

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1901: Carrying Karma

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Rowan would be stripping Reality of all the influence of the Primordials, and that influence, in its purest state, was Karma; it was the weight of all the choices that had ever been made within Reality. It would have been better if he had all seven Primordials to work with, but he had to do it with only three, and that was more than enough for the moment. It would take a long time for him to consider a replacement or any addition to that number.

The fate of bearing every Karma inside Reality was one that was so terrifying that Rowan found it difficult sometimes to justify placing it on anybody, but one of the reasons he was pushing ahead with this was because he knew that these were the Karma sown by the Primordials.

Eosah's Reality was initially free of their designs, there would have been no lower realms or a higher realm, and the path to power inside the Reality would have evolved organically over the years, as he saw it, he was returning the evils that were unleashed back to their senders, but over the years, this evil had grown strong and developed claws and teeth.

For any other being, this might be a figure of speech, but for the Primordials, it was truly the case: the one trait they carried from Limbo and brought into every Reality was evil, in its purest form.

None of those closest to this project had been briefed about this core trait of the Primordials because Rowan was still hiding the presence of Enoch from them, if all went according to plan. Enoch and any of his works would be stripped from Reality in its entirety, and there would be no way for him or any of the Primordials to find easy access to this place.

For the Primordials that were left, they would have to bear the Karma of all seven Primordials, and although such a thing would lead to suffering on a scale that was absurd, this was the path to the future.

The old sayings were true, you sow the wind and you reap the whirlwinds.

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There was no lower realm or a higher realm any longer; also there would be no more higher-dimensional realm that could be rooted in the physical realm, that path to power

brought in by the World Stele Singularity was cut off because it directly fed from the power of Limbo.

From this moment forth, having a higher-dimensional realm would be the true test of power, because any immortal whose control over his Will was strong enough, and he had the energy stores to manifest his inner Territory into Reality, would be deemed worthy of becoming a World Bearer.

Without this distinction, many higher-dimensional realms would have collapsed, creating a powerful explosion of light and power that still rippled through reality, even though these events had taken place tens of thousands of years ago.

What the Primordials had seen when they emerged from their prison was the sight of countless worlds and stars being stripped and connected to the Road of Eternity, which would act as the executors of Rowan's Will.

The others might not have understood the full ramifications of this road, but the two Primordials here understood it, and when they saw the Archai descending with the chains linked to that road, they panicked, but ultimately accepted their fate, praying that the suffering would not last.

The chains brought down from Reality by the Archai linked together with the chains connected to the bodies of the Primordials, and a guttural scream erupted from the bodies of Primordial Life, Memory, and Life, even though his head had been cut off.

This scream was not just emerging from their mouth but from every single particle in their bodies.

“ARRRGGGHHH!!!”

The particles inside a single cell in a mortal's body could be counted in the trillions. The Primordials here had many times that number in every cell by several magnitudes that could only be equated to infinity, and for every particle in their bodies to cry out in pain only showed the length of their suffering.

Their pain was so great that Eos, who was outside Reality, was blocking the psychic echo of their screams from rippling outside Reality and reaching their main bodies, while Rowan inside Reality was actively blocking the specific wavelengths that carried the cries of the Primordials, else it was enough to reduce Reality to a realm of madness.

However, fate was merciful because the consciousness of the Primordials was wiped clean not long after their suffering began. There was no way a mind could process pain of this level in any manner, and Rowan saw no reason that he should allow the minds of the Primordials to exist; it would only bring about an unstable factor that could cause unnecessary consequences if they were able to merge with the consciousness of their main bodies in any manner.

Rowan observed the Primordials closely. This was a rather grave risk he was taking, because they might not be capable of handling so much Karma imposed on their bodies, and if that happened, the explosion of power that would erupt from them would cripple Reality, and Rowan would have to scrap the entire plan.

The bodies of the Primordials contorted as if they were being twisted by a powerful hand, and the sounds of every cell in their body rupturing and healing at the same time were spine-chilling.

Without the consciousness of their hosts holding them back, the bodies of the Primordials were the best tool that he needed to carry their Karma of Evil.

Although it appeared as if they were situated at the Great Labyrinth of Primordial Memory, which was also an extension of the Primordial's body, that was just the surface coating, because Rowan wanted to also use the innate feature of this labyrinth that hid itself from the minds of others to full effect.

What he had done was gather all of the Primordial Domains into one place. From the Land of Miracle, to the Heavens of the Celestial Domain, the remnants of the Great Abyss, to the Palace of Time and the Inheritance Ground of Primordial Chaos. All of these were the bodies of Primordials, carefully grafted together to create the greatest storage bank for Evil and Karma.

One of the reasons the main bodies of the Primordials would have left this Reality behind as they went into battle was the deep knowledge of how closely their essence had permeated through all facets of Reality. They were deeply aware of how closely Rowan valued the life of everyone across it, and this was a trait that they most likely nurtured, seeing it as another chain to tie him down, but they should have been more concerned.

One of the Archai beside him brought out a glowing sheet, highlighting that the Chains of Causality, which could be seen as the veins of the Road of Eternity, responsible for ferrying the Karma of the Old Reality, was operating at peak efficiency. It should be enough to handle the weight of Rowan stripping out the Karma of his powers into the bodies of the Primordials.

However, Rowan would not be the first to strip the Karma of his powers, first would be the immortals. The Primordial bodies were only holding up the Karma of every mortal being inside Reality, and Rowan was curious what would happen when immortals began to shed their Karma.

Chapter 1902: A Game of Hunger

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CRADLE OF ENOCH (63 Million Cosmic Eras in the past)

The gigantic body of Rowan, covered in red mortal blood and appearing as dry as a cadaver left out in the sun for years, collapsed into the cave. For a long time, he remained still, his chest not even rising or falling, and anyone who wandered inside would think he was a long-dead titan the size of a small moon.

For centuries, he could not move, until his heart went against all common sense and shuddered, a motion too small to be called a heartbeat, but it was the first sign of life that had emerged from Rowan for centuries, and on a day like every other one, a few more centuries in the future, his eyes slowly blinked open.

He groaned as he slowly dragged himself to a sitting position, and a few days went by as he made his way to his feet. He fell more than staggered towards his wooden throne that was now covered by dust. Only that movement nearly drove him back to the arms of oblivion.

“How long was I up there?” he whispered... Rowan could not tell anymore; there was no space in his consciousness to consider how long he had been up in the skies drawing all the lives slain from the beginning of time into himself.

His fingers twitched, and a large pool of cool water appeared above his head. And tilting his head back, Rowan opened his mouth and allowed the water to quench his thirst.

Sensing a disturbance not far from his head, he opened his eyes to see Enoch watching him. The first time Rowan had seen Enoch, he was in the form of a boy whose face was made from the void, and now, after all the years he had spent consuming Rowan’s mortal blood and poisoning him, he was a fully grown man.

The man now floating before him was fully grown, with short black hair, eyes, and lips. He had a short, stylish beard that, when set against his black lips, almost made it seem as if he was wearing a mask, and his resemblance was both distinct and yet familiar.

Rowan looked into his memory to find the source of that familiarity, and when he discovered it, he was startled. The face was one that he had not seen for so long, and he wondered how he could have ever forgotten him.

As a mortal prince of Trion, one of his subjects that was swept alongside the chaos of Rowan’s existence was a young boy and his family, Regolf. He had only seen Regolf as a boy, and then as the Champion of the Abomination, Lamia.

Regolf had taken his place as the Champion of Lamia after Rowan escaped her clutch, and he later met him again, but this time, the Champion of Lamia had broken free of his chains and was his own creature. After this time, Regolf had chosen to follow him for a while, and when he asked for his freedom and wished not to be monitored, Rowan granted him that request. After all, Rowan saw Regolf as his subject, and after all the suffering he had endured as an Abomination Champion, he deserved the chance to plot his own future.

Rowan had not seen him ever since. Perhaps he was dead, or was living the life he chose in the depths of Eosah's reality. Rowan did not know about it, and he was surprised that in all the faces he expected to see here, it was his own.

Spending so much time here with Enoch had shown him that he could not trust what he saw; the being was a shapeshifter, and his ability to take any form was unparalleled. He was connecting with Rowan on a deep level every time he consumed his mortal's blood, and this face was most likely selected from Rowan's memory.

Still, it was disturbing to consider that Enoch was looking through his memories, but that was not too strange when you consider that all of his life had always been under the microscope, and entities like Enoch saw the dimension of memory as easily as a mortal sees light in the visual spectrum.

When Rowan was weakened, there was no way to hide his memories from Enoch, and the only reason he was not more panicked at this act was because of an important distinction: Enoch could read his memories but not his thoughts... those were private to him.

A mortal might not be able to separate their thoughts from memories, but they could not freely explore the dimension of memory as easily as Rowan and other higher-dimensional immortals. Enoch might see his memories, but to him, it would be like watching a movie, without the thoughts flowing through Rowan's head or any of the other parties inside his memory; Enoch would lack the needed context to take apart these memories completely.

All of these were the standard defenses inside a mind as complicated and powerful as Rowan's, but that was not enough, not when it came to entities the likes of Enoch. From the moment he set foot in this weird realm and saw the boy, Rowan had understood that he might be in a situation that was nearly impossible for him to control, and for that reason, he began to edit his memories.

Stripping away the core portions of his secrets, Rowan tied them directly to his life force, which meant he could access them anytime he wanted. However, they were not located in his spirit, soul, or body, and if he were to perish, the memories would vanish with him.

He learned to do this by watching butterflies.

Rowan could not be tortured or compelled to do something against his Will, but his enemies might be able to get to his secrets if he were killed, and for this reason, Rowan created this technique. There were parts of his secrets that he was going to take to the grave, and no one, not even those closest to him, would ever know them... the creation of this technique assured him of this.

"You would want to know... if this face is my own, or something I picked from your blood," Enoch smiled, "That and more I can bring to the table, an equal exchange between you and me."

Rowan blinked, “You would do this? I thought you were going to watch me kill myself?”

Enoch smiled, “At this point, we all know the truth... the next time you enter the desert, you shall perish. What is the use for this, Rowan? Well, it matters not, because I still win in the end, because I get to eat more of you, and trust me, in my long life, you are among the best food I have ever tasted.”

A feeble laugh like a dying wheeze escaped from Rowan’s throat, “If I could, Enoch, you would see me rolling my eyes in amusement. Have you not seen it yet, my ability to last longer outside this cave?”

“What of it?” Enoch snorted, “Sure, you remained outside for sixteen billion years, but that only gave me such a prodigious amount of your mortal’s blood that it could flood an entire dimension. You will last longer the next time around, maybe trillions of years, but it would be your last.”

“Don’t be so sure about that,” Rowan said, trying not to be surprised at the long number of years he had spent outside this time, “After all, I have the best chance of success here with me.”

Enoch frowned, “And that would be?”

“You,” Rowan chuckled dryly, “Your poison inside my body that fills it up. You know, Enoch, I am surprised I’ve been able to last for so long... You have access to my memories, and you know that no technique, not even one perfected by me, can give me such strength and endurance... the only factor aiding me is your poison in my vein. Every layer I climb, I do not eradicate your poison; I make it a part of my strength. So, Enoch, this might not go the way you want it to... You are eating me, that is true enough, but I am also eating you.”

Rowan settled back in his wooden throne and began to run the seventeenth level of the nameless techniques inside his consciousness in preparation for entering the next level. What he said was a mix of truth and subterfuge. Of course, it was true that Rowan converted the poison left behind by Enoch every time he consumed his blood to become a part of his strength, but if he had spent so much time outside the cave, then this was not enough.

He knew that Enoch did not lie to him about this number because of the greater flow of time now available inside this cave, which had grown by two thousand years, which would roughly coincide with the time that could be allocated to him when he was outside of it.

But there was another important part that gave him strength, and that was the invisible fire burning inside his chest.

Chapter 1903: What Should I Call You?

Rowan had to be careful with every information given by Enoch, and although he could trust the information that was given to him at the beginning, that time had long passed.

When Rowan summoned the power of his Final Form, he was extremely unsuitable to wield that power, and if he followed the vision showed to him by Enoch and his suspicion about the Primordial Record was correct, the Primordials were counting on his lack of knowledge and his character that was fiercely stubborn and foolhardy to push through the limits despite knowing the danger that such a thing would cause.

If Rowan had summoned the power of his Final Form without his absurd luck of following the fundamental rule of End, he would have long ago perished, and the Primordials would have been the winners.

The rule of End was simple: there must be an equal exchange for anything that was desired. This power controlled the fundamental nature of existence, and so to shift existence in any certain manner, one must be willing to pay an equal price for that shift.

Rowan wanted to eat the Primordials, and yet he had given up his Reflection as a sacrifice to hold the attention of the Primordials and endure their consumption, just for the chance to consume them.

Just because it was his Reflection did not mean that the damages he suffered could not reach him, especially from entities with the power of Primordials, but he was willing to take that bet, and for that reason, he satisfied the fundamental rule of equal exchange.

Still, even with this fundamental rule in place, it could not take away the fact that Rowan was unsuitable for wielding the power of End, and so what happened next was either him being very unlucky or extremely lucky.

The hand of Enoch's Incarnation was present while he was summoning the power of End, and like an uncontrollable storm, it carried it along. If Rowan's Will was the skeleton, Enoch's Will became its flesh and spirit.

These were all Rowan's understanding about what happened on that day, and it was the reason why the boy who once appeared to him was faceless... that void was the remnants of Rowan's Will that had control over the power of End. It was that power that created this cave and the rules that guided it, after borrowing the powers of Enoch and utilizing certain loopholes about this place to make the cave livable.

Without this cave, Rowan would have perished under the unrelenting tide of bones falling from the sky, but this cave gave him a fighting chance. However, as he had soon noticed, the influence of his power over Enoch had ended, and he had not forgotten that Enoch had thought about killing him when the influence over him had diminished.

Rowan had been weak from his sojourn to carry all the fallen on his back and was standing at the mouth of the cave, and he still recalled the cold hand of Enoch touching his

back, a little shove, and that would be all it took to kill him, but Enoch had held back, and Rowan was realizing that he may have disregarded the implications behind his command to 'Eat the Primordials.'

The truth was always within sight, as the faceless boy had told him the rules of End, but Rowan did not want to trust it until more of his suspicions were put to rest.

The power of End controls existence, and when Rowan commanded it to eat the Primordials, and this led to the freedom of the Primordials, he thought he had failed, but what if he had succeeded and was only now understanding what this success meant?

What were the Primordials' greatest weakness? Their unending appetite took center stage; they could not stop devouring Realities, even when it brought them past the point of madness. Although they were his enemies, Rowan still gave them credit for their ability to plan despite this significant weakness.

The second greatest weakness that was not touched upon was the fact that they could only house a single Origin in their bodies, making them the most perfect, unbalanced entities in all of existence.

Now, with all of these in mind, what was his present situation? Well, according to the boy, he was now the embodiment of the Cradle of Enoch, and Rowan believed this meant he was sharing the body of Enoch, an entity that was powerful enough to house a multitude of Realities inside his body. Did this mean that Enoch was a tenth-dimensional being or something else entirely? That was not the question Rowan was asking at this point because this was what distracted him at first from the answer in front of him.

The question he should have been asking was, if the Primordials were free of these two significant weaknesses, how did he contribute to making that happen? Well, the answer was simple, he was consuming the excess lives and Origin they had gathered from feeding on these Realities.

"You are not just in a where, you are also in a when."

Rowan was now in the past, and if everything proceeded as planned, if he continued to eat the bones falling from the sky, then it meant that, through his actions, the Primordials in the present would not be held back by their greatest weakness.

He was eating the Primordials, but this was happening from the past all the way to the present!

The only question was whether he would survive long enough to win.

The root of the Primordials always lay in this place, and with Enoch. Rowan opened his eyes; all of these thoughts barely took a moment, and he regarded Enoch before him, even as Enoch regarded him back.

