

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1801: Dangerous Games

Primordial Life sat in the heart of his domain, covered by fleshy tendrils from the roots of his Tree of Life, as they purged the annihilation from his body.

Oceans of decaying blood poured from his body, but he had the life force to heal any wound given enough time. Among the Primordials, he was the one who was capable of enduring injuries that should have required him to spend Origin Force, instead of doing so, he just used his concept to cleanse himself.

A large wound was on his chest, exposing his beating heart, and the flesh surrounding the wound was filled with countless roots smaller than the silk of a spider, each root injecting enough life force to enrich a dimension.

His flesh around the wound bubbled and hissed as if filled with acid, causing a large amount of black blood to pour from it. Reaching out, Primordial Life cupped some of the black liquid in his palm and brought it to his face.

The flesh of his palm began to hiss and emit smoke as if the liquid was corroding his hand, but in the eyes of Primordial Life, there was only fascination.

He was Life, but he loved Death.

Bringing the liquid to his mouth, a long red tongue emerged like a snake and flicked over it, before Primordial Life threw back his head and drank it.

As the liquid entered his mouth and poured down his throat, it corroded his tongue and opened holes in his throat before pouring out of the open hole in his chest. Primordial Life closed his eyes in concentration as if he was trying to grasp something elusive, but in the end, he grunted with frustration and sat back, allowing his Tree of Life to finish his healing.

It was a rare thing for a Primordial to come across such high-level concepts inside a Reality that was outside their domain. Rowan had struck him with the power to erase life, and it had broken past his defenses like it was nothing.

Primordial Life should have been more upset, but he was not; he had felt the death cries of two other Primordials, Chaos and Demon, making him finally acknowledge the truth that Nyxara had told him: Rowan was the key out of this endless circle.

Vorthas was the Primordial of Life, and he had embodied that concept for countless Eras. Every time they had the chance to feed on a Reality, he could only collect the Origin of Life as his core.

Like a beggar starving at a feast, Primordial Life could recognize all the myriad possibilities before him; he could touch them, manipulate them with relative ease, but he could never own them, never make them a part of his being... the Primordials were perfect but broken.

Their perfection made them supreme, yet this perfection denied them growth and change. Vorthas was condemned to spend all eternity embodying the Origin of Life, but he hated this concept with a depth that most would never understand.

All Primordials hated their Origin Force. It was their curse. For all eternity, Vorthas had begun to gradually abandon the idea that he could ever be able to embody any other Origin except Life, but Nyxara, once Primordial Soul, had shaken the foundation of their existence and became Primordial Imagination.

If she were to leave this Reality and be absorbed by her main body, a new path forward would be open for Nyxara, and she would truly become the ruler of them all.

Vorthas had kept her secret from the rest, and the price of doing so was for her to reveal the methods she had used, and the memory of their conversation still lingered in his consciousness. The source of this content is novel[f]ire.net

“I have kept your secret, Nyxara. Your transformation was aided by my hand. My tree brought the sapling of Arbor Mentis to this Reality, and your dreams are now truth. Still, you hold back from finishing the end of our Agreement.”

“Patience Vorthas, I cannot give you what I don’t have. I can only show you the path to follow; the rest depends on your efforts.”

“My efforts? How could I make any headway when I have spent the diminishing Era in this Reality pursuing your agenda?”

“I recognize your effort, Vorthas, but be patient. I cannot show you the truth except you see and feel it for yourself. He will come to the Arena, and he will bring my head alongside Chaos’s own.”

Primordial Life had remembered how stunned he was by this revelation,

“How is he able to do this? You have broken his path forward, and even if he could regain his Inheritance as a Reality, his Origin should be passive; he should find warriors inside him to become his champion, not the other way round.”

“Vorthas, if I can become Imagination, why do you still choose to remain fixed on a constant that I have already conquered? He would kill Chaos and Soul because I was the one who gave him the tools, and when I want, I can take them back from him.”

“Would you share these tools with me?”

“The important point here is not the tools I gave him,” Nyxara pointed out, “it would be the fact that Primordial Demon and the rest would see my head and that of Chaos and believe that Rowan was able to win because he used a trick.”

Vorthas’ eyes had shone with recognition as he began to see the pattern beneath the chaos, and he grinned, “Xylos would believe that Rowan was able to kill them because he has a way to harness the power of Oblivion. Our arrangement with the Great Desert has left him weakened, and we all know he is greatly connected with Oblivion as he craves to devour your secret. Xylos must have expected Rowan to have used Chaos’s greed to draw him to his doom, and killing you must be easy because of your imprisonment inside Oblivion. If he knows this, he would not flee; instead, he would fight.”

“Indeed, Vorthas, for my plan to work, and your dreams to be realized, we must kill the rest without staining our hands, and Rowan would be the tools we shall use. Our main bodies outside Reality must not know of our plan, or it would never be permitted. Remember, I used Time as a scapegoat to test their responses, and you can see the result of that experiment.”

Vorthas remained silent as he deliberated on the mad plans of Primordial Imagination. The moves they were making here were minor, but they would ripple across all existence if everything went according to plan.

The greatest barrier to their ascension and transformation would be the other Primordials, who would not want them to gain such an impossible advantage, because the truth was simple. If any Primordial unlocked the secret of embodying multiple Origin Force, then the next logical step would be to consume the other Primordials.

He was only accepting working with Nyxara because he knew she had not yet perfected the formula for transformation. He would rather risk learning about this method from her so he could have a chance to compete against her in the future, or another Primordial would take his place.

Nyxara wanted his powers because they aligned with the Origin Force she was pursuing, but he knew that if he were stubborn, she would pick another Primordial to work with.

This was a gamble between them; if he were able to learn and adapt more quickly than she, then the Primordial who would claim the throne of eternity would be him.

Eosah had shown them the road past Origin, but as the Primordials had found out, entering that gate required powers beyond anything their bodies were capable of, and

they would have to drastically evolve to pass through it, but how could you evolve perfection?

This Reality was broken and would end, meaning they did not have forever to find these answers. If Eosah were utterly destroyed, there might not be another chance for them to see this gate.

Finding a Reality outside the Cradle of Enoch was extremely difficult, and this Reality was especially special because it also harbored another nascent Reality growing within it. For such a thing to happen was incredibly rare, if not impossible. Still, the Primordials had lived long enough that even events that were highly unlikely, bordering on impossible, would later occur, given enough time.

So Vorthas had to play a deadly game with a partner he could not trust, all in the slight chance that he would be able to win.

Finally, he had sighed, “After they are all dead, Time, Memory, and Light, what is the next step forward for me?”

Primordial Imagination had smiled, “Then, like me, he shall kill you.”

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

Chapter 1802: You Will Not

Chapter 1802: You Will Not The link to the origin of this information rests in NovelFire.net

The small group of immortals and mortals who escaped the Arena, Vraegar, Fury, the two Mage siblings, and the Elythrii had not separated because they were traveling together through the Passage of Time to leave the vicinity of the previous Reality-shaking battle as far behind as possible.

To previously access the Passage of Time, an immortal needed to be at the eighth-dimensional level with significant control over the streams of time they controlled.

However, with the many changes across Reality arising from the surge of Primordial Essence leading to the rise of countless Old Ones, the Passage of Time had become nearly the only road to travel through Reality.

With the destruction of the Frozen Road, traveling across the dimensions had been perilous; however, as more immortals easily found their Destinies in this Era, the Passage of Time became the de facto road for all immortals.

There were various reasons why the Passage of Time was selected instead of a 'new road' being built to replace the destruction of the Frozen Road, and it was primarily because of the distance that could be easily covered using it.

In the Passage of Time, the power of Space was suppressed to the limit, and Time was almost still, meaning that vast distances could be crossed across Reality almost instantaneously. To the layman, it was almost like teleportation.

There were dangers to traveling with this road; these dangers were myriad, including the whispers from some unknown being that would inevitably drive one to madness, but these dangers had been studied, and ways to reduce them had been found and perfected.

In the case of the whispers that led to madness, it was well known that any immortal who traveled within the Passage of Time for more than seven hours would begin hearing the whispers, and by the ninth hour, madness would occur; in the tenth, only death remained.

The group had been traveling through the passage for a while, and they were nearing the ninth hour. Vraegar and Fury had been protecting the rest from the whispers of the Passage, but even these two were not confident enough to resist the madness that would occur on the ninth hour.

They did not think they had gone far enough from the Arena, but they needed to leave the passage, and Fury was the one to tear a road through space and time, allowing the group to emerge in real space.

When they fled the Arena, they had not picked any particular destination; they only proceeded in a direction that was away from any known Primordial Domain, and so when the group emerged from the Passage of Time, they found themselves in an unknown fifth-dimensional realm.

This realm, like all dimensions, was unique. There were no mountains here, only an endless plain covered by powdery snow that went no deeper than three inches.

Weather like this was nothing to the beings in this group, and they settled around a fire created by Fury, who was shrinking a dozen suns and placing them in a pit.

This act of magic and power left the Elythrii fascinated. Despite all they had seen, there was something special about the application of Will in this Reality that was highly compelling.

Also in the Realm of the Elythrii, there were no conventional suns like those found inside this Reality. There were stars, of course, but their suns were six powerful oceans of radiance that crossed the endless skies above, and their stars were almost a sentient furnace of vitality.

Perhaps it was the strain of witnessing a Primordial-level battle, but the Elythrii gathered around and slept, and then the Mages followed suit. Finally, Fury closed his eyes in meditation, leaving only Vraegar awake.

The dragon did not know when it happened, but someone had joined the group for a while now, sitting by the fire, and none of them had been aware of it.

Vraegar felt the root of his scales beginning to itch as he slowly turned his massive eyeball to focus on this unknown individual, and he realized that he did not recognize them, at least not at first, because this individual had an appearance he had never seen before.

However, there were some things that were deeper than sight, and Vraegar's eyes squinted in shock and fear when he realized who had infiltrated their group. The man had short blond hair and bright blue eyes, appearing to be a mortal in his forties.

"Primordial Memor..." Vraegar's mouth snapped shut so unexpectedly that he nearly bit off his tongue as a force seized his jaw, bringing his cry of surprise and fear to a halt.

"Shush, little dragon, do not wake up your friends, their tiny minds annoy me, and I shall kill them."

Vraegar's eyes were filled with panic, but it was only for a moment before his mind settled and his cold reptilian nature took charge of his consciousness.

"See now that's surprising," Primordial Memory said as he regarded the dragon, "You recovered quite quickly when you should not have. The spark inside you... It is not normal."

Vraegar felt the force squeezing his jaws shut had dissipated, and he softly growled his answer, "I am my father's son, and that is all the answer you need."

Primordial Memory smiled, "Father this and father that... for someone who claims to love his children and is willing to protect them, is it not funny how many of you do along the way. I mean, I could easily have killed you and your little group a billion times over as you fled from the Arena."

The dragon bared his fangs at the Primordial, a faint hiss arising from his throat, "Then why did you not do so? Is it because you understand now that there are consequences to your actions?"

The smile from the face of Primordial Memory vanished, "What consequences? Pray tell, little dragon."

Vraegar chuckled, "You forget, Memory, or maybe you wish to forget, but we were all there to watch your shame. We saw you and your kind fleeing before his might, and now

you slink behind us like a dog, knowing fear. My father has watched you kill his children again and again... did you really think that there would be no consequences?"

Primordial Memory shrugged, "Truthfully, yes. There should be no consequences to our actions. You all are weak, and we are the strong, and everything that happens here has layers that you cannot see or understand."

The dragon cocked his head to the side, "So why come to us... to me. Don't tell me you just want to gloat to lesser immortals."

Primordial Memory grinned, a manic light shining in his eyes, "Your father has hurt me true, but I can hurt him back. He cares for you and loves you. So I will torture and kill you. Slowly, painfully, and record all your screams so he can hear them for all eternity."

Vrager's eyes held no fear, "Whatever you do to me, my father shall repay you a thousand times over. Did you ever wonder why one of the first to die among your kind was Primordial Chaos? You will not have to wonder for long if you kill me."

"I will take my chances." Primordial Memory smiled and reached for the dragon.

Two hands suddenly emerged from the darkness behind Primordial Memory and grabbed his head before viciously twisting to the side, crushing his neck and spine.

Primordial Memory flopped to the ground like a fish whose spine had been ripped from its body, his eyes turning to the darkness to see the shadow of an unknown entity that resembled a winged humanoid made from black marble standing behind him,

"No, you will not," the entity said before stomping on the head of Primordial Memory, turning it to mush.

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Chapter 1803: Brewing Wine Fit For Primordials

The body of Primordial Memory froze before exploding into pieces of light and shadows. These pieces were about to vanish when the mysterious being that had attacked the Primordial froze all of space and time for an area encompassing three percent of the entirety of Reality!

Three percent might not seem like a lot on the surface, but this degree of influence had encompassed a multitude of dimensions and an innumerable number of worlds.

With the power of a Primordial, this Incarnation of Primordial Memory was able to travel across Reality quite quickly, and nothing should have the power to stop its escape, but the Archai that had attacked was a power that none had seen before.

Fishing across Reality, the Archai gathered all the scattered pieces of Primordial Memory and squeezed them into a ball.

Vraegar had no idea what had just happened. In his perception, he had seen an unknown figure crush a Primordial in front of him as if they were swatting away a pest, and in the blink of an eye, that figure was now holding a ball of screaming malevolence in one hand, which Vraegar was ninety-nine percent sure was the previous Primordial.

Still, he heard the voice of the being before they crushed Primordial Memory, and he knew without question that this being was here by the Will of his father.

The being should be faceless, but a careful splash of light and shadow gave its face a form, and it was both extremely beautiful and eerie at the same time, as if looking at a black and white picture that had become three-dimensional.

An unknown rune made of light was engraved on its chest that seemed to pulse with its breathing, and when Vraegar tried to glimpse the rune, a splitting headache that nearly tore his soul in two made him flinch and look away. However, he pushed through the pain and spoke.

“Thank you for saving our lives,” Vraegar bowed with his head. “How may I refer to you so that I can burn ashes to your name in my time of meditation?”

The being spread out its wings of hardened black light, which covered the heavens of this entire dimension, and it spoke to Vraegar in a voice that touched every part of his flesh, soul, and Will.

“I am of the Archai,” the being touched the rune on their chest, “I am an Anchor of Reality, and I have no name, call me what you wish. Vraegar, I am here to take you away for your training. Say your goodbyes to your friends; they will not be seeing you for a long time.”

The dragon swallowed. There were many words he needed to say, but most of them were suppressed by his excitement, and he could not just leave his companions behind,

“Will they be safe? Just because the Primordial could not get to me does not mean he won’t try to kill them all out of spite.” Vraegar asked, surprised at the level of attachment he had developed after such a short time with the group.

“Do not fear for their fate,” the Archai replied, “There is a grand adventure waiting for them ahead. Their Destiny is different from yours.”

Vraegar was silent for a while before he bowed towards the Archai once more, and when he looked up, the being had vanished.

It would seem that the power of his father as a Creator had taken a great step forward; his creations could now battle Primordials! Also, Vraegar was dimly aware of the mysteries behind the Elythrii, and he had wondered what lies ahead for them in the future.

Looking around, the dragon began to rouse the others from sleep, slowly realizing how suspicious it was that they had all fallen to this state before the Primordial had arrived.

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Telmus, the Nascent Primordial of Defiant Ascension, should have been waiting for his meeting with Rowan, the Eclipsed Creator, but his nose had twitched when he detected a lovely aroma emerging from another portion of this living castle.

Dragging Staff with him, he cut across endless hallways and rooms that led to spaces as large as galaxies until he found the target his nose was taking him towards.

It was a cellar filled with the scent of vintage, which suggested to Telmus that this place had been used for such a purpose for billions of years, maybe even longer.

A blue-haired woman was sitting cross-legged in midair as a gentle surge of Will and magic was pouring out of her body into a large cauldron that seemed to be formed from the event horizon of a placid black hole. It was filled with a swirling liquid that contained hundreds of different colors like nascent galaxies. By her side was a Lightning Kirin who had hundreds of planets and stars shrunk to the size of grapes. NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON [novel●fire.net](http://novel.fire.net)

Following a predetermined pattern, the Kirin dropped the heavenly bodies two at a time into the swirling liquid, where they were broken down and absorbed in mere moments.

Ignoring the woman who had become rather startled by his appearance, Telmus walked over and peered into the cauldron, watching a nebula of purple and gold churn violently.

“Fascinating,” he said as his eyes shone bright, showing him details that he could have never known before he became a nascent Primordial. Looking into the cauldron for a few seconds more, he turned towards the blue-haired woman, his new Omniscience Will informing him that this was Circe Boreas, and providing him with all the details of her life, from her birth to this moment. However, many parts of her life were covered by a mysterious fog, which reminded him of Rowan. “A question, if I may.”

Circe grunted, not looking up from the cauldron. She had been a bit surprised at the presence of Telmus and had nearly made a mistake, but she had quickly collected herself.

“Make it quick. The conjugation window is approaching, and I have failed in this step a thousand and three times before.”

“Of course, of course,” Telmus said. “I see you’re employing a plant type worlds and Type-G stars for primary saccharification. But wouldn’t the resultant C6 sugars be overly... pedestrian? Have you considered a rogue carbon planet for a more complex, polysaccharide chain, perhaps introducing a subtle note of graphite and diamond-dust into the brew for that delightful zest?”

Telmus was greeted by silence as two pairs of eyes looked at him in surprise, while the third was filled with embarrassment. He scratched his head, “Forgive my intrusion. I am a lover of wine, and my new powers make it easy for me to think on a... um.. cosmic scale. You are creating something amazing here, and I was drawn to it.”

Circe paused, a flicker of surprise brushing past her eyes before she focused once more on the cauldron as she sprinkled the dust of a supernova into the swirling liquid. “The star provides a consistent radiative flux for enzymatic catalysis, so I have to harvest them from the lower realms and a distinctive universe free of war and bloodshed, those ruin the flavor. A carbon planet would require a pulsar-based agitator, and frankly, that always over-extracts the bitterness from the brew. These life planets, on the other hand, are perfect for what I need, and they also serve as stabilization agents.”

“Ah, a valid point,” Telmus conceded, tapping his chin as he ignored the glaring look of Staff behind him. “But on the topic of extraction, your maceration vessel, this cauldron is a singularity. I’m concerned about the gravitational time dilation on your yeast cultures. Is your strain of yeast relativistic? Or are you simply accepting a 10,000-year fermentation cycle from its frame of reference and just popping the cork ‘when it feels right’?”

Archimedes the Lightning Kirin shot him a look of irritation and answered before Circe. “We use a non-linear, quantum-locked yeast. That was my idea, by the way. It exists in a state of both having consumed all the sugar and not having begun until the bottle is opened. It’s about potential, not process,” the Kirin sniffed, “I learned this technique from Rowan, so the validity of this process cannot be questioned.”

“Quantum yeast!” Telmus exclaimed, turning to his daughter to share his excitement, but she looked away while muttering about misplaced priorities. He turned towards the Kirin, “Brilliant. Saves on cellar space, and I will surely be stealing this technique for myself. Next, what about the bouquet?” He leaned over the cauldron, sniffing deeply. “I’m getting... a whiff of a God Spark, definitely. A hint of prebiotic ammonia from these worlds you are using. But it’s a bit... one-dimensional. Where’s the X Factor? The unexpected punch?”

Circe sighed, as if she was long expecting this question. “We were going to introduce the X Factor later. It’s the scream of a mortal who has just discovered a truly life-altering bottle of wine under a tree. I spent ten thousand years dripping these wines across a

million worlds, and now and then, I harvest these screams. In my experiments, these screams add a note of sublime, economic irony that binds the cosmic notes to a tangible reality.”

Telmus was silent for a moment, impressed. “A bold choice. High-risk, high-reward. Now, the most important question.” He leaned in, his voice dropping to a conspiratorial whisper. “Your fining agents. I don’t see any spent comet cores or powdered moon-rock. Please don’t tell me you’re filtering this through a galaxy cluster. That will strip the soul out of it!”

Circe finally stood to her full height. “We,” she said with immense dignity, “are using the crushed dreams of aspiring Celestial Creators. It’s negatively charged, attracts the harshest theological compounds, and leaves behind a pleasant aftertaste of quiet desperation. Don’t ask me where we find them.”

Telmus took a step back, a look of pure reverence on his face. He bowed deeply.

“Amazing, with my new status, I had believed that I would never be able to enjoy wine anymore, but you have opened my eyes,” he said. “My apologies. I see the craft is in capable hands. I shall return for the bottling. I assume you’ll be using neutron stars as corks?”

“Naturally,” said Archimedes. “But only the ones that spin. The ‘pop’ is more satisfying. Now get out of here, I heard you have a meeting with the boss, we should have a bottle ready not too long from now.”

Telmus, bowing multiple times to these two, dragged his daughter along as he whistled in excitement.

Chapter 1804: The Curse(1)

Telmus did not know what to make of Rowan.

Telmus walked into a large room that could be seen as a garden, and he found Rowan and Eva relaxing by a pool of water, flowers and small animals surrounding them, moving around without fear, and even though he had seen many things in his life, Telmus was stuck in place, amazement in his eyes... he had never seen a being more beautiful in all his life.

In his battle in the Arena, Rowan had not shown his true form. His wings and crown were hidden, and his features were meant to look the same as they were before he became an Apex Omniversal Titan.

Now that he had the time to relax, he wore a loose white robe with seven white sashes around him, which floated in the air as if carried by an invisible breeze. His long red hair was splayed around him, merging with the black hair of Eva.

She said something to him that Telmus could not hear, and whatever she said made Rowan grin. Beside him, his daughter stumbled.

“You know, only say the word and I shall find a way to arrange your marriage with him, daughter. In all of Reality, I doubt there can be any better option than him.”

Staff gritted her teeth, “Say that again, old man, and I shall pull out your tongue. He stood aside and watched the man I wanted perish; the only reason I remain with him is because of his vision and for your safety. I will not allow him to place you in danger.”

Telmus looked at her and smiled, “Then defend me properly, daughter, because the way I feel about him at the moment, I will leap into hell if he asks me to.”

Seeing her chagrined expression, Telmus burst into laughter and walked towards the trio ahead, who turned towards him, having heard his loud outburst

Once more, Telmus felt a sense of wonder when he looked at Rowan, especially now that Rowan had focused his eyes on him.

Describing this enigmatic figure should be relatively simple, at least it should have appeared that way, but when Telmus began to dig deeper than the surface, he became lost.

Where could he begin?

Telmus did not believe he had ever met Rowan when he was an Earth God in Trion, but now, he could see the threads of Fate that linked them together, going far back before he was born.

He could see the connection he had with the Primordials when they built his body, his link to the bloodlines of Trion and hence Rowan... and so many possibilities flowing across the surface, and if he could only go deeper... NEW NOVEL CHAPTERS ARE PUBLISHED ON novelfire.net

“I see you are acclimating yourself with the Wills of my family, Telmus,” Rowan’s voice dragged his attention away from the dazzling threads of fate that had enraptured Telmus. “Tell me, what do you think of their Will?”

Walking over to them, Telmus settled beside the pool and dipped his toes in it. Satisfied with the temperature, he fully submerged his legs, and he sighed, “Unity, Sacrifice, Justice, Faith, Endurance, Hope, and Growth... I have no idea how the combination of all these Will, paired with my Will of Endless Victory, can make me into this new creature, but I suspect that was not your original plan.”

Rowan's eyes widened a bit, and he gave a slight nod of acknowledgment. "Yes, you were my last choice for this elevation. I had something else planned for you, but even I cannot decide where all the pieces would fall. You did not answer my question: What do you think of them?"

"What is there to think?" Telmus shrugged, "I am not yet complete. Inside me, there is a void that needs to be filled, but something holds back my power from completion. Tell me, Rowan, do you fear that you cannot control me? Is this why you don't want my elevation to be completed and keep me as a Nascent Primordial? Or are you still waiting for your first choice to take the mantle?"

Eva looked at Rowan in surprise; she appeared not to know all the intricacies behind Rowan's decision and was not aware that Telmus had not fully taken his place as the Primordial of Defiant Ascension.

Rowan looked at Staff, who was seething with suppressed anger before looking back at her father, "This power was meant for my son Andar, but he was taken from me before he could come of age, and the void in your heart was not meant to protect me from you, but to protect you from them."

He pointed above, allowing Telmus to finally see the faces of the seven Primordials pressed against the walls of Reality.

"To become a being of Origin, to fully take your position as a Primordial, that power needs to find root in the essence of your being. Only then will you be complete; however, this Reality is too weak to handle the birth of a Primordial. If you were allowed to fully inherit this power, your daughter and all of Reality would be destroyed, and those faces out there would no longer be faces; they would be Primordials whose Origin Force. However, singular had grown to ridiculous heights after the countless Eras they had spent hunting Realities inside Limbo."

Telmus became silent and touched his heart, knowing that everything Rowan said was the truth. He had previously suspected this answer, but he needed to be sure, and Telmus was not one to hide his intentions from anyone, not even Rowan.

"Now, if I want to control you, I will bring you to my realm," Rowan said, "unlike this Reality, my walls are thick, and it is still hidden from the sight of the ravages outside. In there, you can ascend to the ranks of Primordial with no issues, but the Origin Force you draw upon would come from me and not Limbo, and although you may gain freedom from whatever curses are outside Limbo, your Origin shall ever be linked to my own. This is your decision to make; that is why I left that void inside of you."

Telmus frowned, "What do you mean by curses?"

"Have you ever wondered why Primordials are, to put it lightly, insane?" Rowan asked.

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

Chapter 1805: The Curse (2)

Telmus chuckled when he heard Rowan's question, "Before dying, I thought the most depraved individuals I would ever meet were the gods of Trion. In many ways, I still think these gods are worse, because in such a short span of time, they were able to create a system that would rival the depravity of the Abyss, but the Primordials are these, are they not?"

Rowan gestured to the pool of water before them, and it turned rancid, emanating a foul odor that spoke of poison and decay. Ripples could be seen below the water, and a closer examination would reveal they came from gigantic poisonous snakes swimming inside the pool, whose breath releases poison and decay.

"Is this pool poisonous because of the snakes, or are the snakes poisonous because of the pool?" Rowan said and smiled when he saw Telmus hastily withdraw his legs from the rancid pool.

"You have not been inside Limbo, and so your ignorance can be forgiven. As one of the successful members of the new Primordials I intend to create, it is right that you should know the truth."

The eyes of Telmus tightened, "And how do you know this truth, Rowan? Although I am already a Nascent Primordial, there is something about you that is extremely strange. You do not fit in any mold that I know, and it is hard for me to trust you."

"That is a fair assessment," Rowan nodded, "I know enough of myself to trust my decisions, but you cannot understand who I am, at least not yet."

Telmus sneered, "So, you are telling me with all the powers afforded me by my status as a Nascent Primordial, I still fall short in understanding your nature?"

Rowan smiled, "You can try, but you will only fail. But I sincerely invite you to try; perhaps you might surprise me."

Telmus rolled his eyes and gestured, "You were saying something about the curse of Limbo."

"Yes, Limbo, the last frontier. I have killed three Primordials now, and even though I don't have all their memories, I have enough to begin showing me the last secrets of Reality." Rowan pointed out, and with a wave of his hand, the space around them transformed into a representation of Limbo. Staff who was beside her father was frozen in place, because as an Old One, her perception could not discern this higher-dimensional level.

To the perception of Staff, she would have seen Rowan wave his hand and then nothing would change, but that was a lie. Rowan, Telmus, and Eva had spent hours inside the representation of Limbo, but to a lower-dimensional immortal like Staff, she would not be able to perceive that time passing by.

Meanwhile, as Rowan waved his hand, showing Telmus and Eva what he knew of Limbo, they became struck with fascination.

“Limbo is limitless, at least that is what I have gathered. Unlike all things in creation, I believe that Limbo had always existed. It was not created, nor will it ever end; it has no limit or owner. Maybe it is because Time, as a linear progression, does not exist here. There is only a single, eternal “now.” Cause and effect are absent; in fact, I think inside Limbo, they are impossible. There is no event to cause another. It is a perfect, static equilibrium of non-being, and only a special sort of existence can survive here.”

“I have come to identify three great powers in Limbo, although I am sure there are others. The first are Realities like this one... like me, gathered in a location called the Cradle, the second are Primordials, roaming agents of annihilation, and the last is the Domain of Death.”

Rowan paused to let what he said sink in before he continued, “The first time I entered Limbo, it was via a vision, and as a lower-dimensional being, I could not understand all the intricacies of this place, but as I grew stronger and transformed into what I am today, some new information has come to light about Limbo. Let me show you.”

Rowan squeezed his hand, and the visual representation of Limbo was squeezed to a small black ball that shimmered and vibrated in a weird pattern almost impossible to describe.

“Look closer, I call it a curse, but it is something else. You see, I perceive Limbo as a blank canvas. It is pre-creation, post-destruction, and utterly indifferent to both. I believe only such a canvas can concepts at the Origin Level be created; however, it cannot choose what is made inside of it.”

“Sometimes in the distant past, I believe that Limbo did not have a name, and all the variety of presences inside of it were in a balanced state, but something changed, and it was not the birth of the Primordials; I think they were just the symptoms of this change.”

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“I cannot tell you the name or the power that led to this change; it is far too corrupting for you two.” Rowan silenced any sort of opposition from Eva and Telmus when they noticed the gravity in his tone, and they allowed him to continue speaking.

Rowan pushed the ball of Limbo towards Telmus, and it began to slowly drift towards him, carrying such a massive weight that Telmus flinched and found himself stepping back.

This was not a lack of bravery on his part; it was just the simple fact that if this ball of Limbo touched him, he would be crushed to nothing. Rowan might have been playing with it casually, but this was concerted higher-dimensional energy of a sort that only fully Realized Primordials and Realities could endure.

“I do not have all the memories of Primordials, so the truth is vague, but to put it in context that you all can understand, I believe that Primordials began butchering Realities sixty-five million Cosmic Eras ago. ”

“Cosmic Eras?” Eva asked in confusion.

“A Cosmic Era is the entire lifespan of a Reality if it goes along its development without any hindrance. Using the time scale of this Reality, a Cosmic Era would be equal to 12,000 Major Eras at the maximum and 12 Major Eras at the minimum, but it is generally accepted that 12,000 Major Eras make a single Cosmic Era.”

Hearing the long indrawn breath from Telmus and Eva as they comprehended the stupendous scale of time that sixty-five million cosmic eras might mean, Rowan nodded, “Yes, they truly have been killing for that long.”

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Chapter 1806: The Curse (final)

“Going back to my analogy of the snake and the pool. I wonder if the corruption that transformed this infinite space to Limbo came as a result of the event that created Primordials or the excessive killings of Realities caused Limbo to be filled with madness.” Rowan slowly said.

“If a mortal dies and he rots, the decay produces muasma that changes their surroundings. If enough mortals die, then this miasma can become corruption. The death of immortals is worse, changing space and time, even fate and destinies are affected. What do you think happens when Realities, which are the breeding ground of mortals and immortals, perish?”

“If they had died naturally, then I believe their death would not have had much of a consequence on the grand scheme of creation, but the hunger of the Primordials knew no bounds, and they slaughtered too much.” New novel chapters are published on novlfire.net

“All of these deaths created corruption of such a profound level that it began to corrupt even this infinite space, and it came to have a name, Limbo, don’t you feel it, Telmus?”

The ball of Limbo pressing down on the Nascent Primordial was now extremely close to him, and with Telmus’s stubborn character, he refused to back down again; instead, he peered into the darkness of Limbo with avid attention.

“That stare you feel running across your skin, it is the weight of a billion dead Realities crying out in anguish. The sheer slaughter of so many of them had transformed this place into an abscess. It is the proof that in the grand calculus of the multiverse, some sufferings are too profound, too unjust, to simply fade away.”

Telmus swallowed, horror growing in his eyes, “How could such a thing be allowed to happen? Was there no one who should have stopped this madness from reaching this level?”

Rowan shrugged, a hint of tiredness in his eyes that even his endurance could not wash away, “If they had any competition in the beginning, it certainly did not last. The strength of the Primordials grew too fast, so that it became meaningless to oppose them. Although they could consume a single Origin Force from every Reality they conquered, the quantity they had consumed became qualitative, and they became monsters that would feast upon the infinite bounties of Limbo for all eternity.”

Rowan pointed to Eva and Telmus, “You might think the Peimordials within Reality are powerful, after all, you have tasted what it is like to be a Primordial, and you know in your soul that apart from me and the rest of the Primordials inside of Reality, there is no one who can match you, even if all of Reality comes against you, they all shall fall, and yet, me, the Primordials within, hold only a fraction of the Origin Force contained by those seven above.”

Focusing on Telmus, Rowan made a peculiar move with his fingers, drawing out all the nascent origin from his flesh, causing Telmus to gasp in shock. Telmus Origin took the shape of a long blade, with eight strange colors swirling around it.

Squeezing his fist, Rowan shattered the blade into eight individual components. Each component was a Will that came together to create a unique and singular Origin Force.

“Telmus, you are a new type of Primordial, one that is not burdened by their hunger. I wanted to give you multiple Origin Force, but I am still unable to crack the code. To create you, I fused eight Wills together, and I was only able to do so using the research of Primordial Soul, who had sought the method to break the limitations over Primordials for the last sixty-five million cosmic eras.”

“So, your experiment failed?” Telmus asked, an unknown light rising in his eyes.

“I do not look at progress in terms of success and failures. You have a more robust foundation than any Primordial, and I suspect that I did not fail to give you multiple Origin Forces; instead, such a thing can only be left in your hands. No Primordial before you have the foundation you have been given, and Origin Force is a personal journey that I cannot make for you.”

With a gesture, Rowan fused the Origin Force of Telmus and pushed it back into his body. Then he smiled, “Now, let us talk about the curse.”

Rowan looked upward, towards the heaven above and the seven faces pressed against it, “There are always consequences to our actions, as immortals, our powers might delay those impacts from reaching us for as long as seemingly forever, but it will be there biting at our heels for as long as possible, and when we least expect it, the weight of all our sins will crush us to the ground.”

He pointed upwards, “Look at them, can you imagine what it would feel like to have killed and consumed the pinnacle of existence for so long without any remorse or restraint? Their downfall seemed impossible, despite their flaws, their power only grows; however, I have discovered the curse that comes with that power, and it is one that I would rather leave them with, but they need to be killed or their rampage would never end.”

Eva spoke for the first time in a while, “I have seen the depths of Primordial Light’s Origin. I saw a beam of darkness in the heart of light. It was light that gave no warmth and did not illuminate; it was as if it had forgotten its purpose and was seeking something that could no longer be found. Is that the curse, Rowan?”

“That is just one part of it,” Rowan nodded, “they hate their nature. Light wishes to be Darkness, Life wants to be Death, Chaos craves Order, Memory yearns for Oblivion, Time wants nothing more than Stasis, and Soul...”

Rowan became silent as if he had just figured out a profound truth, but he pushed this change aside as he focused on the words he was speaking to his nascent primordials,

“The first part of the curse is an opposition to their nature, and the second part is their unending hunger. You see, Telmus, I do not fear your power because I know your character and which side you would choose to support. However, I very much believe in the concept of choice, and that is the reason I did not make you fully ascend to a Primordial without you understanding all your options.”

Telmus laughed and shook his head, “Do I have a choice in this matter?”

“Well, if you are an idiot, you can ascend inside Limbo,” Eva cheekily pointed out, “You would be afflicted by the curse of the Primordials, but don’t worry, you will not have long to suffer that fate before your brethren above would slaughter you and consume your Origin.”

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

Chapter 1807: They Still Listens

“Dsmned if I do, damned if I don’t,” Telmus groaned self-deprecatingly.

“Don’t take it so harshly,” Eva laughed, “You have the best deal possible. Say Rowan was not in the picture, and you were born in a random universe without the intervention of

the Primordials, and you were somehow able to make it to the ninth-dimensional level via your own effort. Then your fate would not change; you will enter Limbo, be poisoned by the curse, and you will inevitably meet the Primordials, and then you will die. I will not be surprised if most Primordial Entities end up this way.”

Rowan stroked his chin in contemplation, “Eva, you have just come across a profound truth, Eva. Although Limbo is infinite, it has existed for a ridiculous amount of time. By the most conservative estimate, there should be at least one ninth-dimensional entity created every Cosmic Era. In a more vibrant Era, there may even be multiple ninth-dimensional entities appearing; by that logic, there should be millions of ninth-dimensional beings roaming Limbo at the least, but from what I have seen, Limbo is mostly empty of higher-dimensional beings.”

Telmus rubbed his brows, a phantom ache racing across his spirit, “So you are telling me the real danger is not inside Reality, it is in Limbo.”

“That is right,” Rowan agreed, “I have plans to deal with what is in here with us, but you were made to help me battle what is out there. Despite all my gifts, I don’t think I can handle what the Primordials have become.

Telmus was silent for a long while as various thoughts flew through his mind at lightning speed before he finally looked up at the faces above,

“The plans that you have that hold back these monsters, are they foolproof?”

Rowan grinned, “No, they are not. At any moment, that wall can be broken, and I will have no way to stop it or ever to know what triggered it. I have done the best I can to prevent such a thing from happening, but there are so many factors outside my control that I have stopped trying to hold on to any semblance of control I might believe I have.”

Eva blinked, “So our entire existence depends on luck and rainbows. Ah, we are fucked if the wind blows hard on a random day and a Primordial twitches.”

Rowan smiled, “Look on the bright side, if the heavens collapse, there would be a brief moment before the end that I will be able to respond. What holds back the Primordial is the Wall of Aegis; it is the Singularity of Eosah, that is the name of this Reality.”

“Rowan, correct me if I am wrong,” Telmus suddenly said, “You say that if the heavens collapse, these walls can hold back the might of seven Primordials for a split second, correct?”

Rowan nodded, “Where are you going with this?”

Telmus looked at him and then Eva incredulously, “You both don’t see it? If there is a wall, can it be strengthened? I mean, I can be sure that this wall is not holding back the Primordials because it is extremely durable; it must have some properties that can resist

their influence, so what is it, and how can you make those properties stronger? I don't think it would eliminate the threats above, but it should give you more than a split second if they chose to charge into Reality, right? Well, with all that time on your hands, who knows what you might come up with?"

Rowan cocked his head to the side, "Hmm, I never considered it from that perspective."

"I would be surprised if you did, Rowan," Eva chuckled, "the nature of your powers expresses itself in absolutes. It is your greatest strength, but it also leaves loopholes behind. You are wise enough to recognize this flaw, making you actively seek out independent minds outside your own that would see the tiny clues that you might be missing."

Telmus perked up, "We can try to reinforce the walls. I can constantly hear the cracks forming on them. We can pump in conceptual energies, like my Will of Unity, or use even the bodies of Primordials if it comes to it."

"That would be like treating an infection with a bandage," Rowan stroked his chin before he came to a decision, "It seems my next meeting with Eosah must be pushed forward."

"Meeting," Telmus sounded surprised, "Is she not dead?!"

"Oh, you sweet summer child," Eva laughed, "you still have much to learn."

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Splitting off an Incarnation powerful enough to reach the fifth level of Reality was no longer an issue for Rowan. The moment he decided to pursue this line of thinking about reinforcing the Walls of Aegis, Rowan already sent an Incarnation for this purpose.

He also came to realize something incredible about this location where Eosah stayed when he decided to seek her again.

The first time he had seen Eosah, Rowan had gone past the boundary of the Origin of Space. He should have had no idea that this place existed, but the voice of Eosah led him to her. She was his first teacher on the powers of Origin, and she had shown him the key to defeat the Primordials when she revealed that Primordial Soul had long escaped Oblivion.

To return to her, Rowan discovered that he did not need to follow his Origin of Space when he could push past any of the fourth level of the Origin he held, from Soul to Destiny, and he would find that door.

Rowan was thrilled at this discovery, but he knew that he would be unable to reach this mysterious place if not for the willingness of Eosah to open the road for him to pass.

His Incarnation did not go through the path of space; instead, it used the Origin of Soul, and when he saw the secretive passageway leading to this unknown layer of existence, Rowan walked through.

Entering this place gave him flashbacks that were more potent than any memory he had inside of Reality; it was as if everything here was more *real*.

With his greater standing as an immortal, Rowan could discern more about his surroundings as he saw himself in a chamber that was simultaneously the size of a room and Reality itself.

Eosah, who was not so much in the chamber as she was the chamber, manifested as a shimmer in the air beside Rowan.

Her form was a suggestion of a woman, and it was woven from the light of a forgotten noon and the whisper of falling leaves. Her voice was the soft, inevitable sound of erosion and growth.

“They are listening more intently today,” Eosah said, her gaze peering across the horizon to the walls of Aegis, from which a faint, non-color seemed to be leaching into the ordered spectrum of Reality. It was only in this place that Rowan could see this light.

“They are listening?” Rowan asked in shock, countless possibilities pulsing across his mind, because he knew that if the Primordials outside were fully aware of what was happening within, then he had lost the battle even before it began.

Eosah smiled, “What they listen for is different. They are listening for my screams of pain, even after all this time, the echoes of my death still comfort their broken minds.”

Chapter 1808: Be My Herald

Chapter 1808: Be My Herald

The Incarnation of Rowan looked at Eosah with discerning eyes. Even now, he could not see much, and although he could forcibly push his perception deeper into her essence, Rowan chose not to take this step because it might only lead to outcomes he was not yet prepared for.

“You know why I am here,” Rowan said, “You left the hints when you told me about your Singularity and reminded me I have come across it before.”

“Yes, I did, and I saw you figure out the answers even before you stole it from the mind of Nyxara. Although I am surprised you did not come to me much earlier, and you have never asked me one pressing question.”

Rowan squinted, “What question is that?”

Eosah gestured, and an image of the World Stele appeared before both of them, with the growing form of Thenos squatting upon it,

“You have seen Thenos and his Singularity, and you know what this Chimaera is capable of. Why have you never wondered why he is not like us?”

Rowan peered at the image of Thenos, and the eyes of Thenos blinked. This was not an image; Thenos had been in a still position without moving, and Eosah was showing him a current slice of Reality. Rowan idly wondered if her reach had grown to encompass all of space since the death of Primordial Chaos, but he did not allow his speculations to color his replies,

“Thenos is special; he is a Breaker, but before I met you, I had no idea Singularity was paired with Realities, and I had no idea I was a Reality at my core. Since that moment, I have been extremely... occupied. Certain thoughts have not had the time to be processed in my consciousness.”

Eosah nodded, her form flickering like a phantom, “Singularities are paired with Realities, true, but this is not always the case. At the beginning, it was considered impossible for a Singularity to pair with lesser life forms, but the Primordials happened... They killed so many of our kind that their Singularities, those that were not destroyed, began to roam across Limbo.”

Rowan frowned, “Wait, should that not be impossible? Singularities do not survive if their partner were to be destroyed.”

“Yes, but have you forgotten your case? You might be special, Rowan, but you are not unique. There are fringe cases where, with the destruction of Reality, a small fragment of them remains. This fragment is so small that it cannot make a Reality anymore, and so what results from the eventual resurrection of that fragment is a Breaker.”

Rowan slowly nodded, but he knew that Eosah was also wrong about him. His Singularity, the Primordial Record, was more special than any normal Singularity, because the Primordial Record had multiple owners in the past, and only with Rowan did it achieve complete fusion.

However, at this moment Rowan was struck by a terrifying thought, and only his present frame of mind gave him the capacity not to show his shock.

Eosah believed that his Singularity was paired with Rowan because he was a Reality, and she found him special because, although he was killed, he was able to resurrect to his previous self and even became stronger than he could have ever been.

But Rowan knew the truth: the Primordial Record was not born with him; in fact, it preceded all known history. Was it possible that he still had a separate Singularity inside of him that was not yet activated, or the Primordial Record pushed away or consumed this lesser Singularity inside of the growing Eos, and took his place, or perhaps something much more strange happened?

Rowan could never forget what happened to him during his fusion and ascendancy to his present state. The words of Enoch still rang out clearly, telling him the destiny of the one who fuses with the Primordial Record.

Still, it was not as if he was not aware that the Primordial Record was dangerous, but Rowan had chosen it despite whatever flaws it might have, known and unknown. There was no more time to change his path ahead, but this revelation nonetheless was concerning.

The Incarnation sighed, placing these thoughts aside, “Is there a possibility that these broken Realities can regain what they once lost?”

“Not possible,” Eosah said as she dismissed the vision of Thenos with a swipe of her hand, “what is left behind are just remnants of ghosts, their last obsession persevering beyond death, easy to destroy with the right tools. The Primordials should be keeping these Singularities alive only because their presence might be the source of a rare form of amusement for them; nonetheless, when they decide to consume a Reality, the Singularities found within are consumed as well.”

“Now that this mystery is out of the way,” Eosah gestured, bringing forth the present state of the heavens above, “you want to talk about the safety of Reality. I know you understand, even if my defenses are multiplied a million times over, I will only be able to delay them for a few seconds in real time.”

“You don’t need to hold them back forever. I will soon be cleansing Reality of the infestation that had plagued you for so long. I shall be killing those who have defied your glory for all these years. Preparations are already in place for their silent extermination, but something might go wrong, and their main bodies would be alerted. I need to make sure that I have the freedom to kill the Primordials within and the time to plan for the extermination of the ones without.”

“Well, if that is the case, then I can help you strengthen the walls, but the heavy lifting has to be carried by you. I am dead, and I have no Destiny or Fate to channel towards my Aegis, but with our connection, I can make it possible for you to strengthen them.”

“Thank you, Eosah,” Rowan bowed towards her, “I shall not forget the graces and favors you have given me.”

Eosah smiled; the radiance was enough to give life to a million dead dimensions. “Do what you will, and when it is time, I shall show you how to strengthen the walls.”

“How do you strengthen the wall?” Rowan inquired.

“My Singularity,” Eosah replied, her tone not unkind, but final. “The Aegis was not built; it was grown. It is a manifestation of consensus. Of life believing in its own reality, believing in me. The Primordials, by their nature, are the unbelievers. They see our laws as suggestions, our existence as a temporary whim. It makes them our perfect predator, but I wonder why their poison does not seem to work on you.”

“So what do we do? Encourage prayer?” Rowan’s voice was tight with frustration. He tried to ignore the last part of her statement that Eosah almost said in a whisper. “Hold a reality-wide pep rally for causality? Except for the very few, most do not know of your existence; how can they direct any belief towards you?”

A ghost of a smile touched Eosah’s lips. “In a manner of speaking. But not prayer. Story. The Aegis was woven from the first stories told around the first fires. ‘This is how the world is.’ ‘This is why the sun rises.’ It is narrative that gives reality its texture, its resistance.”

She gestured, and in the air between them, a miniature reality bloomed—a single planet, teeming with life. “We must seed the cracks with new narratives. Not grand, universal truths, for those are brittle. But small, stubborn, local truths. A story of a farmer’s loyalty to his land, so potent it makes the very soil reject the formless. A song of a love that defies reason, creating a pocket of such intense, personal reality that the Primordials cannot gain a foothold. From these, my wall can be rebuilt and made stronger.”

Rowan watched the tiny world, skepticism warring with hope. “You want to fight the architects of your destruction with... folklore?”

“I want to fight a conceptual invasion with a conceptual defense,” Eosah corrected. “The laws of physics are the skeleton of this reality. But story, myth, memory, destinies... that is its flesh and blood. The Primordials have no stories. They simply are. That is their strength, and their ultimate weakness. They cannot comprehend why a single, fleeting life would matter enough to alter the fabric of everything.”

She turned her full attention to him, and he felt the weight of continents in her gaze. “We need anchors, Rowan, not of energy, but of meaning. Find me the tale of the soldier who stood against the tide not for victory, but for the comrade at his side. Find me the memory of a mother’s lullaby that quieted the chaos of the storm outside. We will weave these into the Aegis. We will make the wall not just a barrier of ‘what is,’ but a declaration of ‘what is worth preserving.’”

Rowan was silent for a long moment, studying the cracks. The non-color leaking through seemed less like an invading force now, and more like a void waiting to be filled. He understood. You couldn’t fight the abyss with a louder shout. You had to light a candle. However, the methods did not seem dependable at a glance, but he understood that this

was the magic of Realities; he, on the other hand, was taking a rather divergent path forward.

“It’s fragile,” he said finally.

“It is the most durable thing there is,” Eosah countered. “An idea. A truth that is true because it is felt. The Primordials can shatter a star, but can they shatter a legend?” She placed a hand, cool as moonlight, on his shoulder. “Go. Be my scribe. Be my herald. Find the stories that are so real, they make Reality itself stronger.”

Chapter 1809: Reality Wide Upheavals

Fury, the five Elythrii, and the mysterious mages, Lisa and Kacius, had been silent for a while after Vraegar left, his last words still echoing in their consciousness, “I have been called for more, and I will answer. We will meet again.”

Before he left, Vraegar finally revealed his true form, discarding the shell of a calm dragon for an embodiment of hunger and destruction. His body had expanded into dimensions that even Fury had struggled to grasp, and for the first time since he met the dragon, the proud god could not look the dragon in the eye.

It was easy to be all-powerful, but to be that and still keep a clear head, especially for a dragon of Vraegar’s nature, was rare. It was hard to imagine what would have led this proud and brazen dragon to become calm and subdued, but Fury knew it was for one reason... loss.

“You know, he told me of his brother, once, it was as if the memory of him was too painful for a dragon to recall.”

The silence after the dragon left had a physical weight; his ancient presence had been a pillar of their group, even in the short time they had together. It was said that surviving life and death struggles created eternal bonds, although this did not happen every time. In this situation, it surprisingly did.

Fury, more than anyone in the group, felt the weight of Vraegar’s absence the most. He had a history with the dragon going back millions of years, and in many ways, Vraegar had been the one constant in his life.

“We cannot stay here,” Fury said, his voice softer than they had ever heard it. “There is nothing in this dimension but desolation, and the echoes of the Abyss destruction can cause unknown mutations in empty places like this.”

Lyra of the Elythrii looked up, her eyes red-rimmed. “Go where?” There was a sense of loss and desolation in her heart that she found hard to describe. It was as if she had

known the dragon before now, and it saddened her that she may have lost an opportunity to bond with him again.

There was a yearning in her core to pierce through an ephemeral barrier hindering her perception from finding the source of her confusion, but no matter how she struggled to find it, there was nothing; it was like a mortal trying to catch the wind.

“We have the last testament of Seed. We have seen things that no one else has,” Fury replied. He held up a hand, and a single, perfect feather, glowing with soft ember-light, materialized in his palm. “We are witnesses. We carry a truth that is now rewriting Reality itself. We must see how the script is changing.” He looked at each of them. “We will travel. We will observe. And we will... we will find a place to be.”

“What, like a grand quest?” Kacius the mage smirked, and his sister bumped him, “No, more like a refugee’s journey. Let’s move, I am eager to see the changes the unveiling of a power that can equal the Primordial would have on the myriad dimensions.”

“We too would like to see,” Lyra said, “It is clear to us that we are connected with this Reality, and we would like to search for those connections.”

Their first step was a crossing into the nearest stable dimension, a place known as the Aerovah, a realm famously rich with life and light, a hub of trade and diplomacy for a thousand lesser pantheons.

They discovered, to their fascination and sadness, that Aerovah belonged to their once-companion, Ghribba, the Silver Queen, who had died during the escape.

It was said that she went mad and killed all life in her dimension, but centuries ago, under the baptism of Primordial Essence, she reawakened her mind and reopened Aerovah. It did not take long for this place to become the hub of trade that it once was.

They arrived at their destination, stumbling through a temporary rift Fury tore open with a significant portion of his strength. The transition was jarring. One moment, the absolute silence and grey of a barren realm devoid of nothing but snow, the next, a sensory overload of color, scent, and sound.

Or what should have been.

Aerovah was... quiet. The great, silvery disks were its cities and roadways, which pulsed with a bright light that was now subdued, its light nervous and stuttering. The air, usually thick with the hum of flyers and the songs of crystalline machines, was thin, hesitant.

The beings they saw—floating botanical intelligences, six-legged stag creatures with bark-like skin, Angels, even Demons, all moved with a hushed urgency.

There were no greetings, no challenges. They were ignored, their presence noted with a flicker of fearful eyes before being dismissed; they had just torn a rift through space and time, but no one was taking notice of them.

“They know,” Kacius the mage murmured, his hand resting on one of the silvery buildings built directly from the disks of Aerovah. “The ground... It’s trembling. The bedrock of this place is now empty, Ghribba is dead, and the death cries of a Promordial are filling the gap.”

They found a gathering in the central station of the topmost disk, a place where envoys from a dozen worlds would normally be bartering and storytelling. Now, a single, ancient Treant was speaking, its voice a low rustle of leaves.

“...confirmed through seven different scrying pools. The Great Abyss is a scar. A devastating force has unmade it from existence. The eternal prison... is simply gone.”

A ripple of terror went through the crowd, an unknown fear budding in their hearts. The Abyss was a constant. It was where the worst of the worst were sent and found; the destruction of such a place should have been met with applause instead. Its absence was like the sun deciding not to rise.

“And the source,” the Treant continued, its wooden face creased with an agony that was centuries deep. “The energy signatures... they are beyond anything we have ever seen, most likely, Primordial. There is a new power. A being called Rowan. He who killed a Fundamental. He who unmade the unmaking. He has killed not just Primordial Demon, but Primordial Chaos as well.”

The name ‘Rowan’ was whispered through the crowd like a plague. Fury felt a chill that had nothing to do with temperature. They were speaking of the same force that had faced down multiple Primordials with bare hands, but here, he was not a savior. He was a cataclysm.

An unpredictable, absolute variable that had entered the great equation of existence and shattered its core principles.

“They see him as a destroyer,” Lila whispered, her fingers unconsciously weaving a complex pattern in the air, reading the threads of fear and uncertainty that choked the atmosphere. “His act of vengeance has created a vacuum. And nature... even cosmic nature... abhors a vacuum.”

They did not linger for long at Aerovah; this place, without the guidance of Ghribba, was breaking down.

The fear was too thick, too suffocating. It was a paradigm shift of the most terrifying kind. For eons, the cosmic order was clear, however brutal: the Primordials were at the top. They were distant, arrogant, and terrible, but they were a known quantity.

Their rules, however harsh, were the rules. Now, the top of the pyramid was gone. The Primordials were shown to be mortal. And something else, something that had killed them, was now loose. The world had lost its governors and found itself in the grip of a force it could not comprehend.

Their next jump took them to the Chromatic Flux, a dimension of the Celestials. Aerovah was close to the Celestial domain, and it extended far into great portions of Reality. They arrived bracing for another scene of quiet despair.

Instead, they found chaos.

The sky was a raging battlefield of conflicting hues. Jagged bolts of furious red slashed against defensive shields of fearful grey. Swirls of panicked yellow clashed with desperate, hopeful blue. The very air screamed with a psychic cacophony as higher-dimensional energies of light were used against beings who should be its watcher.

“—a new age! The tyrants are dead! A new dawn arises,” a powerful Celestial Creator of brilliant, shifting magenta shouted, her form a whirlwind of revolutionary fervor.

“An age of what? Anarchy! The Demonic legions are already spilling from their broken leashes! Who will contain them now? This new light is a traitor and should be brought to justice,” a more structured, geometric form of orange light retorted, another Celestial Creator whose Host of Angels behind him were ready to continue the relentless conflict.

“This ‘Rowan’ is a liberator! The New Light heralds his return. Your Light is pale and flickering. The Primordials you serve only live to exploit everything they touch.”

“He is a harbinger! He has broken the dams, and the flood will drown us all! You are all mad and should be cleansed before your wretched ideology spreads!”

This was another spark in a raging fire that unleashed a cataclysm as the two separate sides began to clash in earnest.

Chapter 1810: Sanctuary

Chapter 1810: Sanctuary

Fury and the others were nearly torn apart by the raging storms of light as a billion Angels waged war against each other, and trillions of worlds and stars were crushed to nothing under their relentless wrath.

The Elythrii were particularly vulnerable to the higher-dimensional energies being flung around. Lyra winced as a wave of pure chaos washed over her. “It is too loud, their rage is too loud,” she gasped. “There is no harmony here, only senseless conflict. Why fight for a light that gives no warmth?”

They fled this place, their own spirits battered, and if not for the strength of their entire group working as one to escape, they would have all perished.

The revelation of Rowan's presence was a double-edged sword, and they had seen both edges: paralyzing fear at Aerovah, and destructive, chaotic battle in this celestial domain.

They ran into the Passage of Time, uncaring about their direction, and their journey across a hundred different dimensions began.

After crossing a dozen dimensions, they began to near the realm of the Great Labyrinth, and they came across a dimension filled with silent monasteries, where monks had meditated upon the eternal nature of the Primordials for millennia.

Loud sounds, like earthquakes, pervaded this dimension, and they saw that the great stone tablets containing the teachings of these monks were being systematically shattered.

The monks, after shattering the tablet, chose to sit in silence; they forfeited all claims to life and would remain here until they perished, which might take a long time, seeing that they were all higher-dimensional immortals, with many of them even being Old Ones.

Their ultimate deity was dead, and their theology was dust.

It was a strange sight to witness, and the group was silent as they watched an entire dimension filled with many billions of lives, which chose to remain in silence until death took them.

Leaving this dimension behind, they continued traveling and came across an Eternal Realm!

These Realms, like Doom Star, were special because they were greater than any realm that could be created by an Old One, yet still less potent than a Primordial Domain.

This Eternal Realm was called the Forge-World of Hephaestus Minor, and there were great smiths who had crafted weapons for the Primordials, who were working tirelessly.

However, the focus of their forge had shifted; they no longer chose to work for the Primordials but for Rowan.

The word "Rowan" was never spoken, but his presence was felt in every newly tempered blade, every reinforced shield. They were arming for a war against a threat they couldn't name, a shadow cast by a being they had never seen.

Their mysterious leader, Hephaestus, glanced at this group from afar, and they nearly collapsed under the weight of his gaze. They did not know why, but he dismissed them at a glance, and the group fled from this Eternal Realm.

They passed through a minor heaven, a far outpost of the Celestials called the Elysian Fields, and found it half-empty. Signs of the Great War had shattered nearly seventy percent of this place. Traveling through it, they came across many fantastical sights, almost impossible to describe.

“They have gone to the front,” a weary angelic sentry told them, his golden armor dented and scratched. “The infernal ranks are in disarray, but that makes them more dangerous, not less. They fight for scraps now, and our borders are the scraps.”

When asked which front, the angel just waved a hand vaguely at the sky. “All of them. The demons... us... There is madness in the air.”

After passing through several dozen dimensions, they came across an Astral Bazaar, a crossroads of a thousand dimensions and a great marketplace. The price of weapons, wards, and prophetic services had skyrocketed, while the price of art and luxury had collapsed.

The merchants of doom were thriving. A haggard star-trader, selling maps to “stable” dimensions, looked at their group with pity. “You look like you’ve seen it. The Great Abyss and the fall of a Primordial, I hear that more would soon fall, so you won’t find anywhere truly safe now. Just places where the fall is slower.”

In this bazaar, they spent time buying powerful weapons and enchantments to take with them on their journey, due to the many dangers they had faced along the way.

Leaving the bazaar behind, they crossed through to another dimension where they encountered a cult already forming around a distorted version of Rowan. They called him the “Unmaker,” and they preached a gospel of radical nihilism, that to achieve true freedom, one must first destroy all structures, including oneself.

Fury had to summon a wall of fire that scorched a million worlds to drive them back; his heart sickened. Among their numbers were tens of thousands of Old Ones, and he had to fight desperately to keep the weaker members of the group alive.

They had to run from this place because the cult was growing, claiming dimension after dimension, and if they did not flee, even Fury would perish.

The act of vengeance he had witnessed from Rowan was being twisted into a justification for mindless destruction.

Through all they were witnessing, the tension was a constant, humming note in the background of every dimension. It was the tension of a world holding its breath, waiting for the other shoe to drop. The fear was palpable, a metallic taste in the air of every realm they visited.

But there was also hope. Not the bright, naive hope of before, but a grim, determined, and fragile thing.

They found it in a small, shielded dimension called Sanctuary, a world that had been established as a refuge for those displaced by the Reality-wide wars that had never truly ended since the dawn of the Primordial Era.

It was here that they saw the other side of the revelation of Rowan's existence. A council of beings from a dozen different races—gods, mortals, and everything in between—was not arguing, but planning.

The group watched the meeting as it was being openly aired on the Aether around the world.

“Rowan is a fact,” a being of living crystal stated, its voice a clear chime. “Like a storm or an earthquake. We do not worship the earthquake. We do not curse it. We learn to build stronger foundations. The Primordials and he would wage war, and we must side with him. Their peace, which was really a stagnation, is over. We must build our own peace now, with his help.”

Another, a mortal woman who held an aura of immense psychic power, nodded. “The death of Primordial Demon has broken the back of the infernal empires. It is a crisis, yes, but it is also an opportunity. For the first time in eternity, we can negotiate with the demonic factions that desire order, instead of being subjugated by one that demanded absolute submission.”

It was in Sanctuary that the seven of them finally stopped, not as witnesses, but as participants. They were no longer crossing Reality, because they believed that, for the moment, they had found their place. If a war were coming, they wanted to fight it here.

Chapter 1811: Tumultuous Travels

Vyraak, the Dragon God, Scion of Time, should have been dead when the Primordials began to battle in the Hell forged Arena, but he wasn't.

He had sat beside a peculiar group in silence, hidden under the cloak of his misery. The group, which consisted of a white dragon, whose depths were shrouded in fog, a fiery immortal with Phoenixes dancing around his body, two mages, and five unique beings whose souls had all the dynamic radiance of mortality, yet their lifelines were so long that it was equal to a higher-dimensional immortal.

The battle in the Arena had been extremely compelling, but Vyraak was among the few who were not focused on the fight between Telmus and the Titan; it was heated, sure, but there was still an element of performance about the whole affair that he could sense.

Clearly, his intuition was not sensed by others as they cheered like carrion brought to a feast of corpses. Vyraak's hidden gaze, on the other hand, was focused on these mortals who called themselves Elythrii.

How could mortals have a lifespan of a higher-dimensional immortal? And why do I have a feeling that they are a part of this Reality, but also not?

Then Rowan came, and Vyraak fully experienced what it meant to be an ant in front of a collapsing sun.

Even before the dragon announced that they needed to flee, Vyraak was already moving. He had watched his entire universe collapse into war and madness, and he had been spending every moment of his life in combat and exploration; he knew when it was time to run.

However, he had overestimated his capabilities and underestimated the might of Primordials.

Vyraak was among the first to run for the exit points in the Arena, but when the stray bolt of power deflected from above wiped out a sizable chunk of the Arena, killing unknown billions, Vyraak had been at the fringes of the explosion and his flesh exploded from his body, leaving glowing bones behind that was rapidly turning to stone and ash under the annihilating power of a small strand of energy that fell from above.

Death came quickly for Vyraak, and of the many regrets he had, not knowing the root of the corruption he was pursuing, which hid itself deep inside his soul, was the greatest, followed by not taking revenge on all the Celestial and Demons who had crushed his universe.

The silence of death was not peaceful. It was filled with haunting specters of his homeworld who screamed at him and clawed at his sanity, screaming for absolution and vengeance.

His sanity was breaking, his ego on the edge of shattering when he saw the pale light of a moon shining in the distance, and like a drowning man, he reached for it. Vyraak thought he heard a familiar voice before the light of the moon overshadowed his consciousness.

"As much as your soul longs for rest, Vyraak, I still have need of you, but I do not take and not give in return. Dragon, Death cannot have you... not yet."

Vyraak arose from death, screaming, holding his blade.

"As I crafted my first Source Treasure, in the two hundredth million years of my toils in the Nothingness, I made my thirty-first failure. I gave them no names, since I will not wield them. This is my gift to you. Now, rise Vyraak, in my presence, Death is not your portion."

These words were familiar, but Vyraak would swear that he had never heard them before. Yet there was one thing that held his sanity in place and allowed him to focus: his blade, the Red Moonlight Blade.

It gleamed bright with the color of moonlight, but overhead, a red moon appeared as a massive red eye stretched open on Vyraak's chest.

Lazily swinging the blade to the side, the red moon overhead fell down with a scream, tearing a hole through space and time, disregarding the powerful restriction imposed on a primordial domain.

Not glancing at the chaos around him, Vyraak entered the tear in space and time, and he escaped this doomed place.

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His journey across space and time went by in a haze; after all, the journey had been through a wound that he had cut through with brute force that would definitely leave scars.

Vyraak, the Dragon God, did not fly through space and time so much as he was vomited through it. The majestic, humanoid-scaled leviathan, who had once challenged entire Hosts of Angels and Demons, was reduced to a battered figure, his wings torn, his scales dulled by the metaphysical ash of the Arena's death.

His flight was not navigated. It was a blind, panicked stumble through the screaming corridors of dying dimensions. His one guiding light was his sword.

He saw dimensions bleeding into one another, heard the echoes of civilizations snuffed out in the backlash of a battle they could never comprehend. He was a leaf in a hurricane, battered by waves of disintegrating physics and psychic shock.

Time lost all meaning. It stretched and snapped, hurling him backwards through the childhood of stars and forwards into the silent, heat-death of universes yet to be.

Consciousness was a flickering thing. He remembered the crushing pressure of the void between worlds, the chilling touch of absolute zero, the brief, terrifying warmth of a supernova as he was flung through its heart. He was not a god traveling. He was wreckage, adrift.

When the storm finally spat him out, it was into a silence so profound it felt like a physical blow.

He lay, panting, on a surface that was not stone, not metal, not energy. It was... potential. It hummed with a low, pervasive thrum that was the root of all vibration. The air was still, with an absence, like a held breath that had lasted for eons.

Something in him recognized this stillness, that corruption that had always been clawing at his consciousness like an ever-enlarging abscess had finally burst open.

Groaning, every joint and muscle screaming in protest, Vyraak pushed himself up. His claws found no purchase, yet he did not slip. He stood.

And he looked upon the Palace of Time.

To call it a “palace” was a pathetic, mortal simplification. It was a place that existed in more than three dimensions, a nexus of all moments. Its walls were woven from the shimmering threads of causality, its foundations were the bedrock of “before” and “after,” and its towers were the very pillars of eternity, stretching up into a sky.

It was both immense and intimate, overwhelming and familiar. It was the source of the river, and the river itself.

And it was familiar.

That corruption inside him, that drive that had driven him from the moment he fell into death and gave him new meaning... that drive had found its destination.

The Red Moonlight Blade began to vibrate, and he could feel a pull from it that dragged his body towards the gates of this palace.

In the distance, a massive being whose face was filled with tentacles passed over the palace, but Vyraak did not notice.

[Vyraak’s introduction can be found in Chapter 1,397, for readers who wish for a refresher on this Dragon God. I recommend rereading it. His introduction was almost 400 Chapters ago.]

Chapter 1812: The Caretaker

This palace was gigantic, greater than any structure he had seen except the Arena, and Vyraak expected that he would be hearing a multitude of noise being this close to it, but a greater part of the palace was covered in fog, leaving only the gate visible, and what was most noticeable was the silence.

A silence so deep that the Dragon God could hear his heartbeat, and the sound of it felt like a vulgar intrusion in this place of silence. Vyraak knew that what he was feeling was the sensation of being out of your depth. This was not a place for a lesser immortal like him.

However, there was no way he was turning back. The corruption in his core had become an itch so great that it was driving him to madness, and he needed to resolve it.

The shimmering black gate of liquid chronology beckoned him like a moth to a flame, and Vyraak's legs were almost moving without his intent. There were promises of answers here, and if not answers, then an end to a life of shame.

His weakness, which had led to the extermination of his entire universe, would finally be answered. He would pay the price for mediocrity.

As his steps grew closer to the gate, his blade began to heat up so drastically that he could feel a sharp pain pierce through the defenses of his palm and settle on his bones.

Vyraak did not discard the weapon; instead, he tightened his fist. The pain was an anchor stone for his consciousness. The Dragon God was a powerful Old One, but he suspected that this place was not meant for Old Ones.

Without this sword in his hand, Vyraak had no reason to be in a place like this. Of course, he knew that the maker of this blade had a purpose for it, and the corruption within him also had its purpose, leaving him stuck in the center of two titans, but Vyraak believed that his connection with the blade would break whatever hold its maker had on it.

"Stay with me," he whispered to the blade, "Whatever is to come, it is me and you against everything... To the end."

He stepped closer to the gate, and he began to sense rather than hear a dull thrumming sound coming from it. He closed his eyes to focus all his senses on this hum, as it almost felt as if the gate was trying to talk to him.

"That is far enough, traveler."

The voice was calm, conversational, and it came from directly beside him. Vyraak jerked his head around, a low growl rumbling in his chest, and the eye on his chest shining with a red glow. His batlike wings behind him spread wide and his seven tails positioned themselves like scorpions.

Vyraak had taken his battle form and was ready to rend and tear anything that was a threat to him. Focusing on the target, Vyraak was a bit surprised at his unexpected nature.

A man stood there. He was tall, dressed in simple, grey robes that seemed to absorb the ambient light of the place.

His features were sharp and ageless, and his eyes held a peculiar, weary amusement, as if he had witnessed the same joke play out across a million different timelines.

He leaned casually against nothing, his arms crossed over his chest. He did not radiate power like Rowan or the Primordials; he felt more like a function of this place. Which was

a weird way to describe somebody, but that was what Vyraak felt as he looked at this man.

