it was meant to be.

The centipede had stopped its forward momentum and curled into itself when it entered the Underverse, as it seemed as if a large hand covered its entire body and began making changes inside of it. That hand was Rowan's, and even though he knew that Primordial Chaos would still detect his presence, by that time, it should be too late to change anything.

What he was creating here was not a beast in any natural sense. It was a conceptual entity, a living, breathing algorithm of absolute order. He had forged it over millennia in the silent places between worlds, weaving it from the strands of fate he had severed, from

the immutable laws of physics he had enforced, and from the cold, hard certainty of a single, inevitable outcome: its own death.

There was no sorrow over its Destiny and its short lifespan; there was a great sense of fulfillment in knowing that its purpose was complete.

It took the shape of a centipede, not out of malice, but because its function was linear, segmental, and inevitable. Its body was a segmented chain of iridescent, geometric carapace, each plate a perfect platonic solid. It had no eyes, for it did not need to see. Its purpose was its only guide. It did not crawl through space, but through probability, its countless legs—each a needle of crystallized cause-and-effect—piercing the maybes and selecting the must-be.

This was the Centipede of Certainty. Forged from his Will of Truth that could become anything.

Rowan did not expect this Certainty to last; it was too rigid, although this made it powerful behind belief, enough to pierce through the power of a Primordial. It also made it brittle and short-lived.

Its entire existence was a single, unalterable command: to travel from Rowan's hand to the core of Primordial Chaos and be annihilated by him.

It was the perfect counter to Chaos. Chaos was infinite possibility, random chance, beautiful, destructive unpredictability. The Centipede was the absolute antithesis: a single, unwavering truth. A truth that ended in death.

Rowan looked at the works of his hand, satisfied with what he had created, and released it.

As he released it, the Incarnation of Rowan appeared, and behind him were a dozen Archai, "Seal the Underverse," he commanded, "Do not let a single whisper from Chaos to emerge."

They bowed to the Incarnation before going to their task with an efficiency that would make any Angel proud.

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The creature that was released by Rowan did not move. It simply was here, then it wasn't. In the blink between thoughts, it was before the Gate of Oblivion, traversing the infinite distance between Rowan and the chained Primordial in a single, logical step.

It left a scar of pure order in its wake, a temporary, rigid pathway through the tumultuous void that screamed against the chaos around it.

Primordial Chaos sensed its approach, and the entity, assured of his omnipotence, recoiled, not in fear, but in profound, instinctive disgust. This thing of absolute law was an abomination to his very nature. It was a crawling, ticking blasphemy.

“WHAT IS THIS? WHAT SORCERY IS THIS, ROWAN? YOU BRING A TOY OF RULES TO MY DOMAIN?” Chaos’s voice boomed, shaking the very foundations of the Underverse.

A limb of pure chance, a tendril that was a probability wave, lashed out. It was a blow that could spontaneously generate a universe or unmake one, a strike that contained every possible outcome simultaneously.

But the Centipede of Certainty was immune to possibility. It existed in the state of one absolute outcome enforced by a truth that could not be denied.

The chaotic limb of Chaos did not so much strike it as it was used by it. The Centipede’s path incorporated the attack, its causal needles redirecting the energy, refining the infinite maybes into the one necessary reality: the limb’s force was perfectly transferred to propel the Centipede forward, faster, on its unwavering course.

Chaos roared, a sound like a thousand supernovae giving birth to nothing. He tried paradoxes, spitting logical impossibilities at the creature. He tried raw creation, throwing newborn galaxies in its path. He tried absolute negation, spheres of nothingness that could un-exist anything they touched.

The Centipede simply passed through them all. It was not that it was powerful; it was that it was inevitable. It was a fixed point in time. The galaxies were shunted aside, their creation rewritten as a minor obstacle on the path. The spheres of negation were negated themselves, their un-making unmade by the sheer certainty of the Centipede’s purpose. It was a drop of pure, undiluted order in an ocean of chaos, and it sank unerringly toward its target.

Rowan watched, impassive. He had not created a weapon to harm Chaos. He had created a key. And the lock was Chaos’s own nature.

The Centipede reached the heart of the storm. It did not attack. It did not bite or sting. It simply presented itself, a perfect, iridescent jewel of absolute law, before the raging core of infinite disorder.

And Primordial Chaos, in a fit of ultimate fury and revulsion, did the only thing his nature allowed him to do when faced with such an absolute, singular truth. He destroyed it.

The Incarnation of Rowan grinned and sent a message to his main body,

“The hook has been cast and your prey has bitten it.”

Chapter 1780: The Great Push

Primordial Chaos had focused all of his boundless, chaotic power on the tiny, ordered thing.

It was an overreaction of cosmic proportions. It was the universe screaming to erase a single, incorrect decimal point. He did not merely strike it; he poured into it the full, screaming weight of everything he was—all the random chance, the infinite probability, the unbridled potential for change.

Rowan thought it was like trying to extinguish a candle by throwing the sun at it. The Primordials had great weaknesses, but you needed to be strong enough to exploit them.

He did not feel pity or exhilarated at what he was about to accomplish, only a dull sense of satisfaction that was flavored by grief... if only he had been strong enough at the beginning, so much loss and sorrow would have been avoided.

The Centipede of Certainty was designed for this. Its entire existence, its unbreakable law, was predicated on this single moment: Be destroyed by Primordial Chaos.

The moment Chaos's power touched it, the concept of its death was realized. The law was fulfilled. And in that fulfillment, the concept executed its final, devastating function.

The energy Chaos expended was not absorbed, nor reflected. It was consumed by the certainty of the outcome. The infinite, chaotic power had no possibility but to be used for the one thing that was absolutely certain: the Centipede's destruction.

In doing so, the energy itself was forced to become orderly. It was channeled, focused, and transformed from a wave of random destruction into a single, coherent, and inevitable result.

The backlash was not one of power, but of existence itself, targeting the core of Chaos's being, and this resulted in a shockwave that would have destroyed the entirety of the Underverse if the Archai had not been strengthening it.

Primordial Chaos, the embodiment of "maybe," had been forced to participate in a sequence of absolute "must." His chaotic essence had been momentarily forced into a rigid, causal chain with a predetermined conclusion.

For the first time in all eternity, something had happened to him that was not random. It was fated. It was certain. This content belongs to novel·fire·net

The effect was catastrophic to his being. His form, a storm of possibilities, shuddered and convulsed. The nascent stars in his essence winked out, not in explosions, but in silent,

mathematical corrections. The lightning of chance froze into static, predictable patterns. The billion eyes glazed over with the film of inevitability.

He was stunned, not in the sense of being dazed, but in the sense of being defined. For a nanosecond, an aeon in Primordial time, the concept of Chaos was contradicted.

The infinite dice he constantly rolled all came up snake eyes at once. The discordant symphony of his existence hit a single, sustained, perfect note.

The roar of a billion probabilities died in his throat. The chains of entropy that bound him to the Gate of Oblivion flickered, their chaotic energy momentarily subdued by the wave of absolute order that had just passed through their master. The storm of his form grew still, coalescing into a temporary, almost solid shape of shock and confusion.

“Wha...?” The concept was a feeble sputter, a single, unadorned question mark in the void.

It was the opening. The only opening that would ever exist.

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The Incarnation of Rowan did not hesitate. He had not blinked during the entire exchange. His every atom, his every thought, had been focused on this precise moment. The moment of absolute, paradoxical stillness in the heart of the storm.

His main body tweaked the Incarnation, the same way he had done to the centipede, giving this body a single law and purpose before pulling back.

The Incarnation fully accepted this change, and at the moment Primordial Chaos became stunned, he moved.

He did not run or fly. He applied force. Not against Chaos, for that would still be useless, the mass of a Primordial when viewed in a lower-dimensional sense, such as force or weight, could be considered infinite.

What Rowan did was to apply force against the concept of Chaos’s position.

Multiple Origins whose focus was on severance pulsed out of the Incarnation, and the entire Underverse seemed to flash as if a bolt of heavenly lightning had crossed its expanse.

These laws of severance cut the possibility of Chaos remaining anchored. It severed the “maybe” of him recovering his wits. It imposed a new certainty to replace the one that had just faded: the certainty of movement.

Rowan's Incarnation planted his feet on a solid fragment of a long-dead concept and pushed. He put the weight of his will, the memory of the slain Primordial Soul, and the silent screams of a thousand annihilated realities into the motion.

His hands did not touch the chaotic form. They pushed against the space that contained it, against the probability field that defined its existence. It was like pushing against the idea of a mountain.

For a moment, nothing happened. The innate resistance of a Primordial was immense, even in a state of stupefaction.

Then, the new certainty took hold. The severed possibilities collapsed. The only remaining reality was the one Rowan was enforcing.

Primordial Chaos moved.

It was infinitesimal at first—a shudder, a slide backward toward the swirling iris of absolute black. Then the movement gained a terrible momentum. The Archai in the distance looked upon this scene with great shock and wonder, their bodies trembling under the ephemeral shockwaves of Rowan's Will pulsing throughout the entire Underverse.

For as long as they lived, they would never forget this moment.

Rowan's body, in comparison to that of Chaos, could not even be compared, like a single atom against the immensity of the universe. Yet this one atom was pushing an entire universe!

The Chains of Entropy bounding the body of Chaos, their power still dampened from the conceptual backlash, strained. The Gate of Oblivion, a passive, hungry maw, began to exert its own pull. Chaos was not just being pushed; he was being accepted.

Rowan's plan was going towards fulfillment. If he was going to be killing a Primordial, it could not be inside the Underverse. This place was too fragile for this sort of thing, and the other Primordials were not far; he did not want them to hear the sound of Chaos's dying screams.

Luckily for him, Primordial Chaos had placed himself beside one of the places where Rowan could butcher him with relative ease.

The stun on the Primordial began to wear off. The eyes of dying galaxies flickered back to life, filled with dawning, universe-shattering horror. The storm of formless matter began to churn again, not with random creativity, but with panic.

“NO! THIS... THIS IS NOT POSSIBLE... THE BALANCE! I AM THE GUARDIAN OF EXISTENCE! ROWAN ALL OF SPACE WOULD COLLAPSE WITHOUT MY WILL!” The voice was less a boom now and more a screech of tearing reality.

Rowan did not answer. He kept pushing, his muscles straining against a metaphysical weight that would have crushed a galaxy. Veins of void-energy stood out on his neck. The armor on his arms cracked under the strain.

Portions of Primordial Chaos entered Oblivion and then experienced the odd feeling of being nothing and something at the same time.

The part of Chaos that was aware looked through Oblivion and could not find Primordial Soul, and with the omnipotence of a Primordial, when given enough information, Chaos came to a single conclusion. Primordial Soul was dead!

“YOU! SOUL’S KILLER! IT WAS YOU! YOU HAVE TRICKED ME. YOU HAVE TRICKED ALL OF US!” The realization was its own fresh wave of agony for the Primordial. His great sacrifice, his noble stand, had been a farce. He had chained himself in the path of his own destroyer.

Chaos began to fight back. He tried to dissolve the space Rowan was pushing against. He tried to rewrite the laws of motion. He tried to generate a probability field where Rowan had never been born.

But it was too late. He was too close to the Gate. The influence of Oblivion was a null-field that canceled out his power. His chaotic creations withered and died before they could fully form, sucked into the nothingness. For so long, the power that kept Primordial Soul in check was beginning to tear him apart.

His rewritten laws unraveled into silence. The closer he got to the Gate, the less “possible” his escape became. Rowan was not just pushing him physically; he was shepherding him into a zone where his very nature was invalidated.

The Chains of Entropy snapped. One by one, the bonds he had woven to block the Gate broke, not from strain, but from irrelevance. They were chains of something, and they were being pulled into a place where “something” had no meaning.

The final feet were the hardest. Chaos was now a whirlpool of desperate, fading energy, screaming against the dying of his light. His form was being stretched into a single, thin stream of protesting reality, funneled into the Gate.

Rowan gave one final, monumental shove, a silent roar of effort tearing from his lips.

Primordial Chaos’s screams were cut off not by distance, but by definition. They didn’t fade; they were deleted. The last flicker of his form, a final, defiant spark of random energy, was sucked into the absolute black.

And then, there was silence.

The Gate of Oblivion swirled, unchanged, unmoved, unconcerned. It had consumed a fundamental aspect of existence and was no different for it.

Rowan stood on the edge, his hands still outstretched, breathing heavily in the non-air. The deed was done. This Primordial was now contained.

He felt no triumph. Only the vast, cold silence of the void, now deeper and more complete than ever before. He had saved existence by making it immeasurably quieter, emptier, and smaller. He was become the killer of Primordials, the un-maker of eternity.

Yet, this Incarnation was too weak to fully kill a Primordial; he would leave it to his main body.

The Incarnation turned his back on the Gate of Oblivion, the place where Chaos was not, and had never been. The weight of his actions settled upon him, heavier than any armor. The silence was his to bear now. Alone.

He walked away from the brink, leaving only the endless, hungry stillness behind. He took a couple of steps before falling to his knees, and he smiled before collapsing to dust as he remembered the screams of despair from Primordial Chaos.

The Archai bowed to the remains of the Incarnation before they vanished.

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

Chapter 1781: The Ashen Shore of Oblivion

Inside Rowan's consciousness were countless spots of light representing all the places of interest he was focusing on. Among these spots of lights were twelve extremely large spots, all of which coincided with Primordial level tasks, and above these twelve light spots were four larger spots of light, which represented what Rowan considered to be issues greater than the present Primordials inside this Reality.

They were the Beast of Final Rest, which was Death, Eosah, and her knowledge of the fifth level beyond Origin, the mysterious First Creator, Enoch, and... himself paired with the Primordial Record.

His primary focus, however, was on one of the spots of Primordial interest... Chaos. He reviewed the series of events that led to the imprisonment of Chaos inside Oblivion, and when he was satisfied that he had missed nothing, his main body began to rise... it was time to kill another Primordial.

Rowan reviewed the tools he had to work with and checked his weapons and Origins. Before his body vanished from the Origin Lands, he began to create a new blade inside his heart, one that was specifically made to kill Chaos.

His body began to transform, as his armor and flesh were subtly evolving and changing in a direction that would suit the battle ahead. His new talents were extremely powerful, and as an Omniversal Titan, he was not restricted to a single form of combat.

The Primordials left in Reality were dangerous, but this was his chance to learn and refine all of his combat methodologies in order to properly deal with the threats outside this Reality.

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Oblivion was infinite, and even though Rowan had pushed Primordial Chaos through its gate, if he had no method to track the Primordial, then he would have to search Oblivion for an eternity before he discovered Chaos.

Obviously, Rowan would not allow such an oversight to happen, as he easily tracked the Primordial with the connection he had with the Origin of Space.

Primordial Chaos had mastered two layers of the Origin of Space, but Rowan had mastered four layers, and if not for the fact that he had not yet seeded his this Origin in his flesh, Rowan would have already been on his way into becoming the Primordial of Space.

By now, he could call himself a Nascent Primordial of Space, Destruction, Fate, Soul, and Destiny. Still, preparations needed to be made, Primordials needed to be killed before he took the last step.

Rowan could feel his connection with Chaos, and if he wanted, he could seize back the minor Authority that the Primordial had over space, ensuring that Reality did not collapse when he was killed, but that would be a mistake at this point; he did not want Chaos to know he had this power.

He would rather leave a road open for Chaos to escape when death came for him, and if the Primordial chose to escape using his power over Space, thinking his salvation lay there, then Rowan would strike.

Feeling the completion of the weapon inside his heart, Rowan stepped into oblivion.

The transition into Oblivion was not a fall, but an un-making of the fall itself. Rowan did not descend; the concept of “descent” was systematically erased around him.

One moment, he was at the precipice of the Gate; the next, he was... elsewhere. Elsewhere was not a place. It was the absence of place, the corpse of location.

He was in the fourth layer of the void, in a location that he called the Ashen Shore of Oblivion. Rowan looked around, his massive consciousness taking in this layer of the void at a glance.

It was a plane of absolute grey, a fine, static dust that was not matter but the memory of matter. Underfoot, it had the consistency of crushed possibilities.

There was no sky, no horizon, only a perpetual, twilight gloom that seemed to emanate from the dust itself. The air—though there was no air—was thick with the silence of forgotten things.

Sound did not echo here; it was absorbed, its very vibrational nature questioned and nullified. The laws of physics were not broken; they were deceased. Time was a sluggish, dying river, meandering toward a sea that had evaporated eons ago.

Rowan's senses, attuned to the fundamental frequencies of existence, screamed in protest. He was an intruder in a realm that had voted against being. However, the portion of Space Origin in his body yearned to consume this emptiness, but Rowan held this hunger at bay.

Every particle of his armor, every strand of his will, was under constant, gentle, inexorable assault both from inside himself as he suppressed his hunger and outside from Oblivion.

Oblivion did not attack; it merely insisted that he, like all things, was a temporary error in the eternal equation of nothing. To remain here, whole and defined, required an act of continuous, monumental defiance.

He had expected this. His armor, forged in the death throes of a dimension, was a suit of existential defiance. His will, hardened by the un-making of a Primordial, was a fortress against the null. He was a razor blade of "is" floating in an ocean of "is-not."

And he was not alone.

A thousand miles away, in the absolute scale of this non-place, a storm was dying.

It was Primordial Chaos. But the infinite, galaxy-spanning storm of potentiality was gone. What remained was a shrunken, desperate thing. A core of screaming energy, perhaps a few thousand miles in diameter, convulsing upon the ashen plain. It was like watching a sun drown in tar.

Oblivion's null-field was doing its work. It was un-creating him. But Chaos was not succumbing passively. Rowan watched, his perception piercing the gloom, and saw the terrifying truth. The Primordial was not merely resisting; he was adapting. To survive here, even for a moment, he was forced to violate his own fundamental nature.

Primordial Chaos was not willing to be suppressed, and he was carving out his flesh to adapt to Oblivion.

Chaos was the lord of the unformed, the king of infinite maybe. But to exist in a realm that rejected existence itself, he had to become something else. He had to become defined. He had to impose limits upon his own limitless being. To avoid being unmade by the outside nothing, he was making himself less from the inside.

It was a horrific, paradoxical evolution. Rowan saw the storm coalesce, its wild energy compressing into harder, more solid forms. The lightning of chance became structured, arcing in predictable, painful patterns.

The swirling nebulae of possibility crystallized into jagged, painful-looking geography—mountains of solidified chance, rivers of frozen probability. The billion eyes of nascent stars dimmed, their light focusing into a few hundred thousand desperate, intelligent points of awareness.

He was trading his infinite, chaotic power for a finite, ordered stability. He was becoming mortal in the most literal sense: subject to limitation, and thus, to death.

The process was agony. The screams of the Primordial were not of pain, but of existential violation. Each compression, each newly formed law he imposed upon himself, was a self-inflicted wound. His infinite body, sacrificed for a form that could endure the null-field, shrank until it was a landscape of torment, a continent of anguish writhing on the grey dust.

This was the moment. This was why Rowan had come. A weakened Primordial was a vulnerable Primordial. But a Primordial forced to weaken itself to survive was a creature in its death throes.

Rowan began to walk. His footsteps did not crunch on the ash; they imposed the concept of “footstep” upon a substance that rejected all concepts. Each step was a tiny victory of reality over unreality.

He stood before the living wound that was Primordial Chaos. The transformed entity was a terrible sight. It was no longer a formless storm, but a grotesque, shifting landmass of semi-solidified chaos.

Parts of it were like obsidian, glassy and sharp, reflecting a reality that wasn't there. Other parts were fleshy and raw, pulsing with sickly light. Hundreds of thousands of eyes, each the size of a city, opened and closed across its surface, all focusing on the lone, armored figure standing before it.

In his right hand, Rowan manifested the weapon he had created just to kill Primordial Chaos; he called it Anathema. A fusion of his Destroyer and the death cries of Primordial Soul... it held not just the concept of annihilation but also the assured end of a Primordial.

Here, in this place, the blade seemed even more potent. It was a shard of absolute “is” in a universe of “is-not.” It hummed with a quiet eagerness.

A mouth formed on the landscape before Rowan—a vast rift in the obsidian flesh, lined with teeth made of shattered timelines and frozen paradoxes.

“YOU.” The voice was a seismic rumble, but it was diminished. It no longer shook the foundations of reality because there were no foundations to shake. Here, it was just sound, pathetic, and strained. “YOU HAVE DONE THIS.” Discover more novels at [Novel\(F\)ire.net](http://Novel(F)ire.net)

“You did it to yourself,” Rowan’s voice was flat, a statement of fact that cut through the oppressive silence. “You chained yourself to the door. I merely turned the key.”

“YOU TRICKED ME! I WAS THE GUARDIAN! I HELD THE LINE AGAINST THE HUNGER OF THE PRIMORDIALS!” Spittle flew from the gigantic maw, each droplet a miniature big bang that flickered and died before it hit the grey dust, consumed by the null-field.

“The line was against a ghost,” Rowan said, his gaze unwavering. “The war was already over. You were guarding an empty fortress while the true enemy walked through the front gate.”

The multitude of eyes blinked in a wave of confusion and rage. “ENEMY? YOU DARE NAME ME ENEMY? I AM THE CLAY! I AM THE RAW STUFF FROM WHICH ALL THINGS ARE CARVED! WITHOUT ME, THERE IS ONLY STAGNATION! ONLY YOUR PATHETIC, ORDERED NOTHING!”