Rowan knew for a fact that he gave no signs, no single twitch that was out of place to give away his thoughts, yet Enoch smiled,

“I see you have discovered the truth, took you long enough,” a pause as he regarded the brief flash of light that passed through Rowan’s eyes and he laughed, “Oh, don’t try to hide your thoughts from me, I cannot read them, and even if I could, that would have no meaning here, after all, I have fed you all the clues you need, and I will even go a step further to prove it to you.”

He waved his hand to show him the current vision of the future inside Eosah’s Reality, and Rowan saw the changes that were taking place after five hundred thousand years had passed, and they were beginning to welcome the birth of three new Primordials.

Enoch chuckled, “Your main body is smart, too smart for his own good, and it is becoming more difficult for me to see inside that broken Reality, and only the last fragments of my connection with Eosah allows me this much sight, but it would not be long before he destroys it and I will no longer be able to tell what is happening, but that is not the reason I am here... From the last vision, I know you understand that your main body no longer trusts the Primordial Record, and that is for a good reason; it has long been corrupted.”

Whatever he was going to say next, he must clearly enjoy it because a large smile was beginning to rise on his face,

“Your main body also believes that the Primordial Record is essential because it holds all the Origin Forces and Essences that the Primordials discarded because they could only consume a single Origin Force, and he is also correct. But... he is wrong about a crucial aspect.”

Enoch tore open his shirt, and Rowan saw seven massive voids in his chest that went straight through his body. The edges around this wound were black, and it pulsated, stretching and contracting, as if these holes were trying to eat through his body, and only his force of Will was suppressing them. He grinned at the realization he saw in Rowan’s eyes, and he sighed dismissively,

“The power of End demands an equal payment for anything that is given. Yes, I created the... Primordials and my flesh was the payment for their existence, and they were designed to eat all Realities in existence, the cancer growing on my body and tying me down in this place. They were never intended to have a consciousness, never intended to be able to think! However, all of this changed when they came across the Primordial Record.”

The smile in the eyes of Enoch vanished, and he looked at Rowan deeply, as if he was peering deep into his soul, “I think by now, with your previous revelation, you can begin to understand where I am going with this. The Primordials were designed to eat everything in existence, and that meant they were able to consume all Origin Forces and Essence. They were mindless and did not understand the weight of Origin, but the

Primordial Record snatched the bulk of their Origin forces and Essence. In return, it gave them a mind... the Primordial Record..." Enoch spoke softly, "Ate their hunger."

Spreading his arms wide, Enoch spoke in a grand manner, "In this place, what did you think you were becoming? Should I still call you Rowan, or should I go by your given name, the Primordial Record?"

Chapter 1904: The Last of The Firsts

The final words from Enoch hit Rowan like a brick in the face, and he could not help but flinch. The truth was that the answers were there if he took the time to access everything that he had been given to work with, but slight changes in the narrative and his inherent bias always worked against him... Even if all the hints were in place, how could Rowan have ever imagined that he was the Primordial Record?

Still, Rowan had been playing this game for so long that he could not be thrown off by the words of Enoch so easily. However, his body resonated with the words of Enoch so closely that he understood that this was the truth being spoken to him, but he needed more assurances, and so he challenged Enoch.

"Why should I believe your words, Enoch? Everything you have been doing from the moment I entered this place was to undermine me just enough that I would perish. Why should I listen to you now?"

"Stop playing the fool, Rowan, it does not suit you, not in this place, and not when I have seen the way your mind works. I am giving you the answer to everything because you know it serves me better to tell you the truth than to lie to you."

Enoch waved his hand in irritation and sat down in midair as if an invisible throne had appeared behind him, "Let us put aside our differences in this moment and speak our truths, because I am willing to give the truth, and trust me, Rowan, apart from me, you cannot get this truth anywhere else... You will search till the ends of infinity, if there were ever such a place, and you will find nothing. I am the Last of the Firsts."

Rowan cocked his head to the side, "This is the second time you are telling me terms that I know nothing about, and I am assuming there is a reason for this? Everything you do or say has a purpose, Enoch, and when you say certain things, it is almost as if you are expecting responses that I cannot give."

This was the second time Enoch suddenly threw out strange phrases; the first time, in a supposed fit of anger, he had rebuked Rowan by saying, "Have you seen the Light of the Lumina or heard the sound of the Abhima?" and now he called himself the Last of the Firsts. Rowan would only draw more suspicion to himself if he disregarded those words as nothing, they were clearly important, at least to Enoch that he would interject them in the middle of such a frightening revelation that Rowan was the Singularity, Primordial

Record, and his actions in the future had altered the past and the present, even before he made them in the present he had just left behind.

It was fortunate that Rowan was a higher-dimensional being who could perceive time more fluidly than mortals or immortals; otherwise, it would have been impossible for him to grasp the events revealed to him.

Enoch, on his invisible throne, was silent for a while, and then he shook his head in a manner that was hard to describe, almost like a short and sharp jerk to the side. It was both interesting to see this personal mannerism from such an enigmatic being, but it was also quite strange. "There are things that you are able to do that are impossible, Rowan, and maybe you are not aware of it, and so I say these words to figure out if you are truly what you say you are."

"And are you satisfied with what you have seen?" Rowan asked.

"Never," Enoch whispered, "I am never satisfied."

Rowan paused. That sounded a bit wrong, but he decided to go with the flow and see where the ultimate answers lay. For so long, he had been climbing a mountain whose peak was retreating from his sight the higher he rose, and now that the end of that mountain was so close in his sight, it was all he could do to keep his head straight and not fail that conviction that had held him in place for so long.

Rowan nodded, "I will accept your terms for sharing truths, but you should know that I will not tell you the secrets that I hold close to my heart. If they concern the ones that I care about, then I would rather perish in my ignorance than reveal what would have the chance to harm them in the slightest."

Enoch grinned, "No, Rowan, this exchange we are going to make will profit you as well as it profits me. We are enemies, and that will never change; it is because our ultimate beliefs will inevitably clash, and there is no way to alter that. Still, if we are going to kill each other in the end, then there need to be certain ground rules; otherwise, our battles would be meaningless. Besides, I have told you this before, it will profit me better for you to know the truth than if you do not, and you do *need* this truth, even though that would show you your inevitable end, at least it would give you the choice to pick the right side."

"Pick a side?" Rowan frowned, "And here I had always thought my position was always with me."

Enoch shrugged, "You are an anomaly in this game Rowan. For so long I had been searching for the ghost in the machine, the one thing I missed that shattered my vision for existence, and now I know it is you. Wielding the power of End is... difficult, and you are among the few ever in all of existence who can understand what I mean by this. The anomaly in my creation seemed to emerge from nowhere, and in the blink of an eye, it had broken all that I worked so hard to achieve, and no matter how much I looked for the

flaws in my code, and try to piece together how my work had been shattered in this manner, I could not find it, but the answer was not in the moment with me... the answer had not yet been born, and I would have to wait for sixty five million eras into the future for the anomaly that would change my work in the past to appear.”

“Was that the reason you tried to stop me from consuming all of these lives when I got here?” Rowan asked.

“Yes.” Enoch directly replied, “After unleashing the power of End, an ability that you should not have come across until you reached the ninth dimensional level, I saw the path to the future, and the ghost in my machine. At first, I did not know how to deal with you, but to allow you to perish in this place, but the power of End is absolute, and I needed to state the condition of your actions to you before they can be fully completed... If I did not, then there would be a severe backlash to my foundation, and the unknown code from your power that corrupted my essence would have fully taken root.”

Now, Enoch smiled, “In a manner, it was you who saved me from this fate. I was stubborn enough not to contact you, and if you had not found me, perhaps both of us might have collapsed in this place, and they would have won, and I don’t know about you, but no one here wants the Primordials to win.”

Chapter 1905: I, Enoch, Was Born

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Enoch on his throne unexpectedly sighed as if he was tired, “I understand you will not believe me, that everything I say to you would be viewed through the lens of distrust, and you would be foolish not to, but I understand that if I want trust, I will have to give you more, else you will never cooperate in the ways I intend. So...” he clapped his hand loudly, “Tell me what you believe to be my origins? More than anything, I see that question burning in your heart, and I am here to put that answer to rest. And ye, knowing the truth of my origins, would serve me better than you think, because it would enlighten you on the true structure of existence; perhaps, it would be enough for you to change sides.”

Rowan was quiet, and instead of immediately replying, he lay his head back on his wooden throne and closed his eyes, allowing the seventeenth level of the Nameless Techniques that had been brewing inside his consciousness to erupt, slowly filling his body and mind with strength as he rapidly moved towards the completion of this technique.

If he was going to be matching wits with a being like Enoch, then Rowan could not do so with a blurry consciousness, and Enoch also closed his eyes and waited for Rowan’s reply, and so eighty thousand years went by in silence. For the two here, this amount of time could be as brief as the blink of an eye.

Within this time period, Rowan had not completed the current level of the Nameless techniques, but he had pushed through twenty percent, giving his mind and body the strength they desperately needed. At this level, operating the techniques became nearly effortless, and like a perpetual motion machine, they would continue running in the background while he could focus on the main challenge before him, Enoch.

As Rowan opened his eyes, so also did Enoch, and Rowan began to answer the question that was directed to him all these years ago,

“You are right, Enoch, one of the most significant questions in my mind is about your origins. Unlike the Primordials, you don’t seem to fit in the equation, and if not for my overly analytic nature, your presence would have easily slipped past my radar. I am sure that many Primordial beings throughout their life did not know about you, and yet, you seemed to be deeply tied to the fate of all existence, and you are the only wielder of End. All of these traits combined, but the multiple I undoubtedly do not know about make it almost impossible for me to predict your origins, because I am lacking many crucial information about you.”

Enoch smiled, “That is not the entire truth. I know there is one option you have considered above all else, someone like you, even in indecision, would rather pick a path than remain without any answer. I am curious to know what you think I am.”

Raising his hand, Rowan began to point out the two most likely options that Enoch could be, “You are either a Primordial or a Reality, but certain traits that I observed from you mean that it is not likely. If the Primordials are born from your flesh, but were never meant to be regarded as Primordials, simply storehouses for power, it means your foundation is as great as existence itself. So, no matter how insane it sounds to me at this point, I believe that you are the mind of Limbo, this infinite space where everything floats.”

Enoch froze, and for a while, he did not move an inch. Then he shook his head, “That is a perfect answer, and it shows the depths of your mind that you were able to come up with it, but you are not entirely correct, nor are you wrong either. I have a connection with Limbo, but it is not one where I am its mind... Tell me, Rowan, what do you know about creation?”

“There are many ways to answer that question,” Rowan responded.

“Answer it like a Creator who had seen what existence has to offer. Tell me your answer from your unique perspective. You started life in many of your iterations as a mortal, yes, then use that and walk upwards, maybe you may discover something you have missed.”

Rowan cocked his head to the side. The thought practice stated by Enoch was interesting, and he saw no reason not to follow along with it.

“Well, in comparison to my entire lifespan, I have never been a mortal for an extended period of time, and I know that for us mortals, creation was not something we understood; our minds were too small and the reaches of our senses too fragile, but we had something in abundance, and that was our imagination. Trapped in a small planet inside the endless vastness of the universe, we dreamed of gods with limitless life who could see all that creation had to offer, and then as a god, the universe was no longer enough when we know there are many universes outside our own with rules that were different from everything we know and recognize, this pushes us to the path of the higher dimension, and then the mysteries only grows deeper.”

Rowan paused, as the memories of his life from the moment he stepped outside his universe and saw the path to the higher dimension, and his journey up to this moment,

“We discover the dimensions of Space, Time, Memory, Fate, Destiny, and then for the few who could reach for the peak, they would find Origin... but we would discover Limbo, and know that there were still more, perhaps reaching the peak was just the beginning, the next step is to go to the depths, to dig out the foundations that governed everything... to find End.”

Enoch eyes were closed throughout Rowan’s speech as if he was seeing the sights being described by Rowan, and at their present level with the control over the higher dimensions, this was not far from the truth, and so when Enoch began to speak, the intents behind his words were so monumental and overwhelming that Rowan nearly collapsed, but he would rather die than lose the opportunity to know the truth that no one else would be able to tell him,

“Before Limbo, there was life.... The Firsts existed, but they were called Luminous.”

Rowan felt his heart begin to race, and the invisible flame in his chest began to rotate slowly. He had to place more of his consciousness power into his body to ensure they were fully contained.

“They were born from the first photon that ever dared to exist, and they never died. Time was a still pond to them; nothing rippled it. Their cities were lattices of pure Lumina. The closest understanding of Lumina is to think of it as Light, the brightest light that could ever exist. This light folded into crystal, into towers, into rivers that flowed upward. Every dawn was identical to the one before it. Every thought had already been thought a trillion times. Perfection had calcified into prison.

I, Enoch, was born in the heart of the Eternal Spire during the 999,999,999,999,999th identical sunrise.”

Chapter 1906: The White Child

Chapter 1906: The White Child

“The midwives who were responsible for my birth saw the truth of me at once. My Lumina was not gold like theirs or every other Luminous. It was white, blinding, hungry white that drank every color it touched.”

Saying this, Enoch raised his palm as if remembering the sight of his Lumina burning across his fingers, and for a moment, Rowan saw this scene, and the sight of it nearly made him tremble. It was impossible to describe the light of the Lumina, and he knew he was seeing only the barest glimpse of it, from a man who had truly forgotten what the light of Lumina was supposed to be, and yet, even this pale imitation struck a cord inside him that made the invisible flames in his chest rotate faster.

“When I cried, the spire’s crystals dimmed for the first time in history. When I laughed, new stars ignited in the void outside and immediately burned themselves out, as if ashamed of their own novelty.”

Enoch paused and said, “Does this remind you of anyone else?”

Rowan slowly nodded, “It does... my birth.”

Enoch acknowledged his answer with a bow and continued speaking, “I grew faster than light itself. At the age of three cycles, I spoke in equations that rewrote gravity around me. At seven cycles, I built a garden where flowers opened and closed in rhythms no one had ever heard. The elders came to watch, awed and afraid. They had never seen a flower close before, but for me, this should be the typical path of things, the way that existence should behave.

“It is beautiful,” they admitted, “but it will open again tomorrow exactly the same.”

“That is the problem,” I had said.

But they disregarded my words; perhaps it was because I was small then, barely up to their knees, but my voice already carried the weight of endings, yet they were too deaf to hear it.

“By my twentieth cycle, I, Enoch, had surpassed them all. I could unmake a star with a sigh, birth a galaxy with a blink. The Luminous began to call me the White Child, half in reverence, half in warning. They loved me the way one loves an eclipse, something magnificent that should not be stared at too long. I could see their love, and for a long time, it was enough; I was able to quench the hole inside my heart. But it did not last.”

Rowan could barely see the edges of this memory teasing at his consciousness, and suddenly, a small piece of the flame rotating inside his chest broke off and flew into his head, merging with his consciousness, and the memories from Enoch’s word became a bit sharper and more precise. He was able to see the true form of Enoch, who had long white

hair and a bewitching beauty, walking down unchanging avenues and feeling that their stillness was like chains.

Enoch's words continued to add clarity to this vision as more pieces of flame continued to break off and fill Rowan's consciousness.

"I want surprises," I told the elders. "I want risk. I want something to happen that has never happened before, and never will again. Why does no one share my vision or see my hunger?"

"Instead, they smiled their perfect, unchanging smiles. "Child, you ask for death."

"Then give me death," I answered, my heart beating with anticipation."

"They refused. And I learned I was the only one whose heartbeat could throb with passion they could never imagine."

"Knowing I could not remain like this, I, Enoch, went alone to the Edge of All Things, where existence frayed into the Nothing that waited beyond. There, I built a forge of my own, white Lumina, hotter than any star, colder than any void. Into it I fed every law I could steal: the law that light must always travel at the same speed, the law that cause must precede effect, the law that nothing truly new could ever be born."

Rowan's breath caught in his throat, and he could see the vision. Enoch had made his form larger than a thousand Realities, rivaling that of Eos, and at the Edge of All things, he had drawn great powers from all corners of existence.

He could see vast streams of power stretching across countless infinities pouring into Enoch's forge, and he stood at the center, white hair billowing across his body, carried by waves of impossible power, and with his fist, he forged Change.