“This is a private residence,” the man said, a faint smile touching his lips. “You can’t just wander in off the street. Especially not carrying... that.”

Vyraak’s growl deepened. “Who are you to bar my path? I am Vyraak, God of Dragons and slayer of the divine!” The titles felt hollow and childish, even as he spoke them. In any other place, this would be a grand announcement, but not here.

“Titles are noise here,” the man said, his smile not unkind. “Still, I am a man of culture, and I do not slap away an open hand. I am the Third Prince. A caretaker. A janitor, if you like. I sweep up the paradoxes and oil the gears of causality. This place has been kept unkept for so long, you would not believe the difficulty of my job.”

His gaze, which had been fixed on Vyraak’s eyes, drifted downward, settling on the hilt of the Red Moonlight Blade. The amusement in his eyes sharpened. “And I must say, you have brought a particularly troublesome bit of grit with you.”

Vyraak’s instinct was to draw the blade, to remind this ‘janitor’ of his might. But the memory of the Arena, of his own powerlessness, stayed his hand.

“This blade is mine. It drew me from death, and I have slain endless hosts of two Primordial Domains with it. It has been my companion for ten thousand years.”

“Has it?” The Third Prince pushed himself off the invisible support and took a step closer. His body seemed to appear in the next sequential moment of space without crossing the space in between.

“Tell me, Vyraak, God of the Dragons. In all those ten thousand years, did it ever feel... too perfect? As if it were not merely a tool, but a partner? As if it knew your desires before you did? Did it ever guide your hand in a fight, showing you a killing stroke you hadn’t considered? Did its hunger for battle ever feel... intelligent?”

Vyraak froze. The words struck with the force of a physical blow. Yes. A thousand times, yes. In the heat of a thousand battles, the blade had sung in his hand, its crimson light seeming to anticipate his enemies, flowing into gaps in their defense he had only barely perceived. He attributed it to their profound bond and his own mastery. He had called it the soul of the weapon.

“It is a sentient artifact of great power,” Vyraak insisted, but the conviction was gone from his voice. Why did it seem so easy to forget his bond with his blade when this Third Prince spoke about it?

The Third Prince chuckled, a dry, rustling sound. “Sentient? Oh, it’s more than that. It’s a splinter. A shard of a will so vast you could drown galaxies in its focus.”

He stopped a few feet from the dragon god, his eyes now locked on the blade, his expression one of professional curiosity mixed with pity and a hint of greed. “You didn’t find that blade, Vyraak. It found you. It orchestrated the entire battle with the divine that has consumed your mind for the last ten thousand years. It has been guiding you, herding you, for millennia. Nudging you toward certain conflicts, away from certain deaths, shaping your legend, all to make you strong enough, resilient enough, to survive a very specific cataclysm.”

The truth began to dawn on Vyraak, cold and horrifying, and no matter how he tried to deny it, there was no way to hide from it.

His epic life, his rise to godhood, his very identity as a warrior... had it all been a script written by another?

“The Arena...” Vyraak whispered.

“Was the final test.” the Third Prince nodded. “A stress test, if you will. This blade needed a vessel that could withstand the psychic backlash of a Primordial battle and the subsequent chaotic flight through a broken reality. A vessel that would, driven by terror and a desperate, subconscious need for answers, be drawn to the one place in all existence that its maker could not easily locate on his own.”

He took one final step and tapped a finger lightly on the dragon’s chest, right over his pounding heart.

“The Palace of Time is unplotable. It exists ‘when’ as much as ‘where’. Its location is a state of being, not a coordinate. Its master has been... absent. And in his absence, the defenses have grown rigid, predictable to one who knows him intimately. To one who helped him build them.” The Third Prince’s eyes flickered with an unknown emotion. “To find it, you need a beacon. A key. Not a thing, but a life. A life steeped in the master’s own essence, carrying a tiny, hidden fragment of his will, screaming into the void, ‘HERE I AM, COME AND FIND ME.’”

The final part of his words came out in a scream, showing Vyraak the incredible madness hiding under the calm facade of the Third Prince.

As if he was aware that his mask had slipped, the Third Prince coughed, and he looked from Vyraak’s horrified face back down to the blade.

“You are not a guest, Vyraak. You are the Trojan Horse. And that,” he said, pointing at the Red Moonlight Blade, “is the soldier hiding in your belly. My son has used you. He has turned your entire existence into a delivery system. He sent you here to knock on the door for him.”

The warmth of the blade against Vyraak's hand suddenly felt like a brand, a parasite. The companion of ten thousand years was a lie. His life was a lie. He had not escaped the Arena through his own power. He had been delivered.

He had been a pawn, a beast of burden for a power he couldn't comprehend.

A low, broken sound escaped Vyraak's throat like a whimper of a creature whose world had been unmade twice over.

The Third Prince's expression softened slightly. "The question now, dragon, is what do we do with the package?"

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Chapter 1813: It Has Been Mine

The words of the Third Prince were like a lash to Vyraak's soul; hard-earned triumphs began to seem like manipulation by a hand he had never seen.

He, Vyraak, the Dragon God, was a beast of burden. A cosmic fool. A delivery system.

His head drooped, the horns that had gored Demon Lords now pointing impotently at the non-ground. The shimmering, impossible grandeur of the Palace of Time seemed to mock him, a prize he was never meant to claim, only to deliver.

The warm, familiar weight of the Red Moonlight Blade against his side was no longer a comfort. It was a leash. The shame he felt at this moment was a physical sickness.

The Third Prince watched, his expression one of detached, almost clinical pity. He could not feel empathy, but his powerful mind understood everything that was happening down to the smallest detail, and he did not want to miss a thing.

"And so the scales fall," the Third Prince said, his voice soft, almost a whisper in the immense silence. "It is a painful revelation, but a necessary one. Surrender the blade. Relinquish the purpose that was forced upon you. There is a certain peace in accepting one's true, small place in the grand design."

Small. The word echoed in the hollowed-out cavern of Vyraak's mind. He was small. He had felt it at the Arena, a terrifying insignificance. And now this... this janitor... was confirming it. His life was a footnote in another being's story.

He saw it then, a future of profound quiet. Of laying down the blade, of turning away from the Palace, of finding some forgotten corner of a broken dimension to live out his days in the humiliating knowledge of his own irrelevance.

It would be a peace, of a sort. The peace of the defeated. The peace of a tool that has been used and discarded. But then, from the depths of that despair, a memory surfaced.

He was not yet an Old One, but a great wyrm at the seventh-dimensional level, cornered in the remnants of his dying universe by a Celestial Creator.

His fire was spent, his wings were tattered, acidic bile eating through his scales to the bone. He was finished. He knew it.

Then, a heat at his side, and a light in his heart. The Red Moonlight Blade had come to him. Knowledge that was almost instinct flooded his mind: a specific angle of attack, a microscopic flaw in the Celestial Creator's armor, a way to put all his remaining strength into ascending to the eighth dimension.

This was the day he became an Old One, and his story, which should have ended, became more.

'What have I really lost?' Vyraak thought to himself, as another memory took center stage in his mind.

He was now an Old One, challenging a mighty Demon Lord called the Sun-Eater. The demon was a vortex of plasma and arrogance, and it was winning.

It had absorbed his storms, his flames, his fury. It was preparing to finally consume him, to add his essence to its core. Despair had taken him.

The blade, again. A pulse of warmth. A vision, not of a killing blow, but of a feint, a surrender. The knowledge of how to let his own power be pulled in, to overload the Sun-Eater's core with a chaotic mixture of their combined energies. He had done it, a move that felt like suicide. The resulting explosion had scarred a hundred dimensions and left him the victor, the Sun-Eater's power now his own. The blade had not just saved him; it had made him stronger.

'What have I truly lost that has not been given back to me in full many times over?'

Not allowing the words of the Third Prince to twist his own memories. Vyraak dug deep into the ten thousand years of conflicts and the one constant that had been with him all this time.

He recalled memories of not just battles, but of choices. A whispered nudge to spare a tribe of mortals, who would later become his most devout worshippers, their faith fueling his vitality, giving him a sense of purpose outside battle.

A subtle guidance away from a path that would have led him into the territory of a Primordial's wrathful Throne. The blade had been there. Not just as a weapon, but as a mentor. A protector. A... partner.

The Third Prince saw the change. The dragon god's despair was hardening into something else. His previous enjoyment at Vyraak's mental suffering turned to wariness.

"Do not cling to the lie, Vyraak. The bond you feel is a manipulation. A sophisticated one, but a manipulation nonetheless, trust me, I have seen it happen many times before."

Vyraak's head rose. The shame was still there, a cold stone in his belly. But it was now surrounded by a hotter, more familiar emotion: a defiant, stubborn pride, one that this blade had nurtured.

"You speak of its purpose." Vyraak's voice was a low, gravelly rumble. "You lay bare the design of its maker. You call me a pawn. A Trojan Horse."

He took a step forward. The ground, which was not ground, trembled.

"But you do not speak of my purpose. You do not speak of the ten thousand years I have lived with this steel. You do not know the feel of its hilt in my claw as I faced oblivion. You call it a manipulation. I call it a covenant."

The Third Prince's eyes narrowed. "A covenant with a splinter of a will that sees you as expendable livestock."

"PERHAPS!" Vyraak roared, and the sound was a clap of thunder in the silent realm. "But it is my covenant! This 'splinter'... it brought me back from death! It taught me how to fight! It gave me the strength for my vengeance! It is the reason I lived to become an Old One! It is the reason I survived the Arena!"

His hands wrapped around the hilt of the Red Moonlight Blade. The warmth flooded up his arm, and now he was no longer viewing it as a collar; it was an affirmation of all they had become together.

This was the same warmth that had comforted him in the cold of space after his defeats. It was the same certainty that had guided him through impossible battles.

"The maker of this blade may have had his reasons," Vyraak snarled, his eyes burning with a stormy, wounded light. "He may see me as a beast, a tool, a key. But this blade... this fragment of his will... it has been mine, my companion, my teacher, my savior. I trust the millenia of partnership in my hands more than I trust the single moment of revelation from your lips!"

The Third Prince sighed, a sound of infinite weariness. “Then you choose the gilded cage. A pity. I had hoped for more wisdom from one who had witnessed the Arena and the sort of forces that controlled Reality.”

“You hoped for obedience,” Vyraak corrected him. “You are the caretaker. You wish to keep the doors closed and the floors clean. I am a dragon. I do not clean. I break.”

With a speed that defied his size, a speed honed in ten thousand battles and guided by ten thousand years of symbiotic practice with the blade, Vyraak moved.

The Red Moonlight Blade tore through the air, not giving out a sound. It drank the silence like a sweep of absolute crimson darkness, a line of anti-dawn that carved through the space between them.

The Third Prince did not try to block this. He did not try to dodge; this strike from a blade of Rowan’s making was inevitable. He simply looked at Vyraak, his expression one of resigned disappointment and a hint of profound jealousy hidden deep in his heart.

The blade passed through him.

It was not like cutting flesh or energy, more like cutting a concept. There was a sensation of severing a mathematical principle, as if a gear had been interrupted.

The Third Prince’s form split cleanly in two at the torso. But there was no blood or viscera. The two halves of his body simply... persisted. They hung in the air for a moment, then dissolved into a shower of fading numerals, swirling temporal sigils, and the faint, echoing sound of a broken clock.

A laugh echoed in the space, coming from the Third Prince who had been cut in two, dry and rustling, emerging from everywhere and nowhere.

“A bold choice, dragon!” the voice of the Third Prince chimed. “You strike the caretaker to enter the house of the master! You trust the weapon over the word! We shall see what fruit this defiance bears! I tried to warn you, to show you the truth that has been forbidden to those not of their number, yet you spat on my gift, the consequences you shall face ahead will be yours alone.”

The laughter faded, leaving only the profound, humming silence of the Palace and the heavy, panting breath of the dragon.

“It is my choice.” Vyraak whispered, “Something I am sure no Primordial will permit.”

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Chapter 1814: To Hold All Of Reality In Your Mind

The gate of the Palace of Time opened in silence, and Vyraak stepped through. He took a couple of steps forward, and although he heard no sound or did not feel any breeze blowing, he knew the gate behind him had firmly closed shut.

At first, there was darkness all around him. Vyraak gasped as the Red Moonlight Blade exploded in radiance, and the Dragon God collapsed to his knees as information that should tear his soul to nothing streamed past him.

His consciousness was suppressed to a needlepoint, and he was dimly aware that if not for the blade in his hand filtering away nearly all the information he was receiving, then he should be dead.

Vyraak did not know how long he was on his knees, in this place; time did not seem to have any meaning, and a part of him silently died when a realization bloomed inside his consciousness that he had remained on his knees for many trillions of years; however, time remained frozen.

Warmth poured from the blade in his hand, and Vyraak could feel his connection with the blade growing deeper; it was as if a part of the weapon that had not been allowed to him before had opened up to him, giving him new eyes.

He gasped as he realized that he was kneeling on the solidified echoes of yesterday. This understanding was alien to his consciousness, yet still familiar when he looked at his surroundings through the blade, using it as his eyes.

Vast, crystalline pillars rose around him, and within their depths swirled the ghostly images of empires rising and falling, of stars being born and exhaling their last light in the space of a single heartbeat.

The air thrummed with a silent symphony, the collective whisper of every moment that had ever been, each note a life, a decision, a turning point in the gigantic web that defied all explanation.

Vyraak felt a pull from the blade as if there was something in the depths of the palace that called for it. The Dragon God knew at this moment that he could let the blade go and his task was completed, but there was no way he was going to be leaving his partner behind and allowing it to face whatever challenges were ahead.

“You have taken me through death before; surely you can take me through madness.”

Pushing himself to stand, Vyraak began to walk through a palace where no Old One should.

He moved through galleries of frozen instants. Here, a single tear hung in the air like a perfect sphere containing the grief of a universe. There, a laugh from a forgotten god echoed in a loop, its joy now rendered meaningless by repetition.

Vyraak witnessed libraries whose shelves were filled not with books, instead the very experiences of beings, bound in leather that seemed made of living memory. To touch one would be to live a lifetime in a second.

There were whispers emerging from this library, and he knew that these whispers were the voices of ages, compressed from the beginning of this Reality to its end.

The sheer, crushing weight of all this history, all this accumulated existence, pressed upon his soul. His own ten thousand years felt like a single grain of sand on a shore that stretched into infinity.

He knew that if he were to remain in this library and learn, the extent of his growth would reach heights he could not imagine, but there was still more for him to discover.

This was not a place of power as he understood it. Vyraak could understand the brute force of a storm or the consuming heat of a star.

What this was is the power of context; it was the profound, terrifying knowledge that every act, no matter how grand or trivial, was merely a stitch in a fabric whose pattern was too vast to comprehend.

The arrogance of his godhood, already battered by the Arena, crumbled to dust within these halls as he understood that he was not a player on the stage; he was a flicker of shadow upon its boards.

A great archway, framed by the intertwined serpents of causality and chance, loomed ahead. Passing through it, the ambient whisper of the ages faded, replaced by a profound, focused silence.

The chamber beyond was domed, with a ceiling that was a perfect, swirling model of many dimensions, its countless stars slowly turning overhead like fireflies. And in the center of this chamber stood a table.

It was not large so much as it was all-encompassing. Its surface was made from a material of deep, polished obsidian that seemed to drink the light, and etched on the table was a map?

Vyraak was not sure because to call this etching a map was to call the ocean a puddle.

“IT IS HERE... THE MAP IS HERE!” A voice that was not his own slammed into Vyraak’s consciousness, and his mind, still reeling from the journey, was flooded with a knowledge not his own. He understood. He was looking upon Reality, not as a collection of worlds or dimensions, but as a single, living, breathing entity.

The familiar planes and spheres were there, but they were merely the visible peaks of mountains whose roots plunged into layers of existence he had never dreamed of.

He saw the Land of Miracles, which held the Tree of Life —a nexus of vibrant, photosynthetic consciousness, or so he had first thought. But this place was more; it was the body of Primordial Life itself.

Heaven opened up for him as he viewed the Celestial Domain. A realm that he knew he had to reach to find his revenge.

The Great Labyrinth, usually hidden from sight, could be clearly seen here in all its glory. It’s shape like a massive inverted golden triangle.

He saw the bleeding scar where the Celestial Arena and the Great Abyss had been, a wound that pulsed with a sickly, unstable energy. And he saw, with a lurch of his heart, the tiny, flickering ember of Sanctuary, a desperate spark against the encroaching dark.

But beyond these, the map revealed deeper truths. He saw ley lines of Fate and Destiny, thick cords of probability that bound worlds together. He saw the broken body of Time stitched across all of Reality, and its nexus was this palace.

And at the very edges of the map, the skin of Reality itself, he saw the pressure points—the places where the seven frozen faces from the void pressed inward. Here, the map was not clear. It was blurred, fractured, as if the concept of “location” itself was breaking down under the strain. Thin, spider-webbed cracks radiated from these points, creeping inward like frost on a windowpane.

All of this knowledge was new and should have driven him mad, but the warmth of the blade persisted in his consciousness, showing him truths that should not be known.

He was looking at a Singularity. This map was not an object of power, but the ultimate expression of knowledge. To hold this map was to hold Reality in your mind.

Lost in the terrifying grandeur of it all, Vyraak did not hear the approach. There was no footfall, no displacement of air.

A voice, quiet yet filling the immense silence, spoke from the shadows pooled at the edge of the chamber. It was a voice of deep weariness, a voice that had counted the fall of every leaf in every autumn since the first dawn.

“How long would you remain in the shadows, Rowan?”

The voice was not addressed to him. Vyraak froze, his form tensing. The Red Moonlight Blade at his side gave a soft, almost imperceptible pulse, a recognition.

From a deeper pool of shadow, his shadow, a figure emerged. He did not step, so much as the shadows receded from Vyraak, granting him presence.

Recognition flooded across Vyraak's mind. It was the same man from the Arena, if you can still call him a man. This was Rowan, the Killer of Primordials, standing in the heart of the domain of time.

His eyes, which had blazed with the light of dying stars during his speech, now held the deep, patient darkness of the void between them. He was looking past Vyraak, towards the source of the first voice.

The figure detached itself from the darkness near the great table. This one was different. Where Rowan was a river of potential, this being was a still, deep lake. His form was indistinct, shrouded in robes the color of a forgotten twilight. An air of profound, unsettling stillness emanated from him, like the silence of a decision perpetually postponed. He was Xyris, the Silent, Primordial Time.

"Like your sister, I have come to appreciate the view from the shadows, as it offers a unique perspective, Xyris," Rowan finally replied, his voice smooth, devoid of emotion, before glancing at the map in front of him, "One sees the whole board, sees the pieces move."

Primordial Time seemed surprised at Rowan's words; perhaps it was the familiarity that he used in calling his name. He recalled that for a moment, he and Rowan had been one.

Rowan's gaze was unwavering. "The board is cracking, Xyris. The pieces are aware of the players. Hiding will not unbreak the glass."

"And your grand entrance has helped?" Xyris gestured with a languid hand, a motion that seemed to encompass the entire map. "You shattered the old order. A necessary purge, perhaps. But in its place, you have sown chaos and fear. You have given the cracks a focal point. Your very presence is a tremor they can now follow; the end is inevitable at this point."

"They were always coming," Rowan said, his voice flat, final. "The Primordials' stagnant peace was a dam of rot and rust. It was collapsing on its own. I merely chose the manner of its fall."

"You chose a manner that rang a dinner bell," Xyris countered softly. He finally turned his head, and his eyes, the colour of tarnished silver, fell upon Vyraak. They held no anger for the dragon god's intrusion into his domain, only a faint, distant curiosity, as a mathematician might regard an unexpected variable. "And you have brought a new piece to the board. A piece with a will of its own. How... unpredictable."

Chapter 1815: The Last Honor

Chapter 1815: The Last Honor

Rowan followed the gaze of Primordial Time. For the first time since he appeared, he truly looked at Vyraak. There was recognition in his eyes, but no gratitude, no anger. It was the look a sculptor might give a block of stone, an assessment of material and potential. Rowan had picked the right person for his plans.

“The blade found a worthy vessel,” Rowan stated, his tone matter-of-fact. “It required strength, resilience, and a certain... stubborn pride to survive the journey. To find this place when I could not. This blade was forged of my flesh and Will, and very few would be able to wield it.”

The words should have been another blow to Vyraak’s pride. He was a vessel, a tool, confirmed by the maker himself. Yet, hearing it in this chamber, before the map of all things, the sting was lessened.

He was a tool, yes, but one that had been used to knock on the door of a Primordial’s house. There was a dark honour in that.

Xyris’s lips curved into a thin, bloodless smile. “So the great Rowan, who stands alone against the dying of the light, needed a dragon to show him the way home. The poets would feast on such irony.”

“The poets are dead,” Rowan replied, his eyes returning to the map, to the spreading cracks. “Or they will be, if I continue to watch from the shadows. The time for observation is over. The time for battle has begun.”

He stepped forward, towards the great table, his presence causing the swirling galaxies on the ceiling above to slow their dance.

“You have tasted my power and you know that the Primordials within Reality will fall, but the others... The question is no longer if they are coming, Xyris. It is what I build from the pieces that are left. Before I kill you, will you help me build a fortress? Or will you choose to die like the rest?”

Xyris flowered, causing the entire chamber to freeze. “You make quite some bold claims, Eos. Why would you think I would help my executioner?”

Rowan brought both of his hands to his face and imitated tentacles, a surprisingly playful gesture for a being of his power,

“I have been you, Xyris, and I know that separated from your other self, your mind is free of the madness of the Primordials. You know the right thing to do, you understand that

the Primordials no longer serve any function but destruction and madness, and a part of you mourns for whatever glory you have lost. Make it right, Xyris. I am your executioner; expect no mercy from me. This is simply me giving the Primordials a chance to stand for something after they have lost everything.”

Xyris went still, so much so that he could have been mistaken for a statue. Finally, he sighed and waved his hand. With that gesture, Vyraak vanished. “He does not need to be here for this.”

Rowan shrugged, “He was under my protection; he would have survived the weight of knowledge.”

“No, he would not have,” Xyris spoke with confidence, “You always tend to overestimate them all. He would have fallen to madness and corruption.”

“No, Xyris, I believe you all underestimate them, for without them, I will not be here. They are weak, yes, but in that weakness is a strength you can never understand.” Rowan smiled in contemplation, “A strength I would have never understood if I were not broken and made a mortal.”

“That may be true, but your core was always different from a mortal, and you might never know the truth of this statement if you use yourself as the basis of judgment. Still, I am not here to bash your belief, because in a manner, I am like you, Eos.”

Xyris pointed, and the wall of the chamber became opaque, allowing them to see through it to the other side, where a man hunched over his task was busy trying to drill his way into this chamber by using his teeth.

As if aware that he had been discovered, the man looked up, and it was the Third Prince, and even though his present state should have made it impossible, he smiled. A truly horrifying sight.

Chewing through the walls of this chamber had dislocated his jaw, giving him the gape of a monstrous snake. His lips were shredded, stretched back in a permanent, silent scream.

His teeth were gone, ground down to ragged, brown stumps level with his gums, and a few shards of enamel, like tiny, wicked diamonds, were embedded in the meat of his cheeks and tongue.

Xyris glanced at Rowan before looking back at the Third Prince, who had begun clawing at the walls with his fingers, causing his fingers to tear away from his hands, and leaving trails of blood behind.

“When my body was shattered to create the foundation of the higher dimension inside this broken realm. I swore vengeance on my siblings. Still, no matter the pain of betrayal and the pain of loss, there was an unexpected benefit: it showed me our curse – my curse.

When they saw it, that Evil, ah, the Primordials themselves fled, and they would rather kill me than face the truth that we are all lost, that at the center of our essence is nothing but evil, that Limbo has become our prison!”

Rowan’s eyes widened a bit at this revelation, “So when you were called the Primordial of Time and Evil...”

Xyris chuckled self-deprecatingly, “There was no Primordial of Evil but the curse in our blood. My siblings are blind to it; they would rather look for solutions beyond Origin and play heretical experiments with unknown abominations like you, Eos, and now they have seen the result of our hubris... annihilation.”

Waving his hand once more, the wall of the chamber went dark, but Rowan could still hear the sound of the Third Prince scratching at the walls.

“He never stops,” Xyris whispered, “This evil does not rest, and it takes all of my attention to keep my sanity. Eos, you might believe you are my executioner, but know that I also consider you my savior. I will provide you with everything you need. The Map, my position, and my Origin.”

“There is something you are not telling me,” Rowan slowly said, his eyes watching Xyris like a hawk.

A profound weariness seemed to settle into the body of the Primordial, making the twilight of his robes appear darker, deeper.

“The greatest secret, Eos,” Xyris said, his voice barely a breath, “is that there is no secret. No grand design we were hiding. Only fear. A primordial, childish fear of the dark outside the nursery door.”

He looked up, and his tarnished silver eyes met Rowan’s void-dark ones. Xyris grinned,

“I see so much of her Will inside of you, Eos. Nyxara was many things, but her madness had a purpose. She, more than any of us, was stronger than the curse, and although she could not conquer it, she managed it quite effectively.”

“We never understood the Layer Beyond Origin. We only knew it was there. A reminder that we, too, were created. And that terrified us; alongside our curse, it drove us mad. So we built our knowledge and pursue power, not to protect existence, but to protect ourselves from the knowledge of our own insignificance. You should hurry and collect my Origin Rowan, free from the taint of the curse; it will aid you more than you know.”

Rowan studied Xyris’s face for a long, long moment. The fury that had become a permanent addition to his eyes reduced, replaced by a grim, tragic understanding. He gave a single, slow nod.

“Then your purpose is served.” It seemed this was all he was going to say, but then Rowan hesitated, “You say Nyxara was the strong one, but from where I am standing, Xyris, you were stronger than her. She surrendered to her greed and fell short of her glory, but you... Your Evil stood in front of your gate, not hidden, and you could have chosen to accept it, but you did not... You fought for the last sliver of goodness in the heart of the Primordials. I was willing to wipe all existence of your names, but for you, a Memory shall remain. You are their last honor, Xyris.”

The eyes of the Primordial widened, and then he smiled.

Perhaps it was because Xyris the Silent gave himself willingly, Rowan did not need to use his Altar of Unmaking.

He raised his hand, and there was no blast of energy or flash of light. Rowan simply placed his palm against Xyris’s chest.

And Xyris, the silent, Primordial of Time, the great Observer... ceased.

His form dissolved into nothingness, becoming one with the silent, patient stone. He returned to the stillness from which he had been born.

Rowan could feel the entire Palace of Time beginning to shake, alongside the distant howl of the Third Prince. His eyes, which had a touch of pity, slowly hardened, and a hammer appeared in front of him.

Now this was a target he could not wait to kill.

Chapter 1816: The Will of Evil

The Palace of Time was no longer quiet. A hum that could barely be sensed was slowly becoming louder. This was the sound of the Origin of Time, and this entire palace was the sublimation of that Origin.

Rowan had discovered through his battles with the Primordials that they all carried multiple Origins. They had plundered many Realities before Eosah, and the last thing they were lacking was Origin.

Of all the Primordials that Rowan had killed, he had been able to harvest only a single unit of Origin Force, which was the one from this Reality. He had lost out, but he had no choice; to kill a Primordial without exhausting their Origin Force was impossible.

However, Xyris, Primordial Time, had given Rowan a gift; he had allowed himself to fade without battle, thereby preserving all the Origin Force he had.

It was important to note that technically Rowan was still an Old One, and he was deliberately stalling his ascension to the ninth-dimensional level because he was sure that once he crossed that road, any changes made to his body would become fixed, and he would be able to build only from the foundations he had made.

As an Old One, he was able to easily dominate Primordials inside Reality due to multiple factors, and one of those factors was that he also possessed Origin himself and numerous different types.

Still, each of the Origin types had only had one unit, but from what he was sensing arising from this palace, there were as many as fifteen Origin Units of Time left behind!

Granted for Primordials, fifteen units of Origin Force were nothing. Primordial Demon had twenty, Primordial Chaos had thirty-five, and Primordial Soul had eighty-seven.

It did not do much to help them, only delay their death, although Rowan was lucky that he was able to open a pathway to Limbo during his battle with Primordial Soul as he discovered that the act of resisting the pull of her main body had drained a lot of Origin Force from the Primordial, else with so much Origin Force in her body and Rowan not fully used to his new powers, then there had been a high chance that he might have lost the fight.

Fate and Destiny had been on his side on that day, and everything that followed was a result of that battle.

So, Rowan knew that for the Primordials, more Origin Force acted like a form of battery; it was most likely that their main bodies could do more with this Origin Force, but their offshoots inside Reality were not able to do so.

Every Reality was different, which meant every Origin Force was also different. The Altar of Unmaking found at the center of Primordial Soul's Origin did not come from this Reality, even the hammer came from another Reality.

Rowan was sure that the ability to utilize Origin Force for more than just batteries was possible for the Primordials, but this power had been removed from the ones inside of Reality.

But that limitation did not extend to him.

There was no telling the possibilities that could arise from exploring the Origin Force of fourteen alien Realities, but Rowan was sure that the final key to unlock his path to the Primordial Level would be found in them.

Rowan was a mutant, an abomination, but at his core, he was Eos, a Reality. His path of ascension was supposed to be different from a Primordial, yet he was harnessing both the traits of a Primordial and a Reality simultaneously.

This meant that for him, every path forward had to be laid by his own hand. He was like a man who was lifting himself up by his bootstraps.

A loud bang and a series of steps interrupted his musing, and the Third Prince finally tore his way through the walls of the chamber. He stumbled, fell, and then slowly crawled into the chamber, leaving a trail of black blood behind him.

The act of tearing through the wall had cost him. His fine robes were in tatters. His hands were a bloody ruin, the bones visible in places, as if he had been clawing at diamond walls with his bare fingers.

His mouth was a torn and bloody mess, lips shredded, teeth broken and smeared with gore. He had not walked through the Palace's defenses; he had chewed and torn his way through them.

Rowan growled in anger and irritation, "Why does it seem that I will never be done with you?"

The Third Prince grinned before he collapsed to the floor again, his body wracked with tremors, but his head lifted, and the eyes that fixed on Rowan were not tarnished silver. They were pits of boiling, hateful blackness.

"Son..." the thing rasped, its voice a wet, guttural ruin, yet dripping with mockery. "You... you actually did it. You killed the only part of us... that had any... decency. Even I was not capable of it."

Rowan did not move. His expression continuously hardened into something colder, sharper. He looked upon the crawling, broken thing, a realization that he was looking at the curse borne from the slaughter of countless Realities, or maybe something much worse.

"You were always the infection," Rowan said, his voice flat. "The fear that curdled into hatred and Evil. Xyris was the cage and you were the rot within it."

The Third Prince—or the thing that had worn his name—let out a wet, choking laugh. He pushed himself up onto his knees, his broken hands leaving smears of blackish blood on the timeless floor. "And you are the fool! You think... You have purified the temple?"

A violent shudder wracked his form, and for a moment, the skin on his torso seemed to stretch and grow translucent, revealing not bone and viscera, but a squirming, chaotic mass of darkness within, a glimpse of something slick and tentacled, thrumming with a vile, alien life. "You have only... broken the seal!"

He coughed, a spray of black fluid spattering from his ruined mouth. "We were not... afraid of the outside, you self-righteous idiot. We were containing it! We built our perfect

order... our stagnant, beautiful order... as a barricade! And you... You have kicked down the door!”

Another convulsion. A long, shadowy tentacle, slick with ichor, burst from a tear in his shoulder, flailing wildly for a moment before retracting with a sickening slurp back into the miasma within him.

The thing that was the Third Prince didn’t even seem to notice. Its mocking, hate-filled eyes remained locked on Rowan.

“Xyris held me back... with his patience, his watching... his weakness,” it spat. “But you... you with your righteous fury... your glorious purge... You have given me the keys! His death... was the final lock!”

It tried to stand, its legs buckling, forcing it to catch itself on its mangled hands. It was a body in the final stages of catastrophic failure, a vessel utterly unfit for the vile energy it contained.

“Kill me then, killer of Primordials!” it shrieked, the sound tearing at the sanity of the chamber itself. “Execute the evil twin! Send me back to the silence! But know this... my essence... the true essence of the Primordials... is not order... it is dominion. It is the will to impose our reality upon the void. And that will... is now unshackled! It will not die with me... it will spill out... and it will find new hosts... in the cracks you have made!”

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

Chapter 1817: Cleansing The Taint

Rowan knew that the words from this thing were just a final desperate attempt to taunt him. His victory could never be meaningful to a being like this, but Rowan did not care; he had learned to face nightmares and evils of all kinds.

He stepped forward, and the Third Prince shrieked,

“Rowaannnn...” the name was a curse, spat out with a spray of black-tinged spittle. “You... cut out... our heart...”

A violent shudder wracked his frame. The skin of his back stretched taut, and with a sound like tearing canvas, it split open. From the wound, thick, black tentacles erupted, slick with slime.

The tentacles were covered in barbed suckers that pulsed with a vile life, and with the way they were moving, it was as if they weren’t part of him; instead, they were using him.

The Third Prince was just a collapsing puppet for something unspeakable inside.

“You think... this is a victory? Claiming the Origin of that pathetic clown?” he gurgled, pushing to his feet. His legs trembled, bones audibly grinding with sickening cracks. “You’ve just... killed the only thing... keeping the infection... contained!”

Suddenly, the Third Prince lunged towards Rowan, aided by his tentacles that pushed against the ground.

One of the tentacles, thick as a man’s thigh, lashed out faster than thought, but it didn’t aim for Rowan’s body; it headed towards the space around him, seeking to corrupt the very air he breathed.

Where the tentacle passed, the polished floor blackened and cracked with a rot that could devour millennia in a second.

Rowan didn’t retreat from this attack. He moved inside the lash, his form a blur, and as the tentacle whipped past his head, he grabbed it.

The moment his hand made contact, the slime on its surface sizzled, and the tentacle screamed—a high-pitched, psychic shriek that felt like needles in the brain.

Rowan’s grip was like a vice, and he poured destruction into the tentacle. The slick, powerful limb withered in his grasp, turning desiccated and brittle in an instant. With a brutal wrench, he tore it from the Third Prince’s back.

Black, tarry blood, smelling of ozone and decay, geysered from the stump, and the Third Prince howled in rage and pain.

The puppet of evil didn’t stagger back but continued surging forward, his broken, bloody hands reaching for Rowan’s face.

Rowan smoothly dodged the grab and drove a fist into the Third Prince’s chest.

The impact was sickening. He was here with his main body, and his strength was something that no one in Reality could equal.

Ribs splintered inward. The thing inside the shell of the Third Prince shrieked in fury. Another tentacle, this one tipped with a barbed, bony stinger, shot from the Third Prince’s shoulder, aiming for Rowan’s eye.

Rowan caught the stinger an inch from his cornea. The barb dug into his palm, and a wave of psychic poison, images of despair, madness, and utter hopelessness, flooded into him.

Rowan smiled and crushed the stinger in his fist. The poison evaporated, unable to taint a will that had stared into the Great Abyss and decided to end it.

The Third Prince was falling apart. Chunks of his flesh sloughed off, hitting the floor with wet slaps and dissolving into puddles of black goo. The thing within was revealed in glimpses: a central, pulsating mass of eyes and teeth, and a core of absolute hatred that was consuming its host to fuel its attack.

“YOU CAN’T KILL ME!” the Third Prince shrieked, his jaw detaching on one side, hanging by a strip of tendon. “I AM THE CANCER IN THE BONES OF LIMBO!”

He vomited a stream of black acid. Rowan crossed his arms, and a shield of compressed creation solidified before him. The acid hit it and splashed, eating into the floor, but unable to pierce the barrier.

It was then that Rowan brought out the hammer he had placed by the side.

The hammer settled into his hand—a brutal, unforgiving thing. It was the tool of a final, brutal conclusion, and after consuming the death screams of three Primordials, it was becoming a potent weapon for unmaking like none other.

Rowan did not know which Reality this hammer was harvested from, but he knew he was doing their Will justice.

The Third Prince, a leaking, twitching horror of tentacles and rotting flesh, charged for the last time. Rowan met him with the hammer.

He didn’t swing for the body, but aimed for the core. The hammer descended in an enchanting arc that left holes in Reality and struck the pulsating mass of eyes and teeth within the Third Prince’s chest.

There was no explosion of light or sound, just a silent, gravitational implosion.

The Third Prince’s form was sucked inward, the screaming mouths, the lashing tentacles, the rotting flesh—all of it was violently compressed into a single, infinitesimal point of absolute negation. The black, hateful eyes widened in a final moment of shock, then were snuffed out forever.

The point of nothingness hung in the air for a heartbeat, and then, with a sound like a universe sighing in relief, it winked out.

There had been no grand speeches; he had simply eradicated a cancer that had gnawed at his bones from the moment of his birth. Rowan looked around, black blood and other, less identifiable fluids spattered across his chest. The chamber was a wreck, scarred by rot and violence.

Rowan swung the hammer to remove any stains left on it, and as he did, a wave of creation power exploded from that gesture, repairing every single damage inside the chamber, leaving everything in pristine condition.

His senses swept throughout the Palace of Time, and he began to draw it into his body, and as he was doing this, his perception went towards the table, where the Singularity lay.

Soul, Chaos, Demon, and now Time had been dealt with, leaving Memory, Light, and Life.

Rowan knew that the battle would be brutal, but he knew he had only reached this point with careful planning and preparation. He was sure of his success, but the only thing he feared was the one unexpected outcome he had not anticipated.

Chapter 1818: Make Him The Villain

In the depths of heaven, Asteraoth, Primordial Light, sat in darkness. He had sensed the tremors that erupted from all over Reality from the death of Chaos, Soul, Demon, and now Time.

His face was blank, and the thoughts that dwelled in his heart were unknown. In front of him, the first photon to ever leap from an electron waltzes around. Its presence was inconsequential in the larger scheme of things, but it did hold value and meaning to every life in this Reality, because it was a living testament to their history, and such things hold power.

Reaching across, Asteraoth snuffed it out, and then he smiled. From his beautiful face, a long black tongue snaked out to taste the last flavor of death left behind by the eradication of the first photon.

In the silence of this place, someone appeared. At the moment, he was not there. The next, he was. Elgorath, Primordial Memory, the First Cause, stood in the heart of heaven, wearing the body of the Adjudicator.

In the past, the Adjudicator had accepted the power of Light and had been somewhat submissive to its Primordial, but that time had passed, and the light of heaven flowed around Primordial Memory, he was no longer in a weaker position, the death of so many of their siblings had equalised the board, and now he was the only ally that Primordial Light could depend upon.

“You bring shadow, Elgorath,” Asteraoth slowly spoke, “Is this your answer to our doom?”

“No, brother, I bring context; everything has changed, and we need to change with it, or be left behind.” Memory gestured, a slow, fluid motion, and the air between them rippled.

The symphony of light in the depths of heaven flickered, and for a moment, a different scene was superimposed over it. The image was of Arena, not as it was, but as Primordial Memory held it: the terrifying, perfect forms of the five Primordials being challenged, the

raw, unvarnished fury of Rowan's speech, the silent, screaming unraveling of the Great Abyss, and the death of Primordial Demon.

Primordial Memory did not show the events; she made Light experience the memory of all the Primordials, with all its associated terror, shock, and the profound, paradigm-shattering realization of their own vulnerability.

All of heaven shook at the weight of these memories as a nearby constellation of newborn stars flared and died prematurely, their light turning a sickly, fearful yellow before winking out.

Surprisingly, Primordial Light smiled, "He is a storm. A chaotic, destructive force... but that is a lie. See the way he unmade the Abyss and shattered the Arena. He made sure to keep me here in heaven to counter Primordial Demon perfectly. How interesting..."

Primordial Memory frowned and then conjured another memory. "With the death of Soul, I was able to access some of her lost memories, see the history of this child, one that was hidden from us."

The memory that appeared preceded Rowan's rage. It showed a nascent Reality smothered in its cradle for the dreams of the Primordials. Showed the convoluted births and deaths of this child as he navigated a dead reality filled with the silent, grinding despair of a trillion civilizations living under the absolute, unchangeable law of beings who had grown bored and stagnant.

Primordial Memory made sure that Light felt what Rowan had felt; the immense, crushing weight of an eternity without growth, without hope, without destiny.

"Reality is dead and yet we gave these maggots a life worth living," Primordial Light asserted, "See how the remnants rebel once something shiny takes center stage. All the peace we gave them was wasted; it only allowed a poisoned viper the chance to grow."

"Rowan believes it was not peace we gave them but silence," Primordial Memory pointed out. "The silence of a garden where only one type of flower is permitted to grow. And now a weed has broken through the stone, Brother. A weed with the power to shatter the very garden walls."

Primordial Memory let the memory of Rowan's confrontation with Primordial Demon flood the space. He did not show the battle itself, but the certainty in Rowan's eyes.

The absence of rage had been replaced by the calm, terrifying resolve of a surgeon. The absolute conviction that he was not committing a sin, but performing a sacred task.

"He does not see himself as a destroyer," Primordial Memory whispered, his form shimmering with the intensity of the shared recollection. "He sees himself as a

physician... and we are the cancer. He will not stop and will come for what he believes to be the source of the sickness. He will come for us.

The light of Asteraoth's form contracted, growing denser, brighter. The plain of Light Origin beneath their feet began to crystallize, the fluid light turning to a brittle, perfect diamond.

"Then we must be the scalpel that removes him," Primordial Light coldly stated, in resonance. "We cannot reason with him, nor can we negotiate. He must be contained and used for our purpose; if that is impossible, then he should be erased."

"With what army?" Primordial Memory snickered, "He took us apart with his bare hands and has killed so many of us. Or have you not seen that direct confrontation is the one language he has proven supremely fluent in? We have to change to match his might."

With a gesture, Primordial Memory offered another memory, this one older, drawn from the deep, dusty archives of his own essence.

It was the memory of their own genesis into this Reality, the fragile, nascent flicker of their consciousnesses in the roaring chaos after the death cries of Eosah.

The memory was of a time when they were not absolute, but vulnerable, and they had to hide inside Algorith to consolidate their powers.

"We have forgotten how to be anything other than what we are," he said. "We have defined ourselves as the top of the pyramid for so long that we have forgotten the strength that lies in the foundation. We have forgotten nuance. We have forgotten... subtlety."

Primordial Light was silent for a long time. The symphony of light around them had stilled, holding a single, sustained, questioning note.

"What are you proposing, brother?" The light of his form now a focused, brilliant point, like a star contemplating its own collapse into a black hole.

The body of the Adjudicator shifted, as Primordial Memory revealed more of his true self via this shell, straining it to the limit; this body could hardly contain his excitement.

"I am proposing we remember that apart from our main bodies, we were not always supreme, we learn from the abomination. If he is the fever, we must become the immune system. We cannot be blunt with him; instead, we need targeted attacks to break his power."

He began to paint a picture with memories and possibilities, his voice a low, compelling hum.

“We do not face him on a battlefield of his choosing. We do not challenge his strength. We challenge his purpose. He fights for a future free of our corruption. So, we must make that future impossible.”

“First, we sanitize the past.” Primordial Memory showed Primordial Light a vision of historians and scribes across a billion dimensions, suddenly ‘discovering’ new, irrefutable evidence.

Evidence that painted the Primordials not as tyrants, but as benevolent shepherds who had sacrificed their own freedom to maintain a stable reality. Evidence that Rowan was not a liberator, but a mad dog, a primordial flaw who had always sought to unravel creation, and who had only now gained the power to do so.

“The death of the Abyss would be recast not as a liberation, but as the catastrophic release of every soul-destroying horror it had ever contained. We make him the villain of his own story. We turn his righteousness into a curse.”

Chapter 1819: The Toxin

The voice of Primordial Memory was heavy, like a storm; it was as if every statement he was making became truth.

“Second, we weaponize the present.”

Primordial Memory began to show his sibling the current state of Reality, and the fear and chaos left in Rowan’s wake. His intentions were clearly stated out in his Will for Primordial Light to comprehend.

They would not oppose this chaos; they would guide it. Their remaining agents, the echoes of their worship, would move among the terrified masses.

They would form cults not to the old Primordials, but to ‘Stability’, to ‘Order’, to the ‘Sanctity of the Great Design’—all subtle euphemisms for their own return to power.

They would fund the armies fighting the demonic spillage, positioning themselves as the only sane alternative to Rowan’s world-shattering anarchy.

The laughter of Primordial Memory filled this layer of Heaven, “We let him break the world, and then we position ourselves as the only ones who can put it back together.”

Primordial Light sat in silence as he comprehended the plans his sibling was presenting to him. “There is still more you want to show me,” he flatly stated.

“Of course, brother, doing this would not be enough to stop a force like him. Third, we poison the future. This would be the most subtle and insidious part of my plan. Free up your domain so I can show you the core of my plan.”

Primordial Light hesitated for a moment before giving his sibling permission to push more of his power into Heaven.

There were risks to doing such a thing, but the threat of Rowan surpassed those risks. If Primordial Memory was to display his Will for the future anywhere else outside this deeper layer of Heaven, then there was nothing stopping Rowan from detecting the fluctuation of power that would arise from it.

The first two plans of Primordial Memory had promise, and if the third was the final nail to seal the deal, this was a risk that was worth his consideration.

The eyes of Primordial Memory shone when he saw the opened permission for him to exert more of his power. Without a force like Rowan present, then he knew this would be impossible. It was a shame he could not take advantage of this and gain more power from Primordial Light, not when the executioner's blade was on all their necks.

He reached into the deepest, most fundamental layers of Memory, to the templates of existence itself, and showed Primordial Light his vision.

He proposed a slight, almost imperceptible, rewrite. A seeding of a memetic toxin into the substrate of reality. This was something only Memory could do. Previously, Chaos, Soul, Time, and Demon would have stopped him from accessing this layer of control over Reality due to its adverse effects on their domain, but they were dead.

This toxin would be a subconscious, universal bias towards order, towards hierarchy, towards the known over the unknown.

It would not force anyone to obey. It would simply make the concept of their rule feel... natural. Inevitable. Safe.

Rowan's new world of chaotic freedom would feel, on a primal level to every newborn soul, wrong. Unsettling. Dangerous.

“Do you see the beauty of it?” Primordial Memory crooned, “We make our order not to be a cage, but a cradle for their consciousness. And we make his freedom feel like a fall. Of course, he would be able to see this manipulation, but it would be too late for him to stop it, unless he decides to wipe out all life inside Reality, and from his present actions... I don't think he is able to take that step. No, instead, he would wish to fight us for our control over Reality. We are essentially forcing him away from using his strength in direct confrontation with us; instead, he would be using his heart. If he does not stop our infiltration, all life would slowly be corrupted and perish.”

Asteraoth observed the plan of Primordial Memory; this web of manipulation and psychological warfare was not the way of Light.

Light was revelation, truth, clarity. This was the way of shadow, of half-truths, of manipulated perception. It was the way of the slow death, and he liked it.

What this essentially meant was that they would be fusing their concept into the destinies of all life inside Reality. They would be letting go of their great advantage as Primordials, because they believed that Rowan would not be willing to cleanse all life inside Reality just to kill them.

This course of action was all they had left to them, after witnessing the death of multiple Primordials with no adverse effects on Reality. Even a fool would be aware that Rowan had discovered a method to hold Reality in place even after their death.

If the Primordials could not escape their Destiny, then the only course of action was to make their death so painful that Rowan would have to flinch.

“It is... elegant,” Primordial Light resonated with the Will of Primordial Memory, “It fights his reality not with a greater reality, but with a more palatable fiction. You would turn all of existence into a prison whose bars the inmates neither see nor wish to escape.”

“Is that not the most perfect form of order?” Primordial Memory replied, his voice was an echo devoid of malice, only a profound, chilling pragmatism remained. “The sheep who love the shepherd, and fear the wolf, never knowing the shepherd plans their slaughter? We do not need to defeat Rowan in a fight. We only need to make the world he fights for utterly undesirable. We make his victory feel like a defeat. We drain his cause of all its meaning.”

The brilliant point of light that was Primordial Light pulsed, considering. The web of memories around them went silent, waiting for the conductor’s next move.

This was not a battle of power against power. It was a battle of story against story. Of a remembered past against a desired future, and if there were anyone who would be able to pull it off, it would have to be Primordial Memory.

“He will see it coming,” Primordial Light finally resonated. “He now possesses the Origin of Time. He will sense the manipulation of the timeline. He will feel the rewriting of his past as soon as you begin.”

“Let him,” Primordial Memory’s whisper was the sound of dust settling on a forgotten truth. “Let him see the monument we build to his madness. Let him feel the world turning against him. Let him experience the agony of being remembered as a monster. What can he do? He can kill us. But he cannot kill the story we will have written. He is the god of ‘what is’. We will become the gods of ‘what is remembered’ and ‘what is believed’. And in the end, Memory and Perception are the only realities that truly matter.”

Primordial Light sighed, “Then I will give you the Third Layer of Heaven as your cauldron. Inside this place, you will have a barrier to block his senses. This would not last for long, and you have to take advantage of it.”

Primordial Memory grinned. “I will not fail us.”

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

Chapter 1820: Ancient Monster

Chapter 1820: Ancient Monster

Rowan returned to the castle of Algorh and then entered his Origin Land. His gaze swept through its entirety, and he was satisfied with what he saw.

Hovering above his palm were two separate Origins: the Origin of Chaos and the fifteen Origins of Time. He observed them for a while before closing his fist to keep them away.

Not disturbing the operation of his realm, Rowan merged with the unique space of his realm, and he became one with it. In this moment, he became Eos.

Describing his present state was almost impossible, but the closest words were that he became everything and everything became him.

Exchanging the body of Rowan to become Eos was like transforming from a man into a planet. His senses exploded to the limits, but he had long passed the period where he would have been overwhelmed by something like this... now it was all normal.

His position as a higher-dimensional entity was solidified, and he could no longer be swept aside by the seemingly endless tides of mysteries that the higher-dimensional realms bring.

In his body as Eos, the sensation that was most apparent to him was the desire for growth.

He had been reborn, but his birth was not fully realized because Rowan was stifling his growth. Like a fully grown foetus that was refusing to emerge from his mother’s womb, Rowan was forcefully limiting his emergence, and in the form of Rowan, he could easily push aside this instinct of growth, but as Eos, it was almost impossible to drive down this sensation.

He felt as if he had squeezed himself into a tight space made of cardboard, and his bones and joints were aching for freedom. It would be so easy for him to stretch.

Instincts could be mastered, even ones as strong as that from a Reality.

Rowan knew that this action would shatter all of Reality, exposing him to seven merciless Primordials who would devour him. Was he strong enough to fight them as he was?

Rowan felt the vibration of the Primordial Record inside him like a thunderstorm, and he smiled. He recalled the time he was a mortal and the Primordial Record had shown him what would occur if they both fused together.

In that vision, he had seen that all of Reality had ended, and he fought against the Primordials, which led to battles where he lost most of the time.

Like all the visions that the Primordial Record had shown him, there were always more mysteries behind it that could only be understood when he became stronger.

When he had first seen that vision, he was ignorant of so much knowledge about the higher-dimensional realm that his interpretation of everything he had seen was almost false.

His first big mistake was to believe that the Primordials he had been fighting were the same Primordials that could be found inside Reality.

Only with more knowledge did he fully understand that the Primordial Record was not an ordinary Singularity, and when he merged with it, then he had most likely also merged with the so-called First Creator Enoch, and that the Primordials he had battled were not the weak versions of them inside Reality but the full horrifying eldrith force waiting outside of it.

Understanding this distinction was important because it gave Rowan a baseline to judge the strength of the Primordials. Sooner rather than later, he would be fighting them, and unlike his visions, he only had one chance.

Rowan did not think what he felt for the future was fear or uncertainty. It was perhaps a deep weariness that came from fighting all your life and finally seeing an end on the horizon, but this end was so steep that despite all his losses and sacrifices, he might still lose.

“One day I shall stand before the sun and have no enemies in all directions... One day.”

But before that would happen, he needed to prepare. Although it had not been long in real time since he summoned the Primordial Record, Many things had happened in such a short while that it felt like an eternity ago.

At his present level, time felt meaningless to him, and he only had the habit of keeping it due to his past as a mortal and his children, who still kept his mind bound to the fragile dimension of time that they could perceive.

His Singularity shared its content with him seamlessly, as their bond was lacking only a single step for a complete fusion.

The first thing that struck him was his age. He had truly become an ancient monster. Although not many years had passed in real time... this was just the time applicable inside Eosah's Reality.

Rowan had long been able to carve out a piece of time for himself, and all the years he had spent inside of them were faithfully recorded by the Primordial Record.

PRiMORDiAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos (Visible)

Will Bound Name – Eulxhu — Truth

True Name: Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehhirk Wvryyrl Eerkhar.

Cosmic Name: EOS

Age: 768,876,442,695 / 999,999,999,999,999,999...

Omniversal Physique:

Infinite Titan Core

Strength Core: 43 Eos [+8]

Agility Core: 39 Eos [+7]

Constitution Core: 90 Eos [+15]

Class: Origin — Eclipsed Creator

Class Upgrade Available!

Title: Apex Omniversal Titan

Trait: Tri-Core Sigil

Reality Crown

Reality-Forged Physiology:

Passive Reality Aura

Self-Willed Existence

Wings of The Omniverse

Absolute Dominion:

Supreme Authority

Titan's Apotheosis:

Growth Beyond Limits:

Consume Realities

Evolve Adaptively

Final Form: The Last Pantheon

Weakness: Self-imposed

Aspect: Slaughter Revenant

Apocalyptic Onslaught (Berserker Perfected)

Infinite Rage:

Blood of the Slain Gods

Battlefield Possession

Lament of the Vanished Heavens (Celestial Wrath)

Divine Plague

Voice of the Dead Pantheon

Eclipse Form (True Awakening)

Reality Crush

Finality Strikes

Doombringer's Covenant

Divine-Slaying

Army of One

Judgment of the Unworthy:

Weakness (Optional)

The Last Lament

Skills:

Realm's Butcher Onslaught

Records:

ORIGIN OUROBOROS – [ORIGIN]

SERATHIS [ORIGIN]

CHRONOMANCER PRIME [ORIGIN]

Record Gained:

Black Zenith

Territory:

Origin Land

Dimensional Fabric

[First Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Second Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Third Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fourth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Fifth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Sixth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Seventh Dimension Completed – Seed?]

[Eighth Dimension Completed – Seed?]

Seed Available:

Space Origin

Fate Origin

Destiny Origin

Destruction Origin

Soul Origin

Seed Gained:

Time Origin

Chaos Origin

Demon Origin

...

Reality Skills:

Enochian Crucible — The Forge of Shattered Realms.

Core Truth:

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

Symptoms:

Bloodline of Black Zenith

Gate of The Thousand Eyes

Enoch's Rot

The Flesh-That-Is-Not-Flesh

Astrolabe of the Blind Watcher

Knowledge Well (Drowned Oracle)

Hollow Forge (The Maw That Crafts)

The Word of Enoch (The Sound That Ends Realities)

Unstitch

Graft

Silence

Reality Fabric:

The Skin of the Abyss

Astrolabe Gate

Hollow Forge

Core Abyss

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

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

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

The Lie of Your Form

You Insist on Pretending There Are Rules.

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

Voice: A chorus of dying dimensions, each word a little closer to silence.

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

The Truth of Your Form:

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

Ultimate: “The Last Word of Enoch”

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

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

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

WILL:

Will of Truth [8th Level Completed]

Will of Elder [– Divus] – Origin]

[Bahamut – Origin]

[Ouroboros – Origin]

Will of Soul Origin [8th Level Completed.]

Will of Time [8th Level Completed.]

Will of Destruction [8th Level Completed.]

SOUL ORIGIN GAINED: Undetermined

SOUL CRYSTAL GAINED: Undetermined

Note: The Dimensional boundary of Eosah is under constant strain by your presence. Apotheosis is highly recommended.

Chapter 1821: Reconsider The Path

Rowan observed the display. There was an entire layer of his power he was not accessing, fearing corruption from Enoch, despite his hard-won victory during his fusion and ascension.

His new bloodline, plus all the abilities he had gained from consuming the Will of Enoch, were mainly left unused, and Rowan was not planning to touch these abilities, not until he reached the ninth-dimensional level and participated in what he anticipated to be his final round of fusion and ascension for a very long time.

Still, this was something for the future, and he had several pressing issues that he needed to take care of. The first of those issues was to create his first Primordial, Telmus.

Although Rowan had a clear road to the ninth-dimensional level, the mysteries behind Origin could not be underestimated. In the memories of all the Primordials he had seized, there was no single one that showed them reaching Origin or any other entities reaching Origin.

Rowan was not aware of any phenomena that might occur during the process of reaching Origin, or any new complications that might arise from touching the level of the Primordials.

He would be giving Telmus a great gift, but in return, Rowan would be observing the process of reaching the level of Primordials in a controlled setting.

Inside his Origin Land, Rowan would be able to observe every single change happening inside Telmus and his surroundings, down to the minutest detail.

Any moment from now, Telmus would be brought into the Origin Land for his Ascension to the ranks of Primordial. Before then, he needed to answer a call from Death. Rowan could sense that the entity was about to call upon him in the future.

Splitting off an Incarnation, Rowan located the location that was about to be sent to him in Limbo, and he sent the Incarnation there.

®

Rowan's Incarnation tore through the space of the Origin Land and, following the direction that would be sent to him in the future, entered Limbo.

His movement was like teleportation, one moment he was inside the Origin Land, the next he was at the location, traveling past an ungodly distance that could equal him crossing all of Reality, many trillions of times over.

The amazing thing about transportation inside of Limbo is that he did not need to know where he was going to get there. The stream of information that will be sent by Death in the future was so condensed and filled with information that it could directly bring him to the place of choosing.

Rowan appeared in a strange place where there was nothing but grey—no ground, no sky, only an endless, textured neutrality that pressed against the senses.

There was no air here or any sort of atmosphere, but his surroundings were cold; it was as if it was devoid of everything, and if anyone weaker than him were to enter this place, the infinite grey of this area would drain them to nothing, transforming them into an eternal part of this place.

He thought he could hear the echoes of what had been and the ghosts of what might have been mingled in a silent, desperate communion in this eternal grey, and he suddenly felt small.

His power, which could make entire dimensions age and die in a heartbeat, felt muted here, his personal timeline a small, fragile thing against the infinite, unchanging “now” of this place.

He wondered where Death had brought him, as he had never known an eternal stillness like this that made even the void seem open.

Rowan waited for Death; he had arrived early anyway, and since this was an Incarnation, he was not in a rush. In fact, he would rather spend more time studying this unknown place; there was something that reeked of desolation here, of an ending so terrible that all memories of it were lost. It was enough to make even a god weep in despair.

He did not have to wait for long when, from the grey, a shape coalesced. Its shape was indistinct, suggesting impossible geometries and the peaceful, terrifying silence that follows the very last sound of a universe. The Beast of Final Rest, Death itself, appeared before him, and Rowan smiled.

The beast regarded him for a moment before it snorted, “You are not due yet, Rowan. Were my intentions that loud?”

Rowan shrugged, “You are the only one I know in Limbo, so I listen closely to your voice.”

“It is a strange thing,” the Beast said, “When the living become close to Death.”

“Maybe it is for others, but not for me...” Rowan said, as he looked deeply at the endless grey of this place, “...not for me.”

These two eternal beings remained in a contented sort of quietness as the Beast turned around and followed Rowan’s gaze to observe this place.

“This place...” Rowan finally said, “It is peaceful.”

“Yes, it is,” Death replied, “This is the place of my beginning. I took shape here, and it has been a while since I returned to this place. Nothing has changed.”

Rowan sighed, “Why do you call me here?”

The Beast of Final Rest did not immediately reply for a long time, and if Rowan were to use mortal years to measure the time span that he waited for this reply, then it would be counted in the millions.

“For so long I have known my purpose,” the Beast finally spoke, “but everything is changing. For the first time since I took form, I can no longer hear the call of the dead, and I did not need to look far before I knew the reason. And it was you.”

Turning eyes that transcended eternity towards Rowan, “I don’t know what you are about to do or the steps you are going to take, all I know is that it would lead to such sweeping changes across the board... so much death and destruction that even for me, my senses went numb. I am Death, yet I felt like I was being dragged to the bottom of the abyss under the tide of bodies that followed your wake. This path you are on, would you reconsider it?”

Chapter 1822: What Kills You

Rowan did not reply; he only looked at Death, letting the Beast see the conviction in his eyes that went beyond any words that could be spoken.

“Ah, I should not have asked that question. You are a special being, Rowan, but I fear your stubbornness may lead to results you cannot yet anticipate.”

Rowan grimaced, “Anything that comes... I will take full responsibility. This war over the destiny of all existence started before I was born, but I intend to end it, one way or another.”

The Beast thumped its hoof on the non-ground twice, as if in affirmation of Rowan’s words, “Well, your track record is pointing towards the right direction. I have absorbed every backlash of Destiny from the deaths of those Primordial Fragments, but you should know something... I believe one of the Primes inside your Reality still holds a faint bond with their main body.”

Rowan went still, but there was no shock in his eyes; he had long expected that there would inevitably be a problem that he would never be able to solve.

“Does this bond show the happenings inside of Reality?” he asked slowly.

The Beast smiled, “You know that is impossible. The weight of a Primordial existence is so great that anything connected with them is dragged into their core.”

Rowan knew this to be true. That would be like having a black hole with a satellite around it. Death continued speaking without pause,

“I can sense a thread of transformation linking one of the Primes inside Reality to somewhere in Limbo, which is a rather smart way of getting around the restriction that a Primordial would have with their split self.”

Rowan frowned, “Can you cut that thread?”

“I could, but that would be the same thing as ringing the alarm bell that something is wrong. The Primes inside of Reality suspect my intervention; they know I am one of the few entities who might be able to swallow the karma of their deaths and prevent it from reaching their main bodies.”

Rowan shook his head in irritation, “So, you are telling me that of the three Primordials left inside Reality, one of them cannot be touched.”

“Yes, can you handle that problem?” Death asked.

Rowan lowered his head in thought for a while before he nodded, “I can take care of the problem. I believe I already know who holds that thread of karma.” Looking up at Death, Rowan cocked his head to the side, “I don’t believe that is all the reason you summoned me for.”

“Ah, yes, of course, there is more for you to see,” Death turned its massive head, and one of the Crows of Death hanging on its massive antlers dove down with the soul of a shrieking wraith wrapped around its claws.

The crow flew towards Rowan, blinking long lashes, and Rowan realized that this Death Crow was female and was probably a powerful higher-dimensional immortal from an unknown Reality.

However, Rowan was not too focused on this Death Crow, but the shrieking wraith she was bringing to him.

Rowan could feel a wave of temporal anomaly surrounding this broken soul, and he reached forward to collect it from the crow, while looking at Death with curiosity.

Death did not reply to his quiet inquiry, and Rowan pushed forward, squeezing the soul; he disassembled it to collect all the information it had.

This was the soul of a fifth-dimensional immortal, and in an instant, Rowan thoroughly read the entire life of this immortal, and he zoomed onto two important facts.

The first was that this immortal came from his Reality, and from what he could discover, this immortal was not yet dead; he would be dying fifty-three years in the future inside Reality, but Death had been able to collect his soul even before he perished.

One of the benefits that Death had gained from eating the karma that arose from the deaths of Primordials was that he was able to exert a level of influence over Reality that had long been forbidden to a power like the Beast of Final Rest.

Rowan was not even aware of the sort of power that Death was gaining from their transaction, and he worried that he was giving a potential enemy the type of power that could destroy him in the future, but Rowan had no choice in this matter.

It might appear as if he was easily killing Primordials, but without the help of Death, he would have perished the instant he killed Primordial Soul.

Death was giving him a chance to destroy the Primordials, and even if his bargain with this entity might lead to problems in the future. He was already a drowning man, and he would clutch any sign of salvation in front of him... Rowan had no problem with this; what he had a problem with was that Death also knew this and knew that Rowan had no choice but to accept its bargain.

The second important observation from this soul was that it had been tainted. Rowan looked at Death and growled,

“Are you telling me that in roughly fifty years in the future of my Reality, this would be the sort of souls that would emerge from it?”

“Oh yes,” Death chuckled, “Memory alters the path, and Light alters the perception of the path. Their destination, however, remains unchanged; their souls still come to me in the end.”

Rowan blinked, “If you still get the souls, then why did you bother showing me the manipulations of the Primordials? You are exceeding the terms of our Agreement.”

The massive Beast shrugged, “You have given me a lot of benefits in a short period, Rowan. Is it strange that I want to help you?”

“Yes, it is strange,” Rowan smiled without any mirth in his face, “especially when you are aware that souls like this cannot be a good addition to your kingdom.”

“My kingdom accepts all, Rowan, even something as heretical as you and the Primordials.” Death countered.

“I don’t think that is the case, Death,” Rowan replied, “For so long I have been looking for the final piece of the puzzle... the reason you agreed to help me for so long. I know I brought you benefits, but is that really enough?”

Death brought its massive head down to the level of Rowan, “Choose your next words wisely, Rowan... you do not want to make a mistake you cannot back out from, not at this stage of your battle.”

Rowan continued as if he had not heard the words of Death, “Limbo, the Primordials, their unchecked slaughter across all of existence, you claim it feeds you, but you did not tell me everything... it is also poisoning you... It is killing you.”

The Beast of Final Rest roared in rage, a sound that extinguished all the life force inside Rowan’s Incarnation, but such a blow could no longer kill Rowan, and he remained still until the roar ended.

“I have grown, Death, grown in ways that beings like you or the Primordials would not understand. The mysteries that could cloud my eyes in the past cannot keep me in the dark for long. Now, let us talk about what is killing you.”

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

Chapter 1823: New Prey

At the beginning of his transmigration into a mortal body in Trion and escaping the Nexus for the first time as a mortal, Rowan was deeply aware that the most excellent tool of his enemies was deception.

They had to be deceptive, else their true form would be recognized by all, and they would not be able to hunt. Like wolves in sheep's clothing, they had to hide in order to feed.

Something horrible happened in the past that transformed existence into a realm of horror and damnation. The gods that lived above the mortals were no longer the source of enlightenment or hope; instead, they were the butchers.

Rowan had come to understand this after countless losses and sorrows, the death of his children, and the many joys he had lost along the way. He had to become a monster, think like a predator, become a butcher so he could make all that was wrong in this world to become right.

Death, the Beast of Final Rest, was a deeply complicated being, but Rowan did not need to know everything about this entity to be able to understand how it worked.

Rowan looked for patterns, tiny details that did not add up, and he noted them down. From those patterns, he built multiple profiles. These profiles were hypotheses that needed to be confirmed to judge their efficacy.

Rowan had three categories he used to separate the people in his life. The first were his children and friends; to those, he did not evaluate them like objects, and he allowed them the freedom to express themselves and be who they could be without any judgment or interference from his part.

The second were his enemies. These were the ones he had seen through their mask, or was still investigating the sort of monster they were underneath the facade.

To these categories of individuals, he did not treat with any sort of compassion, only a cold understanding that they were monsters that deserved everything bad he would be dishing up.

The last category was everyone else... he did not necessarily care about them, and so he would not go out of his way to make their lives better or worse. Like ants under his boots, their welfare was only of concern to him if he needed something from them.

This attitude was wrong, but only in a society guided by laws and justice, in a realm under the curse of the Primordials, mercy for everyone else was the ultimate path to destruction, because his enemies would take advantage of his heart.

Although he was aware of this, it did not stop Primordial Memory from taking advantage of him using his heart. Using the Gilded Maw Spell, the Primordials had laid a trap inside Rowan's most beloved children, forcing him towards Death and his drastic evolution.

The effect of that decision by the Primordials is still being felt to this day. Andar, Maeve, Lost, Eva, his Angels... so many were gone or changed.

If there were no Gilded Maw Spell, then Rowan would most likely still be at the sixth-dimensional level. He had previously planned to remain in this level for at least a million years while he slowly raised his children to the peak of the eighth dimension.

The majority of the Primordials inside of Reality would still be alive, and their dance would have continued for a long time as they slowly discover and take themselves apart in a slow orgy of violence and fury.

He would have never met the Beast of Final Rest until much later in his life, and his evolution might have become something extremely different.

Rowan was not surprised by this move from Primordial Memory and Primordial Light; they had tried it once before and had succeeded in ways they could not have imagined.

He dealt with existence using three lenses: his children and friends, his enemies, and then everyone else.

The first move by the Primordials had eradicated his children and friends. Trion was gone, his mother and sons were dead, his Angels destroyed. To the Primordials, all attachments of Rowan that held a flavor of his love had been slaughtered.

So, the first lens had been destroyed, and just as Rowan had imagined, the Primordials were going after the second lens... everyone else.

Rowan was not surprised at the move from the Primordials. He had proven to them that in a direct confrontation, none of them was his match. He had deliberately led them to this passage where they had to bring out all their big guns, else the only path left to them was death.

There was nothing stopping Rowan from actively hunting down all the Primordials immediately after he killed Demon and Time, and the only reason there were any

Primordials left was solely because Rowan knew that the game extended far beyond this Reality, and killing all the Primordials quickly would be exposing his hand.

From the moment he killed Primordial Soul, the board had shifted. The Primordials were not yet aware, or perhaps they were denying it, but they were no longer Rowan's enemies; they had become pieces on his board.

Rowan was always getting stronger and wiser, and killing the first Primordial was a signal that he had exceeded their control and was now becoming something they could not understand.

The Fate and Destiny of primordial life were already in his palm, and Light and Memory were not far off; he was only giving these Primordials the façade that they still had an element of control.