“And without the Sculptor, the clay is meaningless,” Rowan replied, a cold, ancient anger beginning to simmer beneath his icy exterior. He was thinking of Nyxara, Primordial Soul, and all she had taken before she was killed, and venom entered his tone. “A nuisance. A mess that needs to be cleaned up.”

The Primordial seemed to recoil, its rocky flesh grinding against itself. It had learned to use laughter, a harsh, cracking sound like continents breaking apart. “CLEANED UP? BY YOU? THE LITTLE REALITY WHO FASHIONS HIMSELF A BROOM? I KNOW YOU, ROWAN. I HAVE ALWAYS KNOWN YOU. I WAS THERE IN THE CHAOS OF YOUR BIRTH. I WAS THE STORM THAT RAGED THE NIGHT YOUR MOTHER SCREAMED AS WE ATE HER ALIVE. TELL ME ROWAN, HAVE YOU HEARD THE SOUND OF A REALITY SCREAMING?”

Rowan’s posture did not change, but the air around him grew colder. Oblivion itself seemed to hesitate.

Chapter 1782: Your Death Would Not Be Easy

“YES,” Chaos hissed, seeing the minuscule reaction from Rowan but sensing the entire realm of Oblivion shaking under his fury. “I REMEMBER THE SCENT OF THAT SOUND. IT IS A RARE THING FOR US TO INDULGE IN DESTRUCTION, BUT EOSAH...SHE WAS BORN OUTSIDE THE PROTECTION OF THE COLLECTIVE. DO YOU BLAME US IF WE DECIDED TO INDULGE? AH! IT WAS FROM THAT MOMENT I BEGAN TO LOVE PAIN, BUT I COULD NEVER FIND THE LIKES AGAIN, UNTIL I MET YOU. OH, I HAD SO MUCH FUN TORTURING YOU AND ANYTHING YOU CREATE TO BE YOUR KIN.”

He was trying to pour poison into a well that had long since frozen solid. Rowan allowed the memories to surface. The words from a Primordial carried an enormous amount of information, enough for him to see how Eosah had been slowly torn apart and tortured to death.

It would seem that newly born Realities were to be protected, but somehow Eosah was outside the boundary of protection, and so the Primordials had a rare moment where they could indulge in every depravity that their cold heart desired... Including creating several cancerous tumors inside her flesh to devour her Origin slowly from the inside... these tumors were the Primordials who had reigned supreme inside her for so long. UPDATE FROM novelfire.net

“You claim a lot, Chaos, but you were the spark,” Rowan said, his voice still terrifyingly calm. ” Not the hand that struck the flint. In the end, none of it would matter; you shall all pay a price for your deeds so terrible you cannot even begin to imagine.”

“YOU ARE A FOOL IF YOU THINK ANYTHING YOU DO HERE HAS ANY MEANING. MY DEATH WOULD HAVE CONSEQUENCES.”

“It does not matter; the wheels have turned, and my vengeance is here.” Rowan coldly replied, “All must be held accountable for their deeds, even Primordials. Chaos, your death shall not be easy.”

There was something of finality in Rowan’s words that touched the core of Primordial Chaos, and the truth of what he said could not be denied. Pure rage flowed through the Primordial, and he let loose the madness in his heart.

“ACCOUNTABLE?” The laugh boomed again from Chaos. “YOU AVENGED THEM BY BECOMING A GREATER MONSTER THAN ANY OF US! YOU SLAY THE SCULPTOR AND THEN COME FOR THE CLAY! YOU ARE A JOKE, ROWAN! A PATHETIC, HYPOCRITICAL JOKE WRAPPED IN TRAGEDY! YOU THINK THIS COLD ACT MAKES YOU STRONG? IT MAKES YOU EMPTY. JUST LIKE THIS PLACE.”

A mountain range on the Primordial’s back shifted, forming a colossal, sneering face. “I WAS THE FIRE IN THE BELLY OF THE EYE OF TIME WHEN IT DEVOURED YOUR SECOND MOTHER. I HAVE WATCHED THE COUNTLESS MORTAL CREATURES YOU KNOW AND LOVE DIE, AND KNOW THIS, ROWAN. EVERY HEARTBREAK, EVERY LOSS, EVERY DARK TURN OF FATE ON YOUR PATH... A PART OF MY BRUSHSTROKE WAS ON THE CANVAS

OF YOUR LIFE. I AM NOT THE ONLY CONTRIBUTOR OF YOUR SUFFERING, BUT I PLAYED MY ROLE WELL!”

In these words, Rowan saw the many events of his life that held a hint of tragedy, and he knew that the Will of Chaos had been there through all of it. He did not need to take direct action. The act of wanting the suffering of Rowan naturally led to disasters happening around him all the time. Primordial Chaos had been his curse for a long time.

The words were meant to be a torrent, a flood to break the dam of Rowan’s composure. They were a recitation of a lifetime of grief, each event a carefully aimed dagger.

Rowan stood through it all. When the echoes of the Primordial’s voice faded into the hungry grey, he spoke, and his voice was the only real thing in that unreal place.

“I know,” he said simply. “I have always known. Do you think I fought my way through the Celestial Hosts for fun? Do you think I plunged into the well of sorrows and wrested the Secrets of my Origin from all your cruel hands if I did not understand where it would lead me? All my sacrifices, all my pain... Every step I took was because of you and your kind. Every enemy I felled, every power I mastered, every ounce of strength I forged in the fires of agony... it was all fuel. Fuel for this moment.”

He took a step forward. Anathema glowed with a soft, grey light that mirrored the hellscape around them.

“You didn’t create my pain, Chaos. You were merely its medium. But I... I took that pain. I took that grief. I took the memory of my children’s song and the light in my mother’s eyes and the hope in my own heart... and I burned it all down. I used the heat of that pyre to temper my will. You didn’t make me a monster. You made me a weapon. And now...”

He raised the blade.

“...the weapon has found its true target.”

The sneering face on the Primordial’s back faltered. The eyes across its form blinked in uncertainty. The tactic had failed. The poison had no effect. The being before it was not a man haunted by his past; he was the avenging spirit of that past itself, and he had made peace with his own ghost long ago.

All that was left was the purpose.

Rage, pure and undiluted by the Primordial’s recent attempts at order, erupted. “THEN COME, WEAPON! LET US SEE IF YOU CAN CUT THE HAND THAT FORGED YOU!”

The continent that was Chaos erupted. The solidified mountains of chance shattered, releasing storms of razor-sharp probability shards that screamed through the grey air. All the time the Primordial had been talking, it was all to prepare.

The rivers of frozen time thawed in an instant, becoming torrents of corrosive temporal energy. A thousand limbs of solidified nightmare—a mix of crystal, flesh, and lightning—exploded from his mass, each one capable of unmaking a universe, now focused on a single man.

Rowan had been expecting the attack from Chaos for a while now; how else could he properly kill him if he did not allow the Primordial to attack?

He launched himself towards the calamity bearing down on him. His form became a blur of absolute motion, a defined line cutting through the undefined grey.

The limbs erupting from the Primordial moved not in a straight line, but in every possible trajectory at once. To any other being, it would be an unavoidable storm of certain death. To Rowan, it was a map.

His perception, honed by eons of war, calculated the one true path through the chaos, the single, evolving safe corridor that weaved through the infinite maybes. He flowed through the storm like a ghost, the limbs passing through the space he had occupied a nanosecond before.

An impossibly large limb of nightmare, tipped with a claw of solidified entropy, swiped down. It was a blow that could age a universe to dust. Rowan didn't block it. He sidestepped, and as the limb passed, Anathema licked out.

The blade did not cut the limb; it severed the concept of the limb's cohesion. The colossal appendage shattered mid-swing, not into pieces, but into a cloud of disconnected atoms that were instantly nullified by the ash.

Chaos roared, the sound a physical wave of disorientation. In the mortal realm, that roar would have unraveled DNA and scattered consciousness to the solar winds. Here, its power was muted, but still potent.

Rowan felt his armor crackle, resisting the wave of unstructured sound. He pushed through it, leaping onto the Primordial's shifting form.

"You said you craved pain, Chaos. Show me how much you can take."

The "ground" beneath Rowan was a living hell. It tried to dissolve into liquid paradox, to open into mouths lined with teeth of absolute zero, to become a cage of solidified space. Rowan's every step was a battle of wills. He imposed "up" and "down" on the terrain with each footfall. He was a walking island of reality on a sea of maddened unreality.

Anathema was a constant grey arc. With every swing, he didn't wound Chaos; he edited him. He erased a swirling vortex of destructive potential. He deleted a newly forming eye of anti-creation.

Rowan was a sculptor now, not of marble, but of a Primordial's essence, and his chisel was unmasking. With precise strokes of his blade that would shock even Telmus, Rowan disassembled a Primordial.

"YOU FIGHT NOTHING! YOU CUT NOTHING!" Chaos bellowed, a hundred mouths forming and speaking in unison, the pain of being taken apart in this manner was such that no immortal could ever imagine, and even though he claimed he wanted to fight, his body began to turn to escape as he continued screaming. "I AM INFINITE! I AM—"

Rowan's cold eyes saw through the acts of the Primordial and he plunged the blade deep into a pulsing nexus of energy close to the core of the Primordial. "—You are finite," he stated, his voice cold and clear over the din. "You chose to be. To survive here, you had to become countable. You are no longer Infinite Chaos. You are merely... a problem. And I am the solution. Are you beginning to learn your lessons?"

The nexus exploded, not with energy, but with a silent, grey negation. A chunk of the Primordial's form simply ceased to be.

Half of Primordial Chaos simply sagged, that part of his body crippled. Now, the screams of the Primordial became incredibly shrill as his chance for escape was halted.

"The lesson has just begun Chaos, we are not even at the best parts."

"CURSE YO—"

Chapter 1783: Breaking A Primordial

Trapped in a body that was a prison, fighting in a realm that hated him slightly less than it hated his opponent, and facing a weapon that was his absolute antithesis. Chaos's attacks were wild, world-ending, and inefficient. Rowan's were precise, absolute, and fatal.

Rowan ran along the spine of a mountain range that was trying to crush him. He dodged a rain of stars that burned with the heat of betrayal. He weaved through a forest of grasping limbs that sang songs of madness. He was a paradox himself: the epicenter of a storm of annihilation, yet the calmest, most focused point in the cosmos.

He found a weak point—a vast, pulsing organ that seemed to be regulating the Primordial's desperate hold on its newly ordered form. It was a heart of chaos, trying to beat in a rhythm. A profound vulnerability.

Rowan did not hesitate as he raised Anathema for a final, decisive thrust, disregarding the shriek of disbelief from the Primordial.

He felt a profound pulse erupt from Primordial Chaos, so powerful that the entirety of Oblivion seemed to grind to a halt, as ephemeral cracks appeared and disappeared. This amount of power released by Chaos even shocked Rowan.

His blade was halted an inch from piercing the heart of Chaos as the landscape around him dissolved not into an attack, but into an image. A memory, rendered in perfect, soul-rending detail.

He stood not on grey ash, but on green grass. The air smelled of woodsmoke and baking bread. Looking down, he could see Andar, Maeve, Diane, Lost, Circe, Vraegar, and Staff. His Angels surrounded them in mortal bodies as they organized a small feast.

The childish laughter of Lost as he was picked up by Staff and tickled cut through the air and into Rowan's heart like a knife, and smelling a familiar fragrance, he looked to the side to see Eva, who was not the personification of Light, just his Lady of Shadow.

She glanced at him before looking away, a smile in her eyes. There and then, Rowan knew she loved him, not because of his power or beauty, but because she had made the choice. Eva knew that Rowan would not stop for anyone, and so she was quiet, satisfied to be at his side.

In his memories, Rowan did not say anything, and now he also did not; he just looked at her like he had never seen her face before.

It was a perfect illusion. A moment of peace before the storm. A gift and a torment from the master of maybes.

"THIS IS WHAT I TOOK FROM YOU," Chaos's voice whispered, not as a roar, but as the sighing wind. "I CAN GIVE IT BACK. STOP THIS. TURN BACK. AND I WILL WEAVE A REALITY FOR YOU WHERE NONE OF IT EVER HAPPENED. YOU CAN HAVE THEM BACK. YOU CAN HAVE YOUR PEACE."

Rowan stopped. He looked at Eva's face, alive with joy. He saw the smoke rising from the fire and smelled the fragrance of mortal food. He felt the pull of it, the deep, ancient ache that had driven him for millennia. It was a perfect trap, crafted from his own deepest desire. One he always thought was lost, but always returned in the end. Google search novelFir.net

He looked at the illusion, and for a moment, the cold mask slipped, not with grief, but with pity.

“You still don’t understand,” he said, his voice soft, almost gentle. “This peace you show me... It’s built on a foundation of your chaos. It’s a lie. And a life built on a lie is just a slower form of Oblivion.”

He waved his hand, and his mother appeared, Elura. She smiled at him, and Rowan looked directly at her without flinching. “I do not fight for what was lost. I fight so that others may have what I lost. And that requires a world without you and your kind.”

The love in his heart did not make him weak. It was the reason for his strength. It was the fuel for the fire that had burned away everything but his purpose.

He saw through the illusion. He saw the pulsing, terrified organ beneath the image of his childhood home.

He did not hesitate.

Anathema plunged down.

The image of this place shattered like glass. The scream of Primordial Chaos was not one of pain, but of ultimate realization. The final, desperate gamble had failed. There was no trick left, no maybes, no chance.

There was only the cold, certain, and inevitable end.

The blade pierced the heart of chaos. And began to unmake it.

The unmaking was not a swift process. Anathema’s work was meticulous, a careful and absolute deletion of cosmic code. Where the blade had pierced the heart of Chaos, a spreading stain of absolute grey bloomed, a stillness that was anathema to the very concept of the Primordial. It was a null-cancer, eating him from the inside out.

The continent-sized form convulsed, mountains of solidified chance crumbling into inert dust, rivers of frozen time evaporating into silent nothing. The thousands of eyes winked out, not in a blink, but in a final, desperate squeeze before being erased from the record of existence. The roar of the Primordial diminished into a high, thin shriek—the sound of infinity being forced through a pinhole.

He was losing cohesion, his hard-won, ordered form beginning to destabilize under the onslaught of Rowan’s will and Oblivion’s relentless hunger. To remain in that vast, vulnerable state was to be a stationary target, a canvas for Rowan’s brush of annihilation.

In a final, breathtaking act of paradoxical will, Primordial Chaos rebelled against his own rebellion. To survive, he had imposed order. To survive now, he had to shatter that order and become something else entirely. He had to become small. He had to become specific. He had to become something that could run.

The massive form imploded. It was not an explosion of energy, but a violent, inward compression. The crumbling mountains, the dying eyes, the screaming mouths—all of it was sucked into a single, infinitesimal point. The silence of the Ashen Shore was broken by a sound like the universe taking a final, ragged breath.

And then, standing where the heart of the storm had been, was a man.

He was pale, so pale he seemed to glow against the monotonous grey of Oblivion. It was not the pale of moonlight or marble, but the sickly, bloodless white of a creature that had never seen the sun, a deep-sea fish pulled from the abyssal trenches into the blinding air. His skin had a faint, slippery sheen, as if still remembering a form that was fluid and vast. He was naked, shivering, his limbs thin and strangely jointed, lacking the muscle memory for this crude, bipedal configuration. His hair was a shock of pure white, plastered to a high, domed forehead.

But his eyes were the most horrifying thing. They were the last vestiges of his true nature. They were not human eyes. They were windows into the storm. One swirled with the nascent light of a billion unborn stars; the other churned with the absolute black of a billion dead ones. In them swirled a terror so profound, so ancient, that it would have unmade a lesser mind to behold it.

This pathetic, shivering figure was the end result of infinite chaos forced into a singular, desperate shape: a creature that could beg.

He clutched at his chest, where the grey stain of Anathema's wound was now a smaller, darker blemish against his fish-belly white skin, still slowly spreading. He gasped, his new lungs struggling with the concept of air in a place that had none. He took a stumbling step backward, his feet sinking into the ash, which now seemed to cling to him with a newfound hunger, as if recognizing a more digestible form.

"No..." The word was a croak, a pathetic sound from a throat never meant for language. It was the first word he had ever spoken that was not a declaration, a threat, or a roar. It was a plea. "Please... no more."

Rowan watched, Anathema held loosely at his side. He observed the transformation without surprise, without disgust, without pity. It was a logical, desperate maneuver. A cornered animal will chew off its own leg to escape a trap. Chaos had chewed off his own infinity to escape the blade, trapping himself in a smaller, more fragile prison, but one with the illusion of mobility.

"You cannot..." the pale man gasped, holding up a trembling hand. The gesture was strangely human, learned from a million mortal deaths he had witnessed or caused. "You do not know... what you are doing. The balance... without me... without us..."

"The balance is meaningless," Rowan said, his voice the same flat, reality-imposing tone. "I am not preserving the balance. I am ending the war."

“It will not be an end!” Chaos shrieked, his voice cracking. The sound was small and lost in the vast grey. “It will be a stagnation! A slow, cold death for all that is! I am the catalyst! I am the fire! You would leave the cosmos a stillborn corpse!”

“I would leave it in the hands of those who live within it,” Rowan replied, taking a single, deliberate step forward. “Not those who use it as a battlefield.”

The step was not aggressive. It was inevitable. It was the ticking of a clock. To the Primordial-turned-man, it was the step of the headsman on the scaffold.

Terror, pure and undiluted, overrode the last vestiges of his pride. The concept of running, so foreign to a being who had once been places rather than traveled to them, seized his new form. He turned, his movements jerky and uncoordinated, and fled.

Chapter 1784: The Silence Before The End

Eldrithor, The Whispering Abyss, known to many Realities as Primordial Chaos, was fleeing, and it was ugly, lacking any grace that an immortal being should have.

It was not a run of speed, but of desperation. His feet, pale and long-toed, kicked up puffs of grey ash that stuck to his damp skin.

He ran with the frantic, stumbling gait of a nightmare, constantly looking back over his shoulder, his star-and-void eyes wide with a panic that was utterly new to him.

He was Primordial Chaos, the architect of randomness, the author of accident, and he was running in a straight line because his new, simple mind could not conceive of anything else. The irony was absolute.

Rowan followed. He did not run. He walked. A steady, relentless pace. A force of nature following a failing one.

The distance between them closed not with sprinting speed, but with the grim certainty of gravity. Each of Rowan’s measured, powerful steps covered ground that the shambling, terrified figure struggled to gain.

The Ashen Shore stretched on forever, a wasteland of forgotten potential. There were features in the gloom—the skeletal remains of concepts that had wandered too close to the Gate and died, frozen waves of abandoned time, the vast, crumbling arches of laws that had been repealed at the dawn of creation. It was a graveyard for ideas that had all been forgotten.

If any immortal could enter this place and survive, then the wealth of knowledge and power they would gain would be incalculable, but for the two beings here, all of this

knowledge was nothing; they had accumulated more than this, and still yet, the language that ruled over both of them was primal.

The null-field was taking its toll on the fugitive. His stolen form was not built to last. The ash sapped his strength, each footfall costing him more than the last. The airless void starved his new lungs. The wound in his chest, the spreading grey stain of Anathema, pulsed with a cold that was leaching the warmth from his stolen vitality.

His breath came in ragged, useless sobs. His pale skin was sheened with a sweat that was immediately absorbed by the thirsty dust. Rowan could feel Chaos trying to push his way into space, disregarding his control over Chaos, and he slowly showed him the error of his ways by ripping the Origin of Space away from his weak fingers.

“Mercy!” Chaos screamed, the word tearing from his throat. It was a concept he had never embodied, only witnessed from the outside as a fascinating, flawed mortal weakness. Now he clothed himself in it. “I yield! I abdicate! I will... I will leave! I will go into the deep void of

Limbo and never return! You will never hear my name again!”

Rowan said nothing. His silence was more terrible than any rebuttal. It was the silence of the executioner who had heard all the pleas before and knew they changed nothing.

“I can give you things!” Chaos cried, tripping over a half-buried spine of a dead metaphor and sprawling into the ash. He scrambled backward on his hands and knees, his form now caked in grey, like a corpse being prepared for burial. “Power! Knowledge! The secrets of creation itself! The true name of the First Creator! I can make you like him! A true divinity, not just a killer of them!”

Rowan kept walking. The offers were the rustling of leaves in a hurricane—meaningless noise.

“What do you want?” the Primordial wept, the starlight in his left eye guttering like a dying candle. “What can I possibly give you that will stay your hand? Tell me! Name it!”

Finally, Rowan spoke, his voice cutting through the pleas like a knife. “I want you to understand.”

The words held a finality that stole the breath from Chaos’s lungs. There was no bargain to be made. There was only the lesson. And the lesson ended in death. Google search NoveI-Fire.net

Despair, colder than the ash, colder than Oblivion itself, seized him. He clawed his way to his feet and ran again, driven by an instinct he didn’t know he possessed. He was no longer Primordial Chaos, the fundamental force. He was prey.

Rowan, like an unforgiven specter, followed.

®

The strength of Eldrithor was almost gone. The grey stain on his chest had spread over his heart. His vision was darkening at the edges, the magnificent dual sights of creation and destruction narrowing to a tunnel focused only on the grey path ahead.