"I worked for a million billion cycles that felt like one heartbeat, and although the Luminous should have stopped me, their nature prevented them from acting, what will be will be... I hated them, and my hatred fueled my work. Then, my forge was ready, and I stepped inside it. If there can be no change, I would bring it into existence, and with a thrill of fear in my heart that I found intoxicating beyond all measure, I unleashed Change."

"The explosion was not loud." Enoch whispered, his eyes deep in the fog of memory, "It was absolute. I had never performed such great works before, and I doubted myself, and I suspected that I used more power than I should have, for Existence cracked along every seam it had never known it possessed. Colors that had no names bled into one another. Time folded, unfolded, tore. The Luminous felt it first, a sudden, terrifying lurch in their immortal hearts. Then their perfect cities melted into rivers of liquid light. Their bodies unraveled into screams that became birds that became ash that became silence."

Enoch stopped here, allowing the silence to linger, and for a long time, it was almost as if this would be the end of his story, and Rowan was still struggling to see this calamitous explosion of power that shattered all of existence. Such power had transcended all that Rowan possessed, because he could feel that the existence that was shattered was equally as infinite as Limbo, and Enoch was able to possess the power to do such a thing naturally; his birthright gave him a strength that defied all meaning, but it also gave him a heart that craved... chaos.

Enoch's voice once again shattered the silence, "I walked out of the forge untouched and looked upon the ruin that I had made and saw that it was astonishing. For one glorious instant, everything was new. The sameness that had haunted me was gone, alongside every Luminous, but at this time I had not even begun to comprehend this concept when the newness consumed itself. Something had changed, beyond what I once envisioned, and cracks appeared all over what I could see."

A sudden rumble shook this strange realm where Rowan found himself. Enoch's words were resonating with this realm, and Rowan was realizing that perhaps he was seeing the birth of a new existence after the old one had been wiped away.

Enoch looked up from his invisible throne and felt this realm shaking, and he smiled like a ghoul, but he did not stop his story,

"The cracks spread faster than light, faster than thought. Galaxies aged a trillion years in a breath. The last star winked out before it had finished being born. The void rushed in, not dark but blindingly white, my white. When the unraveling reached its end, there was nothing left. Nothing except me and the white of my Lumina. I thought I had finally created an existence where change was able to flourish, but I was wrong."

Chapter 1907: Bringing Forth Change

Enoch touched the space in front of him, as if he was reaching across the nothingness to touch the remnants of that past... a past that no longer existed, because by his hands, he had erased everything, and he was the only remnant from a civilization and history that no longer existed.

"The reason I could erase existence was due to its limits; it appeared infinite, but it was not. How else could there ever be a place like the Edge of All Things? The explosion of all there is tore existence apart at its seams, and it was no longer limited. Limbo was born, and it would expand forever... reaching across all there was and was not, without limits... There would be endless change. My paradise was here."

Enoch stopped talking, and Rowan did not ask for what was next. He knew that there was still more to this story, and he respected the silence, even when it went on for several decades. The eyes of Enoch before him were clouded, and Rowan could wait.

His patience was rewarded as Enoch started talking without any indication,

“I was alone... I floated in a whiteness so complete it had weight. No up, no down, no time, no sound. Only myself and the echo of my own heartbeat, which now sounded, for the first time, afraid. This was a new sensation, fear, and it birthed new inspiration inside of me... I wanted to create, to crush this unknown sensation in my heart, and from that fear, the seed of ambition was born.”

The hand that Enoch stretched forth in front of him began to pull, as if tugging on the fabrics of reality, and Rowan, who was in a unique position, saw something... sad.

Enoch was sitting on an invisible throne, and when he reached towards the space around him and tugged at it, nothing changed, but in the memory... what a sight it was to witness existence where there was nothing but light, so bright and yet so complex, it almost made Rowan weep.

“I reached for my Lumina to make something—anything—a single photon, a grain of dust, a memory. My power answered, vast and obedient, but there was nothing left to shape it with. No darkness to push against. No law to break. No one else to witness.”

Rowan saw Enoch sitting on a throne of nothing, reaching for a power that once shattered all of existence, but now there was no light dancing among his fingers, where, in his memories, there was at least his Lumina. Only a Creator could understand the profundity of this loss.

“I was the canvas, the paint, the painter, and the ruin all at once.”

In the memory that Rowan was witnessing, he saw Enoch scream, and the scream went nowhere because there was no longer a where. In the perfect, featureless forever he had created, the smartest and most powerful being who had ever lived finally understood the thing he had killed the universe to find that Change requires something to change from, and something to change into.

Enoch pulled back his hand, and he sighed, “Now there was only me. Eternal. Unchanging. Alone. Rowan, I should have been sad or broken, and for a long time, I was, but the answer came to me in a flash, and I knew the truth that I was running from for so long... I wanted change, yet I was unwilling to let go of the last constant that symbolized stagnation... My Lumina, the last remnants of the Luminous, remained, and how could there be change when the most powerful symbol of the previous reality was still inside me? So, I cut it out of me... my light.”

Rowan could see it, behind Enoch, his Lumina took shape, taking the form of massive wings of light.

Seeing this wings of light seemed to trigger more of the flames from his chest to merge with his consciousness and he was able to see the past forms of the Luminous more

clearly. This lost ancient race, eliminated by the greatest among them, and they all had wings.

Glowing and beautiful with patterns that mesmerized the mind, and it finally showed Rowan the origin of his and the celestial's winged forms.

In the memory, Enoch was screaming to the heavens as he grasped his wings and began to pull it from its roots. The wings were connected to his body, more deeply than the roots of a massive tree hugging the earth, and when he pulled, massive veins of light that were connected to every particle in his body became agitated and shone through his skin.

His cries of pain rang out for an eternity, until it was done and his wings were no longer connected to his body. Battered and broken, Enoch knelt before his wings and he wept before breaking down into a crazed laughter that echoed across eternity.

However, the same Creator in Rowan that allowed him to feel sadness at the loss of the Lumina of Enoch, also felt deep and profound horror.

Enoch here had just briefly described ending all of existence as if it were inconsequential. There was no remorse or pity in his tone; there was no regret at all for the lives he had extinguished by his simple and selfish desire for change... he wanted something, and he went for it, and there was no time when he had any regret for those who paid the price for his vision to come to fruition.

Rowan had not heard the whole story, but he thought that Enoch would not find any positive ears to back his vision from him. No matter the stagnancy that plagued existence in the time of the Luminous, did that mean they deserve to be killed off like that?

Perhaps, the birth of Enoch signified the inevitable change that would occur in a system where nothing was new, and even the birth of any new Luminous was predicted and understood.

Rowan did not think it was impossible for him to hate Enoch more than he did, but the quiet disregard for the ending of all existence finalized his resolve that Enoch was his enemy.

"My regret did not last for long, because the change that I sought from the moment of my birth appeared before me. My Lumina, the part of me that should be unchanging, began to vanish. Finally, this was change, this was the thing I craved for so long... I don't know how long I remained on my knees watching my wings disappear, so lost was I in the state of things, but what I know was that after it was all over, there was darkness, and the ever-present scream of the void as it continuously expanded."

Enoch finally relaxed back on his throne, a heavy sigh emerging from him, as if the journey of peering into his memory carried a weight that he had been eager to let go of.

There should be more to this story, perhaps the Luminous did not allow existence to vanish without a fight, maybe there was something more that occurred that should reshape the entire narrative in a manner that would change how Enoch presented himself in this story, but Rowan was acknowledging the fact that of the many truths in life, that this might just be that one truth he would never be able to know.

Chapter 1908: Experiments With End (1)

Enoch clasped his hands together and grandly announced, “And so ended the age of the Luminous, and their unending order with the death of the last light of Lumina, and the darkness was born, ever expanding, infinite, and in that darkness a new power was created, and it was Chaos.”

Suddenly, Enoch cocked his head to the side, “You are being especially quiet, Rowan. Did my tale entrance you so deeply that you forgot to speak? Or is there something else going on that I am missing out on?”

Rowan shrugged, “You have given me more to think about in a single moment than I have ever had to contemplate before. You will have to forgive me if I reserve my thoughts for more... suitable moments.”

“Ah, is that so?” Enoch paused and then he blinked slowly, “Well, I guess a story like mine is the sort you don’t hear every day, but I am approaching the end of it, and the beginning of everything you know. Tying the nonexistent past to this turbulent present.”

Rowan had a lot to say, but he was able to partition his mind and focus on the most important task at hand, not even counting the fact that he was hastily researching this flame that he suspected was Lumina, which was arising inside his body.

Enoch had claimed that he was the Primordial Record, but Rowan found it hard to believe due to many reasons, and the primary concern he had was that being a Singularity as powerful as the Primordial Record was suspected to require much more power than he could ever acquire.

Rowan had come across the Primordials and knew the power they controlled, and this was them mastering a single Origin Force. If by consuming all the lives here meant that Rowan would hold all other Origin Forces inside his body, that meant there must be something more to catalyze this process.

It would require a sort of power that was incredibly potent and yet fully aware, and this power would have to be... Rowan paused this line of thought and looked at the invisible flames burning inside his heart, which were slowly merging with his consciousness. Was this the answer, the reason why Enoch believed he was becoming the Primordial Record? Did Enoch already suspect that he had Lumina inside of him, or did he suspect something else?

The fact that Rowan could survive for so long and consume so much of the lost lives of existence meant that Enoch was becoming deeply suspicious of his capabilities, and while he had claimed that Rowan would not survive the next sojourn outside the cave, Enoch could not be sure about Rowan's capabilities.

All Rowan knew at this point was that to become the Primordial Record, something more was needed and there was no way Enoch was not aware of this, and the reason he was telling Rowan his story was not just to come clean from the troubles of his past; there was a deeper meaning to all of this, and one Rowan suspected would soon come to light. Enoch was building up to something, and by the time he unleashes it, Rowan had better be prepared.

Enoch did not take a long time to continue his story, but something about his tone and demeanor had changed. If eradicating existence and the race that ruled over it did not draw any sort of reaction from him, what happened next seemed to have affected him more deeply, but Rowan was not surprised; he did not need much to know that Enoch cared only about one thing in existence, and that was himself.

"You see, like you, I had wielded the fundamental force behind existence, and by sheer luck, I satisfied one of its primary rules, which was one of equal exchange. I wanted change and the power of End responded, and when everything I knew was lost, something new took its place, and for a long time, even till this moment, I often wonder if my action was what gave birth to a force like End, or if this power was always here, waiting for someone perceptive and powerful enough to touch it."

This time Enoch reached forward and cupped the air with his right palm before closing his hand as if he had just grabbed the air. He brought it slowly before his face, and he gently opened his palm, and within it, Rowan could see... *something*.

It resembled a wisp of gray smoke that soon vanished, but he was aware that he was able to see this wisp only because he was in this place that could be built literally out of the power of End, and the number one wielder of this power was the one manipulating it.

"Were you able to see it?" Enoch called out in excitement; the light in his eyes was almost childish, and Rowan nodded his affirmation.

"It is a shame that I can not show you more of the power of End, it is not beautiful like the Lumina. Nothing can take its place, and I have lived long enough to know this. I am the oldest being in existence, and I have not seen anything like the light of the Luminous. The power of End does not need beauty, because it has something that Lumina lacks, and that is pure power, of a sort where everything you have ever known is nothing before it. I discovered that End does not need to understand the subject it changes, it simply changes it... It can do anything if you only have the fuel to feed it. Or maybe I am wrong, but... but...." Enoch gave a manic laughter, and the black lips stretched across his face like a serpent, and the light in his eyes became darker. There was madness here, one that had become warped by associating with a being like Enoch, giving birth to a monster, "I can

never be sure of this! Can you imagine, spending so much time contemplating the intricacies of this power that I have done and understanding that you still know less of it, just like the first time you saw it?”

Rowan’s eyes tightened as he asked a question for the first time in a long while, “When the Lumina vanished, what did you find in the darkness and the chaos of the ever-expanding existence?”

Enoch’s focus, which was on the last vanishing wisp of End in his palm, looked up, his eyes burning with dark flames that made Rowan’s skin crawl. It was as if Evil Incarnate was staring at him, but then Enoch closed his eyes, and that sensation vanished.

“I found End, and so much more, but at first I did not know what this power was, all I know was that in the vast expanse that existence was becoming, there was a force at the center of everything and because I was the one who had touched it so deeply, it remained close to me, and I could feel it, near my skin. Then I did what I had craved from the moment of my birth, I began to experiment with the darkness and the chaos using the power surrounding my skin.”

Chapter 1909: Experiments With End (2)

“Surely you must know what it feels like,” Enoch started his last part of his tale, “the allure of being a Creator. With the aftermath of the absolute annihilation I unleashed, this power brought me my reward, and at first, I did not understand what it was offering me. But I reached for it and saw... End. Oh, Rowan, I wish you could see it as I once did at that time for the first time... I was the first to see this power, and I think it did not know how to appear in a mind that saw existence the way I did, how could it?”

Rowan sighed and settled back on his throne. Enoch may not think he could see this scene clearly, but Rowan could; he could see much more than Enoch believed. He saw Enoch mutter aloud the word, “End,” for the first time, and although Rowan did not get the entire meaning of that power as Enoch would have at that moment, he got enough, any more, and his cover would have been blown when his head exploded from holding all of those concepts in mind.

End was not power like he believed it to be; instead, it was more like a revelation. It was older than light, older than the concept of old. It was the shadow cast by existence itself, the quiet that waits patiently for every story to finish speaking.

When Enoch had forged his rebellion in the white-hot heart of his Lumina-forged, when he had shattered the unchanging perfection of the Luminous, he had not done it alone. He had unknowingly dipped his hand into this deeper ocean, drawn upon a power that had never been meant for any living thing.

“The first time I called upon the power of End, I realized that it had let me borrow its power, and now it wanted the process to be completed, but I did not understand what this meant, I only knew that I had access to power beyond what I understood. I had ended existence to escape stillness and in the ruins that was left, I found motion, true motion, the kind that could only exist when something can cease. With all of this power in hand, I decided to pursue my life’s dream... I decided to experiment. A word that did not exist in the age of the Luminous.”

“I began with something small and familiar, because as much as I will like to believe I am creative, anyone born inside the society of the Luminous would find their creativity burned out of them. So I whispered my intent, and stars were born, but...”

Enoch laughed, “It was not the gentle, golden stars of the Luminous, but a violent, screaming thing the color of fresh bruises. It ignited with a roar that had no sound, aged a trillion years in the space between two thoughts, and detonated into a nebula that, from a distance that did not exist, but looked like a mouth opened in agony. I watched it die and felt something I had never felt before: wonder. And so I did it again, and again... and again. All of existence pulsed with radiance and screamed in pain as I harshly tore into them with all the joys in my heart at discovering something new and unknown.”

Enoch snapped his fingers, a loud crack in this cave that resounded like the crack of lightning, “And I discovered even in the throes of my newfound joy that the power given to me by End had hardly budged. I had carelessly unleashed so much power, but I could as well be lighting a matchstick. At that time, I had not understood that the benefits gained from destroying existence could mean so much... and so little.”

“With so much power available to me, I began to create worlds whose size was so massive that Realities would be nothing but a grain of sand on their endless beaches. One planet was an ocean of liquid diamond under a sky of perpetual lightning and another was a desert of broken mirrors where every grain of sand reflected a different moment that had never happened.”

Enoch smiled almost fondly as if he was recalling good memories, and Rowan simply remained silent and watched those memories blaze across his consciousness, filling him with dread and awe. He understood where the awe came from, and also the dread, because he could almost see what was coming next.

“Bored with creating lifeless worlds, I began to make forests of glass that sang when the wind cut them, and the wind was made of memories that did not exist. It was natural for me to take the next step and move beyond plants to all manner of beasts that crawled, flew, and swam across these places. Things with too many wings and not enough mercy, things that loved and killed in the same heartbeat, things that aged backward from death to infancy and then to dust in a single afternoon. So much chaos, so many possibilities, but I knew I could still do more, and so I began to truly solidify all the concepts I was creating, ensuring that they become rules. That was the beginning of my downfall.”