All because the game had changed. Outside Reality were the true bodies of the Primordials, with strength that he could not yet quantify, and there were other ninth-dimensional entities like other Realities, and then there was Death, who Rowan suspected may faintly exceed the ninth-dimensional level. Rowan did not yet include Enoch on this list; he suspected that this was an enemy that had long surpassed any list.

And so, from the moment the Primordials were no longer considered a threat to Rowan, at least the ones inside of Reality, his gaze naturally turned to the entity whose interference in this matter was suspicious.

And so he asked himself the first question, when he was killed by the Gilded Maw Spell and his soul sent to the Bleak Gates, where he encountered Death, was that a coincidence?

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

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1824: New Balance

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1824: New Balance

Prev ChapterNext Chapter

Chapter 1824: New Balance

What did Rowan know about Death, the Beast of Final Rest? Without thinking about it for long, the first thought that entered his mind was... thief. Yes, thief.

Rowan was born with dominion over the soul; it was his birthright and the power he had earned by his efforts over the years.

Over the years, he had claimed a lot of soul, and their Origin remained with him; their essence and energy were seen as the fair exchange for safeguarding the most precious part of an individual's life.

After learning and understanding that all the Soul Origins under the dominion he controlled went to him, Rowan had carried out his task with all the importance a position like that necessitated.

It was upon his death that he had figured out that a part of the souls that died within Reality and all Realities were taken by Death. Its crows patrolled throughout Limbo, and they harvested every soul that was not nailed down.

Rowan did not pursue this investigation for long when he discovered it. He recognized that he was far too weak to question the methods used by Death, and like all the powerful entities Rowan could not challenge, he began to study this entity.

The first conversation he had with Death, this entity had been studying him, but Rowan was also studying Death; every word he said, every phrase, his intonation —everything was carefully examined to pick out even the smallest detail.

Rowan had questioned Death about the Primordials. He had wondered why such ravenous jackals were left to consume all life in Limbo with little to no consequences, and Death had replied that everything came to him in the end, and it did not matter if they were Primordials; in the end, one day they shall also come into his embrace.

Its words had been, “What they want does not matter. You mistake the actor for the stage. They slaughter, I observe. They rage, I wait. Even Primordials tire, even the greatest dealers of destruction falter. When their fire gutters out, I will be the silence that follows. This is inevitable.”

Rowan had not believed those words; he knew of the virulent appetites of the Primordials, and for such supreme entities, it was impossible for them to lie down and die when the feast was over.

They were evil, yes, but the Primordials were not mindless. If Rowan could recognize that one day in the future, when all Realities had fallen, then their fate would be to meet Death at the end... an entity that they had spent countless eternities feeding.

Rowan had no way to counter the words of Death, not at that moment. He had many thoughts that would invalidate the words from this entity, but he chose to remain silent and watch. He was the Will of Truth, and one thing he knew about truth was that it was inevitable.

Still, the Seed of wariness had been planted in Rowan's heart, and he began to shift Death towards the lens of enemy.

To test the profile that Rowan was making for Death, he offered up one of his greatest secrets, which was the layers of his Dimensional Flesh.

Rowan was able to seed multiple Origins in his flesh, thereby he could become the first Primordial with multiple Origins, and it was all due to the talents of his dimensional flesh and his inheritance as a Living Reality.

Giving Death the option to take one part of his dimension was equal to Rowan relinquishing a part of himself to Death. Rowan had a hint of what he was offering to this entity; in essence, he was telling Death he could make it a Primordial. The Beast of Final Rest could have another identity, the Primordial of Death.

If Death had accepted, Rowan would be losing one part of himself forever... but Death did not.

Rowan had offered this entity a chance to have an Avatar with the power of a Primordial, and coupled with the dimension controlled by the Beast of Final Rest, this Primordial of Death would become extremely powerful when it began feeding on the Origin of Death that had polluted Limbo.

However, Death rejected Rowan. There should have been no reason for his rejection, but it did, and that drove Rowan's profile towards an inevitable conclusion.

When Primordials fed on a Reality, they could harvest only the essence that was linked to their Origin; the rest was wasted. The seven Primordials worked together to feed on a single Reality because it was far more economical to do so.

Each of them would take what they needed from the Reality, and what was left was dispersed into Limbo, where it was most li

This was the destination of so many Origin Force, but the Origin of Death was unique.

From understanding Eosah and her journey from her birth to her death. The Origin of Death was instinctively rejected by all Reality, and this made the concept of Death inside Eosah to be non-existent.

Death only entered Reality when her children peered outside the Nothingness and saw Limbo, thereby understanding and bringing the concept of Death into Reality.

What this meant to Rowan was that the Origin of Death was not being willfully collected by any Reality, and one of the methods that Primordials infiltrated any Reality was to introduce the concept of Death into that Reality.

With his present level, he could see that one of the poisons that was transforming Limbo into an environment of horror was the dense energy of Death that had filled it. So much Origins of Death was floating around that it was almost impossible to detect it.

Why would Death reject this potent source of power? Rowan could imagine that if a Primordial of Death were to be born, then the power they would gain from just draining all the Origins of Death lying around since the Primordials started butchering Realities would make them one of the most powerful beings in all existence.

Death rejected that deal and gave Rowan another. It said that if Rowan were willing to continue his battle against the Primordials, it would aid him in shielding the karma of their demise by consuming it... that was its only request.

Before meeting Death, Rowan had been looking for ways to bear the karma of killing a Primordial. His entire experiment with the New Light and the Primordial Beasts was to find methods of holding Reality in place while he replaced the pillars.

Rowan had been skeptical of Death's intention, but he allowed it to happen. Using Noctis as a channel to Reality, he began feeding Death all the Karma of the Primordial's passing, and as he did, he was looking for the reasons why Death would choose this option instead of selecting the option of being a Primordial of Death...

Now he knew the reason. Death was dying... and becoming a Primordial of Death would not save it. It had to become more.

The acts of the Primordials destroying Realities did not mean Death could eat without consequences. The methods used by Primordials when they fed on Realities were similar to a poisonous creature killing its prey and eating what it wanted before moving on.

The remnants of those prey reach Death, but their poison remains inside them. Death took all those souls, and he also took their poison, and at first, it did not bother this entity; it even reveled in an existence where it could feast without holding back... But its greed was its undoing.

The Primordials might fall in the future, but it was unknown who would be the first to perish.

Death hated the Primordials as much as it needed them, and there was no way to change this balance... until Rowan arrived.

[Prev Chapter](#)[Next Chapter](#)

Chapter 1825: A New Agreement

Rowan might not have fully realized his potential when he had seen Death for the first time. He suspected that Death must have seen a hint of it, but it could not be sure, and like Rowan was testing Death to build up a profile in his mind, Death was also doing the same to him.

Rowan possessed the dual traits of a healer and a killer; he could destroy as well as create. And this was a trait that was incredibly rare in the higher-dimensional levels.

Any random god could create or destroy, but comparing what they could do and what Rowan could accomplish was like comparing a firefly to the moon.

A Reality represented the limits of Creation, while the Primordials represented the limits of Destruction. For two of these supreme limits to not only combine but were also enhanced in a single form was impossible... yet Rowan was showing promise for such a thing, and so Death... tested him.

This was how the game began, between Rowan and Death.

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The cold breath of Death washed over Rowan, “Choose your words wisely, Rowan. I could forgive your ignorance in the beginning, but after our Agreement has been made, there is nothing stopping me from pulling back my support.”

Rowan’s smile vanished, and his words turned cold, “You have eaten the karma of the Primordial’s destruction, and I have eaten their souls. I have seen the face of destruction, and I know the harvest that they bring to you is poison. You showed me a soul collected from my Reality, but I know this is nothing.”

Rowan gestured, and he pulled a soul seemingly from thin air, showing it to Death. If the shrieking wraith had been made mad by the manipulation of the Primordials, what he was holding was madness itself.

The eyes of Death became focused on this new soul, and Rowan could practically feel the shock radiating from the body of this entity.

Rowan was holding up a soul that was humanoid primarily, except for the fact that it had several arms, but what made this soul special was due to the fact that it did not emerge from his Reality or Eosah’s.

This soul came from a different Reality!

Death whispered, “How did you acquire a soul from Eshalon?”

“That does not concern you,” Rowan said, “What you should know is that I have read these souls like a book, and I know this is what the Primordials have been feeding you.

They do not give you lives or stories honestly told. They send you obedient, hollow things, their potential stunted, their will broken before it was ever formed. They send you a universe of perfectly identical, silent stones, instead of a chorus of unique and glorious songs ending in a final, resonant note. Have you ever seen the true light of a mortal's soul? Have you ever glimpsed such beauty?"

Death shook in anger, as something terrifying took over its voice, reducing it to a hiss, "Have you broken our Agreement, Rowan? Do you threaten my sovereignty?"

Rowan swept his hand to the side, "I threaten nothing, I only state the fact. The Agreement made with you was born from deception, but I understand the necessity of it. I was a weaker party, and the pieces I had to play with were weak. I overextended my weaknesses and undersold my strengths."

Rowan tossed the broken soul towards Death and continued speaking, "A new Agreement needs to be reforged between you and me. The previous foundation of our Agreement was rotten."

Death growled, a frightening sound from a Beast like it, "And if I refuse?"

Rowan smiled and dismissed the Incarnation, leaving only his voice behind, "Then you shall know the fear of me."

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Inside the Origin Land, barely a minute had gone by, but the Incarnation of Rowan sent into Limbo to talk with Death had been there for hundreds of millions of years, following the flow of time in that area.

Rowan had multiple incarnations in various parts of Reality and outside of it, experiencing the flow of time in varying amounts. Still, his central core was powerful enough to hold all of these scattered flows of time without any issue.

He blinked as he considered his interaction with Death. His actions had been incredibly risky, but Rowan believed it was worth it.

After acquiring the fifteen Origins of Time from the dead Primordial Time, Rowan began to explore its complexity, and it was already bearing fruit.

A lot of the words he said to Death could only be possible because, for the first time, Rowan had the freedom to fully understand the Origin Force of another Reality.

The first Origin Force of Time he was deciphering came from a Reality called Eschalon, and he was not surprised that Death would recognize it. This Reality was destroyed twelve million Cosmic Eras ago, and there should be no reason why anything of it should remain.

Except that Primordials kept the Origins of the Reality they destroyed linked to their Aspect, and Rowan was able to acquire it.

The true magic happened when Rowan controlled multiple Origins, and one of these Origins was the Soul Origin.

Time and Soul were linked, and from the Origin of Time, Rowan could harvest the echoes of the souls locked inside it. If he had access to the Origin of Memory, Rowan suspected that he might not just be able to harvest the echoes of these souls; he might fully resurrect them, essentially stealing them away from Death.

With these multiple Origins now showing Rowan a glimpse of fifteen different Realities that had been destroyed in the past, Rowan could use them as a guide to understand the mysteries of Death.

Perhaps he had just made a terrible mistake, but Rowan knew that continuing with their present Agreement would be a greater mistake. Even if he was not a match for Death with his present powers, Rowan was not an easy opponent to eradicate at will, and it would shed a pound of flesh if it decided to go against him, even if he lost.

Going through his actions one more time, Rowan shrugged. 'What will be, will be.' Instead of worrying over what would happen with Death, he should be preparing for Telmus's elevation to the ranks of Primordial... this would give him more essential data he needed for his actions ahead.

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

Chapter 1826: Welcome To My Home

The transition from the living castle of Algorh to another place should be jarring to Telmus, a nascent Primordial; his senses could practically touch all the edges of Reality, and if he wanted, he could reach anywhere almost instantaneously.

However, this place he was heading to was not anywhere inside Reality, and when the tear in space appeared before him that shimmered like liquid time, Telmus did not hesitate before he stepped through.

He thought that this portal looked like an eye. This was the last thought in his mind before a wave of unrelenting power washed over him, and for a moment, he was blind as his senses were overloaded.

It hurt, as if his raw nerves had but the pain was nothing when he could feel his body adapting under this baptism of fire.

Telmus barely felt a ripple behind him under the unrelenting tides of power that threatened to burn out his soul, but he could instinctively feel the pulse of his daughter's heart. That naughty girl had followed him.

It took a while before his senses could come back online. Like staring directly into the sun, he could have shut his eyes and slowly adapted to the brightness, but where was the fun in that?

A while later, he could feel the warmth of his daughter's hand in his own. She was squeezing tight, and he could feel the blood and Will flowing through her veins from the tightness of her grip... and Telmus could tell that she was scared and in shock.

His senses that had been previously overwhelmed by the strangeness of this new place, but when he felt his daughter's fear through his palm, everything was driven away by sheer focus, and a billion sensations became one... sight.

He saw only her glowing skin and flowing white hair that blew across her face, carried by a breeze he could not feel. Her face, which resembled his own and that of his wife, was focused in the sky, with eyes wide like a deer held in place by the gaze of a dragon.

Telmus's mind was brought back to the moment when she was eight and he had brought her out hunting, armed with only a staff to face a foe a hundred times stronger than she was... She had the same expression on her face as she had now, and Telmus knew what he needed to do.

Bringing up his left hand, he gently flicked her on the nose, breaking her out of the spell that held her in place. She shook and her eyes filled with fear and astonishment, turned to him, and he could see recognition slowly coming into her eyes, promptly followed by a growing wave of irritation, and Telmus, being who he was, decided to push her buttons further,

"Shake out of it, why are you scared, there should be nothing.... What the hell is this place?!"

Telmus, who had been intending to tease his daughter, glanced ahead, and he was nearly driven speechless.

His senses that had been focused on his daughter alone exploded in scope as he drank in the sight of a new Reality.

He drew in a breath, and what flowed into his lungs was life... so profound and lush that he was nearly struck dumb.

Telmus saw that they stood at the edge of a forest where the trees were not merely tall; they were aspirations.

Their trunks, wider than continents, were woven from silver-bark and jade-leaf, rising in perfect, harmonious spirals until their canopies created a second, shifting sky of emerald and gold.

The air itself was a living, breathing entity, Ether. This knowledge slammed into his consciousness like a brick.

A shimmering substance that was the raw stuff of possibility. With every breath, Telmus didn't draw in air, but inhaled concepts: the sweet taste of unconditional peace, the thrilling potential of a yet-unwritten saga, the dizzying sensation of a dimension with seven spatial axes.

Ether brushed against his consciousness, tasting his essence of Defiant Ascension and reflecting it back in pulses of vibrant, approving light.

His gaze, drawn upward, beheld a heaven that defied all logic. There was no single sun. Instead, six immense, parallel lines of pure radiance flowed in a slow, eternal circuit across the velvet-black expanse.

His new omniscience as a Nascent Primordial was working at a feverish state to decipher everything he was witnessing. These lines... they were the Origin Ouroboros.

These creatures could be seen as the fundamental forces of creation and destruction.

But their light was not the only source. Brilliant stars that shone with a profound, healing light, in countless numbers, poured their light across this Reality, and Telmus knew there could never be sickness or true death in this place.

These stars crafted by Prime from the chaotic "eyes" of the conflict burned with annihilating power at their core, yet shed a gentle, healing light.

The world beneath the stars seemed to sing, the very leaves on the impossible trees glowing with intensified life, the breath of Ether thickening with raw, creative power.

Telmus looked at the ground and found soil richer than any dream. Vines that glowed with their own inner light. Waterfalls of liquid light and cohesive mist cascading down glorious spires, feeding rivers that sang as they flowed.

And then he saw him, and he knew why his daughter had been enraptured.

In the distance, seated in the center of a vast, mirror-calm sea of obsidian that reflected the radiant heavens, was Rowan.

The Apex Omniversal Titan was so immense that the sea, the Wound Sea, reached only to his waist. But it was not his size that stole the breath from Telmus's lungs. It was the life that teemed upon him.

Rowan's hair, a vast, tangled wilderness of time and power, had become a nesting ground for birds the size of mountains.

Not dozens, not thousands, but billions. Their feathers were made of solidified music, and their synchronized movements created a soft, harmonic thunder that was the baseline of this world's symphony.

As Telmus watched, a flock of these colossal beings took flight from Rowan's head, their destination a pair of magnificent, intertwined trees that grew directly behind him—one of burnished gold, the other of deep obsidian, a monument known as the World-Sigh.

Below the water's surface, Telmus's enhanced perception could sense it: countless other lives that made the deep their home.

Across the land were similar creatures, crystalline stags that moved with the silent grace of Death itself, motelike spirits, and creatures of gentle light that had made Rowan's submerged form their home, their homes thriving in the immense, peaceful energy of his presence.

There were also things that Telmus could barely see. A crown floating over Rowan's head that was almost impossible to describe and wings that hovered behind him... so massive they did not seem real.

A profound humility, mixed with a terrifying, exhilarating awe, washed over him. Then he saw the Archai who stood before Rowan, and he felt what he believed to be fear for the first time in his life.

He took a hesitant step forward, the living Ether parting before him like cool silk.

"Welcome to my home, Telmus and Staff," the voice of Rowan rumbled.

Chapter 1827: The Ebon Host

Rowan watched Telmus and his daughter overhead with a fair bit of amusement as they looked around his realm, and they saw the echo of him that was left in the past.

Because he had spent so long sitting in one place when his Origin Land was recreated around him, and he unleashed substantial energies of creation and destruction in this place, Rowan had left a stamp upon his realm, an echo of his presence that was so real, even Telmus could not discern that the Rowan he was acknowledging was a memory of the past.

His amusement largely stemmed from his memory welcoming Telmus and initiating a conversation with him, and so Rowan waited to see how long it would take Telmus to realize that he was talking to a memory.

After watching for a while, seeing the way his memory was able to perfectly interact with Telmus while showing him around the realm, Rowan figured out that it was impossible for Telmus to discover he was talking to a memory, at least not when he was inside the Origin Land.

An advantage of having a Territory was abilities such as these that enhanced the inmate domain of an individual, and in the case of Rowan, that domain had become so potent that it could deceive a Nascent Primordial. In essence, if he wanted, his memory alone was enough to kill a Nascent Primordial.

Deciding that his memory was more than enough to handle Telmus, Rowan began preparing the realm for the ascension of a new Primordial.

The shell of his Origin Land was strong, but it might not be able to withstand the fury of a Primordial's ascension, plus there were a lot of fragile lives inside his realm, and the storm of Telmus's ascension would scour this realm clean.

This fledgling paradise, with its singing rivers and mountains of light, was not yet ready to withstand the raw, chaotic storm of a Primordial Ascension, especially one born from the chimeric consumption of the Demon. Telmus's transformation would not be a gentle bloom like the Genesis Moss; it would be a tectonic upheaval of soul and essence, a violent rebirth that could shatter the fragile new harmonies.

With a thought that resonated through the very roots of the reborn Origin Land, Rowan turned his focus inward, to the deepest, most foundational strata of the realm.

This was not the vibrant surface, teeming with life, but the profound substrate below, the realm of unformed potential, the silent, pressurized bedrock of his reality, close to the heart of Eos.

Only in this place was he assured that he would be able to channel all the power necessary to suppress the tribulation of a Primordial

He did not travel there physically. His consciousness, vast as the sky above, simply descended. The kaleidoscope of life and light faded, replaced by a profound, humming darkness.

This was the core of his realm, a place where only his Bloodline Avatars could reach. Here, the concepts of 'forest', 'sea', and 'sky' had not yet been pulled from the formless whole. Here, the Ether was not a shimmering mist, but a dense, viscous ocean of raw possibility, silent and waiting.

And here, Rowan began to work.

This was not creation as he mostly did it, but an act of supreme architecture, of brutal, precise cosmogenesis.

He did not build. Rowan defined.

His will, the focused intent of the Apex Omniversal Titan, became a scalpel of absolute causality. With a silent, psychic might that would have vaporized dimensions, he cut.

A profound feeling of pain that was different from being hurt by any weapon swept across his consciousness, and Rowan suppressed his body so he did not shudder. If he did, the land above would be destroyed by earthquakes so powerful that they would shatter the stars above.

He was separating a swathe of this foundational potential from the whole of the Origin Land, and an act like this would cause him enormous pain. It was like surgically isolating an organ for a specific, dangerous procedure.

He was willing to provide the best environment for Telmus to ascend, but if, for any reason, something went wrong, Rowan had to be prepared to cut out this space from his body.

The space he carved out was vast, a hollow sphere of absolute neutrality a thousand times larger than the world Telmus had just left. Its boundaries were not walls, but the sheer, impassable cliff-face of Rowan's own will, insulating the nascent paradise from what was to come.

Within this colossal, hollow sphere, there was nothing. A perfect, silent void, a blank canvas awaiting its first, violent stroke of color.

Rowan provided it. Into the absolute center of the void, he placed a single object.

It was a spear. Bleeding Edge.

This weapon had a profound history. Made by Primordial Demon to herald the destruction of an Eternal Realm and the end of the Primordial Era, this spear was given to a Demon Lord, and it fell into the hands of Thenos, but Rowan was able to claim it by the sacrifice of his Reflection, and from that moment, he has been nurturing this weapon.

With all the battles happening, it was easy to forget that Rowan was a supreme craftsman, and in the depths of his Origin Land, for countless years, Bleeding Edge had been quietly nurtured. For the moment, it would shine once more.

To call it a weapon was to call a supernova a spark. For Rowan, this weapon represented the conceptual embodiment of Defiance, and over the years, he had been making upgrades

Its haft was now forged from the petrified spine of the Arbor Mentis, a Tree not found in his Reality or Eosah's but plundered from the depths of Primordial Soul's Origin.

The head was not metal, but a shard of solidified Annihilation, harvested from the core of his Slaughter Revenant Armor—a substance that actively consumed all light, all energy, all hope that came near it.

This spearhead was a sliver of absolute ending, a promise of a final, silent no. Yet, where the haft met the head, a single, perpetual flame flickered—a tongue flame, taken from the remains of the Lost Flame, representing the indomitable will to rise again, the core of Defiant Ascension.

The spear pulsed with a low, dangerous thrum, a heartbeat of absolute contradiction: the will to endure, married to the power to unmake.

Rowan did not think the name Bleeding Edge suited this weapon anymore, but to rename it would be a Fate he would leave to the wielder.

At the moment, this could be seen as the most powerful weapon he had ever created.

Satisfied with the weapon, he reached into the memory of the slain Primordial Demon, into the very essence of martial order and infernal hierarchy that Telmus had consumed.

He did not summon demons. He did not conjure angels. He reclaimed something that had been forgotten from the raw materials of their conflicting natures. The purified essence of the Gilded Maw Spell... His Demonic Angels, now reborn into something new.

As he was upgrading the Spear, the Demonic Angels that surrounded and worshipped it for a profound purpose were also remade. The spear was a conduit to their new power and form, and they surrounded it, eternal guardians.

From the swirling, formless potential of the void, figures began to coalesce. They stood a thousand feet tall, their forms androgynous and perfect, carved from living obsidian that seemed to drink the non-light.

From their backs erupted wings, but these were not the soft feathers of doves or the leathery membranes of bats. They were forged of blackened, shimmering steel, each feather a razor-sharp blade, and when they stirred, the sound was soft, reminding Rowan of the deadly ring of a thousand swords being slowly unsheathed.

Their faces were hidden behind helms of seamless, polished jet, featureless save for the single, vertical slit where a visor would be. And from that slit shone a pinprick of the same annihilating power that tipped the central spear. To look into that slit was to see the end of your own story.

These were the Ebon Host. Demonic in their absolute, ruthless purpose and their connection to the annihilating spear. Angelic in their perfect, unwavering forms and their sacred duty.

Rowan looked upon the last of the children from his previous self, who, like him, had changed and transformed into something new and terrible.

He sighed and then imprinted their purpose directly into the core of their being, a single, burning command that was their reason for existence.

“Guard. Protect. Ensure the Ascension. Let nothing, from within or without, breach this sanctum. Your master comes. He is the vessel of the power you serve. His success is your only truth.”

As the last of the Ebon Host took its place, a perfect, silent legion of ten thousand standing in concentric circles around the thrumming spear, Rowan’s own form finally manifested within the sphere, a figure of concentrated, absolute authority.

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

Chapter 1828: I Shall Not Keep Them Waiting

“Haaah..... Fuuuuh...”

Telmus took in long, deep breaths, and he had never felt so strong. The energy here, Ether... it was so potent that it was almost impossible to describe.

“Haaah.... Fuuuh...”

This enormous field of power that dwarfed anything he had ever known was everywhere around him, and he could not imagine what it would be like to wield such power effortlessly.

A subtle shift in the Ether drew his attention. The shimmering substance of potential around him stilled, then parted, as the immense form of Rowan, seated in the sea, turned its cosmic regard upon him, like a sunbeam narrowing to a laser point.

“It is time, Telmus.” Rowan’s voice was a truth that manifested directly in Telmus’s mind, calm and immense as the ocean he sat in. “The realm is prepared. Your crucible awaits.”

Telmus felt a tremor run through his chimeric form. The consumed essence of the Primordial Demon stirred within him, a coiled serpent of martial pride and ancient power, sensing a coming trial. “I am ready,” he said, his own voice a multi-tonal rasp that seemed crude in the harmonious air.

“Follow the path,” Rowan instructed.

Ahead, the very substance of the paradise began to change. The singing rivers of light diverted, the forests of silver-bark leaned away, and a staircase of solidified shadow descended into the ground. It was a path leading down into the foundational layers of the Origin Land.

Telmus turned to his daughter, Staff, who had been standing a few paces behind him, her form still holding a faint sorrow. Her face that had previously been stalwart now held anxiety.

“Father,” she whispered, her voice the sound of a wind-chime in a gentle storm. “Must you do this? Here, there is peace. We are safe. Why risk it all again?”

He reached out with his right hand, a rather clumsy gesture with his new, powerful form, and cupped her cheek.

The contrast was stark: his hand, mottled with stolen power and capable of shattering worlds, against her face, which seemed as fragile as spun glass.

“Staff,” he said, his voice softening, the many echoes within it quieting to a single, paternal tone. “This peace... it is a beautiful dream. But it is a dream built on a foundation that is still cracking. Rowan holds the line, but he cannot hold it alone forever. The things we saw at the edge of the void... they are still there. Pressing.”

He looked from her fearful eyes to the idyllic landscape. “I was given a power, daughter. A terrible, hungry power. I could use it to hide here, to be a guardian of this one, small paradise. But that is not what this power is for. It is a power of ascension. Of defiance. It is meant to grow, to evolve, to meet greater challenges. To hide it away would be to betray its very nature, and to make us hypocrites in this sanctuary.”

Tears, like tiny droplets of liquid sapphire, welled in Staff’s eyes. “I just got you back. After the Arena... after the possession... I thought I had lost you forever. Now you walk into another abyss.”

“This abyss is of my own choosing,” Telmus said firmly, though his heart ached. “The last time, I was a pawn. A vessel for a will not my own. This time, I step forward with my eyes open. This is my defiance, Staff. Not just against our old enemies, but against the very fear that would have me stay small and safe. I defy the notion that we must cower in the light. I will become part of the light that pushes back the dark.”

Telmus reached with his other hand and manifested his blade. With a twist of his Will, he transformed it into a staff.

“I don’t know why you picked the name that you did, but it represents your vision, do not change it.”

He pressed the staff into his daughter's hands. "This was the symbol of my old life. My life as a leader, a father, a warrior. I give it to you. Keep it. Remember that man. But do not wait for him to return. The being who emerges from the deep... he will be something else. Something more. And he will fight for you, for this place, for all places, with a strength that old me could never have imagined."

He pulled her into an embrace, his arms encircling her in a protective cage of love and resolve. She clung to him, her eyes flickering with grief and a desperate, proud love. "Come back to me," she whispered into his chest.

"That is my only promise," he replied, his voice thick. "I will always find my way back to you."

With a final, lingering look, he released her. Turning his back on the peace and the sunlight, on his weeping daughter, he began his descent down the staircase of shadow.

Each step took him further from the world of life and deeper into the realm of raw potential. The hymn of the paradise faded, replaced by the profound, humming silence of the depths.

The descent felt as though it lasted for an eternity. When he finally reached the bottom, he stepped out into the colossal, hollow sphere Rowan had carved from reality.

The sight that greeted him stole what remained of his breath, and his omniscience nearly combusted from delivering the truth of things to his consciousness.

He stood in an infinite, neutral space. And at its center, dominating everything, was a spear... the Spear.

It was a paradox given form, half of petrified grief, head of devouring annihilation, and that flame, that was so beautiful and felt so dangerous.

At the moment, the spear was the most terrifying and beautiful thing he had ever seen. It called to the consumed essence of the Demon within him, to his own stubborn will to survive, to the very core of what he was becoming.

And surrounding it, in perfect, silent concentric circles, was the Ebon Host.

Ten thousand demonic angels, their obsidian forms radiating a chilling, sacred purpose. Their blade-wings were perfectly still, their featureless helms all turned inward, towards the spear.

They did not acknowledge his presence and resembled statues of waiting violence.

A figure manifested beside him. Rowan, in his more concentrated form.

“This is your crucible,” Rowan said, his voice echoing in the vastness. “The spear is the anchor of your domain—Defiance. It is the ‘no’ shouted into the void, the will that endures past all reason. It is the power to break, and the spirit that refuses to be broken. My Reflection endured countless trials to build upon this foundation.”

He gestured to the silent legion. “And they are the Ebon Host. Forged from the martial order of the Demon you consumed and the unwavering purpose of a sacred duty. They are your first and most loyal servants. They are the unbreakable will you must possess, given external form. They are my gifts to you... for when you succeed.”

Telmus stared, overwhelmed. “They are... perfect.”

“They are necessary,” Rowan corrected. “Despite the walls of my Origin Land, your ascension will be a beacon to every hostile power in Reality and outside it. Memory, Light, and Life will sense it. The echoes of the slain Primordials will wail in envy. The things outside the walls will hear the tremor of a new Fundamental being born. To prevent all of that from happening, the Ebon Host is the wall that will give you the silence you need to conquer the war inside yourself.”

He turned to face Telmus fully, his expression grave. “The process is simple to describe, and impossible to endure. You must fully integrate the power you have consumed. You must wrestle the ghost of the Primordial Demon for supremacy. You must take the countless bloodlines and talents you have devoured and forge them into a single, cohesive, new law of reality: the Law of Defiant Ascension. You will be unmade to your very atoms, and you must will yourself back into existence, greater than before.”

Rowan placed a hand on Telmus’s shoulder. The weight was like a mountain, but it also served as a steadying anchor. “I can give you the stage. I can give you the guardians. But the performance... the agony, the ecstasy, the sheer, stubborn will to exist... that is yours and yours alone. I will be watching, but I cannot intervene. To do so would break the sanctity of this space and render your ascension flawed.”

Telmus looked from the terrifying spear to the silent, waiting Host, and then into Rowan’s ancient, weary eyes. He saw no guarantee of success. Only a chance. A fighting chance, which was more than he had ever had before.

He nodded, a slow, determined gesture. “Then I should not keep them waiting.”

Telmus walked forward, past the first ranks of the Ebon Host. They did not move, but he felt their regard shift, their singular, annihilating focus now locking onto him. He was the variable. He was the reason for their existence.

He reached the inner circle, standing only a dozen paces from the Spear of Defiance. Its energy washed over him, a corrosive wave of nothingness that was simultaneously met and challenged by the persistent, defiant flame at its core. It was excruciating and exhilarating.

He took a final, deep breath, drawing in the raw Ether of this marvelous space. He thought of his daughter's face, of her tears, of her hope. He thought of the mountain-birds in Rowan's hair, of the singing rivers, of the peace he was fighting for. It was small, yet it was everything.

Telmus smiled, and he let go of his last hold on mortality.

Chapter 1829: Choosing The Right Path

Telmus released his hold on his chimeric form. He allowed the consumed essence of the Primordial Demon to surge forth, no longer containing this power.

It transformed into a raging, conscious entity, furious at its subjugation. The ghost of the Martial Artist, of the master of the Dance of Final Silence, rose within him, seeking to dominate, to use this ascension to reclaim its own existence.

Even in death, the Primordial still struggles.

Simultaneously, the thousands of other essences he had consumed as he reached Nascent Primordial began to war inside of him, the resilience of gods, the profound wisdom of dragons, the shattered lights of Celestials, the countless warriors and mages and beasts, all erupted into a cacophony of conflicting wills, memories, and desires.

Becoming a Primordial meant being acknowledged by all, yet holding fast to your own Will.

However, for Telmus, the challenge was not over, because he still held seven accomplished Wills of powerful entities with potential reaching the level of Primordials.

The bloodline of Triuiplop with the Will of Growth was baptized by the surging tide of essence arising inside Telmus's veins, faintly exceeding the Wills of the thousand essence that raged in his body, and it may have served as a counterbalance to the chaos threatening to tear his senses apart, but this Will was not alone.

The Bloodline of Hekaton joined the fray, a brilliant, stubborn flame in the chaos of his ascension. However, Hekaton carried the Will of Hope, and no matter how it rose in defiance, it still fed Telmus the strength to push ahead... it simultaneously gave him hope even while taking him toward destruction.

Telmus had no chance to observe this conundrum as the Bloodline of Pyanop became the bulwark that kept his sanity in check, with the Will was Endurance, his ability to withstand this ascension reached tremendous heights.

The fourth Bloodline of Metagei flooded him with the Will of Faith, and Telmus had to struggle to keep his mental state in balance, else, with the urging of the Will of Faith, he

would drive himself to madness and destruction as he forgoes all the limits he should impose on himself.

The Will of the Bloodline of Yuleti was Justice, and it raged against the chaos in Telmus's body; it sought to quell everything, even if it meant suppressing his ascension to the rank of Primordial.

The Maimak Bloodline revealed itself through the Will of Sacrifice, which was determined to push Telmus into giving up all his accumulations and placing them upon his daughter. With his insight and power, the chance for Staff reaching the level of Primordial would be greater than his own.

Why should he keep struggling when he knew that he had once handed the mantle of his power to his daughter? Now that he had resurrected, he should not be selfish and give it up to her. He missed his wife and desired to hold her in his arms again.

As Telmus wrestled with the Will of Sacrifice, Anthesterion, who held the Will of Unity, began to compress all of this chaos into Telmus's core, multiplying its potency to an unearthly degree.

His body began to distort, and eight arms burst out of the sides of his body, flailing. His form began to bloat and shrink as different essences fought for dominance.

Telmus had no idea, but he was beginning to scream, and the Ebon Host remained motionless, a perfect, silent circle around the storm, absorbing the cries of Telmus; else it would have reached all ears inside Reality and outside of it.

Telmus screamed deepened, a sound that was like the chorus of the dead and the devoured. He was a universe at war with itself.

He fell to his knees, his hands clawing at the formless ground as the ghost of the Primordial Demon showed him, in exquisite, painful detail, every flaw in his technique, every moment of his life where he had survived not by skill, instead it was by the Primordial's manipulation born from the strength of his bloodline.

"YOU ARE A PUPPET!" the Primordial Demon's voice roared in his mind. "A COLLECTION OF STOLEN PARTS! YOU HAVE NO CORE! NO ART! YOU CANNOT BECOME A FUNDAMENTAL! YOU CAN ONLY BE A GRAVEYARD!"

But beneath the onslaught, a single, stubborn thought remained, fueled by the Spear's defiant flame in front of him that seemed to take the shape of a young boy, with hands on his waist, and was fiercely glaring at him as if saying, 'Don't give up.,' and the memory of a promise he had made not long ago.

"I will always find my way back to you."

What was keeping him in this fight was not a technique. It was not power. It was a reason to live. And then Telmus realized in a surging burst of clarity... that he could not fight this chaos.

Perhaps it was because he had stood beside Rowan for too long, this truly omnipotent being, and he had begun to forget his path.

“I am Telmus.”

With that announcement, he stopped fighting the ghosts of the past. He stopped trying to dominate the chaos. Instead, he began to *listen*.

Telmus allowed the Demon’s perfect martial knowledge to flow through him, as one stream of data among many.

He let the power of the bloodlines of Trion become the foundation of his ascension. Their numerous Wills grew stronger, but he no longer fought them; he accepted them all. Where he may have reached a limit, his abundant heart broke that limit to pieces.

This was a defiant act of taking all that was broken, all that was stolen, all that was contradictory, and declaring that it would all be made to serve a single, greater purpose. This was what it meant to become a Primordial of Defiant Ascension.

His form began to stabilize, shifting into something new and disregarding his previous body. His multiple limbs settled, each now thrumming with a different aspect of his power—one for martial precision, one for stolen resilience, one for deep-rooted wisdom, one for healing light, one for temporal adaptation, only for accumulation, one for psychic fortitude, and one, the central hand, that glowed with the pure, defiant will that was his alone.

He rose to his feet. The internal cacophony was now a chorus, and he was the conductor.

He looked at the Spear of Defiance, and for the first time, he understood it. It was not a weapon to be wielded. It was a mirror. He took a step towards it.

The true test had begun.

Chapter 1830: The Law of Defiant Ascension

Telmus’s first step resounded across this space, and he looked down with a bit of surprise in his eyes before pushing forward. His form radiates a hard-won equilibrium. The internal conflict had not vanished, but had found a direction. But this was merely the prelude.

Instincts that he could not describe emerge from his core, becoming a Primordial was tearing apart a section of existence and claiming it for oneself... There was no road ahead, and the path needed to be forged without any guidance.

“No wonder he is that broken,” Telmus muttered to himself when he understood that Rowan was most likely taking this step he was about to make when he had been nothing but a mortal.

A feat that only a few in all of existence would have the chance to partake in had become commonplace for him.

Telmus shook his head in astonishment and focused on the instincts guiding his steps... he needed to take the next step, he needed to create a Fundamental Law... his own, something that had not existed before.

He took another step towards the Spear of Defiance. As he did, the integrated energies within him began to resonate with the spear’s own annihilating frequency with a loud droning sound as if a critical mass was being approached.

Telmus gritted his teeth as a sensation that transcended pain filled his consciousness, and a feeling of fullness, as if he was about to burst, threatened to send him into madness, and then he howled like a wolf, all eight of his arms pointing upwards.

“Boom!!!”

First, there was a shockwave, and then a nimbus of absolute blackness erupted from Telmus’s form, a sphere of devouring silence that expanded outwards.

Where it touched the edges of the sanctum created by Rowan, the barriers around this space flared with a deep, groaning strain, as if reality itself were holding back a tide of nothingness.

This was the raw power of the Primordial Demon, now channeled as the foundation for a new kind of order—the order of absolute refusal. Telmus had created a new law from his demonic roots.

Within this halo of darkness, the transformation to complete the realm at the ninth-dimensional level began.

Telmus’s body, the vessel for this impossible synthesis, began to transcend its own structure. His form, which had found stability, began to unfold like a blooming flower, both beautiful and haunting.

His body did not bleed; it was as if his skin became translucent, showing swirling galaxies of potential within.

Telmus's eight arms elongated, their outlines softening, becoming less like limbs and more like pillars of concept holding up the expanding architecture of his being.

His eyes became gateways. Through one, a billion years of martial history unfolded in a silent, precise ballet. Through the other, the serene, endless patience of a world-tree's growth played out.

Then all of his potential exploded out of him with such startling violence that it would make the Big Bang resemble a crackle of a firecracker.

A sound was torn from him, like a universe being born, a chorus of every law of physics, every rule of magic, every principle of existence he had ever consumed and witnessed, all harmonizing under a new directive.

The energy release was immense, as a wave of pure potential, raw and brilliant, flowed outwards from his evolving form.

It was a tide of information, every memory, every skill, every life he had ever consumed, now offered up to an ideal greater than him.

The Ebon Host reacted. As one, their blade-wings snapped forward, crossing before their featureless helms. The wave of brilliant information washed over them. They did not falter. They accepted the flow, their obsidian forms humming with a deep, resonant chime, the sound of absolute duty guiding immense power. The singularities in their helms brightened, integrating the vast psychic energy.

The space itself shimmered with the strain. The dimensional bubble Rowan had carved wavered, its boundaries glowing as they held firm against the expanding consciousness within.

Rowan observed everything happening dispassionately, his consciousness missing nothing and absorbing everything. The Spear of Defiance, this name unconsciously given to this weapon by Telmus as a result of his elevation to Primordial, thrummed in recognition, the Lost Flame at its core burning brighter.

This was the moment of becoming. The moment when the vessel transcended and the power within was realized. Wave after wave of power erupted from his body, and at the center of this glorious storm, Telmus found his anchor.

A memory. A tear on a daughter's cheek. A promise made. "I will always find my way back to you."

In that moment, the disparate, singing energies within him found a purpose; he stopped holding his old form and embraced the unfolding of the new.

Telmus allowed the galaxies of potential within him to expand. He let his arms become the supports of a new reality, and with a roar that shook the entirety of the Origin Land, he declared its first and only law.

“THE LAW OF DEFIANT ASCENSION.”

These words became stamped on this space like a seal. Becoming a part of this Origin Land. In this space, the Concept of Defiant Ascension was born, and Rowan’s form flickered as an enormous amount of power and information flooded his veins. It was almost as if he were the one becoming a Primordial, not Telmus.

His Origin Land had grown, acquired a foundation where it had none, and Rowan luxuriated in this feeling.

‘Is this a path to advancement? Creating new Primordials inside my realm?’ Rowan pushed aside the distraction of this advancement to focus on Telmus, because it was not yet over.

From the swirling vortex of power, the new form of Telmus coalesced.

He was greater, his presence now filling the space with serene authority. His body had returned to his previous form as a man, graceful and powerful, but etched with living sigils that chronicled his journey.

These sigils had a faint resemblance to the sigil that flowed in Rowan’s vein; it was a sort of signature that the first Primordial of Origin had been born, and this was a stamp of his place in Rowan’s realm.

Telmus’ skin was the color of a twilight sky, holding the promise of dawn. His eyes were calm gateways, one showing the perfect clarity of a single moment, the other the boundless potential of all moments to come.

He wanted to laugh as his senses scanned his new body. He was whole. He was new. And he was complete.

The process had refined every iota of his accumulated power into a cohesive whole. He was a newborn Primordial, and still something was missing... his divine nature sought connection. His very being, the Law of Defiant Ascension, was one of growth and integration.

Instinctively, he reached out.

His Will, now a Fundamental force, touched the boundaries of this space, and he felt Rowan... Eos, like he had never done before.

Telmus did not ask for permission; he knew that what he was about to do next was his birthright. He reached across and drew energy from without. He pulled on the dense, vibrant Ether of this space, the raw potential that Rowan had provided.

There was a pause as if Rowan was amused by his audacity, and then a shimmering substance flowed towards him, a river of pure creation sustaining his nascent divinity.

He connected with the latent energy of the Ebon Host, syncing with their purpose, making their silent vigilance a part of his own foundation. Finally, his reach extended further, brushing against the edges of the paradise above. He drew, with infinite care, the faintest trickle of energy from the singing rivers, the glowing fruits, the ambient peace—a connection, an anchor linking his new existence to the living, breathing world he had vowed to protect.

The Spear of Defiance, which had thrummed with power, now stilled. It floated gently from its place and settled into his right hand. It was no longer an anchor. It was an extension of his being.

He had done it. He had ascended.

Telmus, the Primordial of Defiant Ascension, opened his eyes and looked upon his silent, steadfast Ebon Host. He then turned his gaze upwards, as if seeing through the layers of reality to the Creator seated in the sea and saw that it was a memory, and to the daughter waiting by the shore of this sea.

The transformation was complete. A guardian was born.

Rowan appeared beside him and gave him a cask of wine, “Congratulations... Primordial.”

Telmus’ eyes turned to the wine, and he sniffed, and a broad smile broke across his face.

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1831: Aftermath (1)

Chapter 1831: Aftermath (1)

With the completion of Telmus’s ascension to Primordial, Rowan began to face new challenges.

Every breath that Telmus took was siphoning an incredible amount of Ether from his Origin Land. He was losing two percent of his overall Ether Capacity every second, although Rowan was regenerating his Ether even more quickly than this consumption, he was dimly aware that Telmus was slowly getting stronger.

If he did not handle this correctly, then he might not be able to hold multiple Primordials inside his Origin Land.

Expanding his consciousness power to tackle the source of the problem, it did not take long for Rowan to discover the root of the issue and the methods he needed to use to stop the drain.

The answer was almost instinctive, but Rowan wasn't sure if he wanted to implement them.

Ether was a powerful force, greater than Aether and Aetherium and reaching the potency of "Primordial Essence." A single drop of Ether was enough to transform the body and soul of an Old One and give them enough fuel to fight for billions of years.

The entire race of Elythrii, who had built their society around Ether for hundreds of thousands of years, had not even consumed one-tenth of a drop of Ether in all this time.

However, every time Telmus inhaled, he was consuming billions of drops of Ether; this number was so ridiculous that even a Primordial body should not be able to accommodate this amount of power, not because of its potency but the sheer volume.

Rowan's investigation had revealed that although Telmus was consuming billions of Ether droplets every second, all of that Ether was being transformed into Origin Power.

This process was the final step in Rowan's Ascension, which would transform his energy stores from Ether to Origin.

Telmus Ascension to Primordial revealed another secret of the ninth-dimensional realm to Rowan and exposed one of the reasons Primordials hunt down Realities: the answer was Origin power.

A Primordial needed Origin power to function and grow. Only a profound energy of this level was able to support a being as powerful as a Primordial. Still, they could not create Origin power; that privilege was left to Realities.

It was already amazing that Rowan, being technically a Reality at the eighth dimension, had enough energy stores to be able to withstand the consumption of Telmus, but he knew it was because of his ceaseless evolution and ascension.

Back when he had less powerful energy stores with his Primordial Seas of Light and Darkness, a single breath from Telmus would have drained him dry.

Still, even with his current energy stores, Telmus had just been born, and already there were warning signs. What would happen when he became stronger or when he entered battle?

In battle, Rowan did not expect Telmus to be drawing in only a few billion drops of Ether but multiple trillions of drops with every moment... and a moment for a Primordial did not mean a single second; it could mean stretching a second to a trillion years.

In battle, it was possible for Telmus to exhaust his entire storehouse of energy in a single second! Except Rowan chose to cut him off, he would not be able to endure feeding a Primordial.

He did not intend to cut Telmus off from accessing his storehouse of energy, because that would invalidate his entire reason for creating a Primordial in the first place.

A situation like this almost made Rowan want to laugh and cry at the same time. For a long time, one of his greatest advantages had always been his impossible storehouse of energy.

Rowan had long believed that he would never have any reason to ever need more energy, and for the most part, this was the truth. With Ether, he was able to battle multiple Primordials and win while barely pushing the limits of his energy storehouse.

However, this was because Ether was ideally suited for him, and he was able to effectively utilize it in a manner that no one else could match. However, Telmus was different; as a Primordial, Ether was too shallow to power the concept of Defiant Ascension.

How would Rowan be able to solve this issue? Well, the first and most straightforward method would be to follow his instincts as a Reality and begin draining power from Limbo, transforming that power into Ether. Then, he would never have to depend solely on his energy regeneration, essentially giving him an infinite energy pool to draw upon.

The instinct to do this was extremely strong. For Rowan to resist pulling energy from Limbo was similar to a mortal holding their breath.

What made this sensation worse was that with the addition of Telmus, his body was craving more energy than it usually should. Even though Rowan knew his passive regeneration could more than withstand Telmus's everyday needs, he could only suppress his instincts and not cancel it entirely.

This method of drawing power from Limbo had its advantages, but its disadvantages were so immense that Rowan would be mad to consider it.

Limbo was now corrupted. The death of so many Realities had led to its poisoning, and Rowan feared that so much Origin Force of Death and other negative Forces had corrupted it.

If he began drawing power from Limbo, there was a chance that he would be able to filter out the impurities. In fact, this should be extremely possible, but Rowan knew that his filtration process would have its limits.

When he began expending a lot of energy, he would not be able to keep his Ether pure enough, and corruption would be added to it.

It would be similar to bringing the Origin of Death and whatever corruption that was in Limbo inside his Reality. Rowan did not think this corruption would be enough to kill him or irrevocably change his realm; he would still be able to purify it, only the process would not be worth the effort it took to collect this energy.

The danger was not in corruption; what he feared was bringing the Primordials into his realm.

To gain access to Eosah, the Primordials tricked her children into gazing into Limbo and brought the corruption of death into her Reality, giving them a doorway to inject a portion of their corrupted Origin Force into her Reality.

If he chooses to allow the energy of Limbo to flow into him and makes a mistake of not entirely purifying it, then the Primordials would see a free road into entering his Reality.

This would not do. When the Primordials infiltrated Eosah's Reality, the number of Origin Force they had placed in their "Avatars" was small, except for Primordial Soul, who had other plans, but overall, they used a small amount of Origin Force in each Avatar, knowing it was more than enough for their plans.

But if they gained access to Rowan's Reality, their omniscience would instantly show them the truth of who he was, and Rowan knew that the Avatars they would send inside his Reality would not be the weak Primordials inside of Eosah's Reality.

The Primordials had spent a stupendous amount of time gathering power, and the number of Origin Force each of them controls must be at least in the tens of thousands... at least.

Chapter 1832: Aftermath (Final)

Chapter 1832: Aftermath (Final)

Clearly, this first path was a no-go for Rowan. Primordials, Death, Evil, and more negative forces had made Limbo their paradise, and he was not willing to test himself against their endless hunger... at least, not like this.

"What had happened in the past that led to this madness? Did no one see the future and understand that the hunger of the Primordials would lead everything to its end?"

For Rowan, the answer was obvious, unlike other Realities that would have to expel any ninth-dimensional entity inside them since they could not handle the drain of holding an entity of this power; he was different.

What would happen if he reached the ninth-dimensional level? Would his Ether be transformed into pure Origin Essence?

Even if it didn't, Rowan knew his energy stores would transcend the limitations of Ether into something much more powerful.

However, that was not his primary concern; the ascension of Telmus was not just to gain a Primordial by his side, it was also to observe the process by which an entity would reach the ninth-dimensional level.

Rowan was satisfied that he had all it took to easily reach the ninth dimension, except for one crucial aspect. Unlike Telmus, who had rooted his concept of Defiant Ascension inside Rowan's Reality, Rowan was inside the dead Reality of Eosah and had no place to lay down his foundations.

Without the presence of Rowan, Telmus would be unable to ascend without entering Limbo, this was one essential step that could not be skipped, how could he be able to break this barrier?

What other path was there before him that he could have taken?

It was not as if Rowan could not get stronger without reaching the ninth-dimensional level. His limitless trait meant that with every passing moment, he was getting stronger.

His consciousness was endlessly upgrading every single technique he knew, refining and fusing them together, and Rowan had long exceeded anything and anyone inside Eosah's Reality.

Primordial Soul, Chaos, Demon, and Time... Rowan had matched them at their best, and he had broken them all while he was still at the eighth-dimensional level, and he was still growing stronger.

His Attributes were increasing constantly; a single Eos in any attribute represents the technical limit of a Reality. Still, Rowan's attributes were growing, and he estimated that even if he did not reach the ninth-dimensional level, his attributes would grow to the extent where he would be able to tear his enemies to pieces by the strength of his "flesh" alone.

He could spend every single moment he had growing the power of his attributes, but the end was coming, and the enemies were banging at a falling gate.

The plan of Eosah to strengthen her walls would only give Rowan a single second to react when it collapsed; it was not enough to hold back the Primordials.

Ultimately, the only solution to the problem at this stage was to reach the ninth-dimensional level. Rowan was planning to create more Primordials, and he would only be

able to sustain them with the strength that would come from reaching the ninth-dimensional level.

There was one individual who might be able to help him through this problem, and closing his eyes, Rowan sent an Incarnation towards the realm beyond Origin, to that door that held all the mysteries behind existence.

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Rowan's Incarnation descended into the Origin of Time linked to the Reality of Eosah, and when he reached the fourth level and was about to push his consciousness beyond it to contact Eosah, he paused as a thought entered his mind.

He had discovered that he could reach Eosah through any of the Origin Concepts he controlled; it did not matter if it was Time or Chaos, as long as it was linked to her Reality, he could reach her.

And then he wondered, what would happen if he were to reach out beyond the other Origins of Time he had taken from Primordial Time?

The thought sent chills down his spine. As far as he could tell, Eosah was the only entity he knew that had access to this ephemeral place beyond Origin; it was the only reason the Primordials outside her boundary had sent Avatars inside her domain to discover the truth. But was that the truth?

Rowan found out that he was not satisfied with this answer. He had learned enough lessons during his lifetime to believe only in the things that he had rigorously checked.

At this point, his investigation into the fourteen different origins of Time he had collected had passed the preliminary stage and would not take long before he began to explore its depths.

The names of the fourteen dead Realities were at the tip of his tongue: Eshalon, Elandor, Ereby's, Elyrion, Eldorin, Eshara, Ebonar, Eldrath, Elyndor, Elysian, Erendor, Evander, Eldrian, Ebonys, and finally Eldoria.

To any being, whether mortal or immortal, Realities was a concept that was extremely distant to them, like a mortal looking at the most distant of stars and knowing that even if they were given a million lifetimes, they would never touch it.

But for Rowan... for Eos, all of these names represented a once living entity that loved and laughed and had cried when they saw their children growing or excelling... they were the literal personification of creation, and their emotions ran deeper than any mortal or immortal could imagine.

Each of them was unique, no single one of them would ever be seen again, and it was in moments like this that the full weight of the madness of the Primordials came to light.

Every Reality slaughtered did not just represent the loss of one life, but of infinite lives whose stories would never be told, whose glory would never be witnessed... was it no wonder that all of existence was going mad, sins like this could not be forgiven or forgotten... a being like Rowan was needed, was necessary to cleanse this rot.

He might be the last act of defiance left from all the goodness left in existence.

Rowan's Incarnation stood still for a moment before separating into fifteen separate Incarnations. The first Incarnation summoned the door to Eosah, and the rest fourteen delved into the Origin of Time from the other Realities. He was now choosing to fully focus on these Realities; perhaps he might discover a surprise.

Chapter 1833: A Decision To Make

Rowan's Incarnation stood at the threshold beyond the fourth level of the Origin of Time and awaited Eosah. She did not take long to arrive.

Although he was now a frequent visitor, the presence of Eosah still drew his curiosity, because he state was highly unusual. A soft resonant hum surrounded her, which Rowan likened to the sound of a universe dreaming.

She was neither dead nor alive, and Rowan suspected that the power of this place that sustained her was changing her into something new. He did not know what Eosah was becoming or if she would still remain a friend in the future.

At the highest level of existence, there were few seats left, perhaps only a single throne ruled over everything, and Rowan understood that at the core of every immortal at their level, there was a thirst to sit upon that throne.

In many cases, it did not matter the reason; power was available, and it must be had.

Rowan's arrival in this space created a tiny shift in its harmony, like a stone thrown into a still pond. Even as an Incarnation, his presence was unshakable, as his Will exerted dominion over everything around him.

When he appeared, Eosah seemed to be peering deep into the unknown layer of existence, and she did not regard him for a while, and then she suddenly turned towards him, and cocked her head to the side,

"How do you do it?" she asked, her tone filled with a wistfulness that spoke of great age.

Rowan blinked, "How do I do... what?"

Eosah gestured to his Incarnation, “Despite knowing the secrets that lie behind me being the greatest prize in all of existence, you do not bring your main body here to peer at the truth, even after gaining the strength to kill Primordials, you have made no effort to find out if you can push open the door behind me.”

Rowan’s Incarnation peered behind Eosah, to the place of mystery behind her. He would be lying if he said he was not attracted to the mysteries that promised the answer to everything, but as powerful as he had become, Rowan also learnt caution.

He had been successful so far, but it only took a single mistake, and everything he had worked and suffered for would be gone. The deaths of so many of his children haunted him, a potent sign that any wrong decision he made could lead to consequences he could not punch his way out of.

That door could lead to the greatest of mysteries and conflicts; until he was sure of his stand, Rowan would not take that risk. He just had too much to lose.

So, Rowan just smiled, “When I am ready, I will come for it, and not a moment before.”

The harmony that surrounded Eosah trembled, a note of sadness coloring her immensity, “Ah, I understand you have touched that sadness that chokes the mind and makes the hand tremble... oh, Eos, existence does not deserve your pain. Still, you have come to me for something else. I can feel your trouble, the flow of you; it is solid, but it feels jagged, like a river forced to flow over lava.”

A weary acknowledgement touched Rowan’s expression, “Your perception remains sharp, Eosah. That lava you sense is the path ahead of me, but my feet are tender,”

With a thought, he painted the air between them with light, weaving a vision of a magnificent, spiraling ladder, a structure of interlocking realities, each rung a law of existence. “To ascend, to become what I must be to protect all that I have become, I need to root my being in a foundation beyond challenge. I must anchor myself in the one place that is absolute.”

“Ah, now I see your dilemma. Only one place is timeless and fundamental enough,” Eosah replied, her voice low, as a ripple of disquiet passed through her form. “The silence before the First Word. The realm of the Final End. Limbo. To reach the ninth dimension, you would have to build your house at the edge of the cliff.”

“It is the only cliff strong enough to hold the weight of what I must become,” Rowan affirmed. “But I cannot.” He shifted the vision, and the base of the luminous ladder darkened, revealing a grim sight. The grey stillness of Limbo was now marred by a glistening, sickly web. The Primordials have poisoned the well. To root myself there would be to let their lies become part of my foundation. But this is a truth that you should already know.”

“You cannot build there. Your path as a Reality is strange and convoluted, but the truth still stands.” Eosah concluded, her light dimming with shared frustration. “A tree that drinks poison grows twisted. Its fruit is death.”

“And without that root, the ladder of my ascension has no purchase,” Rowan said, the vision fading. “I can see the Ninth Dimension, Eosah. I can feel its potential, a symphony of existence beyond my current reach. But I am trapped. I am powerful, but local. Finite. To stand against what is coming, I must become a constant, not just a passing storm.”

Eosah was silent for a long moment, her luminescence swirling in deep thought. “The foundation is poisoned. You cannot use it. So you must create a new one.”

“A new foundation in the oldest place there is?” Rowan’s tone was skeptical, edged with a hint of despair. “How?”

“You think of foundations as places,” Eosah countered, her voice gaining a new, resonant certainty. “Soil and stone. But what is more fundamental than a name?”

She did not wait for Rowan to reply; instead, she drew closer to him, her light forming the semblance of a vast, closed book bound in a material that was neither leather nor light, as her voice went low, almost a whisper. “You must go to the Cradle of Enoch. I can show you the path. There, you will find the Cosmic Record. It is the source of all histories. Every name, every soul, every reality has its truth inscribed there. It is the template of existence itself.”

“The Cosmic Record...” Rowan murmured, a flicker of ancient memory in his eyes. “I have heard whispers of it. I thought it was a myth.”

“It is the only truth,” Eosah insisted. “To inscribe your name there is to define your own essence for all eternity, beyond any rewriting, beyond any corruption. It is to state, for all of existence to bear witness, ‘This is what I am.’ If you can write your true name there, you could then carve a space for yourself within Limbo, a pocket of reality defined solely by your ratified existence, free of the poison of Limbo. A place from which your ladder could securely rise.”

Eosah gestured and showed Rowan a vision of her birth; it was a still image, showing the moment before she opened her eyes and became who she was.

“Every Reality is born at the ninth dimension, and we cannot change that fundamental part of ourselves. Your case is special, being the first to reach your level without writing your name in the Cosmic Record. I had believed it meant you would be the first Reality to become truly free, but the curse of Limbo would not allow you to build your foundation without the help of the cradle. This is your only choice.”

Chapter 1834: The Secrets of The Beasts (1)

“My only choice,” Rowan muttered before he chuckled wryly, “Tell me, Eosah, how is it that you were able to give birth to me outside the boundary of the Cradle of Enoch?”

Eosah shook her head, “If I had that knowledge, it may have been taken from me at my death. I don’t know the reason why I was born outside the Cradle, and the act of giving birth to you is not by my power. No Reality is capable of giving birth to another, and it would be strange indeed to refer to me as your mother; I could be better seen as a spawn point. Yet, it would be my honor if you were to acknowledge me as your mother.”

Rowan touched his chest, “Eosah, without your presence, I would have been lost a long time ago. I will only accept one woman as my mother, but you hold a special place in my heart.”

The smile from Eosah was blinding, and Rowan remained in silence for a while as he analyzed her words.

The choice Eosah gave him was the best she could do, but Rowan was not satisfied with it. Unlike her, he had come across the entity Enoch, and there was nothing good about that being.

The so-called Cradle of Enoch was supposed to be the last option for any Reality to avoid the corruption of Limbo, but Rowan felt that perhaps writing his name on the Cosmic Record may cause more harm than good.

What did Eosah say about him? His birth outside the Cosmic Record gave him the freedom to become all he could be, but what would happen to him if he chose to write his name upon it?

One of the biggest mysteries in creation, at least where Rowan was concerned, was the mystery behind the weakness of Realities and why he was not bound by that weakness.

Every Reality was a ninth-dimensional entity; they were the melting pot of countless Origin Forces. They were truly the blessed of creation because they were born with the ability to draw upon the energy of Limbo and create Origin Essence.

Yet for entities of such power, they were still *weak*. Granted, their hunters were Primordials, ninth-dimensional monsters whose eternal hunger and madness knew no limits, but it could still be argued that the defenses of Realities were almost non-existent when it came to Primordials.

Every Reality, including Eosah, could not use any of their extraordinary powers for themselves; instead, they were more like incubators for their inhabitants, who would be able to harness the gifts of their Reality to become Primordials.

Rowan had always believed that this was how things were meant to be. Realities were the womb of creation and nothing more, but he was different; he could harness his Origin

Force, and unlike a Primordial that was stuck with a single Origin Force, Rowan had several.

What would happen if Realities, with all their advantages, were not hampered from utilizing their Origin Force in the same manner as Primordials? Then they would be the most powerful entities in all creation.

“Eosah, you are aware of the things I do and what I am capable of. I am a Reality, yet I have no issue with harnessing my Origin Force. From what I can tell, the only reason I am able to do these things is because my name is not written on the Cosmic Record.” Rowan focused on Eosah with his piercing eyes, “Am I wrong?”

Eosah was quiet, her form seemed to waver as if she was stuck in a mental loop that could not be broken, “surely... There has to be another explanation for what you can do.”

Rowan spread his arms, “If there are, can you tell me? Realities... Primordials...are bound by the narratives of their own essence. Your powers are vast, but they operate within the channels carved for them by their fundamental nature. My power... is different. It is not a river flowing in a pre-dug bed. It is the rain that decides where to fall. I can unmake what should be eternal. I can defy laws that others consider absolute. I believe this is because my existence is, in the eyes of the Cosmic Record, an anomaly. A variable with no defined value.”

He let the implication hang in the air, a terrifying concept. He was a paradox. A being of immense, tangible power who, according to the ultimate arbiter of reality, should not exist.

“This changes everything,” Eosah breathed, her light contracting as if seeking to hide. “If you are not in the Record... then your journey to the Cradle is not one of acknowledgment. It is one of... registration. You are not seeking to discover your true name. You are seeking to assign yourself one. To force all of existence to accept a fact it never accounted for.”

Eosah nearly stumbled when she realized that the being before her was truly capable of such a feat. He did not know the meaning of limits and would push himself to achieve impossible quests.

The scale of such an act was dizzying. It was not a quest for truth, but an act of cosmic defiance against the very system of existence.

“It seems the corruption of Limbo is not my only obstacle,” Rowan stated, his voice low and steady. “The act of writing my name may itself be the greatest challenge. But if I succeed, the foundation I build would be truly my own, unbound by any pre-ordained design.” He paused, his gaze intensifying, focusing on Eosah with a new, piercing curiosity. “Which leads me to a question I should have asked long ago. You are now a child of the Layer Beyond Origin. You know truths that are hidden from me, from all of us who are products of the system that came after.”

He took a step closer, the space between them crackling with sudden, profound intensity.

“The Primordial Beasts. The things that dwell in the deep places are older than the concepts of time and power in your Reality. They are not written on the Record either, are they? They are part of the framework. The keepers of the Record. They are a law to themselves and not subjects of it.”

Eosah’s light flared, a brief, bright burst of panic before she could contain it. She did not speak, but her silence was a confirmation more terrifying than any shout.

Rowan pressed on, his voice dropping to a whisper that seemed to pull at the fabric of her being. “Tell me, Eosah. What is the secret of the Beasts? What is the nature of the power that operates outside the Record? If I am to face the Cradle not as a petitioner, but as a claimant, I must understand what I am dealing with. I must know the rules of the game I am about to change forever.”

Chapter 1835: The Secrets of The Beasts(2)

Rowan was fascinated by the Primordial Beasts. On the surface, they might resemble a race of tragic beings who got dealt a bad card, but the more he learned about the overall state of existence, the realization that the Primordial Beasts were far from normal reared its head.

When he was a mortal and learned that in the past, the Primordials had an enemy they could only defeat inside of Eosah’s Reality because they tricked them and sowed a seed of disunity among their numbers, ultimately leading to their defeat, Rowan had not truly understood the weight behind that claim, not until he reached his present level and saw the overwhelming domination that the Primordials had over all of existence.

Their Will, which was the Will of Elder was certainly strange. He recalled the description given to him by the Primordial Record:

The Primordial Beasts were not feared because of their power, but their potential. Their bodies were powerful enough to shatter all of creation, but their true strength lay in a collective Will titled the Will of Elder, which grows stronger with every living Primordial Beast in existence. You are the last living Primordial Beast, and this Will is dormant.

Combining the power of a Primordial Beast and an evolving dimension has resurrected this ancient Will, but there is something different about it. Something heretical.

Rowan knew of the power of this Will, but he had misunderstood its intent. Previously, he had thought that this Will needed him to consume more Primordial Beasts, and place their essence into his serpents; in this way, he would resurrect the Will of Elder and therefore gain a powerful weapon against the Primordials.

However, he had already gathered the power of three beasts, out of the suspected seven Primordial Beasts in existence, and while their strengths were certainly impressive, it still fell short of the Primordials, who could stack multiple Origin Forces inside their bodies.

Even if he succeeded in gathering all the Primordial Beasts into his bloodline, he inferred that the power he was going to get would simply be equal to those of the Primordials within Eosah's Reality, and if the Will of Elder was the only weapon he had to work with, then it was impossible to determine who would win the fight.

Such powers were impressive, but in the larger scheme of things, they were meaningless. However, the truth could not be denied; the Primordial Beasts had been a source of great headache for the Primordials.

How could there have been a race of beings that were so powerful that they not only forced the Primordials to take them seriously, but they also had to deceive them in order to win?

Inside Limbo, there were hardly any ninth-dimensional entities, and from Rowan's investigation, they had most likely been slaughtered by the Primordials, but the Primordial Beasts were different, because Rowan suspected that they had something that every other Primordials did not have, and that was that they were not children of Realities.

This was the only explanation that Rowan had for their ability to resist the fury of the Primordials. He had seen the Primordial Beast Bahamut, Ouroboros, and Divus. They were all impressive in their own right, but there was no suggestion that they had what it took to resist the powers of the Primordials.

The Will of Elder was powerful, but it was not enough. Rowan refused to believe that in the immensity of existence, there had not been other Primordial-level entities whose talents and strengths could not have rivalled his own or the Primordial Beasts.

Existence, which Rowan knew was the entirety of Limbo, was too vast. To a ninth-dimensional being like the Primordials, Limbo represented true infinity, and inside an infinite realm, the possibilities for greatness were infinite.

It was highly improbable that in sixty-five million Cosmic Eras there had never been an individual or a group as powerful as Rowan and the Primordial Beasts. This was highly unlikely, and the only reason such a thing would have never happened was that it was actively being prevented from happening.

Someone or something had leashed all of existence from the beginning of time, and up till this moment, the entirety of existence was following their Will.

Without the power of the Primordial Record and the many evolutions and ascensions that Rowan had undergone, he might not be able to piece together the secrets of the past, but

he had been slowly gathering clues, and some of them had been obvious, while others were not.

Rowan was slowly realizing that all of existence, the many layers and the secrets that bound everything, the way everything worked were all tied up to a single individual or perhaps it was not an individual but was closer to a force of nature or an arbitrary constant, although Rowan did not think this mattered much, because he knew the name of this entity, Enoch.

Like a poison that could not be detected, Rowan had come across the corruption of Enoch as a mortal when he began to integrate the powers of the Primordials into the base system of his abilities, in the form of the language of Enoch.

Without knowing the precise reason, Rowan had innately hated this power, even though at that time it represented one of the greatest tools he had in hand. The Word of Enoch could create anything he desired, and at that time, this power was the answer to many of his problems, because its promises were vast, and had virtually no limits, but Rowan's instincts had pushed him away from this power, because he knew chains when he saw them, no matter how much it was hidden.

Perhaps the only reason he had been able to *feel* these chains was because he, unlike most of all lives in existence, was bound by these chains even before their birth.

There was a massive ladder that led to a single existence, and Enoch had perfected the process of bending all existence to his Will.

Realities were the birthplace of all life in existence; even Rowan had to be born from a Reality, as he could not just appear from nothing, and so if all life emerged from Realities, then it was highly possible that all life had to follow the rules that bound the Reality they emerged from.

All Realities had to follow the rule that bound them to their present state and restricted them from changing, called the Cosmic Record. Only by doing this would they be allowed access to the Cradle of Enoch, where they would be free from the corruption of Limbo.

However, Rowan had seen the true face of Enoch, and this being was the personification of Evil; the entirety of Limbo was filled with his essence, and yet that same monster was willing to give all Realities a home inside a so-called Cradle.