He stumbled over another rise, his body screaming in protest, and fell to his knees. He looked up, panting, his white hair matted with ash and the sweat of terror.

And he saw it.

Before him was a flat, circular expanse of black, volcanic-looking rock, a stark anomaly in the endless grey dust; it was not native to this place. It had been brought here. Imposed. At its center stood a simple, brutal structure: an altar.

It was carved from a single block of the same black stone, its lines severe and unforgiving. It was stained with shadows that seemed older than time. And lying beside it, on the dark rock, was a hammer.

It was a simple tool, its head a block of dull, pitted iron, its haft made of a wood so dark it seemed to drink the faint light. It was utterly mundane, and yet it radiated a aura of such final, absolute purpose that it made the pale man's new heart stutter in his chest.

This was a place of ending. A specific ending.

And then, he felt it.

It was not a sound, not a smell, not a sight. It was a resonance—a ghost-echo in the very substance of reality. The altar and the hammer were not just objects; they were recording devices, and they had captured the signature of the event that had transpired here.

He felt *her* screams.

Not auditory screams, but the screams of concept, of essence, of identity being systematically taken apart. It was a psychic scar etched into the location itself. He felt the infinite creativity, the boundless potential for story and song and spirit, being methodically silenced. He felt the terror of the Sculptor realizing the clay had risen up not to be molded, but to shatter the hands that held it. He felt the moment of un-being, not as a cessation, but as an active, violent act of erasure.

It was the death scream of Primordial Soul.

And he knew, with a certainty that was the first and only true order he had ever known in his endless existence, that this was where Rowan had done it. This was the very spot where his eternal rival, his opposite, his reason for being, had been unmade.

The knowledge did not come to him as a thought. It was a physical blow. It doubled him over, retching nothing onto the black stone. The last of his strength fled. The fight went out of him. The desperate hope that had fueled his flight evaporated, leaving behind a hollow, aching certainty.

He was not just going to die.

He was going to be unmade. On this same stone. By the same hand. With the same tool.

His transformation had not been an escape. It had been a delivery system. He had not been running away; he had been running to his appointed end. He had been led, like a lamb to the slaughter, to the very altar where the concept of Primordial death had been invented.

He looked up, his star-and-void eyes wide with a horror that was now complete. He saw Rowan walking toward him, no faster, no slower. The relentless pace had never been about pursuit. It had been about procession.

The pale man, Primordial Chaos, did not beg again. He did not offer deals. He simply knelt on the black stone, before the altar stained with his sister's essence, and looked at the approaching figure of his end.

He finally understood. This wasn't vengeance, it wasn't even justice; no, this was much simpler.

It was... ecology. He was an invasive species, a cancer on the cosmos, and Rowan was the cure. The cure was absolute, and it was merciless, and it had come for him. Why did he ever think he could escape it?

The running was over. All that was left was the acceptance. And the hammer.

Chapter 1785: The End of Infinity

The pale man did not struggle as Rowan reached him.

He should have, but he did not. The fight, the flight, the desperate bargains—all of it had bled out of him, leaving behind a shell of absolute comprehension.

Eldrithor knelt on the cold, black volcanic rock, the rough texture biting into his bony knees. His head was bowed, not in submission, but in a final, exhausted acknowledgment

of the geometry of his fate, knowing that the altar before him was not just stone; it was a destination.

'How could my end be like this?'

He could feel the silent, screaming resonance of Primordial Soul's unmaking soaking the air, a psychic patina of absolute violation that made his new, fragile form want to vomit. This was the place. There would be no other. This was a place where Primordials were butchered. This chapter is updated by Novel_Fire(.)net

Rowan's shadow fell over him, not blocking a light source, but imposing a deeper darkness upon the gloom. He did not speak. Words were for beings who dealt in possibilities. Here, there was only the inevitable. Eldrithor wished he had; perhaps it might have reduced the fear in his heart, but Rowan was silent.

A long, pale, trembling finger reached out and touched the edge of the altar. The man who was Chaos flinched from the memory imprinted in the stone. It was a memory of screaming. Not a sound, but the idea of a sound being erased.

He knew what was coming. The knowledge was a cold stone in his gut. The hammer. The simple, brutal, final tool. The blade Rowan used on his immortal flesh was for precise unmaking, for the severing of concepts. This... this was for something else.

This was for punishment. This was for annihilation of the physical vessel with a brutality that echoed through every level of being.

With a strength that seemed to leech the last warmth from the void, Rowan's hands closed around the pale man's upper arms. The grip was not fierce; it was inexorable, like the closing of a tectonic plate. He was lifted with an ease that was itself a form of contempt. This infinite being, now, weighed so little.

He was laid upon the altar. The black stone was freezing against his back, a cold that seeped into his spine and seemed to drink the feeble heat of his stolen life.

The rough-hewn surface scraped his skin raw, and Eldrithor felt goosebumps on his skin. He stared up at the formless, twilight-grey void that served as a sky in this non-place. His star-and-void eyes were wide, unblinking, seeing not the emptiness above but the terrifying certainty of the figure standing over him.

Rowan looked down on Primordial Chaos before a black helm snapped shut over his face, leaving only his eyes open, and then he picked up the hammer.

It was heavier than a mountain and as light as a thought. The pitted iron head seemed to suck in the faint light, a promise of impact. The dark wood of the haft was smooth from use.

There was no wind-up. No dramatic pause. There was only the efficient, economic motion of a craftsman beginning his work.

The hammer fell.

It struck the pale man's right kneecap.

The sound was not a crack. It was a wet, thick, pulverizing crunch, a sickeningly intimate noise of calcium and cartilage being reduced to paste under infinite pressure.

“BOOM – CRUNCH.”

The pale man's body did not just jerk; it convulsed, a violent, electric spasm of agony that arched his back off the cold stone. A sound was ripped from his throat—a high, thin, breathless shriek that was utterly, pathetically mortal.

Primordial Chaos had loved pain, but this was a pain in an immortal body that knew no limits and could not end, here this pain was final and there was nothing to shield his mind from the inevitability of his eventual fate.

The pain was a white-hot supernova in his nervous system, so vast and all-consuming it felt like his entire being had been compressed into that one, shattered point.

He did not want to, but he looked down, his vision swimming, and saw the ruin of his knee. It was no longer a joint. It was a crater of meat and splintered bone, a grotesque blossom of crimson that seemed obscenely bright against the monochrome grey and black of the landscape. The leg was bent at an impossible angle, the foot twitching spastically.

A dull moan emerged from his throat at this moment, and he did not even know he was making it.

But he did not pass out. His form, though frail, was still woven from the essence of a Primordial. His biology, his very capacity to experience, was not human. He could not escape into unconsciousness. His mind was built to process the birth and death of Realities; it could process, catalog, and endure this agony with terrifying clarity. He was condemned to feel every infinite second of it.

Rowan watched Eldrithor, his expression hidden behind his helm, but his stance was that of a stone monolith. He raised the hammer again.

The second blow came down on the left elbow.

This time, the sound was sharper, a SNAP-POP as the joint hyperextended and then exploded outward.

The bone, the ulna, splintered and tore through the fish-belly white skin, a jagged, bloody spear of ivory. The arm flopped, useless, connected by strands of torn tendon and muscle that writhed like dying worms. The pale man's shriek escalated into a continuous, breathless keen, a sound of pure, undiluted sensory overload.

When he had killed Primordial Soul on this altar, he had been frenzied and filled with wrath, making his hammer blows to seek her death in an efficient manner.

At that time, he had not processed his loss, and his heart was still filled with fire, but now that his mind was calm, his vengeance was cold.

For the beings who treated all life as disposable trash, their karma was him holding this hammer.

Primordial Soul died first, and she was the lucky one.

®

Rowan worked with a dreadful, methodical pace. He was not enraged. He was not frenzied. He was a sculptor of pain, an architect of ruin.

The hammer rose and fell.

It shattered the other knee, reducing both legs to bags of bone chips and pulverized meat. It crashed down on the shoulders, collapsing the clavicles with wet, grating crunches, driving the broken ends into the soft tissue beneath. It methodically broke the bones of the hands and feet, each finger and each toe receiving a precise, obliterating tap, reducing them to red mush in the shape of digits.

The pale man was no longer screaming coherently. His voice had given out, shredded by the relentless tide of agony. What emerged was a wet, gurgling rasp, a sound of a drowning man being systematically disassembled. His body was a map of ruin, a grotesque parody of the human form he had chosen. Blood, a shocking, vibrant red, pooled on the black altar, dripping over the edges to be thirstily absorbed by the grey ash below. It steamed faintly in the cold, the last vestige of his stolen warmth fleeing into the void.

But he lived. His eyes, those windows to the cosmos, were wide with a horror that transcended pain. It was the horror of comprehension, of watching his own physical reality be unmade with a crude, physical tool. The hammer was not just breaking his body; it was breaking his concept of self. Each blow was a lesson in mortality, taught with brutal, unambiguous force.

He tried to speak, to beg for a mercy he knew would not come. His jaw, shattered and hanging loose, could only manage a wet, clicking sound. Blood and saliva bubbled from his lips.

Rowan paused. He looked at the ruin he had made of the body. It was a thing of broken sticks and leaking sacs. But the chest still rose and fell in ragged, hiccupping spasms. The star-and-void eyes still stared, drowning in an ocean of suffering.

It was not enough. The vessel was broken, but the tenant remained.

Rowan had been deliberately avoiding shattering the Origin of Chaos because that would end his suffering prematurely.

Rowan dropped the hammer. It landed on the rock with a final, definitive clunk.

He placed his hands on the pale man's chest, ignoring the way the broken ribs shifted sickeningly under his grip. He ignored the blood that slicked his gauntlets. He focused on the grey stain, the mark of Anathema's first bite, which now covered the entire sternum.

The pale man's eyes focused on him. There was a question in them. A hope for an end.

Rowan's hands began to glow with a cold, grey light. He was not using the hammer anymore. He was using his Will. He was using the power of multiple Origins, all focused on his essence as a Reality who had the power to seize the Origins of Primordials.

His hand rested on the chest of Eldrithor for a brief moment before he pushed.

His hands sank into the pale man's chest.

There was no resistance from the shattered bone and torn muscle. They parted like water. But beneath that, there was a core of resistance—a knot of screaming, maddened energy, the compressed, terrified essence of Primordial Chaos itself.

Rowan's hands closed around it.

The pale man's body went rigid. A sound emerged from him that was not a sound at all, but a tear in the fabric of silence itself. It was the scream of a universe being born and dying in the same instant.

Rowan pulled.

Slowly, with immense, grinding force, he began to draw out the Origin of Chaos. It was not a physical organ. It was a thing of light and shadow and screaming probability, a miniature storm of everything the Primordial had been.

It fought him. It lashed out with tendrils of raw chance, trying to rewrite the moment, to create a reality where this was not happening. But Rowan's will was a vice. He was anchored in certainty. There was no maybe.

The pale man's body began to deflate, to desiccate. The vibrant red blood turned black and evaporated. The skin stretched tight over the pulverized skeleton, becoming parchment, then dust. The star-and-void eyes clouded over, the light in them dying as the source of that light was physically dragged from its shell.

But the process was slow. Agonizingly slow. The essence did not want to come out. It was rooted in the concept of existence itself. Rowan was not just pulling out a soul; he was pulling out a fundamental law of the cosmos.

The pale man's form was still conscious, still feeling. He felt his own infinity being drawn out through the hole in his chest. He felt himself being turned inside out. It was a violation beyond the physical breaking. It was the unmaking of his "I."

His jaw, unhinged and broken, managed one final, silent word shaped by a breath of dust.

"...please..."

Rowan gave a final, mighty heave.

With a sound like the root of reality being torn from the ground, the core of Primordial Chaos came free.

The pale man's body instantly collapsed into a fine, grey ash, identical to the dust of the shore. The empty husk was gone, having merged with the surrounding nothingness.

In Rowan's hands, the essence of Chaos writhed and screamed, a captured star going supernova. It was a beautiful, terrifying thing—a knot of infinite potential trying to exist in a realm that forbade it.

Rowan looked at it for a long moment, this thing that had caused so much pain, so much random suffering, across all of time. He felt no triumph—only a cold, immense weight.

He opened up a path to his Origin Land and threw the Origin of Chaos into it. The Origin flew, a dying star on a final trajectory, across the grey waste of Oblivion into his realm.

And it was gone.

Not with a bang, or a whimper.

With nothing.

Rowan stood alone by the altar, the black hammer at his feet. The only sound was the silent hum of the ever-hungry altar that was rapidly gaining an appetite for the screams of Primordials.

Turning around, Rowan vanished; there was still more work to be done.

Chapter 1786: The Final Argument

Unlike the fall of Primordial Soul, the death of Primordial Chaos would not go unnoticed.

Killing Chaos inside Oblivion would delay the mental feedback from the fall of a Primordial, but it would not last. Before long, the children of Chaos that were left and the Primordials would sense the loss of Eldrithor.

Killing a Primordial on the Altar of Unmaking drew out every single shred of their Will and Intent all around Reality and forced them onto the altar. This was the unique and powerful inheritance of Primordial Soul that Rowan had seized.

In fact, for a normal immortal, the fallout from the death of Primordial Chaos should be instantaneous, but Rowan controlled many higher-level concepts, and his perception was incredibly fast, making a moment stretch for as long as he wanted.

But he did not have forever to deal with what was to come, so it was a good thing that he already had many pieces already moving across the board.

His consciousness already reached out for Eva to prepare the road for him. It was time for him to enter the Arena; already, he could sense the call.

®

For Eva, the victory in the Monolith of Finality against Primordial Light was not an end. It was a beginning. A terrible, glorious, and necessary beginning.

The surface of the cold, perfect light of the Primordial was broken, its authority shattered not by force, but by a truth it could not comprehend. But Eva, the New Light, knew that broken things could still be sharp.

A cornered, wounded principle could be more dangerous than a whole one. The Old Light would not fade gracefully into irrelevance; it would fester, it would plot, it would seek to re-impose its sterile order through any means necessary. What made it worse was that, in some ways, this victory came through the permission of Primordial Light, and his revenge was not far.

However, the war of words was over. The war of existence was about to begin.

Eva did not return to a heaven at peace. She returned to a realm trembling on the precipice of civil war. The sky above the Celestial domains was split—one half a cold, sharp, achingly perfect cerulean, the other a vibrant, swirling web of dawn gold and rose-quartz.

The touch of Old Light went deep, and even though Eva had taken over the first layer of Light's Origin, she could not push away the touch of Primordial Light from those who still wished to believe in him.

Below, the factions were forming. The Clockwork Choirs, angels of absolute precision, moved in flawless, silent formations, their eyes reflecting the cold logic of their master. The Dawnguard, those who had embraced Eva's warmth, moved with passionate purpose, their wings shimmering with inner fire, their voices raised in new, chaotic hymns of becoming.

They needed a sign. Not a philosophical victory, but a demonstration of power so absolute it would shatter the will of the opposition before the first blade of light was ever drawn.

They needed a hammer. And Eva knew of only one hammer big enough to drive the lesson home to every corner of every reality.

Eva looked at heaven for a long while, taking in every single detail that she could, and then she left heaven. Her destination was not a place, but a being.

This being drifted in the silent sea between dimensions, a leviathan of stone and soul, ancient beyond the memory of stars. This was Algorith, the Living Castle. It was not built; it was grown, or perhaps born. Only Rowan knew the truth.

Her spires were mountain ranges carved into impossible, beautiful shapes. Her windows were lakes of molten silver that wept light into the void, and her heart was a throne room where the geology of a thousand dead worlds had been folded into pillars that sang with a deep, planetary hum.

Algorith, who wished to call herself Sheba, was the last of her kind; her only brethren were Noctis, who was now a Crow of Death.

This sentient architecture had witnessed the birth and death of cosmic cycles, and it was loyal to Rowan, for he was the first being that had ever made her ancient stones feel warm.

As Eva approached, the Castle shifted. A great portcullis, forged from the core of a neutron star, irised open without a sound, admitting the New Light into its cavernous, echoing halls. The air inside was thick with the smell of ozone and lightning, of time itself made tangible.

"You are troubled, Sun-that-Loves," the voice of Sheba echoed in her mind, not in words, but in the grinding of continental plates, the sigh of geothermal vents.

"The foundation of Reality is cracked, only now do I see how deeply the rot has grown," Eva replied, her light glinting off veins of diamond in the walls. "The house must be made

whole, or it will fall. And to mend a crack this deep, one does not use a delicate tool.”
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“You seek the End of All Things”, Sheba intoned, understanding flooding its vast consciousness. “You would call the Unmaker. The Final Argument.”

“I would call the Creator,” Eva corrected, her voice firm. “The one whose power is so absolute that argument ceases before it begins. I would show them the cost of their folly. Not in words. In weight.”

The castle shuddered, “Before he left, he was changing into something I cannot imagine. The weight of his footstep crushes galaxies, and his gaze extinguishes suns. He is not a summoning to be made lightly, even by you. Are you sure about what you want to do?”

“It is not made lightly,” Eva said, her fiery eyes hardening. “It is made with the heaviest of hearts. But it is necessary. Carry me, Algorh. Carry me to the Arena. Let all who think to challenge the new dawn see what awaits them in the twilight of their defiance. If I could, I would open the door for him, but I can no longer carry him alone.”

The Living Castle did not argue. With a groan that vibrated through the fabric of nearby dimensions, it began to move. It did not fly; it swam through the meta-medium of the dimensions, its passage causing reality to warp and bulge around it.

Stars in its wake were sent spinning from their orbits. Nebulae rippled like pond water struck by a stone.

The New Light was on the move, and she was not alone.

®

The silence after Telmus’ defeat of the unknown Titan in the Arena was like the moment after a thunderclap, when the ears ring and the world seems to hold its breath.

Then the sound returned. But it was not the sound of battle. It was the sound of a billion entities remembering how to breathe. A collective, shuddering exhalation swept through the infinite galleries of the arena.

It was not a sigh of relief. It was the gasp of a patient waking from a nightmare to find the nightmare was absolute.

The awe that followed was not the pure, terrified awe of the beginning. It was a complex, sickening, profound awe, laced with a dawning and universal unease.

Every being, from the lowliest mindless scavenger to the highest cosmic intelligence, had just witnessed something that rewrote their understanding of existence. They had seen the foundational forces of their universe—forces they had worshipped, feared, or simply

accepted as the unchangeable background of reality—strained, challenged, and made to look... almost mortal. They had seen them pause and break.

Yet it did not seem to be over; the man Telmus, wounded and battered, appeared to be preparing himself for battle.

It was then that everyone here sensed it. A tremor in the soul of every immortal being. Something was coming. Something vast. The air crackled with tension, filled with whispered questions and unspoken threats.

Then, the sky tore open.

It didn't crack or part. It screamed. The fabric of the Arena's heavens was rent asunder by something too immense, too potent, to enter gracefully.

The Living Castle Algorh descended, not from above, but from a wound in reality itself. Its shadow fell across the infinite plain, plunging the gathered pantheon into an abrupt and terrifying twilight. The mountain-sized spires, the silver-tear windows, the sheer living, breathing mass of it blotted out the conceptual sky. A deep, sub-sonic hum resonated through every being present, a vibration that shook not bones, but souls.

The Castle settled on the edge of the Arena, a continent unto itself, its arrival sending waves of solidified light cracking across the plain.

All eyes, from the million-faceted orbs of cosmic insects to the star-filled gaze of the Primordials, turned to the battlements. There, small yet incandescent, stood Eva. Her light, which had always been warm and nurturing, was now focused, fierce, a blade drawn from its scabbard.

Chapter 1787: Rowan

Chapter 1787: Rowan

Eva's presence called attention like nothing else, and it was because she held the power of a Primordial while still holding the warmth of a mother's embrace. It was like a mortal looking directly into the sun and still not fearing it would hurt their eyes.

"You are gathered here," her voice rang out, amplified by Algorh's ancient power, "because you are confused, but you should not. Centuries ago, you saw the changes across Reality, and you heard my voice about the dawn of a new age. You have all seen a division in the fundamental nature of things. You wonder which path is true. Which light is real?"

She looked directly at the faction of the Old Light, at the Celestial Creators and their Angels who still followed the path of Primordial Light despite the changes they had all felt in their dominion. She spoke to them, but her words carried to all, "My father offered you

a cold, hard truth. And there is a place for that truth. But he offered it without purpose. Without love. Without growth. He offered you a perfect, eternal engine that goes nowhere.”

She spread her arms, encompassing the entire congress. “Everyone here has suffered the same fate! Your path ahead had been severed, your destiny halted. Every Old One has seen the glimpse of true power, and they know what has been given to them is far from their true Destiny. Now, I offer you a journey! I offer you meaning! I offer you a light that does not just reveal what is, but helps create what could be! But I see that some of you remain... unconvinced. You cling to the sterile past out of fear of the living future. So be it. I will not waste my light trying to illuminate eyes that refuse to see. This Reality is on its last age, and its killers are being worshiped as kings... no more will this be allowed to stand. I will show you the foundation for change.”

What she was speaking of was madness, but her power compelled all to listen. Even the Primordials were not stopping her words from flowing, and the New Light did not flinch under the weight of their regard.

Eva’s tone changed, dropping into a register of terrifying solemnity. “Instead, I will show you the foundation upon which all truths, all lights, all possibilities ultimately rest. I will show you the weight of reality.”