Enoch closed his eyes and was silent for a long time, and when he opened them, all emotions in his eyes were gone, leaving only two cold, dead orbs of black.

“Time, one of my favorite concepts because I believe it represents the core of change, was spread across all of my creation, and where once there was a still pond, now it raged like a river in flood. All the other concepts grew, and so consciousness was born from them, and life, chaotic and raw, bloomed all over existence. By the light, I was so fascinated by it all.”

“In this manner, I watched a moon I had made orbit its planet backward, trailing silver blood that rained upward into a sky that devoured it. I watched lovers on a crystal plain age into children and then into nothing while still embracing. I watched gods, and these were actual gods, Rowan, born from the chaos I had seeded, rise and fall and war and fuck and die in the span of a single cosmic breath. It was beautiful. It was everything I had ever wanted. And I did not notice the cost until it was too late.”

With these words, Enoch went silent for so long that Rowan almost believed that he would no longer speak, not after more than two hundred thousand years had gone by. At this time, Rowan had fully completed the seventeenth layer of the Nameless techniques, and he decided to wait for another hundred thousand years for Enoch to continue his story, or he would brave the threat of death and continue carrying the weight of all existence.

However, he could not deny that the words from Enoch had begun to show him a different perspective on existence, and Rowan wondered if he should be worried about this.

As always, when Enoch began to speak, there was no warning,

“Creation is intoxicating when you have spent eternity in stillness. Each new world was a defiance, each dying star a slap aimed at the memory of endless perfection. I spun galaxies like coins on fingertips that no longer existed, shattered them for the pleasure of hearing something break, then spun new ones uglier and more alive. I made music that killed the listener and then resurrected them with the memory of their own death etched into their bones. I made colors that had no names and emotions that ate the minds that felt them... Why did I not notice when the edges of my being began to fray?”

Chapter 1910: Experiment With End (Final)

“It started softly, but I was too drunk on the allure of my creation to care.”

After all this time, Rowan had acclimated to the vision of the past, and now the voice of Enoch was in the background, and the memories of that time took center stage in his consciousness. And Rowan knew instinctively that this memory could not be faked, and Enoch could no longer hide anything from him. The truth had a certain momentum, and after a threshold was crossed, there was no longer anything holding it back.

Rowan could see it; in the distance was a bright violet star, so massive that the present size of his body would be lost inside of it, and if he wanted to travel across this entire star, it would take him thousands of years, even with his greatest speed that made the speed of light appear like the crawling of a snail.

This star flickered when Enoch looked away, as if unsure whether it was allowed to exist without his constant attention. Not far from the star was a glass forest whose melodies were beloved by Enoch, and its song paused midnote without Enoch's ears listening to it; even the many new gods who were aware of a vast presence watching all over existence began to sense that he was becoming more distant.

But Enoch had not fully understood what was happening, this were minor incident in an ever increasing expanse, and Enoch did not concentrate on what was behind him, he kept pursuing infinity and scattering new creations, delighting in every new things he was making... he had long forgotten to check if the price he had paid for the miracle of creation had run out, because a part of him believed that it would never end.

Not once did the process of creation feel strenuous, and Enoch could not understand why the magnificent power of End would ever have a limit; a thought like that was almost blasphemous to the senses.

However, even though he was not paying attention, the thinning continued, and Rowan was watching everything firsthand.

At first Enoch who had lost his wings still retained his beauty and vitality, his long white hair were luscious and bright, signifying his esteemed bloodline and power, Rowan was well aware that the bloodline of the Luminous should be ranked as the greatest bloodline to ever exist, and existence as it was should not be able to create or hold this bloodline anymore, because for a bloodline like that to exist, then this existence must change, and if for any reason tha bloodline appeared, then it influence would slowly change all of existence, transforming it into a realm of order.

Enoch had lost a lot of power when he cast away his Wings of Lumina, but he was still incredibly powerful, and judging from the memories, Rowan believed that Enoch, even without his wings, was strong enough to challenge and kill all seven of the Primordials in the present, including his main body.

Yet as he watched, he saw the white hair of Enoch turned black before it started to whither away, his body that was perfect and filled with strength began to shrink and slowly but surely, Enoch was losing his immortality and growing old, but he did not care... creation in all its wonders was at his fingertips and he kept pushing, the mad light in his eyes growing stronger with every passing moment.

The awareness of how deeply he had fallen came to Enoch when he created a world, which was a sphere of living fire where mountains screamed and rivers wept diamonds and tried to touch it the way he once touched the crystal spires of the Luminous.

He wanted to feel the heat, to press his palm against a volcano and know he had made it... and his intention passed through the planet like breath through smoke. The volcano kept erupting, indifferent.

For the first time since the end, panic flickered in what remained of him.

Enoch turned inward, and what he saw made him scream, but no sound emerged from his throat.

There was no body; he no longer had one. There had not been for longer than he realized. Only a filament now, a single glowing thread stretched thin across the vastness of his creations.

Rowan tried not to see the familiarity in this thread when he transformed into a dimension and became a one dimensional being.

However, unlike him, this thread was fraying, strand by strand, like a rope made of light and regret. Each time Enoch had used End to force change upon the void, each star he ignited, each god he birthed, each law of physics he twisted into a new shape, a piece of that thread unraveled and became the change itself.

He had been paying in installments and the boosts of power he had gained for destroying existence once had long been exhausted.

Every screaming mountain, every backward-orbiting moon, every creature that lived and died in glorious, terrifying freedom, had been bought with a piece of his soul.

Enoch understood then, with the clarity of a last breath: End was not a tool. It was a transaction. He had asked for change, and change had agreed, but only on the condition that he become the raw material.

He knew that the creations were not his children. They were his corpse, animated, and so he tried to stop.

Still, Enoch had made a grave miscalculation. He had been born in a realm that was extremely massive, yet still had a limit, and when he was in this new realm created by his actions, at first it was many times smaller than the previous existence he had known and although he knew that it was expanding, caught in the allure of creation, Enoch had not checked how much this realm was growing.

His actions stirred the void, forcing existence to stretch and expand faster than it should have, until it became faster than he had once calculated when he saw the expansion of this realm for the first time. By now, the present state of existence was already a million times greater than his previous realm, and Enoch had filled it all with endless creation.

Enoch wanted change, but this change was supposed to serve his amusement, he was not creating for the act to take from him; he was creating for the act to serve his needs.

Aware of this, Enoch stopped his act of endless creation and decided to pull back his power, and he discovered to his horror that End did not accept refunds.

He was like a rubber band that had been stretched beyond its limits, and he discovered that he no longer had any elasticity to rebound back to his previous self. But the bad news had not ended.

The power of End surged through him without permission now, like a tide that had learned his name. His fraying thread vibrated with it. A new galaxy spiraled into being against his will, full of worlds where gravity sang opera and the stars were made of regret. He felt himself pour into them, thinning further.

He screamed and screamed but his horror was quiet. Enoch had long passed the threshold, and even if he wanted, creation would not stop until every part of him was gone.

Chapter 1911: The Thread Snaps

Chapter 1911: The Thread Snaps

Rowan had met a lot of selfish individuals in his life whose narcissistic traits had become fused to the core of their being. To become a god or an immortal requires an individual to have the desire to dominate and suppress everyone and everything around them. Why should they walk the same path as the masses or allow death's cold hands to touch them after a few decades? If to live for longer or acquire enough powers to crush the stars, then they would gladly drain the essence of everything around them to empower their ascent. Every immortal, even Rowan, had done the same thing, but Enoch was on a league of his own.

Although born a Luminous, a being of incredible power, Enoch never saw himself as part of his race, and even if he did, the well-being of his entire existence meant nothing before his goals. Logically speaking, there was no way Enoch would be able to tell if the destruction of everything he knew would lead to change; he had no reason to know that a power like End existed, and he had just ended all of existence because they did not follow his whims.

Enoch was born with supreme power, and so he did not have to fight against existence to grant him more strength. There were many ways he could have set out to bring change across existence, and Rowan believed that with his innate power, in time, Enoch might have brought about sweeping change across the society of the Luminous. It would have been slow and backbreaking, but he would have changed existence by his Will alone; but his responses were fatalistic.

For such a consummate selfish being who saw everything around him as a means of satisfying his desire, Rowan did not need to imagine what Enoch would do when he noticed that his passion had led to existence eating him. Rowan was correct.

In the visions, he could see Enoch screaming his rage and disbelief into the void as more of his body was drawn away from him. There should have been no way that his cries should have been able to do this, but it spread across the expanding existence and began to cause changes, such was the depths of his rage.

His scream crossed a thousand nascent Realities that were beginning to find their personality and became a supernova that lit them all for seven perfect seconds before collapsing into a black hole that devoured its own light alongside these new Realities.

The newborn gods, who were among the few who could still hear the voice of Enoch, looked up and wept, because they felt their father dying in the act of giving them birth, they could sense his rage, and where once there had been joy and the endless freedom to pursue the myriad path being created by him, now the voice of Enoch only held rage.

Rowan could see that, despite the incredible selfishness of Enoch that led to the destruction of the first realm of existence, what he had managed to create out of its end was marvellous. Rowan could not speak for the Luminious because he had briefly glimpsed their form in Enoch stories, but something in him told him that if they saw the result of what Enoch created out of their ashes, they would be happy.

It was not as if the Luminious did not appreciate change; they were only incapable of it, and if one of their number could create an infinite number of lives and spectacles that made all of existence sing, Rowan knew they would be proud.

However, Enoch did not care for any of this; he fought against his impending demise. His rage had not ended, but it had become tempered by fear, and so he began to rebel against the pull.

He clawed at the edges of himself, trying to hold the thread together with sheer stubbornness, and Rowan could not help but admire and fear the passion with which Enoch fought to keep himself from falling into eternal darkness.

Rowan could see Enoch remembering being a child in the Eternal Spire, watching flowers open and close in perfect, predictable rhythm. Enoch remembered the rage that had driven him to murder eternity. He remembered wanting surprise more than he wanted to exist, and Rowan almost jerked on his throne when the Memory of Enoch screamed into eternity.

“I was wrong,” he roared to the power of End. “I’ll take it back. I’ll unmake them. Just give me back myself.”

The End did not answer. It only drew more from him. Enoch had entered too deeply, and there was no way to pull himself away from the brink.

Rowan watched all of this with a complicated feeling in his heart. As a bystander, he could see so much more. He watched Enoch rage, and in his madness, he did not notice that the last of his creations emerging from his nearly exhausted essence were the most beautiful beings ever to walk this present realm of existence, and Rowan, who was a creator, could attest to this.

He could see a planet where every creature was born knowing it would die in exactly one hour, and spent that hour falling in love with everything it saw. He saw a star that sang its own death song in a voice that shattered moons. A species of beings made entirely of goodbyes, who spent their brief lives teaching each other how to leave gracefully.

Enoch felt each one peel away another layer of what he had been, and he did not appreciate the magnificence he had been blessed with, and Rowan wanted to scream, “Look at the miracles that arises from your flesh, you should be grateful and thankful that a part of you made something like this to exist, instead your vision is so narrow.”

Of course, even if he screamed, this was all in the past, and it was impossible for him to change it, and he suspects that even if Enoch could see and hear him, it would be meaningless.

“When the final strand of my Will stretched too thin to hold, I saw it all at once: a multiverse teeming with unpredictable, vicious, magnificent life. Every atom of it had once been part of me. Every screaming mountain, every bleeding moon, every god who rose and fell in terror and wonder; they were my dismembered self, given new names and new hungers.

In the center of it all floated a perfect, aching absence shaped like a boy who had wanted too much.

I tried to speak one last time. Perhaps I wanted to apologize, or warn them, or simply say my own name so someone would remember it. At this time, I had fought for as long as I could, and I had accepted my fate.

But there were no mouths left in any of the nascent Realities that knew the shape of Enoch.

All of Existence kept spinning, wild and free and forever. They would never know they had been paid for with the only soul who understood what true stillness felt like.

And in the place where everything ends, End itself finally closed its eyes, satisfied. The transaction was complete. Change had won at the cost of the only being who had ever truly wanted it.

The thread snapped. I snapped.”

Chapter 1912: A Dance of Death And Madness

REALM OF DEATH – BATTLEFIELD OF ANNIHILATION.

The Primordials had been locked inside a state of delirium and madness for too long, and so when they went to war against Death, of all the tools they could have used in order to fight what would most likely be an extended battle, they chose to charge forward with their own bodies.

This strategy was madness. The Beast of Final Rest had gathered a lot of power over the years he had spent gathering the dead from the broken Realities left behind in the wake of the Primordial’s path, and it should be an extremely powerful foe that they needed to fight with care.

The best method they should have been using was similar to what Death was presently doing; they should have been releasing armies of their own to combat against the endless armies of the dead. The beast was not fighting the Primordials directly; instead, its strength was being expressed through its armies, and so it could stand back and watch the war happen, while documenting the strengths and weaknesses of the Primordials.

Among all the entities inside of Limbo, Death was the only one who could claim that it had seen the Primordials at their peak before madness took over their minds. It knew how they fought, but that intelligence was no longer correct; the Primordials were different from their previous selves, stronger and more vicious, and from their present actions, their confidence was unmatched.

In this Field of Annihilation created by Death, which covered its entire realm, giving its armies the chance to recover and fight at their peak, the seven Primordials with wings wide open, tore through the forcefield that covered the entirety of the realm of death as if it were a soap bubble. An average Primordial passing through this field would rapidly age until they were dust, but the Primordials shrugged off the effect of this forcefield by the sheer strength of their bodies alone, and the endless waves of vitality draining power that filled the battlefield was like pouring a cup of water into a volcano to douse it... It did nothing.

Entering the battlefield, the armored feet of the seven Primordials touched the deathly ground, and Nyxara glanced at it before she smiled, “How many of the dead can we lay to rest in a single era? I am curious to find out. That beast insults us by fighting with his proxy soldiers; let us show him what true power means.”

The seven Primordials did not attack as separate beings, after all, they came from one root; alone, they were strong, but together, they were matchless. They struck as one weapon.

Nyxara folded space around them until the seven bodies occupied the same point, wings interlaced like a single black flower opening its petals of annihilation. Their higher-dimensional flesh was simultaneously merged together yet separated, and their wings, now shining black, rose up over the vision of horror they had transformed into, causing trillions of the dead who lay eyes upon them to go mad before their bodies and souls collapsed into nothing.

In this form, the Primordials were the Spear of Original Sin, the living refutation of everything Death had ever hoarded, and a direct window into the heart of their maker, Enoch, who hated and feared the concept of death above all.

Seven faces that seemed to merge with each other, then separate before rotating into unknown vectors, looked upon the charging armies, and one of the faces smiled and pushed to the fore; it was Asteroath, Primordial Light.

His body struggled to emerge from the collective grasp of the others, as multiple arms seemed to be fighting to hold him back, and he cried and laughed at the same time, his body tearing apart, causing black blood to pour from the collective bodies of the Primordials, and allowing Asteroath to partly emerge from the pile of bodies, he looked towards the armies and screamed, from the back of his throat, a spark ignited into a ray that was not light but the concept of revelation made lethal.

This concept expressed itself in the physical dimension like a column of light burning brighter than a million supernovae exploding at the same time, and it pierced through the armies in front of the Primordials without any of the forces arrayed against them being able to stop it.

Everything in its path was erased so completely that their existence became invalidated, but it did not end there. With nothing having the power to stop this move from Asteroath, it continued traveling through the Realms of Death, and in the blink of an eye, thirteen million Regions simply forgot they had ever existed.

Their dead, their generals, their harvested Origin Force, all retroactively unborn. A soundless erasure rippled outward, as a circle of pure nothing, thirteen million Regions wide, was etched into Limbo, and yet this ray of light could not be stopped by anything rising before it, and if this trend continued, then it was possible for the entirety of the realm of Death to be sliced in two.

Before this battle began, the Realm of Death, with its infinite regions, appeared to be a mountain that could not be crossed by anything, but in a single salvo, the omnipotence of Death was challenged.