He created a problem and made a solution for that problem, but that solution was a trap, and that trap had bound countless lifeforms to Enoch's ladder of deception from the beginning of time.

The Primordial Beasts were feared, not because of their power but their potential.

What was the secrets behind the Primordial Beast that made them resistant to the power of Enoch, and could it be that the Primordials hunted down the beasts and hid all knowledge of their existence because like the Realities trapped by the rules of Enoch, they also wanted to be free of the chains that bound them?

Chapter 1836: The Secrets of The Primordial Beasts (final)

When Rowan was inside Doomstar, he had a vision of the past drawn from the Memory of the Eye of Time, where three Primordials had caught the Primordial Beast, Torch Dragon, and they were roasting it on a spit over an open fire.

The three Primordials were Primordial Demon, Primordial Light, and Primordial Time, and the forms they took were strange. The three had all taken the shape of men, but Primordial Demon had a face with a thousand eyes, Primordial Light had one eye, while Primordial Time had six eyes.

He could not be sure that this was precisely what happened or if all the details he had seen were correct; he was still a mortal then, and his sight could not be compared to what it was now, but that was not the vital detail he took from the eerie vision.

During the process of roasting this beast, Primordial Demon had announced with great fanfare,

“Here lies the first of the Primordial Beast, Torch Dragon. Your arrogance has given us sight.”

There were many truths that could be taken from these short phrases, but what drew more of Rowan’s attention at this point was the responses that the Torch Dragon had given to the Primordials when his head was being passed across the three of them.

To Primordial Demon, the dragon had said, “Demon, you have killed my brothers and stolen my eyes. From this day forth, I lay a curse upon you, that with my eyes you shall gaze upon your destruction, and on that day I shall return to your heart, and I shall feast on it for eternity unending.”

Primordial Demon inside of Reality was dead, and the Torch Dragon had not returned, and so this suggested to Rowan that the memory he had witnessed from Primordial Time did not come from this Reality, but from a much older period than he had first anticipated.

Rowan, at this time, had no idea that other Realities existed outside his own; he was not even aware that his Reality was dead and that she had a name, and so he wrongfully believed that the vision he had seen was of this Reality’s past.

This suggested to Rowan that the history behind the Primordials and the Beasts extended farther than he had once given credit, and it was necessary for him to look back at this vision with new eyes.

To Primordial Light, the dragon had said a simple sentence, “Light, you have betrayed me.”

And Primordial Light had replied, “It was nothing personal, I just needed to know what it would take to kill creatures at our level. To gain an insight like that is... invaluable. For the greater good, it needs to happen. I will not let it go to waste.”

Only now does Rowan realize how strange the reply Primordial Light gave to the Torch Dragon was. It was almost as if the Primordials in this memory had not begun their reign of terror over all of existence, almost as if the Primordial Beasts were the first ninth-dimensional entities they had killed.

If the Primordials began butchering Realities sixty-five Cosmic Eras ago, then it was possible that Rowan was looking at the very first memory that had triggered a change in the direction of the future.

To Primordial Time, the dragon almost sounded sorrowful, “Time... despite all that you know is to come, you still choose to stand against me. You are worse than the betrayer, and your end will not be agreeable to your essence. Do you know what is worse than a fool? A naive fool. I hate you, but I still pity you.”

This was the final nail that Rowan needed to confirm his speculations. If this vision had happened before the Primordials began to butcher Realities, and the Torch Dragon, who was hailed to be the first of the Primordial Beasts, spoke of a betrayer. Rowan knew that the Primordials had killed the Torch Dragon because they wanted to acquire more power... all of that linked to one figure: Enoch.

Who would stand to gain the most from the eradication of the Primordial Beasts? It was certainly not the Primordials, perhaps they may have gained the much needed boost they needed at the beginning of their journey of conquest, but like the Torch Dragon had warned them, their victory became poison in their veins, and from the moment they began killing, their appetites did not cease and their hunger did not end, instead it only grew deeper.

What a terrifying fate... what a more terrifying betrayer.

Rowan had not forgotten for a single moment that all the machinations of Enoch were being performed while this entity was considered to be dead!

The Will of Elder, the Primordial Beasts, the Primordials, all Realities, the Cradle of Enoch, and finally Enoch... all were connected.

Everything that had happened was for a reason. For Rowan to understand the truth, he had to dig into the truths behind the past, and so when he had asked Eosah about the truth behind the Primordial Beast, this question was not born from a whim, but from deep consideration following all the evidence that Rowan had been slowly gathering from the past.

“Tell me, Eosah, the secrets of the Primordial Beast and how they were able to resist the shackles of the Cosmic Record. How were the Beasts able to develop outside the boundary of Reality?”

This was what Rowan considered to be the most crucial question that he needed to ask. Eosah might not have a clear understanding of the past from viewing the memories of the Eye of Time. Still, she must understand something of their mysteries because it was unknown whether it was by accident or design. Still, the remains of the Primordial Beasts were scattered all over Eosah’s Reality, and it was the time that he knew the truth.

The light around Eosah went dim, as she seemed to retreat into herself, she chuckled almost self-deprecatingly as she slowly replied, “I do not know how the remains of the Primordial Beasts entered my Reality, perhaps, i once knew it but that knowledge is lost... however, i have a clue about their origins, and i suspect it greatly ties to you, Rowan.”

Not waiting for him to ask her any question, she quickly spoke as if eager to vomit out the knowledge she had hidden within herself for too long,

“Rowan, I believe you may have some misconceptions about the Primordial Beasts. You may see them as saviours or resistance fighters because they seem to be outside the web that binds all of existence, but that cannot be further from the truth. You are asking me about the jailers of the house you are planning to break into!”

Eosah’s voice was no longer a melody that could tantalize the senses; instead, it had transformed into the grinding of tectonic plates that spoke of eons buried in the bedrock of existence. “You are right. They are not in the Cosmic Record; they are its immune system. The guards over what you see as the prison that you believe to have shackled all of existence. Every Reality that is born knows this truth, and we know that except for the last Primordial Beast guarding the Cosmic Record, the rest are dead, and your astonishment is the same as mine when I discovered some of their corpses inside my Reality.”

Chapter 1837: The Beast of Inevitability

Rowan blinked. The secrets of the Primordial Beasts were not what he had expected, but he did not want to be distracted by the new information he was gathering, and he asked Eosah,

“Why would the Cradle need a guard in the first place?”

Eosah gestured, and a new vision bloomed in the space between them, not of ladders or maps, but of a vast, silent, and utterly dark ocean.

“Think of the Cradle of Enoch not as a place, but as a state of perfect, unassailable logic. The Cosmic Record is its output, its manifest reality. But the Cradle itself is the processing core. To approach it with a false name, an impure intent, is like introducing a virus to a perfect machine. The Beasts are the antivirus protocols.”

She focused, and in the dark ocean, shapes began to move. Vast, non-Euclidean, their forms suggesting functions rather than biology.

“Before meeting you, Rowan, a Reality that is not bound by the dictates of the Cosmic Record, I did not see any reason for the existence of the Primordial Beasts, because all Realities need the Cosmic Record to center their nature.”

Rowan bowed his head in thought, “You say there is one Primordial Beast left alive that still guards the Cosmic Record? But I saw a Primordial Beast in the Arena before my battle with Primordial Demon.”

Eosah shook her head in denial, “Perhaps with your untampered Origin Power you can breathe life into the beasts you take within you, but they are all dead... and the Beast you saw in the Arena, is dead, but their forms inside my Reality is complete, and so they can be alive due to the strength of their Will, but outside my Reality, they would be dead bones.”

Rowan’s eyes brightened in contemplation, and he asked, “Who is the last Beast alive, and do you know the reason for its survival?”

“Good question, I have the answers to both,” Eosah replied, “The last Primordial Beast is alive because it is powerful, and that is not a word I use lightly. It’s connection with the Cosmic Record is the greatest among the Primordial Beasts, and perhaps calling it a Primordial Beast is doing it a disservice.”

Eosah gestured, and something began to take shape between them. Her light seemed to flicker as if the mere act of trying to visualize this last Beast was enough to shatter her into pieces.

A shape that resembled a swirling vortex of hungry complexity bloomed, and only immortals of their level could even refer to this portrayal as a shape due to its higher-dimensional structure.

“This is Ananke, the Beast of Inevitability. She is the embodiment of causal closure. She ensures that every effect has a cause that is itself within the system. To face her is to have every one of your actions, every thought, traced back to its origin. If she finds a source that is... external... unaccounted for... she does not attack. She simply renders your

existence logically invalid. You cease to be a paradox; you become an error message, silently deleted.”

Rowan shook his head, a weary tiredness filling his bones, “So, my salvation does not lie with the Primordial Beasts.”

Eosah regarded him for a whole before nodding her assent, “Your uniqueness, your ability to act outside the channels... it is your greatest strength and your greatest peril. It is the very thing that may allow you to force your name onto the page of the Cosmic Record. But it is also the blazing signal that will draw the attention of the Beast, whose sole purpose is to prevent exactly that. You will not be walking into a library. You will be walking into a court where the judge is the laws of existence itself, and you are arguing for your own right to exist. And the penalty for failure is not death. It is erasure.”

“Erasure...” Rowan muttered, the word triggering a connection within his mind, and Eosah seemed to understand that connection,

“Yes, Rowan, your Altar of Unmaking, the tool you used to eradicate the Primordials, should be one of the scales of Ananke.”

Rowan shuddered. He had always wondered what sort of Reality could birth a tool as potent as the Altar of Unmaking, and knowing its source made him wary. Truly, in an existence that was infinite, what sort of monsters could be born inside of it?

Knowing this knowledge, how impressive was it that a single entity, Enoch, was able to leash all of existence to his Will?

Rowan became silent as he brought together all the new information he had acquired about existence.

One of the most surprising revelations was that all the bodies of the slain Primordial Beasts could be found inside Eosah’s Reality.

Rowan would have to believe that her claims of ignorance were valid; there was no reason for her to lie to him about this fact, and even if she was lying to him, he had gained enough information that his Will of Truth could discern the fact from the confusion caused by the hidden mysteries of the past.

Rowan knew that it was the Primordials who killed the Beasts; he had the Memory and he had their Will, and so it was not too far from a stretch to assume that they were the ones who brought the corpses of the Primordial Beasts into Reality.

It was a good thing that with the Will of Truth, he did not have to assume this answer; it easily confirmed his speculations, but this was the easy part.

Rowan was already aware that many mysterious places in Reality had the bodies of the Primordial Beasts as their foundation; in fact, the dimensional system that gave the lifeforms inside this Reality the capability to reach the higher dimensional level had a lot to do with the remains of the Primordial Beasts.

“Eosah, you said there was a connection with the Primordial Beasts and your present state. What led you to this judgment?” Rowan unexpectedly spoke, and Eosah folded her hands across her breast, a surprisingly vulnerable gesture from one so powerful and ancient.

“For a long time, I had always questioned the reason why I was born outside the Cradle, even when I was able to write my name on the Cosmic Record. I now see that the bodies of the Primordial Beasts placed into me must have been the reason why I can be born outside the Cradle. Rowan... Eos... I think that your birth inside me is a mystery that transcends even my creation and my death. Someone or something wanted a Reality to be born outside the control of the Cosmic Record, and in order for that to happen, they sacrificed all the bodies of the Primordial Beasts, and they made other preparations that I may not be privy to.”

Eosah turned around and gestured at the gate beyond Origin, “I once thought that I had found this Gate by accident, that the reason the Primordials remain inside my dead corpse was to fight for the path beyond Origin, but that may not be the entire truth, Rowan. What if... what if I did not find this Gate by my power? What if it was brought here to me?... What if...”

As she was speaking, Rowan began to retreat; he did not know the reason, but his body seemed to be moving by itself. Before he could analyze this reason, a large hand that appeared to be made from darkness burst out of Eosah’s stomach and snapped shut over her face, leaving her terrified eyes peering between the gaps of the fingers,

“That’s enough speculations from you... Your purpose is fulfilled.”

A cold voice said, and with a twist of the hand, Eosah’s neck was shattered, and her head burst open under the grip of this palm.

Chapter 1838: The Price of Knowledge

One moment, Rowan stood facing Eosah, the consciousness of Reality pulsing with ancient, grave knowledge. The next, the very fabric of her being was violated in a way that should not be possible.

Eosah’s body bent at the waist, as if every bone inside her torso had been shattered, the hand that shattered her head twisted like a snake and began to head towards Rowan as the voice that had previously sounded cold as it condemned Eosah transformed into a tone that was almost sickly sweet,

“Oh, Eos, do not let the small minds of the fallen twist you from your path. Everything will come in its own time; it is left for you to wait for the right moment. Come and rest in my darkness. Inside here, there are no troubles, just the bliss you deserve.”

Rowan, who had been retreating even before the arm of darkness violently burst out of the chest of Eosah, had not gone far before the arm began to reach for him.

To his amazement, his body stopped moving as if he had become a fly trapped in amber. This should be impossible; at his present level, nothing should be able to just hold him in place.

It was not a matter of power; it concerned the laws he controlled.

His metaphysical *weight* on reality was so potent that Rowan could literally punch through Primordials by utilizing his *weight* alone.

To be held in place was like a mountain falling from the sky, and unexpectedly, the cloud was able to hold the weight of it.

The arm moved faster than anything that Rowan had ever encountered, and he knew without any doubt that if this hand grabbed him, he would be lost.

He may not be here physically, but his Incarnation was a pipeline to him. Rowan had refined the process of creating his Incarnation to its limits, and among the features he gave them, it was complete separation from his main body.

If, for any reason, his Incarnation was corrupted or affected by an unknown power, even on the scale of the Altar of Unmaking that had the power to gather all the scattered pieces of their target, his Incarnation would be able to fool this process long enough for Rowan to completely sever all ties he had with this copy.

After acquiring the Altar of Unmaking and realizing its enormous potential for destruction, Rowan had seen the weakness of having multiple Incarnations in different locations.

Although he did not have the weakness of the Primordials inside of Reality, if a Primordial were to use the Altar of Unmaking against him, he would lose too much energy too quickly to be regained, and if he did not try to interrupt the process, he would be killed on that Altar.

Knowing this weakness, Rowan had been tweaking his Incarnation with every moment that passed. If an outside observer were to watch all of Rowan's Incarnation that was scattered across Reality, they would witness something truly amazing.

His Incarnations were constantly evolving and changing, and sometimes these evolutions were so drastic that to compare his incarnations from a minute ago to the present one would be like comparing the intelligence between an ape and a man.

Rowan's battle against the Primordials inside Reality was largely done by the combination of his Incarnations and his soul; only in his first battle with Primordial Soul did he entirely use his body to combat her.

Becoming a Reality came with many benefits, but the *weight* of his existence was something that he had to be careful about; hence, he broke the shell of Eosah.

However, all of his progress on his Incarnations meant nothing against this hand; he had been rudely thrown from his throne of power to the bottom of the trench in a single moment, from an unstoppable god to a wide-eyed infant.

This was a power that had clearly exceeded the boundary of Origin!

The power radiating from this hand was not merely greater than his own; it was of a different category entirely. It was a power that existed before the context of "power" had even been defined. It was beyond Origin.

In this instant, Rowan's senses came alive as he channeled the collective consciousness power of all his incarnations, coupled with his flesh and soul.

If the consciousness power of his Incarnation here had previously been at a thousand, it immediately exploded to at least a billion!

The hand headed towards him stopped a micrometer away from his face, not because Rowan had succeeded in holding it back, but because his consciousness was burning with so much power that even if time was still, to him, it was still going too fast.

His consciousness was blazing with so much power that his Incarnation would not last a tenth of a second under this condition, but he needed all of these resources he had allocated to this body to understand what he was dealing with.

First, he turned all that power inward; he did not flinch or try to run from the disaster heading towards him.

Panic was a luxury for beings who operated within a system of cause and effect. Rowan felt only a cold, razor-sharp clarity, beyond anything he had felt up till this moment.

With that clarity came truth—he could not escape the power emanating from this hand.

He could not move his body, for the concept of movement had been suspended. He could not summon his power, for the laws that allowed for summoning were being overwritten.

This hand had fixed him in place. It did not pin him in space; it pinned him in the narrative of his own existence. He was rendered a static image, a character in a story who could no longer turn the page. His will, which could shatter dimensions and reverse cause and effect, met an absolute boundary. He was trapped not in a cage, but in the definition of himself.

If Rowan were not on the edge of experiencing total defeat, he would be admiring the process by which he had been undone.

Still, he did not give up, because there was only one thing left that this force, for all its overwhelming supremacy, might not have fully accounted for: the nature of his own unrecorded mind that had bloomed in a way that could not be accounted for or documented.

The stage had been set, but it was always up to him to determine the manner by which he played upon it.

He abandoned the internal consciousness and, with an act of madness, Rowan pushed his consciousness... *outward*.

He was not going to try to fight this power... he was going to read it!

He pushed his mental awareness, the unique, anomalous spark that was his un-inscribed self, against the edges of the force that held him. It was like trying to read the source code of the universe with a single, flawed synapse.

Agony, of a kind Rowan had never known, erupted through his being. This was not pain of the body or soul, but the pain of a mind being forced to process data streams that were fundamentally incompatible with its operating system.

A part of Rowan would have been laughing at cataloging a new type of pain in his diary, but that part had been swallowed by all of his consciousness campaign that was focused on a single task... to understand the enemy!

Chapter 1839: Versions Of Evil

If there was a person in all of existence who had the flexibility of spirit and soul to handle the malevolent and powerful forces in all of creation more than him, Rowan had not yet found that person.

Again and again, he had plunged his mind into the abyss of madness, placing no defenses upon it so that he could experience it in full. The fact that Rowan had experienced all of this madness and could still be considered to be conventionally sane only meant that his sanity was just another form of madness.

No one should be willing to plunge their mind into the fire the same way Rowan did, and he did not hesitate, partly because in one of his estimations for the future, an event like this might occur.

Eosah had asked him not too long ago why he had not brought his main body to check the secrets behind Origin. The first time that he had arrived here and saw Eosah, the power from this layer beyond Origin had driven Rowan to the ground; in fact, he had perished.

Like an ant thrown into the sun, there was nothing he had that could safeguard him from this power, and his escape had only been because he was careful not to peer past the curtain of madness.

Such a power that could erode everything he knew and understood could not just be left aside. Rowan knew that if he was patient, he could slowly cultivate his strength to the extent that he would break through the threshold of Origin in the future without any fear. Still, he was always under pressure to succeed, and so he could not leave such resources to waste.

More than anything in Reality, Rowan desired the secrets that lay beyond Origin, but he knew the risks associated with such a thing.

However, despite these risks, Rowan was not afraid of the complexities of a higher power; what he was wary of was whether that power had a personality or there was a conscious barrier stopping others from attaining that power.

His speculations were not unfounded. When Rowan had deepened his fusion with the Primordial Record and became an Apex Omniversal Titan, while also acquiring other Reality-defying powers, Enoch had come for him.

With the strength gained from the fusion with the Primordial Record, Rowan had been able to fight off this malevolent influence, and his victory brought certain benefits... it revealed some of the secrets of this being.

For one, Enoch had claimed to be the First.... The First of Everything.

Since the beginning of consciousness, mortals, gods, Titans, maybe even the Primordials may have wondered what came first... how did all of existence begin?

Rowan did not know this truth, even at his present level, and he believed that this was the ultimate door that blocked the throne of existence; anyone who was capable of understanding this single fundamental question would be the ruler of all existence, yet Enoch claims he was the first.

And Rowan feared that this might be the truth.

He did not know what killed Enoch or even if the concept of Death could be applied to such an entity, but what he knew was that in that confrontation, Rowan had been able to obtain certain great powers, including a new bloodline that he was not able to touch because he feared the corruption from handling such great powers when he could still be considered weak.

All of his fears could be laid to rest if he could reach the ninth-dimensional level and properly integrate all these new powers, but there were roadblocks in his path, one that may have been artificially set up by a being that ruthlessly suppressed all signs of growth in existence.

When Rowan had battled with the consciousness of Enoch, one truth became known to him: that he had drawn the attention of this entity because Rowan was able to walk a unique path. He was the first of his kind in all of existence, and for that reason alone, Enoch would suppress him.

His uniqueness meant that his road to the layer beyond Origin was open, and he was not bound like everyone else. This meant that every knowledge beyond Origin was safeguarded by Enoch.

Before meeting Eosah, Rowan had already speculated on the sort of answers he might receive from her, and he knew that if he asked the right questions, he would be led to answers he craved. He had hoped that Eosah might have immunity against the power of Enoch, but he was wrong.

With his habit of always planning for all eventualities, Rowan had to make a plan for the instances where his worst fears became reality. What if, in the process of asking for guidance from Eosah, he touched upon a topic that would draw the attention of Enoch? What should be his response?

There may be an opportunity here, but the question was whether he was capable of obtaining it.

Rowan had observed that Enoch had great powers, but it seemed as if he could only act through a medium, and most of the time, those media were inadequate to properly express his powers.

When Enoch had attacked Rowan during his fusion with the Primordial Record, one of the reasons for his loss was that the Primordial Record had been fighting against the influences of Enoch, and was not a willing host to his corruption, and Rowan was placing a bet on Eosah, that if he begins asking questions that delved into the realms beyond Origin, she would be a barrier that would erode the power of Enoch.

As it turned out, he was right. Eosah had been torn in two, but Rowan knew that this sort of damage was not enough to kill her. He knew this because reality still existed, and although the hand reaching out towards him was travelling faster than he had ever seen,

the fact that it had to travel to reach him and not instantly appear on his body was the sign of the erosion that was brought about by Eosah's Will.

Did Rowan use her and manipulate her intentions for his own benefit? Yes, but Eosah could not accuse him of this, because it would be the pot calling the kettle black. In their realms of existence, to find a trustworthy ally was difficult, as everyone had an agenda. Rowan was always grateful for his children and allies whose visions aligned with his own, but he did not give others those benefits.

If he could be deceived by Eosah after knowing the truth behind existence, then he deserves the loss.

Using Eosah in this manner gave Rowan the opportunity to do something he always wanted to do when he first clashed with Enoch in his mind, and when he met his influence again during his battle with Primordial Demon inside the Arena, he wanted to consume!

But to do that, first he needed to learn.

All of these thoughts flashed briefly in Rowan's mind as waves of relentless agony pounded throughout his consciousness as he pressed it against the hand that was slowly reaching for him.

Incomprehensible data poured into his consciousness, accompanying the pain, yet his anomalous nature allowed him glimpses. Flashes of meaning in the madness.

He did not see a face as much as he wanted to see one. He did not sense a name, but he already knew who this enemy was; instead, Rowan perceived a function.

The hand was not an attacker; it was more like an editor, and the power holding him was not malice; it was a corrective algorithm.

The target, as it turned out, had not been him. It had been Eosah. She was to be purged because she had knowledge she was not meant to possess, knowledge of the system's deepest, most protected layers—the Cradle, the Primordial Beasts, the true nature of the Cosmic Record. She had become a security breach. And he, by engaging with that knowledge, had been flagged. Quarantined.

The force holding him was not trying to kill him. It was analyzing him. It was running a diagnostic on the anomaly, the unrecorded variable named "Rowan." It was assessing whether he was a glitch to be patched or a virus to be deleted.

Eosah was not supposed to be able to reach the conclusion she had come to, but the presence of Rowan had brought about a spark that could not be extinguished, and that spark had led to something that was not allowed.

Rowan was an abomination corrupting the system.

The sheer, impersonal, absolute nature of this hand was more terrifying than any Primordial's hatred. This was not an enemy he could reason with, bargain with, or overpower. This was the existence' anti-virus software, and he had just been detected.

And Rowan realized in a single awful moment that the version of the Enoch he had come across inside the Primordial Record was different from this version here.

Enoch... had Incarnations!

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

Chapter 1840: Infinite Rage... Infinite Grief

Although Rowan felt he should have expected something like this, it was still shocking to him. Incarnation meant that Enoch might have more freedom to express his Will, and if this was a new development, then it did not bode well for him or all of existence.

Nevertheless, there was good news alongside the bad; an Incarnation meant that Rowan's chance of success and coming out alive, although he did not know how much of himself would remain, was far more than his previous estimation.

Relentless waves of power that sought to ground him into place filled Rowan's Incarnation, and his body, which was held in place, began to burn.

If Rowan had been present in Reality, the light and heat radiating from his body would be so bright that he would be seen from every corner of Reality; it did not matter the distance, and the temperature released by his body would vaporize a third of Reality, leaving a hole that would strain the boundaries of Reality.

Yet, all of this heat was nothing but a minor by-product of the actual battle ongoing inside Rowan. His Incarnation would not survive this, but Rowan did not care; he wanted to fight!

The door to the ninth dimension was not only held back by a single being, but they still wanted to dictate his existence... 'Enoch, who the fuck do you think you are?!'

“RRRAAAARRRGH!!!”

A roar that emerged from the core of who he was tore through the throat of his Incarnation, as Rowan, taken past his limit, finally found a steady ground beneath him, created by his Will.

A massive shockwave erupted from his body that distorted the space around him, and in this moment, Rowan did not care to hold back any longer, pushing ninety-nine percent of

his physical attributes over to the Incarnation. His main body collapsed, and his Origin Land went dark.

The hand of woven nothingness closed, its touch beginning to un-knit the very concept of “Rowan.” But in that nanosecond before absolute erasure, the Apex Omniversal Titan roared to life.

Rowan’s Incarnation eyes that had been closed burst open and revealed his eyes that had peered beyond eternity, and they were burning... his potential that could have kept him past the end of time was being combusted in a short period.

“FWOOOSHH!!”

The air above his head seemed to combust as the Reality Crown manifested as a diadem of screaming, dying dimensions.

It was a halo of raw creation and destruction that flared against the oppressive stillness. The hand about to touch Rowan froze in place, and this was not a manipulation of time or the effect of his consciousness power; the hand had truly frozen in place.

This stoppage was for a brief moment before the hand would resume its inevitable judgment. Still, before it would happen, Rowan’s Reality-Forged Physiology burst out its unique Aura that radiated outward like the explosion of a supernova. Once more, the hand was frozen in place; there was a sign that it was even pushed back a bit.

His Passive Reality Aura, which usually enforced his will upon his surroundings, now became a shield of pure ontological assertion. It was a bubble of “Is” pushing back against a directive of “Is Not.”

This was the core of his defense: Self-Willed Existence. The hand’s function was to delete an error. Rowan’s Will was to be an undeniable, self-justifying fact.

In his battle against Primordials, he did not reveal his true form because, truthfully, they did not deserve to see his glory.

The hand had truly been pushed back a bit, less than a nanometer, but Rowan was not done... his Incarnations might be powerful, but they were nowhere as robust as his main body, determined to bring out all his talents to bear.

The space around Rowan seemed to freeze, and then his wings burst out from his back. His Wings of the Omniverse radiated the purest dimensional forces that only a Reality could touch; they did not flap, but vibrated, producing a frequency to counter the silent, deleting hum of the hand, desperately trying to anchor him in the limited meaning it was trying to impose on Rowan.

The vibration burst out from his wings in pulses of pure Will that could be seen with the clear eyes, and the hand that was about to touch him was pushed back until it was several feet away, and with every vibration that was released by his wings, the hand was pushed further back.

Rowan's Incarnation shook slightly; the pressure that had fixed him in place like an insect trapped inside glass had subtly reduced, and his mouth cracked open.

His main body, which had previously released ninety-nine percent of all its physical essence a moment back, had barely regained thirty percent of his total energy capacity when Rowan sent it over to his Incarnation, using his consciousness as a bridge.

Blood, as shiny as liquid gold, was pouring from the mouth of the Incarnation as he invoked Absolute Dominion!

"I AM THE LAW... I AM TRUTH! I AM ETERNAL!"

This was an invocation of his Titan's Apotheosis, which showed that his transformation was not just of the body; it was a contextual ascension that had never existed before, and Enoch had no power to change his reality as he saw fit. If the hand wanted to make him a variable, Rowan chose to remain a constant.

The hand that was being pushed back suddenly exploded in intensity, overwhelming the force that Rowan was bringing against it, and began to creep closer to Rowan, a fury that could burn all existence, beginning to arise from the calm, calculating resolve that previously filled it.

The Incarnation grinned, "If you think you can take me on without a fight, think again!" and his eyes, which were blazing like the sun, transformed into a lake of blood, ghosts, and slaughter.

Red and black armor that almost resembled a mountain of bleeding flesh and metal snapped shut over Rowan's body as he unleashed an Apocalyptic Onslaught.

Infinite rage, infinite bloodlust, infinite grief and loss exploded out of Rowan with such force that this space, which had not been shaken since the beginning of this confrontation, began to vibrate.

All of this power was made into a needle point and struck the incoming hand. It went still, and with a soundless sigh, a crack that nearly ran down the entire arm appeared on it.

The hand paused, and then it began to withdraw. Whatever alien mind that oversaw this hand knew that this level of battle was unexpected, and it needed to bring this information back to its maker.

Rowan lunged forward and grabbed the hand, “Where do you think you are going?!” Madness filled his eyes, as his rage and anger that could not be measured took over his senses.

Rowan had suffered greatly inside a Reality where madness had become the norm, and if there were a chance, he would find the person responsible for creating a world like this; they would taste his fury.

“You...”

“You do not know who you are fucking with,” Rowan growled, and in this state of madness, through his Incarnation, Rowan unleashed his Eclipsed Form.

Outside Reality, the eyes of the seven Primordials snapped open.

Chapter 1841: The End (1)

This is how Reality ends...

Telmus the Primordial of Defiant Ascension sat on a throne made from Ether, surrounded by his Ebon Hosts, inside a realm created by his Will.

This realm was built inside the Origin Land, and from the outside, it resembles a gigantic star, bigger than any star in the Reality that he had left behind. His eyes were closed, and the spear that signified his throne as the first Law of Defiance rested on both of his palms, as he attuned himself with this weapon.

Telmus had been using a sword from the first time he held a weapon, and he had never wanted to wield another weapon, because there was something about the soul of a sword that spoke to him in a way that no other weapon had ever done before.

To be a better warrior, Telmus had learned about other weapons. Well, when he meant other weapons, he was referring to all the weapons that his godly mind could reach, and they were a lot. Paired with his demonic heritage that led straight to the Primordial Demon, Telmus was able to master every weapon without laying a hand on any of them.

In fact, his blade had never been forged by the hands of another; he had first learned to use wood as a weapon, then he used his blood, before making a blade out of his spirit, then his soul. As he became an Earth God, his blade was then forged from his Intent, and in the battle in the Arena, when he became an Old One, he forged his blade out of Will.

He had always believed that he would wield his blades forever, and dying with a sword in his hand was a dream that felt close to bliss as there ever was, but by becoming a Primordial, he had endured such sweeping changes that the things he considered to be set in stone became as ephemeral as the breeze.

Telmus had never held a spear, but the one he was carrying, felt right, it was as if it had always been with him from the moment of his birth, which was not far from the truth because becoming a Primordial meant he had been transformed from the inside-out into a new being that was so unique that his Origin Core had never been seen before.

Even as he delved deeper into the mysteries of his spear, deepening the bond he had with the weapon, his consciousness was still powerful enough to constantly sweep through his new realm, which was continually expanding with every breath he was taking.

It would eventually reach a limit, and no matter how much stronger he became in the future, it would never grow. Telmus was aware that, as a Primordial, the creation of a Prime Realm was not under his authority, but due to his connection with the Origin Land of Rowan, he was able to create realms that could hold power.

Do not look at lower dimensional beings inside Reality that could create dimensions, technically, they did not have this ability, it was due to the World Stele which gave them a portion of Eosah's stolen essence, so they could bring the world that only existed inside their spirit into Reality, thereby creating the so-called dimensions all over areality that were now as numerous as stars.

Creation had always been the sole authority of Realities, and Telmus was almost equally fascinated with the continuous changes in his realm as he was with the spear in his hand, because he knew that the realm being created belonged entirely to him. He was not borrowing any power to make it.

If there were ever a day that he decides to leave the Origin Land, then this Realm can be taken with him. Unlike the Origin Land filled with life, his realm was barren, devoid of anything but him, his angels, and his daughter.

Staff was at the boundary of the realm, watching its expansion with rapt attention. After her father's ascension to the realm of Primordial, she did not hesitate and shattered her foundation, as she decided to rebuild her power using her father's core law as a concept.

Telmus had agreed to her request, but he had first tried to convince her to pattern her growth to Rowan's Law of Creation and Origin, but his daughter, proud and beautiful, proclaimed that his law was supreme. He still smiled at that memory.

He might not be as overall powerful as Rowan, who essentially created him, but there was nothing saying a tool was weaker than its maker. His law was new and unique, and Rowan's influence over it stopped at its creation; everything from her on out was under his control, and the future of Defiant Ascension belonged to him alone. Telmus would never bet against himself because he knew that one day he would grow his Origin to rival even the Creator, Rowan.

The first sign that something was going terribly wrong was a feeling in Telmus' heart; his heart suddenly began to beat faster, and a profound sense of loss and disquiet started to rage in his heart. 'What is happening? Something is wrong...'

Instinctively, he drew his daughter to his side as he sent a message toward Rowan, "Rowan, something is wrong, I feel a calamity..."

Telmus, as a Primordial rooted in the Origin Land, was deeply connected to this realm, and he was always drawing power to fuel his growth from the seemingly infinite essence inside this realm. Telmus had already drawn a ridiculous amount of essence from the Origin Land, and he had not sensed a single hint of depletion.

This endless energy had always fascinated and horrified Telmus; surely, his power could not be limitless, but with the passing of time, Telmus was slowly coming to the astonishing conclusion that indeed, Rowan might have unlimited energy, and so when the entire Origin Land went dark, as every single shred of energy that pervaded it was sucked away, Telmus took up his spear and readied for battle.

Bursting out of his realm, Telmus beheld a realm that was once filled with life, transformed into a land of silence. The singing trees and the ever-flowing rivers, the dancing birds and prancing fawns... everything was frozen in place as if their essence and soul had been taken away, with no shred of life inside them... Telmus was unaware that this was what it would look like if Rowan took away every single shred of energy inside his body during battle.

Rowan had never been forced to this point before, but the enemy he was facing was beyond anything that could be found in Reality.

Telmus roared in shock and anger to the fragment of Rowan's consciousness he could still feel in the center of everything, "Rowan, point me to the enemy!"

Life and energy suddenly exploded around the Origin Land, as the infinite surge of energy Telmus had become familiar with took center stage once more, but before Telmus could celebrate the return to the norm, all the life and energy taken vanished once more.

However, Telmus had been paying rapt attention to the changes across the realm, and when the energy vanished, Telmus was actually able to trace it, rotating his spear into the new form he had created, made for battle. Telmus followed the trail of disappearing energy in pursuit.

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

Chapter 1842: The End (2)

Telmus left Staff behind inside the Origin Land. She was the most precious thing to him, and leaving her behind showed how much he had come to trust this enigmatic creator.

Leaving behind a trail of nothing as his body ripped through layers of Reality, Telmus found himself in a strange place, where the laws he knew about existence had vanished, and ideas became the building block of this space.

This place was shaped like a gigantic castle, bigger than a billion dimensions merged together, and if Telmus were not focused on hunting down the trail of vanishing energy, he would have been stuck in place, awestruck.

Even though he knew that becoming Primordial would lead him to places he could never have imagined, the impact of seeing this scene, among others he had seen since he entered the Origin Land, would stay with him for as long as he lived.

“Am I inside the Origin of Soul?” he muttered in fascination; however, with his focus on following the traces of the disappearing energy, this thought briefly touched his mind before it was discarded.

It was important to note that from the moment Telmus detected something was wrong, saw the state of the Origin Land, and pursued the path of the vanishing energy, less than a fraction of a nanosecond had passed.

Staff a powerful immortal was not even aware that she had been taken out from the realm of her father and brought into the Origin Land. In the realm of time that a Primordial operated, most would consider it to be instantaneous, as they could not move or exert enough consciousness power in such a short time frame.

Although to Telmus, time was clearly passing him by, to others, no time had passed. Ahead of him, the energy flowing towards the depths of the Origin of Soul had vanished, while he was still a bit behind.

It was not because he was slow; the energy was traveling unimpeded through this Origin, while Telmus had to pierce his way through with his spear.

Wave after wave of pure soul essence thundered past his body as his appearance resembled a heavenly spear piercing through a realm that most mortal and immortal minds could not comprehend.

The disquiet in his heart was continuously increasing, and Telmus urged his body to move faster. He had rarely felt the emotion called fear, but now there was a sickening feeling rising in the depths of his guts that he could not deny was undoubtedly fear.

“Rowan, don’t die before I find you... Don’t do anything stupid. Wait for me!”

Telmus roared, willing himself to move faster. He was still a young Primordial; if he were a bird, then he had not even left his egg. To fully understand his powers, he would need billions of years at the least, and a few Minor Eras at the most for him to become a fully realized Primordial, and this was just the beginning; the process of fully understanding who he was would be an affair that would stretch for many Cosmic Eras.

But these were in the best of times, not now, when all of existence was under the grip of evil. Telmus could not afford to be slow, even when the only option there is, was to be slow.

He had pierced through the second layer of the Soul when he realized that he could use the arrangement of the Soul's Origin as a framework to decipher his own.

His consciousness, which had probably grown millions of times stronger than it was when he was an Old One, quickly analyzed the feasibility of this plan.

'Would it work? Perhaps... what are the chances of success? Twenty percent. Then that is enough.'

Even though he had simply passed through the first layer of the soul, Telmus's consciousness was in many ways more complete than that of Rowan, and he was able to instantly copy the structure of the Soul's Origin.

He was able to easily do this because Rowan had not obstructed his view. With the structure of the first layer of the soul—the Sanctum of Eternity, firmly in his mind, Telmus combusted his consciousness, and a scream of pain erupted from his lips.

Telmus had no idea he could do this. The idea of burning himself as fuel was so practically alien to him that he knew this technique must be the result of his merger with the Origin Land.

A pained laughter erupted from him when he understood the depths that Rowan was willing to go to achieve his dreams... a depth so visceral and cruel it became engraved in the nature of his body.

What sort of man would set himself ablaze to light up a small corner of Reality inside an endless sea of darkness? A hero, a savior, or perhaps a monster.

"Then let's be monsters!" Telmus roared and burned his flesh alongside his consciousness, transforming into a blazing comet of light so potent that the entire castle lit up, and his shape, which was like a burning spear falling from the heavens when viewed from afar, became shaped like a cross made of light.

A billion trillion inspiration flowed through his mind every fraction of a moment, where every moment was a tiny fraction of a nanosecond.

The Origin of the Soul and his own could not be the same, but there were traces he could follow, subtle inspiration that could guide him, and his mind gripped them all.

“What is my Origin as the Path of Defiant Ascension? It cannot be a path of introspection, I am not Soul... No, it has to be a path of conquest, where divinity is seized and not granted. It is brutal, the oath of a warrior!”

Everything fell into place, and Telmus roared in pain and exultation as the first layer of his Origin took shape.

In the depths of who he was as a Primordial, all of the Origin Power he had gathered in his short life became rapidly compressed into a core.

He should have taken a much longer time to gather energy for his core, but the Origin Force of Demon had been transformed into his foundation, giving him all the tools he needed for this moment.

Telmus spoke his Origin into life,

“First layer of Defiant Ascension... The Pantheon of Chains!”

The core of him exploded as a colossal, circular coliseum resembling the Arena where his destiny was born appeared in the center of his being, floating in a void that resembled a bleeding nebula.

The sand on its floor is made of ground-up commandments and shattered prayers. The seats are thrones occupied by the Echoes of the first seven bloodlines of Trion. They are the audience and the jury.

For any immortal aspirant to delve into the Origin of Defiant Ascension, they must face the seven manifestations of his cosmic law. They were the Pantheon of Chains

Even if he was the first to open his gate to the Pantheon of Chains, he must face their rule; otherwise, he would not be worthy of this Origin, and he would be shattered.

If he made a mistake and failed his own test, Telmus would instantly perish. The contradiction that would arise from a Law not recognizing itself would tear Telmus apart.

There was a twenty percent chance of success and an eighty percent chance of failure... this part of it was the side of failure.

A strand of Telmus’s burning consciousness slammed down into the Arena to face his Origin.

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

Chapter 1843: The End (3)

Chapter 1843: The End (3)

Inside the Pantheon of Chains, seven stood before his ancestors and called for their judgment. There was no fear in his heart because he knew he was worthy.

To claim the first layer of Defiant Ascension, Telmus would have to prove he was greater than the law they controlled. The act of Defiant Ascension meant to claim.

Seated on thrones of echoes that resembled the shadow of screaming wraiths, the seven began their judgment, and under their gaze, Telmus readied himself.

But still, “Damn, these tests are kind of ridiculous are they not?” Telmus muttered to himself, but his stubbornness would not allow him to back down, coupled with the fear in his heart because he knew that something terrible would happen if he were not strong enough to face it.

Telmus looked up; each judge was the size of a mountain range, while he remained as small as an ant.

“I have no time to waste here, because I am afraid that Reality is about to end, it is the only reason there is this fear in my heart. So I will say this once. All of you, come at me!”

This ordeal was harrowing enough if he had to face a single judge at a time, but Telmsu could not be patient enough for such an ordeal. There was an eighty percent chance of failure if he did everything right, but he was still pushing to do everything wrong.

As a Primordial, his consciousness was moving so fast that a single second had been stretched to a billion years, and yet it was not enough.

The judges, unfeeling to his plight, took up his challenges and threw their might against the single fragile being in their midst, and the entire Arena began to crack under the weight of their judgment.

In this Arena, Truiplop became the Inquisitor of Destiny. He turned his unblinking eyes towards Telmus, and it felt as if his gaze carried the weight of tearing blades that sought to ground Telmus to bits and pieces.

In this space, Telmus’s consciousness had no power that could defy reality; he was as fragile as a mortal, but that was the entire purpose of the test. Could he use a mortal that had a zero percent probability of defying Destiny to forge a path towards victory?

If such a thing were ever possible, then a victory like this could not be given; only a Will strong enough to defy common sense would be able to seize it for themselves.

Hekaton became the Warden of Mortality. His appearance took the worst of mortals, as he appeared like a pathetic creature made of decaying flesh and endless appetite. Fear of the unknown filled his eyes, but that was nothing before the fear of death that had claimed his soul.

His presence washed over Telmus, reinforcing the concept of mortality imposed on him. It was a direct challenge to his spirit, almost as if he was challenging Telmus to hold the sun in his hands with the body of a man.

A soft sigh emerged from Metagei, who had become the Architect of Hierarchy. He did not even have a humanoid structure, but resembled a being made from perfect angles and unyielding stone—a golem of pure natural order.

In this order, it was natural that there was a god above men, light above darkness, life above death, among many other concepts.

This order was flung onto Telmus like a brick wall, and his knees buckled, but he did not fall, even as his bones began to shatter into pieces.

A loud chuckle came from Pyanop, now the manifestation of the Tyrant of Prayer. In this form, it took the shape of a bloated, insatiable mass of flesh that fed on devotion.

Thoughts of power and the strength to resist the trials ahead flowed into Telmus's mind. Pyanop whispered a promise of endurance and power to him, enough to resist this unfair trial, and Telmus would only need to worship him.

“Come on, Telmus, you know you cannot hold on... In fact, you don't even have to make your devotion to me known to the rest; you can just send a thought. Say master, and you will become the Primordial you have ever wanted.”

Beside the throne of Pyanop, the Tyrant of Prayers, was a faceless being with a thousand arms, all of which held a thousand locked gates. Yuleti, the Jailer of Potential, leaned forward to regard Telmus.

A single unshaking Will pressed against the mortal in their midst with a single potent message, “This far and no further.”

Men were not meant to fly or to live beyond their destiny. Yuleti was the final gate that barred any admission of a variable into a constant already set in place. It was a challenge to Telmus that said, It does not matter how many laws you break, you can never pass this wall.

A fleeting sob emerged from Maimak, the Oracle of Ends, who took the shape of a woman wearing torn robes and weeping on her throne. If Telmus had the spare thought to be angry, he would, because Maimak took the shape of his wife, and even her voice was the same.

“ Even stars fade, why did I believe my love would last forever? I am withered, the gods I worship are dead and forgotten, and my husband no longer remembers my name. Telmus, how long will you continue this farce? Come home to me, we will meet our end together, for we are mortals and this is our lot. This small joy is for us alone, our fleeting lives are meaningful, leave eternity for the cold gods and mad Primordials... life should end, but we should have our arms wrapped around each other when it does.”

The last throne sat Anthesterion, the Silent King, wearing armor that covered his body from head to toe; his resemblance was a stark image to Golgoth, the God King.

“ Telmus, I had once offered you the peace of nothingness, and you spat on my grave, and yet, here I am again, and this time I do not offer, I simply wait. I wait for the moment that is coming when you break and enter willingly into my arms. You have nothing to support you, your flesh and Will is mortal, and you stand before the infinite. You shall die here, Telmus, and your story will end.”

Chapter 1844: The End (4)

Chapter 1844: The End (4)

The odds against him were ridiculous. Telmus was a mortal who stood before beings with power as close to Primordials as there ever was.

The only reason he had lasted for so long was because, even as a mortal, he had the knowledge of a Primordial, able to recognize that, although the concepts that pounded against his fragile mind, they were not the truth of who he was.

He was under tremendous amounts of pressure, but Telmus had faced such challenges before. From the moment he met Rowan, he no longer knew the meaning of normal or finding a limit; he was always pushing further, and for someone like him who longed to believe he was the best in all creation, this was a humbling experience.

Against the challenges of the judges, Telmus had a way to counter them. He should be on his knees, but he was not; his mind, in an instant, tore itself into seven parts, and he faced all the judges at once.

For the Inquisitor of Destiny, he could perform acts of pure illogical choices that could break his perfect hold over Destiny.

The blades of inevitability that were shredding his flesh would be taken to become his bones, and it did not matter that Telmus was still a mortal; he could understand the concept of inevitability, and he would mold it to his desires.

To the Warden of Mortality, Telmus disregarded his efforts; he had long learned to see mortality as a weapon and not a weakness. With his fragile body, he could hold an infinite Will, and this alone negated the power of this judge.

The mighty golem, the Architect of Hierarchy, Telmus's presence was an abomination to its order, and no matter what the golem proclaimed to the stable order of things, Telmus disdained such labels.

He considered the Architects of Reality fools, not caring that it was based upon his power. Who was the one who proclaimed that gods should stand above mortals? Were they better than him, greater than him? Let them come before him and say that to his face.

If Telmus had not met a being as profound as Rowan, who broke all the rules, then this judge might have been his downfall, but after everything he had seen, orders of this nature were chains that were as fragile as cobwebs.

To the Tyrant of Prayer, the disgusting mass of flesh who whispered madness into his heart, Telmus had long believed in the strength of his arms over those of the gods since he was a child, and he wondered why this judge would ever think he would fall for such deceptive tactics.

More than half the judges had been perfectly countered, and Telmus showed no indication that he was going to be slowing down.

His mind pushed toward the fifth judge, the Jailer of Potential. This faceless warden with a thousand locked doors made Telmus's mind itch; he wanted to punch him in the face in order to rearrange it into a dimension that would suit his taste.

The Oracle of End was met with silence. Of all the judges, this one affected him the least, because he knew for a fact that his wife would never cry. His fiery queen would laugh in the face of death and keep a blade hidden underneath her skirt to slice its throat.

This judge had a lot to learn if it took the shape of his wife and made her cry.

However, no matter how much he detested these tests before him, the last judge took the full weight of Telmus's hatred.

The God King Golgoth was an undying fragment of Telmus's past. He had tasted defeat for the first time at the hand of that being, and even though Telmus knew it should not affect him, he had to admit that a part of him could still feel the pain of the God King's blade, tearing through his soul.

It was a hatred that transcended death, and the cold, mocking words of this judge touched Telmus in a manner that nothing ever could.

Still, he knew the response he should give to this being, and it was one that was not hard to make. His ability to hold back all the judges was the method he would use to silence the Silent King.

Telmus was prepared to launch his counterattack, and then he paused. Something was wrong... he had an eighty percent chance of losing and instantly dying in this test. Why was it so easy?

An outside observer would claim there was nothing easy about this test. Telmus had been placed inside the body of a mortal, and he was made to stand against judges who controlled primordial powers.

Who in all of existence would call what he was about to do easy?

Telmus fell to his knees; his hesitation cost him his chance. Holding so much power inside a mortal body was commendable enough, but when he should have released the power, he held it back, and so he had to suffer the backlash of holding so much potential inside of him, while enduring the pressure from seven primordial presences.

From his knees, he fell flat to his face, and his body began to flatten under the pressure. Telmus was being choked in his own blood and crushed bones, but his eyes were bright.

Under the shadow of death, Telmus saw the trap which he had nearly fallen into, and he could not help but laugh; however, in his present state, it resembled the last gurgle from a dying man.

In his consciousness were seven voices of the judges, all of them pulling him in different directions, whispering promises and salvation to him.

“SILENCE!”

It should have been impossible, but the roar that emerged from Telmus’s chest silenced the Arena.

He had nearly fallen for the deceptive nature of this Arena, all of these tests, all their voices, it was all to distract him from one thing... The core of who he was, Defiant Ascension, did not plead or negotiate with the enemy.

All of this... the judges, the Arena, this layer of his Origin, all belonged to him, and he was seizing it!

With a broken body that had no reason to be alive, Telmus stood up on his feet.

Chapter 1845: The End (5)

Chapter 1845: The End (5)

Below Telmus was his pool of warm blood that he could feel slowly congealing around his feet. His body was broken and his bones were sticking out from his skin in a dozen places, but his majesty was unmistakable.

“Listen,” he growled, a command, and silence fell across the Arena as the pervading psychic hum of so many Primordial minds clustered in one small space was shut off. The judges flinched as if a whip had swept across their necks.

Telmus turned around slowly, his gaze meeting each judge, and they could not turn away from him. A balance had been shifted, and the tides were going against the pull of gravity.

The King of Silence leaned against the pressure from Telmus’s gaze, breaking his nature as he whispered in an airy voice like the last exhale of a dying man, “How?”

Telmus grinned; this was more towards his nature. Deliberately shifting his gaze away from this judge, he began to speak,

“You believe I stand in your court. You are fucking mistaken. You built this place to judge what is worthy. But you built it upon a foundation you do not own. You laid your commandments over a truth that existed before your first thought. You call this the Pantheon of Chains, a proving ground for the unworthy. I call it the First Layer of Origin, and it does not belong to you. It belongs to me!”

As he was speaking, his mortal body was beginning to recover. The blood on the ground started to rise, drop by drop, like raindrops caught in a field of inverted gravity, before rushing into his body.

Dull cracks resounded as his bones returned to their places and his flesh closed over them. If this process was hurting him, it clearly did not matter because his body and mind were steady.

Bringing up a hand that had perfectly healed and pointing to all those who stood in judgment of him, Telmus’ voice shook the Arena,

“The laws you imposed upon me...destiny, mortality, hierarchy, are not the pillars of reality, my reality. They are merely the furniture you brought into my house of existence. You arranged it, declared it absolute, and have been demanding that I should navigate your design ever since.”

The throne on which the judges sat shattered, and they fell to the floor with a resounding crash that sent cracks to all corners of the Arena.

Screams of pain and surprise filled the air, but when Telmus began to speak once more, their cries were forcibly silenced.

Telmus raised both of his hands wide, " I am not a guest in this house. I am the foundation upon which it was built." Then he began to point at each of the judges, stating their fate,

"Your Inquisitor of Destiny could not bind me because my will is the author of fate, not its subject. Your Warden of Mortality could not frighten me because my existence is not contingent on this flesh; this flesh is a momentary expression of my existence.

Your Architect of Hierarchy could not categorize me because I am the space in which all categories are formed."

With each judge he mentioned, their form shrank and their powers were stripped from them. They were reduced to the bodies of mortals, and their screams of pain were a testament to the fact that they hated this form, but they could do nothing but endure it."

"You see, your laws cannot touch me. Not because I am powerful enough to resist them, but because I am fundamental enough to permit them. Do you not understand?!"

His words were like hammers, and all the judges were reduced to mortals, shivering before a god; even the Silent King groaned under the weight of Telmus's authority,

"The chains you so proudly display have no weight, no strength, except that which I grant them. I allow the concept of destiny to exist for those who need its narrative. I allow mortality to give meaning to moments. I allow your hierarchy to create order for those who cannot bear the terrifying freedom of a universe without it."

The Silent King tried to fight, "This cannot be... a man cannot just refuse the sun to shine, and it would... we are the fundamental axis of your Tribulation. You needed to defeat us, not...not..."

"Claim you?" Telmus smiled, "I am Defiant Ascension. I permit your laws to function. And in this space, your Pantheon, I now revoke that permission for myself. I am not under your jurisdiction. I am the jurisdiction."

The silence that echoed over this space was profound; it was as if these personifications of these laws, which were truly the Tribulation any Primordial Entity would face as they delve deep into their Origin, had never considered that their authority would be stripped away in this manner.

Mortals were meant to avoid danger, to struggle before they gained dominion over a thing... this is how it was always meant to be.

No Primordial entity in existence had overcome their Tribulation like this, and these judges could not come to terms with what was happening.

Telmus began to rise up in the air, his hands spread open, and his long white hair carried by an invisible breeze. This fragment of his consciousness still remained a mortal, but his

unflinching and mad resolve to claim his Origin meant the line that separates mortals and Primordials had blurred to nothing.

“So look upon me,” Telmus roared, “Echoes of a borrowed authority. You are not my judges. You are artifacts in my gallery. Your thrones are exhibits of a bygone era of thought. The First Layer of Defiant Ascension is mine. Its truths are mine to define. Its laws are mine to allow or dissolve. My ascension is not a request for entry into your kingdom. It is the announcement that I have always been its king!”

He closes his eyes, and for a moment, the entire Pantheon of Chains flickers. The marble and bronze of the Arena thrum with a new, deeper frequency, his frequency. The Chains surrounding the Arena hung inert and powerless in the space he allowed them to occupy.

A loud groan shook the entire space, and the broken judges turned with shock to see that the gates to the next layer had appeared, and they not only swung open, but they bowed.

“I will come for you later. For now, everything I know and love is in danger, and this layer is all I have to fight with.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1846: The End (final)

The trials of the first layer of Origin were incredibly dangerous, and if he had made the wrong decision and tried to resolve that Tribulation using the standard method that any other Primordial would use, he would have failed.

His core was different, and his laws could not be judged with common sense. He was not the Primordial of Fire, the Primordial of Darkness, or any of the concepts that were relatively tangible. He was the Primordial of Defiant Ascension, and so his road was different.

The trials were deadly, but hardly took any time in the larger scheme of things. His body was still blazing through the Origin of Soul, and he had blasted past the second and third layer, with the gate of the fourth layer of the soul approaching rapidly in front of him.

The blazing spear of defiance under the baptism of a new layer of power with Telmus's Ascension no longer shines white but a deep bronze color, almost like gold, but this bronze was the color of the first metallic weapon wielded by mortals.

Space in front of Telmus shrieked and tore apart; even the gates of the fourth level of the Soul shuddered before it vanished under the sharpness of the spear bearing down upon it.

It was then that Telmus saw... something. It was hard to describe, and only the presence of Rowan blazing brighter than any light should ever be gave him a frame of reference to understand what he was looking at.

Even as a Primordial, Telmus could not wrap his mind around what he was seeing; he only knew that the source of every plague, every sorrow, every death, every evil, was here, and Rowan was fighting it.

He could not see the enemy, but he could sense the Aura of wrongness surrounding Rowan, and only that sense alone was enough to frighten him.

A cold chill went down his spine, and every single iota of his being screamed at him to retreat, to run to the farthest reaches of existence and pray for all eternity that the stench of this Aura be forgotten from his soul.

“Do not come any closer, Telmus.” Rowan’s roar made him ground his momentum to a halt. “Reality is about to end. This battle here is my own, but it would be meaningless if the Primordials are allowed to reach this place. No matter what happens, you cannot let them see me.”

Telmus did not hesitate, rotating his spear, he pressed its shaft against his forehead and gave a halfbow, “I shall hold the gates, Rowan, nothing shall come through.”

Turning around, Telmus exited the Origin of Soul and entered Reality. Exiting was far easier than his forced entry, and holding his spear, Telmus looked up for his enemy... and he saw no one.

Looking around, he saw that Reality was normal; there was no change across all of it, almost as if the heavens were still sealed and nothing had changed.

However, his heart beat was getting increasingly faster, and a fear that made him squeeze his spear tighter flowed through him like an endless tide.

“Where is the enemy?”

An instinct made him look at Reality once more; something seemed peculiar about the image of existence, almost as if he was looking at it through glass.

Then, all of Reality blinked.

Telmus drew in a long breath and walked a few steps back while expanding his consciousness. No matter how much he pushed his consciousness, it did not seem to be enough, and he kept extending his reach until he reached his limits. Finally, he understood.

If he had not reached the first layer of Origin that boosted his consciousness a hundred times over, he would have never understood what he was looking at.

His heartbeat finally stilled when he realized the grim truth, and the fear that held him in a vice settled when he knew his final moments were here.

The Reality he knew was gone, and what he was seeing was the reflection of its last image in a single eye of a Primordial!

When he expanded his consciousness, he began to see more eyes that were slowly turning towards him, as if he were a surprising anomaly they had just discovered.

It is very important to note that Telmus was still working with time on the scale of Primordials, meaning for all intents and purposes, a single second had been stretched to billions of years with the speed of their consciousness power, and yet for what Telmus would consider the blink of an eye, all of Reality was gone. He was in the center of the seven greatest abominations to ever walk across existence.

The end of everything did not come with a bang or a whimper; no one else, except Rowan and Telmus, knew that Reality was over, and everybody who was in it was dead.

Telmus's mind returned to the moment inside the living castle Algorith, before he took the final steps to become a Primordial, he had asked Rowan,

"Why do you consider Primordials to be the greatest threat we would ever face? You are killing them easily enough, and with a few more upgrades to your battle capabilities, then this war is already as good as won."

Rowan had smiled at him and said the words that chilled him to his core, but he had not recognized the implications behind them until this moment when he stood before the seven and knew without any doubt that he would be dying here.

"There is a hunger in the heart of creation, older than existence as we know it and deaf to all reason but their endless appetite. They stalk the darkness and unwrite Realities, one at a time. We build our kingdom and sing our songs, but the end of all things does not sleep or tire, and in every moment that passes, they come for us, and no matter how much we fight it, we are not enough. Why do I fear the Primordials, Telmus? It is because, no matter what we do, we are always too late."

A long sigh emerged from Telmus, and he brought up his spear, "I do not go silently into the night, I rage... I rage."

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Chapter 1847: Final Form (1)

Chapter 1847: Final Form (1)

Rowan was not surprised by Telmus's appearance; he had detected him the moment he left his Origin Land, but Telmus's quick ascension to his first layer of Origin in such a short period of time was surprising.

Even placed inside a time-dilated environment, Rowan expected Telmus to take many billions of years before he began to explore his unique layers of Origin.

Truly, the fear of death was the greatest motivator for growth, and it seemed this was also the case even for Primordials.

Rowan's nature as a Reality meant the layer of Origin was no mystery to him, and most of the Origin Sources he controlled were all claimed by him via conquest and not from normal cultivation.

However, the Ascension of Telmus did not just benefit this new Primordial, but Rowan as well, and a distant spark lit up in Rowan's consciousness as a surge of inspiration flowed through him, but he could not focus on this aspect at the moment.

Pushing Telmus to the rank of Primordials had borne fruit, but Rowan had to be alive to enjoy the proceeds of that fruit.

At this time, Rowan was just glad that even at the end of all things, there was someone who was able to still strive past the limit imposed by existence.

So, if Telmus was able to break past his limits, how could he, who claimed to be limitless, be continuously held back by an artificial limit imposed by a dead tyrant!

From the moment he activated his Final Form, Rowan understood the power behind this move, and he knew that this was the power that existed beyond Origin.

From the moment he acquired the Primordial Record, it had always shown him glimpses of the power that existed beyond his present level.

As a mortal, he was shown the power of gods, as a god, he was shown the power of Empyreans, as an Empyrean he was showed the power of higher dimensional immortals, as a higher dimensional immortal, he was shown the power of Primordials, and now as a Nascent Primordial Entity, he had been shown the power that existed beyond Origin. Today it was the first time that Rowan chose to step through this door.

Eosah had asked him why he was not curious about what lay beyond the fourth level of Origin, and the most straightforward answer he could have given her was that he also had a door inside the depths of his being, his Final Form.

Rowan had always been wary of unleashing this power, and it was for good reason; the consequences might be unimaginable and also unrecoverable.

Still, Rowan was stuck in a bottleneck. He needed to ascend, but his path forward was poisoned. He had no time to slowly explore forward because the weight of seven hungry Primordials was hanging over his head.

So, Rowan decided to take a gamble, with all of Reality and his life as stake. He came to Eosah, who stood beside one of the doors that led to the layer beyond Origin, and he asked her questions that should not be asked.

Rowan had told himself to expect anything and everything to happen. Whatever he thought might go wrong would surely go wrong... and he was not wrong.

When the black arm from the Incarnation of Enoch tore through Eosah's body and came for him, it also shattered her Singularity that kept the Primordials who were outside of Reality from seeing the state of those within.

In that instant, Reality ended, but Rowan had already begun to ride the wind, and he could not just step off, and so with everything on the line, he activated his Final Form.

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.

It was almost impossible for Rowan to describe the state he was in when he activated his Final Form. Knowledge and instincts filled his mind to the brim, but he could not understand anything.

He was like an ant whose mind had been filled with the blueprint of building a starship. The knowledge was there at his fingertips, but he could not access it.

Still, it was a good thing that he had experienced similar situations even as a mortal while handling powers equal to those of Primordials.

The trick to this was to run everything in autopilot. Before activating his Final Form, Rowan's Will was bent in a single unshakable direction, and no matter the storm that would arise in his consciousness, even if he was not aware of what was happening, his Will would follow the path he had laid down.

Upon activating his Final Form, the hand of Enoch began to degrade in his grasp. Cries of shock and fury filled the air, but it was useless. Rowan was not consuming the arm; he was just deciphering its makeup, but he was not being gentle about it.

Like a surgeon using a hammer instead of a scalpel to slice through the flesh in order to see what was within, Rowan's Will urged the power of his Final Form to take apart the hand to see what made it tick.

Enoch had instituted that there would be only one road to reach the ninth dimension, and Rowan was not having it. If no road existed, he would build it, even if it required him to use the bones of his enemies as mortar.

The information entering his consciousness was too vast for him to understand, but Rowan did not have to understand it, at least not yet; he only needed to acquire it first, understanding would come in time.

He had barely shattered twenty percent of the arm, but the tremors of battle outside the Origin of the Soul were already reaching Rowan.

However, in his present state, Rowan could hardly detect the danger or the battle ongoing outside.

Still, a part of him tensed up when the light of Telmus faded, but Rowan had only shattered thirty percent of the arm.

It did not take long before the presence of the Primordials filled this space. After killing Telmus, they easily tore apart his Origin and descended into this space.

Eyes larger than Realities surrounded him, ancient and cold beyond compare. With the silence of inevitability, they descended on Rowan.

Chapter 1848: Final Form (2)

Chapter 1848: Final Form (2)

Sometimes it was impossible to fully conceptualize the scale of a thing until you witnessed it properly for the first time.

The mind had a limit; both mortal and immortal minds suffered the same constraint, and Rowan was among the few, if not the only one, to have a mind that would continuously grow until it encompassed all things.

But for now, he was still limited, after all, in a particular perspective, he was still a child. Because of the fragility of Eosah's Reality, Rowan had been stopping himself from growing, and if someone were powerful enough to see all of Eos's body, they would see he was still in the form of a baby.

Still, it would not matter if he had allowed himself to grow to his mature state as a Reality, because the powers of Primordials were like nothing he had ever seen before.

Rowan did not know when it happened with the Primordials, but sometimes in the past, after they had consumed so many Realities and integrated so many Origin Sources in their bodies, quantity had become quality, and to refer to them as Primordials any longer was doing them a disservice.

They might not have reached the level beyond Origin, but the effect of stacking so much Origin into a single form was clearly not natural, and a perverse change had come upon them that was truly scary to behold.

Rowan stopped the forceful absorption of the hand of Enoch, and it howled and retracted into the body of Eosah, its presence instantly vanishing.

The broken corpse of Eosah shuddered and began to heal itself, and in no time, she was whole, and her eyes slowly blinked open, filled with pain and confusion, and she instantly froze when she saw what had surrounded her.

To her credit, beneath the fear and shock lay deep rage. These were the bastards who had killed and violated her corpse.

Rowan's eyes, which were clouded by the haze of collecting so much information, cleared up, and he became a bit puzzled at the escape of the hand; it was as if it was not just fleeing Rowan's mad attempt to devour it, but the presence of the Primordials here was also something that it feared.

Looking around him at the immensity pressing down against all of existence, Rowan could not blame this hand, because for the first time in a long time, he felt truly small.

"Rowan," Eosah whispered, "What... how can this happen?"

Rowan turned to her, his body still bathed in the light of his Final Form, and he shrugged, "I pushed too hard, and everything broke. The end we have always feared is here."

Eosah gasped as she looked around, being surrounded by eyes bigger than Realities in number beyond counting was enough to drive even someone like her to madness. She glanced at Rowan briefly, wondering how he could remain so calm, before returning her gaze to the Primordials that surrounded them.

Suddenly her head whipped back towards Rowan, her eyes wide with shock, and she pointed at the light that surrounded him,

“How can you have the light above Origin shining in you, Rowan? What are you?”

Rowan did not give her the answer she wanted; instead, he pointed towards the eyes that were just staring at them,

“Why are they silent? We should be dead, but they are not attacking.”

It took a moment for Eosah to shrug off her shock and reply to Rowan’s question,

“You must have sensed it, Rowan, the price the Primordials are paying for becoming so powerful in a form that was never meant to hold such power.”

Indeed, Rowan could feel only a fraction of the sheer power wielded by the Primordials, and it was deeply frightening, exceeding all boundaries of common sense.

The Primordials were never meant to be this powerful, and if they were mortal or even the average immortal, containing so much power in their form would lead to death, like a mortal trying to swallow a sea; their stomach would inevitably burst, but the Primordials, their nature prevented them from dying to their greed.

The curse of evil that pervaded their bodies gave them an endless hunger and an appetite that nothing in existence could imagine, but they had been stuffed to the brim many Cosmic Eras ago; their hunger prevented them from stopping their ceaseless feasts.

Rowan recalled the many visions he had of the Primordials, and he understood that in the past, these entities were glorious and terrible, but they had a grand vision, and whatever it was they pursued, the end result they craved was not to be abominations with endless hunger they could never satisfy.

Perhaps if the Primordials could control their appetite, they would be able to stop eating and digest all the meals they had collected; in this manner, they could begin to evolve, but their hunger prevented them from doing such a basic thing.

Rowan recalled the desire of the first and greatest of the Primordials, Nyxara, the First Thirst, the Primordial of Soul, who had desired above all to be free of their endless hunger.

“So, they have become trapped in their own hunger,” Rowan muttered, and he chuckled darkly,

He still vividly recalled the arrogance of the Primordials when they sat around the fires and butchered the Torch Dragon. They might have believed that when they began

slaughtering Realities, they would be able to not just gain Origin Sources, but also push that Origin Source to the limit, before they moved onto the next.

The first time they tried to do this, they succeeded, and the Primordials were able to gain the Origin Sources of Soul, Time, Chaos, Life, Memory, Light, and Demon.

Then they began their reign of terror and began butchering Realities, pushing their Origin Powers to limits that were unnatural.

If a normal Primordial should have a base Origin Force of a hundred, through their act of butchering Realities for their Origins, the Primordials were able to push the limit to a million.

Rowan could imagine that they must have been ecstatic, and they would have wanted to retire to some far-off corner of Limbo and fully process this power before beginning their hunt for the next Origin Source to acquire.

However, even in a short span of time, they had butchered too many Realities, and the stench of Evil and rot had pervaded existence, transforming it into Limbo.

To their shock, they could not settle and digest their bloody spoils; a hunger without limits had taken hold of their bodies, and they became golems of pure destruction.

Reality after Reality were plundered, even after they had eaten their fill, they could not stop themselves from gorging on more. With time, their bodies began to mutate and transform, to the extent that their consciousness became suppressed under the endless tide of hunger.

In his previous life as Rowan Carter of Earth, he recalled a peculiar trap used to hunt and kill wolves in the Arctic.

A hunter would coat a knife blade with their blood until the blade was hidden under a solid layer of frozen blood, then they would stick the blade to the ground. A wolf attracted to the smell of blood would see the frozen blood, and it would begin to lick it until there was no longer any of the hunter's blood left, but strangely, the wolf would not stop licking the blade, even as its tongue was sliced to ribbons.

You see, due to the cold that would quickly numb the tongue of the wolf, it would not realize that the blood on the blade was gone, and the blood it was still lapping up came from its shredded tongue.

It would continue in this manner until it bled to death. The wolf and the Primordials were the same, Rowan thought.

Chapter 1849: Final Form (3)

Chapter 1849: Final Form (3)

“Are they entirely mindless?” Rowan asked in puzzlement. The eyes staring down on him were filled with power, but lacked a certain direction. It was as if a single body was crammed full with a billion different minds, all striving for control, and in the resultant chaos, there could be no lead, only endless clash that led to a devolution.