She raised her hands high above her head. The light around her intensified, not spreading out, but shooting upwards in a single, coherent beam of immense power. It struck the very top of Algorh’s highest spire.

The Living Castle shuddered. Its stone flanks groaned. The molten silver in its windows bubbled and boiled over. The spire began to glow, its substance becoming translucent, then transparent, then vanishing altogether, transforming into a lens, a gateway, a focusing apparatus of unimaginable scale and complexity.

Eva was not summoning a being. She was using Algorh as a metaphysical amplifier, a divine trebuchet, to launch a call across the multi-layered membranes of existence, into the deepest, most silent voids between the voids.

The beam from her hands was a message. A name. A title. An invitation.

A single, echoing syllable that was felt more than heard:

“ROWAN.”

®

The effect of this call was instantaneous.

The Arena, which had withstood the sort of power that could end all creation inside this Reality, trembled. The plain of solidified light developed a hairline fracture that shot from one horizon to the other.

On a billion billion worlds across every dimension, every pendulum stopped dead in its swing.

Every star in every universe—the red giants, the white dwarfs, the yellow suns, the nascent protostars—flickered. Just once. As if something had walked over their grave.

A silence deeper than any silence fell upon the Arena. The kind of silence that is not an absence of sound, but the presence of something that consumes sound.

The hum of Algorith was gone. The whispered thoughts of the immortals were silenced. Even the internal hum of their own power seemed muted, stifled.

Then, a pressure.

It began as a feeling of profound density, as if the very air was turning to lead. Then it was the feeling of being at the bottom of a cosmic ocean, with the weight of all its water pressing down. Then it was more.

The entire audience, countless billions of immortals whose powers had shaken creation, were pressed to the ground, their thoughts squeezed nearly to nothing, and only the awareness that this pressure was not focused on them kept them alive and sane.

The Primordials themselves took a step back. A collective, unheard gasp.

They weren't just feeling the pressure. Reality itself was being compressed. The infinite Arena seemed to be shrinking, its vastness bowing inward around a single, specific point before Algorith. It was as if the gravity that this presence carried was so great that everything had to bow before it.

Space twisted. Time stuttered. The laws of physics, which were merely the jokes Primordials told each other, began to weep and break.

And then, He arrived.

It was not an entrance. It was an imposition.

There was no flash, no portal, no fanfare. One moment, there was nothing. The next, there was Him. He did not step into reality; reality was forced to accommodate Him, and it strained to the breaking point to do so.

Rowan, the Apex Omniversal Titan... The Killer of Primordials. At his arrival, the death cries of two Primordials followed him as his shroud, and everyone here could intrinsically sense this change... eternity has been killed, and its executioner has arrived.

He was... size had no meaning. To mortal eyes, he would have been a man, tall, impossibly muscular, carved from something darker than obsidian and harder than neutronium.

His hair was a wild mane of frozen red flame. His eyes... his eyes were not eyes. They were the aftermath of the final, dying sigh of a universe, the absolute absence of everything, including hope.

But to the beings gathered in the Arena, he was more. He was the walking embodiment of Finality. He was the concept that every story, no matter how epic, must end. That every song, no matter how beautiful, must fade. That every power, no matter how primordial, had a limit. And he was that limit.

His mere presence was an act of violence against the ongoingness of existence.

He stood on the plain, and the solidified light cracked and blackened beneath his feet in a web that spread for light-years. He did not look at the gathered pantheon. He did not need to. His attention was a physical force, and he was not yet bestowing it.

He turned his head, slowly, the movement causing spatial anomalies to bloom and die in the air around him. He looked at Eva.

A voice spoke. It was not a sound. It was the feeling of a glacier calving, of a continent sliding into the sea, of a star collapsing in on itself.

“You Called.”

Eva, the New Light, who had faced down the presence of multiple Primordials, felt her very essence cower before this presence. But she did not flinch. She lowered her hands, the beam of light fading. She met the twin voids of his gaze.

“I did,” she said, her voice small but clear in the all-consuming silence. “A choice must be made between stagnation and growth. Between cold truth and living meaning. They,” she gestured to the paralyzed congress of immortals, “will not choose, not because they don’t want to, but because the capacity for change has been denied to them. So I have called you to show them who holds the leash over all of reality, and the consequences of their decision. To show them the power that underwrites all powers.”

Rowan’s head turned again, with that same world-shattering slowness. His void-eyes swept across the gathered might of creation.

He looked at the gathered Primordials.

The two powers regarded each other as a communication that transcended words passed between them. They, more than anyone, could perceive the fall of Primordial Chaos and Primordial Soul, and this knowledge chilled them to the core.

Because it represented many things they could no longer deny, Rowan did not just have the power to kill them; he was also influencing the outcome of his decision to affect their central bodies outside Reality.

The fall of any Primordial inside Reality should have led to the collapse of Reality as soon as their main body detected the death of their avatars.

A frightening possibility was beginning to take shape in their consciousness when...

Rowan took a single step forward.

It was not a large step. But it was the most significant action taken in all of existence since its beginning, and a shockwave erupted from around his impossible form. Get full chapters from NovelFire.net

The shockwave was not of sound or force. It was a wave of acknowledgment. It was the universe itself being forced to recognize its master.

In that single step, every star in every universe, across all dimensions, blinked out. Not flickered. Went dark. For one absolute, terrifying heartbeat, all of creation was plunged into a blackness so complete it was like a rehearsal for its own death.

In that heartbeat, every living being, from the lowest microbe to the highest Celestial, felt a cold hand clutch its heart. They felt the utter fragility of their own existence. They understood, in a way that bypassed all thought, that they were allowed to exist only on sufferance.

Then, as Rowan's foot settled on the cracked light of the Arena, the stars re-ignited.

Chapter 1788: Eos

Chapter 1788: Eos

When the star reignited, a new pressure arose, different from the crushing weight of the reality-ending presence of Rowan. It was the dense, potent, pregnant pressure of a beginning. It was the feeling inside a star a nanosecond before ignition.

The gathered immortals and pantheons remained prostrate, not in reverence, but in catatonic shock.

His first footstep had not just sent a ripple of power that signaled that Rowan could end all of Reality as he wished, it also left the Arena a fractured, blackened wasteland, scarred by the mere weight of his footfall.

Telmus had expended all his power and battled at the level of the Primordials, but he had only sent cracks across the Arena, and unlike every single life inside Reality, Telmus had not fallen to his knees, but he stood, body shaking, and his mind blank. A light gust of breeze would blow him to the ground, but Rowan was not focused on him.

Rowan took his next steps, and the pressure of a new beginning exploded.

Where His first footfall had cracked and blackened the Arena, His second footfall did the opposite. As His foot—the same foot that had moments ago threatened to shatter creation—settled upon the plain, a wave of pure, white-gold energy erupted from the point of impact. It was not fire, nor was it light as Eva or her father, Primordial Light, understood it. It was Life. Raw, unformed, and screaming with potential.

The wave washed out across the infinite plain of the Arena. Where it touched the blackened, cracked scars of His first step, miracles bloomed. The dead light surged back, not as sterile solidity, but as a living crystal that sang in harmonic frequencies.

Forests of silver trees erupted, their leaves chiming soft melodies. Rivers of liquid starlight began to flow through new-cut channels. The very air, which had been void of anything but primordial concepts, now thrummed with the breath of possibility, smelling of ozone and newborn rain.

Across all realities, the opposite occurred. Stars that had flickered out now roared back to life, not just reigniting, but burning with a new, fierce intensity.

Dying worlds felt their cores recharge; barren moons were suddenly veiled in nascent atmospheres. On countless worlds, in the moment of absolute despair that had followed the universal blackout, life erupted. Deserts bloomed. Sickly children were healed. The spark of sentience flickered in previously mindless creatures.

Reality had been experiencing a surge of regrowth and expansion when Rowan opened the Primordial vortexes and unleashed what remained of Eosah's essence upon Reality. However, no matter how potent that essence was, it was from a dead Reality, but Rowan was alive, and like Eosah, he was a creator.

He did not release any of his essence into Reality; he did not need to. His presence was enough.

Annihilation and Creation were not two separate powers He wielded. They were the inhale and exhale of the same being. His first step was the ending necessary for the new beginning. His second step was the beginning itself.

He was not just the Killer of Primordials. He was the Ground of All Being. He was Reality itself. And His name was Eos.

The assembled gods remained on their faces, but now their prostration was infused with a new emotion: a bewildered, terrified hope. They had witnessed the end of all things and then its resurrection, all in two footsteps by the same entity.

Rowan—Eos—stood once more in the center of the now-living, and singing Arena. This place, meant for spilling blood, had tasted the radiance of Rowan's glory, and its essence had transformed. No matter how much power the Primordials poured into this Arena, they were not creators like Rowan, and the final spark that would allow this place to elevate into something else had to come from a being like him.

Rowan's void-like eyes, which had moments ago promised absolute erasure, now held a different quality. They were still voids, but voids that contained the potential for all constellations, all stories, all loves and hates yet to be written. They were the silent dark before the Big Bang.

He did not look at the Celestials or Demons. He did not glance at the gathered gods or the cosmic leviathans. They were set dressing. Interesting patterns that flickered on the surface of his being, but of no more ultimate consequence than the foam on a wave is to the ocean.

His gaze, slow and tectonic, swept over the only beings in the assembly who constituted something approximating peers. The Primordials. They were not gods; they were the fundamental principles upon which gods themselves were built. And there were five of them here.

Primordial Life, Memory, Demon, Imagination, and pushed out of his hiding place, Primordial Time. There was one more Primordial entity here, the Primordial Beast, but they had hidden their form the moment Rowan arrived. Whatever entity they were expecting to be challenging the Primordials, a being of Rowan's power had exceeded their wildest dreams.

Rowan did not care for the Primordial Beast. On this day, he was not here for them.

He focused the full weight of His attention upon the Primordials alone. The pressure of his gaze, which had been a general fact of existence, now became a specific, focused force. The Arena fell silent as the very air held its breath.

The voice that spoke was not the glacier-calving boom of the Killer. It was quieter, deeper, the sound of continental plates conversing.

It was a voice not meant for lesser beings to hear, and indeed, the non-Primordial entities in the Arena heard only a vibration that made their souls feel thin and translucent.

But the five Primordials heard Him. And they understood.

“I was dead, killed by Nyxara and your machinations, but I have returned,” Rowan intoned, His gaze resting on each of them in turn. “You all know different parts of me, and I know small parts of you, but for us, that is enough.”

The Primordials did not respond. Rowan’s voice captivated them like flies trapped in a spider’s web. He slowly brought up his right hand as if he were touching the space between dimensions.

“Do you feel it?” Rowan said, “The tremor in the foundation of all you have built? It is not an earthquake. It is my footstep.” his cold eyes became fixed on the five Primordials,

“I have walked the silent, screaming halls of oblivion to stand before you. I have drunk from the river of forgetting and found its waters bitter with the taste of your names. You, who thought eternity a throne to be shared only among yourselves. You, who believed that an act of absolute annihilation could ever be absolute.”

“You unmade me. You reached into the womb of Eosah and tore me out, screaming. Even my death was not enough. You reached into the hearts of the loves I forged, and you poured in the void. You did not just kill me. You sought to erase me. To make a monument of my absence.”

Rowan had slowly come to understand the reason for his survival after his death, and he did not hide his Origins from the Primordials, because this was his Truth... this was his glory.

“But you were fools. The greatest architects understand that the blueprint of a thing is etched into the fabrics of existence long after the thing itself is gone. You can shatter the vase, but you cannot unmake the shape of its emptiness. And I am that emptiness. Given will. Given memory.”

The hand that Rowan held up blurred, and the head of Eldrithor, Primordial Chaos, appeared. This was the final mortal form he had taken, and in his dead eyes were such profound terror and pain that any immortal who viewed it would have gone mad. Rowan turned the head so it could face him, and he spoke to it,

“Eldrithor, I remember the light of a billion suns you snuffed out—each one a lullaby to a child I would never know again. I remember the silence that followed—a silence you mistook for peace. It was not peace. It was a breath held. My breath.”

Rowan squeezed his fist, and the head exploded, painting his right arm red with the blood of Primordial Chaos,

“And now, I exhale.”

He lifted his left hand, and the head of Nyxara, Primordial Soul, appeared, and he spoke to the head as he did Eldrithor's

"You, Nyxara, the First Thirst—you who cut the cord of my destiny with such cold precision. Your edge is dulled by time and arrogance. Now you have felt a cut deeper than any you have ever inflicted. The cut of inevitability."

Crushing the head of Primordial Soul, turning his left hand red, Rowan took a step and his figure blurred across space to stand before the Primordials. He wore no armor except knee-length breeches, leaving his upper body bare.

Arcane runes flowed across his torso, each held significance that could crush all creation, and with the blood of two Primordials on his arms, his present form could hardly be described.

Bringing up a bloody arm, he pointed towards the Primordial Demon,

"You, Xylos, the First Doubt—you who spun the threads of conspiracy that bound my family in chains of fate. You thought your webs could catch a falling Creator. But I am no longer falling. I am rising. And I will burn every single thread until you are left naked in the glare of your own treachery."

The arm pointed towards the next target, Primordial Life,

"You, Vorthas, the Heart-Eater—you who consumed the joy, the love, the very essence of those I cherished. You gorged yourself on life and called it strength. But you have digested my light, and now that light turns to fire in your belly. I am that fire."

The hand pointed towards Primordial Time, and the force of Rowan's Will stripped away his secrets, and his name was known to him.

"You, Xyris, the Silent—you who watched. Who judged. Who gave the nod with a blink of your cold, distant eye as your sister tore me from the womb? Your silence was your assent. Your inaction, your crime. I will break your vow of silence with a scream that will forever echo in your hollow core." This chapter is updated by novel~fire~net

Then, disregarding Primordial Imagination, he pointed at last to Primordial Memory, and his words held a much greater heat, causing this Primordial to flinch.

"And you... Elgorath. The First Cause. The architect of my ruin. You who held the quill and dipped it in nothingness to write the end of my story. You were mistaken. The story was not over. You merely turned the page and found it blank. And now, I write upon that page. In blood. In fire. In the unmaking of epochs. You took from me all that there was to take. And in doing so, you left me with nothing. And nothing... is what I now have to lose. You, however... You have everything left to lose. Your thrones. Your dominion. Your very names."

He had listed the crimes of these five, and although there were more, too many ever to be counted, Rowan knew he would make them pay for all of them.

A thrill of pure, existential terror ran through the five cosmic pillars.

Chapter 1789: Beyond Origin

Chapter 1789: Beyond Origin

The colossal fury of the Rowan's speech still vibrated in the cosmic firmament, a tremor of pure intent aimed at the hearts of the five beings who had orchestrated his ruin. His focus was a singularity of vengeance, drawing all light and hope into its crushing grip.

But for a single, fractured moment—a nanosecond stretched across a billion years by his own nature—the gaze of one of his targets flickered.

It was Xyris, the Silent, Primordial Time. Unlike the other Primordials who were filled with rage and fear, Xyris gaze could not leave his left arm that was painted with the blood of Primordial Soul.

In his eyes was a profound, ancient weariness, a sorrow so deep it was less an emotion and more a fundamental law of a broken universe. It was not fear of the impending battle. It was the echo of an older, deeper cataclysm, a regret that predated this specific hatred.

Rowan saw weakness, and in that flicker, he pierced through the Origin of Time with his consciousness. He could feel the defenses of Primordial Time rising up to shatter the probe of his consciousness, but it was already too late.

Before now, Rowan already had a sizable stake inside the Origin of Time but he had kept his hand silent, but now, he erupted with all the brilliance of a supernova and tore a core Truth from the consciousness of Primordial Time.

Doing this was sacrificing his position inside the Origin of Time, but Rowan believed it was worth it, he saw no need to hide who he was any longer.

All of this happened in the barest fraction of a moment, and the roar of rage arose from Primordial Time from the intense violation of Rowan's consciousness probing into the core of his being, but it was too late, Rowan had already gotten what he wanted.

The roar of Primordial Time ceased as if Rowan had squeezed his throat, but the violation went beyond such physical constraints. The sorrow of Primordial Time was a window for Rowan, and he did not hold back.

In an instant Rowan was in full control of the Origin of Time, and he squeezed, causing a shockwave of Time's Origin to erupt throughout Reality, linking to all the Wills of Time that had been spread all of it by the shattered body of Primordial Time.

All of Reality, even the Primordials were frozen in place. They could not have expected that Rowan was able to reach into the Origin of Primordial Time to attack them.

Rowan had seen the memories of the past. He had seen how the body of Time was shattered and his Origin suppressed. With the small window of opportunity before him, a consummate warrior and killer like Rowan would take advantage of it.

"I told you all to prepare, but the eons of your ceaseless consumption have made you all weak. You have forgotten what it means to battle for your life."

The Primordials would be able to break from this prison of time in a short period, barely the blink of an eye, but for Rowan, this gave him all the time in the world to attack.

Primordial Time was frozen in shock, he watched Rowan charged towards them, and he could not stop it, not quickly enough.

To add insult to injury, he could feel the consciousness of Rowan dragging him into his memories, to one of the most painful events of his life, and his roar of indignation was covered by the pull of the past.

The present, with its roaring promises of retribution, dissolved. The seething energy around Rowan's form stilled. His terrible figure charging towards them blurred into faint outlines, like mountains seen through a dense, temporal fog.

Primordial Time was pulled down, not into unconsciousness, but into memory.

It was a ocean he had sworn never to swim in again, for its waters were made of lost joys and the acid of betrayal. Yet, he was drowning in it now.

The scent of the present—ozone and void-dust and spilled divinity—was replaced by the aroma of dying stars and the quiet, breathless potential that exists only at the end of all things. The roar of his own power became a profound, echoing silence and he was there again. At the edge.

'No, not here... Rowan stop this... Ahhh... Stop it!!!!'

®

They stood on the cliff of solidified void, Soul and Time. Behind them, stretching into an infinity that was finally, blessedly finite, was the carrion-carcass of a reality, Eosah. It was a glorious, terrible corpse.

Dimensions, like spilled diamonds on black velvet, were darkening, her stellar hearts cooling into frigid iron. The last songs of a trillion, trillion nascent vitalities were fading into a permanent, featureless hum—the background radiation of a closed book.

This was their purpose, their rhythm, as natural as breathing for mortals. They had killed many Realities like this, yet Eosah had not been killed easily. For a long time the Primordials had starved, and when they gained access to the heart of Eosah, they had luxuriated in her screams. Now her body was cooling, the life fading from her as they sucked out her marrow.

They had chosen to witness this passing not in their vast, terrifying primordial forms—the forms that could encompass the corpse-reality and still have space left over—but as mortals. It was a habit, a game, a comfort. To experience the infinite through the limiting, exquisite lens of the finite.

He was a man, tall and seemingly carved from old, weathered stone. His hair was the color of a twilight sky, and if one looked too closely, they might see the faint, slow dance of galaxies within its depths. His eyes were not a color a mortal could name; they were the deep, patient brown of rich soil that holds the fossils of eons, yet they flickered with the impossible, rapid-fire silver of quantum foam.

He wore simple, dark clothes that seemed to drink the faint light, and his hands, resting at his sides, were strong and capable, the hands of a clockmaker or a gravedigger. This was Time, condensed. Not the river itself, but the bank from which one could watch it flow.

She was a woman, and to call her beautiful was to call a supernova bright—a pathetic understatement that missed the entire point. Her hair was a cascade of living nebula, strands of violet, cobalt, and magenta that swirled with their own inner light, capturing the very essence of creation's artistry.

Her eyes were the true marvel. They were the color of a perfect event horizon, not the destructive kind, but the moment of ultimate potential where all things are possible, where light itself pauses to consider its options. They held a soft, terrible gravity, pulling not matter, but meaning, toward them.

She was dressed in robes that seemed woven from the echoes of forgotten melodies and the remembered warmth of a first embrace. This was Soul, given a shape one could look upon without going mad. The song of existence given a single, perfect voice.

She was his sister. Not by the crude biology of lesser beings, but by essence. In the first moments after the First Word was spoken, they had coalesced together from the echoing silence.

Where there was Time, there was experience. Where there was experience, there was meaning. Where there was meaning, there was Soul. They were the unshakeable duality,

the two pillars upon which all subsequent existence was hung. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY novlfire.net

For eternities beyond counting, they had been a constant. He was the rhythm, the meter, the unyielding forward march. She was the melody, the harmony, the dissonance and resolution. One was meaningless without the other.

Before them, in the cradle of the newly vacated reality, a light was kindling. It was not a star or a galaxy. It was a living, breathing Reality taking its first gasp. A baby.

They had watched these births before, countless times. But this one was different. They had both felt it the moment the last reality breathed its last. A peculiar resonance. A new chord in the song.

His name should have rippled across Limbo, but inside the corpse of his mother, it was hidden, but they heard it, Eos. Dawn.

“He is beautiful, brother,” Soul whispered. Her voice was not a sound that traveled through air, but a vibration that traveled through the substrate of existence itself.

Time did not answer immediately. He was watching not just the baby, but his sister watching the baby.

He saw the fierce, possessive, awestruck love in her gaze. It was a look he knew well. It was the look she gave every new beginning, every fresh potential. But this was more intense, more... focused. It was the look of a composer who has just heard the perfect, elusive note that will complete a lifetime’s masterpiece.