The Beast of Final Rest understood in this instant that this was not a battle that could be fought with ease, and however high it had rated the Primordials, it did not do it enough. There was no way it could stand back and watch this battle proceed as it had previously envisioned, and so Death answered in the same heartbeat.

From the depths of every remaining Region, a single black tendon whipped out: each tendon the compressed final breath of an entire murdered multiverse. Each tendon could be stretched almost infinitely, and they let out haunting cries that brought sound to this unearthly battlefield where an uncountable number of the dead had just been wiped out in complete silence.

Billions upon billions of black tendons lashed toward the ray of light as they seemed to fight among themselves to reach the ray of light first.

They struck Asteroath's ray with a sound that was beyond madness, and the collision birthed a wound in Limbo itself: a screaming chorus of anti-time where past and future devoured each other. This attack shattered the light of revelation from the Primordial, but an unknown number of tendons were lost in the process.

However, the Realms of Death that had been shattered by the light of revelation were beginning to recover, but a closer look would reveal that these realms were new and had never been seen before. As it turned out, not only could the Primordials keep a secret. Death had amassed more realms than it showed on the surface. To avoid expanding more than it should, he had kept a lot of his realms inside unknown dimensional pockets, and in the blink of an eye, all the spaces shattered by the blast from Asteroath were replaced. A new crop of the endless armies of the dead arose and poured down upon the Primordials.

Xylos unfolded next from the merger of bodies, pushing down the angered Asteroath and pushing out his black wings that first exploded out of their bodies in a spray of gore, before the wings exploded one more time into a storm of abyssal feathers.

Each feather was a memory of the first betrayal ever committed, and they punched through the frontal ranks of skeletal colossi like railguns fired through paper.

Where a feather lodged, the colossus inverted: bones became hungry voids, necrotic runes became mouths. In moments, an entire phalanx of empire-forged giants turned on their own lines, devouring legion after legion in a chain reaction of self-cannibalism that swallowed a hundred million Regions before the Beast of Final Rest severed the corrupted dead from its Will.

From the seven mouths of the Primordials in one body were moans and giggles as they groaned, "More... more..." It was impossible to know if they were experiencing pleasure or pain from the sound of their warped voices.

Chapter 1913: Falling With Folded Wings (1)

The armies of the dead were made to be invincible and unrelenting, the un-life that beat in the center of their chest was supposed to provide the armies of the dead with infinite vitality, and battling them would be like striking at water hoping it would bleed, but nothing in existence were meant to withstand the onslaught of Primordials, and the Incarnation of Rowan inside the Cradle of Enoch would understand that this was partly due to the origins of the Primordials that predated the birth of Limbo and existence as a whole.

Their moves, which tore through existence, carried a power that the Beast of Final Rest could not understand, but one thing it had going for it was the fact that its armies and his deathly regions could be regarded as infinite.

It may have torn off a portion of its Will to discard the corruption from Xylos's attacks, but that did not hamper its power, more regions emerged from nothing and his armies further swelled.

This battle on the surface may resemble one of attrition, but it went far deeper than this, and only Primordials would be able to understand the intricacies of the battle that went far deeper than it appears.

In the shifting mass of bodies and wings that the Primordials had become, a large hand seized Xylos by the neck and pushed him down, and Eldrithor emerged laughing.

His laughter was the sound of collapsing probability. The sound was like a shriek being played in reverse.

Eldrithor's voice reached into the possible and pulled out the version of existence where Death's vanguard had already lost. He was chaos and disorder, and yet, in their present form, Eldrithor could use order to command chaos.

And his voice rippled across countless regions of Death, and in one glorious instant, the dead knelt in surrender. Eldrithor had reached into their minds, and they no longer served the Beast of Final Rest, but the Primordials.

"Destroy yourselves..." the voice said, and every single soldier in the army of Death began to turn their power inward... if Eldrithor were to succeed, then he would have wiped out every un-life in the infinite regions of Death.

However, the scale of what he was about to do, even for a Primordial as powerful as him, caused a slight delay in the reaction from the armies of Death, giving the Beast of Final Rest the chance to respond to this threat.

The Beast spoke a single syllable of inevitability, and the false history shattered like a mirror, freeing up his armies, and for the first time since the war began, the armies of Death started to roar with rage.

The backlash struck Eldrithor like a billion mirrors breaking inside his essence; shards of unrealized futures slashed his chaotic wings until storm-colored blood rained across the void.

He screamed with equal pain and pleasure, and harsh laughter emerged from the mouths of the other Primordials.

“Eldrithor, you always believe that you can fly even without wings, you did not go for half.” Xyris chuckled.

Eldrithor was still stunned and could not respond to the taunt from his brother, who pushed him downwards so he could come to the fore.

Xyris looked at the roaring armies of Death whose number had not changed since the battle began, and he snapped his fingers and aged the next wave of attackers a trillion Cosmic Eras in advance.

Even though the lifespan of the dead was considered to be nigh infinite, in the higher dimension, infinite had a limit, and even the dead could not survive this incredible passage of time that had been unleashed upon them. Even the lifespan of Limbo was not equal to a fraction of this amount.

Skeletal colossi flash-decayed into cosmic dust, their scythes rusted to nothing before they could swing. Hundreds of millions of regions of Death collapsed into ashes, and the reverberations of time swept across the battlefield, reducing the power of all the armies of Death by a third.

But Death was no longer sitting back and watching its armies be shattered. After Eldrithor had nearly ended its entire dominion with his voice, the Beast of Final Rest began to actively use his army as an extension of his Will, and despite the powers of the Primordials multiplying in their fused form, Death in his domain was powerful beyond all common sense.

Its Will pushed through the snap of Xyris and simply un-aged his armies, rolling time backward along their worldlines until they stood pristine and furious once more.

In any other place, what it had done would have been impossible, but he was inside his domain, and his Will was invincible. He crushed the time of the Primordial and injected his rage into his armies.

The recoil slammed into Xyris and stole the color from half his purple wings; they hung gray and brittle, flaking into frozen yesterdays. And now Eldrithor had recovered, and he began to laugh.

“The guard of the Beast is now up, Xyris. You have to do better than this.”

Growling with frustration, Xyris allowed himself to be pushed down so that Elgorath could take charge, and none of the hands of the other Primordials held him back; in fact, they were pushing him forward, and he emerged a being of golden beauty out of a mass of horror.

Elgorath spread golden wings wide, and his radiance was echoed through the armies of the dead, and it forced the dead to remember joy.

Trillions of soul-fires flickered as forgotten names, lovers, creations, and songs returned to them. An entire flank of the army hesitated, weapons lowering. Some dropped their scythes and reached toward phantom families. For one terrible, merciful moment, the war paused on a knife-edge of impossible redemption.

“Yes, remember all you have lost, and then lose them again!”

The Beast of Final Rest would not allow this to continue, as its consciousness pulsed with icy focus, it knew that these were all testing shots fired by the Primordials, but their danger could not be underestimated.

It burned the memories from the dead out a second time, hotter and cleaner than the first when their souls entered its domain after they left the mortal coil. The hesitating dead flash-calcified into statues of black glass, then detonated into shrapnel that scythes that curved unerringly toward Elgorath, directed by the Will of Death.

Elgorath’s eyes widened in surprise as he folded his wings into a sun-shield; the shrapnel struck and lodged there, each piece a stolen happiness now made into a nail. His golden light dimmed as though eclipsed from within, and he was rebuffed into the fold of bodies. Like a silver phantom, Vorthas walked through the bodies of the Primordials, but he was still connected to them by what resembled an umbilical cord made of shadows. He stepped forward alone through the maelstrom of golden memories that was raining down like meteors, yet none was able to touch him.

Where his feet touched the newly formed battlefield of compressed corpses, green fire raced outward in root systems of pure life. Bone sprouted muscle, muscle grew hearts, hearts beat once with desperate hope before Vorthas crushed them again with his own hands, and like a cancer, the effect of his power began to spread.

He was denying the Beast its harvest, killing the dead a second time so thoroughly they could never be reclaimed, and Death took a moment to respond before pouring out his essence onto the battlefield. Vorthas was life, and Death knew that its power was the best weapon against this Primordial; they were both their greatest weaknesses.

Vorthas grinned when he felt the power of Death connect through the spreading root systems he had placed upon the battlefield, and he accepted the power, if it meant his reach could not be severed. He continued walking forward, each murder of the dead

costing him. Tumors of wild growth blossomed across his green wings, his feathers splitting into bark and cancerous leaves.

Chapter 1914: Falling With Folded Wings (Final)

Vorthas could withstand the infinite deathly essence of the Beast, but not for long, but he had held on long enough for the Primordials to finally gauge the power that the Beast had to offer, although they knew that this was far from the limit of Death, it was enough for them to push through, and behind Vorthas, the six Primordials suddenly split apart, and they began attacking.

Although this opening salvo between Death and the Primordials seemed to have taken a relatively short time, that was only because the perception of these entities was far too powerful. It should be noted that the regions of Death were so broad that it would take an immortal trillions of years to cross it at a straight line travelling many times the speed of light, not to mention exploring more of its depths.

Except for attacks at the Primordial level, any other lesser dimensional attacks would take forever to even cross a single region of Death.

Every attack by the Primordials had crossed an infinite amount of space and time to reach their target, and following the general trend of time that guided all of Limbo, a century had already passed. Ninety years ago, the Primordials had felt the tethers placed inside Eosah's Reality being suppressed before they finally snapped, but this did not concern them because their principal interest, Eos, was still being monitored.

That broken Reality was given to him as a prize, and he could vent his fury on it however he liked. His part of the story was over, and if they did not fear the complications that may arise if they killed him before they were prepared, then Eos would be dead.

This battle with Death would take a long time, but to the Primordials, time was meaningless.

A century had passed, and it was only now that the Primordials began to attack in earnest, each of them leveraging their unique powers to attack and decimate millions of regions at a time.

And among them, silent like a wraith, Nyxara stalked through the battlefield, a shadow among cataclysm, and she did not strike at their enemies; instead, she served a much important function, she was harvesting.

Every time Asteroath erased a Region, she inhaled its unmaking. Every colossus Xylos corrupted and every memory Elgorath restored, she caught the excess Origin Force on

black soul-wings and fed it to her siblings in thin, precise streams, knitting wounds almost as fast as they opened.

Her actions were making it impossible for Death to reclaim the area taken from its domain, as Nyxara ensured there was nothing behind for it to take. She served as the healer for her siblings, processing vast amounts of deathly essence that should have broken their bodies and delayed their progress into healing rays.

Her presence alone had changed the entire dynamics of the battle, and the Beast roared his rage, but its cries were silent as its fury deepened. The Beast finally spoke then, its voice arriving simultaneously in every mind that had ever died and in the seven living ones:

“You waste your eternity on the shell. Come inside, little thieves, and I will show you what I have become.”

The Primordials looked at each other before they grinned, and their answer was to accelerate their progress, as they were no longer holding back.

They punched through the first billion Regions like a bullet through paper. Behind them, the outer shell of Death’s empire folded inward, trying to seal the breach, but the seven tore onward, carving a tunnel of absolute devastation deeper into the Realm. Every layer they breached revealed worse defenders as Death was hiding its biggest aces deeper into his domain.

There were legions of dead Primordial-era titans, each the height of a galaxy cluster, wielding weapons forged from the birthcries of stillborn universes. Swarms of fractal ghosts that existed in negative space, attacking the concept of location itself, even rivers of liquefied regret that drowned the mind before the body, and this was the smallest part of Death’s offering.

For the first time since this war began, the Primordials were stalled as they experienced the toughest battle since their reawakening, and if not for the actions of Nyxara, they would have been pushed back.

The Primordials had killed a lot of beings when they were in their maddened state and knew nothing but hunger and pain. Some of the beings they had killed were truly great abominations, many of them were older than the Primordials and were created by Enoch in the crazy period of his life when he was not holding back on utilizing the power of End.

Although they were mad, the Primordials at that time had been truly unstoppable juggernauts, and slowly but surely, they erased a majority of these great powers, and if there were any remaining, they were well hidden.

Death had followed behind like a carrion, and it had harvested the souls of those he was able to lure into his kingdom. The power of these beings was so great that if they decided

to rebel against the call of Death, it would have to destroy them since it could not control them.

But the Beast of Final Rest had made a promise to all of them that there would come a time when the Primordials would be at their mercy, and at that time, their revenge could be had.

Now, the time had arrived. The Primordials might have regained their sanity, but this had cost them the impossible power that allowed them to steamroll over the entirety of Limbo without challenge, now they were meeting forces that had the power to end their existence, and their roar of defiance could be heard all throughout the regions of Death, as the battlefield shook over the clash of these cataclysmic powers.

The battle was frantic as no quarters were given or taken; a single mistake and the Primordials would be pushed back, and if they allowed these mistakes to compound, they would fall here.

This crazy battle went on for a thousand years.

By the passing of this millennium, the Primordials had claimed a sphere one billion Regions wide, an empire of erasure at the edge of Death's dominion.

But Asteroath's wings were already dim, streaked with veins of black necrosis. Vorthas bled sap and spores. Elgorath's golden feathers had begun to fall like dying stars.

And Death's army had not diminished at all. The outer legions simply stepped forward across the corpses of their predecessors, silent, endless, patient.

Seven exhausted Primordials ringed by an ocean of dead that stretched to every horizon and beyond, into dimensions that had no name.

Nyxara looked upon the infinite host, then at her wounded siblings, and spoke the first words uttered since the charge began:

"Beautiful, I have taken its measure," she said, smiling with blood on her teeth. "It has only taken us a thousand one hundred years to gain this much ground and to make the Beast flinch. At this rate, only seven thousand, seven hundred and seventy-six more, and it will be on its knees."

She spread her wings, still pristine black, and the war moved into its second phase.

The dead advanced without sound.

The Primordials met them without fear.

The grinding had only just begun.

Chapter 1915: The Primordial of Endless Kindling

EOSAH'S REALITY.

Rowan had expected that the war between the Primordials and Death would take a long time, but he could never be sure the tools available to powers of this level, and he would not be shocked if an unknown weapon or power would surface which could end the war in an instant, and so he could not place all his cards on the chance that the war would take a long time.

A decade was expected, perhaps even a century; most of Rowan's battles, when calculated with the universal flow of time of Limbo, have been short, mostly because Rowan always tried to fight his battles when he had the greatest amount of advantage, so he could completely eliminate the risk of battle.

What he had not expected was for the war to take a thousand years, and only now was it getting heated. However, this was all great news for him due to the fact that Rowan and his main body Eos had sliced off a unique space around them where the flow of time was accelerated, yet remained incredibly stable.

Inside Eosah's Reality, a decade on the outside equaled a million years inside, and then, inside his Origin Land, that time stretched to ten million years.

With a thousand years passing by, ten million years had gone by inside Eosah's Reality, while inside the Origin Land, a hundred million years had passed.

This was a long time for anyone, especially for Rowan and Eos, whose plans to change Reality came with a lot of challenges, and they required every bit of time he could scrape out. If it was possible for him to stretch time further without hampering the development of those within it, Eos would have done so, but as it was, he was already bearing so much backlash from bending time on such a large scale for lower dimensional beings.

Manipulating time around himself was his Incarnation was easy; they were higher dimensional entities, and they had transcended the dimension of time in some form, but lower dimensional beings were directly linked to the streams of time that governed the entirety of Limbo, and carrying all of them out of this river was strenuous enough as he bore the weight of this decision.

Yet, Eos did not regret his decisions, even if his sacrifice did not eventually lead to any meaningful outcomes and the Primordials or any of his enemies won in the end... he knew in the end that it was the journey that mattered for him more than the destination.

The time he had given to these people, they were precious, and even if the time they had to enjoy true freedom was a few million years, it was more than enough. So, even if they did not achieve much, he was okay with it, but as it turned out, they exceeded his expectations, causing Rowan and Eos to wonder if the actions of the Primordials and the overall state of Limbo had caused the potential of everyone in Reality to fall.