“No, they are not mindless,” Eosah replied to him, “Their immortal nature means that if every Origin they devour, they gain another mind that is a direct copy of the original. It means that in each Primordial, there are a multitude of Primordials vying for control, all mad and filled with hunger, and they all have equal minds and capabilities, so there can be no winner, just an endless battle. But don’t you dare think of pitying them; they have discovered ways of going around this limitation, and you have experienced those methods firsthand.”

Rowan cocked his head to the side, as he stated flatly in realization, “The Primordials inside of Reality.”

“Yes. I don’t know how the minds that are going to be picked are decided upon, but there would be one unlucky Reality among many that would suffer the fate of being infected with some of the minds of the Primordials, and using this method, the Primordials are able to think, plot and plan their way into the future, free of the hunger and madness being experienced by their main bodies inside Limbo. However, I believe that my situation is highly peculiar, and perhaps the reason I was born outside the boundaries of the Cradle of Enoch was due to the interventions of the Primordials.”

Rowan was now deeply interested in her words, “Why do you say that?”

“All Realities have inherited memories, and for a plague like the Primordials, the knowledge of their activities is nearly at the top of that list.” Eosah shook her head, either in the grip of memory or to comfort herself, “In my memories, there had been many Realities infected by the minds of the Primordials in the past, but the time period the minds stay inside these Realities is extremely short. The shortest had been a few million years, and the longest not nearing five billion years. As you know, the Primordials have been inside my corpse for nine Major Eras, and I know they have been able to get away with this travesty for so long because I was born outside the Cradle of Enoch, and I do not enjoy the guidance of the Beast of Inevitability.”

She brought up her fingers and began to point out, “In the time inside me, they have performed various duties that went outside their nature. They allowed life to flourish, gave the mortals the ability to cultivate, even mimicked the Era Cycles of Reality as close as possible, all of it was to give my dead corpse a semblance of life, all of it was just to create a sandbox... for you, Rowan.”

Rowan's eyes flashed. Life had a way of coming full circle. The answers to the deepest questions he had were always with him from the beginning, but it took standing on a greater height to see the whole picture.

When he awoke as a child on Trion, confused and scared by his transmigration and not understanding a single thing about his situation, he did not know he had been placed inside The Nexus. A place where everything was carefully crafted so that he could be observed by a higher power.

His friends, his land, his mother, his people... all were made to be props, and breaking that awful game had been his first step in walking out of that nightmare. However the saying that had haunted all of Rowan's waking hours still remained applicable to this day; the more things change, the more they remained the same.

Eosah was right; all of the games, lies, and deceit were all done by powers that Rowan could previously not even imagine, but he had always felt that invisible chain around his neck from the moment he opened his eyes into this Reality. He had hated the ones who were responsible for placing these chains around him.

All of his life had been a quest to hunt down and eradicate the hands behind the curtain, and now that he was close to the end of his quest, he did not know what to feel. The Primordials were always the bad guys in his book; they had committed atrocities of such magnitude that even if the evidences were presented to mortals and immortals, their minds would literally not be able to understand it.

It was like a mortal being told the number of atoms inside a universe; they might hear the ridiculous number and be amazed, but they could not fully interpret what that number really meant, and even Rowan was struggling to understand the sheer scale of butchery needed to poison an actual infinite space to transform it into Limbo.

But now that he was standing before their endless perverted majesty, Rowan did not know what to feel about their present situation. It was true that these beings had caused such great suffering across all of existence that could hardly be imagined, but it was also true that the suffering they were enduring must be so great that even death would be a mercy.

Rowan had been deliberately holding back his consciousness from reaching across to the Primordials because he could sense the power, pain, and madness that filled these eyes without even touching them, and he did not know if he could handle what it would take to even touch a small part of their consciousness.

The allure was there, of course, like a firefly staring into a sun that was placed in front of it. What would it be like if he could just reach across the distance to... touch. What experience and sensation could he feel? Would his mind be able to process the madness and hunger of this magnitude?

“Do not do it, Rowan,” the voice of warning from Eosah shook him from the reverie imposed by the presence of the Primordials, “You would permanently lose a part of yourself. I have not completed the memory impactation about what we know of Primordials.”

Eosah’s tone turned grave, “The Primordials in this form may be largely mindless, but their act of placing minds inside of Reality gives them certain benefits. One of those benefits is that once the merger with these minds takes place after they are retrieved, for a short time, the longest being a few million years, the Primordials would gain a measure of sanity and awareness.” Eosah shivered, “These are the times they turn cruel, Rowan, these are the times they hunt and burn and desecrate, and they do not feed, they just destroy.”

She paused before she continued, “There is a direct correlation between the time they spend inside Reality and how long they can regain their sanity outside of it. I fear that the Primordials have stayed too long inside my Reality, and when they are merged with their minds, the disaster that such a thing would bring would be unimaginable, because they might finally have the time and the resources to finally destroy the Cradle of Enoch.”

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1850: Final Form (4)

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1850: Final Form (4)

[Prev Chapter](#)[Next Chapter](#)

Chapter 1850: Final Form (4)

Rowan frowned, “Destroy the Cradle of Enoch? Why would they want to do that?”

“You have to understand, Rowan, Limbo is no longer a place where new Realities can be born. It has become far too poisoned for anything of creation to be seeded within.” Eosah whispered, “The last place where Realities can arise is inside the Cradle. I fear that whatever plans the Primordials had when they partook in the creation of you, Rowan, have failed. The chance for them to escape their madness has been broken, and now, in their madness, they would seek to destroy all things.”

“But I have killed several of the Primordial Minds inside Reality, and what is left are just Memory, Light, and Life.”

Eosah’s eyes widened as she considered the implications of those words, “Then this might lead to a new sort of complication that may end up either a blessing or a great disaster.

What would these three Primordials do when they have the others at their mercy? Remember, they themselves are their greatest enemy.”

Before Rowan could reply to her statement, a loud sound like an air horn resounded, making Eosah scream in pain and cover her ears, while Rowan went pale and flinched. He was aware that it was the light of his Final Form that was keeping him safe, because this sound attacked the fundamental nature of a being.

Thankfully, the sound stopped in a few short moments, or Rowan would have joined Eosah on the ground, screaming. Relief was short-lived as the sound resumed once more, and this time it continued for longer before it ended.

Rowan was on his knees, with both of his hands squeezing his head as if letting go would shatter his skull from within. A faint fog carrying the power of creation was drifting out of Eosah’s eyes, nose, and ears... the sound was killing her from the inside out, shattering the core of her being.

Gritting his teeth, Rowan decided to act; they could not withstand one more blast from the Primordials, and if the trend continued, the sound that would emerge next would be much longer, and there was a probability that it would never end! Rowan’s intuition, backed by his Will of Truth, was telling him that this sound was not an attack; it was simply the full unleashed Aura from the Primordials. It was the sound of their heartbeats.

The fact that he was able to hear the sound was due to his strength; anyone else would be dead, maybe, even Death itself. The primordial had reached such a level of strength that it was almost impossible for them ever to find their match.

Glorious abominations, they were true horrors, but this did not take away their crushing strength born from an endless life of gluttony and slaughter.

Rowan did not understand how to wield the power of his Final Form, at least not in the way he desired. What he could do was to give vague commands and hope the power he unleashed went according to his will.

He was like an ant with the power to control the weather, if he failed to channel his Will properly when controlling a hurricane, he would be blown away and crushed.

“Protect us...” he whispered under his breath, and his eyes widened in shock as a soft voice responded. The light from his Final Form whispered back into his heart, “No. This is not my purpose.”

Then the sound began anew, and Eosah gave one final despairing scream; her eyes were fixed on Rowan, and in them, he could see so much. There was anger, fear, and, surprisingly enough, in the depths of her gaze was hope. Somehow, even in this moment when both of them were on the verge of death, Eosah still believed in him.

Through the pain, Rowan nodded and smiled at her, not caring that blood was pouring from his mouth and his smile must have resembled the grin of a starving wolf. Eosah made a soft moan as she collapsed into nothing, leaving faint motes of starlight behind.

Rowan shuddered as he alone remained. He was on his knees, but this was not the way a man like him should present himself before his enemies, and so he slowly rose to his feet. As he had feared, the sound was no longer ending; instead, it was getting stronger, as the heartbeats of more Primordials began to rise.

Somehow, Rowan remained standing through it all, buffeted by endless waves of annihilation that could not be described because they had transcended any form of words. Rowan knew that it was his previous actions that saved him.

The fact was simple: the sound he was hearing was coming from three sources and not seven. If there had been seven fully awakened Primordial, then at his present level, just the sound of their combined heartbeat would have been enough to kill him.

But all of that did not matter; he was not ready to fight Primordials of this level, and his greatest weapon seemed to have a personality of its own, and it was one that may not align with his present goals.

It was then that Rowan sensed a difference in the sound, a subtle shift in harmony that signified that this sound was no longer chaotic and natural; now, it was being controlled.

He nearly staggered as the sound stopped, no, not stopped, instead the sound surrounded him like a shell, or a cage. He was being observed.

Rowan smiled; it was almost a relief that he could now stand face-to-face with the monsters who had been at the center of his nightmares for so long.

Slowly raising up his head, he observed the beings that observed him, and in the moment he saw the true form of the Primordials... Rowan's mind cracked like glass.

This change was so violent that the sound was audible, sounding almost like a crack from a whip. Both of his eyes exploded from his sockets, and as much as he wanted to see more, Rowan knew he had already stretched the danger to the greatest limits that he could manage. If this went any further, then he might not be able to pick up the broken pieces that were left.

He smiled and inside his heart he sent a message, "Eos, it is over to you now, my story here has ended. I claim the weakness of my Final Form."

[Prev Chapter](#)[Next Chapter](#)

Chapter 1851: Final Form (Final)

Chapter 1851: Final Form (Final)

Rowan had gathered a lot of experience in the manipulations of power over his long years alive. He had grown from throwing punches to commanding the element and then to higher mystical forces like dominion over the soul, and in time, he began to control Will and concepts like fate, memory, and destiny.

One thing he had learned from so many years of being entrenched in the mystical realm of life was that he could hypothesise about certain abilities to a fairly accurate degree, even before he acquired them.

Rowan might not be able to control his Final Form, which he knew had elements of power beyond Origin, but with his experience and the generous amount of hints given by the Primordial Record, it was not hard for him to understand what his Final Form should be capable of doing.

Rowan had scrutinized the description of this ability intensely, knowing there was more to it than meets the eye. Unlike any of his other skills, he could not just test it, because if it utilised power greater than Origin, then it would surely attract attention, and pressing against his head where the main bodies of the seven Primordials, they would not stand back if they detect the unveiling of such powers, after all, this was their goal, only this power could save them.

Eosah knew that Rowan was special because of the many mysteries surrounding his birth, but only when she saw the light of his Final Form did she understand why everything had happened. In her inherited memories, there was never any mention of any being who could access and control this power beyond Origin, a force so mysterious that it remained nameless.

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.

Rowan's powerful consciousness had gone through trillions of possibilities that may arise using this power, and what he expected when he activated it. The most logical conclusion was that he would have no control, but Rowan knew that sometimes the best way to be amazing at something was the ability to stay in that faint line between control and freedom.

In one of his many Incarnations, Rowan had scattered all over Reality as he learned about his abilities and furthered his powers. He had been a mortal who had ridden a lightning bolt. He had never forgotten this feeling or the sensation that he had never forgotten in his life.

Rowan had stood on a lightning bolt a hundred miles long, and he encircled the entire continent of his birth. His entire people and the dozens of warring countries had stood in awe as they watched a mortal standing in the heavens above, his every move seemingly commanding the wind and rain.

His single act of defiance over the heavens had brought peace to that entire world and left a lasting legacy that could never be replaced.

He had perished not long after, his vitality as a mortal exhausted, but the lessons he had taken from that life had been profound, and this was the same method he was going to be using when he activated his Final Form; he would be riding the lightning.

Yet, lightning and the power of his Final Form were entirely different concepts, and just because he could borrow an aspect from his experience did not mean this was all it would take; he also needed to derive lessons from other parts of his life, and he did... He took the words of the Primordial Record rather literally.

Rowan had asked himself this question: Why would the Primordial Record state the weakness of his Final Form? It was unnecessary when he considered that any ability also came with its drawbacks, so why was it stated?

There were many reasons, but Rowan could never know until he activated this power; his only job was to ensure that whatever outcome this power brought, he needed to be ready for it.

Rowan had smiled because he knew the faith that everyone had in him was not wasted; he had indeed anticipated the strengths and the dangers of his Final Form, and he was going to be using it against the Primordials.

If time were to be rewound a few nanoseconds into the past, Rowan had just activated his Final Form against the hand of Enoch; however, it was always easy to forget that the Rowan here was just one of his many Incarnations and not his main body.

When he had activated his Final Form, Rowan had pushed all of his power into his Incarnation, drastically shortening the lifespan of the Incarnation, but it enabled the Incarnation to wield his powers with maximum effectiveness. It also did one other thing: it drove the presence of Rowan's main body to zero.

Upon activating his Final Form, Rowan finally concluded that it had two sides, and if he wanted, he could pick any of them. The first side of his Final Form would make him the end of all hierarchies, a supreme being whose nature could not be measured or

understood, because he stood above all, and the other side meant that he could assume the weakness of his Final Form, giving himself a limitation.

What this power meant was that Rowan's limit was self-imposed, but there was a great danger in wielding this ability that only Rowan was uniquely suited to control. The Primordials were an example, by consuming Realities, they had access to supreme powers, but they could not contain it... Just because his limits were self-imposed did not mean he could grow infinitely... but you see, Rowan could, he could grow infinitely.

So, it should be easy to assume that Rowan could assume his Final Form and end all his enemies, but it was never that simple. The analogy of an ant having the power to control the weather was still very poignant here. He was still technically an Old One, and this brought many limitations.

His energy was not powerful enough; he should at least be controlling Origin power. His Wills had not reached the ninth-dimensional level, and his Class was woefully incapable of channeling a power beyond Origin, and so thinking he could control limitless power in a body still shackled by several constraints was madness, yet he still wanted to take the plunge.

The limitations of his Incarnation that would perish in a second or two were the perfect vessels to embody the weakness of his Final Form, making it the perfect trap.

Where was Rowan's Incarnation? He was inside the Origin of Soul to talk to Eosah, and where was the Origin of Soul located? Inside Rowan's main body! This particular Origin of Soul belonged to Eosah, and Rowan had used it as a bridge to draw the Primordials into the place that he wanted them.

His main body had poured all of its energy into the Incarnation, driving its presence to zero, and the Incarnation had blazed with power, enough to draw all the Primordials to find him, and now that Rowan had seen all that he wanted and learned enough, it was time for the other shoe to drop.

There were many paths to power, but for a long time, Rowan had been limited in his actions; his form still remained as a baby because he could not grow. Reality was too small and fragile, and outside Reality were the Primordials who would tear him apart the moment he began to grow.

Eos, whose titanic form had been hidden in a corner of Reality and was in a form that was countless times smaller than an atom, suddenly opened his eyes.

Chapter 1852: Eat!

When Telmus had reached the first layer of Defiant Ascension, his growth had not only been beneficial to the Primordial, but it had also brought a wave of changes to Rowan, the Reality that this new Primordial had been birthed from.

His Incarnation had been too busy to pay attention to these changes, but his main body was fully aware of these changes, and if he could, he would be dancing in joy, because in Telmus's ascension, Rowan saw the path to the future, and it made all the sacrifices and the resources he had poured into raising up a Primordial to be worth the cost.

Upon his elevation, Telmus Law of Defiant Ascension had become one of the pillars of Rowan's Reality, and this meant that even if he were killed in the future, he would always be able to be resurrected slowly inside the Origin Land, which could be considered a miracle, because anything that could kill a Primordial meant all traces of them had been wiped from existence. Still, except that his Origin Land was destroyed, Telmus would never die.

This was beneficial to Telmus, but Rowan had also been able to gain something unexpected, Origin Essence.

Origin Force referred to the concepts controlled by Primordials, which were the Origin of Soul, Fire, or any other concepts like Defiant Ascension. Origin Essence, on the other hand, was more special; Rowan believed it was the very potential of Realities.

There were reasons why Realities were able to create Origin Force inside of them, which could be later plundered by Primordials, and the secret to it was Origin Essence. It was not a particularly well-guarded secret, but it was unobtainable to all, even Realities themselves, because it was all used up at the moment of their birth to create the Origin Force that would make up their Reality.

If it were true that the Primordials went through so much trouble to ensure he was born inside Eosah, then it would be only for one reason: to harvest his Origin Essence.

He was a Reality, but something in him was missing, an essential part of him taken at the moment of his birth, and the creation of Primordial Imagination was most likely possible because she stole his Origin Essence, but now, he had found a way to unexpectedly gain new Origin Essence.

It was not much, maybe less than a hundredth of what he would have been naturally born with, but for Rowan, it was enough to take the next step and boost his growth and free him of the shackles that had held him back for so long, but he still needed to make a good plan for his ascension to be possible.

Origin Essence was an unexpected bonus to his plans, but it was nevertheless welcomed.

Rowan had not observed the birth of other Realities, but it would have simultaneously taken an eternity and also an instant. They had no say in what they wanted to become; their destiny was fixed from birth. However, he was lucky, because his mind had grown faster than his body, giving him a chance to develop a Will strong enough to control the direction of his growth.

At the time of his birth, his light should have rippled out all over Limbo, since he was not constrained within the walls of the Cradle of Enoch, all of existence should have felt his birth, but the actions of the Primordials had ensured that he was never known, and when Rowan became free of them, he was the one suppressing his light, to prevent his enemies to know he had been reborn.

Now that time had passed, he could be born with all the glory he deserved. Rowan, no, Eos, opened his eyes for a brief moment before closing them, but in that instant, he had confirmed that there was no traces of any Primordial entity around him, the only ones were those inside of him... this was a dangerous play he was making, but he had already laid down the ultimate bait, and Rowan would always dare to do crazy things to achieve his goals.

His swaddling, made from dark matter, had kept his infant body warm in the coldness of the dead womb of Eosah, and it also slightly protected him from the ravages of Limbo, but that was not what it was made for, and it began to slowly disintegrate, but before it could even vanish, it began to tear apart as its occupant began to grow.

Eos' bones were woven from event horizons, and they began to expand, creating new connections and bridges that were endlessly complex, and his skin, pale white, like milk, yet still translucent, was forged from a unique quantum foam that was created by the birthing lights of colliding dimensions.

This special light that emerged from the collision of dimensions occurred so briefly that it had been a source of debate across countless immortal civilizations across all existence, if they truly existed, but Rowan was a living proof of this wonder of creation, his very skin made from among the rarest material in all of existence.

Where his veins should have been were rivers of liquid gravity, because that was the only way to transfer power and essence quickly all throughout his body, whose size was growing as he was slowly transforming from a baby to an adolescent.

It was possible to see into his body due to how thin his skin appeared, but there was almost nothing crafted by hand that could pierce through his skin. His consciousness could be seen roving inside his skull like the spiralling arms of galaxies. It was an extremely beautiful image that would fill an observer with fear and dread, knowing that this was a sight that no mortal or immortal eyes should ever witness, because his birth was a miracle unmatched from the beginning of time.

Around him, the cosmic strings that played soothing melodies that sounded like celestial harps, alongside the black holes and supernovae surrounding him as he slept, were shattered into pieces as Eos began to grow into a youth.

Eos' eyes slowly opened, and it was as if a thousand dimensions were blinking awake. His irises were a swirling lake of anti-matter, while the white of his eyes contained all the profound core of matter, fully encapsulating his nature as the Eclipsed Creator.

His growth was not fuelled by Origin Essence; it was simply from all the pent-up potential that he had been suppressing, and only now did he allow everything to flow in the way it should have always been.

Still, his plans had never depended on Origin Essence; it was a beneficial bonus, but what Rowan wanted was not just the space to grow, but also the power to feed his growth.

Inside his body, the Primordials were slowly circling his Incarnation, drawn by the light of the Final Form rippling around him, and Eos, now an adolescent, resembling a boy of thirteen, echoed the smile of his Incarnation Rowan, and he erupted with his Final Form.

Like his Incarnation, Eos, could not control the power of the Final Form, but he could bear the brunt of this technique without fearing his body would explode. Eos gave this force that had the might to rewrite hierarchies a simple order: eat.

Before Telmus gave him Origin Essence, Rowan's plan had been crazy; he wanted to eat Primordials!

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

Chapter 1853: Reverse Devour

Chapter 1853: Reverse Devour

The leap between struggling to fight the Primordials and wanting to consume them was insane to consider, but Rowan understood the sheer weight that a higher order power had over a lower one, and he might only have a single chance to make an impression, and anyone else might think small, but Rowan was a predator whose hunger for victory was rarely seen.

'Was this what Death saw when it warned me about my actions? Maybe it is something else, but at this moment, my mind is set.'

Eos' growing form stood in Limbo, even as an adolescent; his size was five hundred times bigger than Eosah, and this was him at his base form, meaning he did not expand his body using any technique. Entities at their level could assume any shape and size, making this distinction to judge their strength and potential largely meaningless at a glance, but it did

not mean that such a large base form was useless, as it represented the pure potential and ability of that entity.

The intensity of energy that Eos could control was already far greater than Eosah, and even if she could get access to the same energy stores as Rowan, it would be impossible for her to match his depths due to his sheer size. Not to mention that only a body as vast as his own would be able to create energy of this intensity.

He should have been naked, but a shawl of relic photons gathered from every dead universe in existence gathered around his waist, and they flowed around him as if an ocean of light covered his waist.

There seemed to be a pause, and suddenly, two gigantic wings not connected to his body burst out behind him, followed by his crown. There was a sound as if a billion Old Ones were screaming as Eos' full might was revealed to all of existence. Around him, his Archons began to appear, but they were not looking at him, but facing outward; they would be his final guard if something unexpected occurred.

Eos looked around in surprise, raising both of his arms to his face, a small part of him taking note of his flawless form and appreciating it. However, he expected that his Final Form should have taken hold by now. What was causing the del...

“FWOOOSHH!!!”

With a sound as if a thousand Realities had been placed to the torch, a brilliant white light exploded from Eos' body, and his body was frozen in place as his mind was battered by a flood of information that sought to erase all he was.

Like a mortal grabbing hold of a lightning bolt, this power was too great for him to handle, and since he was assuming the weakness of the Final Form, the strain was many times greater than what his Incarnation could ever hold, but Eos was not a mortal or his Incarnation.

His body was healing as fast as the destruction was tearing through him, and even though his mind was like a single leaf blowing in a storm, his Will was eternal. This power that now ravaged his body was alive and yet not, but it was aware and was amused at his struggles, but that did not matter to Eos.

If he was conscious at the moment, he may have been thrown off by the sheer power and depth of this presence inside this power, but in his present state, he was nothing but Will and pure stubbornness. His Will did not care if this was the greatest power in all existence; it simply seized it by the neck and growled,

“EAT!”

The End of All Hierarchies responded to his crazy desire, and the light of his Final Form that was shining bright suddenly went out. All of it drilled into his body, washing across uncountable trillions of miles of his body instantaneously and locating the Origin of Soul that was beginning to crack open, it was never meant to contain powers of this level, and only its esteemed status as an Origin Force had kept it in place, but that was about to end...

The flowing stream of white light reached the Soul Origin, and it transformed into a blurry form of a boy made from the darkest stuff of stars, bigger than a universe, and even though it was hard to see, the boy was grinning. The boy reached across and seized the Soul Origin and threw it into his mouth, and then he began to chew.

Eos was watching all of this in fascination, as he had two streams of consciousness to monitor everything that was happening: the first was his Incarnation Rowan, who was inside the Soul Origin and was already on the verge of death, and the second was his consciousness overseeing everything happening inside his body.

A moment before, inside the Soul Origin, large hands had been reaching for Rowan, and he did not pull back; instead, he did the opposite and pushed his perception forward to see the true form of the Primordials, and what he saw made a part of him wish he didn't.

He could not see much; his perception would have to be billions of times stronger to see the entirety of a Primordial, but the hands descending upon him were close enough for him to see.

The skin of the first hand closest to him was like a pulsating membrane, raw and inflamed. It was as if flayed muscle stretched over a void. All of the power contained by the Primordials had stretched their bodies to the limit, and yet their immortal nature did not permit them to bleed or to die; their bodies just kept stretching, even when they had reached their limits. This sheer mental dissonance and torture were enough to drive anyone insane.

This gave Rowan an opportunity to see below the skin, and he glimpsed writhing innards, made up of countless maws snapping, teeth grinding against each other in a frenzy, dripping with a saliva that burned with an acrid, chemical stench. This was the madness and hunger of a Primordial, filled with hate and malice, and it slammed against him like a physical blow.

If not for the fading light of his Final Form, Rowan would have collapsed here, his mind would shut off, and he would stand, waiting like a lamb for slaughter. How did Telmus hold back the full might of these seven for so long? A flash of pride went through his heart at the strength of his budding Primordial, but that was his last thought as the hands, bigger than him, yet multiple of them, were able to surround him. They seized him like a vice, and his strength, as great as it was, was useless against the immensity of their madness and hunger.

His senses were placed into darkness, but that was no mercy, because the pain began as a trillion mouths began to eat him alive.

He could not fight it, but Rowan was not in despair; he had performed his duty in the way that it should have happened, and at this moment, the power of his Final Form, taking the shape of that mysterious boy, had grabbed this Soul Origin and tossed it into his mouth.

“That’s right, you are not the only ones who are hungry.”

Chapter 1854: Ultimate Techniques

Since Rowan and Eos were experiencing the same events in two different positions, he was able to glean more information from what happened next than he would have normally.

Memory, Life, and Light were awake and aware of everything that had happened inside Reality, and these three were the ones who were consuming Rowan.

The rest, still led by instincts, were a beat too slow, but they were coming, and when they joined the feast, Rowan would instantly perish.

Rowan could not see what happened next, only brief glimpses of white teeth larger than Realities passing through the bodies of the Primordials... and then the unearthly screaming. They were like starving wails interwoven with the crack of splintering reality, so loud it could no longer be categorized by sound.

If the Primordials had been the alpha predators over all of existence from the beginning of time, and they had no natural enemies, then it meant that they never truly faced any danger or true pain from an enemy that wished to hurt and kill them.

It was true that the Primordials suffered pain that could not be imagined by any creature in existence, but the wonderful thing about immortals of their level was that their senses were so varied and powerful that they were still able to experience new layers of pain beyond what they were currently facing.

A mortal being may process pain via a single sense or even multiple senses; their minds were not meant for pain of this level and would shut down. A Primordial mind, on the other hand, would not; they could not grow numb or ever see a ceiling to the pain they were experiencing.

Rowan would have wished to see more, but the cries emerging from the Primordial, accompanied by his weakened body, tore him apart, and what remained of his body was crushed under the teeth of the boy, granting him the silence of death.

Or at least, that was what he had initially believed would happen to him, but the power he was playing with had exceeded the limits of his knowledge and control, and Rowan found himself inside a cave.

His connection with Eos still remained, but it was incredibly faint, almost nonexistent, and the connection Rowan had been able to build with his main body and his Incarnations had grown to great heights. However, Rowan was not too concerned about this; his primary focus was on his survival. Why was he not dead? Where was he?

Rowan tried to sweep his perception through his body and discovered that he could not. There was nothing blocking his perception; he had just been reduced to the body of a mortal. Still, he could feel his strength returning, and it would not be long before he could access some of his supernatural abilities.

No answers could be found inside this place, and he could see a light at the end of the cave. He could not sense what was going on with Eos, but his main body should still be safe, so Rowan was free enough to act and look for answers to this mystery.

Walking towards the entrance of the cave, the crunch of his boot on the floor made him look downwards, and now, with the light coming from the entrance of the cave, he was able to see the floor with his mortal eyes, and Rowan's eyes tightened.

The floor was made of bones, dried and bleached as if they had been left in the elements for years. Looking behind him, Rowan noted that the cave still extended downward, and he had awakened closer to the entrance, so he could not tell how many bones were inside of it, still, no matter the number, Rowan had become desensitized to great amount of deaths over the years he had lived so he could calmly analyze everything he was seeing with a cool eyes.

With dispassionate eyes, he looked over the bones, noting that most of them were not human; however, there were from a rather varied group, and from the size of their skulls and the appendages he could see, they were most likely all intelligent species.

"How curious," he muttered and reached the edge of the cave, and he stepped out. The sight that he saw made him stagger and reach for the walls of the cave. Rowan closed his eyes for several minutes as he waited for his immortal strength to return so he could open his eyes once again. He was recovering more quickly as he reached the entrance of the cave, as if something in the light was bringing back his immortal nature.

This was necessary because he could instantly recognize that the world outside this cave was a higher-dimensional realm, and it was easy for his mortal eyes to discern that it had no horizon.

If he had not quickly closed his eyes, then this place would have dragged his pitiful mortal spirit and exhausted the fuel of his life force when it forced him to see all it had to offer. It

would be like a two-dimensional being forced to see the world in three dimensions. A mortal mind had no place comprehending such a thing.

Feeling the faint stirrings of power beginning to rise inside him, Rowan quickly began directing it away from his flesh and towards his spirit. He had to force himself to keep his eyes closed so his spirit could be strong enough; he suspected that this realm must be at least at the eighth-dimensional level.

Rowan frowned. From the speed of his recovery, it would take too long, most likely days, before his spirit could reach the level that he wanted. Making a series of quick calculations in his head, Rowan determined the best course of action and began directing his rising immortal nature into the area of his spirit that was the center of memory.

A few seconds later, he pulled out the technique that he wanted from the depths of his memory. It was a nameless technique because Rowan had never bothered to name it. When a part of his mind was free, he usually used his powerful consciousness to create techniques using the most obscure or extreme elements.

He challenged himself to make treasure from trash or find a way to use the smallest force to influence a larger area. Every now and then, he created an amazing technique that he recorded and threw into different places in his Origin Land. All of these techniques were useless to him, but if there were any of his children who were lucky enough to stumble across any one of these techniques, it was not assured that they would become unbeatable, but their presence would surely be felt across creation.

Rowan had been able to create 108 of these techniques before he stopped. He could sense that his Origin Land had reached a natural saturation and could no longer hold any of these techniques. If he pushed for more, then he would change the very nature of his Reality to accommodate such extreme techniques.

The technique he reached for was focused on his Spirit, the control center of his consciousness, and there were nineteen layers to the technique he had just pulled from memory. Rowan did not need to study it before he understood it, and he began to wrap his spirit around the shell of this technique.

Inside his head, a bright blue eye appeared, signifying that Rowan had reached the third level of the technique in a few seconds, and the power of his Spirit exploded. From the level of a mortal, his Spirit instantly reached the peak of immortals under the fourth-dimensional level.

Rowan's body could not hold a spirit of this level in a mortal frame, and it began to break down. He dismissively allocated a portion of his Spirit power to begin reforging his flesh as he picked another ultimate technique that was focused on upgrading the physical body.

Chapter 1855: Endless Fields of Bones.

The technique to upgrade his flesh was also one of the 108 heretical techniques he created, and, like the previous spiritual technique that rapidly upgraded his spirit, this one could reforge his flesh with minimal resources.

This was what made these techniques powerful and considered forbidden: they could achieve significant changes with minimal resources, breaking all the natural rules of reality, and naturally uplifting the user far above the rat race of competition suffered by all living beings who quested for immortality.

Rowan's flesh began to rapidly transform from mortal to immortal, using only the resources derived from his mortal body. The method used was truly mystical, making the body a self-contained cauldron.

This process was not supposed to be quick, as it involved lifelong, sequential cultivation that requires discipline, meditation, and internal energy work. The user would have to be intensely focused on their path to achieve immortality using their body's resources alone. As payment for their dedication, they would reach the pinnacle of life without consuming any resources.

At first, this process would be slow, but as the body kept transforming, the resources available for this technique to utilize would only grow, which was ridiculous when it was considered from an outsider's perspective. It would be like a mortal lifting himself up in the air with their own bootstraps.

Rowan, the creator of these techniques, knew of several shortcuts he could take, as the concepts of levels he had placed inside it during its creation were to break down the core concepts of this technique into bite-sized pieces for the user to consume and comprehend.

With two of these heretical techniques working hand in hand, Rowan became a fourth-dimensional immortal in three minutes. At the tenth-minute mark, he reached the sixth-dimensional level, and in an hour, he became an Old One. He had not completed the techniques because, according to the way he created them, only a single person would master a technique, and then it would be lost forever until that person perished.

However, the reason he had used the techniques had been satisfied, and he could open his mind to see the realm he had been transported into.

Truly, knowledge and the ability to utilize said knowledge were what set the elites apart from the crowd. If Rowan had access to these sorts of techniques in the past, so many of his challenges in life would have been easily avoided, but it also meant that he would have lost many opportunities for growth.

He was only able to create such a technique in the present because of the many sufferings he had undergone in the past. How could a bird know the struggles of climbing a mountain to see the sky when it has always had wings?

Rowan's eyes snapped open, glowing with an eerie blue light that could see the depths of souls and open paths to other dimensions.

Directly in front of him was the floating head of a boy that seemed to be made out of white smoke, who was intently gazing at Rowan quite intensely. Realizing that the subject of his perusal was staring at him, the head vanished with a chuckle a moment before Rowan's palm snapped shut over its position.

Rowan had not been able to tell that someone had been close to him all this while, and if he had not reached the level of an Old One, he would not have been able to discern the presence of this being.

Still, as shocking as it was to be observed so closely, it was nothing before the sight that opened itself before Rowan, and he paused for a moment, a solemn aura emerging from his body at what he was looking at.

Before him was a land that stretched for infinity, even his perception as an Old One had traveled across trillions of light-years, and he could see no end in sight. Rowan suspected that even if he continued pushing his perception forward, he would not see an end.

This infinite land was filled with bones.

A while back, inside the cave, Rowan had suspected that the cave was deep and it was also filled with bones, but he had not been shaken, even if the cave were extremely deep, at most the remains inside it may not exceed a hundred million.

This was a horrifying number, but Rowan had personally killed countless more than this, and the ledger of lives he had taken via his action or otherwise could be counted in the hundreds of billions, and so to call Rowan desensitized to death was an understatement.

But what was that statement: "There is a heaven beyond the heavens?"

Rowan took a step forward onto the field of bones, then bent down to touch the ground, his perception sweeping deep into it, and he discovered that this realm also had no bottom and continued for an infinite distance, and as deep as his perception could reach, there were only bones.

Only now did the full ramifications of what he was seeing settle, and he instinctively understood that he was looking at the dead from the Primordial's butchery across Limbo. A number that was so vast that even an infinite space struggled to hold all of their bones.

A loud, droning sound like a trumpet resounded, and Rowan flinched. This was the heartbeat of the Primordials. Looking around for the source of the sound, Rowan began to note that the diffused light that surrounded this place had started to dim, as if a vast, infinite shroud had begun to cover this entire realm.

Then he observed a subtle vibration in the air that was slowly growing stronger, and he could not see any reason why these changes were happening. And then he looked up to see that the shroud of darkness covering this infinite realm was descending lower.

Rowan gasped and leapt into the air, noticing that there was a strong pull on the ground that wanted to force him to stay put, but doing so would be a bad idea. The wave of infinite darkness falling from the sky was not a mystical phenomenon; they were just bones, yet these bones were numerous beyond counting, and if Rowan was to remain on the ground, he would be buried, and it was unknown if he would ever be able to resurface if more bones kept pouring from the sky.

This was not a fate he wanted for this Incarnation, to be buried under an endless field of bones for all eternity.

Muttering an incantation under his breath, Rowan began to layer shields around him, even as he pushed against the pull from the bones of the ground. His blue eyes pulsed with radiance as his body began to bleed, as Rowan roared and pushed himself higher into the sky.

He shot out a pillar of flame to tear into the descending bones above him, and he readied himself for a struggle for survival, as an infinite number of bones crashed down on him, silencing his cries of struggle.

It was impossible to put a word to the sound that erupted from these bones falling to the ground, and everything was covered in darkness, but then in the depths of this commotion, there were flashes of light... Rowan was still fighting.

Chapter 1856: A Necessary Struggle

Rowan felt like he was in hell... How long had he been here and fighting this unending battle?

“BOOM!!! CRASH.... ROAR!!!”

Terrifying waves of power erupted from his body and spirit, shredding through billions of tonnes of skeletons that were directly falling over his head.

He was only defending himself, and that meant with his talent and battle arts, he could technically last forever, but his mind was rapidly nearing its limit.

‘How long had he been battling beneath the rain of bones?!’

A part of Rowan had been keeping the time at the beginning. He thought the rain of bones would not last for long, but after a million years, he began to rethink this position.

A hundred billion years passed, and Rowan was still struggling to fly higher into the sky. With the fall of bones, the ground was beginning to rise to meet him slowly, and if he did not want to be buried forever, he could only push on.

Ten trillion years passed, and Rowan was still fighting.

A hundred trillion years...

Two hundred trillion...

Eighth hundred trillion...

Five septillion years...

One hundred septillion years...

It was around this time that Rowan believed that a part of him stopped counting the years, and the thought that this rain of bones would have an ending vanished. The immortal energy that had been entering his body had vanished a long time ago; it had barely lasted for a hundred years before they were exhausted.

If Rowan did not have access to the techniques he had created in the past on a whim, and had depended on passively absorbing the immortal strength bestowed by this place, he would not have been able to live more than a century before he perished. Now, he had fought for so many years to survive that time had become truly meaningless to him.

All he knew was that he must never stop fighting to survive. He needed answers, and he would get them one way or the other. What else was there to do?

As Rowan battled, over time something amazing began to happen... cut off from his main body Eos, and forced to rely on techniques that he had created for frankly lesser beings than him, he had been reduced to a state where he could no longer hold on to his past majesty.

Everything had a sense of balance, even a being as innately broken as Eos had to have the basic standards in place that could shake the laws of creation, or any of his miracles would be impossible. With that in mind, Rowan, in this state, had lost many of his gifts that made him special... he was a limitless being forced into a body filled with nothing but limits.

Even though his stubbornness and Will had preserved him for so long, Rowan knew that he was rapidly nearing his limits, but then, he began to improve!

The nameless techniques that Rowan had made were all truly peak-level, reaching the realms of Origin, and it would be impossible for anyone who practiced them to ever think of improving them, even Rowan could not further improve them, and the only

improvement they would ever have was quantitative, and only in the far future would he have the ability to enhance them further.

And this was only because his main body had limitless prospects for growth, making it possible for him to forcibly improve perfection.

So, this came as a surprise to Rowan that in his hands, these two techniques began not just to improve, but to evolve.

In this place, Rowan had to be concerned with three things. The first was the attractive force from the fields of bones beneath him, which was potent enough that if he were an ordinary Old One, maybe even an Old One that was at the peak of their level, only a step from being called a Nascent Primordial, he would have barely lasted a few million years before perishing.

The second and third challenge was burning his way through the rain of bones and surviving the impact of being grazed by any of them. The falling bones did not have much mass, but the speed of their descent was dozens of times faster than light, and so such speed gave each bone the strength to tear through worlds.

Such a level of assault was nothing to an Old One who could move and fight with speeds exceeding that of light, but in this realm, there was no outside source of replenishment for any of the resources lost during battle. In time, such unrelenting struggles would drain even those with vast energy stores to the point of nothingness, but Rowan persevered.

His skills were considered perfect, meaning it was in a fully self-contained loop. He appeared to be affecting his surroundings, yet none of his energy was lost. His only challenge was to survive the endless years and ensure that he did not make a single mistake to disrupt the harmony he had created over the countless years of struggle.

This improvement in his skills defied all expectations, as his perfected techniques began to touch new realms. What he created was at the limits of Origin, so this meant that the improvement in these two techniques was touching the realm beyond Origin!

Rowan's expression did not change, even as new insights began to fill his mind. Directions he was not aware of were taking shape, as the layer beyond Origin began to open up for him. Yet if he factored in the speed of his comprehension, it meant he would spend countless years to make meaningful progress.

"What else am I to do? To avoid the fate of madness that is slowly creeping into this mind, an improvement in my spirit and body would allow me to hold on for as long as it would take... even if it means I have to remain here forever. I hope... No, I don't need to hope, my Will is eternal, even if it is only a fragment that remains in this body."

Focusing on his endless battle, Rowan continued his motions of channeling annihilating flames overhead to destroy the falling bones, while refining the shield around his body to tackle those that slipped through the flames.

A lot of these bones came from mortal beings, but a vast number were also immortals, and their bones could survive the flames of annihilation long enough to slam into his body. This was the true danger, as Rowan had nearly been crushed under some powerful bone countless times now and had stopped counting when his near-death experience surpassed a trillion.

Normally, his mind would be wandering, bringing forth various possibilities of where he was and the reason he was stuck here for so long, or even if this flow of time affected his main body, but there was no space for that, other than survival and improvement.

Suddenly, Rowan made an unexpected move, and instead of pointing the flames of annihilation upward, he thrust them to the side, and they were not just flames; he had woven them into chains.

It initially appeared as though he had just thrown these flaming chains across a space filled with nothing but falling bones, but they snagged something that was not bone, and the chains wrapped around it.

A series of shockwaves mixed with an unknown purple element erupted from Rowan's body that vaporized the bones falling above him for hundreds of light-years. This should give him enough time to tackle the entity that had been observing him all this time.

Home [The Primordial Record](#) [Chapter 1857: The Power of End](#)

[The Primordial Record](#)

[Chapter 1857: The Power of End](#)

[Prev Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)

[Theme](#)

[Background](#)

Even after all the endless years that had passed as he struggled to survive in this strange realm, Rowan had not forgotten the face of the body that had been observing him at the start.

The manner by which the boy had appeared before him had been strange, and when Rowan failed to capture him, he had collected certain hints about what this boy might be.

Rowan had a perfect memory, and even though his present form was extremely limiting, he still had access to many trillions of years of experience and knowledge from his main body Eos. Over the many years that he had been battling to survive, a small part of him had been going through his memories in order to understand what this boy might be.

It was not easy to do so when he was under great strain, but Rowan slowly eliminated all the countless possibilities that existed, which he knew about, meaning there were very few possibilities that were left, and the most likely of those possibilities was that this boy was a fragment of the Final Form technique.

Unleashing such a technique on existence was Rowan as a mortal playing with the powers of a star, but at his present level, there were few things he dared not to do, and sometimes being too careful was far worse than pushing ahead with bravery, knowing that no matter what comes up in the future, there would always be a chance to fight for what you believed in.

He knew that he could not fully control this technique, but unleashing it had taught him one crucial fact: this energy was alive and sentient.

Rowan pulled the flaming chains towards him as the unknown entity inside them began to struggle to escape. These flames

were not true annihilating flames; buried in their center was Rowan's unflinching Will.

Loud cracking sounds were emerging from the chains, as if it was on the verge of destruction, but Rowan had anticipated that these chains might not last; he just needed to pull this entity closer to him, and then he would have other methods to suppress it.

He could not properly see the form of what he had caught. They were changing shapes so rapidly and covered by a blurry veil resembling smoke that it appeared as if he had caught a living tornado.

At first, Rowan could not see any part of this being and had only caught it after his experience and intuition, but the longer they remained trapped inside his Will, the more of their form was revealed.

A few meters now separated Rowan from his struggling prey when they stopped holding back, and a strange scream erupted from it. The force they had been using to fight against Rowan's pull unexpectedly multiplied, and the chains holding them snapped.

Rowan went pale and nearly collapsed because the snapping of the chains was equal to the destruction of his Will, something that should be impossible. The unknown entity laughed, and its chaotic form began to fade.

It was clear to Rowan that if this entity vanished, the chance he would ever be able to capture it again would be gone, and his Incarnation in this strange realm would perish

under the weight of the falling bones, but he could not just recover from a Will that had been shattered, he was not his main body who could casually tank hits like this, and only regret remained in Rowan's eyes.

The vanishing entity seemed to see into Rowan, and its laughter became more shrill, but then from their central mass, a flaming fist out of it, and their laughter transformed into a shrill howl of pain.

Yet the cry of pain soon devolved into laughter and a childish voice, speaking an unknown language that Rowan instinctively understood, rang out, "How are you doing this with the meager resources you have to work with?"

The blurry form of this entity rapidly solidified into a boy wearing a white robe, but his head was made of darkness, filled with spots of light, as if Rowan were looking at the core of a newly born universe.

Pulling himself away from the hand that had impaled him, the boy turned around to look at another Incarnation of Rowan behind him, and then, touching his nonexistent chin, the boy went, "Aha! That technique of yours not only refines the body with no resources, but can also create Incarnation from nothing. How utterly fascinating. oh, I am sure that Enoch would hate your guts, the things you are doing with Origin is so ridiculous, I wonder what you would do with the power of End."

Rowan's newest Incarnation cocked his head to the side, as he dismissed the previous Incarnation who had been fighting for countless years at this point and whose mind had been worn past their limits, "End? Is this the power beyond Origin?"

The boy cocked his head to the side also, mimicking Rowan's movement, while also looking at the spot where the previous Incarnation had vanished. "Strange that you still think about the overall state of existence in such arbitrary terms, but I guess that it is normal when your background is placed into perspective, yet how can a rural bumpkin like you create inventions and techniques like this?"

Rowan chuckled coldly, "Please forgive my ignorance. The secrets of existence do not willingly open themselves for me to peruse."

"Bah, don't say that..." the boy pointed at Rowan with anger.

"Say... what? The truth?"

"No, don't give all the excuses of a loser! Just because you were not able to do it does not mean that others won't."

"You have lost me," Rowan shook his head in confusion, as the boy sighed and he gestured, "Follow me, we have a lot to talk about, and we have... Oh, we have infinite time in this place, or should I say infinite time as long as you are able to hold on."

The boy descended, and Rowan noticed that the rain of bones had ended, and below him was a cave, similar to the one he had once exited from, and the boy was heading towards it.

Rowan hesitated for a moment before following the boy, a lot of thoughts flying through his head, but at least the possibility that he might get answers to the most profound secrets of existence was tantalizing.

The boy stopped at the opening of the cave and waited for Rowan to land before he gestured, “This is your cave of solitude. While in here, the rain of bones would cease, and you can rest, but there is a catch... This cave has only a limited amount of energy, and they cannot hold back the tribulation for long... You should probably have ten years of rest inside this cave before you will be forcefully expelled for another hundred Major Eras. I did not have much power left to work with when I created this cave; however, you...”

Walking close to Rowan and poking him in the thigh because he was too small to reach anywhere else, “... you are completely insane, are you not? In three Cosmic Eras, you have not rested, not for one day! My precious cave that I made with a lot of care has been standing here disused all these while.”

[Prev Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)

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

Chapter 1858: Bad News And Good News

Rowan did not know how to respond to that question. How was he to know the features of this cave when it was buried the moment the rain of bones began? But then he only had to look back at his memories, and he wanted to slap himself; the cave had never disappeared, he had simply not been looking down at the ground all this time, not that it would have done him any good.

He had rightly assumed that the cave would have been covered by the rising mound of bones, and due to his limited perception inside this body, he could not pierce through the dense walls of falling bones.

With the number of bones falling from the sky, Rowan had been fighting inside darkness; there were not even spaces for air to pass in between the falling bones, as his situation was more as if he was wading through a sea of concrete moving at dozens of times the speed of light.

Rowan shook his head of all these distracting thoughts as he asked, “Who are you, and where is this place? I can’t sense the flow of time outside this place, so is the time I spend here the same as the time passing by in my Reality?”

The boy frowned —Rowan could tell by the subtle movement of his body. After all, whatever this entity was, they had perfectly moulded their body from the neck down into the shape of a human child.

“What I am is a bit complicated, but your rampage all these years has ensured that this cave of solitude has the time to gather enough charge to keep you safe for, oh let’s see, another million years, give or take a few seconds. So I guess we have time to chat. I will answer all your questions, but first, I want you to answer one of mine truthfully.”

Rowan paused. This was a loaded request; he could not give a promise he could not keep to an unknown entity, and yet he required the knowledge from this being. Finally, he replied when it seemed the boy was becoming impatient, “As long as it would not affect my other body out in Reality, then I will answer the question you asked... truthfully.”

The boy slapped his hands together, “Good, and no, this has nothing to do with Eos, but it would go a long way to helping him in the future. Basically, your answer can cannot hurt him, but if it is good enough, it can help Eos a lot.”

“Ask,” Rowan said, curious about the question that this boy was placing so much weight behind, knowing that there were certain secrets he would not divulge, not even for the ephemeral promise of aid from this entity.

“Tell me, Rowan, um, can you cook?”

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Three hours later, a veritable feast had been prepared before the boy, who was audibly swallowing all these while Rowan cooked. Following the request of the child, Rowan did not just summon food from nothing; instead, he created all the ingredients he would need for this feast.

Doing this cost him nothing but a few hours of time, and if his results here might in any way affect his main body, Rowan saw no reason not to go all out.

He had cooked enough to feed a thousand men, but the boy inhaled everything into his face and fell on his back, apparently in food coma, while groaning in pleasure. Rowan sat

in silence and simply observed this child, a trace of recognition and pain flashing through his eyes.

“No, I am not him,” the child spoke up unexpectedly. No longer on his back, he was now sitting cross-legged in midair, “That boy in your mind, I am not him.”

“How would you know what is on my mind?” Rowan asked slowly.

“There are many things I know, and there are many things I do not know. One thing I do know is that I am not him.”

Rowan smiled almost self-deprecatingly, “And yet the body you wear is similar to his own, and you asked me one of the first questions he had ever asked me.”

The boy raised a finger, “That is one of the many things I know of, but that does not make me the same as him. This body, this craving for that question, all came from you. From your regrets. Of all the immortals I know of, your power, Rowan, you are the oddest. Your sentimentality is a great strength, but also your greatest weakness. Why else would you have touched the power of End if it was not to safeguard all the life under the heavens. You are a damn fool.”

Rowan assessed this boy, and he groaned, “You are the Avatar of my Final Form.”

“What gave me away?” the boy laughed, “And don’t count the many hints I have been dropping all this time.”

Rowan turned away from the boy and looked outside to the infinite realm of bones, “What is the connection that this place has with the Primordials?”

“Ah, now that can be a difficult question to answer, but I will tell you straight. First, there is bad news and good news. Which one do you want to hear first? Well, it doesn’t matter; I will tell you the bad news first. You asked if the time that passes here is equal to what passes outside, and yes, it does. You have spent three Cosmic Eras inside this place, and that same amount of time has passed outside.”

Rowan nearly staggered, the full weight of that realization almost drowning him in fear and panic. Before he awoke inside this place, he had lived for trillions of years in different dimensions, but that was nothing compared to the weight of three Cosmic Eras, in standard time scale, which was equivalent to three quattuordecillion years spent in this place. His entire lifespan before now was nothing compared to the time he spent here.

What was the present state of Reality? Was his main body dead, or did he survive? What changes would have happened in all existence after such a long span of time?

“Oh, and the bad news is not over,” the boy continued speaking, almost merrily, “You see, you cannot leave here, not for a very, very.... Very long time, because if you do, all the sacrifices that you have made would be cancelled. Now time for the good news!”

Rowan’s nameless technique had kept his Incarnation alive and fighting for three Cosmic Eras, but it had been worn down; however, he could perfectly re-use all the energy of that body and re-create another Incarnation that would have all the memories of the last Incarnation but none of the mental load that this memory brought... at least to an extent.

Even his perfect technique would inevitably hit a limit, and his mind would collapse one day, and if he were to be imprisoned inside this realm for an eternity, what was the point of fighting? Would his sacrifice truly matter in the end?

The cough from the boy interrupted his bleak musing, “I told you there was still good news, and here it is,” another cough, “Yes, time is moving across all of existence and you will spend a long time here, but the good news is that you can stop at any time and this nightmare would be over, because you are in the past Rowan... sixty-five million Cosmic Eras in the past!”

Rowan became frozen, and the boy chuckled, “When you told me to eat Primordials, did it ever occur to you what that truly meant?”

Chapter 1859: The Rules Of End

Chapter 1859: The Rules Of End

Rowan remained frozen in place, the revelation piling on him like a storm. He was not concerned with the years he would spend inside here, at least not yet. There would come a time when his mind could no longer handle the strain of eternity, but that was a problem for him in the future; for now, there were too many things he had to come to terms with.

However, being able to survive for so long on a time scale that many mortals and immortals could not even comprehend meant that Rowan’s spirit had gained a durability that could only be shaken, not broken. He pushed through the despair at the endless years ahead of him and focused on the boy, who was not the Lost Flames.

Noticing how quickly Rowan had shaken off the impact of his words, the boy grinned once more, “You have always been reckless, Rowan, but summoning me was foolhardy, even for someone like you. Although I don’t blame you, it’s the experiences you had growing up that have shaped you into who you are. Even as a being held by the weight of Origin, your Will truly believes it is limitless, and with this, you have created a damned miracle.”

Rowan shrugged, “There is always a price for power, and that should be among the many things you know. I am well aware that my actions would always have consequences, and you have no right to judge me for them,” bringing himself to his full height, the innate

majesty of Rowan that could never be hidden for long rippled out of him, “Now, let us dispense with false words and misdirection, tell me your name, and whatever knowledge I need to know, if I have earned a million years of solace before an eternity of torment ahead, I would rather spend every moment making the most out of it.”

“Is your Will truly that unbreakable? Well, we would find out in the future. The true test of all things had always been time, after all. You ask me for my name, but I have only a True Name, for anything lesser cannot define me. If you think you can hold my true name, tell me and I shall tell you.”

Rowan remained silent at the subtle provocation from the boy. Every sentient being had its unique character and habits. Over the years, Rowan understood the value of patience and accommodation, and he knew when to put his pride aside, even when he was being provoked... but there was something about this boy that made this difficult.

Not just that he had the shape of Lost, but as he spoke, his voice began to transform into Lost's, until now, when it's almost indistinguishable. It was almost as if he was mocking him.

Satisfied with Rowan's silence, the boy continued his damning revelations, “It is a good thing you have explored the power of Origin; it would help you in the understanding of End, but you should know that it is not enough. What you have come to understand of Origin is just the tip of the iceberg, and you need to go much deeper; you need to understand every single Origin in existence, and then you will naturally grasp End. Still, with what you have discovered, I can reveal certain truths to you.”

Sweeping his hands to the side, the events that happened in the past, not the future, when Rowan trapped the Primordials inside his body and activated his Final Form began to play out. The boy began to speak,

“You were correct in the usage of the power of End, inasmuch as a lower lifeform like you can manage, a fraction of my power would have tore your consciousness to pieces, and you are also right in the method you use in handling Enoch's Incarnation, just like you are experiencing at the moment, there is a price to wielding End, one that even Enoch cannot disregard.”

Looking deeply at Rowan, the boy seemed extremely satisfied with his silence, and he continued speaking in a childish voice that held all the weight of eternity,

“Although you were right about the way to survive when you called upon the power of End, everything else you did from that point was wrong. A mortal knows better than to play with fire or bathe inside a pool of lava, because all things have ruled and the rules of End are extremely strict. All rules are born from End, and that property cannot be broken, although, like you and Enoch have discovered, it can be manipulated.”

As Rowan listened to the boy, he also closely followed the vision the boy was showing him of the past, because he quickly realized he was seeing this conflict from an entirely new dimension he had never encountered before. There was something about the lights and sounds that seemed familiar yet alien to his mind.

“When you invoke the powers of the Final Form, you need to be exact in your purpose. You cannot leave anything to chance because you are literally taking the pen that binds all of existence and changing the rules. If you make even the slightest mistake, the weight of existence shall snuff you out as easily as a candle flame in a tornado. In a billion chances of summing the power of End as you did, there was only one chance for you to have survived.”

Rowan’s eyes tightened, “I did not follow any rules when I summoned my Final Form, why then am I alive?”

The boy scratched his head as he chuckled, “Well, there are many reasons you survived. There are the broken fragments of Enoch’s End that had saturated your body, giving you the bridge that your intentions used to touch the core of existence, there is the fact that your intentions were frighteningly simple in the grand scheme of things... You commanded eat, when you could have rewritten existence from the ground up, to make sure that all the events of the past never happened.... There are a billion reasons why you survived, but none of them were as important as the fact that you followed the first and greatest rule when wielding the power of End!”

The boy unexpectedly went silent, and Rowan did not budge, no matter how much he wished to speak and demand that the boy finish his statements, mainly because what the boy was telling him was giving him much to think about. He could wait for him to continue, for his mind was already full.

However, the boy did not keep him waiting for long. “The most important rule you followed was the acknowledgment of the dual nature of End, and that in wielding this power, there must be balance. Strength balanced with weakness, light balanced with darkness, good balanced with evil... Selfishness balanced with sacrifice.”

“Sacrifice...” Rowan muttered, a slow feeling of comprehension beginning to grow in his heart, and a dawning surge of horror began to rise from his heart, “What did you do?”

The boy chuckled, “I did what you asked, Rowan, with the tools that you gave me. I ate the Primordials, and I assumed that you also wanted to digest their Origin, but you are mistaken about their Origin or the power of Enoch... Believe me when I tell you, I did my best with the tools I had to work with.”

Rowan was silent before he slowly spoke, “You say I am in the past... Where?”

“Not where,” the boy said, “What....”

Rowan's eyes widened with what the boy said next, "You are the cradle, Rowan. The Cradle of Enoch."

Chapter 1860: The Reason For It All

Rowan shuddered and took a few steps back uncontrollably. He would have collapsed if not for a stone chair appearing behind him, and he sat down ungracefully on it.

His consciousness hurt when he tried to piece together all the details of his life and how his one simple decision had changed everything he knew to be the truth.

Was it possible that perhaps everything that was happening was beyond his control, and his Fate and Destiny were never his own?

"I don't... Understand," he whispered, his eyes red as he looked at the boy who observed him in silence.

At the moment, Rowan almost wished the boy were laughing at him; it might take the sting of this revelation away, but the boy remained in silence before sighing,

"I told you... You played with forces beyond your control, and the power of End is such that every change you make is severe and permanent."

"I don't understand," Rowan roared, "How did my request to consume the Primordials make me the physical manifestation of the Cradle of Enoch? If that is the case, why am I stuck here fighting for my life against an unending rain of bones?"

"Oh, but you understand clearly, Rowan, you simply chose not to see." The boy snapped his fingers, and Rowan saw the vision of his battle against Primordial Demon that led to the destruction of the Great Abyss.

At first, he was a bit surprised that the boy had shown him this vision, but then he saw the reason.

Primordial Demon had struck Rowan with a power meant to end Realities and kill Primordials, and Rowan, flushed with the glow of his unending power, did not fight against the blow.

He allowed it to hit him.

He was not being arrogant; Rowan had simply been experimenting with the reaches of his power and tempering his Will, even if the methods he used would be considered insane. Still, this was not the reason that the boy was showing him this vision, but what happened when Rowan was essentially killed at that moment by that strike.

Allowing himself to die, Rowan had quickly returned to life, and he had not *Willed* himself back to life; he simply allowed his body and soul to take charge of itself, so he could be assured that in the event he was killed in its entirety, his mind and consciousness destroyed. He would still come back by sheer willpower alone.

This freed him from depending on his children or those who worshipped him, and it also freed his children of the obligation of always having the burden of being his last line of life if he were ever to be killed, marking a point where Rowan became assured of his invincibility.

However, during the time of his death, something began to encroach on his soul, a voice in the darkness that claimed his body for himself... Enoch. Even then, Rowan had recognized that this darkness was most likely not darkness, but he could only consider it as such because his perception was too small to see its true form.

“That place,” Rowan gasped, “It is similar to this one? I saw End when I died?”

The boy nodded, “You and Enoch are in the same situation. You both wielded the power of End, but he was much more precise than you in his understanding of it; he was much greedier, and the price he paid was something that he could never have expected.”

“What did he do?” Rowan could not help but ask, his curiosity about this being Enoch, and how the fate of all existence was seemingly tied around his Will was both a fascinating and highly disturbing concept to wrap his mind around.

“I could tell you, but again, your mind is too small to grasp all the details about End, because unlike the power of Origin, End is complete and cannot be broken into piecemeal. It is both the simplest and the most complex tool you would ever come across. Some may consider it primitive, but this power cannot be simplified. However, I can tell you that Enoch was much like you; in fact, the similarities between the two of you are striking, and like you, he believed himself to be invincible, so much so that when he wielded the power of End, he did not care about the consequences... until it became too late. But that is not the question here. You want answers to the burning questions in your heart.”

Rowan was silent for a while, then suddenly he grinned, “When I invoked the power of my Final Form, I expected anything to happen, even failures that may lead to my death, I was that desperate. The gate of annihilation was closing down around me, and I needed a weapon to see me through it... But you have not told me that I have failed. I am here, yet my Will still lives.”

The boy laughed, “Now, that is the attitude of a being who believes they have no limits. You will find answers to your question the more time you spend in this place, and maybe understand new things that may enlighten you in the way of End. Rowan, with your talents, you may be able to find shortcuts when you wield the power of Origin, but for End, there are no shortcuts... You have to slowly understand and grasp every single bit of it.”

Waving his hand around, the boy pointed out, “You have sixty-two million cosmic eras to slowly cut your teeth on the power of End. It would not be easy; your opponent, Enoch, is countless times more powerful than you and much older. He understanding of the way of End is matchless, and if not for his hubris, you will never even have the chance to stand against him... and you will need to stand against him Rowan, because Enoch is *different*. Don’t make me explain how he is different; you will have to trust me that none of your goals align, and if you wish to sit on the throne of truth, then seize every advantage you have.”

Rowan closed his eyes for a moment before he opened them, a weird light shining in the core of his bright blue eyes. “So, if I am getting your message clearly, I am now the Cradle of Enoch, yet my perception is locked in this place. Where is this?”

The boy scratched his head, “When I told you I created this place, that is not actually true. I just seized a portion of it and gave you administrative rights over it. Um, this place was created by Enoch,” a pause, “What, dont look at me like that, you were flooded with Enoch’s End, and I had to do the best with what I had to work with, in fact, you should be thanking me, because I gave you more than you asked for... You wanted to eat Primordials, but you don’t understand what Primordials are. If you did, you would not have made that silly request.”

“I am not judging your decisions, only waiting to hear the entire truth,” Rowan spoke slowly. At this point, he would be a fool to antagonize this boy who was clearing away the last mysteries about existence.

“Good, because I went above and beyond my stipulated task for you.”

“And why did you do that?” Rowan asked with genuine curiosity.

“Tch, is it not obvious?” the boy snorted in disdain, “I wanted to taste your cooking.”

Rowan slowly blinked, “Right... my cooking.”

Chapter 1861: Eat The Hunger (1)

A teasing tone entered the boy’s voice, “Why is it so hard for you to imagine? When you summoned the power of End for the first time, you were lucky that you used the fundamental rule to power it, but apart from that, you stipulated nothing, and the power of End was free to collect everything it wanted from you without holding back.” The boy stroked his non-existent chin, “Sometimes I wonder if that was an act of genius or just plain stupidity. Oh well, history is written by the winners. If by the slim chance you come on top of this conflict, then your act will be seen by all in history as a genius; if not, then you will be mocked for all eternity.”

Rowan remained silent, keeping his thoughts inside his heart. At his present level, even if the truth of what occurred were to be disseminated outward to the masses, which was highly unlikely, then it was highly probable that they might not be able to understand what they were being told, and the truth would be bastardized into different tiny truths and false stories.

He had never much cared about the opinion of the masses, and he would face all of his challenges alone. His triumphs and defeats were his to bear. He had lived a long, long time and received love that most would never comprehend; he was satisfied with his story being told and interpreted however it was told.

“Ah, I see that this does not move your heart,” the boy muttered, coughing. “Obviously, I knew that, but I just had to be sure. It’s always hard to interpret your intentions, Rowan.”

“Does my main body know everything that is transpiring here?” Rowan asked the burning question in his heart. After all this time, he finally felt comfortable enough to reveal one of his concerns to the boy.

“No, but he is experiencing changes across all Reality. Do you want to see what is happening in the present?”

Rowan nodded in affirmation, and the boy snapped his fingers.

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Eos felt the last moments of his Incarnation. He had died many times, and he knew all flavors of death in a manner that few would ever understand. His ability to create Incarnations that could perfectly merge with his consciousness meant that he could feel every little detail that occurred when any of his Incarnations perished.

He had created ninety-four million Incarnations over the years. Some of them were never seen; they resided inside weapons or techniques or in the minds and hearts of his children or his enemies. Only a few of them walked through Reality, and he saw life through their eyes, but he had experienced most of them passing away, and he had learned intimately what death felt like.

What was happening with the Incarnation struck by the power of his Final Form was different. At first, there was pain, not from the technique, but from being eaten by the Primordials.

Eos felt that there should not have been any pain when the Primordials ate, but there was something wrong with them on a level that could not be easily described. It was almost as if every one of their actions must cause a form of pain or distress, or it would not be completed. Was this the true core of a Primordial? Rowan felt it wasn’t, but they had been corrupted in the past, and it may have happened so slowly that, by the time they fully

transformed, he was sure none of them would be able to pinpoint the exact instant when everything changed.

The pain did not matter to Eos; it was just another source of information, but then the massive teeth of the technique he had created slammed down over his Incarnation, and everything went dark.

Eos felt a moment of disorientation, which was a strange sensation for a being like him. It was hard to shake his consciousness, but he felt as if there were several gaps in his memories that he could not understand.

The first thing his consciousness reached for was his Incarnation, and he discovered that he was dead... well, that was to be expected, he thought, but then, Eos felt something was wrong... to his Perception, his Incarnation was dead, but he was also not dead, and no matter how much he searched, his Incarnation was gone.

Eos was a being of duality, a creator and a destructor, so he could easily wrap his head around the idea that his Incarnation might be in a strange state, but it was extremely curious. However, he had no time to fully comprehend the changes that might have happened when he saw the transformation before him.

The seven Primordials, beings of vast might and power, carrying infinite hunger and pain... well, those beings were gone, they did not disappear like his Incarnation, instead something much worse had happened... their madness and the endless slumber that kept them bound had vanished, and before Eos were seven fully awakened Primordials.

They stood at the core of the origin of Souls, all in humanoid form, and, oddly enough, the seven Primordials had wings behind them, like Angels, but in different colors.

Their eyes were closed and Eos could feel a subtle energy gathering around them, like the faint calm that was felt before a storm, or the silence before the first heartbeat of a fetus in the womb...

For a moment, time seemed to become nonexistent as Eos realized that he had forgotten an important detail the moment he commanded his Final form to eat the Primordials, and he wondered how he could have ever missed this glaring flaw in front of him.

What did he know about Primorsials after meeting them for the first time? He knew that they were beings of endless hunger who could not stop eating even if they wanted to, and they had accumulated so much power, but they never had the chance to digest them... that power had grown to the extent that anyone or anything else would have perished, but the Primordials in their perfection suffered a fate that was much worse than death... they could not die, no matter how much they consumed, even though it was no longer giving them any sustenance.

Still, how could he have missed the glaring problem he was about to create when he commanded his Final Form to eat the Primordials? Whatever that power had done, it had consumed the Primordials, but it had also freed them!

The Primordials were all carrying the burdens of too much Origin Force trapped in their bodies, and when the Final Form ate them, he stripped them of a great amount of their power, but he also took off their greatest burden.

Perhaps, if three of the Primordials were not awake before he gave that order, things might have gone differently, or if he was more powerful and was able to fully control the powers of his final Form, he might have been able to target the Primordials in a manner that would have been different, but now... he had just freed monsters from their cages.

As if listening to his thoughts, the seven Primordials opened their eyes, and the only female among them, smiled and stepped forward,

“Ah, so it worked, we are free.”

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

Chapter 1862: Eat The Hunger (2)

Chapter 1862: Eat The Hunger (2)

There was no powerful surge of energy or Aura emerging from the Primordials; their presence could barely be felt, almost like mortals, and yet, Eos found them more frightening than when they were living embodiments of hunger and madness.

Their presence did not scream power, not because they now had less of it; instead, they now had control of it, a control so solid to Eos's senses that they resembled mortals.

However, he did not think he had taken too much power from them, almost as if he had taken just the right amount. Eos' instinct was telling him that if he battled any one of them... he would lose, and if he won, he would not survive to battle the second.

Then Nyxara, Primordial Soul, stepped forward and spoke, “Ah, so it works, we are free.” She turned towards the rest and smirked, “Never doubt my judgment next time.”

Eos created a new Incarnation and sent it towards the Primordial. He was not used to running, even if it might mean that he was heading towards his death; however, even as much as he was focused on the Primordials, Rowan noticed something extremely odd, that he almost did not create a new Incarnation to confront the Primordials.

Eosah, who was previously dead, had returned to life. She was still passed out in the corner, but she was no longer dead, and the door to the unknown realm after Origin had also vanished.

His senses rippled outwards to discover that her Reality had returned, everyone who had perished when the Primordials had entered Reality was back, all of them... even Telmus, who had died in battle, was back inside Eos's realm and was slowly gathering energy to bolster his new level of Origin...

Also, why did it seem as if all the Origins of Eosah had returned back to her? As if she had never been killed in the first place?

Wait, what the hell was happening?

Eos's Incarnation manifested in front of the seven Primordials in a burst of light, and the seven turned to him, their expression were eerily similar, and once more, it was Nyxara that spoke,

"You have done well, Eos, and your contribution to our release would be paid in full. We have returned Eosah back to you, and you can choose a thousand Realities to rule over, and we promise not to touch them. We may not have returned everything you have lost, but you also took a lot from us, and so we consider this Agreement to be a fair one."