“He is,” he finally replied, his own voice a low, steady hum, the sound of continental plates shifting, of forests growing and dying, of sand falling through a cosmic hourglass. “A new song for you to learn. A complex one, by the feel of him.”

Eos pulsed gently, and in that pulse, new, strange laws of physics flickered into being and died away. Geometries that would drive immortal mathematicians insane blossomed like flowers made of light and folded space.

“It is more than that,” she said, and her hand found his.

Her touch was an anchor in the relentless, often lonely, flow of him. To everything else, he was the current that carried them along. To her, he was the riverbank. She could stand with him, outside the flow, and simply observe. Her touch was warmth and understanding and a shared history so long that words like ‘always’ and ‘forever’ felt childish and brief.

“He is the key,” Soul breathed, her voice trembling with a fervor he had never heard before. “Can you not feel it, brother? Truly feel it? His structure... it is not like the others. He is not born from the silence that follows the end like the others. He is born from the

echo of the First Silence. The one that existed before the First Word. He is woven from a thread that precedes us.”

He did feel it. A resonance that made his own eternal substance hum with an unfamiliar, almost painful frequency. It was a vibration that suggested a layer of existence so fundamental, so prior to all concepts of beginning and end, cause and effect, that to perceive it directly was to unravel.

It was the final, ultimate mystery. The one even they, the first children of existence, the Primordials who had ruled over all realities since the beginning of time, could not grasp. They were lords of all that was, but this was the shadow of what was before there was a was.

It was called, in their oldest, most secret thoughts, the Layer Beyond Origin. Origin was their starting point. This was the source of the starting point. The author of the first page. To know it was the only ambition left to beings who had seen everything else.

“Some doors are not meant to be opened, sister,” he said, though his own ancient curiosity, a force as powerful as gravity, was stirring. He could feel the temptation to know, to finally understand.

Chapter 1790: Past Memories and Shared Vision

Soul clutched the hand of Time with both of hers, her form seeming to glow with the intensity of her conviction.

“Together, we could achieve this. Your sacrifice would not be an end. It would be the greatest act of defiance ever conceived. It would give meaning to all of this! To every life that we have taken, every star consumed, every tear ever shed on our unholy names! It would reveal the reason! It would be the final, beautiful note to the song of all creation!”

The sweet moment of shared wonder at a new life curdled into the bitter scheming for an ancient death. Time did not know when Soul had become insane. Perhaps he suspected that he also was insane, but in this body of a mortal, he saw truths that his main body had forgotten.

He looked from her fervent, beloved face to the innocent, pulsing light of Eos. He did not see a key. He saw a child. He did not see a bridge. He saw a living thing, sacred in its own right, not a tool to be used and broken.

His love for his sister was a fundamental force. But in that moment, another force, older and even more fundamental, rose within him: the principle of guardianship.

The duty to protect the flow, to safeguard the new, to honor the natural order. To use this child as a weapon and himself as ammunition was the deepest perversion of that duty imaginable.

The love in his heart for her twisted into a knot of agony, but his voice, when it came, was calm. It was the calm of a river that has decided its course, no matter what stands in its way.

“No,” he said. The word was simple and final. It contained no anger, only a profound, unshakeable resolution. It was the sound of a door closing for all time. “I will not be your sacrifice. And I will not let you pervert him.”

The glorious light in her eyes did not just dim; it shattered. It was replaced by a cold, steely resolve that was more terrifying than any fury. The love was still there—he could see it, trapped and screaming behind the cold bars of her ambition—but it was twisted into something else: a furious, desperate need that brooked no opposition. She had seen the summit of the only mountain that mattered to her, and he had refused to be her ladder.

Her hands released his. The warmth vanished, leaving a coldness on his skin that felt eternal.

“Then you leave me no choice,” she said. Her voice was no longer a symphony. It was the flat, dead sound of a final verdict. “The truth will be known. With you, or without you.”

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The memory shattered, and Rowan blinked, for that barest moment, he had been Primordial Time, and he had seen the heart of this Primordial before he had become corrupted by Evil. In another life, Rowan might have been sympathetic, but such times had passed.

The present crashed back in with the force of a supernova. The roar of his own power, the seething presence of the five Primordial, the cold, hard reality of his vengeance—it all returned.

But he was changed.

Rowan still felt the ghost of Primordial Soul’s hand in his, the echo of her final, cold words in his ears. He looked at the Primordials before him—Vorthas, Xylos, Elgorath, Xyris—and he saw them with new, devastating clarity through the eyes of Primordial Time, because for a moment he had been the Primordial, and the effect still lingered. Rowan allowed himself to become Primordial Time for a moment longer as new truths were revealed to him.

He saw not just the beings who had killed him and this Reality. He saw the deeper, older failure. His sister's sublime, terrible plan did not die with her dissent. Soul's ambition, her hunger for that ultimate truth, had festered. It had leaked from her, a psychic plague, and infected the others.

They had imprisoned her, but Time knew that even that was under her cruel calculations.

However, they had lacked her vision, her understanding of the delicate, sacrificial mechanics required. They had sought to harness Eos by brute force, to tear the secrets from his living heart rather than build the elegant, tragic bridge Soul had envisioned.

Their clumsy, violent attempt to force Eos to reveal the secrets of the Layer Beyond Origin had been an abomination. It had been what sparked his rebellion.

Their failure to comprehend what his sister had instinctively understood led to their catastrophic, ham-fisted assault... which led to his war against them... which led to the deaths of all those who sided with him, his chosen family.

Primordial Time fully understood Rowan; he understood his vengeance was not just for his murdered family. It was for the sublime, beautiful, terrifying future his sister had thrown away for a selfish dream.

It was for the child, Eos, who had been subjected to their violent stupidity. It was for the principle that some truths are not worth the cost of their knowing.

Her failure, and then theirs, had set them all on this grim, bloody path to extinction. They, the Primordials, who had ruled since the beginning of time, who had witnessed the first dawn and would, they thought, witness the last... would now all end within it.

There would be no one to stand on the cliffside and watch the endless tides of Limbo. The circle, at last, would close. The final note of the song would be one of silence, born not of peace, but of absolute, self-inflicted ruin.

The knowledge settled in his heart, colder and heavier than any weapon. It was the most profound tragedy of all. Then, he let the coldness harden into resolve. The memory had not weakened him. It had shown him the true depth of what he was fighting for. As undeserving as it was, Primordial Time would fight for his life.

He met Rowan's weary eyes, and for a moment, Primordial Time and Rowan shared an understanding that transcended their hatred. Since Rowan had become Primordial Time for this moment, the thought they had shared was the same.

Then the moment passed. Rowan's power surged, darker and more absolute than before. The speech was over. The memory was past.

Now, there was only the ending.

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There was no teleportation, no burst of speed. One moment, Rowan stood facing the Primordials, his form a silhouette of contained, infinite night. The next, he was among them.

For that brief moment when Rowan was Primordial Time, he did not move through time. He was Time. And he stretched that moment into an aeon of violence.

His first target was Primordial Demon; among all the Primordials, he alone was able to break the shackles of time a bit faster because this was his domain, and his power was supreme here.

His body of darkness and malice was already moving as his right hand transformed into a great single-edged butcher blade that could sever concepts.

This blade could cut the thread of destiny with a thought, and Primordial Demon crackled with excitement as he swept the blade towards Rowan's neck, but found its edge in Rowan's hand. The source of this content is novelfire.net

Rowan did not block the ethereal sword of absolute severance that manifested to cut him down; instead, his hand closed around it, stopping its descent.

“BOOM!”

The sound was not of metal on flesh, but of a paradox shattering. The power of the blade, which could divide anything from itself, met the one thing that could not be divided: a singular, absolute moment.

Rowan held the blade, and the moment held firm. With a wrench that twisted the geometry of the void itself, he shattered the blade not into pieces, but into a stream of isolated, disconnected instants, rendering it null.

His other hand, fingers curled into a fist that contained the weight of every ending that had ever been, drove into the demon's core—literally punching the Origin of Primordial Demon. The excited laughter of the demon transformed into a pained howl as he vanished.

The force from the punch had not sent the Primordial flying; it was the application of a terminal punctuation mark to his existence.

Primordial Demon vanished, not just through space, but through time as well. He was hurled downwards into the arena's past!

The Arena was meant to withstand the battle of Primordials, but the force from Rowan's punch smashed Primordial Demon into the Arena, splitting it in two, and his body continued past the dimension of the Arena, descending deeper into the Great Abyss.

His body tore through a hundred levels of the Abyss, killing Demons of all levels in their trillions and exterminating countless Demonic strongholds.

Rowan had already been moving when he threw that punch, his body flashing over to Primordial Life.

Chapter 1791: Scattering The Primordials

Vorthas, Primordial Life, had obtained freedom almost as quickly as Primordial Demon, but he had pretended that he was still bound by time. Inside his core, he was accumulating power in secret, but the problem was that Rowan already knew he was free.

Attacking Primordial Life next was not a mistake, and as Rowan turned towards him, the Primordial already knew the game was up. Wearing the appearance of Seed, the Primordial roared as he exploded into an abomination of foliage and the void, becoming an entity that consumed all life.

His form was a vortex of hungry nothingness, and it swept forward to devour Rowan. From watching Rowan effortlessly sweep aside Primordial Demon—as if this Primordial, who was famed as having the greatest physical strength, was nothing—Primordial Life knew he could not match Rowan on a direct confrontation, and it was a good thing his strength did not lie in this direction.

Rowan was covered by the swirling mass of Primordial Life, and he did not resist as he felt a billion questing teeth trying to gnaw through his skin and drain his essence.

Understanding what Primordial Life was trying to do, Rowan rapidly made changes inside his body, and he opened himself to the hunger of the Primordial.

He let Vorthas taste his essence. And what Vorthas consumed was not power, but time itself, not as it was known by Primordial Time, but as Rowan recognized time—raw, undiluted, and infinite.

Rowan had been able to create raw time before his evolution, and now that process was nearly instantaneous with all the tools available to him from his fusion and ascension.

This deluge of time made Primordial Life freeze in place. Rowan did not know the reason when Primordial Life had nearly been immune to the explosion of Time he had previously unleashed, but he was sure that it was because that power came from another Primordial. Rowan could also make Time, and Primordial Life had fallen into his trap.

Freezing a Primordial would not last long, and Rowan released all the preparations he had laid inside his body.

“You want to consume me, Vorthas? Then take it all.”

Rowan opened the gate to the grief of a billion dead worlds, the cold fury of a murdered family, the absolute desolation of the void between seconds. And this was just the beginning, deeper wounds that only a Reality like him could bear, scars that would not heal, he threw all of that pain towards the mouths of Primordial Life, who, in his frozen state, could not refuse them.

It was a meal that could not be digested. Vorthas's form bloated, not with power, but with the crushing weight of eons, his addictive hunger turning into a terminal, gluttonous overdose.

He convulsed, his form spasming and distorting, vomiting back streams of corrupted chronology before he was flung away, diminished and sickened. His wounds might have become more terrible, but Primordial Imagination wrapped him up and vanished, but not before Rowan nearly tore her in two as she left half her body behind.

Primordial Time had barely recovered from being suppressed by Rowan; the feeling of intense violation was so great, alongside the grief of losing his sister, that he threw caution to the wind and allowed his Evil nature to take over.

Tentacles burst out of his face, and an abominable power erupted from his six cuboid eyes that sought to unmake Rowan with a single, silent decree of non-existence.

Rowan was heading towards Primordial Memory when he sensed the power of Evil heading towards him, and his head rotated on his neck. His eyes flashed as he clashed with the decree of non-existence, and Primordial Time found his judgment met with a counter-verdict.

Xyris's power, when paired with his Evil Origin, was absolute nullification, a blink that could erase a dimension. He turned it on Rowan. And it failed.

Rowan was, in that moment, not a thing to be erased. He was the context in which erasure occurred. He was the canvas upon which the act of deletion was painted. You cannot erase the eraser. Rowan's eyes, twin supernovae of condensed history, locked with Xyris's own, and Reality rippled.

The silent decree was sent back, reflected, multiplied. Xyris, for the first time, experienced his own power from the outside. He was silently, utterly judged by his own cold authority and found wanting.

A spiderweb of cracks appeared across his form, not physical, but existential, and he was thrust backward, his silence broken by the sound of his own essence fracturing.

He fled, grievously injured as his Origin of Time suffered a heavy backlash, and if he did not find a way to suppress the power of evil, he would be transformed and destroyed.

Dealing with Primordial Time only required a glance, and Rowan was already in front of Primordial Memory when his head rotated back, only to grunt as a wave of power from Primordial Memory slammed into his body, making him take a step back.

Elgorath, Primordial Memory, the First Cause: the one who had conceived the plot to use the Gilded Maw spell to unravel Rowan's Angels held a special place of hatred in his heart. Latest content published on Nove1Fire.net

What he had unleashed against Rowan was not a specific power, but a wave of pure creative force overlaid by the power of Memory, seeking to overwrite Rowan with a new, benign reality where he had never existed.

It was the ultimate power: the power to make a better past. It crashed over Rowan—and splashed apart.

You cannot rewrite a story for a character who is holding the pen. Rowan stood firm within the storm of unrealized possibilities. He absorbed the wave of 'what could have been' and answered with the immutable, crushing weight of 'what was.'

If Rowan were still a part of the Primordial system of power and held any shred of Primordial Bloodline, then the powers of Demon, Life, Time, and now Memory would have unraveled him into nothing, but he was now Origin, and an Apex Omniversal Titan... and their power could find nothing to touch.

Rowan stood firmly within the storm of Memories, and he was not shaken. There were many ways he could retaliate, but he did not attack Elgorath with a punch or a kick.

He simply took a step forward. And in that step, he carried the entire, unchangeable history of his own suffering, his loss, his death. It was a history so dense, so real, so factual, that it acted as an anchor, tearing through Elgorath's beautiful, fictional new reality like a black hole through a dream.

Elgorath, Primordial Memory, met an effect he could not manipulate or prevent. His eyes widened in sheer, uncomprehending shock as the wave of his own power reversed course, infused with the horrific truth of his actions, and struck him full force, hurling him back with the sound of shattering genesis.

It was over.

The entire cataclysm, the unraveling of five supreme beings, had taken one nanosecond! The countless immortals in the Arena were still held spellbound by the reveal of Rowan's presence in Reality, and they had no time even to process what was happening because the time scale that Rowan and the Primordials were battling exceeded any lower lifeform by a factor of magnitude.

In the next moment, the nullity between them faded. The five Primordials were scattered across Reality, their forms flickering and dimming as they struggled to reintegrate after being fundamentally challenged in a way they had never conceived possible.

Smoke, not of fire, but of spent potential and broken laws, curled from the points of their impacts, surrounding Rowan and highlighting his extreme power.

This was the sight that all of Reality saw. In one moment, Rowan appeared, and in the next, it seemed all the Primordials had vanished, the echoes of their broken cries still shaking Reality.

Rowan stood exactly where he had been, his hands now hanging loosely at his sides. He had not moved. And yet, he had moved through an eternity of violence. The air around him hummed with the aftershock of collapsed possibilities.

He had not just fought them. He had not just beaten them.

For that one, stretched-second, he had exceeded them.

Time seemed to reassert itself as the Arena below exploded, followed by a hundred levels of the Abyss. It was as if the damage from Rowan's punch against Primordial Demon was so significant that Reality had to take a while for it to process the damage so it could be expressed.

Rowan looked down at the battered form of the Primordial Demon; this was his target. The rest of the Primordials that had been here were not with their main bodies, just the projection of their bodies, unlike Primordial Demon.

"Today, I shall end the Abyss."

Chapter 1792: Rowan V Demon

The scent of the other Primordial's scattered essences was still sharp in the void, a cocktail of ruptured power and stunned pride. But Rowan's gaze, cold and absolute, fixed upon a single point of imploding darkness—the wound in reality where the Primordial Demon had been slammed downward.

The Great Abyss awaited, and his perception swept through it, knowing he was inside the Primordial Demon yet understanding that the Origin of Demon was inside the body that he had just punched.

With a glance, he understood the general situation of the Abyss. It was a thousand levels of absolute negation, a spiral of anti-creation designed to erode and consume all that was. It was the perfect prison for hope, for light, for meaning.

This would be a grand tomb for the demon.

Rowan did not dive or descend. He simply stepped off the edge of existence and allowed gravity—not the physical force, but the gravitational pull of his own focused vengeance—to draw him down.

He fell through layers of despair, through landscapes of solidified terror and oceans of liquid silence. Each level of the Abyss was an entire dimension, and the passage of Primordial Demon had destroyed all of them. A few demons were lucky to survive, but they would not live for long if they did not flee to the other side of Reality.

As Rowan descended, the Abyss reacted to his presence not as an intrusion but as a cancer. It constricted, its nullifying essence pressing against him, seeking to unwind the very fact of his being.

He ignored it. His focus was a spear aimed at his target, who seemed to be waiting for him. As he set foot on the earth, this layer of the Abyss vanished, and Rowan felt an impossible weight over him; he did not need to look upward to know that Primordial Demon had transported them to the lowest depths of the Abyss.

Rowan looked around, seeing that they were on a featureless plain of black glass that reflected nothing. This was the heart of the Abyss, the ultimate silence.

The Demon was already waiting.

He was not a monster of claws and rage. He was a theorem of violence given form. Every line of his body, from the sharp angle of a shoulder to the taut cord of a tendon in his neck, spoke of maximum efficiency, of lethal economy.

His fame was not myth; it was a cosmic fact. Across all realities, in every dimension where conflict existed, his martial art was the absolute pinnacle. It was not something he did; it was what he was.

Xylos was the absolute expression of dominance through physical form.

And he stood, waiting, because he knew. He knew Rowan would come for him this way.

“Rowan, no, Eos...” the Demon’s voice was the sound of bones grinding together in the dark. “You come to me with only your hands. An homage? Or an insult?”

“A statement,” Rowan said, his feet settling on the glassy floor. “I will break you at your best.”

There were no more words.

The Demon moved. One moment, he was twenty paces away; the next, his fist was an inch from Rowan's temple. The technique was flawless, a strike that existed outside of wind-up or telegraph, leveraging the very physics of the Abyss itself.

Rowan's head moved a micrometer. The fist grazed his skin, and the air it displaced shattered the black plain for a mile around, erupting into a storm of razor-edged obsidian shards. Follow current novels on novelfire.net

The fist, missing its target, transformed to a palm, edge hardened to a state beyond diamond, aimed for the center of Rowan's sternum, not to bruise, but to separate the molecular bonds holding his body together. If it landed, it would tear Rowan in two.

Primordial Demon had called this move the Sundering Palm, and in the past, he had once torn a Reality in two with this move.

Rowan's body reacted before his mind could articulate the threat. His chest was concave by a precise inch, allowing the Sundering Palm to pass through the space his body had occupied a fraction of a second prior.

The vacuum left in the wake of the missed strike tore the black glass floor apart with a sound like a continent shearing in half.

The Demon flowed without pause from the missed Sundering Palm without missing a step. His hands became a blur, each finger striking like a needle-tipped viper, aiming for nerve clusters, energy meridians, the soft tissue of the eyes. Each strike was perfect, untelegraphed, and fatal. They came from impossible angles, leveraging the strange geometries of the Abyss.

And Rowan met him, not with technique, but with adaptation. He perceived the micro-expressions in the Demon's energy signature, the subtle shifts in weight that preceded a universe-shattering blow.

He did not block; he flowed. He leaned back as a blade-hand passed, the shockwave carving a canyon into the nothingness behind him. He twisted around a kick that could have extinguished a sun, grabbing the Demon's ankle and using his momentum to hurl him upwards through three levels of the Abyss with a sound like tearing silk.

As the body of Primordial Demon shot upwards, Rowan brought his hand forward and rotated it as he twisted the fabrics of Reality with that simple move.

Primordial Demon was no longer going up; instead, he was falling down, as the bottom of the Abyss became the top. Squeezing his hands into a fist, Rowan plunged down after the Demon, and he attacked with a punch, but the Demon was ready for it as he dismissively slapped Rowan's blow aside, causing this level of the Abyss to explode from that missed attack.

They fell into a lower level, as Primordial Demon took advantage of the slight change in flow and began to hammer Rowan with his perfected demonic martial arts.

Rowan's eyes shone bright as he employed the power of all his consciousness to become a ghost in the machine of the Demon's art.

He weaved, his head tilting, his torso twisting in motions that were millimeters wide. A strike meant for his temple grazed his hair, and the displaced air cut a canyon into the horizon. He didn't counter-attack; he analyzed. He was mapping the rhythm of the Demon's perfection, feeling for the infinitesimal spaces between the notes of the symphony of violence.

Seeing his barrage fail, the Demon shifted. His leg swept out in a Kick, a low arc meant to shatter Rowan's knees. As Rowan leaped over it, the Demon was already rising, the kick transforming into an upward elbow, aimed for Rowan's jaw.

Rowan, still airborne, had no leverage. He created it. He stomped down on the Demon's rising elbow with his own foot, using the contact as a platform to flip backward, but the Demon anticipated the move. His other hand shot out, fingers clawed in the Heart-Rending Grasp, aiming to physically rip the core of Rowan's being from his chest.