In ten million years, there were nine new Primordials, making the number of Primordials under his care to balloon to ten, and if the trend of things continued in this manner, then it would not be impossible for more Primordials to be born, however, what was most fascinating was that half of these new Primordials did not emerge from Eosah's Reality, but were his children, the Elythrii.

Granted, the time flow inside his Origin Land was ten times greater than what was available outside of it, but that was meaningless in the grand scheme of things. If an individual did not have the potential to become a Primordial, then it would not matter how many years they were given; they would never be able to cross this step.

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Circe Boreas, Daughter of the Storm, did not know she would become a Primordial in less than four hundred thousand years, making her the third Primordial to be born in this new reality, after Eva, who became the Primordial of Transformation, and Telmus, the Primordial of Defiant Ascension.

Eva's ascension to the level of Primordial happened very quickly, in less than fifty thousand years. She had poured out every karma associated with Primordial Light into his living corpse that Rowan had chained in the foundation of this new Reality, and free of the burdens of her past, her incredible talents took over.

It was on that day that everything changed. The presence of Telmus was a great boost to the confidence of all life that the road to the level of Primordial was possible, but his ascension had been a relatively quiet affair, hidden from the eyes of all except Rowan. With the ascension of Eva, the Primordial of Revelation, it was different; everyone had seen it, from the unborn babe in the womb to the dead inside the grave.

She had ascended inside the Origin Land, but the light of her ascension had exploded all throughout the Road of Eternity, painting the entire road in a hue of gold and fire, and granting countless benefits to those who stood on the bridge that day, directly causing a lot of lifeform all over Reality to worship her as their chosen Primordial and pray that she granted them the bloodline of Revelations.

Inside Eosah's Reality, Eva the Primordial of Revelations had the greatest number of worshippers, not that she cared about that.

Circe was sitting before a large mirror, looking at her perfect reflection, and tucked one of her errant blue curls behind her ears, and her eyes looked outside the large ornate window of the living castle to look upon the Road of Eternity.

This road that cut across all of Reality and then plunged into the Origin Land of Eos. Everyone inside Reality who wanted to embark on the path of cultivation would connect their soul, spirit, and body to this road, and anytime they wanted to ascend to a new level, their soul would be drawn to this road, and they would walk along this road until they reached their limit.

If they were able to cross a certain threshold, then their power base would increase and they would reach the next level. It was a simple and effective method that Rowan had created for the advancement of power, but as always, the complexity behind this process was hidden underneath the surface, and only those who were wise enough could slowly decipher this process.

So, on this road were the souls of everyone who wishes to become more than they were at their birth.

Since that time, the light on the Road of Eternity had shone eight more times for the birth of each new Primordial, and Circe was among their earliest number. She did not need to close her eyes to feel the hundreds of billions of worshippers she had across Reality chanting her name and calling on her grace and wisdom... sometimes, it was all she could hear.

Circe could, of course, block it out entirely and easily assign the sounds of all those who worshipped her to a subordinate, and this was the wisest course of action, but she would not flee from her responsibility. It was distracting, but she listened to every prayer from the billions who had taken up her bloodline, and every day the Primordial of Endless kindling took up her position with all the gravitas that it was required of her.

Chapter 1916: Transferring Authority (1)

Circe looked at her Reflection one more time before she stood up and exited the room with a graceful pace that looked as if she was gliding across the ground. She loved living inside this castle despite the fact that she had a domain inside the Origin Land built from her enhanced Ether and Essence and connected to the Core of Eos, where the constant ocean of power below the earth was feeding her strength with every passing day, and she believed that it would not be long before she would reach the first layer of her Origin.

It would be happening any day now, and she would have reached the first level of her Origin a million years ago if not for a minor snag, which was the nightmare that plagued her dreams.

The nightmares came infrequently and without any discernible order to it. Calling it a nightmare was a stretch because it did not require her to be asleep. She could be practicing her battle arts when all her senses would be suppressed and the part of her that was deeply connected to Rowan would throb like a wound and she would find herself in a field of bones that stretched without end, and when she looked up to the sky, a deluge of bones would hang suspended in the air, and as if her gaze was the primer, the bones would begin to fall.

It did not matter that she had become a Primordial; these falling bones ripped through her spirit and soul, tearing it to tatters, and every time she did not resist the power from the falling bones because she felt she was coming close to an understanding.

She should have brought this matter to Rowan, but something held her back, perhaps it was instinct, or something deeper that she could not yet explain, but this matter was kept close to her heart, and she never revealed it to anyone.

Anytime Circe wanted to speak out about this strange event happening to her, two primary reasons held her back: first, she had detected that this vision or nightmare came from the ephemeral link she shared with Rowan. If there was one thing she trusted above all in this life, and that would be this link with Rowan, and she did not fear that it could have been tampered with by anyone, she would feel it.

The second reason was due to the peculiar instructions Rowan had given her in the past. He had told her many times that sometimes his plans took a life of their own, and sometimes the only way to preserve the sanctity of these plans from the manipulations of the enemy was for the right hand not to know what the left hand was doing.

Whatever was happening to her was linked to Rowan, and even though she might never understand the reason, and it may pose a threat to her life, she was willing to keep this secret for as long as it was necessary.

Walking outside the living castle with a few steps, she stopped before a regiment of a million armored titans whose forms gleamed like the stars, led by a warrior with furry ears and a long tail. Space and time rumbled as they saluted the Primordial and neatly arranged themselves behind her.

Archimedes walked up to her smiling a secretive smile, she might have the potential of reaching the level of a Primordial but her lackadaisical attitude toward cultivation would not allow her to focus on this path, but she was very willing to be the champion of the Primordial of Endless Kindling, and this was a task she took upon herself with joy, as she was the commander of the one million Titan Guards of Circe.

“Your Majesty,” Archimedes whispered, and behind her the million Titans saluted, **“Your Majesty!”** their voices individually were not loud, but when all million of them were combined, half of Reality heard them, as this sound would cross through space and time,

and tens of thousands of years later, people in the farthest reaches of Reality would hear the salutations for the Primordial of Endless Kindling.

Circe smiled at her, and with a flash, she and her million guards appeared on the Road of Eternity and began to walk towards the Origin Land. Today was a great day, because at the end of it, Rowan was going to become a ninth-dimensional entity, not a Primordial, but something other.

Circe was well aware that Rowan was an Incarnation of Eos, and for any other being, having their Incarnation ascend into the higher dimension before them was a recipe for disaster, but until one knows how powerful Eos was, then they would understand that sometimes there could not be any fairness in existence, because of there was, then beings like Rowan and the Primordials would not exist.

She was there to guard and protect because she did not believe that the enemies of Rowan would allow him to become a Primordial without placing roadblocks in front of him; she was here to demolish it all.

®

Rowan was quietly placing his finishing touches to his creation, and he settled his weary body on the ground, too weak to even stand. It took a while for his impressive regenerative capabilities to begin restoring his body to shape.

Yet it was not enough to push his body away from the brink of destruction, and sending a pulse of request to Eos, a membrane of time was draped over his body, and Rowan settled into deep sleep for billions of years, but only a minute had passed outside this shell of time.

He opened his eyes, and they were filled with calm, and it was of a sort that was hard to describe. They were filled with the vicissitude of life and held an incredible amount of grief and pain.

Eight billion years spent in silence meant that Rowan was left with nothing but his thoughts as he allowed his body to heal, and they were not pleasing thoughts; they were more along the lines of horror and loss than anything else. In this time spent in silence, he thought about the second Incarnation that was still lost after all this time.

The Incarnation was not dead, and recently, there was another indicator to show that this Incarnation was alive and well, but he must have been in an extremely special place due to something incredible that was showing up in the page of the Primordial Record.

One of the first lines of record kept by this Singularity was the total number of years that Eos and all of his Incarnation had lived, and those years made him an ancient monster by all metrics, but recently, the numbers showing on the page of the Primordial Record were crazy, and it was hard to imagine what could lead to such an inflated number.

This, more than anything, was what pushed Eos to take the necessary step that almost killed this Incarnation, and what he did was monumental. Eos stripped away the Primordial Record from his body and gave it to this present Incarnation, and this act had nearly destroyed both of them.

Chapter 1917: Transferring Authority (Final)

Rowan had speculated that the Primordial Record was far greater than any Singularity, and its importance could be beyond what he might ever comprehend at a lower-dimensional level. This Singularity could hold the key to Eternity, and when Rowan forged the Road of Eternity, it was all leading to his ultimate vision of total mastery of the powers to control eternity.

Maybe he might not be the best steward to control all of existence, but the ones in charge were the worst, and anything or anyone else would be better than them. In an existence of infinite possibilities, it took a special kind of incompetence or true evil to pollute and corrupt its entire nature.

Rowan believed that the wholesale destruction of Realities and every powerful higher-dimensional being was not just random events by a group of powerful monsters that were cursed by madness and endless hunger, and everything was designed to gather all the power in existence into one place.

Why would anyone want to claim dominion over all of existence? It was rather simple, and that was because it gave them the power to do anything they wanted, to become the one who stood above everything.

If this were the truth, then the actions of the Primordials and most likely Enoch were going at it in the laziest way possible, but it could also be seen as the most efficient method.

They were not trying to bring existence under their banner or convince the powerful to shift their loyalties towards them, just like Rowan was doing with this Reality and all the new Primordials. Instead, they decided to kill everything and hoard all the benefits gained from their slaughter, and when it was over, all of this power would be theirs.

Rowan had seen a vision of the past where the Primordials, before their descent into madness, were about to kill the Primordial Beast Torch dragon, and it warned them that they would be betrayed. He had not understood what that meant, but he thought that the Betrayer was Enoch, who might not have informed them that eating so many Realities would lead to madness, or perhaps the Primordial Record was part of that betrayal.

Two parties were fighting for the right to control the power stored inside the Primordial Record, and there was Rowan at the center who held the Singularity, and for the life of him, he could not tell the reason he was allowed the opportunity to control this power in the first place.

Was it possible that his bond with the Primordial Record was deeper than he thought, and so the Primordials and even Enoch could not just seize it but must use him as an intermediary?

Rowan had many reasons to believe that this must be the truth, because the same incident had happened repeatedly over the years. The Primordials and Enoch trying hard to suppress the things he knew and the truths available to him, they had gone to incredibly great length to ensure that Rowan would never find the truth about his origins or what he was capable of, and this had led to such great losses to him over the years, with the latest disaster, finally making Rowan pull out all the stops.

The answer he needed was inside the Primordial Record, and he would not be able to fully control this Singularity or gain its powers if he was still at the eighth-dimensional level. He needed to be a Primordial to find the truth.

Yet the path to the Primordial level for him was not easy. His main body Eos was incredibly powerful, and Rowan would bet that since the beginning of existence, there had not been any Old One at the eight-dimensional level who was stronger than him. His essence alone in the eighth dimension was housing multiple Primordials, and he was not fully grown.

If this continued in this manner, at the peak of his potential at the eighth-dimensional level, Rowan speculated that he would be able to hold a thousand primordial-level entities inside his realm. This was already a ridiculous number, and it was just a conservative estimate that would not overly strain his essence and energy-regenerative capabilities.

However, Rowan now saw that this power was a trap. The Primordials and most likely Enoch had a way to monitor the Primordial Record that he had not fully understood. They had subtly encouraged him to pursue this power. Rowan had enough evidence from the actions of Nyxara, Primordial Soul, ensuring that Rowan suffered incredibly painful losses, from his mother to his children, leaving him with no option but to always push for greater amounts of power.

In the short term, this was a good thing, and Rowan grew so powerful that even an Incarnation was able to fight and kill Primordials with multiple stacked origin forces in their bodies; however, if the road to the ninth-dimensional level was a wooden ladder, Rowan had grown too heavy to climb it, and his weight would crush everything around him.

This was the ultimate trap; he was made to become truly powerful so that his path to the ninth-dimensional level would become too difficult that it was practically impossible, and

how would he be able to access all the power stored over the ages inside the Primordial Record if he was not able to reach the ninth-dimensional level?

Rowan could decide to take the risk with his main body and push for the ninth-dimensional level. After all, feeding him so much power also meant that his overall capabilities increased as well. It would have been easy for the Primordials and Enoch to be caught in their own trap when he grew far stronger than they could contain. Still, Rowan expected that the moment he tried to push for the ninth-dimensional level, the sort of hindrance he would receive would be incredible.

The war with Death was heating up, even after a thousand years of battle, but this battle would end the moment Eos reached out for the ninth dimension, and he would not be shocked if Death, and also the entirety of the Cradle of Enoch with their guardian beast, chose to attack him all at once.

Rowan was not leaving anything to chance; he was finally acknowledging that he held the ultimate price, and everyone who knew this would not allow him to claim it.

But he was going to be doing that anyway, but for him to have any possibility of success, it must be done in a manner that could not be suspected.

By now, Rowan would have expected the Primordials to suspect that he might be slowly coming to terms with his importance, they had deliberately pushed him to the forefront while underplaying the value of the Primordial Record so that he would not understand how much power he held, but even if Rowan ended up finding the truth, the one thing they knew was that Rowan would not give it up.

And so this was what Rowan intended to do.

They knew Rowan's character well enough; they knew that he would rather fight for the opportunity to win than compromise, he would break before he allowed himself to be bent, and so even if he knew the importance of the Primordial Record, they expected that Rowan would be doing the things he was doing at this moment...

They expected that he would be creating new Primordials and changing the life of those around him; they expected that he would be striving to reach the level of a Primordial, even while knowing he would be suppressed. This was his only path forward: to fight.

Well, Rowan would be doing all of that, but with a bit of spin on the entire thing that no one else would expect, and that little spin had nearly killed him.

You see, Rowan would be pushing this Incarnation of his to the ninth-dimensional level, using one of the many Wills that he controlled, and before reaching the ninth-dimensional level, he had moved the Primordial Record into this body, shifting it from his main body, Eos, to the Incarnation Rowan.

The Primordial Record did not like the fact that it was moved from his main body into one of his incarnations, but it accepted this move without fighting too much. This was not the act that nearly killed Rowan; the act that did was Eos severing his connection with the Incarnation!

At this moment, the Incarnation Rowan was a free agent, and although he could still share his thoughts and actions with his main body, it was no longer seamless, and a request would have to be sent, acknowledged, before it was received.

Chapter 1918: Ancient Monster (2)

The Primordial Record could be seen as the greatest storehouse of power in all of existence, and its importance could not be downplayed, since the greatest power in existence had spent sixty-five million Cosmic Eras filling it up with power. Who in their right mind would choose to give up this power when there was a chance to fight for it?

The Primordials knew that Rowan did not care much for ultimate power; many of his methods of battle had been silent, and for someone who had so much power, he had little fame to his name. His greatest acts of cruelty were never done to showcase his powers; most of the time, it was because of necessity.

Rowan was the one person who would not care for ultimate power because he knew the responsibility that holding such a power required, and because of this fact alone, he would never leave the Primordial Record, if only for the fact that he would not want this power to fall into the wrong hands.

They trusted Rowan's care for all of existence over his greed for power, and they knew that his heart would bind him tighter to the Primordial Record than power could ever do.

And again, they were right... Rowan had seen the devastation the Primordials were able to do with a single Origin Force, and it was hard for him to imagine what they would achieve with all of them.

An argument could be made that the Primordials would change their ways when they had ultimate powers and no longer had any threats standing against them. In fact, Rowan could see how this could be used as a viable argument when he stood against the Primordials.

They would tell him that he had no right to judge them because his hands were not clean. Rowan had killed hundreds of billions during his lifetime, and did he think that he could be redeemed?

They could say that Rowan committed many grave sins because he wanted to stop them, and knowing the betrayal they caused the Primordials to fall into madness, they could also

blame their actions on Enoch, and all their actions were just to gather enough power to stop him.

“We are the same,” they would say to him, and with their charisma, a more naive version of him might have fallen for the bait, but there was one crucial distinction that Rowan would never forget that separated him from the Primordials and beings like Enoch, and that was that he had regrets.

And he had spent enough time with the Primordials to know that they had none of that in their hearts. Cold and calculating, everything served their purpose, and in many instances, that was a great advantage, until it was not.