Nyxara smiled at him, "We shall be waiting for you in the Cradle. Take your time. Still, if you choose to fight us, then we also will be waiting, and your death, at least, would be quick... You can be assured of that." And then they were gone.

There was no indication to show how they left, and Eos's Incarnation, Rowan, remained silent before the slight groan of the awakening Eosah made him turn towards her.

He had so many questions, and his confusion was such that he did not react to her awakening for quite a while.

Everything had changed, but strangely, they still remained the same. The Primordials were gone, but their works still remained, their Memories still wearing the guise of Primordials still remained.

It almost felt as if he was living in a dream, but the pulse of life all across Eosah's Reality shook away that notion.

Time seemed to have reversed itself before he had summoned his Final Form, but he knew that was not necessarily the case. Telmus still kept the benefit of his ascension. What had likely happened was that the Primordials had returned all they took.

Something had shifted across Reality, and it had taken all of Eos's assurance with it, and then a thought struck him that made him pause... Reality had changed, returned in a way that it should not have been. What other things had returned? What other... people?

He sent a pulse to sweep across Reality, once, twice... stopping at specific spots, but he could not find them; it would seem that the Primordials did not return everything.

Eos's Incarnation, Rowan squeezed his fist, "So, Nyxara threatens me."

When he battled Primordial Soul, she had taken out the last fragments of those closest to him. His mother, Maeve, and Andar. She had threatened to wipe them out if Rowan did not comply with her commands.

Rowan had not done so, and she had killed them all, assuring him that this was the last time he would ever see them. And yet, Rowan had supposedly destroyed all of her presence inside Reality, leaving only Light, Life, and Memory. How come did she clearly show that she had full access to all that had transpired inside Reality?

Rowan closed his eyes and nearly called himself a fool as he discovered how much he had been played.

He gestured and manifested the Altar of Unmaking alongside the hammer. Once this Altar had been filled with the power of Annihilation, so potent that it could pull all the fragments of a Primordial's power down into itself, where everything about them would be extinguished.

On this Altar, he had killed four Primordials, and in time, he believed he would also destroy the last three on top of it.

"Beware the dragon bearing gifts; always take what you want from the remains of their corpse," Rowan murmured, and then he laughed in anger.

That saying was an old one from Trion, and it meant it was better to believe in what you seized from your enemies than what was given to you by them.

Primordial Soul... Nyxara had played him beautifully.

In truth, Rowan had never intended to battle the Primordials inside of Reality, not this quickly, because he feared that his preparation was not enough.

One of the things he feared the most was that he would not be able to kill off all of their Incarnations and memories that were most likely scattered around Reality, and he needed to be sure that he had the right tools for the job.

However, his decision for battle was taken away from him when he discovered that Primordial Soul was not imprisoned inside Oblivion but had always been free, and what was worse, she most likely had entered his Origin Land.

Spurred by desperation, Rowan had taken a significant risk and began fusing his powers and abilities with the Primordial Record to gain enough power to win this inevitable battle.

Without the threat of Primordial Soul, then with Rowan's character, he would not have taken the risk of fusion until he reached the ninth-dimensional level.

Only then would he be assured that any unexpected occurrence that emerged would be solved.

The fusion was successful, but it brought with it significant risks; he was exposed to Enoch and was given the power to summon his Final Form. A power that he did not understand, but it was so great that it would solve all his problems.

Still, Rowan had not trusted this ability, and he went on to fight Primordial Soul without it. He battled her until she apparently perished, and he seized her last Origin Force. But, as he had feared, this was not enough, and a part of her remained.

That part lured him to the depth of her Origin, and among the many things he found, including access to the nascent form of Primordial Imagination, was the Altar of Unmaking.

Rowan now saw the trap clearly for what it was, and he was sure that even Primordial Imagination was the sweetener that made him let down his guard.

He had wrongfully believed that he had discovered Primordial Soul's greatest treasure, and the Altar of Unmaking was simply the bonus.

"Oh, I have been a fool."

Eosah groaned as she stood up, and Rowan nearly growled when he discovered another layer to the deception he had almost missed.

Who was the one who gave him the location of the missing Primordial Soul and showed him the door beyond Origin?

Eosah's eyes snapped open. Rowan had not given any indication, but she had sensed that something had changed. At first, she acted confused, but then something shifted in her eyes.

It flashed by extremely quickly, but Rowan had caught it. The glow in her eyes was of seven colors, and those colors represented the seven Primordials... he had not been talking to Eosah; she was long dead.

Instead, he had been directly talking to the seven Primordials all this time!

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1863: Eat The Hunger (3)

Rowan had endured horrifying betrayals and deception in his life, and yet, when he thought he had fully understood the game of life, anytime he became more comfortable in his role in the grand story, reality came around and swept his feet out from under him.

The tragedy of the whole story was that Rowan needed this confidence in himself and his abilities, or he would be unable to fight against the monsters who held all of existence in their grasp.

He knew that he was not just fighting against evil, but evil that had awareness, ancient and cold. But even with this knowledge, he had been led astray.

Rowan closed his eyes and tried to settle his rapidly beating heart. He always knew that the journey ahead would be hard and that he would most likely fail. All the evidence pointed to the fact that he would lose the ultimate battle, since the board was greatly stacked against him.

To put all of this into perspective, a mortal could grow wiser with age and experience, but their bodies and minds were frail, and in a few short decades, they would stop improving. But this was not the case for immortals, especially for beings like Primordials.

Rowan did not know how long they had lived; he only knew that they had begun killing Realities sixty-five million Cosmic Eras ago, a span of time that still boggled his eternal mind. It did not matter that the Primordials were cursed and could only find moments of clarity when they sent pieces of their Origin into the Realities they wanted to devour, because they had had so much time to learn and grow.

They could experiment and refine their knowledge countless times over the nearly infinite time they had been alive, and technically, it was impossible for Rowan ever to surprise them, because they had essentially seen everything. His most excellent plans were their routine amusement, and his triumphs and failures were the little victories they sprinkled on his path.

“Rowan, what happened?” Eosah groaned as she clutched her head. “I thought I was in a dream, and now that I am awake, it seems that the dream has not ended. I can no longer

feel the pressure of the Primordials on my chest, and after so long, it seems this is the first time I have been able to draw breath. What did you do to drive them away?"

Rowan looked at Eosah, and he smiled, a bit of sadness leaking into his eyes. Of course, they did this to her; it was not enough to pillage her body, but the last fragments of her soul were manipulated as well. Even though it seemed to be an easy thing, deceiving Rowan was difficult.

"What do you remember, Eosah?" Rowan asked, as his heartbeat went from racing to steady in a moment, while his main body Eosah curled up into himself. It was okay to brood and to feel down when everything around you fell to pieces, and Eos was in pain, but he still had to fight, and Rowan could be the strong side of him that everyone would see.

"It's all a blur... Why does my head hurt so much? If you had not imparted to me the wisdom of a mortal, I don't think I would understand this discomfort. But that is not the question, Rowan, you must have done something incredible to drive them away."

Rowan's eyes tightened, "Eosah, why have you not looked behind you?"

She smiled a bit in confusion, looked behind her repeatedly, then glared at Rowan, slightly irritated. "Why, there is nothing behind me?"

"Oh, what about that door? The entire reason you are alive and the only weapon you had against the Primordials."

Eosah went silent, but Rowan could see that her mind was running at a thousand miles per second. He could no longer watch as her identity was spiralling beyond control when she obviously could not reconcile her present situation with what her memories were telling her, and so he acted.

His body blurred, and he appeared before her. Before her senses could fully understand what was happening, Rowan's hand covered her entire face, leaving only her confused eyes peering out through the gaps of his fingers, and he pushed his perception into her mind in order to unravel the secrets behind her soul.

Looking back now, if he had not been confounded and in awe of the grand power behind her, Rowan should have long taken this step. Still, he tried not to flog himself repeatedly over his past failures. Mistakes were meant to be learned from, and he would show the Primordials that their greatest mistake was keeping him alive.

They did not see Rowan as a threat, only a tool, a dangerous tool to be handled with delicate hands, sure, but still a tool. Suppressing these thoughts from interfering with his mind and leaving all of the pain and baggage to Eos, Rowan's consciousness tore through the defenses of Eosah's mind.

Maybe the Primordials might not have anticipated such a thing to happen, or they did not particularly care, because the defenses over her mind were weak, in comparison to what Rowan should have expected from a being of Eosah's stature. Still, recognizing how deeply he was played by the Primordials, Rowan had to admit that their greatest defenses came from his ignorance than anything else... If they had made the mind of Eosah too powerful, then it was highly probable that Rowan would have quickly seen her as a threat and would have been much more difficult to influence as a result.

What he saw was heartbreaking, and even for him, who had seen some of the most depraved sights in existence, he could not have imagined how much suffering could be inflicted on one person.

Rowan's mastery over the soul meant that at a glance, he could easily read the entire story of a being, be they mortal or immortal, but Eosah did not have a soul... it was something similar, but it was not a soul.... just a jumbled collected of exprinces and power fused into a whole mass, and then the memory of her personality was slapped over it.

He would have called it shoddy work, but there was a stark elegance that screamed of pure functionality. The Primordials did not care about her well-being or whether their work caused significant and irrevocable damage to what was left of her memory; as long as she could function in the task they gave her, everything was according to their plan.

This meant that everything they built around her memories was made from sharp glasses and needles. Nothing was left to chance, as a billion points of pain were crafted in each neural highway to steer her mind in the path they wanted her to follow. Eosah was a puppet, and what was more despairing was that she did not know she was a puppet.

Any part of her that would have struggled to understand what was wrong with her memories or her behaviour was greatly discouraged from arising due to pain, a pain she could not understand or avoid.

Rowan had pushed into her mind with great force, but then he slowed down, wary of shattering this delicate construct in front of him.

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Chapter 1864: Eat The Hunger (Final)

Moving through the broken minds of Eosah needed a delicate touch because her connection still remained with her Reality. If he were not careful, he might break Reality and lead to the eradication of countless trillions of lives.

They might have been annihilated by the Primordials a moment before, but they all mattered to Rowan.

From the brief words of Nyxara, Rowan could clearly tell that the Primordials only saw Realities as worthy of their attention; everything else was meaningless.

But all of these people had meaning to Rowan, and the Primordials knew it clearly; they returned most of them to him, but they also held back some of them... a clear threat.

Rowan wanted to believe that Andar, Maeve, and his mother were dead by the hands of Primordial Soul, but he would not be surprised if that bitch still held that as insurance over him.

It was a fascinating thing that with all the powers of the Primordials, they were still careful. Every move came with layers upon layers, and in the end, it would take a miracle to win.

With what had happened to him recently, it may be that the only path to victory would have to be a miracle.

'Mortals and Immortals pray to me when they are in distress, but in my time of need, who do I call for answers? Who would aid me in my time of need?

All of these thoughts were distractions, and Rowan found it alarming that even when he had pushed the brunt of his trauma towards Eos, more of them kept bubbling underneath the surface.

"This won't do," Rowan whispered, and he covered Eosah inside a dome of nihility and time before squeezing her into a shape smaller than an atom. He needed to go through her mind, but it could not be here; first, Rowan needed to clear his head.

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A year passed in quiet contemplation as Rowan drifted as a cloud of dust across the dimensions. He should awaken, but he was waiting for the second shoe to drop, or perhaps he was just simply waiting.

Rowan knew that his next steps would be watched by the Primordials; up till now, they had anticipated everything that he had done; however, Rowan did not believe this to be entirely the case.

The hand they played was strong, that was for sure, but it was only because the walls of deceit they had built around him were a million miles tall, and he was the size of an ant.

From the moment he became aware of these walls around him, Rowan had been slowly demolishing them.

This meant it was impossible for Rowan to always follow their rules, and they had to improvise in many cases. He had failed only because he had not seen all the pieces on the

board, but now that it seemed as if they had accomplished their goals, although they were still playing their cards close to the chest, it was inevitable that there were now gaps in the foundation of the walls that they had built around him.

Rowan had not checked Eosah's memories, not yet. It was most likely a trap anyway, or at the least, it would contain information that would throw him off the loop.

No matter what he intended to do next, he could not be careless, as much as he would like to believe he was infallible; he clearly was not. The Primordials simply had too much time, too many resources, and they had utilized all of them to get him to do their bidding.

So, at this moment, he could be running around like a freshly beheaded bird; instead, Rowan chose to wait and think. He had a lot of things to go through.

Trillions of years of life, but unlike when Rowan was pursuing the secrets of others and of Reality, this time, he was to fully focus on himself.

Rowan remembered one of his memories of his time as a mortal, and that memory was so brief in the past that in his long life, he had nearly forgotten it.

In that memory, he had seen past heroes at the end of their lives. They should have had no relation with him, but they clearly did in a manner since he had always sensed a faint connection with them.

He had gone through this memory before, many times in the past, and he had discarded it, seeing nothing new to learn from it any longer.

But now, Rowan was choosing to look at them with fresh eyes. These heroes, who were dying, all seemed to have one thing in common: their unshakable confidence in their abilities.

Rowan began to consider that what if he was not looking at his memories, but the memories of heroes from other Realities that were connected with him.

One of the greatest lessons these past events had taught him was that the nature of his powers and his memories were wrong.

The Primordials had given him all the laws that he knew of Reality, and Rowan had been foolish to believe so much of them in the past. The knowledge he had about the powers of the higher dimensions and how they worked may be accurate, but Rowan knew how easy it was for lies to be hidden inside the truth.

He did not honestly know what he was capable of. So it made it necessary that before he made his next move, he had to dig deep into the deepest portions of his mind and begin to take apart everything he knew and had come to trust.

Time was running out.

For sixty-five million Cosmic Eras, the Primordials had done irrecoverable damage to all of existence, and that was when they were severely limited and their potential was stunted.

Now they were free of their madness and the barrier that had been holding them back from advancing. As strong as the Primordials were at the moment, they could always grow stronger, to the extent that Rowan might not be their opponent for a very long time, and he was sure they would never allow him to grow stronger.

So, Rowan needed to learn, he needed to adapt, before the Primordials begin hunting Realities once more and choosing their second Origin Force.

He had eaten their hunger, and now it was time for him to pay for unleashing the hounds of doom.

Once more, he went back to the memories of these warriors. If he discarded the filter that the Primordials had taught him about his powers, then the truth was that he might be looking at the first series of experiments by the Primordials to find a perfect way to control him.

They did not just make their plans out of thin air; they needed to run many experiments, and it was not necessarily the case that these experiments had to be performed in this Reality or any time period close to his own.

The cloud form of Rowan shuddered at this new and unexpected road that he might have discovered during this short period of introspection. What if his dimension of memory was not related to this Reality alone?

Chapter 1865: Premonitions Of Battle

Eos, who had curled into himself for an entire year as he pushed through the mental wound that the actions of the Primordials had inflicted on him, slowly rose to his full height. The entirety of Eosah's Reality had been squeezed into an orb, and Eos wore it around his neck like a pendant. In this short year alone, his size had doubled, showcasing that his growth, even without any source of fuel, had never ceased.

A year was a long time for him to think, and as much as he would like to languish in his misery, his heart had grown too strong to be held back by setbacks, even ones as devastating as what he had experienced.

One of the things that had pushed him away from the mental slump he was suffering was the revelation from the Incarnation Rowan about the limitation that the Primordials would have imposed on the understanding of the higher dimensions.

Eos could no longer trust the foundation that he had built his power upon, and even though he had made sure that his entire essence and energy stores were separated from the Primordials, he had also used their mould to shape himself into what he was.

Without this influence, it would have been impossible for the Primordials to take control over his destiny as easily as they did. On the surface, it might appear that the Primordials had outmaneuvered Eos at every turn, but it was much deeper than that; they had practically taken over his destiny.

He was not a mortal whose destiny could be easily changed because of the flexible nature of their soul; no, Rowan was a fundamental concept given form and a mind of its own, and the only way he was deceived for so long was because he was made to believe certain limitations.

Rowan was the sun, and for so long, he had been conditioned to believe that he was the moon, and beliefs in many ways shape reality. He accepted that he could only give out moonlight, or that he was affected by the gravity of the planets that revolved around him, rather than the other way round.

Inside Reality, there was no higher power than the Primordials, nobody he could go to for guidance, and meeting Eosah had been like receiving a warm blanket in a snowstorm. Eos's power had multiplied, and he began to think that he might have found a way to escape under the thumbs of the Primordials, but as this turned out to be a trap, he ought to recheck everything he knew about everything.

Still, it did not take long for Eos to begin to understand that this task might be impossible, simply because he had no frame of reference to pull from. He was a sun that had never met any other suns; all history had been wiped away, and all knowledge had been altered.

Even if he was to use only his consciousness power to slowly refine his abilities from the ground up, there would still be gaps in his knowledge base, and although Eos believed he would be able to fill in those gaps, it would take a great amount of time, several dozen of Cosmic Eras in the least, and although Eos recognized that in the grand scheme of things that number was extremely small, he would not be given the time to accomplish these goals.

The Primordials may have left, but he was still being watched. closely.

His battle with them was a farce, and Rowan had no desire to pursue conquest inside Eosah's Reality any longer. It was a waste of energy, and he imagined the Primordials looking down at his efforts with a sick amusement, like a dog thrown a bone, just for him to keep his mind occupied.

Rowan was not able to follow the tracks of the Primordials when they left, but Eos was able to do so. His body was inside Limbo, and he only needed to wave his hand, and he could see how their paths had torn a hole through Limbo that could never be healed.

By playing with forces he could not understand, Eos might have eaten the hunger of the Primordials, but he had not taken away their madness that burned everything it touches; instead, he had just made everything worse.

Limbo was infinite, and to find a sense of direction was difficult, but Eos could not shake the feeling that the Primordials were not heading for the Cradle of Enoch; instead, they must be heading for someplace he might be familiar with, the domain of the Beast of Final Rest, Death.

If there was one being in all of Limbo who had the chance to defeat the Primordials, then it would be Death itself, but Eos doubted that with the present state of the Primordials, if Death would have the upper hand.

However, the domain of Death was vast, and for the Primordials to defeat the entity, they would have to fight through a nigh infinite realm that their endless desire for destruction had aided in its strengthening.

Like the Primordials themselves, Death, the Beast of Final Rest, was never meant to become this powerful in such a short time. The natural process by which Realities met their end was a very long process, and the possibilities of a Reality naturally perishing were very slim.

If Limbo had an original designer, then Eos assumed that the end of every Reality was supposed to be a grand event for the Beast of Final Rest. Only in moments like this should it be able to feast as it wanted, and even though all of existence would end one day, that time would be so distant that life itself may have evolved into something different. Perhaps even the need for death might be eliminated.

But the Primordials had killed so many Realities in such a short period that Death had grown truly powerful, and instead of using its power to stop the Primordials from affecting the balance, it had subtly encouraged their actions.

Perhaps death believed that the Primordials would be stuck as ravenous beasts forever, and would never be of much threat to its dominion. Eos a third party observer had seen the hunger of the Primordials and told Death that it should not believe that the Primordials would uphold its interest forever.

Still, Eos was not surprised when Death began working with him to undermine the Primordials, but it was too late, and the blame partly fell on the hands of Death.

A part of Eos's mind was waiting for the inevitable summoning from Death, and if he was going to answer it. He was not a fool. Death must have known about the dangers that Eos would suffer in the hands of the Primordials; perhaps it would not have known every detail correctly, but it should have been able to tell that Eos did not know the full story.

But for whatever reason, Death did not tell him the entire truth, maybe because it wanted Eos to be broken and have no choice but to look for its hands for help, or maybe it was for something else, but whatever the reason might be for its silence, Eos prayed that it would not come to haunt Death.

Chapter 1866: What Are The Primordials

Maybe a battle would not happen, and Death and the Primordials had an arrangement that both would find mutually beneficial, Eos could not tell. To a degree, it was now impossible to predict the actions of the Primordials; however, Eos knew that for the Primordials to be able to deceive him fully, they had to also open themselves to him.

The Primordials had played a dangerous game, one where only preparation and a great deal of luck had aided them in succeeding. They might have prepared for his arrival for a long time, but Eos had not been an easy mark.

There were many ways that their plans could have gone sideways, and it did, many times in the past, but their control over Fate and Destiny was such that even though Eos fought against their intrusion over his life, they were still able to largely steer him towards their purpose and it was all the evidence Rowan needed to know that he did not truly understand all the essence of the higher dimensional system.

He had previously asked himself the reason for the Primordials bringing the ability to cultivate immortality inside a Reality that they wanted to devour.

They had made so many sacrifices to make it possible, including shattering their own bodies to be used as a foundation for this power, and so many other sacrifices.

Of course, the Primordials made sure he could find various answers to this question; they had even slowly revealed the truth to him when he discovered that the many changes across Reality were just to prepare Eos for an important task in the future.

With Eosah, they had brought him to a doorway, telling him it contained the power beyond Origin, and he might be the key to unlock that power.

Eos sighed as he looked deep into Limbo, his eyes filled with the burden of understanding. So many truths were revealed to him, and yet these truths were wrapped in lies and misdirections.

With everything that had happened, Eos decided at this moment to broadly pursue two courses of action. The first was that he would be taking on the task of watching over Reality and tackling the problems involving the higher dimension with his Incarnation, Rowan.

Despite the uselessness of killing the last three Primordial Memories left in Reality, Rowan would kill them and would try as much as possible to wipe any presence of the Primordials inside Eosah's Reality. They would be expecting him to do such a thing, and Eos did not see any reason not to oblige them.

He doubted he would be able to cleanse Eosah's Reality of the Primordials in their entirety, which would require him to kill every single living being inside of Eosah's Reality, and even then, he could not be assured that this step would be enough.

Nevertheless, it would be of some benefit in the future. The Primordials might have surprised him, but Eos did not look down on his abilities, knowing fully well that the Primordials had also been desperate; he had been slowly getting closer to discovering the truth about them and their powers, and if they had not taken great risks, they would have failed.

Eos could respect their conviction, even though they were enemies. He was not dumb enough to ignore the sides of the Primordials that he could emulate. In life, the best teachers were most likely your enemies, and the most significant change that could affect the life of a man would most likely come from pain.

The second task he would pursue would be to focus solely on his Origin Essence and use it as a basis for building a new power system from the ground up. This was a massive undertaking so difficult that Eos made it a long-term affair, and it was the primary reason he created the Elythrii and gave them the potential to search for their destiny.

However, because his path to power had been largely set, Eos did not fully pursue the path of Origin in the past; it was seen as one of the many experiments he was maintaining at any given time.

Now, Eos would be making exploring his Origin Power his priority, because he knew that this was one of the few abilities he possessed that were not understood by the Primordials. It would not be an easy road; it meant redefining everything he knew about power as he created something new, with no assurance that it would be able to match the Primordials in combat or in any other metrics that mattered.

It would have to work; Eos had no choice but to make it possible. He sighed once more as he checked the tools available to him. Telmus's ascension to the first layer of his Origin as a Primordial had given Eos the power of Origin Essence. Previously, he had wished to use this essence to power the growth of his body to the ninth dimension, but he was no longer following this path.

The path of the dimensions might be the most complete path in existence, and it may be foolish for Eos to abandon a sure path to power for something new and untested with an unknown future, but he had met the Primordials, and Eos had seen the end of this path.

He had set down his pride and admitted to himself that the Primordials were the true masters of the higher dimension, and if he were going to win against them using this power, it would only be because he had a more robust foundation; essentially, he would win only if he had a bigger fist.

This plan would have worked if he were fighting the previous versions of the Primordials, who were undoubtedly powerful, but still restrained, not these new Primordials. Their foundation would grow faster than he could match, and their array of powers would only explode in complexity faster than Eos would be able to evolve.

Giving his Incarnation the task to thoroughly understand the path of the dimensions was not just to see all the places where the Primordials may have hidden from him, but it was also to understand the Primordials as well.

Eos realized that he needed to ask this question again... What are the Primordials?

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In the field of bones, sixty-two million Cosmic Eras ago, the Incarnation of Rowan was asking the boy this exact question, “What are the Primordials?”

The boy, who had been quiet all this time as Rowan watched the events that happened with the Primordials and saw that they were now free, the words that Nyxara had told his main body, and the year Eos had spent drifting in pain, slowly turned his gaze toward Rowan as he dismissed the vision.

“That is an easy question to answer and is among the most difficult for me to tell you, mostly because doing so would corrupt the knowledge I give you. Still this question is extremely important to you... so don't fear Rowan, for the solution is before you...” gesturing grandly the boy pointed to the field of bones, “Your answer lies there. you know I had expected you ask me what the hunger you ate signified.”

Chapter 1867: The Foundation of Existence

Rowan shrugged, “With all the clues that you have given me, isn't it obvious?” he pointed at the endless field of bones, “You know, one of the most potent signifiers of death has always been bones. I have read through a trillion pieces across countless worlds on their understanding of death, desolation, suffering, and all the forms it takes, and bones are an ever-present staple. I am in a place of desolation and death, and I have eaten the hunger of Primordials.”

He sighed and once more tried to push his perception deep into this realm, hoping that he would be able to see an end to it, but his actions were futile. It was possible that he was only seeing a mere fraction of this place.

“I was born in Eosah’s Reality, and she contained nearly an infinite number of lives despite being an extremely young Reality that was killed not long after she was born. Now I understand that the Primordials had killed a lot of Realities, but I do not know the exact number. But what I know is that Realities do not have bones, at least not these, all of that...” Rowan pointed at the bones, their number and form boggling the mind, from skulls the size of mountains with eight eyes sockets to limbs smaller than an ant’s, “... should be the bones of every living thing inside the Realities that were butchered.”

Rowan turned to the boy, a frightening glow in his eyes that almost resembled a pale, ghoulish fire, “Although what I don’t understand is the connection with this place to Enoch and the power of End.”

The boy was silent, and then his stomach growled. Rowan did not bat an eye; he walked over to the space where he had first prepared the feast for the boy and began conjuring new ingredients.

With his age and vast experience, the number of culinary recipes Rowan had inside his head was astonishingly vast, from trillions of worlds with their unique culture and taste, and if he decides to begin combining the recipes he knew, then technically, he could prepare a different dish every day for nearly all of eternity.

There was no chance that he would not be able to satisfy the gluttony of this boy.

The first time Rowan had cooked for him, he had prepared a wide array of dishes, and although the boy had blown through the dishes quite quickly, Rowan had been watching closely, and he noticed the dishes that the boy had favored.

Knowing this, Rowan had begun to adjust the plans he had for the sort of meals he would be preparing for the boy. It was a complex array of dishes that he had pulled from billions of worlds. If this boy was helping him, going beyond what should be his *programming* because of his love for food, then Rowan intended to more than satisfy him.

In a few hours, the cave was filled with the aroma of hundreds of various dishes prepared to the peak of their potential taste, vastly surpassing what the initial creators of those recipes had intended. It was not as if Rowan was the greatest cook in existence, although he could see himself among those lists if he took the time to perfect his craft; it was also the ingredients he used that were the best and in perfect condition.

Cooking could be a rather complex act, although it might seem simplistic to the layman, but many things go into creating a tantalizing dish that could not only excite the senses but also transcend the entire concept of eating in general, making it seem almost like a spiritual experience.

From the groan of pleasure that erupted from the boy, Rowan was sure he was achieving his plans in a rather spectacular fashion.

He sat patiently and waited for the boy to finish devouring his food. Watching his main body flail around in confusion had been a painful sight; more than anything, it showed Rowan the price of ignorance. He was willing to wait for this boy to give him the answers that he needed because he had spent too long in the dark, and with the endgame approaching, this was his only salvation.

The boy gave a long belch and collapsed in midair, his hands twitching in food coma paralysis, and it took hours before he was settled. “Okay, you have been patient enough and your answers are mostly correct, but there are a few things you are missing. These bones are indeed the remnants of every life in all the Realities that the Primordials had destroyed, but this is not the true reason you have been brought here.”

The boy made a grand gesture with his hands, “You used the power of End to consume the hunger of the Primordials, but tell me, Rowan, do you feel that you have consumed anything, and if you do, what then are the benefits that you have acquired? Or do you think your actions only served to benefit the Primordials?”

Rowan chuckled self-deprecatingly. He knew there was much to this matter than met the eye, and even though the boy had said he had become the personification of the Cradle of Enoch, meaning that it should bring unexpected benefits, it was still hard for him to reconcile that fact with the knowledge that he was the one responsible for freeing the Primordials from their cage after all this time.

“I can see that you are still down,” the boy sniffed aloud, “Your actions might have led to the end of existence as we know it, but is it such a bad thing? Existence for a long time has been shit, don’t break yourself over what you cannot control, and despite how it may seem, you made the right choice, because no matter how you slice it, your previous path would only lead to your destruction, and you needed to flip the entire board to see the true cards of the players.”

The boy floated over and poked Rowan’s nose gently with his index finger, “Obviously, such an action would be consequential, and while it is true that it was beneficial to the primordials, it also gave you the chance to do something that no one would ever expect, that is, if you are strong of Will to seize this opportunity.”

The void where the boy’s features should be was blank, but Rowan could feel his gaze boring through his body as if they were trying to weigh the size of his Will. Whatever he saw must have satisfied him because the boy floated back a bit and gestured towards the opening of the cave and dragged in a small piece of finger bone.

“This is the remains of all who were slain by the Primordials, and it contains everything they had that could not be taken by the Primordials... You can call this place the Cradle of Enoch, but I think a rather apt description for it should be the Foundations of Existence. Rowan...” the boy threw the piece of finger bone towards him, “...eat!”

Rowan caught the bone, surprise in his eyes as he tried to figure out all the implications of what the boy had just told him. Groaning in frustration, the boy shook his head, “Stop thinking of everything so deeply, you are out of your league at this moment, and your intuition may likely steer you around without finding a direction to point you towards. You wanted to eat the hunger of the Primordials, but you have never actually begun to eat; instead, you have been running away from the feast!”

Chapter 1868: To Safeguard And To Protect

Rowan held the piece of finger bone and pushed his perception into it. For a brief moment, there was interference, and then a sort of static fuzz emerged from the air surrounding the bone, and Rowan felt a tingle in his fingers as if he had been electrocuted, but his perception had gained access to the bone.

In a single glance, he saw everything there was to know about this piece of bone. A complex mix of organic and inorganic material, this bone had a slightly different structure than what could be found in Eosah’s Reality, but apart from that, it was a normal bone.

“You would not be able to see the mystery behind it, Rowan. The rules of End are strict and cannot be broken. The effect of your pact would only be felt when you eat the bone.” The voice of the boy touched his ears.

Rowan grimaced, the voice of the boy reminding him that, like the Primordials, Death and other higher mystical forces, he did not understand all the mysteries behind this boy, and it was not really advisable to trust him.

Still, did he have any choice? When he unleashed the power of End, all bets left the table, and now he had to follow through with whatever results emerged from that decision. Rowan simply had no choice but to trust the boy; he could choose not to, but that would mean he was acknowledging that he had no way to fight anymore, and he was beaten.

No one would say Rowan did not put up a great fight during his lifetime; his achievements were already remarkable, given all the hurdles in his path, and perhaps it was okay for him to rest; he had given more than anyone had any right to give.

“Ah, it is so easy to give up,” Rowan groaned.

“But you won’t give up,” the boy shrugged, “this is not the character of the man who fought for three Cosmic Eras, until your immortal body and soul were exhausted. You may think you have no choice in this matter, but the truth is that, for the first time in your life, this is the moment where you can truly know that whatever decision you make has not been influenced by the Primordials. So what will it be, Rowan? Would you eat or not?”

Rowan sighed and brought the bone to his lips, “I never really had a choice.” However, before the bone could fall into his mouth, a hand like a vise seized his wrist. It was the

boy who whispered furiously, “You always have a choice, Rowan. You have spent most of your life living for others. The core of your character is sacrifice. I do not see this as a flaw; it is a natural part of your design. As a Reality, you were made to nurture life, but the Primordials did not need a Reality that could only embody creation, but also destruction. Rowan, the things you have suffered and what you were made to do are an abomination. Still, did you see what it made of you?”

The hand on his wrist tightened, and if Rowan’s wrist were made from delicate material like diamonds, it would have long been crushed to powder, “Listen to me Rowan, your fate was never fair, and you have suffered in a manner that few would ever understand, but herein lies your strength, you have being forged into something that is impossible, your Will, your heart, your very soul has gone through baptisms after baptisms that no one else can imagine, do not doubt yourself, and your next decisions should be made with your interest in mind... You have given too much to others, and now this is for you. Make it all about you!”

Rowan looked at the boy deeply and, slowly exerting pressure, extracted his wrist from the hand of the boy. He smiled almost sadly, “Thank you for your words, but a long time ago I made a decision that my death did not matter, but the sacrifices of those who had gone before me, and all those who believed in me must be upheld. I have long given up my individuality and become an ideal, that is the only reason I can do the things I do, or else I would be lost.”

The boy sighed and slowly vanished, but he left parting words behind: “Have you ever wondered if your ideal was a legacy of the Primordials, and not what you could have become if you walked your path without interference?”

Rowan paused, the bone a millimeter from touching his tongue, his mind going back into his memories. He remembered the moment he escaped from the Nexus as a mortal and found his way into Jarkarr. As he was running for his life inside the strange world, in the late hours of the evening, he found himself in a field filled with butterflies.

His motion startled them, causing them to take flight. At this moment, the sun was about to set, and the light of that twilight had radiated across the wings of a million butterflies taking flight, and Rowan had been stunned at the beauty he was witnessing.

It was in this moment that a seed was planted in his heart. A seed that should have perished under the countless ravages of evil, sadness, and loss that reshaped his heart over and over again, even when he lost his soul and his body, becoming something different each time the Primordial Record reshaped his entire person from the inside out into something new.

That seed had remained through all of that, and the seed was selflessness and the desire to protect. Rowan had seen true beauty that day, and he could never forget it. He knew that if he ever had the power, he would protect this beauty.

There in that field of butterflies, an unshakable core was created. He was powerful, but this life did not belong to him alone. Rowan had sworn that if he won, he would bring back all the dead he had killed, and they would judge him.

Rowan was smiling when he saw the bone. He felt it sliding down his throat, and it disintegrated before it reached his chest. He felt nothing, and then it hit him like a brick wall, a flood of emotion and memories from a life that he had never known.

This life whispered to him, “Will you protect all that I am?”

Rowan did not answer; he only showed this life the core of his being, and it was all he needed to do. He felt the life giving him everything it had without holding back, and on Rowan’s skin, a tiny mark appeared, smaller than an atom, but this mark was imprinted in his body and soul.

He gasped as a weight unlike anything he had known was added to his soul, and Rowan closed his eyes to understand what had just happened. He had harvested lives and souls before, but what he had collected exceeded everything he had experienced before. And Rowan understood what had happened.

He once collected the Origin of Souls, and now he had just collected its End. Perhaps End was not a power greater than Origin; it was just the final piece of the puzzle, the Yin that balanced the Yang.

For the first time in his life, Rowan had just borne the full weight of an entire being.

Chapter 1869: The Act of Consumption

With the boy gone, Rowan looked around him, and the conviction in his eyes grew. Without any hesitation, he sat back in his chair, a part of his mind unconsciously altering the chair to become a comfortable wooden throne filled with glyphs that denoted the name of his mother and his children.

It would take a while for this glyph to be completed, and a part of Rowan’s mind was eager to use this task as a distraction. The throne fit his body like a glove, and holding out one hand in a beckoning gesture, the bones in the cave began flying towards him.

As if a hurricane had erupted inside the cave, the bones that filled its floor rose up with a roar and poured towards him in their thousands, and as they reached the space surrounding his throne, multiple cracks appeared around him that vaguely resembled an open mouth.

Rowan gasped as ten thousand lives entered his soul, all of them were filled with pain and madness, the nature of their death was the most unnatural in existence, killed by

Primordials, these lives could never have peace, even in death, and they poured into Rowan's body and soul like a storm.

He had expected this, and he did not fight them; he opened himself up to be shattered by their rage and pain. When all of that was exhausted, as Rowan absorbed everything, they could finally see a light at the end of the tunnel, and that light was a promise of safety.

All life in one form or another believes in a higher power that they wish to be benevolent, and it did not take them long for reality to disabuse them of that notion when they saw the great suffering and inequality that plagues existence. There was no benevolent deity, no savior to heal their wounds at the end of their lives, and when they looked up into the void, there was no mystery to be found, only death and madness.

But in this light inside of Rowan was a promise they had all forgotten, one of peace and selfless love. They rushed into the light, and they became one with it.

This process was complicated and brought great pain and trauma to Rowan, who not only had to absorb the weight of the pain of all the lives pouring into his body, but after this was done, he would accept them into his light, and a new mark would appear on his skin.

An hour had passed, and Rowan had absorbed nearly ten million lives. With a roar of pain, he stopped. His body was shaking on his wooden throne, and if not for the warm wood holding his body in place, he would have collapsed to the ground.

The cracks in space around him that were a passage to his body had begun to bleed, surrounding Rowan in a waterfall of red blood. This blood was his own, as the cost of absorbing all of these lives was killing him.

Rowan should not bleed, but if he did, what should emerge from his body should have been essence so concentrated that it would resemble liquid gold, shining like the stuff of stars. However, if the vitality in his body had been greatly diminished, his immortality would be forcefully degraded to that of a mortal.

At some point in the past, the boy had returned, and he was watching Rowan closely. Rowan opened his eyes and looked at the boy, and then he noticed something: the boy now had a mouth.

Before now, the boy's facial features had been blank, and only a darkness filled with specks of light like stars had taken the place of his face, and now that he had a mouth, his appearance had become a bit... wrong.

His mouth was small, almost like that of a girl, and his lips were black, and as he watched, a tongue flicked out quickly from between his lips, and Rowan saw that the tongue was also black.

Rowan heard the boy's stomach rumble, and without saying a word, he groaned and stood up, his back hunched, and walked slowly towards another part of the cave. His hair had previously been black, but now it was gray, and wrinkles had begun to form on his face. In an hour, Rowan had lost a ridiculous amount of lifespan.

The cold cave that he barely noticed made goosebumps cover his flesh, and he shivered. What he was doing was madness, but inside the core of his being was a small white flame, so tiny it could barely be seen, and Rowan felt a bit of awe when he looked at that flame.

Waving his hands, he conjured ingredients for the boy's feast out of nowhere, and he began to cook for the boy. Despite the broken state of his body, all of his actions were still perfect, and he ensured that the quality of the meals did not fall; instead, it was getting better.

As he cooked, Rowan continued to refine his two cultivation techniques, which enhanced both his flesh and his spirit. He had stopped himself from reaching the peak of these two techniques, stopping at the eleventh stage out of the nineteen stages that the ultimate techniques had.

Knowing that he could not hold back if he were going to survive, Rowan began pushing towards the twelfth stage of the two techniques. Even at the eleventh stage, the nameless techniques gave him the power of an Old One; however, this was because he understood them to perfection. Any other person cultivating these techniques would only be at the fourth-dimensional level.

Reaching the twelfth stage would still keep Rowan at the level of Old Ones, but his power would multiply to nearly ten times his previous peak. If he were going to make any meaningful changes in this place, then these nameless techniques would be his greatest ally.

He finished preparing the meals, and the boy did not wait to be invited; he began to eat. Previously, he had poured the entire food directly into his face, and the void swallowed everything, but now that he had a mouth, the boy could now eat in a refined manner... but he did not.

Eating both the plates and the food they contained, the mouth of the boy opened wide like a snake, and he munched on everything in sight, and even when his mouth began to tear at the side, he did not wait to swallow his food before stuffing more of it into his mouth.

Rowan watched the boy for a while before turning and walking towards his throne, where he sat down as he rapidly evolved the nameless techniques to a higher level with his eyes closed. The sound of the gluttonous feeding ended, and Rowan opened his eyes to see the boy settled in midair with his arms patting his flat stomach. With the amount of food he had laid out, the boy should have eaten for hours, even days, if he proceeded normally, but it took the boy less than thirty minutes to complete his meals.

Now that he was watching out for it, he could see the void on the face of the boy beginning to shrink. It would seem that before long, this boy would soon have a face. Rowan did not know why that notion did not sit right with him.

Before long, the boy vanished, and Rowan closed his eyes again and delved into his nameless technique.

Chapter 1870: New Face

Chapter 1870: New Face

To reach the twelfth level of the nameless technique for both his flesh and spirit, Rowan spent a century, which was much quicker than he expected when he had initially thought he would have a thousand years to reach this level.

Settling down on his wooden throne, the glyph upon it had reached one percent completion, and it would inevitably grow more complex as he deepened the complexity of this glyph. To fit everyone he knew on this throne, he would need a throne the size of a star, but Rowan wanted this challenge.

In that time period, the boy had visited him three more times, and he had cooked for him, and Rowan could now see that soon the nose of the boy would be exposed, and he expected that two more feeding rituals would give the boy a complete nose.

The two nameless techniques reached the higher level simultaneously, and Rowan gasped as pure power and lifeforce flowed through his body and spirit.

His broken body was healed, and his power exploded to the peak of the eighth-dimensional level. Rowan took the time to assess his new power and state of mind. Without wasting a single moment, he activated the suction ability and began drawing in all the bones inside the cave.

This time, the cracks in space multiplied, where there had once been dozens; it exploded to hundreds, and the lives that poured into Rowan at every moment were not in the thousands but in the hundreds of thousands.

A well-balanced mind would have hesitated or flinched before bringing such a heavy burden into their body that would inevitably kill them, but Rowan did not think twice; he held up his side of the bargain. He would never look back.

Once again, the pain started, and the madness rushed into his body and spirit. Rowan gritted his teeth so hard that they began to bleed, as year after year went by and he collected the bones in the cave.

As time went by, Rowan was dimly aware that he was screaming in pain, but he could not find the strength to hold himself to any sort of grace when he was fighting to hold onto his conviction.

Suddenly, it was over, and Rowan gasped, not expecting his pain to end so soon. He slowly opened his eyes that had become stuck shut from the blood that had dried from his eyes, as they had been previously weeping blood.

Sweat and blood had been flowing from his pores, and when he looked around him, there were no longer any bones in the cave; instead, it was filled with blood.

His mind began to clear, and he realized that he had spent fifteen thousand years devouring every single bone in this cave. When he had previously collected only a million lives, in this session, Rowan had taken within him fifty-two billion!

“SLURP.... SLURP...”

A lapping sound like that of an animal drinking water from a river entered his ears, and Rowan strained to look deeper into the dark cave. His sight was weak, barely better than a man's, but slowly his eyes adjusted, and he was able to track the sound.

He saw the boy kneeling in mid-air, and bending down like a dog, his head was bent and his tongue flashing rapidly as he lapped the blood that covered the ground.

Every now and then, a low chuckle would emerge from the boy, and his tongue flicked out faster. From what Rowan could see, with the rate at which the boy was drinking his blood, he must have bled an ocean's worth.

The head of the boy snapped upwards with an audible crack as if he felt Rowan's eyes on him, and he grinned, showing off his blood-stained teeth. Rowan noticed that his nose was fully revealed, and soon his eyes and the top half of his head would be shown.

“Ah, you are finally done consuming less than a fraction of a fraction of a fraction of a fraction of a fraction, of a... You know where I am going with this... You could have had a much easier time of this. Instead of choosing yourself and feeding on these lives, you choose to carry them with you. Ah.... Rowan, you are on a sinking ship, and you should be trying to survive, not bring more burden onto your boat. Nevertheless, this does not concern me, but I get hungry Rowan, so hungry that I began to eat the only mortal fare left to me... your blood. Still, I like it.”

The boy grinned once more and began drinking his blood, fully submerging his head into the warm pool of blood and coming up for air when he could no longer hold his breath any longer.

Rowan groaned as he slowly walked to the entrance of the cave and stopped before he exited. If he did, he expected the rain of bones to begin, and with his present state, he would die instantly under the barrage.

Then he felt a pair of small, cold hands on his back and the voice of the boy, “Hmm, you are weak now, and it would be so easy to push you.”

Rowan did not turn around. “You have grown taller,” he said, “Your hands could only touch my thighs before; now they reach my back.”

The boy was silent for a while and then slowly removed his hands from Rowan’s back, “Or perhaps you have grown smaller.”

Rowan could hear the rush of air behind him as the boy vanished, and he smiled. A moment before, he had felt the touch of death take over him, and he knew that the boy would have pushed him outside, and he could not have stopped him.

He did not know the reason why the boy did not push him, but Rowan had no fear for his death; he only felt fear for the loss of the flame he was kindling inside his core.

At first, the flame was so small, but now it was a blaze that filled his entire being, and although Rowan was weak, this flame inside him gave him a strength that could not be defined.

The boy was changing, but Rowan had expected this might happen. He had not forgotten that one of the first things the boy said to him about his origin had struck him as problematic.

According to the boy, Rowan barely knew how to control the power of End; he did not even understand this power, and despite his luck in obtaining the basic requirement to wield this power, Rowan would have failed. It was only because he had something assisting him... he had the power of Enoch.

The hand that Rowan had been shattering belonged to Enoch, and when Rowan gave his order to this power to consume the Primordials, it pulled on the framework of Enoch’s power to ensure that this order was successful.

This led to certain irregularities happening, and somehow, Rowan had jumped straight from the frying pan into the fire.

Yes, he was in the Cradle of Enoch, but he was not alone. His companion all this while that he had been feeding... Rowan believed that the boy was Enoch.

Chapter 1871: The Source of Rules

Rowan was not shocked by this outcome. During his lifetime, he had observed that the nature of power was like a pyramid.

At the base were a vast number of individuals who controlled lesser powers, and it was almost impossible to know every single person who was with you at the base of that pyramid. Still, the closer you get to the summit of the pyramid, the number of individuals you meet begins to fall off. At the height of the pyramid, there could only be a few individuals to claim that spot.

So, when Rowan was a mortal and a Dominator, the number of people in the same rank as him was nearly infinite, and as he grew stronger, his circles became smaller. Now that he was nearing the peak of existence, there were only a few names that could call his attention.

He had long expected that anyone or anything he would encounter in this journey would be someone familiar; it was only a pity that those who surrounded him were enemies, with the best option he could ever find being cutthroat competition.

It was said that no plan survives first contact with the enemy, and Rowan was very much aware of this fact. If he was going to be encountering beings of this power level, the only thing he could do was his best to avoid situations where he had no response or no agency.

There was a time when Rowan placed great faith in his plans. At the height of his power, he was untouchable, but he could not deny that part of him was now broken, and the only thing keeping him together was his sense of duty to all those who had placed their fate with him.

The flames burning inside his being were a testament to that faith, and he would not be breaking it.

He could not fight Enoch; maybe with his main body, there could be a possibility of putting up a certain level of resistance, but Rowan was aware that his role here was different. The power of End was greater than he could have ever imagined, but like the boy said, the rules of End were strict and unbreakable.

Rowan knew that he had hijacked the power of Enoch, and presently, he was in great danger, but it could also be the source of his most incredible opportunity, eclipsing anything he had ever come across before.

Although this realm where he found himself was strange, Rowan had discovered certain peculiarities that made it even more special. The first was the nature of this space and the elements surrounding it, such as the light that suffused the infinite realm, even when there was no visible source, and even this cave was something special.

Rowan had the opportunity of seeing the depths of Origin, meaning he was able to peer through to the deepest layer of existence. Where a man would see a grain of sand, and a

god would see its soul, Rowan could peer much deeper, seeing the fundamental nature of that grain of sand.

With his Will, he could tweak and change that nature because he understood it completely. When Rowan was here, the lights, the sounds of his heartbeat, even the cold air that filled this cave, to his senses, were not truly light, sound, or even temperature; instead, they were something much deeper than that.

It was as if he was looking at the source code of existence itself, the proto-light before the concept of light existed, the sound before sound was born.

Rowan felt it when he began to cook for the boy, but at that time, he had not entirely placed a full thought to what he was experiencing. Every meal he made for the boy existed in his memory, and yet had never existed in this time period in the past. His act of creating them meant that, in a weird manner, Rowan became the true creator of those meals, and every ingredient he used in making them would only exist because he was the one who created them.

There were great opportunities here, and they teased the edges of his senses, and anytime he tried to reach out for them, they fled from him, and he knew that this was happening because he had not gathered enough information to make an informed decision.

Rowan smiled, and he muttered, "So, that's what it means when you become the first."

Enoch had claimed to be the first of everything. The first king, the first god, the first killer, the first lover, the first child, the first father, the first mother, the first weapon, the first madness, the first pain, the first loss, the first...

Rowan had thought this was impossible, but only when he stood here did he begin to understand how he was able to do all of that.

If he did not allow it, then everything in existence would not exist; was that the price that Enoch paid to change existence in his image? If that was the case, then how did everything go wrong?

Rowan recalled that the boy said that although the power of End could not be broken, it could be manipulated,

"I can tell you that Enoch was much like you; in fact, the similarities between the two of you are striking, and like you, he believed himself to be invincible, so much so that when he wielded the power of End, he did not care about the consequences... until it became too late."

Rowan knew he had the habit of deliberating deeply into the matters that fascinated him. Still, he also acknowledged the fact that he was in a bad shape, and to prevent the boy

from coming back and killing him with a flick of his fingers, and to finish the task he had given to himself, he needed to reach the thirteenth level of the nameless techniques.

However, he found himself hesitating for the barest of moments before he began to cycle the techniques inside him to ascend it to the next level. The anticipation of the pain, suffering, and the increasing weight he had to bear was enough to make even someone like him hesitate.

In the past, Rowan would have cursed at his weakness, but now he was learning to be much gentler to his mind. 'Perhaps this old dog can still learn new tricks,' he mused internally. The weight he had to carry was heavy, and acknowledging the pain it brought was not weakness; it was simply the clarity he needed.

In this place, cultivation was much faster, and to reach the thirteenth level outside of here should take maybe a hundred thousand years, but he felt he could trim down that time to maybe a tenth.

Rowan's eyes widened a bit when one of the intuitions about the power of this place that had been dancing across the edge of his mind took shape, and he closed his eyes to consider it.

When he created these 108 nameless techniques, he did so in accordance with the laws of existence that had already shaped all of Reality. He had created them to reach the peak of Origin in such a way that the manner of their operation appeared to be breaking the rules. However, he knew they still fell into the rules of existence, but if he was here, a place that existed before rules were created... what could he make of these techniques?

Chapter 1872: Father And Son (1)

EOSAH'S REALITY.

Vraegar watched the sun rise for the seven hundred and twenty-fifth time in a single day, and with every sun that rose, he groaned in pleasure as he soaked under the rays they emitted.

He was transported to a strange dimension by the being who called itself an Archai and claimed to be an Anchor of Reality. When Vraegar had asked what Reality he anchored, the Archai had only smiled and said, "All of them."

Vraegar was in awe of this being, and for a while, he could not even peer into the face of this being. It was not just the mental pressure of standing before a being whose existence defied all comprehension; it was also the fact that he knew that if he did not take a step that was impossible for the vast majority of lifeforms in all of existence, he would never reach the level of power of this being.

But all of that was going to change... soon.

Vraegar had been brought to this dimension a while ago and placed on the only planet that was within that dimension. It was difficult for him to tell time here when there was no night, only a single endless day that slowly grew brighter as more suns rose up into the skies.

By all rights, this planet should have long evaporated to ash under the heat of these many suns, but the presence of Vraegar had instead turned the entire planet into a world of ice.

All the light from the suns was drawn by the dragon, and if he wanted to eat the suns, they would have fallen, but Vraegar's purpose was not to eat these suns; it was to wait and prepare.

Prepare to take the next step to become a Primordial.

Vraegar did not know how he should feel about this responsibility. When he was a young dragon, the prospect of becoming a Primordial would have probably sent him into a frenzy, and he would most likely have gone insane as he came to terms with all the power such a state of being would grant him, but he had changed.

Time was not supposed to change a dragon, and Vraegar, if he was anything, was a proper dragon. His lust for power was unmatched, and if not for the presence of his father, whose might had eclipsed every star that had been born, then Vraegar's hunger would be known to all of Reality... no, time had not changed Vraegar, only loss.

Reality was filled with danger; his father had many powerful enemies, but for a long time, Vraegar could follow his heart as a dragon, even if he knew that it would inevitably lead to his death one day. There was no true ancient dragon; they all died more quickly than most immortals due to their appetite for destruction.

This was the reason he was the first of Rowan's children to leave his dimension and enter the Great Darkness in order to fight and gain power. He did all of this because he knew that if he were to fall one day, there would be someone to take care of his father when he needed it, and that person was his brother, Andar.

It was difficult for a dragon to accept anyone else as their equal or claim a familiar relation with any individual who was not a dragon, but Andar had proven to Vraegar more times than he could count that he was a force of nature that could never be replaced. For a million years, they had grown together, fought, laughed, cried together, and Vraegar felt the flame of his heart cool when he heard about the death of his brother.

The Archai, floating a few thousand miles in the distance, suddenly turned towards Vraegar and bowed, and it was the only warning he had before Rowan appeared beside him, holding a sealed jar.

“My son, can I join you in your contemplation?” Rowan smiled, “Your mind seemed preoccupied.” he raised his hand, “I have got wine, and I have it on good review that it is a brew fit for a Primordial.”

Even though Vraegar had reduced his size, he was still as massive as a mountain, and Rowan still maintained his humanoid form. The flustered dragon rapidly shrank further until he was about the size of a small house, and he nodded to his father while sweeping the frozen ground with his wings as if to brush off any imaginary dust,

“Of course, Father, it is my honor that you are here with me, taking wine with you would be my...”

Rowan waved his hand in irritation, “Enough of that sort of vaunted speaking, Vraegar. There is nothing here but a father and son who are about to get drunk; your formality would spoil the mood.”

Vraegar grinned like a dragon, the fire in his heart roaring to life. He shrank further and manipulated his bones until he could stand and sit upright like a man. He created two small stools that were a little too close to each other, and he sat on one, looking over at Rowan, his eyes shining like a child’s.

Rowan seemed a little thrown back, and he laughed aloud and took his place on the second stool. Breaking the cover of the sealed jar, a pleasant yet incredibly complex scent emerged from it that made Vraegar almost swallow his tongue as stars ignited inside his eyes,

“What the fuck is that?” Vraegar whispered in awe.

“This?” Rowan laughed, “Is the magnum opus of Circe.”

“Damn, the blue-haired witch really did it,” his voice still emerging as a whisper, Vraegar could not help but bring his face closer to the mouth of the jar, while swallowing his drool. Just the scent from the wine took Vraegar’s consciousness to an unknown dimension, almost making him dizzy, “I feel I would transform into a goddamned primordial from just its scent.”

The dragon nearly dragged the jar from Rowan’s hand before his mind settled, and he looked at his father while swallowing, waiting for Rowan to take the first sip before he could, and his eyes widened like an owl when Rowan pushed the jar into his hand.

“But father, traditions...”

“Fuck tradition,” Rowan grinned, “My son drinks before me because he has earned it, and here we are equal, you and me, now take a swig before I drag it from your fingers.”

Vraegar laughed and bent his head backward and poured what he thought was a river of stars down his throat. His eyes, which were wide open, suddenly opened further and turned red when the first drop of this wine touched his tongue.

Passing the wine to his father, Vraegar was lost as a fat drop of tears rolled down his face; an explosion of aroma erupted from his body. The few sips he had taken had made the dragon drunk, but that was the least of the transformation happening inside his body.

The first drop that touched his tongue took Vraegar to the peak of reality, and he felt as if he was being crowned its king, his heartbeat became a war drum that should have been heard across dimensions, every pulse of his was a decree of his invincibility, and if not for the presence of the Archai holding everything down, this dimension would have shattered.

Even his shadow began to dance.

Chapter 1873: Father And Son (Final)

The shadow of Vraegar exploded into a gigantic shadow dragon whose roar shook the entire dimension before it took flight and vanished into the heavens. When it reappeared, it was dancing in between the suns, its massive body twirling around with a liquid grace that defied meaning.

Rowan watched this display and laughed as he also drank from the jar. He looked behind him, but didn't see a shadow; he almost pouted in disappointment. But, suddenly, a shadow with wings appeared behind him, and Rowan laughed... the shadow bowed at him and joined Vraegar's shadow to dance among the suns.

In the distance, the Archai had vanished, but Rowan did not notice, or if he did, he subconsciously suppressed his knowledge of it.

Passing the jar of wine back to Vraegar, Rowan closed his eyes for a bit and opened them when the dragon beside him roared in glee. Rowan took back the jar and took his second long drink, and then he understood why the dragon had roared, because he too did the same.

The first chug of that wine had shattered his inhibitions, giving him a feeling of happiness and the high of reaching a great height as a warrior and an immortal of unmatched power, but the second time he drank, the feeling doubled, tripled, and exponentiated.

His ego, which was straining the limits of what he considered normal, inflated past the event horizon of sanity. Rowan reaches for the concept of limit and finds it's been deleted from reality. For him, this was not a novel sensation, but he could imagine that for Vraegar it was almost too good to be true.

Rowan could sense the joy and amazement in the heart of his child, and that made him roar alongside the dragon, sharing his joy at this moment.

Time slipped away, and soon not only their shadows were dancing, but Vraegar ragged rowan to his feet and began singing a strange draconic song that he must have plundered from the depths of his racial memory. The song was one of celebration... and loss.

At first, the duo had been dancing and singing aloud, and when the song reached its zenith, it turned wistful, and the dragon began to cry. Rowan opened his arms and consoled his son.

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In time, the wine was exhausted, and they both collapsed to the ground, looking into the heavens. Their shadow still danced in the void, but they were slowly coming down.

The crash, when it comes, was mercifully absent. Vraegar chuckled almost sadly, knowing that there was no hangover in the heaven that the wine had taken him; only the lingering afterimage of omnipotence burned into his retinas.

The voice of his father entered his ears, “You’ll blink, and a thousand years will have passed. This wine is the best I have ever had. I won’t be ordering the creation of a second one; some things in life should only be experienced once.”

Vraegar whispered, not knowing where the words came from, “Is it the reason you did not create more of him?... You know, if there is anyone worthy to be duplicated many times, it was my brother.”

Rowan replied slowly, “I wish I could... make many more of him, but I cannot, Andar made himself with his hands, and my blood had little to contribute to what he became. With all my powers, I cannot protect my children. I watched them die, Vraegar.”

The dragon growled, “It was supposed to be me... I was the one who had everything they wanted. I was meant to die in battle, like all dragons, but he had so much to live for. I never got to see him resurrect the dead girl he carried around with him for a million years...”

Rowan grimaced, “Yeah, I remember her. I also remembered you always teasing him about it and causing you both to fight every time.”

Vraegar smiled, “At the beginning I used to win the battles...”

Rowan frowned, “Are you sure? I remembered...”

“Oh, semantics,” Vraegar interrupted his father, “I did not wish to win, so I always stopped the battle before I could have defeated him. I gave him time to adapt to my move and grow stronger.”

“And he did grow stronger,” Rowan whispered, his gaze distant, “You did well bringing Andar out of his shell.”

The dragon burst into laughter, “Ah, my kindness came back and bit me in the ass quite quickly. I had expected that he would become my equal in a thousand years or more, and that was still giving him too much credit, but that bastard did it in ten!”

Rowan laughed so hard he was holding his side, “I can still see your disbelieving face when he threw you through half a galaxy and you could not stand up for hours... you just kept saying, how, ha ha ha ha ha.”

“Damn, I was so young and did not know how to handle my loss with grace. I returned seven times and was beaten seven times. Ha, talk about a lesson in humility.”

Rowan smiled, “I remembered that still, no matter how he beat you, your actions were still honorable, and you did not go all out. Even then, Vraegar, you knew that your brother was in pain, and you sacrificed your pride to give him the taste of ambition. My boy, you do not give yourself enough credit.”

“Tch, there was nothing to it; if I had given more, I would have killed him.”

Silence fell on both of them for a while, and soon Rowan brought up another memory from the past, and new laughter rang out between them. They were immortals, and their lives were impossibly long; they could discuss what they had experienced for millennia and barely scratch the surface of their collective experience.

Weeks went by as they talked and laughed, and finally their shadows reached the ground. For Vraegar, his shadow appeared behind him, while Rowan’s vanished; it had never been his shadow in the first place.

The dragon slowly sat up, “Father, the things they have taken from us cannot be forgiven. I realize the depths of your pain when the loss of my brother had shaken me to the core, but for you, Father, how much have you lost? Your home, your mother, your friend, your lovers, your children... Again and again, the promise of happiness has been stolen from you, Father, and I am beyond angered at this point.”

Vraegar roared, and flames, red as blood, poured from his mouth and shot into the sky, where they pierced the heavens and tore it in two, exposing the inner workings of the dimension.

“I ask for nothing much, Father, even if I am to die, let it be in battle with my jaws wrapped around the throat of our enemies. Let those who see our suffering as a means to

their goal feel the sting of our fury. I felt so useless for so long, knowing that my enemy was too far away to ever be touched. Use me, Father, let my body and soul be consumed in the fires of war.”

Rowan was silent for a long time and he spoke slowly, “Your wish would be granted.” Still lying on the ground, Rowan whispered but Vraegar heard him and the dragon shivered,

“Cry havoc! and let slip the dog of war.”

Chapter 1874: The Armies of Death (1)

The Realm of Death, the Beast of Final Rest, was vast. Like Rowan had figured out, all of existence had been thrown out of balance by the actions of the Primordials, and Death had grown more powerful than it should have ever been.

At the beginning of time, Death had access to only a small corner of existence at the deepest fringes of the infinite space that would later be called Limbo.

Death had never been welcomed by the rest of existence, and its Realm represented its position in the hierarchy of reality. If everything in existence had gone according to how it was supposed to be, then its Realm would have been one of the most hidden in all existence, and very few would have known of its existence.

The seven Primordials hovered before the Realm of Death, and it was no longer one Realm; they were now billions!

“That crow grew fat on our bounty,” Xylos, Primordial Demon, grinned as he knelt down on one knee, his vast black wings spread behind him like a cloak.

“I like crows,” Eldrithor, Primordial Chaos, whispered, “this beast is not a crow, it’s much worse, an herbivore who has learned to eat spoiled meat. Look how fat it has grown, feeding on our pain and desperation.”

“That was all part of the plan,” Nyxara, Primordial Soul, smiled, “We needed his greed to balance out the outflow of souls that would have reached Enoch otherwise. Hate him all you want, but without this little beast, we would never have succeeded.”

“But that is not the question, is it, sister?” Xyris, Primordial Time, gestured towards the Realm of Death. “The beast is a repugnant creature, but it has truly grown strong as it fed on our scraps. I fear that if we don’t take on more Origin Force, then some of us may fall in this battle.”

Nyxara turned towards her brother and placed a hand on his chest, and she smiled, “Then so be it. We are all prepared to do what it takes to win, and even if I fall, I expect you to

use my corpse as a ladder. The plan must be followed closely or it would all be for nothing.”

Elgorath, Primordial Memory laughed, “We have followed you through incredible hardship, Nyxara, and you have not failed us yet. We would follow your plan, and none of us would fall here.” he looked around at the rest of the Primordials, to Vorthas, Primordial Life, and Asteroath, Primordial Light. “We all knew that in one form or another, we would be standing here, and it was either we fought this beast or the child. We all knew that the greatest danger to us was the child, but his ignorance was the key to our freedom, and now we have to face the beast.”

He spread his hands wide and his golden wings flared open like a sun, and the billion Regions of Death that had been shrouded in shadows for an eternity lit up from the light emerging from Elgorath’s wings,

“We have the best outcome out of the many that could have taken place. We have already won the war, and what is next is the necessary clean-up.”

Vorthas flared his green wings, suppressing the light from Elgorath’s own, “You have always been too flashy, brother, and that cannot be permitted, not when we are so close to the end.”

Xylos stood to his full height and touched Vorthas on the shoulder, “Let him have his fun, among us all, you knew the effect of our madness was more telling on him. We could flee to the grasp of oblivion every now and then, but for Elgorath, he had to remember all of it.”

“I still don’t like it,” Xyris shrugged, his purple wings slowly beating as if they had a life of their own, “But if our next Origin Force would have to be Death, then we are at the best place to consume.”

Nyxara nodded and flew forward before turning towards the rest of her siblings, “While it might seem as if we are on the winning side, the truth is that we are very much in danger. Enoch must be aware of her betrayal and he would be coming for us, if we are to survive... no, if we are to win, then we cannot pick out the next Origin Force from Realities, it would be too slow, instead,” she turned around and gestured towards the Realm of Death, “the beast has done half our work. He has processed each Origin Force of Death into Regions, and with each Region we swallow, we quickly grow as the Primordials of Death. We will need all of that power to change Limbo to our image.”

Xylos touched his chin in contemplation, “Do we think we can bargain with the beast? I mean, we do not need a billion Origins of Death, maybe half that number, okay, maybe we might need all of them, but it would still preserve its life in the new order we are going to be creating.”

“No, the beast has tasted the powers of the Primordials for too long,” Nyxara disagreed, “his appetite has grown, and our evil infects its mind; it would not give anything up, even if what we ask for is just one Origin.” She raised one finger.

“Then let’s get it over with,” Asteroath swiped his hand to the side, “We have stood here long enough, but it has not responded.”

“Oh, but it has,” Vorthas smiled, “I don’t know about all of you, but I have been craving the Origin of Death for all eternity, and having it this close to me is seriously straining what is left of my patience. Asteroath, shine your light on its realm and see what we have to battle.”

Asteroath glanced at Vorthas for a moment before he stepped forward and spread out his white wings, unlike the golden light from

Elgorath’s wings, Asteroath’s light were *penetrative*.

At once, the veil that covered the realm of Death was exposed, and a gigantic army that defied all meaning was arrayed before them.

Chapter 1875: The Armies of Death (Final)

The Incarnation of Rowan inside the Cradle of Enoch had seen a small part of the face of infinity. In that space, he had seen bones that rained from the sky, their numbers so vast it could not be counted, but that awe-inspiring scene was nothing in the face of what faced the seven Primordials as they stood over the Regions of Death.

When Rowan had seen only a fraction of infinity, and these were mere bones, the Primordials faced an army that was truly infinitesimal in number. The army of the dead stretches across the battlefield like a cataclysmic swarm. Their numbers could only be possible due to the higher-dimensional state of Limbo, where space could be stretched for an infinite distance as long as there was one whose Will was strong enough to control all of that power. Death was a being whose Will was strong enough.

Having harvested the souls of the dead from every conceivable dimension in Limbo, the armies of the dead spread across the battlefield in numbers that could not be counted, yet this was still a fraction of their might.

Clustered around various points in the battlefield were countless generals, and each of them was a fractal infinity. This meant that each General was a nexus point where infinitely more legions could be summoned when needed.

This was the true meaning of infinity that pierced through multiple dimensions. Still, this was looking at the armies of the dead in a macro perspective; coming closer to their ranks would reveal the true horror of this army.

Be it the flickering soul of a mortal dreamer, the radiant core of a godling or celestial, the shaded core of an Abyssal, or the bio-luminescent pulse of alien flora, Death has plucked, drained, and woven all of these lives into the ranks of his army. No dimension remains untouched; the harvest of death is absolute.

The Primordials in their madness had left behind only husks of Realities, echoing voids where life once thrummed with great glory, and Death had ensured that nothing went to waste. Its Will had grown stronger the more of the dead it consumed, and finally, the result of more than a billion Cosmic Eras of foundation was revealed!

Yes, Death was truly ancient, among the first to ever exist.

The seven Primordials did not back down before this power, while it was true that the armies of the dead were infinite, so too were they, and in the end, the ones with the greatest foundation would come out on top.

The dead were silent, even as their numbers stretched across spacetime, widening like a gangrenous wound through multiple dimensional infinities.

Then, in the deepest layer of the Realm of Death, the voice of the Beast of Final Rest whispered,

“So, it begins, the final dance to end all light in Limbo. I was here from the beginning, yet you chose to forget my existence. Now you can no longer hide from my shade, and you wish to tear it down. Your stories all end here, step forward and meet your end!”

The entirety of Limbo trembled as Death unleashed his power and created a ground beneath his army’s feet, where the war to battle Primordials would be fought, and in the Cradle of Enoch, all the Realities that had been sending messages of calm and the joy of creation among themselves all froze in place, like deer caught in the light of a falling lightning bolt.

Outside of the Cradle, they knew that Limbo was a realm of death and desolation, where horrors powerful enough to destroy entire Realities roamed; however, the nature of that conflict was far from them. Under the light of the Cosmic Record and the guardianship of Ananke, the Beast of Inevitability, all Realities in the Cradle were safe.

They did not have to fear the onslaught of the Primordials and for nearly twenty million Cosmic Eras, no new Realities had been killed, although there were rumors of Realities outside the Cradle deep in Limbo that were still being hunted by the Primordials, such news could not be verified, and it was difficult to imagine that any new Reality could be born in a tainted space like Limbo.

Still, they had all felt that trembling... that surge of power that swept against the Cradle, and despite being shielded from it, all Realities found that seed of fear and doubt in their hearts that promised them they could never be safe bloomed once more.

In the distance, they all heard a roar; it came from Ananke, and the sound of that beast dispelled the doubts in their hearts to some degree. If there were any force in creation that could protect them from the horrors of Limbo, it would be Ananke.

Eos also felt that surge of power, and his eyes, which were closed, snapped open. “It has begun,” he whispered, and he knew that the time for hesitation was over. A new plan had been shaping up inside his head for a while, crazy and daring, but Eos knew that if he did not take this step, he would have no right to be a part of this battle.