Rowan twisted in mid-air, the claws tearing through his side and scoring four deep grooves across his pectoral muscle. Black blood, thick as tar, welled up. It was the first wound. The Demon smiled, a thin, cruel line. He had drawn first blood.

Rowan smiled back as he began to feel his blood heating up, and the desire for violence was rising in his heart.

They landed twenty light-years apart, this entire level of the Abyss now a cratered battlefield. The Demon didn't pause. He exhaled, and the sound was the grinding of tectonic plates. He assumed a new stance, one of deep, rooted power.

He became immovable, each step causing the entire level of the Abyss to tremble. He threw a punch. It was slow, deliberate, but it carried the weight of a collapsing star. The air in front of his fist compressed into a visible shockwave, a wall of force that rushed at Rowan.

Rowan couldn't slip this. It was too vast. So he met it. He planted his feet and threw his own punch, not with brute force, but with the Force of creation channeled into destruction. His fist carried the explosive, newborn energy of a universe's first instant.

The two shockwaves collided. There was no sound, only a silent, expanding sphere of annihilation that vaporized the landscape around them for a thousand light-years. The level was now a sea of molten obsidian before it collapsed, and they fell into the next.

Rowan was aware that billions of demons were dying as they shattered the Abyss from their battle, but he did not care; not killing them was his grace, and he had already given them a chance to live if they were able to run fast enough.

Every level of the Abyss had a name and history, but none of the combatants here cared about it, their devastation tearing through everything.

On the Level called Screaming Shadows, the Demon pinned Rowan against a wall of frozen anguish and unleashed a barrage of a thousand strikes in a single second.

Rowan took them, his body absorbing the impacts, his own flesh bruising and reforming in the space between blows. He answered by headbutting the Demon, a simple, primal move that carried the weight of a billion years of rage. The shockwave vaporized the entire level.

On the Plains of Forgotten Hope, they traded blows that cracked the foundation of the realm. The Demon's fists were wreathed in entropy, each contact seeking to age Rowan's cells to dust. Rowan responded by hitting with the force of a primordial dawn, blows that carried the explosive, newborn energy of a universe's first instant. The plains were scoured clean, then unmade entirely.

The Demon charged through the chaos, untouched. He created afterimages of himself that lashed out with feints before the real attack came from a blind spot.

A fist of solid gravity aimed for Rowan's torso. Rowan, sensing the true threat a picosecond before impact, dropped into a low sweep, his leg moving with the slow, inexorable drag of millennia. It connected with the Demon's ankle, not with a crack, but with a resounding thud that spoke of structural damage. The Demon grunted, his perfect balance broken for the first time.

Enraged, the Demon's form flickered. He abandoned physicality for a moment, becoming a cloud of cutting shadows. A thousand intangible blades sliced at Rowan from within and without.

Rowan responded not with evasion, but chose to use his defenses. Since he disregarded his armor before this fight, he hardened his skin by accelerating time over its surface, causing it to experience eons of erosion in a second, making it harder than neutron star matter. The shadow-blades scraped against him, throwing off sparks of dead light.

"No longer facing me hand-to-hand?" Rowan growled before he smiled under the shadow of ten thousand blades, "Two can play that game."

He erupted from the clouds of shadows, his hands now wreathed in Entropic Palms. He began to strike the flowing blades, shattering them into ashes. Rowan's watchful eyes finally caught a glimpse of Primordial Demon's skull as he was starting to transform from

shadow to flesh. He struck with a fist that carried all the entropy of a dying Reality. This blow should have been cold, but it was raging hot.

It connected with the Demon's face, and the heat was so profound it didn't burn; it vitrified flesh and bone into glass.

The Demon roared, a sound that broke the silence of the Abyss for the first time. His glassified head shattered, and from the stump of his neck a new head, screaming, regrew. The fight was escalating beyond mere physicality, and Rowan's mad grin was beginning to grow.

Primordial Demon began to use the Abyss as a weapon as he tore an entire layer and crushed every soul inside, transforming them into screaming phantoms, he blasted it towards Rowan, not to attack, but to disorient, their wails a psychic weapon that scrambled thought.

As Rowan was shaking off the mental assault, the Demon leaped into the air and came down with the force of a meteor, his heel aimed at Rowan's crown.

Rowan didn't dodge. He looked up and stopped time. Primordial Demon froze in mid-air, trapped in a single, stretched moment of time. Rowan then delivered a devastating uppercut to the Demon's exposed torso.

The moment released, and the Demon was hurled upward and then downward as Rowan twisted Reality again, and he crashed into the level below.

Rowan looked around, noticing that Primordial Demon had released so much blood in their short exchange to fill a million oceans. A cold laugh that was almost childish came from him as he pursued the demon.

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

Chapter 1793: The Dance of Final Silence

Rowan had been in many battles, and he knew how rare it was for him to find opponents who could push him past his previous limits. Every fight he had been in was a chance to grow stronger, and Primordial Demon was causing Rowan to evolve almost as fast as he did when fighting Primordial Soul.

In this battle, he had restricted himself, not using his weapons or armor, and except for allowing his other Wills and abilities to run under the surface of his skin, he only allowed himself to use the power of Time in an overt manner. Meaning that all the abilities he was going to be unleashing outside his body must be related to time.

All of the Origins in his body were bubbling and heading towards completion more quickly than if he had simply meditated, and he knew if he wanted, he could bring several lesser laws to Origin.

All of this, however, was pushed to the side as Rowan focused on his prey ahead. They were now falling *up* through the collapsing architecture of the Abyss, tearing through several levels until they slammed into an especially powerful level where their forceful passage halted.

The next level was the Ocean of Liquid Silence. It was a sea of black, viscous fluid that absorbed all energy and motion and was one of the favourite levels of Primordial Demon due to the great number of beings who had drowned in this ocean.

Primordial Demon landed on its surface and used his hand like a blade, chopping down to part the sea itself, creating a canyon of dry land for him to stand on. Rowan landed on the surface of the sea and found his movements slowed, as if trapped in amber, before an unearthly force dragged him under the ocean.

Laughing aloud, Primordial Demon swam through the silence of the deep like a shark arriving before Rowan and using a rapid-fire series of pressure-point strikes aimed at the points on Rowan's body that governed the flow of essence throughout his being.

If he could disrupt Rowan's internal rhythm, he could win. Rowan slowed, took the hits. He felt his connection to his Will, Essence, and Ether stutter. Seeing an opening, the Demon's hands expanded like pythons, wrapping around Rowan and squeezing, trying to implode him with the pressure of the entire ocean.

Any being less sturdy than Rowan would be squeezed into nothingness, and Rowan could feel his bones shattering to powder and his Origin Land quaking as cracks ran all throughout its length.

In that suffocating grip, Rowan made a decision. He stopped fighting the pressure. He embraced it. Calling upon the power of Time Origin, he used Absolute Stasis on himself.

For one complete second, he became a fixed point in time, immutable and infinitely dense. The Demon's embrace shattered against him like waves on a cliff. In that second of the Demon's shock, Rowan broke the stasis and exploded outward with the Big Bang Burst, which was a state where Rowan released all the energy accumulated in his body in an instant.

The energy released vaporized the entire Ocean of Liquid Silence, sending a steam explosion tearing through the next several dozens of levels. Primordial Demon screamed as his body was vaporized and regenerated millions of times.

To estimate how much power was being generated by Rowan at this point was nearly impossible, and when he chose to release all that power at once, only a being like a

Primordial could withstand it. However, the Demon had paid a price and had lost several units of Origin Force

All Primordials had several units of Origin Force in their bodies. Destroying a Primordial was almost impossible, but when it happened, they could simply burn their Origin Force to regenerate back to their optimal form. Newest update provided by novelfire.net

Rowan had the capability to destroy a Primordial, but not totally, and so he had to make them burn through their Origin Force.

They landed in a hellscape of jagged, bleeding rock: the Peaks of Eternal Agony. Primordial Demon, infuriated from the agony of having his Origin degraded, tore a mountain peak from its roots and hurled it towards his target using a unique technique that caused hallucinations.

Rowan sidestepped it, but the Demon was already there, having ridden the projectile unnoticed, and delivered a knee to Rowan's face. Rowan's head snapped back, his jaw fracturing. He spat a tooth of solidified time that punched through the rock behind him.

Demon roared, and his attacks grew more powerful and frenzied, causing Rowan's store of energy to begin running down extremely quickly.

Like the Primordials, Rowan could also be killed, but that required exhausting all his energy stores, so his laws and origins would be left defenseless. At that time, a being like a Primordial would be able to easily snuff out his life. However, knowing how to kill him was the easy part; the ability and the capacity to kill him were another affair entirely.

They duelled on the peaks, their movements becoming even more brutal and direct. The Demon used a technique called the Bone-Shattering Lotus, a hold that twisted three of Rowan's limbs into impossible angles before he could rewind the damage.

Rowan answered with the Epoch-Sundering Headbutt, a blow that carried the collective impact of every extinction event in history. It split the Demon's brow, and the blood that flowed was black fire.

The Demon roared in rage. Rowan could have used another technique here that was more effective, but he had chosen to headbutt him to prove to the Demon that he was not only going to match him in martial techniques, but he was also going to exceed him.

Down they went, through the Forest of Lamentations filled with trees that screamed and grabbed, but this level was cleared by the Whirlwind of power as Primordial Demon and Rowan's passage turned them to dust.

They fell through the River of Flowing Screams, which the Demon boiled dry with a heated palm, and Rowan froze solid with a breath.

As their battle raged, a portion of Rowan's consciousness that was busy with understanding and deciphering the flow of battle suddenly clicked, and everything began falling into place, and then Rowan began to laugh.

The Demon was technique perfected, but Rowan was the accumulation of all experience. He was learning. He began to anticipate not just the next move, but the next five.

He started introducing flaws into the Demon's rhythm. He would take a minor blow to create an opening for a major one. He used a feint, making the Demon block an attack that never came, leaving him open to a real one from a different angle.

On the Plains of Forgotten Hope, a vast, grey wasteland, the Demon was tiring. His perfect form was now marred, his breath coming in ragged gasps. Rowan was bleeding from a dozen wounds, his body a testament to the Demon's skill, but his will was undimmed.

"You... adapt," the Demon snarled, his voice ragged. "But you have no art! No soul!"

'How amusing,' Rowan thought, 'My soul is currently split within the Origin of Soul and the Origin of Imagination, and I am here with only my body. But there is no need to tell Demon that he is partly right, is there? Let me continue with this game, my prey.'

"Soul is why I'm here," Rowan smiled, "She laid the foundation for your extinction."

Primordial Demon, seeing the smile on Rowan's face, finally calmed down, putting aside his rage, and he spoke slowly,

"If you can survive my Dance of Final Silence, then you have the right to speak of my extinction. If not, you shall perish here."

The Demon, in a final, desperate gambit, unleashed his ultimate technique. He began the Dance of the Final Silence. It was a nine-part kata, each movement more complex and devastating than the last.

In the creation of his technique, Telmus had called upon his talents, but one of the roots of his abilities was with Primordial Demon, and that was the genesis of his martial talent.

Primordial Demon had also created his own killing technique after countless Eras roaming Limbo, although this portion of himself inside Reality could not use the full might of this technique, it should be enough to kill anything inside Reality.

Rowan felt the entire Abyss freeze in place, and he readied himself for what was to come. Internally, he had forty percent of his energy stores left, and those were rapidly regenerating.

'Let me see how far you can take me, Demon.'

Chapter 1794: The Dance Complete

Primordial Demon knew he was losing. The perfect, polished geometry of his demonic form was chipped, cracked, and his Origin Force was nearing exhaustion.

The Great Abyss was collapsing, as he had sucked out every bit of Origin Force from inside their structure just to keep himself alive. In all his Eras of life, he doubted he had seen a warrior like Rowan, who seemed to be a perfect fusion of multiple impossible concepts.

‘So, this is the road beyond Origin. This is the Destiny that has been denied to us. Ah, there is still a chance for me to seize it.’ This chapter is updated by [NovelFire.net](#)

Primordial Demon recalled the entire process of their battle. Rowan was not a superior artist; he was more like a force of entropy, weathering the masterpiece of his superior martial talents into rubble.

The adaptability he had was infuriating; it was a constant, grinding corrosion of his certainty in his power. In this realization, born of desperation and rage, the Demon found a final, terrible clarity. If he could not outfight this entity, he would have to pull out all the stops... he would have to un-write him.

His attacks must be so fierce that Rowan’s recovery ability would not be able to catch up.

Primordial Demon disengaged, leaping back across the boiling plains of forgotten hope. His breathing, for the first time, was not the steady rhythm of a master, but the ragged heaving of a cornered beast.

He did not assume a stance. Instead, he began to move in a way that was alien to the fluid, efficient violence he had displayed thus far. These movements were slow, deliberate, heavy with finality.

They were not meant to strike a body, but to strike at the concept of existence itself. Rowan had proven to have obtained all the inheritance of his previous self, Eos, making him a dangerous entity the likes of which had never been seen before, because no Reality in existence could wield their Origin the same way that Rowan was doing.

These movements he was making were the Dance of the Final Silence, a kata so profound that its mere initiation began to distort the crumbling Abyss around them. The very air grew thick and still, as if reality itself was holding its breath.

Primordial Demon made the first move in the dance. His left hand swept out in a flat, cutting arc. It did not move through space, but through time. The motion was a blade aimed backward. Rowan’s eyes widened in astonishment when he realized he could not dodge this blow, and it didn’t matter how far away from the Primordial Demon he was; once he was targeted, this technique would reach him.

Rowan could hear the entire dying Abyss screaming as he felt a sickening lurch, a phantom pain as a version of himself from one second ago was conceptually severed.

It was like having the roots of a tree axed. The immediate effect was disorientation, a loss of foundation. He stumbled, his knowledge of the fight's immediate history becoming fuzzy, unreliable. The Demon did not pause. The dance demanded continuity.

The Demon's right palm thrust forward, not towards Rowan, but towards the space between them. A wave of absolute stasis radiated outwards. Sound died. The particles of dust and energy hanging in the air froze in place. Rowan felt his own bodily functions screech to a halt. His heart stopped mid-beat. His neurons froze, thought ceasing.

'Damn, that is impress—'

He was trapped in a single, excruciatingly stretched moment of now, a fly in amber. Within this enforced stillness, the Demon moved, unaffected, the sole actor on a frozen stage.

As Rowan was trapped in the present, the Demon's foot traced a complex pattern on the ground, a sigil of negation. This movement targeted what was to come. Rowan's mind, even frozen, could perceive the infinite branching pathways of potential futures—dodging left, striking high, blocking low—all the possibilities that constituted his ability to adapt. One by one, these branches began to wither and turn to ash. The vast, shimmering tree of his potential collapsed into a single, thin, inevitable line: the line of his ending. Hope, the engine of defiance, was extinguished.

The Demon locked his gaze with Rowan's. His gaze was not one of fury, instead it was of profound, absolute negation. This was the Gaze of the Abyss, which was not a psychic attack in the traditional sense; it was more like a direct infusion of the meaning of nothingness.

Rowan's frozen mind was flooded with the absolute truth of his own insignificance. The love for his family, the weight of his vengeance, the memory of his children—all of it was rendered meaningless against the infinite, cold backdrop of the void. Why fight? Why exist?

The answer was: there was no reason. The will to continue, the very spark of his consciousness, guttered under the weight of this truth.

With Rowan's past severed, his present frozen, his future erased, and his will broken, the Demon approached. His fingers, held in a delicate, almost artistic configuration, reached out and lightly touched Rowan's chest. It was not a strike of force, but an application of a cosmic law: entropy.

The molecular bonds that held Rowan's body together began to untie. His flesh did not tear; it unraveled like old cloth. His bones did not break; they disintegrated into sand. He began to come apart at a fundamental level, his physical form losing coherence.

As Rowan's body unraveled, the Demon's touch deepened, seeking the core of his consciousness—the "I am" that was Rowan. This was the Touch of the Final Night. It was a gentle, insistent pressure against the flame of his soul. It did not seek to destroy it with violence, but to smother it, to convince it that it had never been alight in the first place.

The memories, the personality, the essence of who and what he was, began to fade, not like a forgotten dream, but like a lie being exposed. The universe was asserting that Rowan had never truly existed.

Rowan's body began to shatter like smoke. He still remained frozen. A part of him was aware that he was dying, but he simply could not move or do anything. Once Primordial Demon began his dance, the only result was death.

Primordial Demon took a final step back, and with a sweeping gesture of both arms, he drew a circle around them. The last remnants of the Abyss, the distant screams of dying dimensions, the very hum of background cosmic energy—it all ceased.

True, absolute silence descended. This was not an absence of sound; it was the absence of the potential for sound. It was a silence so complete that it had weight, pressing in from all sides—a sensory deprivation that extended to the soul. In this silence, even the concept of a fight was forgotten.

By now, the Origin Force inside Primordial Demon was running out; he could feel his core unraveling, but he was so close to killing Rowan that he pushed through the discomfort.

He clapped his hands together. The circle he had drawn imploded, pulling in the nothingness that the Dance had created. The full, concentrated power of the Abyss—its purpose of negation and consumption—activated one final time, focused entirely on the dissipating form of Rowan.

It was no longer a place he was in; it was a force actively digesting him, absorbing the unraveled threads of his being into its own infinite emptiness. It was Reality eating itself.

The Demon gathered all that was left—the silence, the consumption, the unraveling, the erasure—into a single point at the tip of his index finger. It was a singularity of oblivion. There was no light, no heat, no energy.

It was a hole in everything. He stepped forward, the Dance complete, and aimed this point of absolute nothingness at the center of Rowan's fading chest. This was the final blow. Not a punch, but an erasure. A deletion from the cosmic record.

This was the Dance of Final Silence. A nine-part ritualist move to un-create a Primordial Being, created to end Realities on a mass scale.

“Goodbye Rowan, your light shone bright, but now it is mine!”

Chapter 1795: The Last Pantheon

Primordial Demon might have frozen him in time, severing his past, present, and future, but Rowan’s consciousness and Will had been tempered to the extent that he could still have awareness, even in this state.

However, his awareness was diminished due to the fact that he was used to seeing all facets of Reality at the same time, his senses piercing through all dimensions and laws, but now his awareness had been reduced to a pinhole.

In this state, Rowan made an awful realization. He had evolved into a being that could never truly be killed; his present state had left the Primordials behind, at least the ones within this Reality.

Even if all parts of him were destroyed, his Will and awareness would remain, severely diminished, but still remain. If he made no plans to quickly resurrect himself, then it was possible for him to stay in this state for all eternity. Silent. Watching. Unable to move, speak, or change the world around him in a meaningful manner.

It was an interesting observation, and Rowan firmly decided that he would begin taking steps to push for his resurrection if he was destroyed in the future, although he had already made those steps, which were the Elythrii.

His bloodlines, Wills, essence, and all his dominion could be destroyed, even the Archai could be destroyed in the future if the thread of Karma was traced to them, but the Elythrii were made to exist outside of Rowan’s dominion.

The potential he gave them was raw and unformed, but the direction of their evolution and ascension still led to him.

The spark he gave them could grow and propagate across bloodlines and Reality, and perhaps in an Era that was extremely distant in the future, all potential, in all realities would have Rowan’s signature.

He may come across an opponent that could destroy him in entirety, but as long as one of his children remains, he will never die.

Although it was pleasant to think about future events, Rowan did not allow himself to be led to the brink of destruction because he was assured of his eventual resurrection by the

hands of his children; instead, he was testing the limits of his body as an Apex Omniversal Titan.

Final Form: The Last Pantheon

You are the end of all hierarchies—a being that replaces gods, multiverses, and narratives. When you act, existence itself rewrites history to pretend you were always the supreme ruler.

Weakness (Optional):

If you want balance, the only limit could be self-imposed purpose—your power scales with your ambition. Without a goal, you stagnate as a passive force of nature.

“Eos... there you are, why run from your Destiny? You were always meant for—”

Rowan forcefully banished this voice, and if he had a face, he would be frowning in contemplation. He had not activated the Enochian Cradle and had consumed the corruption of Enoch that had wanted to take his body.

But it seems... this place... Rowan’s awareness tried to look around itself, and he realized that the darkness surrounding him was strange, almost indefinable, and perhaps the reason he thought darkness enveloped him was that his senses were too limited to understand where this new state of awareness had taken him.

Rowan realized that he might have evolved into something he could never truly understand, and this was the greatest drawback of having a power like the Primordial Record, which could touch parts of existence never meant to be seen.

He had driven out the corruption of Enoch, but this place he was in should be somewhere close to the dominion of Enoch; it was even possible that this presence might be beside him here... slowly reaching for—

“Lub-DUB.”

The darkness was banished as Rowan heard the sound of his heartbeat and felt the heat of the dying Abyss on his skin. He was back, his body had rejected Death by itself... the experiment had succeeded.

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Primordial Demon, wielding his dance that could end all Reality, had succeeded; however, he had made one error.

He had targeted Rowan’s past, his future, his will, his form, his spark. He had treated him as a composite being, a structure that could be deconstructed.

He forgot the core, simple, brutal truth that Rowan had become: I AM.

In this battle, Rowan had been fighting with both of his hands tied behind his back; he had not used his armor, weapons, or his most terrible techniques like Realm's Butcher Onslaught, and he was still winning the fight.

The mistake of Primordial Demon was to believe that he was still Rowan's equal.