They could hypothesize that Rowan would not give up the Primordial Record due to his sense of responsibility, but their minds would not be able to logically see the next step that this same sense of responsibility would push him towards; it was like assuming a snake would know what it felt like to be warm-blooded.

Severing his connection with the Primordial Record had shown Rowan why it was almost impossible for the Primordials and Enoch to gain access to this Singularity without his permission. Despite the fact that he was transferring this authority to his Incarnation, the bond the Primordial Record had with his essence was so great that it took the full cooperation of his main body and his Incarnation for it to work, and even now, he had to constantly fight to keep the Primordial Record from returning to his main body.

Everything was already in place to reach the ninth-dimensional level, and Rowan decided to look through the Primordial Record before he took the next step. Even with his ownership of this Singularity, he was still unable to open the page of the Primordial Record; he was only sent a snapshot of his present realm, and the first thing Rowan did was to zoom closer to his present age, and the number still shocked him.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos (Visible)

Will Bound Name – Eulxhu — Truth

True Name: Trrshikrhl Velhyez Ywnmryr Eulxhu Thyak

Xlubrrhhl Vroumor Rehirk Wvryr Eerkhar.

Cosmic Name: EOS

Age: 3,889,768,876,442,695, 887,431,980 / 999,999,999,999,999...

Omniversal Physique:

Infinite Titan Core

Strength Core: 163 Eos [+120]

Agility Core: 149 Eos [+110]

Constitution Core: 370 Eos [+280]

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

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

ORIGIN ESSENCE GAINED:

Essence of Defiant Ascension: 7 Abhimha

Essence of Revelations: 3 Abhimha

Essence of Endless Kindling: 1 Abhimha

Essence of Victorious Genesis: 1 Abhimha

Essence of Hollow Victories: 1 Abhimha

Essence of Unbroken Horizon: 1 Abhimha

Essence of Blazing Benediction: 1 Abhimha

Essence of Dawnforge Embers: 1 Abhimha

Essence of screaming Void: 1 Abhimha

Essence of Endless Eclipse: 1 Abhimha

NOTE: END ASS*&#__+HL LIGH%0#**

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

Chapter 1919: Becoming A Primordial (1)

There were many changes across the pages of the Primordial Record, and still not enough. Eos had grown, but he had been masking these new growths from the Primordial Record, and what was being represented here was what was filtered through the Incarnation.

In essence, Eos had found a way to make his Incarnation a front for his real attributes.

After discovering that the Primordials and Enoch may have a way to monitor the pages of the Primordial Record, Eos knew that he had to change the game, or he would never be able to win this battle that had been greatly skewed against him.

He could not tell how they were gaining access to the Primordial Record, it must be from a loophole far before he was born, or he was missing somethin very obvious in front of him that he was not yet wrapping his mind around, all of this did not matter anymore, because as long as he had detected this problem, Rowan was going to use it to his advantage.

Although Eos could guess with nearly a hundred percent certainty that the Primordials or Enoch did not have access to his Singularity any longer, and that the last moment of

weakness that they had most likely exploited was when he was evolving as an Apex Omniversal Titan.

It was a fine line to travel when the Primordials fed Eos enough power to keep him unable to reach the ninth-dimensional level, but not give him enough time to actually understand the entire breadth of his abilities.

Eos had acquired so much power at that moment that the hidden danger inside his Primordial Record, which he believed to be the Incarnation of Enoch, had revealed himself in order to take over his body.

He had succeeded in defeating this Incarnation and gained unexpected benefits from that union, and now that he looked back at the entire affair, he could see the hands of Nyxara in everything.

She led him down a path that should lead to a tussle between Eos and the Incarnation of Enoch, and he believed that she must have known he would win this fight. And how was she able to tell? Well, they had spent nearly a million years of careful programming, grievous tests, and challenges to make Eos the ultimate predator.

Enoch might be more powerful and stranger than the Primordials, but Rowan believed that he was suffering from his unknown status, which made it impossible for him to directly affect Reality. Still, it was a testament to his powers and wisdom that despite the hindrance he was facing, the Primordials would have to sacrifice a lot in order to win.

Eos did not know how deep it was, but he knew that there was a connection between Enoch and the Primordials, and he wondered for a moment whether the Primordials could be regarded as the Bloodline Avatars of Enoch or perhaps his Incarnations.

The more he considered this line of thought, the more compelling it felt to be the truth, and with the many evidence backing up this hypothesis, Eos could see how the Primordials were able to get so powerful if their roots were linked to a being he considered to be at a level greater than a Primordial. If there was a tenth-dimensional being, then it was most likely Enoch, and if the Primordials were his Bloodline Avatars, it would explain their great abilities that transcended everything that a Primordial represented.

So, if there was this link between Enoch and the Primordials, and that meant that the Incarnation of Enoch inside the Primordial Record had been feeding the Primordials with a complete update of his overall state at every point in his life before he got rid of it.

The most painful part about it was that perhaps this information was being broadcast freely from the pages of the Primordial Record, and because he had not reached the ninth-dimensional level, he was not able to tell. From the twin incident he had gotten with Enoch's Incarnation, it was almost as if they were not aware of what was happening in the outside world until he triggered them or fulfilled a certain condition.

The first time he encountered this Incarnation was his evolution to become an Omniversal Titan, and this level of power from the host of the Primordial Record must have triggered a response from the Incarnation. The second time was when he was asking questions about existence to Eosah that she should have understood, but she could not.

The scheme used against him was profound, and it was an interesting game of duplicity, taking chances, and analyzing losses and gains. The Primordials must have known that pushing Rowan to make certain decisions would trigger the Incarnation of Enoch, and doing so would lead to certain outcomes that would both favor them and also bring about losses.

Losing access to view his Primordial Record was one of those losses, but the Primordials had gained their freedom, and by using his hands, they had gotten rid of two of Enoch's Incarnations. It was easy to see that they had made justifiable gains.

If they could win against Death, then it was only a matter of time before their powers began to increase in such a manner that Eos could no longer be a threat to them. They did not need to monitor his status closely because they were no longer weak.

All this while, his greatest fear had been the seven hungry Primordials outside Eosah's Reality that would wipe everything out, not knowing that that state had been them at their weakest.

However, it did not matter to Rowan if they could no longer monitor his status via the Primordial Record, he would still be extra careful until he was a ninth dimensional entity and fully understand all the last secrets of the Primordial Record, only then would he be willing to remerge it with his main body and allow the Singularity to be fully synced with him.

Already, he was seeing some highly disturbing discrepancies inside the Primordial Record that he could not explain away. The first was his present age, the second was linked to the Origin Essence he had gained from the birth of ten Primordials inside his realm.

With his perfect Memory, Rowan could recall that the Primordial Record had labelled the essence he gained from each Primordial with Unit. Telmus gave him seven units of Origin Essence, and the others were slowly contributing more essence into his coffers, but now that label unit had been changed to Abhimha.

What was an Abhimha? Was it the correct term for the Origin Essence? If this were the case, why did the Primordial Record first label it as a Unit and not this term in the first place?

Normally, the Primordial Record was his greatest teacher, and when it introduced new powers to him, there was usually a short description accompanying it. These descriptions may not be in-depth, but they were concise, and it was enough for Rowan to slowly decipher the meaning behind every new progress. Now, there was nothing like this.

He could not push for more explanation unless he fully synchronised with the Singularity, and the only place he could have gotten an answer was usually from the Note, attached to the ending of his status update, but it seemed to be glitching, and Rowan did not know what to make of the results it was showing him.

END ASS*&#__+HL LIGH%0#**

What did this mean? End... Assimilated? Assigned? Light?

Rowan sighed, 'Why is it that the more I know... the less I know.'

Chapter 1920: Becoming A Primordial (2)

This Incarnation of Rowan was cut off from Eos, and maybe that was causing some slight glitch in the Primordial Record, but Rowan believed that this was not the case; something more was happening here that needed careful eyes and instincts going through it, and the most likely suspect for this change was the power he invoked upon when he summoned his Final Form.

Since that moment, nothing had been the same. Rowan still had vivid memories of what happened, yet there were large holes in those memories from the moment he summoned his Final Form and the unknown methods it used to interpret his desires.

However, Eos's memories were perfect, and even though there were holes in them, the nature of these holes was weird. It was not as if when his Incarnation vanished alongside the hunger of the Primordials, his memories also went along with them; rather, it was the opposite. All the memories of that day still remained, but he could not access them.

It was as if he had been reduced to the level and the intellect of an ant, and the inner workings of a quantum supercomputer was placed in front of him, even if that ant was given forever to work out the operations of this computer, it would be useless, there was no way an ant could gather all the knowledge and the tools to even know where to start.

Every time Eos scrutinized those blank spots in his memories, this was the same sensation he had; however, he thought his situation might be a bit better than an ant's, because his mind was capable of holding this information, except he did not have the right tools to pry it open.

Eos would have shown any of his Primordials this memory if they could have deciphered it, but he decided this would be a last resort. The sheer weight of the memory inside his mind meant that the Primordial he gave the task of deciphering it would perish.

Holding this amount of information in their soul would mean everything about them would begin to burn a billion times faster and hotter to accommodate it, and this was a consumption that could never be come back from again. Although he knew that all of his

children would fight for the chance to give up their lives for his purpose, he would always be taking this path as the last option.

So, Eos decided to kill multiple birds with a single stone. He would be reaching the Primordial Level, and this was basically a test run of what he would be facing if he were to reach the Primordial level with his main body.

There were still latent dangers hidden inside Reality and possibly inside his body as well, and he needed to find out. To draw out any hidden party, Rowan had announced his ascension to the ranks of Primordial to everyone, and he could have taken his tribulation inside the Origin Land, where he was considered safe, but Rowan decided to perform this ascension on the Road of Eternity.

Reaching the Primordial level meant that a being could be considered perfect. If not for monstrous outliers like Rowan and the seven ancient Primordials, it was technically impossible for a Primordial to perish, not even in the hands of another Primordial.

In a fair existence, without beings like Rowan and the Primordials with multiple stacks of Origin Power inside their bodies, then the two Origins of combating Primordials could clash for all eternity, and except the other Primordials were suppressed, then it was impossible for them to die. Not even allowing themselves to be killed would even kill them, because Death would not be able to carry the weight of a Primordial's soul... however, this was in a fair reality.

In this existence, there were beings like Rowan who could easily shatter the Origin Force of a ninth-dimensional entity, and Death, well, this entity had fed to the extent that he had long grown more powerful than his station could ever demand.

One thing was sure, one way or another, after this Era had ended, then it would be impossible for there to be beings like Rowan and his kind again; he would make sure of it. Sure, existence might be poorer for it, but the threat to its stability and longevity would be assured.

So, for anyone else, reaching the Primordial level was a dream of a lifetime. Still, for Rowan, his problem was deciding which Origin Force he should seed into his flesh to finalize his ascension to the level of Primordial.

He glanced at the names of the Origin essence he had gathered and almost smiled. The new Primordials he was creating were so different from their ancient counterpart that it was almost comical, and Rowan could not be any more prouder than he was; they were the evolution of existence taking form.

Telmus was the first person who took the dreams of Rowan and made them a Reality. The ancient Primordials could be considered fundamental forces of nature, but Rowan had always believed that their "primordial nature" was both their strength and their weakness.

Primordial Light, Primordial Time, Primordial Soul, Primordial Life, Primordial Chaos, Primordial Memory... Primordial Demon. All of them were powerful, but their aspect were impossibly rigid in such a drastic manner that they lacked all form of subtlety. Rowan believed that this method of embodying a Primordial Force was the ancient way of pushing for the ninth-dimensional level, and the next logical progression to this method was to incorporate a more profound concept that gathered the features of many lesser concepts into a completed package, with all the sum coming together to be greater than their parts.

Telmus merged the concept of Primordial Demon's hunger and lust for battle and victory with the seven bloodlines of Trion, taking Rowan's family legacy and inheriting it in full. He became the Primordial of Defiant Ascension, and that meant he was something that existence had not known before.

The weakness of the Ancient Primordials and why they could be so easily countered by Rowan or even fall into madness was due to the fact that existence understood them, even if it was too weak to suppress them. Chaos, Time, Demon, Life... these were ancient concepts thoroughly known by existence and if not for the perverse nature of the Ancient Primordials that caused them to suppress everything around them due to their sheer size, they would have long been defeated, and yet, their weakness meant they ran mad without being able to control their hunger.

His new Primordials, may not be able to consume Realities and therefore gain new Origin Essence and Forces because they were unique, but that meant their potential was unlimited, and even Rowan could not tell how far they would be able to reach, as he had no way to judge their path.

The Origins of the Ancient Primordial stopped at the fourth level, but what were the limits of the New Primordials? How far would they be able to reach?

Rowan knew that not only was their potential superior to the Ancient Primordials, but they were also stronger. Rowan was able to simulate the battle with the Ancient Primordials while restricting the simulation to control ten Origin Force, and every new Primordial demolished their ancient counterpart... the moves they were able to create from their new concepts were so profound that the Ancient Primordials had no way to truly defend against them.

Only when he continued to increase the number of Origin Force inside the bodies of the simulated Ancient Primordials did they begin to lose, and Telmus held the foremost position for defeating a Primordial who had seventy-five stacks of Origin Force in their body.

Chapter 1921: Becoming A Primordial (3)

Rowan was determined to pursue this new evolution of creating Primordials, even though it was conceptually more difficult to reach the level of Primordial with this method. Yet, it was also intrinsically easier, because more than anything, the primary reason for this new Primordial to rise depended more on their willpower than their talents. Still, for Ancient Primordials, talent was more important than willpower.

At the end, Rowan considered the path for reaching the level of a Primordial that he had created to be superior since there was one thing that an individual had total control over, and that was their willpower.

It was not easy to grow your willpower, but it was possible, talent on the other hand was mostly fixed and the rituals or divine tools that could transform talents were incredibly rare and it was possible that in the entirety of Reality, the number of talent changing opportunity would not surpass a billion, and most of them were not very effective, and their results were lackluster in comparison to the true talents that could be found naturally in some lucky individuals.

And while it was true that the New primordials that had arisen were all extremely talented, this was because in some fashion, they were all related to Rowan, and his presence had altered their destinies, however, he expected to see New Primordials in the future that were not directly related to him, who lacked great talents but had willpower that could crush the barriers of the ninth dimensional level.

Rowan, even as an Incarnation, held talents and willpower that eclipsed everyone inside Reality, and reaching the Primordial level for him was relatively simple... the highest state that a lifeform could aspire towards for him was... nothing.

His challenge at this moment was which path should he follow: the new or the old?

If he followed the new path, then Rowan would become very powerful even with a single Origin Force, but the power of this level was not something he lacked. Using the new path, he could be highlighting all the problems that his main body might face if he became a Primordial, and that was very important, but after thinking of it for a while before this point, Rowan decided to follow the old path.

There were many reasons he should not take the old path, but Rowan could not forget that his foundations were firmly planted in the path of the Ancient Primordial. In many ways, he was the perfect culmination of the path of the Ancient Primordials.

If he followed the path of the new, he would be magnificent, but if he followed the path of the old, then with the present state of existence, he would be the last of his kind, but he would be the greatest, there would be no Primordial like him since the dawn of existence, and in the distant future when existence end, there would be nothing like him.

“The path of the Ancient Primordials had failed all of existence, and if I am to become a Primordial, I cannot disregard the oceans of deaths that are the legacy of my rise. If the

old should be washed away, then let me be the last of the Ancient Primordial to bring about this passing.”

There were many paths that he could take in the Ancient Path. Inside the Primordial Record, there were multiple Origin Forces recorded on its page that he could Seed in his flesh at any time; they included Space Origin, Fate Origin, Destiny Origin, Destruction Origin, Soul Origin, Time Origin, Chaos Origin, and Demon Origin.

However, Rowan knew that this was far from the number of Origin that he could seed in the flesh of his main body. Previously, as an infant, his body could only seed a limited number of Origin Force, and even when he gained the Origin of Imagination, it was not shown in his pages of the Primordial Record, because his body had reached its limits, but that was him as an infant.