Limbo was truly infinite, and there were Realities and other strange entities still roaming its depths that had not come across the Primordials, but they all felt the surge of power from Death, and they all knew that change was coming.

Back in the Realm of Death, the ground for battle had been made, and the dead in their silence began to walk towards their ultimate enemy.

The vanguard pours forth first, skeletal colossi forged from the calcified regrets of fallen empires, their bones etched with the screams of harvested billions, glowing with necrotic runes that pulse in rhythms stolen from dying hearts. Their powers stemmed from the many ninth-dimensional beings or the nascent ninth-dimensional beings that the Primordials had slaughtered or who had died even before the Primordials were born.

Each step they made carves the ground into multidimensional craters, where gravity warps into loops that would trap the unwary in eternal falls. Even the Primordials had to be wary of this. Their weapons are extensions of harvested agony: scythes spun from the condensed wails of extinct species, blades that slice not flesh but timelines, unraveling potential futures into threads of oblivion.

Behind them, the bulk of the army unfolds in layers that defy Euclidean sight.

There were no words spoken between the Primordials and the hosts of Death; their true enemy, the Beast of Final Rest, had not emerged. With their powers, the Primordials could also create armies of their own, but why would they need to do that after they had lived for so long behind the mask of proxies? Spreading their wings, the Primordials charged into battle.

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In the Cradle of Enoch, Rowan had been sitting on his throne of wood for eight thousand years as he pushed for the thirteenth level of the two nameless techniques. The boy had not visited him in all these years to demand that Rowan cook new meals. Rowan suspected that after devouring his mortal blood, the boy did not have any more interest in any of the food he might prepare for him.

Rowan did not think this was much of a loss because he had discovered something peculiar after feeding the child the food from his memories: the memories of the food began to change.

Where once a desert had been sweet or a roast extremely succulent and tasty, the new food in his memories tasted a bit *different*. It was as if his memory of that food had been altered. The change was incredibly slight, and if he hadn't developed the habit of constantly reviewing his memories and consciousness while in this place, Rowan would have missed it.

However, Rowan believed that it was not his memory that had changed; it was the ingredients in Reality that had changed. Where once he knew that the color red was well, red, now the color red had always been blue.

With his perfect memory, he was able to discern that Reality as he knew it had become split in two. The first Reality that he remembered was swept to the side, and this new Reality took its place, almost as if it was forcing his mind to acknowledge that this was the new state of things and not the one he knew before.

“So, this is one of the functions of End,” Rowan muttered to himself.

Chapter 1876: The Poison In His Blood

The ability to change existence at its root was a terrifying power, exceeding any that Rowan had previously controlled. Yet, it begs the question: why was Enoch still imprisoned here if he could change everything he wanted to suit his vision?

This was a fundamental question that demanded careful thought. The answers were waiting for him, and Rowan had learned to believe in his instincts and judgment. If nothing else, experience had taught him the pitfalls that arise from trusting the words of others who were at similar power levels to him.

If he had not trusted in the words of Eosah and followed his plans... If the plans of Primordial Soul had not deceived him... If he had learned to trust himself more deeply, his life's path would have been different. Rowan did not care if the Primordials had to engage in many years of experimentation to perfect the act of deceiving him; with the tools he had in hand, a little more careful reasoning, and he would have seen the deception.

Why did she show him the remnants of the souls of those who were most precious to him and kill them in front of him? It was simply to ensure that his rage and pain did not cloud his judgment. In many ways, Rowan could see the same thing happening to him here, when it came to the issue of the strange boy whom Rowan highly suspected to be Enoch.

Still, at the moment, the most crucial question that Rowan should be asking himself was this: if Enoch were no longer interested in the food he gave him, even though it was a

chance for the boy to alter existence from the ground up, why was he now interested in his mortal's blood?

Rowan had come close to mastering the thirteenth level of the nameless techniques, but then he paused his efforts. Before fully completing the next layer, his body could still be largely considered to be mortal, even if its lifespan could be measured in millions of years.

The damage he was incurring by consuming all of these lives and holding their weight with his body alone was not something that could be effortlessly shrugged aside, and the trauma from this action was persistent.

Perhaps, this was what made it hard to detect the problem that was growing inside him, but as soon as Rowan settled his mind to reflect on his situation, it was not hard for him to see the effect of the boy's action.

His body was under an incredible amount of trauma, enough to kill a million immortals simultaneously if they were made to bear the pain he was suffering, and that was just in the aspect of pain; there were so many burdens he was bearing on his body that strained the limits of what his consciousness was capable of.

It was no surprise that among the million problems ailing his body, there was one more sneaky problem that should not be here... his blood was trying to change.

Rowan's blood was always on a path of transformation, and he had long reached the point where the function of his blood had long exceeded the scope of what blood should perform in the body.

For Rowan, one of the primary functions of his blood was to carry his Will around his body. Even as an Incarnation, the true size of Rowan would equal that of Eosah's Reality, meaning that any lower-dimensional immortal that was under the eighth dimension would find the accurate scale of Rowan's body to be infinite.

His Will had become a part of him, and Rowan did not need to practice with it before it became like this; it was simply a result of possessing a consciousness as vast and powerful as his own. However, this also came with certain drawbacks, which made Rowan almost not know his limits.

For a normal immortal that struggled over many eons to master their Will, they would have long been familiar with their limits, after testing it many times in the past, and knowing when something was enough to break them, but Rowan had never known a true limit, even when he could not hold on, he was still improving, and this made it possible for his changing blood to be ignored by him for so long.

A normal man who was being burned to death would still feel it when all his blood suddenly transforms into acid, but Rowan would have ignored the pain of the fire and acid

both when he knew that, in time, his pain resistance and his adaptability would mean all sorts of trauma would be healed.

Rowan manifested a blade of Will and, holding it in his right hand, slowly sliced across his left palm to his elbow to expose the inner workings of his hand. The trait of this change was so deceptive to an immortal like him that his mind could deceive him, but not his eyes.

The wound appeared grievous, but it did not bleed; all the blood flowing through his body continued its regular operation despite the large gash in his hand. His blood was no longer red, but purple, indicating it was at the transition point between mortal and immortal.

His blood appeared normal on the surface, although fiendishly complex in comparison to that of an average immortal; this blood was what flowed in the veins of Reality, and a single drop of it, if it did not instantly kill a mortal, was enough to assure them of a life where the possibility of becoming an Old One was highly likely.

Looking beyond the surface, he saw the poison in his blood; a trillion copies of the boy who had latched themselves to powerful particles inside his body and were attempting to chew through them. However, the vitality of his body, even while diminished, was nothing to scoff at, and the boy was not making any headway.

This was just in his arm alone; undoubtedly, the copies of this boy were in every single part of his body, attempting to chew him to pieces from the inside. Rowan frowned, and he made no attempt to fight against the invaders in his body, knowing that it would be a waste of energy, and he knew that once he reached the thirteenth level of his nameless techniques, the power from reaching that level would eradicate every foreign influence in his body.

And that was not all. With the nature of his techniques, every piece of the boy inside of him would be converted to fuel, and Rowan would be the final beneficiary.

Still, it did not mean that the winner of this silent confrontation had been decided. Even if Rowan eradicated the presence of the boy and fed on his remains, all of his progress would become lost when he began collecting the lives of the dead once more.

Rowan was aware that with every new level he gained in the nameless techniques, his power increased, making the number of lives he could hold increase as well. In that case, the backlash to this action would also increase, and if the blood he had shed previously could fill a lake, then he expected that what came next would fill an ocean.

Chapter 1877: To Consume Or To Protect

It was not hard for Rowan to figure out the ultimate goal of Enoch, after all, the entity had proclaimed multiple times that he wanted Rowan's body. The nature of what Enoch did with the power of End was still unknown, but one thing was sure: he had paid a terrifying price.

Was it equal to the price that Rowan was paying for this same power? Rowan could not be sure; everyone assigned various levels of importance to the things they valued in life.

Rowan had freed the Primordials of their madness; his Incarnation was lost inside a place below Existence as he knew it, and he was not alone. Beside him was a malevolent force that sought to devour him, and if he failed to achieve the purpose he set out towards when he proclaimed that he wanted to eat the Primordials, then all of the losses and sacrifices would be a waste.

Yet, Rowan was not focused on the potential for his failure when one thought kept hammering down on his mind. What if, despite all the setbacks and the overwhelming nature of the powers he faced, he still went against the odds to win?

The Incarnation of Rowan here in this place, with the assistance of the boy, was able to see the overall state of his being and had the clearest picture of his present status. He could see that despite all his powers, potential, and all the strides he had made, the enemies he faced were too prepared and far older, wiser, and more powerful than he was.

The chance that he would ever win was slim to none, but Rowan still held this question in his heart: What if he won despite the odds?

It was the reason that, knowing the fate that awaited him if he continued collecting all these lives and the danger from the boy, Rowan still proceeded to push forward with these techniques. Rowan was not a fool, or was he just being stubborn? When he gave the order to eat the Primordials, he had expected to drain them of their powers and distract them while he pushed for the ninth-dimensional level.

However, things did not go the way he wanted, and instead of seeing all the bad side, Rowan had also glimpsed one potent advantage that he had almost missed. He had intended to eat the Primordials, but due to luck and the presence of the hand of Enoch in that event, he was able to find something better... He could eat all of existence itself!

This place was the source code for all of existence, containing everything that has ever been or will be. At the moment, Rowan was taking what he considered the most precious to him, and that was every living being who had ever lived, and when he said *all* living beings, he meant it.

Despite the visual representation of the lives he was consuming being bones, it did not mean everything he eating came from species with bones, it was rather the opposite, out of all the bones he had eaten, barely ten percent of the lives had bones, most were insect,

trees, even mountains and rivers, and the only thing that bound them all was that they were all alive in their own way.

Rowan had previously not understood the implications of what he was doing, and now he clearly saw the devious trap that the boy had laid for him and how he could have wasted this opportunity.

When the boy told him to eat the bones, it was for him to use them as fuel to propel his abilities forward, and there was no lie or deception in those words. If Rowan had followed that path, he would have frankly become a terrifying monster in a short amount of time.

With all of the power in his grasp, it would not take too long before he would be able to reconnect with his main body and channel all of that power into Eos, giving his main body the foundation to rise to the ninth dimension and beyond that if he was capable of it.

However, one of the main things that held Rowan back from taking this step was how closely it aligned with the path of the Primordials. The Primordials, for all their powers, could not create, only consume. They had reached such great heights as ninth-dimensional beings that they had no equal, and even a terrifying being like Rowan could not claim to be able to beat them.

Their powers and abilities were parasitic; they took without giving anything back in return. If Rowan had followed the boy's direction, despite growing powerful, it would have been on the foundations of existence itself. What he ate would never return, and all lives that had slowly developed throughout existence would be lost.

Rowan sealed up the gash in his hand and closed his eyes, focusing on pushing the nameless techniques to the thirteenth level, and in two thousand years, he completed it. His previous estimation of using ten thousand years to complete this technique was spot on.

Inside his spirit, which took the form of a vast mental space spanning a thousand dimensions, was a massive, spinning blue orb, and within his heart was a golden, spinning orb. These two orbs were the culmination of the nameless techniques at the thirteenth level.

Their rotation continued to intensify until they transformed into a blur, and from Rowan's body, a loud hum began to rise, shaking the entire cave. He closed his eyes and braced himself a moment before both orbs exploded, cleansing and rewriting his body and spirit. With his massive consciousness power, Rowan was able to ideally ensure that this process reached every single particle in his body, and he almost smiled as he heard trillions of the poisons inside his body scream in pain before being eradicated and assimilated.

Rowan gasped as he stood to his feet, disregarding some of the limitations he had given to his outward appearance. He allowed his body to grow to the size of a mountain, almost a

hundred thousand feet tall. The cave and his wooden throne grew alongside him, and Rowan nearly laughed at the sheer freedom and power that was flowing throughout his body.

At the thirteenth level, these two techniques should not be this powerful, their might now was nearing what he would consider the power to be gained at the sixteenth level.

This technique might have started as the nameless techniques that he had created, but something about it was different. Rowan knew that this transformation was coming about because he was holding the weight of so many lives on his body; he was carrying both their Origin and their End, and to put that into perspective, it was as if every single life he brought had the weight of infinity.

The road to the higher dimension was a process by which an immortal grew and mastered the various levels of infinity. Rowan could carry one infinity without any issue, but the challenge lay in carrying all the infinities that made up existence; this would be the true test.

Rowan did not know if this transformation would rise as quickly as he wanted to support him, but he knew that it would not matter in the end; his greatest backing was always his Will.

Striding out into the field of bones and leaving the cave for the first time in almost eleven thousand years, Rowan looked up and felt the tremor that heralded the beginning of the rain of bones, opening his hands wide as a million spatial tears began to surround him. He welcomed the descent of the bones.

Chapter 1878: Dreams And Reality

At the eleventh level of the nameless technique, Rowan was able to bear the entire weight of ten million lives. After getting to the next level of power, he was able to bear the weight of fifty-two billion lives, clearing out every single bone inside the cave.

Yet this cave had simply been there to protect him from the full might of existence that would be pouring down upon him. Rowan should not be doing this; every particle in his body was screaming at him to run back into the cave and avoid the burden of carrying so much weight on his shoulders.

“If not me, who?” he growled as, instead of following what every part of him was telling him, he opened the doors to his body wider, and the bones pouring from the skies began to crash against his consciousness like a flood.

Pain like no other filled him completely, but Rowan welcomed the pain; instead of fleeing from it, he used it to ground himself, to focus his spirit so he could truly reflect on his reasons for bearing this burden.

It was not for him, no, whatever was happening was many times greater than he could ever choose to be, at least, not in the context that mattered. Existence needed him; his sacrifice was the answer to a cry for help that had gone on for too long.

Perhaps his main body had another road to follow, but this was his own. He would not allow existence to fade. The last shackles over his body and spirit were cast aside, and Rowan fully embraced his purpose.

This unknown realm shuddered as Rowan, despite being in pain that could not even be described, roared,

“All of you... Come to me!”

The space in this realm was infinite, and despite expanding his body and creating a million spatial tears around him, he had barely been collecting a small portion of the bones raining from the endless sky, but Rowan’s summoning changed everything.

The realm seemed to pause, and then it began to contract. As if Rowan had just become a gigantic blackhole, all the falling bones began to bend towards him in numbers that could break the mind. The countless bones on the ground started to shiver and slowly rise...

On the ground, the boy whose face only lacked eyes but could still see more clearly than should ever be possible, frowned before he laughed, “Oh, see him rising to the sun with wings of wax, and when he crashes to the earth, the sound of his defeat shall be heard all over existence.”

The voice that came from his mouth was different; it did not have the boyish intonation of Lost. Instead, it was *older*, as if the speaker came from a period even before sound and time were meaningful concepts.

Still, from that same mouth, the familiar voice of Lost emerged, “You are wrong about him.”

The boy grimaced and squeezed his fists so tight that they drew blood, and when he felt the sensation on his palm, it seemed to surprise him as he brought both palms to his face and began to drink the black blood pouring out from them.

In the sky, a gigantic egg, greater than a thousand Realities, was slowly contracting and expanding like a beating heart. It contracted anytime Rowan drew in the bones inside his body and expanded when more bones were inevitably added to the pile.

However, to be able to visibly notice this mound of bone contracting, given its scale, was proof of the ridiculous number of lives that Rowan was collecting with every passing moment.

In a fraction of a second, Rowan must have been consuming quadrillions of lives, a far cry from his first two attempts, and now, it was no longer about the number of lives he was collecting, but how long he would be able to last.

The boy watching brought up his right hand with his palm spread open, and then one by one, each finger of his hand began to close as he counted down the time, “Five... four... three... two-, oh, hahaha, he did not last as long as I estimated, see that you give him too much credit.”

From above, there was a scream of pain, and the massive pile of bones hovering in the sky exploded, shortly followed by an ocean of blood that would drown out an entire universe. A relatively tiny figure fell from the sky, and his body was swept into the cave.

“I don’t know how long he would survive this stupidity, but I do not care,” the boy grinned, “It is time for me to feast.”

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Rowan’s battle, apart from the rare few that were witnessed by all, such as the battle in the Arena, mostly took place out of sight from most in Reality. It was not as if he wanted to hide himself from the eyes of others, but after reaching a certain level of power, his battles occurred on a scale that was impossible for beings of lower dimensions to fathom.

In many ways, that was the reason he could never get true companionship, as no one could fully share his vision. Eosah’s reality had been destroyed and recreated by the Primordials, and no one inside it was aware of this change, except for one person, Circe Boreas.

After freeing herself from the burden of carrying the last true bloodlines of Trion inside her body, nothing was holding back her advancement to the higher-dimensional level. Her connection with Rowan, and having had the premier bloodlines of Trion dwelling within her body for so long, had thoroughly reshaped Circe’s talent. When Rowan told her she now had the potential of becoming a Primordial, she believed him; how else was she able to rise from the fourth-dimensional level to the peak of the eighth dimension in a single decade?

Yet, what she shared with Rowan not only reshaped her body, but it also changed her mind. Circe knew of this risk when she accepted the charge to hold Rowan’s Will inside her body. You stared long enough into the Abyss, and you became a part of it.

She was able to tell when Reality ended, and she perished. Even though with the powers of the Primordials that made time and causality meaningless, Circe’s connection had made it possible for her to see beyond the scope of this Reality, and she was able to feel the moment she passed away and returned.

Circe was aware that there was a gap in her memories from between the times she died and returned, but she did not want to get back those memories, for she feared that they would only contain madness.

At the moment, she was asleep inside the living castle, Algoth, in her separate wing that she shared with Archimedes. As an Old One, she still kept this habit from her mortal life because she enjoyed the act of sleep, and she suspected that her connection with Rowan held invisible burdens on her soul that caused her to fall asleep quite often.

In her sleep, she had created a unique memory dimension that contained the planet Trion, and she was slowly remaking this planet into her image. This was the path she was going to follow to reach the ninth dimension, a planet.

It seemed small, almost inconsequential to the things surrounding her, but Circe was always willing to follow her heart; not everyone was made to shake existence.

In her memory dimension, everything was the way it was supposed to be. The sun was shining, and she, wearing the body of a mortal woman, had just finished preparing lunch for her family.

Peering through the window, she saw her husband bringing in the flock down the mountain; he looked suspiciously like Rowan, beside him were their lovely twins, Eben and Elura. She loved those names and wondered how her husband was able to find them.

Smiling she turned away from the window, but something caught her attention in the sky, 'was that a falling bone?'

Chapter 1879: The Light of Lumina... (1)

Circe immediately froze the entire planet; time and space were under her complete control here, and nothing happened except she permitted it to happen, and she had never agreed for bones to rain down from her heavens.

She began preparing for battle. Anything that could go against her Will inside her seat of power meant danger, and her first thought was to contact Rowan, but she hastily squashed that idea. If, for any reason, the enemy that entered her realm was a Primordial, and this was most likely the case, then hastily summoning Rowan without fully understanding the scale of the threat would be placing him in danger.

Circe would rather die than give the enemy the chance to kill her lord using her as the bait. No matter what happened next, what was important to her was gathering valuable information and finding a reliable method of bringing it to Rowan's attention.

Which was not a particularly difficult thing to do for her with the connection she had with him inside her soul. Throwing one last glance at her husband and her children, Circe

ascended into the skies and hesitated a moment before sending out a net of lightning to catch the falling bones.

However, as if the bones were a mirage, they slipped through her net, and Circe shook her head in indignation. If stopping time did not stop these bones, why did she think her net would be able to do the same thing?

This was clearly the result of a higher-dimensional rule at play here, and even as an Old One, she was not suited to understand or resolve it, but she did not give up and vanished to reappear again under the falling bones. Circe might not understand the mysteries behind the higher dimension, but she was not helpless.

Holding the Will and bloodlines of Trion within her body for so long had mutated her flesh and soul, not only granting her the power to reach the ninth-dimensional level in time, but also the trait of holding higher-dimensional forces within her.

Simply put, she could carry powers that were far beyond her present capabilities, and although she could not harness those powers, she could keep them contained.

Rowan's powers and Will interacted differently on different individuals, and even if he used the same technique on someone else, the chance they would possess the same abilities as Circe was slim to none.

Waiting for the bones to reach her position, Circe was already crafting data packets to be sent forward in time. They contained her observations and all the step-by-step explanations about what she was about to do, and if possible, everything she experienced as she readied herself to contain the falling bones inside her.

They were not much, barely more than a thousand, and from her observation, resembled broken pieces of dried bones from different mortal creatures; none of them were complete, but no mortal bone could enter her realm and shrug aside her laws.

Taking in long breaths that were unnecessary, Circe drew the bones into her body, and for a moment, she felt as if even this, her strange talent, would fail her as the bones kept passing through her body before they began to slow down.

However, before her consciousness could begin to understand what she had just taken into her body, all the bones dissolved, and she was struck by a profound sense of pain and a memory that left her panting in shock. Thankfully, neither lasted long; the pain disappeared rather quickly, but also the memory.

It felt as if the memory would have remained if she were only able to endure through the pain, but this was not the sort of pain that anyone was meant to survive.

Circe looked around her for a moment and then decided to wake up from her slumber. This matter had exceeded her understanding, and she needed to find Rowan.

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When he awoke, for a moment, Rowan did not know how long he had slept inside the cave; his thoughts were blurry, as he experienced what it would be like to be a mortal, and not just any mortal, but one that was nearing the end of their life.

He felt feverish and fragile, as if a slight breeze was enough to stuff out his life, and within all of that sickness was a profound feeling of violation, as if a dirty hand filled with all sorts of corruption was rummaging its way through his guts and fingers were trying to dig into his brain from his eye sockets.

Rowan knew that this was the poison in his flesh from the boy trying to warp his body into something that it was not. He did not know how much blood he had shed before passing out, but from the number of lives he had collected, he could be assured that the boy had feasted till he had his fill.

Slowly, over the course of weeks, Rowan's faculties returned to something much more bearable. He discovered that while he had not shrunk, as he was still as tall as a mountain, his body had become shriveled, resembling bones wrapped in a thin layer of skin; even his hair and nails had fallen off. His eyes were so sunken inside his sockets that he could be termed a living skeleton.

"So, you are really what you eat," an old and lazy voice called out from the distance, "Or in your situation, you have become what is eating you."

Rowan relied before looking up, "And you are one of those who came to the feast, are you not?" Then a shrug, "It does not matter, I am still here and my Will remains unbroken."

His gaze settled on the boy, who was no longer a boy but now a youth of about fifteen years old. Pale green eyes, like a tepid swamp, and black lips set against a soft face, yet with the appearance of a corpse, made looking at this youth cause a feeling of wrongness to assault Rowan's spirit. If he were still capable of a mortal's expression of disgust, Rowan would have been puking out his guts at the sight of the boy.

"Ah, it took you long enough to acknowledge who I was, or did you think your pathetic attempt to warp End into your Will would last?" the boy sneered as he saw the look in Rowan's eyes; the familiarity and the disgust within them could not be hidden from him.

"You are Enoch," Rowan spat, "And the fact that I am here with you and possess an agency of my own is all the answer that I am willing to give. My Will remains even in your paradise."

"Paradise... he says paradise..." the boy laughed, and then he screamed, "What fucking paradise?! Have you ever seen the Light of Lumina or heard the sound of the Abhimha? You have never known paradise, and this facade that remains for so long has blinded you all from the truth that I have spent so long trying to return."

“I do not understand your words, Enoch.” Rowan shot back, “You speak of things I do not know or care about, and if you want to change this, then tell me of this, your paradise?”

Chapter 1880: The Light of Lumina... (Final)

Enoch looked at Rowan for a moment, a light of stupefaction flashing in his pale green eyes, it seemed he was surprised that he had made such an outburst, and he laughed in a somewhat self-deprecating manner. He began walking towards Rowan, but then he stopped, a light of confusion flashing in his eyes before it vanished.

“Ah, how long has it been since I spoke to any real person? But you are not real, just a shadow of yourself.” Enoch chuckled, and his bearing grew serious, “This path you are taking, it will kill you, but you shall find your answer... when I deem you worthy.”

Turning around, Enoch vanished, and Rowan slowly dragged himself to the wooden throne before he collapsed upon it. A thousand thoughts flashed past his mind, but he dismissed them all to focus on a single moment.

It was not the last words that Enoch had spoken; instead, it was what he did before he said those words.

He had been surprised at the words he said to Rowan, Lumina, and Abhimha. What were those terms?

Rowan was among the most knowledgeable of immortals, but he had never heard of those words before, and for Enoch to give them that sort of importance showed their relevance.

“Have you ever seen the Light of Lumina or heard the sound of the Abhimha?”

These words could mean anything, or they could be useless to Rowan, but this might not be the case, because when Enoch mentioned those words, the invisible blue flames burning inside Rowan had trembled.

From the tiny tongue of flame that Rowan could hardly see, the flame had grown to be several times that size, almost four feet across, and the wave of heat that he could feel yet also could not give him a strength that he could not describe.

He could not touch this flame or even control it, but the mention of Lumina was enough to call his attention. Rowan spoke that word in his heart, and the flame trembled once more.

For a while, Rowan observed this flame and began to figure out its properties slowly, but everything he came up with met a blank wall. There was nothing like it in his memory, and no matter the method he called upon to trigger any change with the flame, he had

nothing that could influence this unknown power, not unless he mentioned Lumina, and it would respond.

At the moment, Rowan did not know the purpose of this flame, but whatever it was, he knew that this flame was born from the weight of carrying the lives of all of existence, a weight that he alone was experiencing, and no one could take this tangible result from him, not even Enoch.

‘You said I do not know the light of the Lumina,’ Rowan spoke inside his heart, ‘but you are wrong, and before you find out how much, it would be too late.’

Rowan was never going to stop his quest to absorb every life from existence, if for any reason at all, it was to safeguard everything that could no longer protect themselves from powers they could never understand.

This flame, Rowan wanted to discover more of its mysteries, because it may be the last key to solving the mysteries behind those who had controlled existence for all these years.

Rowan was slowly recovering from his last journey to devour the bones of existence, and he was not going to slow down. The weight he held on his back had long exceeded what could be measured contextually, and only his impossible willpower held all of that in place. He did not need to look inside his body to know how much the poison of Enoch had damaged it, but he was not giving up.

From the beginning, Rowan had never been scared of a battle of endurance, and no matter how much higher the walls may be, he would still climb them because there was something he wanted, no, needed, on the other side of them.

Closing weary eyes, Rowan began to channel the nameless techniques, pushing for the fourteenth layer.

It did not matter if the backlash from eating more lives in existence caused the poison to deepen inside his flesh. Rowan knew the scent of the truth from afar, and he was so close to it that he could almost taste it.

Of course, he could lose and perish before he could accomplish this purpose, but he had already lost so much before now, and the fear of loss was no longer holding him back. No matter how much he tried to poke at that wound, his scars had become armor.

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Eos heard the sound of Death going to war rippling across Limbo, and he knew that he needed to accelerate his plans from now on. He needed to rid Eosah’s Reality of the last taints of the Primordials. Still, before he did that, he should have done the one thing that he always held back from, which was severing Eosah’s Reality from everything connecting her to any power inside Limbo.

The Primordials had to go a long way to manipulate Eos, as they could not simply influence him, not when he had created a system outside their control. The only advantage they had was their in-depth knowledge of that system, which had allowed them to predict his every move.

Still, even with all these advantages, they had nearly lost to Eos. With this in mind, Eos saw no reason to change a system that worked, and he set out immediately to carry out his will.

Eos had placed the entirety of Eosah's Reality on a pendant that he wore on his neck after he shaped it into an orb, and now he gestured with his fingers; the motion was smooth and filled with an unnatural grace that would dazzle the mind.

The orb floated before him, and Eos encircled it with his hands. The entirety of Reality as he had known it for so long now rested in the palm of his hands. An infinite number of universes, same with higher-dimensional realms... A Reality so vast that not even an Old One could traverse its entirety now rested on his hand, and apart from a brief flash of amazement in his heart at how far he had grown, there was the feeling of responsibility that he could not shake.

No matter how flawed this Reality was, even if the Primordials built it as their playground to manipulate him and use his powers for their benefits, this place had still been home, and everyone Eos knew and loved came from here. There was a vast battle being waged in the depths of Limbo, but Eos would rather solve the problems in his home first.

After all, how could he claim to be able to fight against a threat that would destroy all of existence if he could not take care of his home first?

"The Primordials have been calling the shots for too long here. It is time to change the rules."

Above his hand, Serathis, Chronomancer Prime, and the Origin Ouroboros appeared, all in their humanoid bodies. As higher-dimensional beings, they were able to see the full scale of Eos's body, and they were speechless in awe.

"I told you," Bahamut whispered to the rest, "We can still grow much bigger, but you all did not believe me."

Chapter 1881: Cleansing Reality (1)

The growth of Eos from a baby to a youth caused many changes across his body, and they were all reflected in the bodies of his bloodline avatars. Where they had once looked like children, now they had transitioned into young adults.

Serthis had grown up to be beautiful, and her resemblance to Elura was evident in the shape of her eyes and her demeanor, which bore a resemblance to a fairy from forgotten tales. Prime was a handsome man wearing an impeccable three-piece suit, and the serpents' golden bodies were now more muted, almost resembling flesh, but they wore heavy scale armor, and each of them had different weapons attached to their waists.

Their voices had changed, and in their eyes was the weight of knowledge, but they still carried a hint of their childish nature within them. Eos had protected them, some might say, from seeing much of the evils of existence when they detected this childishness in the hearts of these avatars, but they were wrong.

It was only in the presence of Eos that they felt comfortable taking off the mantle of supremacy they all had so that they would be children again. A part of them understood that Eos needed something soft and caring sometimes, and they were willing to provide for him.

These acts were not duplicitous; it was simply the actions of children who loved their creator.

During Eos's ascent to an Apex Omniversal Titan, among the many experiments and techniques he created to isolate himself from the Primordials' gaze was a technique to create a unique space and time that was entirely different from the time and space available in Reality and all of existence.

With this technique, Eos was able to create a fully independent space; however, it was incredibly costly in terms of his energy stores. However, his growth as a Reality came with benefits. Previously, he had been in the form of an infant, and even providing Telmus, his first Primordial, with energy had strained his own energy regeneration; however, now that he was becoming an adult, Eos' energy stores had multiplied.

His energy stores had not evolved; his essence and Ether remained the same, but they had been compressed further. Eos calculated that his essence had become three times denser, and his Ether was four times more potent. He was still growing.

If his energy stores continued to improve as he grew up, then even without evolving, it would not be long before they transformed into something new. Eos could already feel the slight changes that occurred inside his body before a significant transformation took place.

All of these changes meant that Eos could now extend a field of time and space that was entirely his own to encircle the entirety of Eosah's Reality.

The Incarnations of his bloodline standing on his hands that encircled Eosah's Reality trembled when they felt the surge of power growing inside Eos's enclosed hands, and they flew up, rapidly crossing time and space until they stood on his left shoulder.

Serathis turned around to look at Eos's face, her eyes traveling from the arc of his shoulders that extended like heavenly arches stretching for distances that boggled the mind, even for someone of her status, before she turned towards his closed grip, where a purple and red light was beginning to bloom. However, this was just on the surface; countless unknown colors lay within those lights that only Eos could recognize, although she could reach into

Her wide eyes reflected the light of the spell that her creator was conjuring as a mad grin transformed her face. By the side, Prime shivered when he saw the look in her eyes, knowing that what came next would not be pretty.

Eos had suffered a great defeat not too long ago, and although no one else was aware of it, his bloodline avatars had watched it all happen. In their small ways, they had tried to console Eos, who believed he had failed and doomed all of existence, but they could not.

This event had particularly affected Serathis. Her powers to shift causality to favor Eos had nearly been burned out. For a moment, Prime thought she would perish after she poured all her luck into ensuring that Eos had survived the encounter with the Primordials.

In fact, she had died multiple times, and if not for his presence and those of the Ouroboros Serpents, who brought her back again and again, she proceeded to pour more of her luck into Eos without trying to hold back at all. It was a good thing that Eos had finally stopped her.

Serathis continued smiling, but her heart had grown cold. The reason they had emerged from Eos's body today was due to a request she had sent to him, imploring Eos to give his bloodline avatars the chance to cleanse Reality in his name, and Eos had accepted.

The light surrounding Eos' hand kept expanding, and deep within the lights were countless runes of such complexity that a single rune would be studied for an eternity by lower-dimensional immortals with no headway.

With a sudden crack that rippled the space of Limbo surrounding Eos, the light retracted, and Rowan opened his hand. Eosah's Reality was now enclosed in a structure that resembled a purple tesseract.

This structure was ten times bigger than Eosah's Reality, and it had cut off this Reality from every outside influence, be it Primordials or anyone else with stakes inside this Realm. Even Eos could no longer sense his Incarnation Rowan inside it, and he would have thought all of his Incarnations had been destroyed if not for the space in his consciousness that was peculiarly empty.

With the purple tesseract in his left hand, he gestured towards it with his right hand as he spoke to his bloodline avatars, "You have a century to rid this Reality of every influence of the Primordials, and join my Incarnation Rowan as he reshapes the power structure of the

entire realm into my image.” he paused and focused on the serpents, “Harvest what is left of your brethen inside Reality, and ensure that the foundations of your previous self is complete, my final evolution depends on it. Go, and bring me victory.”

Chapter 1882: Cleansing Reality (2)

Serathis, Prime, and the Ouroboros Serpents pierced through the purple tesseract and entered Reality. And they did not hide their presence.

Across the infinite universes and the countless dimensions inside of Eosah’s Reality, all life felt their presence, and it did not matter which world they were in or how hidden the dimension; the moment they looked at the sky, they would see eight streaks of light tearing across the horizon.

Rowan, the Incarnation, placed within Reality, watched these lights and smiled slightly; his thoughts were unknown. He was bringing Veargar to the living castle Algorh, where, alongside the others he had chosen to reach the ranks of Primordials, he was preparing.

When Eos had encircled this Reality in a cage of time and space, there was a single existence that felt their connection with the realms outside Reality severed, and that was Primordial Light!

Initially, to preserve the independence of the Primordials within Reality from any contact with their central bodies outside Reality, all connections between them were severed.

This was not just a requirement but a necessity. The higher an immortal climbed in the dimensional ladder, the more singular they became.

It was a common practice to see cloning and other substitution techniques in the lower realms, but they were rarely found in the higher realms.

Due to Eos’s uniqueness, he was able to create many Incarnations even at his high-dimensional level, and he had been led to believe that the Primordials were unable to replicate his feat.

He had been right and wrong at the same time.

Eos had experienced what it was like for him the moment he reached the eighth-dimensional level and his powers became closer to those of the ninth dimension. Even with all of his unique abilities, it had not been easy to maintain his Incarnation, and Eos had to reduce their numbers to just three.

One Incarnation vanished when he unleashed his Final Form, the second was holding Eosah and was in charge of managing Reality, and the last was headed deep into Limbo; his destination was the Cradle of Enoch.

Now, how did the Primordials manage to maintain a connection with their actual bodies outside Reality when that connection should have been impossible? The answer was obvious and staring at Eos in the face all of these while, but he had been too distracted to notice.

In the Primordial Era, Rowan had learned about the war between Primordials and all life inside Reality. When he was weak and was not aware of the true nature of power, he had accepted this war as a fact, and when he got stronger and knew the strength of the Primordials, he had dismissed this war as merely a charade made by the Primordials.

Eos had been right and also wrong. It was a charade, but one that was played out on multiple levels simultaneously.

In the histories he had studied, the living castle Algorh was the base of the Primordials. It was here that they hid from Reality and gathered their strength. When they were prepared, they emerged and decisively brought the war to a close in a single stroke.

Occasionally, when he reviewed his memories, he always found this situation to be extremely odd. Why would they choose to hide inside Algorh for so long, and how did the denizens of Reality ever believe that they had the chance to win against Primordials?

Rowan's inherent belief in the invincibility of Primordials had blinded him to the truth. The inhabitants of Reality had believed they could win against the Primordials because they had the opportunity to do so.

It was not a trick; the Primordials had truly been weakened at that time, and if those who fought against them had been lucky enough, they would have won the battle.

Why would the Primordials choose to weaken the parts of themselves they sent into Reality, and only make them slowly cultivate their strength? There were many reasons why this happened, but Rowan considered the Primary reason to be the trait of the higher-dimensional body to remain in a singular form.

The Primordials within Reality were ninth-dimensional entities, and they could not maintain any connection with their central bodies, especially as Rowan considered that the Primordials were supercharged ninth-dimensional beings whose singular nature would be countless times more stringent than that of an average ninth-dimensional being.

So, the Primordials, when they entered Reality, were at a lower dimensional level, and they quickly pushed their powers to the ninth dimensional level while inside Algorh, but not all of them reached this level. Primordial Light was not allowed to reach the ninth-dimensional level; instead, he was a Nascent Primordial!

Of all the Primordials, he was the only one without a Throne, and Eva was his daughter, made from the light of this Reality. Instead, the Adjudicator, the Throne of Light, did not belong to Light but Primordial Memory.

In this manner, the Primordials were able to have a direct link to Reality, and Primordial Light was a proxy primordial that hid himself with the assistance of others. Of course, the deception went much deeper than this. There was truly a ninth-dimensional power of Light present in the Celestial Domain, but Primordial Light did not embody all of it; he simply used it as a coat to cover the fact that he remained at the eighth-dimensional level.

When Eva had gone to the center of heaven to challenge Primordial Light, Rowan had expected Primordial Light to attempt to kill her; instead, he had talked with her and allowed her to leave, and so the hidden preparation he had placed inside Eva was not triggered.

He had previously thought the Primordial was playing the long game; Rowan had been correct, although he had not fully understood how deep the game went.

All of these events were scattered occurrences, and he would not have seen the true intent behind everything if he had not just cut off this Reality from Limbo and seen the link between Primordial Light and his main body snap.

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The Incarnation Rowan sent the dragon Vraegar into the castle and waited outside of it, while he stared at the heavens at the eight wondrous lights that were splitting the firmament apart.

Beside him, Eva, the Nascent Primordial of Light, appeared, and she joined him to stare at the heavens.

“Rowan, we are nearing the end now. I don’t know how to feel about this, but I know whatever is to come, I am ready for it.”

Rowan glanced at her before looking back at the sky, “You think I am being rash.”

Eva paused, “I think you have a plan, but I also know that your actions flip the entire board, and the result might lead to an occurrence that you might not be able to contain.”

“Oh, you mean them,” Rowan pointed at the heavens where the seven massive faces of the Primordials were still pressed against the walls of Reality, except for those nearing the nascent primordial level; no other immortal could see these faces.

Rowan gestured at the sky, and one of the lights that were tearing the horizon apart veered to the side and tore through the seven faces, shattering them into pieces.

Eva’s eyes widened in shock, and she gasped. Rowan noticed her features and burst into laughter, “I had wondered if I could still surprise you anymore.”

“Rowan...” she stuttered, barely able to keep her mouth closed, “the Primordials... where are they?” Her eyes tightened in suspicion, and she poked his chest. “What are you not telling me?”

“The Primordials are gone,” Rowan smiled, “their main bodies anyway, they left some of their rot behind, so it can be argued that they never left.”

Chapter 1883: Cleansing Reality (3)

There were a few things that could surprise Eva, who was now a Nascent Primordial, and this news was one of them.

Rowan watched her shocked expression, and for a moment, he felt a sense of sadness. How long was it when his Lady of Shadows had this light and glow in her eyes? What about Lost, would he ever see him again, or was the fusion with Eva permanent?

He had given too much on his search for greater powers, and Rowan could not help in moments like this when he felt intense regret. Some would say that certain powers were not worth the price, and Rowan firmly agrees with this sentiment, but it would seem that for him, the lines of acceptable practices had become blurred over the years, and he had been constantly shifting the goal posts from one point to another to accommodate his shifting mentality.

In Eosah’s Reality, Rowan was barely a million years old. Still, with the manipulations of time and the fact that his Incarnation had lived in some dimensions where time had been extremely stretched or compressed, he had accumulated trillions of years of life, and all of those years weighed down on him.

Even for an immortal, time could still change them, and Rowan had not been living in a vacuum; several factors had been key to impacting his gradual transformation over the years, until it reached a point where he had sacrificed those closest to him to achieve the ultimate goal of ending the Primordials.

A perfect memory and comprehension can be a curse, for what was the definition of an individual if not the accumulation of their life experiences?

“I can see that look in your eyes, Rowan,” Eva’s shocked expression finally eased into contemplation, “For someone as wise and powerful as you, there are times when you remind me that there is still a mortal man inside the core of your being.”

Her eyes began to glow like the sun, and faint white flames licked across her skin. Placing a burning hand on Rowan’s chest so he could feel the weight of her presence, Eva locked eyes with him,

“Life is about change and transformation, Rowan, and you are not the only one permitted to change. This is our choice, and you have to respect our decision and believe in yourself more. You are better than this, Rowan. No matter the setbacks you have faced or are presently facing, you should push forward knowing you are the best option we have.” She smirked, “I could have done better if I had your talent, but destiny is a fickle mistress.”

Feeling the heat of her hand on his chest, Rowan smiled and placed his hand over her own, “Heavy is the head that bears the crown, Eva, even if I don’t want to worry about the decisions I made in the past, *memory* still weighs down on me.”

“And we would not trust you with our destinies if it didn’t, Rowan. Do not punish the best parts of yourself.” Eva smiled and, standing on tiptoes, kissed his cheek, “Now, do not dare leave me in suspense any longer. What happened to drive away the Primordials, and is it related to the slight gaps in my memory that I cannot peer into?”

Rowan was surprised, “You can detect the previous change in Reality? I did not think that was possible; perhaps it is your connection with Primordial Light that led to a deep discernment of spirit.”

“I was going to bring this matter up to you in the future, but I could never have realized the importance.” Eva’s eyes tightened. “Did you make a deal with the Primordials? If you sacrifice yourself for us, Rowan, I will never forgive you!”

The hand Rowan had over Eva’s squeezed tight, and he spoke through gritted teeth, “I will never bargain with the Primordials.” A bit surprised at the heat in his voice, Eva pulled back and looked more deeply at Rowan, speaking softly, “What happened to Reality, Rowan?”

He sighed and looked away, “Let’s go to the meeting hall, there are a lot of things to speak about, and I would rather do it once.”

Eva watched Rowan flying into the living castle, and she glanced at the heavens, towards the eighth lines of radiance above and the shattered fragments of the Primordial faces. She swallowed as the sense of anticipation rose in her heart and followed him.

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The descent of the Avatars of Eos’s bloodline had already drawn the attention of everyone related to this matter into the castle. Rowan entered the meeting hall to meet old members of the gathering and new faces.

Noctis, wearing his humanoid form, his body covered by black living tattoos that moved across his skin as if they were alive. His eyes were dull as if he was sleepwalking, but Rowan knew that he was most likely suffering from the backlash of both the events happening in the Realm of Death and Eos forcefully severing the threads that bound Eosah’s Reality to any powers outside of it.

Beside Noctis was a surprising new addition: the living castle itself, shaped like a woman, but her form was only humanoid; what made up her body was stone and metal. She carefully selected this material, having consulted Rowan in the past for the best ores to use when crafting her body. The living castle Algorh, who preferred to go by the name Sheba, had a different sense of beauty than others, and she valued her body made of stone and metal over one of flesh.

Technically, Sheba did not need to remain in the form of a castle any longer. With the many nodes she had created that linked her new humanoid body to her castle, she could draw in the entirety of Algorh into her body, but she preferred that the castle remain her primary body while the humanoid form served as her avatar.

Like Noctis, Sheba had great potential. After all, they were the first children of Eosah's Reality. The benefits they had enjoyed were many times more potent than what any other living being inside this Reality had access to. Rowan saw that reaching the ninth-dimensional level would not be a difficult test for her to overcome.

Sitting directly opposite Noctis and Sheba was Circe and her friend Archimedes, the lightning Kirin, now wearing a humanoid form that resembled a boy of twelve. Rowan found it a bit funny that the first time he met the Lightning Kirin, he had thought she was female.

Vraegar and Eva sat beside each other, whispering to themselves, the dragon gesticulating excitedly. Eva had been a core part of his circles when he was growing up, and reuniting with her gave him a sense of familiar comfort.

Telmus and his daughter Staff were also present, and although the new Primordial had ensured that all presence of his powers had been snuffed out, making him resemble a normal man, his Aura still had an intensely magnetic quality that drew the eyes of everyone at the table, as Rowan noticed they could not help but throw glances at Telmus.

With a slight cough, Rowan announced himself and sat at the head of the table, he nodded at Telmus first, before glancing into the eyes of everyone and he opened his mouth to speak.

Chapter 1884: Cleansing Reality (4)

Rowan was about to speak when the space beside him trembled, and Sheba frowned as she detected an intrusive presence pushing into her castle's domain.

Rowan smiled and turned to her, "It's okay, let him in, Sheba, he was always meant to be here."

Sheba grimaced as she allowed the presence trying to enter her castle the clearance they needed, and the space inside the meeting hall shuddered as an oval crack opened up a hundred feet above the table, from which a dark shape fell through.

A foot from slamming into the table, the falling shape halted in the air, disregarding the laws of this space. It was covered in darkness that slowly vanished, revealing six beautiful women.

The six women looked around the table, their eyes tracking each of the surrounding people before they focused back on Rowan, and in their eyes, he could see a myriad of emotions, from rage and pain to ultimately appreciation.

They bowed towards him, “The Sirens greet the Creator,” they spoke in unison, and the space at their center folded in upon itself to give birth to a gigantic figure almost twelve feet tall, with seven arms: Thenos. He had not only regained the might which had been denied him from birth, but also brought back his mothers.

He looked around the table, assured of his power. Before he answered the invitation from Rowan, he had ensured that he had brought himself to his best state and had believed that beside Rowan, he would be the most powerful in this gathering, however, as his eyes went from faces to faces, the confidence in his heart wilted, and when he saw Telmus who smiled and nodded at him, that confidence vanished, and he stiffly nodded in return.

Thenos had never been given the chance to be fully conceived by the Primordials before he was killed in the womb. It was during the height of the Primordial Era, when many great powers had been rising against the Primordials. Still, even at the height of that Era, he was sure there were no heroes or powers equal to the ones he was seeing around this table.

One of the Incarnations of Eos, Rowan, had ventured into the Eternal Realm of Thenos, Doom Star, and from there, he had been able to learn many of the secrets of the past. Only now could he fully decipher all of his findings from that realm and see the correlation between this unfortunate Titan and the Primordials.

Rowan gestured for Thenos and the Sirens to take their seats at the table as he introduced them to the others, “I am sure some of you find these women familiar... for a long time, their faces and their cries could be heard throughout the Great Darkness. It was by my actions...”

“Of course, the Sirens of the Frozen Road,” Archimedes called out, interrupting Rowan as he surged to his feet, a fluffy tail that had gone unnoticed began to shake feverishly behind him. “I heard your songs when I first entered Reality and... Ow!” Pulling his ears to drag him back to his seat, Circe mouthed an apology to Rowan while sending mental messages chastising the exuberant Lightning Kirin.

Rowan smiled at Archimedes and continued his introduction, “Yes, these are the Sirens whose heads were used as a gateway to channel the power of the Frozen Road throughout the Great Darkness, but that is just what is known on the surface. With them is Thenos, a Breaker like me, and like me, he also has a Singularity. I am aware that some of you may not be familiar with the details, and I intend to reveal the truth to all of you on this day. The purpose of this meeting is twofold: to reveal the secrets of the past and to outline the direction we will be taking in the future. There is no more time for preparation, and now is the time for action. What I am going to be asking of you all would be to give everything you have, for the time of half measures is over.”

Gesturing towards Thenos and the six Sirens, “Now, these are the truths that you need to know. In the Primordial Era, the Primordials entered this castle, and they most likely sat in this hall,” he paused and looked at Sheba, who nodded, Rowan corrected himself, “Scratch that last statement, they did sit in this place, and discussed the future of this Reality, but it was not a future for all, but for them alone.”

“All of you here have fought the Primordials; if that were not the case, you would not be here at this table.” Rowan’s voice heard all those at the table in a grip, but they knew that this was just the beginning,

“All of you here now understand the power of the Primordials, but there are many truths you do not know, but in all of Reality, you are the ones closer to the ninth dimensional level, and this makes you deserving of understanding these truths, because it is very likely that by the time we gather here again, most, if not all of us might be dead. This is your last opportunity to withdraw if you wish. If you do, there shall be no persecution against you. In fact, I will ensure that a special dimension is made for you and will guarantee you peace for as long as necessary.”

Rowan went silent, allowing them all to digest his words. The following steps he was about to take were highly radical, and he would not force anyone to sail on this ship with him if they were not willing.

“If we chose this other option, Rowan, if we run,” the rumbling voice of Thenos shook the air, “How long can we preserve our peace?”

“Above you, the faces of the Primordials are gone, and it is not because they had forgotten us; instead, they are focused on other pressing issues. At this time, there is a war ongoing in Limbo, and if not for me safeguarding the entirety of this Reality, you would be feeling the ripples of that battle, and most mortal and immortal beings under the sixth-dimensional level would already be dead.” A pause and the Rowan continued, “With this in mind, to answer your question Thenos, I believe that you may have peace for a single Mjor Era in real time, with your powers, you can stretch that time to a hundred thousand Major Era if you wished for it, I can even extend my power and quadruple than number, so, you all would have enough time, more than most would ever get to be free.”

This was a very long time to be free, since most sitting at this table had not lived for a fraction of that number, and for them, such a length of time could as well be forever. The Sirens glanced at their son, an unknown message being passed across their ranks. “And then, after that... what happens to us that remains?” Thenos spoke softly.

Rowan smiled sadly, “For those who did not resist the Primordials and waited for their era of peace to expire... You will pray for death, and it will not come. You may not be aware of the situations of the Primordials, but their state of being has undergone a change. Previously, they had been suppressed by the curse of their greed, but now, that curse has been broken. They are now truly free to act, and they had spent countless eternities gathering poison in their hearts, and now the concept of good and fairness is a foreign concept to them; they would break everything and celebrate the end of all things.”

Eva, who had been quiet since the meeting began, perked up when she heard that the Primordials had changed. The actions of Rowan were drastically different from the projection he had previously made, and she needed answers.

Chapter 1885: Cleansing Reality (5)

For those here to understand the full weight of this conflict and the entire stakes involved, which went beyond anything they had ever known, Rowan knew that he had to start from the beginning and expose the truth about Reality that few knew. He had tried to battle the Primordials all by himself, and he had learnt that while his powers afforded him the privilege to do so, it also restricted his path ahead, making him predictable, and in a conflict like this one, the last thing you wanted to be was predictable.

Rowan started speaking, weighing each words carefully, “There was a time I would have never made a meeting like this, or if I did, then what I would have revealed would only a small part of the entire truth, and I did this only because I thought I was the only one who was capable of bearing the weight of the truth, but recent events have shown me that this was the wrong path all along.”

Eva wanted to speak, but Rowan silenced her with a slight shake of his head, and he continued, “Two years ago, I lost. Reality was destroyed, and everyone here perished.”

The silence that followed his words was deafening; everyone was in shock, except Telmus. As a Primordial, Rowan knew it was impossible to erase his memories of the erased timelines; he remembered everything and was fully aware of the tyranny of the Primordials.

Before this meeting began, Telmus had sent him a message; his tone was subdued, filled with emotions that Rowan recognized: *“I have reached the first layer of my Origin, and I know there are three more layers for me to conquer. Rowan, I have made my calculations, and I know even if I push my potential to the limit and master all of my Origin Layers... even if I push for powers beyond what any Primordial should have, it would still not be*

enough. Those abominations who have eaten so many Origins that I cannot even fathom the number... how can you kill something like that?"

"I did not perish like the others, Rowan. My death may seem like an instant in real time, but I was in torment for an eternity... they toyed with me, tore me apart over and over again. My torture was not pain; instead, they showed me the meaninglessness of my actions, they brought me to the height of my powers, and they effortlessly crushed me. We are immortals that could reach our level by breaking through barriers that most could not even conceptualize, but they are something else, Rowan. These ancient beings are not mere Primordials; they are something worse... how can we kill them?"

That was a very good question that Rowan had been ruminating on for a long time, and he hoped that after this meeting, a path forward would become clear. But at that time, Telmus was hurting, and Rowan had given the Primordial of Defiant Ascension a hint of salvation ahead.

"Remember, Telmus," he had said, "The dimensional power we know and understand was impacted by the Primordials, and they did not tell us everything. There are still more secrets to find, and more powers to unleash."

For anyone else, this might not be enough, but for Telmus, it shattered the last straws of doubt that had plagued him after his defeat.

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Rowan closed his eyes for a moment before he opened them and continued speaking to his audience in a flat tone, "The reason you are all here now was not because I could do anything to bring you back.

So, Rowan began from the beginning. There were secrets he would not speak about, especially those concerning those he loved and the true core of his power, but for everything else, he told them all he knew.

"You are all immortals nearing the ninth dimension, and you have seen the true face of Reality, but not all of it." Rowan made an arcane gesture with his fingers, and space rippled in front of him, before it collapsed into a portal. From that portal, he drew out the sleeping body of Eosah.

"This is Eosah, your true Creator and the true mother of everyone here at this table and in all of Reality." Not waiting for the gasp of shock to subside, as the weight of her eternal presence transformed this space, Rowan brought her close to him, carried on a platform of air. He touched her forehead, drawing out a vision of what was happening inside her soul, "And that is what the Primordials made of her eternal spirit."

"Mother..." Noctis and Sheba whispered almost simultaneously, and the living castle began to weep while the guilt and shame that appeared in Noctis's eyes could not be more

apparent. Even in her comatose state, Eosah's presence was both gentle and all-encompassing. Looking at her was like staring into the source of what made you, a feeling more profound than the deepest connection felt between even a mother and a child.

Rowan observed this phenomenon with slight interest; he had seen these same emotions in the hearts of his reborn children, the Elythrii, and it was a fascinating process to observe from the sidelines because he had never felt anything like that, even when he met Eosah for the first time.

At least it showed that she had not lied to Rowan concerning his roots. Eosah was not his mother; she was just the preferred location for him to be created, and his actual mother had always been Elura.

"What are those spikes inside her consciousness?" Telmus was the first to speak. Unlike the others here, enraptured by the presence of Eosah, he was still able to focus because he saw through the fading shade of her glory and knew that, despite her being here, Eosah was already dead. Only the remnants of her broken Will crudely stitched together remained.

Yet, her sheer presence could not be denied; this was a being whose nature could nurture and create anything in existence, from the smallest of atoms to the mightiest of Primordials.

Rowan relied on Telmus, "Those spikes are painful, and they were meant to leash her consciousness so she could follow all the instructions the Primordials gave to her."

"Instructions? But she is..."

"Dead, I know, but with the Primordials, everything is connected, and I am showing you one part of the thread, and there are still many more threads to follow, so all of you need to stick with me while I carry you through it."

Rowan grimaced, "This is the truth that you need to know, this Reality Eosah, and everything you understand as the truth was allowed by the Primordials just to nurture my birth. You must keep this in mind to understand the scale of the opposition we will be facing ahead. For them, Realities and all life within and outside them are pieces on a board to be manipulated at their Will. Their powers are absolute, and they proved it to me by killing you all and giving it back to me... the entire purpose by which this Reality was meant to exist had been fulfilled, and it has been discarded. This is how the Primordials see everyone on this table, trash whose purpose has been used up, and now they can be discarded."

Chapter 1886: Cleansing Reality (6)

Rowan watched his words sink into their consciousness, but it was not enough; they were still seeing only the surface and not the true face behind existence.

“A mortal would see his entire world, maybe his solar system as eternity, if they used the rest of their lifespan, they could barely visit a dozen planets, a god and a lesser immortal would have dominion over a couple of galaxies, and at the peak of godhood or the height of the third dimensional realm, their dominion would expand all over a universe.”

Rowan looked around him, “Everyone in this table knows that a universe is a small place, we are among the few who can say that with a straight face. Inside any of the dimensions you can create, you could fit in a thousand or a million universes if you wanted, and that is because to you all, the higher-dimensional road leads to many revelations about the true state of existence.”

Rowan pointed to Eosah, “This is the next step after that transcends universes and dimensions, a Reality. Eosah is a ninth-dimensional Creator, and the embodiment of this Reality, and she is not the only one in existence, there are...”

For the next several hours, Rowan continued speaking, and he was not interrupted by anyone here. They sat in rapt attention, as fear, puzzlement, anger, and a range of other emotions passed through their minds. Rowan spoke of Limbo and the long history of slaughter by the Primordials.

Rowan revealed the truth about the higher measurement of time that was used in Limbo, from Minor Eras, Major Eras, and then Cosmic Eras, to accentuate the ridiculous number of years that the Primordials spent to gain their unmatched powers; however, Rowan felt that even the known history of sixty-five million Cosmic Eras might be the tip of the iceberg.

He spoke of the deception of the Primordials and how their actions were all a small part of a massive web. He spoke of the known powers that dwell inside Limbo, with the most prominent of them being the Realm of Death, a place that had benefited from the unhinged slaughter of the Primordials for all these Cosmic Eras.

As he spoke of the truth about existence, this inevitably led him to discuss the Cradle of Enoch. Still, apart from telling them that it was the last location of safety for Realities, he did not reveal anything about Enoch.

While it was the truth that he should no longer hide the true nature of Reality from these people who were about to fight with him, the matter of Enoch was a profound can of worms that needed to be carefully taken apart. Rowan considered that knowledge to be on a need-to-know basis.

Rowan would be watching, and if there were anyone here who grew strong and knowledgeable enough to find traces of this being, then he would reveal the truth to them. Doing so now would create more harm than good.

To tackle the might of the Primordials free from their curse, they were fighting an uphill battle, and if they knew there was something much more sinister at work in the actions of the Primordial, Rowan feared that it might break them.

Was it the wrong move to hide the presence of Enoch from them? Most likely, yes, but Rowan saw it as the lesser of two evils. There was something diabolical about Enoch that Rowan had begun to piece together as he reviewed his memories, and he came to the conclusion that this entity seemed to gain more power and influence the more he knew about him.

It was as if the knowledge of Enoch gave him the window that would allow him greater influence over Reality.

One reason he had not bothered to thoroughly investigate the disappearance of his Incarnation after using his Final Form was that Rowan was aware that, before that happened, he had actively been harvesting a lot of power and knowledge from the hand of Enoch; however, the Incarnation vanished, taking all that power with him.

Rowan did not know what all of that power and knowledge would do to that Incarnation, but he knew that without reaching the ninth-dimensional level, he should not try to pull back the thread that linked him to the Incarnation.

His main body Eos could not sense the Incarnation, but the space where power had been taken out to create him was still empty, meaning that the Incarnation was still alive. If he genuinely wanted to, Eos could find a way to pull on that nonexistent thread linking him and his Incarnation, but that was not his plan at this time.

All of these were passing through the back of his mind, but Rowan never stopped speaking. Then he paused, because he had finished speaking to them about the truth of the past, and what was next was the plans for the future. However, before he would tell them, he wanted them to digest the revelations fully.

It was not easy the things he had told them about, but he trusted the mental state of everyone here, and so Rowan waited for them to digest everything, while following the events happening all around Reality as his bloodline avatars began to spread their power all over it.

Surprisingly, it was the Sirens that finally spoke up after hours of silence around the table, and Rowan found it interesting that all six women were speaking simultaneously.

“Everything you have told us has been truly fascinating, and I can see how the resurrection of our sons was easily foiled by the Primordials. We had never truly understood their powers until now, but it begs the question, Rowan, why do you care?”

The entire table turned towards Rowan, and he could see the question in their eyes. The Sirens knew that their words carried weight, and Rowan settled back on his seat in

contemplation. By the side, he could see Eva looking at him with a twinkle in her eyes; she was enjoying herself. Rowan smiled within him; more of her personality was beginning to show through.

He did not think she would swallow the Loss in their union, knowing who she was; the little flame was still relatively safe.

Telmus glanced at the Sirens before looking back at Rowan, “As much as it pains me to say it, they have a point, Rowan. You telling us the truth about Reality is shocking, and I am a Primordial, yet I feel overwhelmed. How can we make a difference with all of this stacked against us? It feels as if you are holding yourself back to take care of us, and even though this is noble, it will not win this battle, we are more like ants trying to participate in a battles of giants, and even though I am an ant that would make sure that the giant bleed before I am crushed, I know it would only be a minor sting.”

Rowan blinked his eyes, “For a long time, this was my exact thought. It was the reason I never bothered to bring anyone else into my council, and I am here to tell you all that you are all wrong.”

Chapter 1887: Cleansing Reality (7)

With all eyes here focused on him, Rowa brought up his right hand and opened his palm, manifesting a small yellow flame to hover above it gently, “This is a flame, for mortals, this provide them with warmth, a means to cook their meals, to light up the darkness and even for signalling purposes, but for them it can also be used for more, they could craft tools using this flame, use it to clear vast streches of land, apply it for defensive and offensive purposes, even for ritualistic purification... this tiny flames in the hands of mortals has so many uses,”

He glanced at the flame before looking back at his audience, “For us immortals, fire means much more, and I can mention a few, but I am sure that some of you will not be aware of what this flame can do. We can Soul Forge with flames, burning the impurities of our mortality to ash,”

Saying this, Rowan plucked a mortal from a random universe who was on the verge of death after he was betrayed and nearly killed by those he had called his family and friends. The mortal could barely understand what was happening; his thoughts were most likely thinking this was one last hallucination before they perished. Rowan threw the flame into the soul of the mortal and, in front of every Nascent Primordial in the room, he made this mortal a god using nothing but a normal fire.

He tossed the mortal back into his universe, but in another galaxy, knowing that by the time it took him to return to his previous home, time would have made him wiser. Most likely, spending hundreds of thousands of years returning to his last home, all his enemies would be nothing but forgotten footstones in the sand.

However, Rowan was not done with the point he was making. “We can use the flame to reveal truth,” he nodded towards Eva. Her fires were primarily focused in this direction, but even she had not tried using mortal flame in this manner.

“Fire can be made to bind and banish,” Rowan conjured a Demon Lord, and an eighth-dimensional demon was helpless like a baby before tiny flames woven into runes that became branded in its body and soul. This Demon had terrorized a million universes and fed on the suffering of countless quadrillions; now Rowan had bound him with this flame, and his essence would revitalize a thousand more universes than he had ever destroyed.

“This flame can be used for Divination, to read the past and the future in the color of the smoke and in the hue of the flame. I can use it to open gates across space and time, to transfer life, to eat memories, or create a platform of ascendancy... one flame so many truths. Tell me, of all the uses I have mentioned, and this is just a small part of what I can do with a mortal flame, how many do you know and recognize?”

Telmus sighed, “You have made your point, Rowan. Even as a Primordial, I can see that there are still mysteries behind the smallest things in existence. I was wrong; we all are wrong about this.”

Rowan shook his head, “No, you are missing the point, the Primordials know everything! Every trick I showed you with that flame, they can also do the same, and there are many more that they know about, which I also do not know. However, even their omniscience has a limit... for now.”

Vraegar, for the first time, slowly spoke, “What do you mean, ‘for now’?”

Rowan stood to his feet, “All of my powers, everything I know, combined with all of your input, only gives us a slight chance of winning, and that is the fact. No matter how much knowledge I gather or the number of new Primordials I bring under my wings, it would not be enough to fight against the Primordials and be assured of my victory. That slight chance is slipping away, because the moment the Primordials can gain access to a second Origin Force, the base of their knowledge and power would explode to heights that I can never reach in a short amount of time.”

His fist slammed against the table with a resounding boom, “Understand this, I am bringing you all into my confidence and fighting for the slightest chance of victory because we no longer have any choice but to fight. We possess advantages, and my only goal, the purpose I brought all of you here, is to push that slim advantage we have to the limits, because the only window of opportunity we have, no matter how bad it is, is now.”

“I don’t promise victory, I leave that to fairy tales where the might between enemies is roughly equal and there is always a chance for one side to win. I don’t promise that our goals would amount to anything in the end, and all of this would mean nothing against the might of the Primordials.... but like this flame, does it mean that our cause is

meaningless? The chance we have is that the Primordials know everything, but we are going to make something new!”

“See, the flame and forget the flame. See your present status and forget it; everything we know is tainted, but not if we make something that no one knows.”

“You... you...” Noctis sputtered in shock, “...you are insane. But I love it! Show me the road, Rowan, and I will follow you to the end.”

Rowan shook his head, “If this plan has any chance to work, you will have to follow yourself, you will have to delve deep into the core of your being to bring out something that is entirely your own. Your vision, the latent potential in the heart of everyone, where, despite the intervention of the Primordials, you still have it. All of you here can reach this point, because your potential is the greatest in this Reality. With you all, I have a chance of bringing my vision into Reality.”

He rose into the air and gracefully turned around, gesturing with his hand as he made the walls above become transparent, and the rest of Reality was exposed to the gaze of the individuals present.

The eight lights representing his bloodline avatars were beginning to descend on what was left of the Primordial Domains, and massive shockwaves were starting to ripple out all over Reality as what was left of the Primordial forces were battling the descent of these great powers.

“These are the heralds of change, and surrounding this Reality is a cover that I made that would protect us from the eyes of the Primordials or anything else out there. We have a century to change existence as we know it, now...” Rowan turned back to the group, “Who is with me?”

“Are we ready for this?” Circe whispered, and by the side, Telmus responded, “No one can be ready for this, but we have to do it. What other choice is there?” A pause, “Rowan, we are all with you, take us and build the future.”

Chapter 1888: Cleansing Reality (8)

The Great Abyss of Primordial Demon had been destroyed, the Inheritance Ground of Primordial Chaos had been shattered, and the major Primordial Domains left were the Celestial Domain of Primordial Light, the Great Labyrinth of Primordial Memory, and finally the Land of Miracle of Primordial Life.

Serathis’ path was entirely focused on the Land of Miracles; she had a personal stake in this Primordial Domain, and none of the bloodline avatars were willing to stand against her wrath.

The six Origin Ouroboros Serpents headed for the Great Labyrinth, this realm filled with treasures gathered from all over Reality and maybe from outside of Reality, was a potent source of attraction for the serpents, and there was a chance that they might find something surprising inside the Labyrinth.

Chronomancer Prime would be heading towards the Celestial Domain. All of these decisions were made even before the bloodline avatars entered Reality.

The three Primordials left were their target, and with the setbacks that Rowan had suffered, they were here for bloody vengeance.

The main bodies of the Primordials may still be out there, but this was just the beginning, and Prime considered it to be practice before the main play.

While the others may have been driven by fury or hunger, Prime was driven by a cold, surgical need for practice.

The setbacks Eos had faced, the manipulations of Eosah, and the confrontation with Enoch had revealed new layers of complexity in this war.

The main bodies of the Primordials might still be at large, their full power waiting in the wings. But these domains were their power bases inside this Reality, the wellsprings of their influence. To shatter them was to wound the Primordials profoundly.

Eos was a dangerous foe when you considered his youth against their eternity. He could only be monitored and carefully managed, but in their arrogance and elation upon escaping their madness, the Primordials had made a mistake.

Despite all the evidence to show they had won, they should never believe that Eos was beaten. This was a significant mistake that they would come to regret.

Chronomancer Prime was covered by a halo of power that was naturally being emitted from his body when he was not holding back his might. His descent into the Celestial Domain was loud, creating a commotion that rippled out throughout the land of light.

Although the Celestial domain had been divided by the emergence of Eva, the New Light, the foundations of a Primordial Domain could not be looked down upon. Before the war with Rowan, the Celestial Domain was acknowledged to be the most powerful Primordial Domain inside of Reality.

Tens of thousands of Celestial Creators who had mighty Angels in their Hosts, and in recent years, Asteroath, Primordial Light, had opened up the vaults of heaven, releasing countless treasures to bolster his heavenly hosts. Such an influx of resources placed the battles on hold as both sides in the war became focused on developing their power base.

This brought an obvious result, as Chronomancer Prime descended upon the pearly gates of heaven. Angels, numbering in the trillions, launched a furious wave of power against the vast sphere of purple light bearing down on heaven, accompanied by Celestial Destroyers and even other occultic forces from the remnants of Demons still left in Reality. Heaven was no longer holding back, and with this volley of power sent against Chronomancer Prime, would decimate all known threats inside a Reality.

If this had been the Ouroboros Serpents or Serathis, they would have matched power for power and overwhelmed everything that was being thrown against them, but this was Chronomancer Prime. The last thing he wanted was to get a single scruff on his perfect suit.

One moment, his form was brighter than any falling star and was about to slam against a wave of power that would crush a million dimensions, but then in the next moment, he was behind the gates of heaven, skipping through the countless defenses that had been set up to hold back even a Primordial for long enough.

With his power, Prime had asserted that a segment of the perimeter of Heaven's Gate had always had a flaw —a special flaw that was a temporal backdoor present during its creation. It was through that door that he stepped, and he calmly looked behind him at the endless Hosts of heaven who were still watching the first volley they sent against Prime to do their work.

At the moment, he left a mirror image of himself from another timeline to continue his previous track of descent. This mirror image should hold their attention for a long enough time. Stepping forward, he created another temporal door that led him directly into the heart of heaven.

Eva had been here, and that meant Rowan had the memory of this place, and if he did, it meant that Prime could assess it. One of his most crucial skill sets was being able to reach almost anywhere via the memory of his creator, although at the moment, traveling through Limbo would be challenging, but once Rowan could reach the ninth-dimensional level, all of that would change.