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As the finger of nothingness from Primordial Demon touched Rowan, the part of him that was beyond past, present, future, will, or form—the part that was pure, undeniable existence—reacted.

It was not a thought. It was a reflex. The accumulated weight of all he had endured, all he had lost, all he was, coalesced not into a technique, but into a statement.

Rowan's fist, seemingly moving on its own, met the Demon's finger.

The flawless, perfect, absolute system of the Dance met the one variable it could not account for: the indomitable fact of a being who refused to be unmade.

Whose entire existence could choose not to be unmade.

The equation of annihilation encountered a flaw in its logic. The consequence of every one of the Demon's actions, and the actions of his kin, manifested in that single, brutal counter-punch. NEW NOVEL chapters are published on novelfire.net

The Dance did not fail. It was broken. And the backlash of that breaking unmade the Abyss, accompanied by the broken screams of Xylos the Primordial Demon.

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The backlash did not begin as an explosion. It began as a silence deeper than the one the Demon had conjured. A perfect, absolute stillness that swallowed even the echo of the failed dance.

For a single, stretched heartbeat, the entirety of the Abyss—all thousand broken levels—simply ceased to function. The constant, background hum of torment, the whispered promises of despair, the very gravitational pull of hopelessness... it all stopped.

Then the unraveling began.

It started at the epicenter of the battle where Rowan and the Demon stood. The Demon's Dance of Final Silence was a flawless, self-contained equation for uncreation. It was a perfect circle of negation. When Rowan's punch—the embodiment of an undeniable,

messy, and brutal existence—shattered that final movement, it did not just stop the spell. It introduced a catastrophic variable into its core logic—a paradox.

The perfect circle broke. And the energy of the Dance, the concentrated power of absolute nothingness, had nowhere to go. It could not simply vanish; it was the opposite of existence, and thus had its own terrifying substance. Denied its intended target, it recoiled. It backflowed through the sequence of the Dance, but now tainted, corrupted by the fact of Rowan's survival.

A shockwave of nothingness intended for Rowan detonated outward. But it was no longer pure nothingness; it was nothingness angry at having been denied.

It became a wave of anti-creation that did not erase things neatly, but scrambled them. The laws of physics around these two Titans first inverted, then collided with each other. Gravity repelled. Light cast shadows of solid darkness. Causality broke; effects preceded causes, so the destruction of a mountain would be seen an hour before the shockwave that caused it hit.

The level didn't vanish; it became a screaming, chaotic painting of impossible realities before dissolving into static.

The Abyss, which had been actively trying to digest Rowan, found itself force-fed its own negation. The digestive enzymes turned inward. The boundaries of the Abyss, which defined it as a separate place from the rest of reality, began to consume themselves.

It was like a stomach eating its own lining. The distinct layers started to merge, their unique torments blending into a single, homogenized scream of dying space.

The anti-creation of the Abyss rippled outwards, more quickly than anyone could imagine, and what was left behind was not fire and brimstone, but a great, dark non-space.

The silence that followed was not the imposed silence of the Demon's spell, but the true, natural silence of a place that had never been. The Abyss was not destroyed; it was invalidated and proven to be a logical impossibility in a reality where a will like Rowan's could exist.

And in the center of that newborn, absolute void, Rowan stood, holding the throat of the being whose perfect art had, in its failure, written the epitaph for its own home. The destruction of the Abyss was the ultimate proof of the Demon's miscalculation: you cannot use a perfect system of nothingness to destroy something that has become more real than the system itself.

Primordial Demon was on the verge of dissipation and madness, and Rowan brought him close, and he whispered,

"I told you I would destroy you at your best. The same fate awaits your true form."

Turning the head of Primordial Demon to the side, he showed him an altar and a hammer. “This is where your Destiny has brought you.”

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

Chapter 1796: The Primordial of Defiant Ascension

The eyes of Primordial Demon snapped open, filled with red mortal blood as if they had been scrubbed by a metallic brush. He looked at the altar, and he recoiled.

Primordial Demon made a choice that defied his entire nature. It was not a move of art or technique, but of base, animal desperation. Perfection gave way to survival.

Instead of accepting his fate, he tore himself from Rowan’s grasp.

It was not a graceful escape. It was a self-mutilation of the highest order. A portion of his throat, the very essence that Rowan’s hand had clenched, remained behind alongside a greater portion of his flesh and bones.

The Demon’s form, already broken by the failed Dance, screamed in a way that was more spiritual than physical. He was less than a shadow, a wisp of concentrated malice and pride, fleeing the expanding nullity that had been his home.

He streamed through the void, a comet of pure panic. The Abyss was gone. His power was shattered. The certainty of his art was a lie exposed. All that remained was the primal instinct to exist. He needed a vessel. An anchor. A shield.

His consciousness, scanning the bleeding edges of the newly-shattered dimension, found one. A flicker of familiar power, a lineage he himself had spawned eons ago. A descendant. His Throne.

Telmus.

The Primordial Demon did not request. He did not negotiate. There was no time. With the last dregs of his power, he bypassed Telmus’s formidable defenses, not by breaking them, but by slithering through the shared bloodline, the open door of their ancestry.

He invaded.

Telmus, standing on a shard of dead reality, gasped. “Xylos, you dare?!”

“SILENCE. YOUR FORM IS MINE. YOUR STRENGTH IS MINE. YOUR WILL IS MINE TO BURN AS FUEL,” the Demon’s voice echoed within the vault of Telmus’s mind, crushing his resistance without any attempt to hold back.

Telmus was no longer surprised when he discovered that Primordial Demon had left vulnerabilities inside his body, and now he was no longer the master of his flesh. His ignorance of the matters of the higher dimensions was his crutch, and he had failed to protect himself.

His body became coated with Obsidian armor as black Abyssal flames surrounded him... Telmus was transforming into the Demon.

Rowan did not rush to pursue. The demon was living on borrowed time; instead, he set down what was left of the Origin Force of Primordial Demon on the Altar of Unmaking and brought up the hammer.

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The Primordial Demon, nestled within Telmus’s form like a parasite in a royal cocoon, felt a surge of vile triumph. He had traded the sublime for the savage, perfection for survival.

Using Telmus’s voice, he hurled his taunt across the void, a weapon crafted from Rowan’s own perceived morality. “You believe you have won? But you are a bird in a cage, even if it kills me, I shall summon my main body, and how he shall delight in feasting on your marrow!”

Rowan, emerging from the fading echo of the Abyss, did not roar. He did not even look surprised. He simply stopped, his ravaged form still humming with the power of ended things. His eyes, ancient and weary, settled on the possessed demon. And he said nothing.

His silence was more terrifying than any shout.

Inside the prison of his own skull, Telmus felt the Demon’s gloating certainty. It was a suffocating blanket, smothering his will.

He was a spectator in his own body, forced to watch as this ancient horror used him as a shield. Despair would have consumed him. This was a fate worse than death.

But then, Rowan had given him something, did he not?

It was then that he felt it —a faint warmth, a spark he had now carried within, without understanding its purpose. He had thought it a mere mark of his noble lineage, a blessing of his power and a sign of his victory over the chaotic giant but it was more.

Now, as the Demon’s presence pressed down, seeking to extinguish him completely, that spark flared.

It was not just a spark. It was a seed—a seed of defiance, woven from the Seven Bloodlines of Trion.

Rowan's work. A silent, long-prepared contingency. The Seven Bloodlines of Trion were not a demonic legacy or primordial; they were a synthesis of primordial essences fundamentally opposed to the Abyss's negation.

Rowan had not just remade the past bloodlines of Trion; he had given them the chance to form their own Will!

Triuiplop, Hekaton, Metagei, Pyanop, Yuleti, Maimak, and Anthesterion had the chance to reach the higher dimensions before they were killed, and Rowan was able to show them the path. Their Destiny, however, was only completed when Telmus accepted them into his core.

Rowan had seen the potential in his brethren long ago, and he had nurtured it across generations, a subtle touch in the bloodline, waiting for the precise moment of catalytic pressure.

That moment was now.

The Demon's attempt at total possession was the anvil. The seed, now awakening, was the hammer.

"What is this?" the Demon's voice hissed, not just from Telmus's mouth, but within their shared consciousness. The smugness vanished, replaced by a flicker of alarm.

He felt a resistance that was not Telmus's own. It was older. It was... familiar. It tasted of Rowan's essence, but refined, focused into a weapon of creation rather than destruction.

Telmus, seized by an instinct he did not understand, clung to the warmth. The seed unfurled.

The Bloodline of Triuiplop surged first, a torrent of vibrant, green-gold energy that fought the Demon's necrotic presence. It reinforced Telmus's cells, not to resist, but to thrive under the pressure, making his body a hostile, fertile ground for the Demon's decay. The Will that came from this bloodline was Growth... the Will of Growth.

The Bloodline of Hekaton ignited next, a brilliant, stubborn flame in the dark of his soul. It burned away the despair the Demon radiated, giving Telmus a vision not of escape, but of victory. This bloodline gave birth to the Will of Hope.

Primordial Demon was beginning to understand what was happening, but it was too late as the Bloodline of Pyanop became an unbreakable spine of diamond within his consciousness.

Pyanop's Will was Endurance.

The Demon's attempts to crush his mind met an immovable object. "This is my house," Telmus thought, and for the first time, the thought had power.

It was not yet over as the Bloodline of Metagei flooded him with the experiences of his entire lineage, not as a burden, but as a lesson. He saw the struggles, the triumphs, the failures of all who came before him. He was not one man fighting a Primordial; he was the culmination of a species. Metagei's Will was Faith.

The Bloodline of Yuleti turned his rage into a precise instrument. The Demon's act of violation was not just an attack; it was a crime against the natural order. And Telmus became the judge. Yuleti's Will was Justice.

Maimak Bloodline showed Telmus the way to win; he would have to offer up a part of himself—the part that was purely Telmus. He would have to be willing to be consumed in the process, to become something new. The Will of Maimak was Sacrifice.

Finally, it was Anthesterion who held the Will of Unity that began the final, terrifying work. It did not seek to expel the Demon, instead it began to integrate him.

"No... NO!" Primordial Demon screamed, this time in genuine terror. He was not being fought; he was being digested.

The perfect vessel he had chosen was a trap. The Seven Bloodlines wove a cage of light around his Origin within Telmus's soul. He was being pulled apart, not by force, but by a fundamental law of inclusion that opposed his very nature of selfish dominance.

Telmus's body convulsed again, but this time, it was not a struggle for control. It was a metamorphosis. His obsidian armor cracked, not falling away, but reforming, inlaid with veins of celestial gold.

The hellfire around him cooled, then reignited as a pure, white flame of Trion's power. His eyes, which had been taken over by the Demon's void, now blazed with a new light—a swirling galaxy of seven colors, the synthesis of the bloodlines.

The internal battle was a whirlwind. Telmus did not overpower the Demon through brute force. He overwhelmed him with complexity. The Demon was a single, perfect note of destruction. Telmus, guided by the seed, became a symphony of existence.

Primordial Demon's essence was unraveled, his knowledge of martial art, his understanding of conflict, his primordial power, stripped away and absorbed.

Chloe, the artist of annihilation, was being consumed as fuel. He was becoming a stepping stone.

“I... am... the end of all things!” the Demon shrieked, a final, pathetic wisp of defiance.

“You are the beginning of me,” Telmus replied, his voice now his own, but layered with echoes of the Seven and the chilling silence of the void the Demon had left behind.

There was a final, silent scream that echoed only in the spiritual realm. Then, stillness.

Telmus was ascended, and within him burned the Origin of the Abyss. His form was taller, more profound. The power radiating from him was immense, but it was not the arrogant dominance of the Primordial Demon. It was a balanced, terrible, and glorious power.

He had consumed a fundamental part of creation. He had absorbed the knowledge of the Dance of Final Silence, the understanding of a billion fighting styles, the raw energy of a being older than Realities.

He had not just won a battle. He had ascended. He was no longer merely Telmus, the great warrior. He was something new—a nascent Primordial.

The Primordial of... Defiant Ascension.

His very existence was a testament to the fact that even the lowest could, through will and sacrifice, consume the highest.

He looked at Rowan, who had watched the entire transformation with that same, unreadable silence.

Telmus bowed his head, not in submission, but in acknowledgment. “The seed has flowered,” he said, his new voice resonating with power and gratitude.

Rowan gave a slow, single nod. The calculation had been correct. The trap had sprung. One enemy was utterly destroyed, not just in body, but in essence, and in his place, a potential ally had been born from the very bloodline of his foes. Check latest chapters at [novel■fire.net](http://novel.fire.net)

The game had changed again. The ladder had been stepped upon. And a new player had entered the war between the primordials.

Chapter 1797: Loss and Sacrifice

The audience in the Arena had barely had the time to digest the thrilling battle between Telmus and the seven titans when Rowan arrived, and his consciousness reshaped Reality.

The Elythrii were the few who were not pressured to the ground like the others, and it was because they recognized the force that had held this Reality in his grasp, and he was Eos, the Creator who gave them a paradise in Elython.

Since they were no longer wearing the form of the Eldar and gloriously showing their true Elythrii bodies to all, their uniqueness became especially noticeable, as the subtle connection that binds all Elythrii and the fact that the energy surrounding them seemed to be alive was extremely apparent.

The Elythrii's resilience against the highest forces of creation appearing in the Arena was quickly detected by the immortals around them, Fury, Vraegar, the two Mages, who called themselves Kacius and Lila, Seed, the mysterious old man, and finally Ghribba, the Silver Queen.

The presence of the Elythrii seemed to grow stronger with the appearance of Rowan, creating a rippling effect that strengthened the immortals around them, making them rise from the ground.

Vraegar looked at them, a complex emotion in his eyes that were hard to decipher, and then, looking upwards at the he spoke, "This is no longer a place for us, prepare yourself for what would come, the Primordials would not accept anyone who can challenge their dominion."

His words were prophecy because the intent to battle began to rise as the first sign of what was to come was not a sound, but a cessation of one.

The Elythrii's stabilizing presence was cut off. Their five heads snapped upward in perfect unison. Vraegar, whose senses were tuned to the deep, slow frequencies of existence, felt a tremor in the fabric of spacetime itself, a wrongness that predated sound and light. Fury's fiery hair flared, not with warmth, but with a sharp, warning heat.

Then the sky of the Arena tore.

Through it were glimpses of figures whose presence was an assault on reality. The Five Primordials. Their forms, vast, terrible, and difficult to comprehend—shifting patterns of absolute power that made the eyes water and the mind recoil. And facing them, a solitary figure coalescing from scarred spacetime: Rowan.

The words that passed between them were not heard with ears. It was felt in the soul. It was the vibration of a fundamental law declaring war on other fundamental laws. Rowan was challenging the entire Peimordials to battle.

The immortals in the Arena, beings who had ruled galaxies and lived for millions, even billions of years, were suddenly made aware of their own profound smallness. They were mayflies witnessing the collision of stars.

"We must go," Seed said, his voice calm but carrying an urgency that brooked no argument. It was the first time many had heard him speak, and the sound was like the earth itself giving a warning. New NOVEL chapters are published on novel•fire.net

Looking at each other, they silently agreed and followed the Old Man, heading towards the exit of this realm.

“I thought you would want to watch the chaos, Fury,” Vraegar chuckled, bringing a hint of warmth inside their group whose hearts were filled with unease by being near such powerful entities above.

Fury growled, “Unlike you, I am not an idiot, damned dragon. I know when to fight and when to run. This is the time to run.”

The battle began, and to the senses of the immortals here, it was not an exchange of blows; it was a rewriting of local physics. The first clash between Rowan and the Primordials did not create a shockwave; it created a zone of null-probability.

A quarter of the Arena, along with the billions of immortals seated there, simply ceased to be. They didn’t die; they were retroactively edited out of existence.

There was a pause as if those present could not understand what they had just witnessed, and then panic, pure and primal, erupted. It was not the orderly flight of powerful beings. It was a rout. A stampede of gods and demigods, their magnificent powers rendered trivial, scrambling over each other to reach the Abyssal Gates.

Beings who could snuff out suns were crushed underfoot by panicked titans. Spells of teleportation fizzled; the spatial layers were locked, twisted by the Primordials’ presence. The only way out was on foot, through the pre-ordained gates.

“Stay together!” Fury shouted, his voice a beacon in the psychic storm. He raised his hands, and a shield of Phoenix fire erupted around their small group—Vraegar, the five Elythrii, Seed, Ghribba, and the two mages. It was a feeble barrier against the energies being unleashed, but it was something.

The world around them was unraveling. The sky was now a kaleidoscope of impossible colors and geometries. A stray energy bolt, a mere exhale from the battle above, sliced through the crowd ahead of them.

It wasn’t fire or lightning; it was a ribbon of accelerated time. Those it touched aged through eons in a heartbeat, crumbling to dust that was then scattered by a wind that blew from a direction that did not exist.

Ghribba, the silver queen, screamed as a flicker of this energy grazed her arm. The living silver of her limb rapidly tarnished, corroded, and flaked away. The corruption spread, a creeping gray death. “It won’t stop!” she shrieked, her shifting face frozen in a mask of horror.

Lila the mage tried to sever the temporal thread connected to her, but the power was too absolute, too fundamental. Her threads of fate magic snapped against it like cobwebs.

Before their eyes, Ghribba's form degraded, her screams turning to a gurgle as her liquid silver body solidified into a brittle, gray statue. A second later, a spatial tremor shook the ground, and the statue shattered into a million pieces of dull metal. One of their number was gone, just like that.

They pushed on, their hearts hammering with a fear they had forgotten they could feel. The Elythrii moved as one, their light weaving a protective canopy that defied the chaotic energies. It was like trying to hold up a silk umbrella in a hurricane.

Vraegar used his immense bulk to clear a path, his icy breath flash-freezing pockets of chaotic energy, creating brief, safe passageways. Fury's fire incinerated fragments of reality that had become lethally sharp.

They reached the Grand Abyssal Gate, a colossal archway of shimmering energy that was now flickering erratically. The gate was a nexus of escape routes, leading to a billion safer dimensions. But it was failing.

The battle ahead was overloading its mechanisms. Immortals were bottlenecked, pushing and shoving in a terrified crush.

It was here that the second horror struck. The Primordial Demon, in his clash with Rowan, was hurled downwards. His body, a theorem of violence, crashed through the fabric of the Arena not far from the gate.

The impact did not cause a physical crater. It caused a conceptual one. The very idea of "escape" in that vicinity was annihilated. Hundreds of millions of immortals simply forgot how to flee.

They stood, confused, their minds wiped of purpose, just before a wave of pure entropy washed over them, unmooring their atoms from one another.

In the ensuing chaos, a fragment of the Demon's power—a shard of absolute martial intent—ricocheted like a bullet. It was aimed at their group. The Elythrii, with their preternatural unity, saw it coming. All five moved as a single entity, throwing up a shield of woven light and bark.

The shard struck it. The sound was the sound of a perfect law breaking an imperfect one. The shield, and the five Elythrii who had formed it, were shattered. Not killed, but sundered. Their unified consciousness was blown apart. Their ethereal forms fractured into five separate, dimmer beings, their synchronicity lost, their song silenced. They were alive, but the heart of their power had been broken.

They would have perished entirely if not for the presence of Eos they could still feel, and where they drew sustenance. Shaken but not defeated, they continued running. Around their group, hundreds of millions were dying with every breath, and the salvation ahead seemed not to grow closer.

They reached the Gate, but it was collapsing, the foundations of the Abyss were breaking, and the grand gate was losing its function. Vraegar blurred forward and seized the base of the gate, a tremendous amount of essence, enough to light out a million dimensions, flowing out of him to hold it in place.

“No!” Vraegar cried out; it was unknown if he lamented for the dead or the fact that their escape might not be possible.

He slammed his hands on the ground, trying to steady the buckling reality around the gate. The strain was immense. Veins bulged on his forehead. “I can’t hold it! The foundations are gone!”

It was Seed who acted. The old man stepped forward, away from the relative safety of Fury’s flickering shield. He looked at the crumbling gate, at the terrified immortals, and then at the cataclysm above. There was a profound sadness in his eyes, but also a resolve as deep as time.

“Some seeds must fall so that others may grow. Get them through. The story is not over yet.” he said, his voice carrying over the din. He looked at Fury, then at Vraegar. “If you see him again, tell him that I am... no, there is no need to mention my name.”

Before anyone could stop him, Seed walked towards the faltering gate. He did not run. He knelt before the archway and placed his gnarled hands on the ground.

From his fingers, roots of pure, green energy burrowed into the disintegrating stone. They spread rapidly, a network of vibrant life force against the gray decay. He was not reinforcing the gate; he was becoming the gate.

His body began to stiffen, to transform. The roots thickened, weaving through the archway, stabilizing it with the unyielding persistence of life itself. The flickering energy of the exit portal steadied, turning a stable, warm green.

But the cost was absolute. Seed’s physical form was dissolving, turning to wood and leaf, merging with his creation. He was sacrificing his consciousness, his ancient identity, to become a temporary bridge to safety.

“Now!” Fury roared, herding the stunned Elythrii and the two mages forward. Vraegar gave a final, mournful look at the old man who was now becoming a tree, then surged through the green portal.

They stumbled out not into a paradise, but into the bleak, rocky hinterlands between dimensions—the Nexus Barrens, a place connected to the Passage of Time. They collapsed, gasping, a fraction of the magnificent beings they had been hours before. They turned back to the gate, which was now a beautiful, terrible tree of light, its roots holding the portal open.