However, seeing something inside a memory and standing directly in that place was always a different experience. If he had reached here directly using Rowan's memories, then he would not have detected this difference, because Rowan's memory was perfect. Eva, on the other hand, could not perfectly convey every mystery behind the Reality of Heaven.

Prime smiled in appreciation of this wonder. The domain was a terrifying beauty; this was the only set of words he could use to describe it.

Mountains of solidified harmony that rose up into a sky of pure mathematical certainty. Rivers of liquid starlight flowing in perfectly calculated routes that a part of him wanted just to sit and observe.

Here, every photon knew its path for all eternity, and every note in the ambient chorus was predetermined. It was a realm without shadows, without questions, without... time, only the eternal, brilliant present of Asteroath's will.

And this Will had just detected the presence of Chronomancer Prime. The young man smiled and adjusted his suit, his eyes which resembled a clock face grew cold.

The reaction was instantaneous. The subtle harmony that guided heaven sharpened, it was as if every photon here had transformed into a blade.

“I KNEW HE WOULD SEND SOMEONE, BUT WHOEVER YOU ARE... YOU SHALL PERISH IN AGONY!”

The last part of those words came out in a screeching sound like fingers running over a board. Primordial Light was no longer hiding his madness in the face of death.

From the mountains and rivers, from the very air, the forces of heaven coalesced, and rapidly surrounded Prime.

What appeared were the countless angels he had left outside of heaven in a deceptive move. Primordial Light had instantly moved all of them into the heart of heaven, and despite their number, this place could hold all of them with no issues.

Most importantly, the power they had previously unleashed against him was now bearing down upon him again, and this time there was no way to escape because the entirety of the heart of heaven had been locked.

Prime observed the oncoming tide of power and he sighed... a bit disappointed, It was, he calculated, the most predictable attack imaginable.

He slowly raised his hand but he did not manifest a shield, instead Prime raised a paradox. A whisper emerged from his lips that every Angel in Heaven heard,

“Temporal Fugue... Splintered Epoch.”

Chapter 1889: Cleansing Reality (9)

“Temporal Fugue... Splintered Epoch.”

Chronomancer Prime might be extremely low-key key out of all Eos's bloodline avatars, but that did not make him weak, and no matter how he preferred to underplay his abilities, Prime could be extremely dangerous.

Whispering the words of the spell to trigger the powers of his authority, the light in his eyes brightened, and the hands of the clock in his eyes began to rotate rapidly, making

dozens of clicking sounds. Every hand stopped in the north position with a final click, and Reality... splintered as the flawless, singular timeline of the Celestial Domain fractured.

Around Prime, a dozen, a hundred, a thousand, a million, a trillion, a quadrillion overlapping moments bloomed into existence.

His previous fractured timeline, which had descended into heaven, had given him an accurate count of all his opposition, allowing him the time to prepare his grand spell.

All of these moments challenged every single individual who was descending upon him. Prime could have chosen to explode with a massive blast of power to resist his opposition, but there was no way he would fight like a brute. What was there to learn in something like that? Instead, he would rather face every single enemy here and learn from them.

In one of the moments he had unleashed, he was already among the Angels, his touch aging their perfect forms to dust in a microsecond. In another, he stood unmoved as their spears passed through a version of him that had not yet arrived. In a third, he was a child, and the Angels found their wrath impotent against a target that held no sin.

He was not in multiple places at once; he was forcing the domain to experience every possible “now” involving him simultaneously.

While dealing with every enemy here, Prime casually dismissed the overwhelming amount of power bearing down on him into a fractured timeline he made appear over the central location of the heart of heaven.

Moulding this timeline to resemble a tube, he directed all the power into a beam of force that sliced this magnificent place in two... using the power of his enemies against them.

Checking the timepiece in his pocket to see how long he had spent on the spell, his eyes blinked in satisfaction. He was a nanosecond faster, and Prime knew that with this experience, he could do better.

Keeping back the timepiece, he casually strolled through the massive hole he had torn through the heart of heaven as an intense battle raged around him.

Before he reached the hole, the battle was over, and every angel or demon who stood against him was dead.

They all flickered as if they were mirages before they vanished. This was deliberate. Prime did not want to keep a mess around him; any sort of complications, no matter how small, needed to be wiped out.

On the surface, this entire battle may have lasted barely a second, but every *moment* that Prime had created nearly had infinite time inside them.

Some of the most potent and stubborn Celestials had battled for billions of years inside these moments before they inevitably perished.

A part of his mind was rapidly analyzing all the data he had collected as he headed towards Primordial Light.

He felt a stutter in the overwhelming Will of Primordial Light, and then there was the inevitable rage.

Prime on his own was incredibly dangerous, but when he was linked to the inexhaustible energy source that was Eos, it allowed him to perform miracles that were closer to abominable events.

There should be no way he should have had the juice to power a spell of this magnitude, but he had a really big thigh he was hanging on to.

The Will of Primordial Light rippled out; the rage of the Primordial by his actions was apparent. Prime's casual elimination of his heavenly hosts was a slap to the face.

The nexus of light that was the Primordial's focus intensified, trying to burn away the temporal static, to reassert a single, dominant narrative, which was that all the moments that Prime had created were false, and as the most significant authority in heaven, everything that had been unmade would be remade.

The Will of Primordial Light was like an explosion of the sun, sweeping across the entire Celestial Domain, and Prime could choose to contest against this Will, match its energy, and suppress it, but why would he fight like an Ouroboros Serpent?

Prime began to raise both of his hands slowly and brought them forward as his fingers intertwined into a strange configuration, as he began to chant the beginning of a spell.

The Will of Primordial Light slammed against him and swept past him to begin unmaking the changes he had made. Prime grunted with pain at the invasion of a Will filled with madness, but he did not stop his actions.

A strange shrieking sound began to rise all over heaven as the Will of Primordial Light reached into trillions of moments and fought to pull back everything that had changed.

But Prime had completed his spell,

“Causality Breach... Un-Argument.”

The Will of Primordial Light that surrounded heaven suddenly rippled, and a strand of darkness appeared in its heart. This strand of darkness was small, barely noticeable, but it grew into a colossal shadow that began swallowing the light.

“ABOMINATION... WHAT DID YOU DO TO MY LIGHT?!”

Prime did not reply; he was focused on maintaining this spell. It was a fragile thing, and Primordial Light was fighting against him.

“AHH.... WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY WILL?!”

Prime rolled his eyes, “Asteroath, you should be thanking me, unlike my brothers and sisters, I am not too fond of extended torture. In fact, you should be calling me your savior... have I not given you all you wanted? I am giving you death and darkness.”

The spell that Prime had conjured was not to go against the Will of Primordial Light, but something more deeper and insidious.

When Primordial Light’s Will had been rippling all throughout the Celestial Domain to reverse the effects of Prime’s first spell, it gave him the opportunity to dig deep into the Will of Primordial Light and access its source code, causing a breach in its causality from the first moment the Primordial had set foot inside this Reality.

Of course, he could never have succeeded without knowing the secrets of Primordial Light and his wish to gain the power of darkness and death. All of this left a flaw in his perfect defenses that Prime was more than willing to take advantage of.

“You fucked with my Creator Asteroath, now I return the favor, see this as practice for what I am going to do to your main body.”

The Primordial screamed; just because he craved the power of darkness did not mean he wanted it to possess his core, at least not when the entirety of his core was still made from the essence of light.

All across the Celestial Domain, changes began to arise, as massive tendrils of darkness burst out from the rays of light that should be the Will of Primordial Light himself.

He was a being of light, but due to his unwavering madness that planted a seed of darkness in his heart, he was now transforming into a creature of darkness.

However, this transformation was superficial, and it could not fundamentally alter the core of who the Primordial was; as a result, this led to the clashing and dissipation of the Primordial’s essence.

Every strand of darkness that emerged from his light would combine and dissipate in a dazzling affair like dropping a lit termite into a jar of gasoline.

Primordial Light was eating himself from the inside out and his screams of pain could be heard all over Reality.

Prime conjured a chair, and he sat on it with his right leg folded above his left, and he waited for Primordial Light to eat himself to death.

Chapter 1890: Cleansing Reality (10)

Prime had taken almost no time at all in vanquishing the Celestial Domain, but he preferred efficiency; this was not the case for the Ouroboros Serpents.

They could have used tact or deception, or commanded armies by the sheer power of their Aura to go against the Great Labyrinth, but they did not do this. Their challenge was loud and direct, and as the cry of pain and madness from Primordial Light cut across Reality, the roar of the Ouroboros Serpents erupted from their bodies.

The Great Labyrinth had always been a hidden place, as many immortals knew of it and dreamed of becoming Labyrinth Specters, but to become one was incredibly difficult. In a Major Era, barely a thousand Labyrinth Specters were chosen.

The roar of the Ouroboros Serpent shattered space and time, revealing the face of the Great Labyrinth to all of Reality.

This Primordial Domain had been hidden in the depths of the memory of this Reality, and Primordial Memory had fortified its safety with the memories of the countless dead that had once lived inside of Reality.

If they ever had a feeling of safety and strength, that memory was taken and forged into the walls of the Great Labyrinth. As for the method used to conceal this place, it was quite simple: anyone who gazed upon the Great Labyrinth would forget that they had ever done so.

The Great Labyrinth resembled a gigantic golden pyramid, and the roar of the serpents had shattered the force field directly responsible for wiping out the memories of all who had seen it.

All over Reality, countless mortals who had glimpsed the golden pyramid in their lifetime began to remember it. However, that memory brought anger and anguish because the Great Labyrinth not only stole the memory of its presence, but also collected various vital memories from their minds.

These memories were more likely to be crucially important to that immortal; it could be the memory of a husband, lover, treasure, technique, or home. Any memory that was most precious was stolen.

The source of power for Primordial Memory was, of course, memories, and only these precious memories could generate the sort of power he wanted.

With the present length of the Ouroboros Serpents, they could easily coil around the entirety of Eosah's Reality thirteen times over. So, when inside Reality, they could not reveal their true form or move directly through space.

They uncoiled from a deeper dimensional layer, transcending the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth dimensions of space, time, and memory, and they surrounded the Great Labyrinth. Yet, they were so massive that only their heads and a small part of their necks were revealed; the rest of their bodies were still coiled inside higher-dimensional spaces.

Their presence could no longer be hidden, and all over Reality, mortals and immortals alike were strong sights that were branded into their spirit and soul. There would be countless transformations across Reality from this sight alone, but that was another story for the future.

The aura from the serpents brushed against the Great Labyrinth, causing billions of sparks the size of stars to explode from the contact and fly out into Reality with speeds that could tear through universes. Thankfully, most of the sparks clashed against the scales of the serpents and dissipated; the few that went through were lost in the darkness.

“GROAN.... SCREECH!!!”

The labyrinth groaned under the weight of the serpents, as the force from their bodies threatened to crumple it to dust, and the Labyrinth responded with the only language it knew: memory.

A greenish barrier sprang up around the barrier, and an echo of the first defenses inside of Reality, the Aegis, the Singularity of Eosah's Reality, but unlike the broken shield left behind after the Primordials had drained it of all its energy, this barrier was a perfect replica of the true might of Aegis.

This was a barrier meant to withstand the birth and death of Realities, and Primordial Memory had taken that memory to imbue it inside the walls of the labyrinth.

Situated at the tip of the pyramid, a man with short golden hair and flames blazing from his eyes looked at the serpents with fury. However, it was surprising that much of his fury was not directed towards the serpents but towards his main body.

Primordial Memory knew that what waited for him was death; there was no way to avoid it.

Previously, he had wanted to hurt Rowan by rewriting the memory of Reality, but that all depended on Rowan's actions, since there were certain moves that Rowan could not take; otherwise, the consequences would be devastating for both parties.

However, it seemed that something had happened to change the whole dynamics. Primordial Memory was not a fool; he had felt the pressure of his main body vanish

outside of Reality, and before he could come to terms with the meaning of this change, Rowan had cut off this Reality from Limbo.

His main body had left, and he had not bothered to pick the Memory that was left inside Reality, and even though Primordial Memory knew that merging with his main body simply meant death, the manner by which he was discarded still stung.

Rowan was still alive, so it meant that his main body most likely felt it still had uses for him, and so he was served as a sacrificial lamb to sweeten the deal.

All of his ambitions were to be a minor prize, sent to a child just to calm his temperament.

“If you think I am going without a fight, you are wrong. After I kill Rowan, I will come for you all.”

The Origin Ouroboros Serpents, which was slowly descending towards the glowing barrier, suddenly paused; it seemed they all heard the words from Primordial Memory.

A glance passed between the serpents, and their bodies began to shrink, from being large enough to encircle Reality multiple times to barely surrounding a planet, but they continued to shrink; however, they did not stop moving forward.

Primordial Memory frowned at this change, but he did not care. Aegis would hold them long enough for him to rain down devastation upon these beasts, and as if they heard his thoughts, the shrinking serpents began to laugh, and there was no humor in their voices, only coldness.

They reached the memory of Aegis, and they did not slam their bodies against it; instead, they twisted their bodies into a new axis of movement and slipped around the shield.

The ability to bypass Aegis came from the fact that they were connected to the Origin Land of Eos, whose depths were deeper than Eosah's Reality, and with Rowan creating a new branch of time and space to encircle this Reality, the serpents could use this to their advantage.

Primordial Memory gasped, “What?!...”

Now the size of planets and hovering in the heavens, the serpents curled among themselves, and they watched the Primordial below them, and they laughed. At the same time, the six serpents spoke,

“Little Primordial wishes to kill the Creator, how long shall we make him scream?”

Suddenly, their laughter cut short, and a feral hiss emerged from their maws... since their birth, this was the first time that the serpents had hissed.

Quicker than lightning, they struck at the Primordial.

Chapter 1891: Cleansing Reality (11)

Primordial Memory did not fall back from the attacks of the serpents. If he were anywhere else, using the body of a Throne, he might have despaired, but these serpents had crossed into his Memory Space, practically swimming inside his essence, and there was no way he was letting them leave here alive.

The Primordial charged, his body seemed inconsequential against the vastness of the six serpents who had now begun to call upon the might of their aspects as they barreled for the Primordial.

The distance between them that stretched for millions of miles were crossed in the blink of an eye and in the barest moments before these two titans clashed, Primordial Memory roared, his ninth level Will and essence pouring out from his body like a flood without caring if his body was damaged, after all, this body was just a conduit to his Great Labyrinth, which was his actual body.

“LEGION OF FALLEN SUNS!”

A golden glow burst out from Primordial Memory that covered the entirety of the Great Labyrinth and stretched for billions of light-years outside of it. This glow was the purest essence of Memory as he pulled upon it with no restrictions. A mighty boom emerged from the gloom as if Reality had been cracked open, followed by the roar of pain from the serpents.

“WHOOSH.... CRACK.... BOOM!”

A mighty shockwave that tore the glow apart and stripped a portion of the surface layer of the Great Labyrinth away, revealing that the six serpents had been thrown to the ground, their massive bodies tearing great rifts in the Great Labyrinth.

Within this massive dimension, there were still many Labyrinth Specters and the numerous lifeforms that made the Great Labyrinth their home, and this battle was collapsing their dimension. They could not follow the events unfolding, but they were deeply affected by the fight, in the sense that there was now a window of opportunity for their freedom.

Unlike other Primordial Domains that loudly announced their presence to all of Reality, Primordial Memory did not just actively hide himself; it trapped most of the lifeforms inside of the Great Labyrinth, where they would wander around until the end of their days, all of the memories they made constantly being drained by the labyrinth to feed the Primordial.

However, the serpents did not care that they had potentially freed trillions just by falling to the ground; their attention was fixed on what had brought them down, and as the golden wave dissipated, it was revealed... standing in front of Primordial Memory like an unshakable wall, long golden air flowing beside him like a cloud, and wearing a white battle robe made of mortal's material, was their father!

This memory was the first important memory that the Primordial had seen of Rowan, and he had stolen it, placing it in the core of his Labyrinth. He would have never summoned it if the situation were not dire, because he had wished to keep it with him forever.

The instant before they clashed with Primordial Memory, he appeared in the ocean of golden light conjured by the Primordial, and he had unleashed his powers against the serpents who held back from fear and surprise, leading to the situation where they had lost ground in the first clash.

Rowan's eyes flashed with anger, "Insolent children... How dare you raise your hand against your father?"

The six Origin Ouroboros Serpents, despite knowing that this was most likely a memory conjured by Primordial Memory and twisted to serve his purpose, they did not raise their voices even to protest, instead they transformed into their humanoid bodies and proceeded to go down on one knee with their head bowed, even before the Memory of Rowan, they could not raise any aggression towards it.

Primordial Memory eyes widened in incredulity, then rage and jealousy so potent that they literally burned his heart made his eyes turned red, and disregarding the strain that it was causing him, he conjured the Memory of Rowan's Destroyer, that potent blade that had pierced through the hearts of so many Primordials, handing it to his creation, he commanded Rowan, "Kill them."

The Memory of Rowan slowly took the blade and descended to the ground and stood before the kneeling serpents. Despite them shooting glares of hatred towards Primordial Memory, they bent their heads, a tacit acceptance to follow whatever Will that the Rowan before them would impose.

Rowan sniffed, "You accepted your fate without complaints. This is good. Your deaths shall be swift and painless."

Bringing the blade, he touched it to the neck of the first kneeling serpents, and she turned to look at him, not looking away even as he raised the blade. The serpents had let down all of their defenses, and if Rowan stuck with the Destroyer, it would sever their life away.

Primordial Memory landed beside Rowan and laughed, "Stupid beasts, you truly would not fight to preserve your useless lives?"

Divus, the eldest of the Ouroboros, whose neck was the first on the chopping block, spoke for the rest of them who had not even bothered to look at the Primordial, “The memory of the Creator cannot be defiled, not by our hands. By his Will we are made and unmade, and even the smallest part of him contains a greatness that you can never imagine.”

The glow in the eyes of Primordial Memory brightened, and he growled through gritted teeth, “Let them beg for death.” And he waited for the blade to fall, but it never did.

Blade upraised, the Memory of Rowan was frozen in place, a weird light in his eyes as if he was deep in thought.

Primordial Memory licked his lips as he watched the kneeling serpents. Then he glanced towards Rowan in irritation, and what was to be a warning look transformed into one of surprise and anger, and he walked up to Rowan and poked his chest repeatedly, “I told you to hurt and kill them, why are you still standing in place?!”

The Memory of Rowan dropped his hand holding the blade, and in a move that was almost too fast to see, the blade curved to the side and sliced through the arm of Primordial Memory at his bicep. As the arm fell, the blade rose to catch it on its flat side, and the Memory of Rowan tossed the arm towards Divus, who caught it without even looking and brought it to her mouth to eat.

Primordial Memory looked at his empty sleeves, then the Memory of Rowan, and then at Divus, who was eating his arm with apparent gusto. Realization dawned in his eyes just as his chest exploded as if a bomb had been placed inside his heart. This was a backlash from his essence that had rebelled against him.

With a scream of shock and fear, Primordial Memory did what he was most familiar with: he fled deeper into his dimension, his cries of rage and fear echoing behind him.

The Memory of Rowan dismissed the blade and brought both of his hands to his face and muttered, “Fascinating, is this how he sees me?”

He glanced at the serpents, “Your meal is getting away.” They stood up in excitement, bowing towards him before transformed into golden streams of light and pursued the Primordial. Divus paused and looked back, only to see Rowan smile at her before he shattered this memory of himself. She heard his final words, “What a pale imitation.”

Chapter 1892: Cleansing Reality (12)

Eos had isolated Reality from Limbo, doing so to prevent any outside influence over It, as he sought to cleanse it of the taint of the Primordials.

Nothing would be able to enter or exit this Reality. As he could not be sure about the overall state of existence since he had no method to investigate the Cradle of Enoch

thoroughly, it may be possible that the life left inside Reality may be the last time creation left outside his control.

Eos did not want to create everything, and he saw the need for diversity and new mysteries outside his overall control. Existence would be meaningless if everything sprang from him.

However, progress can sometimes emerge from unexpected places and situations, and Eos had isolated Eosah's Reality for various purposes. Still, he could not anticipate that one of the final pieces of the puzzle keeping him from the ninth-dimensional level would reveal itself from this process.

Primordial Memory had used his overwhelming power over the Dimension of Memory to summon what was basically a Reflection of Rowan from the past. This was a copy so perfect that it could imitate 99.9999 percent of Rowan's abilities, and only he would be able to easily pick out the difference between his original self and this imitation; however, for Eos, this imitation was flawed. At their level, perfection was truly needed, and only overwhelming power could break a ninth-dimensional technique.

On the surface, it might appear that Rowan was efficiently suppressing the Primordials, but that was only looking at their battles at a shallow layer. Every blow he threw against the Primordial had countless trillions of pieces of his Will and power fighting to breach the perfect walls of the Primordial's defenses.

Rowan had struggled to battle Primordial Soul at the beginning, but he rapidly learnt and adapted to the defenses of the Primordials. However, what happened with Primordial Light and Primordial Memory did not follow the same process he had used for his battles.

Chronomancer Prime had been able to easily see the flaw in Primordial Light's Will and take advantage of it; his serpents had been able to slip through the barrier of Aegis easily, and he had also taken over the Memory Technique of a Primordial relatively easily because the foundations of Reality had changed.

Unlike the main body of the Primordials, the Primordials that occupied Eosah's Reality had built their bodies primarily from the Origin Forces taken from this Reality; in essence, the foundation of their power was based on this Reality, firmly tying them to it.

Eos had also been born inside this Reality, and like the Primordials, he was restricted by the rules of this Reality, but he never knew it; no man would believe he was a prisoner if the bars of his cell were everything he knew from birth.

With the main bodies of the Primordials standing outside Reality and thoroughly suppressing her fate, Rowan restricted himself to remain in the form of a child. Even when he had fully become a nascent reality, he forced himself to stay small constantly, that is, until his attempt to use the Final Form resulted in unexpected changes.

However, not all of these changes were bad, as he had just discovered. The Primordials may have acquired their freedom, but it also meant that he could now grow and no longer remain an infant.

It was unknown if the Primordials understood the full potential of Rowan before they left, and if they did not, he did not blame them. Even as an infant, his body was twice as big as Eosah's, and there should have been no reason to suggest that he had not finished growing.

All of that did not matter now; they had left, and if they won their battles with the Beast of Final Rest, they would be back. Still, Rowan had unleashed his suppressed growth and became nearly a hundred times bigger than his previous size, and the entirety of Eosah's Reality became as small as the thumb. He was still basically a teenage reality.

For the first time since his birth, Eos could exist outside of Eosah's Reality. When he isolated his previous home from Limbo, cutting it off from any outside influence, Rowan had inadvertently done something extremely fundamental. He had placed a Reality, even if it was dead, inside a space of his own creation, essentially becoming the foundation for that Reality to rest upon.

Of course, this had cost him, and was still costing him a tremendous amount of energy, almost five times the amount he needed to maintain a sitting Primordial inside his body, but it was worth it.

It was easy to forget that, despite her condition, Eosah was a ninth-dimensional being, and although she was dead and her Origin Forces shattered, the mysteries of her being were nearly infinite. Holding Reality inside the space and time realm that he created, Eos could stand on higher ground and observe Reality, and so the mysteries of the ninth-dimensional oevel that he was slowly deciphering began to accelerate.

Eos knew he was not supposed to be able to observe the ninth dimension in this manner, but he had lucked upon it. So even as his serpents pursued the fleeing Primordial Memory, Prime coldly observing and documenting the process of Primordial Light falling apart, with Serathis, slowly strolling through the gardens of Primordial Light while every bit of green died behind her, he began to pursue this revelation from another angle, furiously.

He was not interested in this new weakness of the Primordials; if anything, this showed that Rowan could easily kill the average Primordials who possess few Origin Forces in their bodies, which was already outside the norm, as a Primordial was only supposed to have a single Origin Force inside their body. But, his main enemies did not have a few hundred Origin Forces in their bodies; they potentially had millions!

Eos did not know how much of that power was stripped from them when he used the Final Technique, but that may not matter when the Primordials had a lot to work with, and their endless hunger no longer hampered them.

He could now contain a Reality that had reached the ninth-dimensional level. So Eos believed that perhaps his quest to find a place suitable for him to root his Reality so he could reach the ninth-dimensional level may have a new solution.

Why should he have to depend on Limbo or the Cradle of Enoch in order to reach the ninth-dimensional level? Could he not build a place like that? OR maybe he could go a step further. Why could he not use his own body as the foundation for reaching the ninth-dimensional level?

His body was eternal and endless, and although the weight of his ninth-dimensional existence might be great, he had the bloodline of the Ouroboros Serpents, plus other major bloodlines whose concepts represented true infinity —the sort of Infinity that Limbo had. Perhaps he might be able to do something unexpected here.

Eos sighed as this new stream of thoughts flowed into his head and solidified, on one hand, he would be making many new Primordials and gathering the Origin essence they gave to him, this should fuel his growth, making it possible that he might be able to achieve true infinity using his power as the base, and on the other hand he would be pursuing the other avenue for power and freedom that he needed to take up.

Eos would have to get rid of the Primordial Record.

Chapter 1893: Cleansing Reality (Final)

There was one constant in Eos's life, the one thing he counted on to push him beyond the limits, over and over again. From the moment he awakened on Trion to fighting Primordials, the most extreme of ninth-dimensional entities, and that constant was the Primordial Record.

If anyone had asked him anytime in the past, the one thing that would remain with him forever would be the Primordial Record, this little black book that gave him the space to fight for his destiny.

However, Eos could no longer deny the fact that something was wrong with this Singularity, and as much as he wanted to believe that it belonged to him alone, the past events had shown him that he was mistaken.

There had been multiple times in the past when Eos doubted the Primordial Record. They were all for good reasons. For one, he did not understand the true meaning of a Singularity until he reached the eighth-dimensional level. Even his knowledge had gaps, due to the fact that the most significant amount of truths he knew about Singularities came from Eosah, and she was a pawn of the Primordials.

Although it was the truth that the Primordials could not simply lie to him for the fear of him discovering the truth, they perhaps did not need to do this... not when they had a greater advantage than he did.

The one question that bugged Eos so greatly was how the Primordials, specifically Primordial Soul, were able to anticipate so much of his tactics and moves ahead. It should be noted that Rowan went through thousands of paths critically before he took any path, and no one should be able to anticipate what he was about to do next.

However, he failed to put one constant in all his decision-making process, and that was his present ability. A chef could not prepare a feast without ingredients, and anything he could whip up depended on what he had to work with. No one would expect a vegetarian meal when the only ingredients in the kitchen were beef.

The ability for Eos to make a decision depended on his present capabilities, and that had been the case for every moment of his life. When he was a mortal and a Dominator, it was the abilities he had that shifted his perspective, and the same perspective applied to every tool he had available to him.

For a long time, Eos had been looking for a method to reach the ninth dimension and weaken the main bodies of the Primordial. When he gained the power of his Final Form, he kept this as one of his options, and only when he felt it was the right time to use this option did he unleash it... But here was the problem: it seemed as if everyone knew he was going to take that option!

As a Dominator, then a god, and before he became a living dimension, Eos's main enemy was the Third Prince, and one of the reasons that the Third Prince had been so dangerous to him was the fact that by brainwashing Rowan as a broken soul, he was able to use his hand to access the Primordial Record and tear off a couple of its pages.

The Third Prince was not able to directly control the Primordial Record using these pages, but he was able to weaken Rowan's potential for long enough, and also used the latent energies surrounding the pages he held to make changes across the universe.

With these pages, the Third Prince became more than his normal sort of enemy, and Eos had gone to extreme measures to regain the pages of his Singularity. This struggle with the Third Prince defined his life and shaped Rowan into Eos.

Now that Eos stood at his present height and was able to look down into the lower dimensions with ease. Now that he knew the Primordials had taken the time to visit other Realities in the past and observe various heroes, studying them and manipulating them into various terrible situations to judge and predict the actions of individuals like this accurately, the answer was clear to him.

Even the Primordial Record had revealed to Eos that he was not its first user. This unique Singularity had been passed from one hero to the next, and all of them had fallen. They had all stood against the tyranny of the Primordials, and they had all failed.

Eos had been in the midst of evolving at that point, and he had finished battling against the infiltration of Enoch. Maybe it was the reason that he had not asked this critical question: how did the Primordial Record get to those heroes in all of these different Realities?

In the visions he had seen of the past users of the Primordial Record, their central enemies had always been the Primordials, and although on the surface, this might seem as if the Primordial Record was the one force of good that was fighting against the Primordials and defying the inherent core of a Singularity that perished alongside their first user or it was something more... sinister.

Was it a coincidence that the Primordial Record could be found in all these Realities that were being devastated by the Primordials? Eos previously had no reason to believe that should be the case; there were a lot of Realities in Limbo, and the Primordials had spent a lot of time killing Realities to the extent that there were no known Realities outside the Cradle of Enoch.

However, Eos knew with the presence of Eosah, a young Reality born outside the Cradle of Enoch, that it was not true that Realities could only be born inside the Cradle; the Primordials must have found a way to make it possible, or the most likely suspect was Enoch... If this mysterious being was the owner of the Cradle, then it was possible that he would be able to spawn Realities outside its boundary.

After all, Eos was aware that Eosah's name was recorded in the Cosmic Record, meaning she was able to be born because of some essential injection of power from the Cradle that gave her the ability to root herself inside Limbo.

With all of this in mind, Eos could begin to bring all of these clues together and realize that if the Third Prince, a relatively minor threat, could tear the pages of the Singularity in order to influence his decision, how could he believe that the Primordials, the true creators of the Third Prince, could not do much worse?

Perhaps he had underrated the Third Prince in the past to think of him as a minor character, as not long ago, he had confronted Primordial Time and had seen the Third Prince, who revealed himself to be the personification of Evil, and the only being that Rowan could tag with the term Evil was Enoch and the Primordials.

What if the contents of the Primordial Record were never as secure as he thought? Maybe the Primordials could not overtly influence what might emerge from the page, but they could push Rowan in the right direction in order to awaken certain abilities.

It was important to note that the abilities that the Primordial Record was manifesting did not come from thin air, and in order to merge with a Singularity, an individual needed to be extremely special.

If every single ability he had awakened was once possessed by other heroes in the past, heroes whose potential reached the Primordial level, and if the *Primordial* Record was a storehouse of all of those bloodlines and abilities that had reached the Primordial Level, and if the Primordials could use this Singularity and bestow it to an individual they could control, then they could get rid of their greatest weakness.

Eos now believed the secret had always been right in front of him, and he was too blind to see it. The owners of the Primordial Record were the Primordials!

If Eos were able to, he would be sweating in fear as he came to another realization about the Primordial Record.

Apart from their endless hunger, what was the greatest weakness of the Primordials? The answer was simple: they could have access only to a single Origin Force, and every time they slaughtered a Reality, the rest of those Origin Forces were wasted. But was it?

The Primordial Record seemingly had access to every bloodline in existence, every single Origin Force could be conceptualized and brought to life... its potential seemed to be infinite... It seemed to be everything that the Primordials desired to be.

It had given Rowan the ability to wield multiple Wills and Origin Forces, given him such a great advantage that if he compared what he had gained with the Primordial Record with another Singularity like the World Stele, the difference was night and day.

What if all the Origin Forces from every dead Reality did not escape into Limbo? What if they had all been gathered inside the Primordial Record?

If this were the case, that meant in all of Limbo, the only Origin Force that the Primordial Record did not control was the Origin Force of Death due to the existence of the BEast of Final Rest!

The Primordials upon awakening did not try to kill him or collect his Singularity, instead they had headed directly towards the Realm of Death, almost as if...

Chapter 1894: Missing Pieces

Chapter 1894: Missing Pieces

For a long time, Eos had viewed the Primordial Record as an unbiased witness to history; it was more akin to a force of nature, taking no sides and fulfilling its function when called upon to do so. The Singularity had its own personality, and over time, Eos had come

to understand and appreciate its remarkable strength and seemingly infinite potential for growth and evolution.

He remembered his first encounter with the Singularity in Trion, which occurred a few hours after his transmigration. Eos had been peering at the moonlight, and the Primordial Record had reawakened by the light of the moon. From that moment onward, the Primordial Record was a mystery that Eos had been slowly discovering about.

Eos was like an ant that gained access to a supercomputer, and his only advantage was that he was an ant who could evolve with the power of the supercomputer, slowly growing stronger and getting closer to understanding this power.

It was inevitable that his connection with the Primordial Record would become his closest companion during the journey of his growth, and Eos knew that if this Singularity was linked to the Primordials, then his every action had been predicted. It was a despairing thought, but Eos could not shake the fact that it was the truth.

However, Eos was no longer a child who naively believed that existence owed him everything. He was not a special boy who had everything handed to him on a silver platter, and when that boy discovered that that silver platter was not his to claim, he cried foul.

He had learned in his long life that power, true power, was not given; it was taken!

“My children of Origin,” Eos addressed his bloodline avatars, “Take what you will from the Primordials, but do not kill them; they will be serving another purpose.”

He sent a series of commands to his Incarnation Rowan inside the living castle to push ahead with the plans to bring all of Reality under his grasp, and part of that plan was extinguishing Aether inside Eosah’s Reality.

This action would kill Eosah, but before that could happen, he would need to harvest all the crucial parts of her that had been restricted from him for so long.

If his hypothesis was correct, then the Primordial Record was not just a Singularity; it was the storehouse of the most incredible power in existence!

Think about it, the Primordials were already so powerful, and they had access to only a single stream of Origin Force inside their bodies. How many Origin Forces were in existence? Eos could not tell, because Origin Forces were both unique and mundane, from the Origin Force of Light to the Origin Force of Primordial Ascension, technically, there could be an infinite number of these Origin Forces, and if the Primordial Record contained everything, or was a window to access all of that power, then if he was correct, the power inside the Primordial Record was the key to become the ruler of all existence.

Apart from Enoch, the Primordials, and maybe even Death, Eos should be the fourth party that may have just discovered this great truth. The timeline for his preparation to face the Primordials has to be accelerated. Still, it meant that the Primordial Record had to be taken away from his body; otherwise, the Primordials, using an unknown method, might discover his plans.

But did he need to take this step?

It may sound insane that Eos was thinking in this manner, but he did not want to get rid of the Primordial Record despite the risk and all the dangers it had brought him.

Eos had merged deeper with the Primordial Record and was nearly infected by the trap laid by Enoch inside the black book. In that moment, he fully realized that the Primordial Record may be far important than he had given it credit. Why else would a being that seemed to exceed the power of the Primordials be interested in it?

Eos did not underestimate the enemies he was up against and realised that, with all the evidence on the ground, the Primordials might have an idea that he had discovered the truth. The time when he believed that his enemies were a bit weaker than him in certain areas was gone; they were most likely stronger than him, with advantages that were greater than his own.

They were brilliant, and Eos could imagine that the Primordials may have left many clues for him to be able to figure it out on his own, and Eos had to ask himself this question: Who was playing whom in this grand game?

At this moment, several parties were vying for the ultimate prize of becoming the most powerful. Eos did not think that the Primordials and Enoch were on the same page. From the memories he had collected from the Primordials over the years, he knew that Enoch had betrayed the Primordials when he did not tell them the curse that emerged from feasting on Realities.

With his Will of Truth, Eos could decipher the truth from the many clues he had gathered. The Primordial Record was the tool that Enoch used to collect all the Origin Forces from the shattered Realities, and the Primordials were his beasts of burden that were used to achieve these goals.

Enoch had promised the Primordials power, and knowing how deals at this level worked, he must have given the Primordials the tools they needed to attain these goals, and they must have had to do something for him as payment. What Eos could not determine was whether the agreement from the start was based on deception or if something had gone wrong along the way, but he knew that the truth might emerge in the future.

A game of deception and lies was being played here that was very dangerous. Eos knew that Enoch and the Primordials might be playing a game with him at the center. There

were many mysteries surrounding the Primordial Record, and Eos was at the center of everything.

He may not know the truth, but he ultimately understood that the Primordial Record was placed in his hands, and he was done being a pawn. If they believed he was a vehicle for their Will, then he would prove them wrong.

The game was going to change.

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“Oh, he has discovered the truth; it took you long enough. You have the damned Will of Truth, and you are still so blind. Tch... if not for your stubbornness that keeps you in the game for so long, you would be nothing but a puppet.”

The voice of Enoch entered Rowan’s ears, who watched the vision being displayed in the air by him. However, Rowan felt dumb because he did not fully understand what Enoch meant by this revelation. He had seen the actions taken by his main body and noticed the moment of realization enter Eos’s eyes, but apart from that, he could not tell what had changed.

Rowan could, of course, use the actions of his bloodline avatars and the orders that Eos was giving to the Incarnation of Rowan inside Reality to understand that his main body was drastically changing the game, but he could not discern the reason; they were not connected as they had been before.

Enoch looked at him and grinned, knowing that Rowan was missing some important pieces to this puzzle, and licking his black lips, he said, “I can tell you the truth that you need, but you have to promise me something first.”

Chapter 1895: A counter Offer

Chapter 1895: A counter Offer

Rowan closed his eyes, and he did not bother replying to Enoch; he already had all the tools he needed to figure out the secrets, and making a promise to Enoch at this point was beyond foolish. He understood that Enoch was throwing out feelers to gauge Rowan’s responses, especially given that Rowan had reached the sixteenth level of the nameless technique not too long ago and was about to head out of the cave to consume the bones falling from the sky.

If Enoch had previously believed that Rowan would be unable to bear the strain of holding the Origin and the End of all lives in existence, he was wrong, and every time Rowan ascended a tier in his nameless technique and went outside the cave, the mockery in his eyes began to fade.

If Enoch was shocked at Rowan's ability to not only endure the burden he was carrying but also resist the curse he was also imposing on him by consuming his mortal's blood, then he was not alone; Rowan was also shocked.

He knew that this place was slowly transforming the foundation of these techniques, but it was not supposed to be this drastic. Rowan expected trillions of years of slow progress; instead, it seemed to be evolving faster than Rowan could have expected, and he had a likely reason for this to be happening, and that was the rapidly growing invisible flame inside of him.

This flame already occupied the entire chest area, and it was one reason Rowan refused to shrink his body, remaining a thousand miles tall. He did not understand the mysteries behind this flame or what Lumina was, but he did not want it to be exposed to the outside world, at least not until he was able to control it.

Whatever it was, this Lumina was a power he was not supposed to know about or be able to touch, and if that was the case, it was to his most significant advantage to keep it as secretive as possible.

Rowan had no way to judge his present strength at the sixteenth level of the nameless techniques. Still, he had a sneaking suspicion that, among all of the Incarnations created by Eos, he had become by far the strongest at this point. He wondered how strong he could become if he completed the techniques that reached the nineteenth level. Would he reach the power levels of his main body, or would he exceed them? It was a fascinating issue to consider, and one that also raised significant concerns for him for many apparent reasons.

At first, he counted the number of lives he was safeguarding, but then the number grew so much that it became ridiculous. Now, he was only counting the time he could spend while collecting the lives he was safeguarding.

With every tier of the nameless techniques that he ascended, the benefits it gave him became more ridiculous, greater than his expectations could ever be. At the fourteenth level, he was able to last for an hour, when he had previously barely lasted one minute at the thirteenth level.

At the fifteenth level, Rowan was able to last for seventy-three years.

He remembered Enoch mocking him when he was at the fourteenth level, telling him how ridiculous his efforts were in comparison to the infinite number of lives that were present here. Still, at that time, Rowan kept his calm, determined to push beyond his limits when he reached the fifteenth level, but he could never have thought that he would last for so long.

Now that he had reached the sixteenth level, he could see the look of wariness in Enoch's eyes, and no matter how he tried to hide it, the ability to see the truth in the eyes of

others had always been something special about Rowan. He could not discover how he obtained this ability, as it was something that even the Primordial Record could not pin down. Rowan did not bother investigating it, taking it as a quirk unique to him.

This ability was inconsistent; otherwise, no one would be able to lie to Rowan, but when it activated in certain moments, Rowan trusted that intuition.

He was not surprised that Enoch would make a move. Rowan had long been expecting it; after all, at the sixteenth level, it was unknown how long he could last. The vision of Reality in the present was shown to him.

It told him two things, and the first was that even at the level of Origin or End, the future could not be truly known. Many things could be hypothesised with startling accuracy, but there was no proper way to see the future.

The second was that Enoch had an almost direct view of Reality, else he would not be able to show Rowan everything that was happening inside and outside Reality. However, Rowan believed that one of the reasons why Enoch may be able to see into Reality was rather simple: he was feeding on his mortal's blood.

In this strange place below existence, Rowan was not the only one who was acquiring power; Enoch was also doing the same thing, but while Rowan's concern was safeguarding existence, Enoch's concern was to consume Rowan, and he was already making progress in this.

Enoch had shown Rowan the present state of Reality, and his expectations would have been for him to be deeply concerned about the ongoing affairs and his main body's seemingly drastic actions, but he had unknowingly revealed the truth behind his consumption of his own blood.

Rowan had closed his eyes in contemplation for a few seconds, and when he opened them, there was a bright light in his eyes. "The truth, Enoch? I have seen enough. Did my main body realize that the pages of the Primordial Record are not exclusive to my gaze alone?"

Enoch paused, and Rowan almost rolled his eyes. "You remember that you did try to possess me when I tried to merge with the Singularity. Only a fool would not realize that the Primordial Record has more going for it than meets the eye."

The light in the eyes of Enoch brightened slightly before going dim, but Rowan caught it, and he stroked his chin, "Unless... You were not aware of that event happening, did you?"

Rowan slowly stood up from his throne and began to walk toward the entrance of the cave, his footsteps shaking the ground beneath him. He glanced back at Enoch, who was frozen in place, still considering Rowan's last words, and he left him with a few words before entering the field of bones.

“I can tell you the truth, Enoch, you just have to make a deal with me.”

Stepping into the field of bones, Rowan thought he could see an edge to this place in the distance; it was most likely a mirage, but Rowan would like to believe it was not. Only away from the cave did his eyes show the pain and weariness he was carrying.

The weight of existence was endless, yet he kept taking more of it on his shoulders. The only thing he wanted to do was to let it all go... the relief he would feel would be beyond divine, but Rowan gritted his teeth and stared at the skies,

“Bring it on, I will never break.”

The sky responded with a roar as the bones began to fall. Rowan grinned and with portals opening around him, he charged at the heavens.

Chapter 1896: Changes And Rot

Chapter 1896: Changes And Rot

EOSAH’S REALITY

A decade ago, eight lines of radiance cut across Reality, and not long after, all life in creation heard the cries of the Primordials. That day ushered in the end of the Primordial Domains and their unending rule over Reality.

The mighty Primordial Domains collapsed like a house made of cards, so swiftly and silently that most would not have believed that such a thing had taken place if not for what began to happen next all over Reality.

Previously, massive wormholes had opened all over Reality, and from it came Primordial Essence in such enormous quantities that it rivalled all infusions of power known to the inhabitants of this Reality, and this caused drastic changes to sweep across all that was known.

For a long time, there had been a lower realm and a higher realm. The lower realm was the domain of Reality from the first to the third dimension. It contained the material universes and was the home for mortals and lesser immortals under the fourth-dimensional level.

The higher realms were the domain of dimensions; this was the place where the Primordial Realms and all the higher-dimensional domains created by higher-dimensional immortals resided.

Mortals and immortals slowly cultivate to their peak potential inside the lower realms, and the lucky few who were talented or fated enough to touch the higher-dimensional

powers were able to leave the lower realms for the higher realms, where the chance for true immortality could be found.

For a long time, this was all that was known about the face of Reality, but as always, there was a secret behind this arrangement, and everything within Reality was connected to the Primordials, who ensured that the design of Eosah's Reality followed their Will.

If everything had continued as it had always been, then no one in Reality might have discovered the profound truth behind existence and would have taken all they know to be the truth. However, the presence of one man changed everything.

Rowan had altered the fundamental dynamics of existence that were known to all. He introduced the Primordial Essence into Reality, and it changed its foundation, propelling the so-called lower realms to great heights, causing them to approach the power of the higher realms.

However, this process was interrupted by the Primordials before the battle in the Arena, where the Primordial Demon was killed. So the lower realms were not fully integrated with the higher realms.

Of course, this division in Reality was created by the Primordials, and the power they wielded inside Reality, which they termed as Primordial Essence, was simply the Origin Essence of Eosah.

They had separated Reality into parts, allowing them to rule without interfering with each other. In this careful dance of cooperation and deception, the Primordials had ensured that none of them had the power to make sweeping changes across Reality without needing the power or the permission of another Primordial.

Still, this was just the surface level behind this arrangement; beneath it all lay a carefully constructed sandbox created by them to manage Rowan and the powerful Singularity in his possession.

Now that the powers of the Primordials had been broken and Reality had a new master, Rowan was shattering everything to its foundation and rebuilding it anew.

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Inside a gloomy chamber lay the prone form of a man in chains. The chains were attached to manacles that wrapped around his two wrists and ankles. There was also a metal collar around his neck, which was also fused to these chains.

What was strange about these chains was that, even though they were linked to this man, they were not connected to anything; their ends pierced into space, where they seemed to disappear. It was as if these chains were linked to a higher dimension, and only a small part of it was connected to this man, which was shown.

The man had long, white hair and a beard like an old man, and at one time, he had cut a powerful figure whose body resembled the personification of strength. But now, he appeared almost withered, as if an essential part of him had been stripped away.

He stayed so still on the ground, and only the rise and fall of his chest suggested that he was still alive, and that was a matter of choice, because the man who lay on the floor here, Primordial Life, did not need to breathe.

The chains around his body began to rattle, and a voice entered his mind, “Life, come to your feet, the Creator summons you.”

The eyes of Primordial Life snapped open, burning with a faint green glow and filled with venom like a viper. The voice that entered his mind was familiar to him, and the Primordial’s gaze fell on a lesser creature, a fucking mortal.

“CLANG... CLANG...”

The chains around the Primordial began to writhe like a snake, glowing green and emitting a faint greenish fog, and the Primordial groaned in pain. He had just attempted to will this mortal into a life of misery before dying painfully, but his powers rebounded, and Primordial Life experienced all the horror that he was going to inflict on the mortal.

What made it worse for him was that his innate resilience was useless against this rebound attack, the chains at that moment making him be in the shoes of a mortal and experiencing the wrath of a Primordial.

Primordial Life endured the pain for a few seconds before he stiffly came to his feet, and he almost tried to kill the mortal again when he saw that the man was smirking,

“You tried to kill me just now, didn’t you? How is that working out for you?”

Walking up to the mortal who did not flinch despite a Primordial glaring down on him, Primordial Life brought his mouth close to his ears and whispered, “You think you are safe? But in your heart, you feel it. Every breath you take is a seed that I planted into your marrow even before your universe existed, and that seed would bloom in time. You want to believe in your heart that you do not fear me because you believe that life is weaker than death, how foolish. Death is my herald! When those seeds in your marrows rot, and they always will, I will rise inside of you, not as a gentle spring to take away your pain, but as a blazing flame. With your hand I shall strangle your wife and rip her babe out of her womb. Your daughter shall be raped by jackals as she is eaten alive and your son... oh, what I shall do to him.”

Primordial Life stepped back and looked at the eyes of the man that flashed with fear and then rage. He saw the blow coming a while away, and he grinned, but the rage in his heart was so hot that the chains around his body began to rattle.

The man punched him in the stomach, his fist grinding deep until his liver was compressed before it exploded inside him. Primordial Life hunched in pain, slow gasp emerging from his throat, but his breath was forced to a stop as a thick hand wrapped around his throat, and the mortal dragged him up upright, “Are you done?” The man growled, “I have a job here and you are not making it easy, even though I enjoy stomping on you.”

Chapter 1897: The Road Of Eternity

Holding the chain that was connected to the collar around Primordial Life’s neck, the man tugged on it, “Also, my name is not mortal. If your dreams for me are to torture me and all I love, then at least get my name right. I mean, if you are going to fuck me, at least kiss me. So... what’s my name?”

Primordial Life shuddered in rage, but he did not fight the pull from the mortal, nor did he deign to respond to his taunts. Although his perception might be locked inside his flesh by these damned chains, he was aware that Rowan was watching him, and his words were meant for Rowan, not this mortal, but Rowan had found a way to bring the most annoying mortal in all of existence to torture him.

He had been placed in a small dark room, away from the splendor he had called his domain for so long. The memory of his fall was still grating in his consciousness, and Primordial Life tried as much as possible to push it away from his mind, but these chains not only sapped the strength of his body, but his Will too.

The mortal, noticing that Primordial Life was not fighting anymore, looked disappointed, but he also knew that he needed to follow orders. The Creator might be a lenient being, but his grace only went so far; he could rightfully point out that it was Primordial Life who was disagreeable and tried to kill him, but he was a professional who had been given a job to do. Complaints were not the way to satisfy the immortal creator who brought you back from death.

That’s right, Reality had changed... a lot.

Leading the Primordial behind him like a dog on a leash, the mortal walked through a dimly lit passage that seemed to extend for an infinity, but every time he took a step, a rune appeared underneath him that sent his body zooming through the passage like a meteor. His speed continued to increase until it surpassed the speed of light and continued to rise.

Even though he was still a mortal, his body and senses felt no strain from this movement, and he began to whistle, enjoying the momentum of moving at such speeds. He would soon begin to cultivate power; this new state of existence demanded it, but before that, he would need to perform his task well enough.

He glanced at the Primordial behind him, and his mind shook a bit. Despite having a body reduced to its lowest, the Primordial was not using the living runes granting the man his speed; instead, it seemed as if Reality itself was aiding the Primordial to move. As much as he hated this being, the man could not deny that the Primordials were the real deal.

The passage began sloping upwards, and suddenly it ended, and the mortal with his prisoner emerged into a boundless horizon that stretched from one end of Reality to its terminus on the other side.

Eosah's Reality was infinite, but under the power of the Creator, a line had been drawn to highlight the limits of infinity, and whoever was capable of seeing the whole stretch of that line would have reached the limits of the dimension, automatically meaning they had the powers of a Primordial.

The mortal couldn't see all of that line, and the man leading the Primordial up to this place could not, but what he could see made his senses shudder. There were billions of shattered worlds, stars, and so many heavenly bodies that he had no name for floating above him.

However, that was not what made him astonished; it was the trillions of beings from all races and some that could not even be seen as people, who were flitting around in the heavens above, building Reality from the ground up.

There was one primary truth about this new Reality that could not be hidden from anyone from the moment they set their sight on it: Power can be yours if you have the drive to take it. It was an open challenge to everyone who dreamed of holding the stars in the palm of their hands.

Nothing was hidden under subterfuge or any questions denied; you can push to the limits of your ability... the road to genuine eternity had been created, and those who had the ability could walk down its path.

You see, ten years may have gone by in real time, which was the time that Limbo operated, but in Eosah's Reality, which had fallen under the complete control of Rowan, time served his needs, and a hundred thousand years had gone by.

To rebuild Reality from the ground up was not a small task, and Rowan was doing the impossible; even with all his powers, he needed time to actualize his vision.

"Atheus, thank you for bringing him to me. You can return now."

The voice that entered the mind of Atheus, the mortal man who had led Primordial Life to this place, shook him of the enchantment of seeing Reality spread out in such a way. No matter how much he saw this scene, it never failed to shake Atheus; after all, this was the first thing he saw when he opened his eyes after being resurrected from death.

Flustered, he looked to his side at the man who sat on a wooden stool that resembled an anvil. He bowed towards the creator and hurriedly turned away, not looking at the two other figures who were also in chains similar to the Primordial he had just brought up from the depths of this place, Atheus also ignored the piercing stare he could feel from Primordial Life and returned to his quarters, carried by runes of speed, soon, he would begin cultivation, he swore, he wanted to walk on the Road of Eternity, more than anything in life.

Rowan watched Atheus leave, and he smiled. He had resurrected him, alongside every mortal being who had perished since the beginning of Time inside Eosah's Reality. Under the tyranny of the Primordials, no mortal or immortal had the chance to fully live their destiny.

They never had the chance to know who they might be or what their life could be like under the rules of beings who saw everyone else as chess pieces. In the battle that was to come, Rowan and his main body may most likely perish... There was never any assurance of his victory, and so, if that were to be the case, then Rowan would love to fulfill one of the promises he had made to all of existence, while also pursuing other goals that aligned with this vision.

Primordial Life cracked his neck and walked up to the two other Primordials that were also suffering his fate, Light and Memory. He glared at Memory, who almost looked better. His body was glowing, and despite being in chains, he seemed to be wearing it with pride. Had the fool accepted the promises of the tyrant?

"Fuck," he growled, "How long have I been in my cell? And Rowan, does it have to be mortals?"

Rowan looked at him for a moment and shrugged, "He was one of the few mortals in all of existence that you killed with your own hands at the beginning of existence inside this Reality, Life. That sort of hatred has to be channeled, and I was curious how far you would go in your hatred against those you deem to be lesser... the present state of your body tells me everything I need to know."

Primordial Life sneered, "So now you sturdy us instead of killing us?"

Rowan cocked his head to the side, "Is it not long overdue?"

Chapter 1898: Failed Promises... Hopes and Dreams

"You are becoming wiser, but you are too late, Rowan. Let me talk to your main body; he is wasting his time with us." Primordial Life smiled, showing teeth that appeared to be

rotting, but this was a trick of the light from the black blood that emerged from his throat after he was punched in the liver by the mortal.

Rowan blinked slowly, “I guess cutting you off from Limbo and accessing your powers is corrupting your ability to tell the accepted passage of time. You have no idea what is going on, and speaking with me is the same as speaking with Eos.”

“Accepted?” Primordial Light whispered, drawing the gaze of everyone here, “So, the time stream that encircles the entirety of this Reality has been separated from Limbo.”

“Took you long enough to find out,” Rowan laughed, “but then, unlight these two Light, I had to loosen your bonds so you don’t perish. The method used to give you the powers of a Primordial while you are at the eighth-dimensional level is fascinating, and I am surprised how much I was able to learn from it.”

Primordial Light coughed, “But this is what would make you kill me before them, is that not right, Rowan?”

Rowan looked at him deeply, a hint of surprise flashing in his eyes, before he nodded, “True, for what I have planned for them, you are too fragile to survive it, but that is a mercy towards you.”

“Ah, your sense of mercy is distorted, but you are giving me more than I deserve, no matter how much I hate you Rowan, I can still appreciate that from you,” Primordial Light turned to Primordial Life, “Unlike this fool, who believes that he still has control, even after we were abandoned as the prize for his cooperation.”

Primordial Life frowned as a light of anger emerged in his eyes, “Light, are you insane? Why would you tell him such a thing? You shame your roots!”

Primordial Light sighed, “I told him nothing; he figured it all by himself, and you should listen to him, Life. Maybe it would all make sense when it comes together in the end, or maybe I am wrong, I don’t care anymore, I am already dead.”

Saying these words to Primordial Life, Primordial Light smiled, and the next moment his head fell from his shoulders, followed by the keen of a blade. Rowan had stood up, and as he did, he cut through the neck of the Primordial, severing his lifeforce so quickly that Primordial Life’s smile still remained on his face even as his head tumbled to the ground.

His body remained standing, and blood slowly spurted out from the cut on his neck. The chains connected to his body began to heat up and turn red as power was drawn from the Primordial’s body and sent elsewhere through the links on the chain.

Rowan sat back on the wooden anvil and plunged the blade into the head of Primordial Light, severing his brain in two and eradicating any fleeting sparks of light left inside of him.

“This is my mercy,” Rowan whispered to the head, and then he turned to the two Primordials left, and he smiled.

Primordial Life and Memory paused, a flash of horror in their eyes. Rowan had casually killed Primordial Light with no hesitation, and they were reminded that this man was... brutal.

“Well, at least he had what he wanted,” Primordial Life chuckled sarcastically.

“Enough of the false bravado,” Rowan waved his hand, “It is alright to express your anger and fear, for I understand the need for that to happen at a time like this.”

The eyes of Primordial Life tightened, “What is going to happen next, Rowan?”

“Look around you,” Rowan gestured to all of Reality that was changing at every moment, “You may have given me a dead Reality, but I see potential that is largely untapped. Free from the constraints of the Cradle, life has flourished here in ways that even you, the Primordial of Life, had failed to consider and appreciate in your worship of death. Yet there is something here that I can not get rid of. A cancer eating in the bones of this Reality that stains the glory I envision for it... Why did you think I kept you all alive for so long? To torture you? Don’t be foolish, Light knows me better than you two.”

Primordial Life turned to his fellow Primordial, and he almost smirked when he noticed that the light in his eyes was beginning to fade. Did that fool truly believe that he could make a deal with this abomination?

“Rowan, you did not kill us, and I... I... imagined that you needed our aid for something more. I promise you that I have no more dealings with my main body, and with my assistance, we can lay a trap for him. I can give you my core and promise to serve you.”

Rowan swiped his hand to the side, “Enough, Memory. You shame your station with your cowardice. If it were before I knew more of the truth, I would have accepted you as a slave, but this war is one where I can not afford any compromise, and you know the truth of this in your bones.”

“My promises...” Primordial Memory gasped in outrage.

“They are useless,” Rowan coldly replied, “Even you would not trust the words that emerge from your mouth, and it is fascinating to me that you still consider yourself to be quite persuasive, but I have seen what you have made of my memory, and I can understand your thought processes.”

Primordial Life laughed aloud, and he walked up to the edge of this area to look around him. This was the first time he had been released from his cell below. Although he suspected that not much time had passed, inside that cell, it seemed as if eternity had

gone by. he wanted to look around because he knew that soon this would be his last sight, and unlike Memory, he was not delusional.

He frowned when he noted they were standing on a golden pyramid that seemed to have been ravaged by war... this was the domain of Memory, no wonder he thought he still had a card left to play, how foolish. Primordial Life chuckled inside before he peered into Reality, and he gasped when he noticed what Rowan was trying to accomplish and why he had kept them alive for so long.

“This is a bold choice,” he said, “I would appreciate it more if it were not all going to waste. I am sure that my main body would appreciate what you are doing here in the grand scheme of things, but in the end, the potential for disruption would be too great, and everyone here would pay the price of your ambition.”

Rowan walked up and stood beside him, “The plan is for that not to happen.”

“What is your reassurance that it will not?” Primordial Life asked curiously,

“Hopes and dreams,” Rowan whispered.

Primordial Life was silent before he burst into laughter, “Ahhh... It would be a shame to kill you, Rowan. I hope my main body fights to keep you alive as a pet, after all you have seen... You still believe you have a chance.”

Rowan’s smile disappeared, “I do have a chance, and they would be built with your bodies.”

Chapter 1899: Warm As A Blessing

Primordial Memory suddenly charged towards Rowan, emitting faint ripples of golden light that were so sharp they sliced apart space and time, effectively eliminating the distance between him and his target. With time shattered, the Primordial attack landed even before he began his actions.

Rowan was facing the distance alongside Primordial Life, and his focus was on Reality with no care for the danger he had beside him. The golden ripples of light emanating from Primordial Memory solidified into blades, twenty-seven in total.

These blades were forged from the remnants of dead Realities, and the memory of them remained with him. These weapons were those of a particularly deadly Breaker that had fallen in the past, who had killed many Primordials but believed he could challenge the greatest Primordials in existence. So he had fought the main body of the Primordial Demon to a standstill, but was soon overwhelmed by the infinite power of the ancient demon.

One trait of these blades was that they were soundless and traceless, and even though they gleamed with gold, what could be observed by the senses was always wrong... Primordial Memory may have pretended that he was calm, but that was only to gather power. He had learned his lessons when he faced Rowan's pet previously and knew that any power that he summoned that was within Rowan's knowledge would not work against this abomination.

The blades were positioned in a manner that would cover any of Rowan's possible movements. If he were pierced by even one of them, he would be unable to move, and then other, more sinister powers of the blade could come into effect.

These blades performed as they were created to do; they were traceless and formless, but who was Rowan Kuranos? He was still young, and his story had not been told, but what was undoubtedly the truth was that he was a warrior like none the world had ever seen.

His eyes, which were focused on Reality, did not waver; he did not even turn around, but drew in a deep breath and held it in his chest for a moment before he exhaled. It was slow and measured as if he were alone in a garden watching petals fall. Beside him, the eyes of Primordial Life were beginning to widen; his perception was fast enough to follow what was happening, but his body was still too slow to follow what happened next.

Rowan's hand flashed to the hilt of his Destroyer, and the blade slid out of the head of Primordial Light with no sound, as if it were emerging from a sheath, no rasp of steel against bone.

It rose in a motion too lazy to be called a draw, more like Rowan was lifting a teacup, the lights falling from countless worlds and stars inside Reality fell on the edge of his blade, and they stayed there, like a quiet lake.

In the same motion that he took to draw the blade, he aligned the edge of his Destroyer to cut through seven of the golden blades, straight through their middle, disregarding all the mystical cloaking covering the blades and finding their original position. The blades that had been cleanly cut through their spine rotated like flowers before they embedded themselves into the ground.

Rowan took one step back, his hair blowing past him and covering his face like a cloud of black lightning, and with that single move, he dodged the rest of the blade that zoomed past him like a wasp. Primordial Memory had been closely following the blades, and he could not hold back his momentum as the wall that was Rowan's back covered his vision a moment before this back slammed against his face and chest, blasting him to the ground.

The blades that had zoomed past Rowan returned, moving much faster than before. Nine blades were at the fore, and they arrived in a tight cone with a bit of a rotation. They were aimed to punch through the spine, kidneys, and lungs, before spinning and shredding him apart,

The Destroyer moved once, Rowan making a single, languid circle, his wrist barely turning. The storm of blades folded into itself when they met the Destroyer's edge at angles no mathematics could explain, and they were *refracted* around Rowan's body, flying across his skin with less than a nanometer separating them from touching him, and their speeds were even faster than before.

Primordial Memory's skull had not even bounced off the floor from being slammed by Rowan's back when he saw nine blades flashing towards him. His Will shook as he tried to abort the powers imbued in these blades, but he was not quick enough... the powers already inside them could not be easily dissipated, as they were nearly perfect weapons. Without these traits, it would have been a pipe dream to think of hurting Rowan, but now his perfect work was filling him with regret.

Too late for regrets, his own blades found his body mid-bounce, three in the chest, two in the throat, four buried to the hilt in joints and organs. He hit the ground with a wet slap, still trying to scream through a mouth suddenly full of steel, and his body was firmly pinned to the ground of his own labyrinth.

Rowan had still not looked back.

He took another step back now, calm and unhurried, as though strolling through morning mist, watching the last eleven blades. His eyes filled with appreciation as he analyzed the properties of the blades. Truly, the Primordials were gifts that just kept giving.

The blades came low, a scything wave meant to hamstring and finish. Rowan's response was simple; his Destroyer dipped, tip tracing a single horizontal line no wider than a hair. The blades met that line, and they fell apart into perfect halves, clattering to the stones like metallic rain.

Only then did Rowan turn.

Primordial Memory lay twitching in a spreading lake of his own blood, eyes wide with the realization that he had just tried to murder a warrior who faced Primordial Demon in combat without trickery and beat him to death using his fists alone.

Rowan regarded him the way one might regard a moth that had beaten itself to death against a lantern.

He flicked the Destroyer once. A single drop of blood, Primordial Memory's own, traced a lazy arc through the air and landed on the dying Primordial's forehead, warm as a blessing.

"You'd better pull back your powers before you kill yourself using your power, that would be a shame that would make you roll over in death."

Primordial Memory gasped, choking in his blood, but he refused to pull back his power; it was better to die in humiliation, he decided, than live another second under the disappointed eyes of this abomination.

“Such skill,” he thought he heard Life whisper, but he could be wrong; everything was beginning to fade to black, and then there was pain as Rowan bent down and started pulling out all the blades from his body, one by one.

“Why do you think in my presence, you can die without my permission?”

With the last blades pulled from his body, Rowan turned around and looked up into the skies as massive beings made from marble and shadow descended with widespread wings, holding great chains that stretched across Reality,

“The fate of Primordial Time inspired me,” Rowan said as these beings descended and bowed towards him, “ready yourself, your work begins now.”

Chapter 1900: You Would Bear The Weight (1)

What the Archai brought down resembled chains, but these were just the physical aesthetics that Rowan had picked alongside his main body, Eos, mimicking the Will Chains used in tying down the fragments of Time inside Reality.

Ten years had passed in Limbo, one hundred thousand years had passed inside Eosah’s Reality, and inside Rowan’s Origin Land, a million years had gone by. Three streams of Time all ran simultaneously, and Eos oversaw them all.

Initially, the time streams inside Eosah’s Reality were linked to the time streams that governed Limbo, and Rowan was only able to create such a massive divide because he had cut off Eosah’s Reality from Limbo. Still, if his plans for Reality were to go according to his wishes, this was not enough.

Everything inside of Reality was connected to the Primordials, from the light that touches the skin, to the air breathed by mortals and immortals. Even time, space, life, memory... all of these were connected to the Primordials, and it was easier to destroy Reality than to erase their influence from it.

Still, if there were anyone who had the wisdom and was stubborn enough to try, that would be Eos.

For the past one hundred thousand years, Eos, alongside Rowan, his Archai, Telmus, and the Nascent Primordials he had chosen, along with all the heroes from the past and the present, had been focused on his vision.

This was likely the most extraordinary feat of cooperation ever seen in the entirety of Reality, as everyone came together to shape their future. Of course, Eos, Rowan, and the Archai alone were enough for this task, and they would have achieved it in less time and done a more perfect job, but he was not going to be taking this route.

If Reality and all of existence were to belong to more than him, then he should give everyone the chance to put their Will behind its creation and maintenance. Additionally, this method was designed to cultivate the powers and potential of everyone within Reality.

Except for the Nascent Primordials and the Primordials beneath him, who understood the incredible feat that Rowan was about to accomplish, the rest of Reality felt awe and knew that perhaps only when they reached the level of Primordials would they be able to comprehend what was happening.

Before Rowan brought out the plan, even Telmus, a Primordial, thought it was impossible. However, Rowan began to reveal his vision to them slowly. Essentially, what he needed to do was to go into the core of Reality, and that meant mastering the Origin of every force inside of Reality to the greatest possible extent. While inside the core of Reality, he would begin to duplicate every piece of it, one at a time, while slowly stripping away the previous parts and replacing them with the new.

Obviously, there were many things wrong with this plan as Telmus pointed out, first it was impossible, second it was impossible, and thirdly it was freaking impossible. This was like eating your cake and having it raised to a power of infinity.

Rowan smiled and said, Let me show you the path, and he took out the Supreme Circles that he had once duplicated when he was nothing but a fifth-dimensional immortal.

The Supreme circles were one of the most complicated techniques in all existence, for the simple reason that they were not created for mortals or even normal immortals. Still, for ninth-dimensional beings and Realities, and depending on the focus of the ninth-dimensional being, some might find it incredibly hard to solve.

What it did was take the raw concepts of creation and power to the limit, and displayed how all of these forces can come together to create an infinite number of possibilities, hence the various paths to power being used by every lifeform inside Reality.

Rowan showing them this circle stunned everyone with him at that time, as they realized that this could act like a skeleton key to the vaults of every Origin Forces that comprised this Reality, however, it did not take long for Telmus to point out that Rowan had duplicated the Supreme Circle, using the material of Soul, and that power was still linked to Reality.

What Rowan was describing to them was more complicated than creating anti-life, because that would be easier; he was proposing to duplicate the essence of a thing perfectly, but the duplicate would be different.

On the surface, it would be the same, and the core as well would be the same, and if anyone, even a Primordial, tried to find the difference, they would not be able to, but that would not matter because it was different from what came before.

It was a concept that was hard to put into words.

Rowan wanted to create something that was exactly the same, yet different, and even for him, this was a challenge, and he was only making it harder by including everyone else in the equation.

The plan had been extensive, and except for Telmus, who was able to comprehend about ten percent of it, followed by Eva, who comprehended eight percent, and Thenos, five percent, the rest was stuck at two percent completion, but that had gone a long way in pushing them down the road of finding and completing their Origin.

There were numerous components to this concept, but it broadly rested on three pillars: the Primordials, the body of Eosah, Rowan's understanding of the Origin Force, and finally, Ether, his unique energy that differed from Aether.

A lot of the heavy lifting still had to be carried out by Rowan and the Archai, especially when it came to the creation of the core of this concept, which was the Road of Eternity.

To achieve what he wanted to do, Rowan needed a firm foundation that would not only serve as the core of his vision but also act as the bridge linking the past to the future. At the beginning of the Road of Eternity, the entirety of Eosah's Reality would rest upon it. As Reality begins to change, it would drift across this road, like a leaf drifting down a calm river, and when it reached the end of this road, it would be something different yet remain the same. Those who had the perseverance to see the end of this road would know it was nothing but the beginning.

Rowan borrowed another concept from Eosah's reality, and that was the presence of the lower realms and the higher realms... While Eosah's Reality would be the lower realm, those that could reach the end of eternity would find a gate that led to the Land Of Origin, which was the realm of Eos, only in that place can a Primordial root themselves.

The second part of this plan, which could only be carried out by Rowan, was handling the Primordials. For all of their sins, they were still the foundations of Reality, and Rowan could not just kill them and assume their responsibilities like before, because, like the rest of existence inside of Reality, Rowan was going to be stripping himself of all the power granted to him by the Primordials, while also retaining it.

For any of this to be possible, there had to be a location where the excessive karma that would be generated by purging Reality of all of that power into something new would rest. Simply put, there would be consequences for breaking existence in this manner, and the Primordials would have to pay it.