Chapter 1798: Seed's Final Testament

Except for the charging of Major Eras, destruction of this scale had never been witnessed before. Escaping from that destructive event was a miracle.

But the battle was not done. The backlash from the Demon's failed Dance of Final Silence reached them even here.

A wave of unmaking, the death scream of the Great Abyss, washed over the area. The tree-gate that was Seed glowed brightly, a final act of defiance, and then shattered into a million motes of green light that were instantly extinguished by the expanding nothingness. The portal winked out.

Seed was gone. Utterly. His sacrifice had saved them, but the path back was sealed forever.

They were alone in the barren wastes: a pale dragon, a phoenix god, five broken children of Eos, and two traumatized mages. Behind them, where the Arena and the Great Abyss had been, there was only a swirling, chaotic nebula of dying energies—a scar on the face of Reality.

They had witnessed powers that treated their immortality as a fleeting curiosity. They had seen two of their companions, ancient and powerful in their own right, snuffed out like candles.

They did not speak. There were no words. The stability of Vraegar had been replaced by a cold, grinding horror. The fiery spirit of Fury was banked, embers of shock and grief. The harmonious light of the Elythrii was fractured into five separate pools of sorrow. The mages sat in stunned silence, their understanding of magic irrevocably broken.

They were survivors, but haunted not by ghosts, but by the enormity of their own insignificance.

The memory of that battle—a conflict beyond all comprehension, beyond myth, beyond divinity—was seared into their souls. They had escaped with their lives, but they had lost something far more precious: their certainty. And they knew, with a chilling dread, that the shockwaves of that battle were only just beginning to spread.

The last embers of the green portal, the final sacrifice of the being called Seed, have faded into the grey. One of the mages, Lila, stares at a small, smooth object in her hand: a single, petrified seed, dark as obsidian, which she found resting where the gate had vanished.

As her fingers brush it, a whisper, thin and dry as a dead leaf, fills the silence around them. Everyone here stiffened as they felt the voice brush across their mind; it is not a sound, but a thought projected from the last fading spark of Seed's consciousness.

"I had always known that this would happen, and I did not want to leave any message behind, but my life has been long, and if it deserves nothing, perhaps a testament to send me off to oblivion."

"You are safe. For now. That is the only victory this old man could secure. I do not do this for you all, but for my daughter and my... grandson. Ah, who am I kidding, I do not deserve to call him that." This text is hosted at novelfire.net

"Even though I don't think it is likely, I would like to point out that you should not mourn for me. The tree does not mourn the leaf that falls to nourish its roots. My ending has a purpose. Yours will be, I am sure, in the future. Well, that is all I have to say... hmm, perhaps a final gift. You know that I saw the Great Abyss end, so let me tell you what I witnessed. Knowledge like this is not something lesser immortals like us should come across, so I take great pleasure in telling them to you."

"I could not see the battle as you all would, our perceptions are different. I have no eyes for such light, such fury. My sight is... different. I feel the soil. I feel the roots of the world. And what I felt... I must describe, for it is a horror that must be remembered, even if the memory is a poison, but I am the Tree of Wrath, and my Will is strong."

"I wish I could accurately describe to you the end of the Abyss. This Primordial Domain... simply... wilted. Like a plant whose roots are cut. The weight of all that had happened here—the pride, the history, the very reason for the conflict—it grew thin. It became a ghost."

"I felt the story of that space being unmade, page by page, until only a blankness remained. It was a violence done not to the body, but to memory itself. To make a being a stranger in his own life... that is a cold art."

"You should know that they were both still fighting, and I was witnessing extinction across Abyssal dimensions. Then... the stillness came."

"The storm of their fighting... it froze the air, the light, the very possibility of sound... it was caught, like a fly in amber. In that terrible, motionless silence, only one thing moved. A shadow, perfect in its purpose. And it was hunting. I could hear his laughter, Rowan, and the core of my being shuddered."

"I felt the future in that place, maybe it was because Reality had gone thin here. The might-be, the could-be... I could see it all, like a field of shimmering light. And I felt that light go out. Not all at once, but strand by strand, like a web being unpicked from the end back to the beginning. The paths of possibility, the choices not yet made, they were..."

pruned. Cut away until only one branch remained: a dead branch, leading to a cliff over nothing. It was the murder of hope. Not the feeling, but the very thing itself.”

“At this moment, I thought Primordial Demon must have won their terrible battle. The idea of it was a thought pressed upon Reality itself. A simple, terrible thought that says it is all for nothing. It was not an argument. It was a... a truth so empty it made a mockery of struggle, of love, of sacrifice. Why hold a gate open? Why cling to life? The darkness is the true host, and we are but fleeting, meaningless guests. I felt my own purpose, my long ages of tending and growing my Wrath, turn to dust in that wind.

“Then, I felt him... unravel, Rowan, and I knew that all was lost.”

“To my senses, his end came like a rope coming untwisted. Like a painting dissolving in the rain. The colors of his being—his rage, his grief, his love—they began to run, to bleed into one another, losing their form. The coherence that made him, him, was being gently, patiently loosened. He was being returned to the raw, silent stuff before the first word was spoken.”

“My mind nearly collapsed at this sensation, and finally... it came to an end, but something worse took its place. A pressure, gentle as a sigh, against the last, bright spark. A promise of no more pain, no more loss. The comfort of the void. The ultimate surrender. It was the most merciful and the most monstrous thing I have ever felt. And then... what word should I use? Ah, yes, consumption. The great maw of the Abyss, which had held it all, began to close. The perfect, terrible equation was complete.”

“It was flawless. It was the most beautiful and awful thing I have ever witnessed. A work of art that used existence as its canvas and uncreation as its brush.”

The narration paused here, and the audience that had been held spellbound by the voice of Seed feared to breathe; they did not want to break whatever delicate balance kept this memory of Seed alive, and they understood that this might be their only chance to experience what battle at such a high level would look like. This was a gift that no amount of riches could buy.

When the voice of Seed resumed, the fear that it had ended dissipated, and they listened, none daring to make a sound.

“Whatever Primordial Demon did should have killed anything, I believe even another Primordial might have died here, but he... Rowan... he broke it.”

“I don’t know how he did it. I wish I could, and one of the many regrets I take with me to the grave is how much I did not know of him. How much I lost because of my nature. I had the chance to know him, but I wasted it for so long. I saw him as a force of chaos, a storm that would break the world. In my arrogance, I always thought the stick I held was bigger. I was a fool, tending my garden while the moon swallowed the sun itself.”

“I regret... I regret that I did not see the seed of glory in him sooner. I regret that I did not offer water to that root when I had the chance. Now I know why they feared his power, but I have seen what Primordial Demon unleashed in this battle. I understand that the true danger was the emptiness that opposed Rowan.”

“So, hear the last lesson of this old seed that I learned in my death. Power that seeks only to dominate, to erase, is a harvest of ash. It is a price that should not be paid. The pursuit of such power is a disease that will leave you ruler of a graveyard. The true strength... the only strength that matters in the end... is the strength to stand. To remember. To hope. Even when the universe itself whispers that you should not, the storm is not over. It has only begun. Tend your gardens. Be defiant. Rowan is the key to the future... take my message to all of creation.”

The petrified seed in Lila’s hand crumbles, not to dust, but to a fine, dark soil that smells of rich earth and something older. The whisper is gone. The silence that remains is no longer heavy with despair, but charged with a terrible, sober purpose.

“Well,” Fury sighed, “that was something.”

Chapter 1799: The Resurrection

Returning to Algorh, who floated over this non-space that the Great Abyss had become, Rowan took with him Telmus and Staff, the duo of father and daughter.

The castle was eager to have a new Primordial settle in her hall, and she had already created a special wing for Telmus, who needed the time to master his abilities and learn about the future.

An intense discussion was ahead, but for now, Rowan sat alone in the dark and switched off all his mental activities. The coming days would be tougher, and the sacrifices would be more painful, so for now, he should rest when he had the chance to rest.

His recent battles had led to a great surge in his abilities, and he would tackle all of these changes, but for now, he wanted to rest for as long as possible.

So, Rowan twisted time inside this dark room. A single second would go by in Reality, but an eternity would pass by inside here.

Such an incredible time dilation could only be held by immortals with his physique and soul’s strength, but that was one thing that Rowan was not lacking.

He had seen the fall of Seed and decided not to interfere; this was his mercy, and Rowan considered their Karma to be settled. Only when fighting and killing Primordials could Rowan fully understand the weight of their existence and the Karma they carried with them.

By their presence alone, cause and effect were switched, and free will was a pipe dream. In all of existence, only a few could fight against their influence and knew that Seed and so many others like him had no chance to discover what their destiny might be like if they were not under the sway of the Primordials.

Caine, the Eye of Time, General Augustus Tiberius, Seed, Elura, Labaletai... the Third Prince. So many names from his past, all of them had shaped him in many ways to become who he was, but they never discovered who they might be.

This was the reason he fought, because no one else was able to stand against the tyranny of the Primordials... their absolute power demands a challenger that was greater than absolutes.

Rowan sank into a dreamless sleep for an eternity. Countless trillions of years went by in the dark, and when he opened his eyes, only one second had passed, and he was greeted by the smiling face of Eva, the New Light.

“Rowan, have you rested?”

“I have,” he replied, as he stood up from the silence of the dark, “let us go, our work is still many, and time is short.”

Rowan did not have to look up to see that the Nothingness had fully collapsed and Limbo was pressed against Reality.

This meant that at this moment, the faces of seven Primordials like blighted suns bigger than any dimension could ever be, were pressed against the fabrics of Reality, and if not for the wall of Aegis blocking all sights below the ninth dimensional level, all life inside Reality would have perished if they could glimpse the faces of the Primordials overhead.

“It is time to find Thenos and the World Stele.”

Eva paused, “Is he to be the third?”

“If he is suitable,” Rowan said, “If not, I shall clear them off the board. At this stage, unknown elements cannot be permitted to exist. But before that, we should talk to Telmus, show him what the future would bring.” The source of this content is novel-fire.net

“I expected that meeting, and I have already prepared the grounds for it. He is waiting for you.”

“Good, let us go,”

The dust of shattered dimensions and the tears of forgotten gods formed a nebula of grief, drifting from the corpse of what was once the Arena and the Abyss, and circling throughout Reality.

With the complete destruction of the Great Abyss, the fallout circled all of existence, causing fear and panic. Everyone knew of a new power, a Creator who had risen against the Primordial.

The destruction of the Nothingness was being felt by the inhabitants of Reality, although only the Old Ones could see the implications of these events when they noticed that many new and mysterious creatures were appearing all over Reality.

These creatures were known to inhabit the Nothingness, but their appearance inside Reality and their story painted a horrifying new change to all the things once held as immutable and unchanging.

In this graveyard of desolation, a single artifact remained, landed on a small world inside a relatively unknown dimension.

It was a simple, severe object: a tablet of dark, unreflective stone, covered in glyphs that were not carved but seemed to be natural imperfections, like the veins in a living rock. This was the World Stele, the Singularity of the Titan Thenos.

Thenos, one of the first children of creation, a Chimera who had walked the virgin worlds before the concepts of gods or demons held meaning.

He had been killed twice: first, eons ago, by the Primordial Demon, who saw his evolving, consuming nature as a threat to the static order of the Primordials. The second time, by Rowan, in a conflict lost to time, when the Titan's resurrection was blocked, and Rowan had used his powers to elevate to the next step.

But Thenos' essence was bound not to a soul, but to a principle: the principle of consumption and integration. The World Stele was the anchor of that principle. Rowan had not destroyed the World Stele, giving Thenos the opportunity to resurrect if the time was right.

For a long time, it lay dormant. But the battle between Rowan and the Primordials, the death-screams of so many powerful beings dying in the Arena, the sheer volume of raw, unclaimed essence spilled into the void... it was a feast. And the Stele began to hunger.

It did not glow. It did not hum. It simply began to drink.

Invisible streams of power, the lingering echoes of the slain immortals, were pulled towards the tablet.

The final screams of Ghribba, the serene sacrifice of Seed, the shattered light of the Elythrii, the raw temporal power of the battle itself—all of it was drawn in, siphoned into the dark stone. The Stele was a cosmic sponge, soaking up the death of a Primordial Domain.

Then, it began to create.

From the face of the tablet, a shape began to coalesce. Not a grand, fiery rebirth, but a slow, organic secretion. Like a pearl forming around a grain of sand, matter gathered—a strange, clay-like substance woven from the stolen essence of the dead.

It formed a small, pulsing orb. The orb elongated, sprouted vague limbs. It was a child—a baby.

But it was a child of the dead. Its skin was the color of a day-old bruise, mottled grey and purple. It had seven arms, each perfectly formed, tiny hands clenching and unclenching rhythmically. Its head was large for its body, and its face... its face was a smooth plane, featureless save for two eyes.

They were not the eyes of an infant. They were pools of absolute blackness, voids that held no reflection, no curiosity, only a deep, ancient, and patient hunger. They were blacker than the space between dead stars.

The baby Thenos drew its first breath. It did not cry. The sound it made was a soft, wet inhalation, and with it, it drank more deeply of the dead essence around it. The nebula of grief shimmered as new currents flowed into the tiny form.

It began to grow.

It was not a growth of joyous maturation, but of accretion. Like a snowball rolling down a hill of ash, it gathered mass from the environment. It lay on the surface of the World Stele, which now served as both cradle and conduit. The tiny body swelled. The bruise-colored skin stretched—the seven arms, once delicate, thickened with stolen strength.

With each ounce of essence consumed, flickers of memory and talent—fragments of the deceased—flashed through its nascent consciousness. It tasted the vampiric power of Vraegar, and its tiny fingers twitched, feeling the ghost of shed blood.

It absorbed a shred of the Elythrii's song, and a dissonant hum vibrated in its throat. It drank the silvered resilience of Ghribba, and its skin gained a metallic sheen. It consumed the profound, patient wisdom of Seed, and a terrifying, knowing stillness settled behind its black eyes. It was not learning. It was incorporating.

Thenos was born in the best Era for its growth, and it took advantage of it without holding back. Billions of immortals had perished, and even if it could not harvest a lot of

essence, every single drop it was collecting was more than enough to make it into a monstrous being.

It grew from a baby to a toddler, then to the size of a young child, all in the span of a few silent hours. Its seven arms now moved with a chilling coordination, the hands flexing as if testing grips on weapons that did not yet exist. Its body was a chimera of stolen attributes, a patchwork of powers not yet unified.

But the core consciousness, the “I” that was Thenos, was reasserting itself. The hunger became directed. The black eyes scanned the void, not with sight, but with a sense that tasted potential.

From ‘It’ to ‘He’ took barely a moment, and Thenos was truly resurrected and awake.

The World Stele pulsed once, a dull, deep throb that resonated through the void. The message was clear.

The First of the Titans was back. And he had been born into a world already prepared for him—a world of exquisite, limitless death.

Thenos, one of the first children of creation, a Chimera who had walked the virgin worlds before the concepts of god or demon held meaning.

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Chapter 1800: How Long Would You Feast?

The child-Thenos, now the size of a young stag, crouched on the cold, nourishing surface of the World Stele.

His seven arms braced against the stone, each finger tasting the history of slaughter etched into it. His feast was a banquet of stolen power—the silvered resilience of the Celestials, the deep-rooted greed of the demons, the shattered spark of the gods.

Each essence was a new color on his palette, a new note in the song of his becoming. His form, a chimera of mottled, bruise-like flesh and shifting, metallic sheen, pulsed with voracious life. The silence was his dining hall.

It was then that a new sound insinuated itself into the feast, a sound of the void. A stress fracture only a being like him could sense

“CRACK—CRACK!!!”

His head, too large for his growing body, tilted back. The two pools of absolute blackness that were his eyes turned upward, and he looked past the dimension he inhabited. And he saw.

The heavens above the dimensions were the inner skin of Reality, the dome that separated what is from what is not. And pressed against that dome, from the outside, were faces.

There were seven gigantic faces.

They were not faces of flesh or light or energy. They were concepts given terrible topography. One was a shifting geometry of enforced silence. Another was a vortex of endless, recursive time. A third was a web of all that had ever been forgotten. THIS CHAPTER IS UPDATE BY novel■fire.net

The rest were too alien for him to comprehend, as his storehouse of knowledge was exhausted just understanding a bit about the first three faces.

They were vast beyond the scale of the Primordials. Where the Primordials were forces within the system of existence, these... these were the pressures outside the system. Their faces were frozen, not in stillness, but in an impossible, slow-motion effort. They were pressing inward.

“CRACK—CRACK!!”

And as Thenos watched, his ancient Titan consciousness recognizing a predator of an order he had never conceived, he heard it. The slow, granular crick-crack of Reality’s walls beginning to yield. It was not the explosive shatter of the Abyss. This was the sound of continental plates succumbing to a pressure that had been building since before time.

Each faint crack was a universe-ending event in miniature. These were not beings who fought for dominion within Creation. They were beings for whom Creation was an eggshell to be peeled away and the yolk within consumed.

His hunger, a moment ago all-consuming, suddenly felt small. Profane. He was a maggot feasting on a corpse, and had just looked up to see the jaws of the wolf that had made the kill beginning to open.

A voice spoke behind him. It was not loud. It did not echo. It was simply there, a fact as undeniable as the cracking sky.

“You see what is coming for us, Thenos.”

Thenos did not startle. His body, composed of a billion stolen reflexes, remained perfectly still. Only his black eyes shifted, though his head did not turn. He knew the voice. It was the flavor he coveted above all others. The reason he had woven his resurrection in this specific graveyard. Rowan.

“How long would you feast,” the voice continued, calm and weary, “before you are consumed?”

Thenos’s seven hands slowly uncurled from the World Stele. The stolen essence within him churned, the arrogance of the Titan warring with the chilling evidence of his senses.

He had returned to become the ultimate power, to consume the gods and Primordials and rule the ashes. But the ashes were not his to rule. They were about to be swept away by a wind from outside.

He finally turned his head, his neck creaking like old leather. Rowan stood a dozen paces away, a figure of scarred spacetime, looking not at Thenos, but up at the terrible faces pressed against the firmament. He looked... tired. Not weakened, but burdened by a truth he had carried for far too long.

Thenos’s voice, when it came, was a dry, multi-tonal rasp, like stones grinding together. It was the sound of many voices, many deaths, speaking as one.

“I taste their hunger,” Thenos said, one of his arms gesturing weakly upward. “It is... old. It is not for power. It is for the end of all things. There is no flavor they seek. Only the emptiness that follows the last bite.”

He looked down at his own hands, at the power he had so greedily devoured. It felt like gathering sand against a tide that would wash away the entire beach.

“You knew,” Thenos accused, the black voids of his eyes fixing on Rowan. “This is what you fought. Not for dominion. Not for vengeance. You fought to keep the walls standing. I could have remained in the peace of death, but you drew me from my grave.”

Rowan’s gaze lowered from the heavens and met Thenos’s. In that look, there was no forgiveness for past sins, no offer of friendship. There was only a stark, shared assessment of an impossible threat.

“Vengeance was a luxury,” Rowan said. “A distraction we can no longer afford. They are the reason the Primordials grew stagnant. They are the fear that made them try to control everything, to prevent any change that might weaken the walls. In their desperation to maintain a perfect, static order, they became the very thing that made the walls brittle.”

He took a step forward, his presence not threatening, but urgent.

“You consume to grow. To evolve. They consume to leave nothing. Not even silence. They are the end of consumption itself.”

Thenos felt a coldness that had nothing to do with temperature. His entire purpose, his reason for being, was rendered moot by the sight above. What was the point of becoming

the ultimate life form if all of Reality was about to be unmade? His resurrection was not a triumph; it was a timing error. He had been reborn seconds before the apocalypse.

“How long?” Thenos rasped, this was a cry for help, a genuine, desperate need for data.

Rowan looked back at the cracking sky. “The battle against Primordial Demon... it was a ripple. A loud noise in the dark. It drew their attention. I can silence the cry of dying Primordials, but not for long. The cracks were always there. Now, they are widening. Years? Centuries? A millennium? Time has little meaning for them, or for what is to come.”

He turned his full attention to Thenos. The weariness was still there, but now it was forged into a blade of resolve.

“So I ask you again, Titan. How long will you feast on the scraps of a dying world? Or will you use that stolen power to help me shore up the walls?”

Rowan gestured to the World Stele, to Thenos’s own chimeric body. “You are a being of integration. Of taking disparate things and making a stronger whole. That is a power that is the opposite of their nullifying hunger. It might be one of the only powers that can resist them. It is the reason I kept you alive.”

Thenos was silent. The hunger that had defined him since his first breath was now curdled by a profound existential dread. The ultimate predator had just discovered he was prey. The feast was over. The long, desperate fight for survival had begun. And the only ally offered to him was the one being he had returned from death to destroy.

He looked at the frozen, pressing faces and then at the steady, grim countenance of Rowan. The Titan’s answer was not a word but a slow, deliberate act. He raised one of his seven hands, not in a fist of challenge, but with the palm open. And he began on the fraying edges of Reality itself, trying to feel the texture of the cracks, to understand what he would now be forced to fight for.

“This body is a fragment left behind on your Singularity. When you are ready, it will lead you to me.” Rowan said, “Do not take too long, my patience is limited.”