If Eos had not begun restricting the Primordial Record from seeing his present attributes, then the pages of the Primordial Record would record something very different, and this was the second reason that if Eos was going to be a Primordial, he would still be following the Ancient Path, because he was becoming the perfect vessel.

The Primordials had gained a lot by playing Rowan, but they had perhaps shown their hands too early... if they could have seen Eos’ present attributes, then they would not be fighting Death; they would be spending all their energy in destroying Eos before he could become a Primordial.

Perhaps they had seen that he could only previously hold eight Origin forces in his body, and even if he became a Primordial in all eight of them, which was debatable due to the Primordials being the masters of several of those Origins, they would be able to easily suppress him.

Out of these eight Origin Forces, three of them, Soul, Time, and Demon, already had Primordials, and so Rowan would not be able to get to even the first level of Origin for them, reducing him to a five-fold Primordial.

At least, this is what they would be thinking given that they had only seen the previous version of Eos, not the Eos now free to mature, who had been rapidly developing for the last hundred million years with the enhanced rate of time of his body.

Now, the decision he needed to make was which Origin Force he would take to become a Primordial. At this moment, his main body Eos had already mastered a hundred and twenty-five Origin Forces in the last hundred million years, and he was getting better at this. And what made this even more frightening to consider was that, unlike other Primordials, the method Rowan was using to reach the Primordial Level was different from everyone else.

For everyone else, to access the power of a Primordial, they had to reach the ninth-dimensional level; only then would their body, soul, and spirit be strong enough to carry the burden of Origin, because power had *weight*.

So reaching the Primordial Level was a start into the exploration of Origin, where with every level the Primordial understands and takes control of, their powers skyrocket, and up till this moment, Telmus had reached the second level of his Origin of Defiant Ascension, and Eva had reached the first level of her Origin of Revelations.

Rowan, on the other hand, followed a much different path; he was not just powerful enough to master the Origin Force of various concepts, he was also delving deep into their layers, meaning he already explored the mysteries of the Primordial Level even before he became a Primordial, and so any time he wished to become a Primordial, he had already mastered its entire Origin.

His first choice of Origin Force Rowan wanted to pick was the Origin of Truth. His main body had secretly mastered the Origin of Truth up to the fourth layer, but this could not be revealed at this point because Rowan was here to be bait, and he would rather not use his best options for his ascension. He needed something powerful, but not too important that its loss would break his plans.

So, the decision was made, he would become the Primordial of Space.

Chapter 1922: Becoming A Primordial (Final)

The Road of Eternity, in the eyes of the New Primordials, began from one end of Eosah's Reality, before plunging into a vast open vortex that led directly to the Origin Land; however, for anyone else below the ninth-dimensional level, the Road of Eternity was infinite.

In every world inside every dimension, those whose perception had begun to ascend towards the supernatural level only had to look upwards, and they would see this road, gleaming like a precious pearl.

Its appearance could change depending on the perception of the individual, but for ten million years, the glow from this road had not diminished; instead, it was slowly brightening as more lives were fusing their souls and spirits to the road and using it to advance their levels from a mortal state to the immortal state.

Rowan hovered over the Road of Eternity, looking at its entire length. From his position, the road seemed to be as bustling as a market, yet everything was organized and had a solemn nature like a ritual being completed inside a temple, and indeed a ritual was

ongoing here, and everyone was part of the ingredient, but they did not know the truth of this, except if any of them was able to step past the road and become a Primordial.

There was a silent echo of a scream that could not be heard by anyone; even the Primordials could barely hear it. They belonged to the three bodies of the Primordials Rowan had used as part of the foundation for this road; even after all these years, their bodies were still serving their purpose and collecting the Karma of every life on this road.

Changing Reality at such a level came with consequences, as he was collecting from the foundations of the Primordial without giving anything in return to balance it out.

Remember that the foundation of all life inside this Reality was built from the essence of the Primordials, yet Rowan was using their essence *without* using their essence.

If any of the Ancient Primordials were to enter Reality, they would see a strange sight, where everyone here was familiar, yet their nature was alien. Obviously, this process could not last forever, but it would still hold for a very long time, and by then, either Rowan or all of his works would be destroyed, or he would have won, and then it would be nothing for him to phase this process into the next step he had planned for it.

The Ancient Primordials had done a lot of atrocities, and it was time that they began paying back for what they had done, and even their bodies would not be allowed to rest in peace until all the evils they had committed were poured into their bodies.

In every given moment, there were hundreds of trillions of souls on this road, walking forward in silence. The figure of those standing at the beginning of the road was tiny, barely bigger than a wisp, and appeared as ephemeral as a shadow.

This was the first step for the mortals who reached for the Road of Eternity and sent their souls to walk upon it. They began as barely a wisp, and as they continued down this road and gained more power, their form began to grow and solidify.

Directly under Rowan in the middle of the bridge were souls whose size could be measured in thousands of miles. Unlike lesser immortals behind them, many of them would permanently place their souls on the Road of Eternity to cultivate, even if it was difficult, because of the benefits to be gained by doing this.

The Road of Eternity led to his Origin Land, and that meant that this road was connected to his realm and was a direct channel to his Ether. The purpose of this road was to change the alignment of all life forms inside Eosah's Reality from Aether to Ether.

Ether was a more potent and powerful form of energy, but it was dangerous to any lifeform that had not been transformed to accommodate the consuming nature of Ether, which could assimilate all forms of energy.

On this road, the most important part of an individual, which was their soul, would slowly head towards the Origin Land, and refine their souls under the increasingly higher concentration of Ether that was on the road, the closer you got to the Origin Land.

It was a painful process, and it could be dangerous if the individual ignored their safety, however, the benefits to be gained was ridiculously good, and even though nearly everyone on this road had not discovered all the benefits of Ether as they walked on this road, the most crucial benefit that made them all crazy was the ability for Ether to grow the soul.

As it was known, the soul was the seat of talent, and it was for this reason that most immortals were frighteningly intelligent and had photographic memories. With a greater soul came a greater spirit, which could aid in comprehension and all other aspects of life, from combat to the health of the body.

Usually, the only way to grow the power of a soul was by ranking up a major stage. Say from a powerful dominator in the Proclamation Realm to becoming an Earth god, such a drastic shift in power levels would change the soul, and then from an Earth god to a Minor god would bring about further growth in the soul.

Then this growth would cease until that god could become a higher-dimensional immortal, taking the step to become a Supreme god.

This was usually the height of growth for a soul, although there were minimal improvements when the immortal reached a higher-dimensional level.

This improvement depended a lot on the cultivation technique of that individual, since soul-based cultivation which could increase the foundation of the soul was incredibly rare.

While it was true that this new path he was creating for the Primordials would require more Willpower than Talent, Rowan did not see any reason why talent should be placed to the side, because it was indeed very important.

It was easy for Rowan to nourish the souls of everyone who walked on the Road of Eternity because this was an intrinsic nature of his Ether, and this had caused the talents and the power of Reality to explode to such a great extent.

Acquiring ten Primordials in such a short while was no mistake, and now it was almost impossible to count the number of Old Ones that were arising everyday.

With this bridge, the difficulty for a mortal to reach the immortal level had nearly been eliminated. If the mortal had the tenacity to cultivate and push their souls onto the Road of Eternity to struggle ahead, their soul would grow stronger, and their talents would increase.

The expression on the faces of the souls on the road was nearly too many to be described, either one of focus, struggle, deep serenity, pain, joy, hatred, and so many shades in between, and it was a fascinating contrast to observe.

All of these changes entered his sights, and Rowan went through the operation of the road one more time in anticipation of his rise to Primordial.

Because he was taking the Path of the Ancient Primordial, it was only right that it happened inside Eosah's Reality, and on this road.

Rowan descended until his feet touched the road. He was barefoot, and his toes sank into the hardened ground as if it were snow; he almost bent down to smell the ground, but he pushed away this thought.

He could still hear the screams of pain coming from the Primordial bodies as every particle inside them was under tremendous strain, and he almost shook his head in pity.

If they were under this much pain, what would they feel when he became a Primordial? All the Karma of the Ancient Primordial he was carrying would be poured on their bodies, and he wondered if they would be able to endure it.

"Well, it's time to find out. Today, I become the Primordial of Space."

Rowan looked deep inside of him, and he triggered the change.

Chapter 1923 - Capítulo 1923: The Gift of Unending Vitality

Capítulo 1923: The Gift of Unending Vitality

There were many reasons Rowan should have chosen for his decision to become the Primordial of Space, but one of the primary reasons was that Space Origin was the first Origin Force he had explored, and he had met creatures inside it that reminded him of his son.

He could vividly recall the moment he chose to degrade his body and soul and push his consciousness to such a fine degree that he was able to peer beyond the surface layer of Reality. At that time, he did not know he had already crossed the threshold of the Primordial Level.

He had descended past the surface of space, and he had seen the first layer of the void, the Azure Empyrean. Within the layer of Space were the Sky Whales of Creation, guardians and caretakers of the first layer of the Space, and they reminded him of Cloudy, the Cloud Whale of Andar, when they gave out their mournful call.

With the eradication of the Ancient Primordial's taint inside of Reality, these creatures were now free, and could grow outside the bounds of the Azure Empyrean as Rowan had shattered the barrier over the space of this Reality, in fact, some of the souls on the Road of Eternity belonged to the Sky Whales, as some of the most adventurous among their number sought to see all that Reality had to offer... it was a good thing then that except for those at the ninth dimensional level, Eosah's Reality was infinite in their perception, meaning there would always be limitless opportunities for exploration and adventure.

Rowan had been standing still when he opened his right hand, and a green flame appeared over it. Vitality that could bring the dead back to life exploded from the flame, and the entire road shuddered, and all the souls on it, in numbers beyond counting, turned towards his position.

They could not see him, even though his body and soul were fully present on this road; all they could see was a tongue of green fire hovering in the air like a massive sun, and from the green flame came relentless waves of vitality and the faint cries of Sky Whales emerging from it.

"That is... a Primordial Ascension! An immortal is about to become a Primordial... hurry, call anyone who can cultivate to get their souls upon the Road of Eternity this instant!"

There were many benefits to cultivate on this road, but one of the most sought-after and rarest of benefits came from the ascension of Primordials. At the moment of their ascension, a Primordial was a crucible of the most fundamental forces of existence, and the souls on the Road of Eternity were able to harvest a portion of those forces that had been filtered through the bridge, making them more docile.

There were many reasons why Primordials were beginning to appear faster after the ascension of both Eva and Circe, and that was because every time there was a new ascension, those on the bridge, depending on their perception and talents, would be able to glimpse the process of reaching this most extreme of levels.

Like a flood of water pouring down a mountain, there was an increasing momentum to the number of Primordials appearing inside Reality as more new Primordials were born, and the souls on the road were repeatedly affected by the exposure to the most fundamental forces in creation.

However, all of the Primordial's Ascensions were usually done inside the Origin Land, and not on the road itself, because that would be extremely dangerous for all life inside Eosah's Reality. Eos had already strengthened this broken Reality to the extent that Primordials could easily move through it, but they were forbidden from unveiling their true might or even casting any spells or abilities involving Origin, because that would be enough to shred this entire reality to pieces.

The ascension of a Primordial were hundreds of times more perilous and involved a vast unveiling of power on a scale that most Primordials would not be able to control until

they reached the second level of their Origin, and only inside the Origin Land could they find a robust foundation that ultimately mitigated a lot of the environmental tribulation they would face, making their challenges to be a largely mental one.

This meant that Primordials may not gain much benefits on the side of the flesh, but this lack could be made up for in time as the Primordial could slowly refine their bodies using Origin Force, and because inside the Origin Land, Time could be slowed to nearly a halt, many Primordials had spent many trillions of years in these time zones to hone their strength further.

If Eos was greedy for the powers of the nascent Primordials, then he could have made the environmental tribulation they faced to be challenging, and if any of them perishes, he would be able to gain a lot of Origin Essence, but that was a shortsided way of looking at the Primordials under his care, because for as long as they were alive, they were contributing a fixed amount of Origin Essence to him every millenia or so, Rowan did not know the precise number of Origin Essence his main body had already harvested, but the increasing growth of his body was a testament that Eos was growing as quickly with more Primordials coming under his domain.

However, Rowan process of becoming a Primordial was different, and he faced no tribulation because he had already gone through them when he first discovered the Origin of Space, and so he was not worried that reaching the Primordial Level would draw any catastrophe towards this Reality, instead it was the opposite as he was going to be further enriching the foundation of the road alongside his elevation to Primordial.

For obvious reasons, he would not be revealing the Origin Force he was comprehending to the souls on the road, and the only thing they would gain was the impossible vitality that was Rowan's bread and butter. He was going to be the last of the Ancient Primordials, and he did not want his path to disrupt the new creation he was aiming for.

Rowan waited a bit as he unveiled the first level of the Origin of Space; this was to allow more souls to discover the changes on the road and hurry over, but he did not wait too long. Good things came for those who were prepared and fast enough to seize this opportunity.

For the lucky ones, their souls, hence their bodies, would be flooded with vitality, making them almost impossible to kill at their level. Of course, the benefits extend far beyond this, but this was for them to discover in time.

In the distance, he could see the ten Primordials under his banner standing at the doorway of the Origin Land. They hovered in the air for a moment, and as a sign of respect, they all descended to the ground. And alongside everyone here that was on the road, they sat down cross-legged and observed his ascension.

For anyone else, this vitality was a prize they would kill for, but the Primordials here were receiving a separate gift; they would finally be able to see all four levels of Origin displayed in front of them without anything hindering their vision.

Chapter 1924: Merging With The Azure Empyrean

Exploring the Origin of Space was a path of the Ancient Primordial, but the fundamental concepts behind this exploration were the same, and the New Primordials would benefit from watching Rowan's Supreme mastery over the void.

In many ways, the mastery of the Ancient Paths was much harder than the new paths of the Primordials, requiring a much greater draw on the talents of the wielder, and so if the Primordials watching were extremely observant, all their questions from the first to the fourth layer of Origin would be easily solved.

Now, if there was a layer for them beyond the fourth level, that would be for them to explore, and Rowan's actions here were the greatest help he could ever give them.

With his mastery over Origin Force, Rowan could have easily skipped through the processes of becoming a Primordial without manifesting it outward, to an observer, they would simply see Rowan close his eyes an Old One, and a moment later, he would open it a Primordial, but for the sakes of his children and everyone who saw him as the last light guiding them through the dark, he went slow.

Ensuring that his body, spirit, and soul were fully opened to the sights of Eos, who must fully comprehend everything that happened during this process, Rowan stopped his wait and focused on his ascension.

He was holding the green flame above his palm, and his body and the flame were clearly seen by the ten Primordials, while for everyone else, they saw a massive tongue of green flame hovering above the center of the road, pulsing with vitality, and more souls were entering the Road of Eternity when they heard that not just any one was becoming a Primordial, but the greatest power in all existence, Rowan Kuranos.

And following what was expected from his majesty, everyone who was able to reach the Road of Eternity was about to gain benefits that would change their lives and reshape their future.

All of Reality went mad as the activity of the countless quadrillions of planets, stars, and other heavenly bodies ground to a halt, and everyone who was able to reach the Road of Eternity pushed their souls toward that place.

Of course, there were those who, even in this new reality where power and the chance to reach for the heavens were at their fingertips, refused to cultivate and continue living their lives as mortals. Rowan had created a fair reality where suffering and wars were not nonexistent, but rare, as it was frowned upon.

They could only watch, some in shock, others in regret, some were resentful, and others did not care. Rowan had gone back in time from the beginning of Eosah's Reality and resurrected every life that had ever lived. Some of these lives were great immortals in the past, and when offered a second chance, simply chose to live the rest of their lives as mortals, when they were assured that their new home would be peaceful.

The path of existence usually followed the trend of the strongest. Rowan did not crave mindless violence but pursued power and knowledge with bone breaking intensity, his attitude was adopted by the Primordials, and the Old Ones under the Primordials followed their lead, and so too did the immortals follow the general trend adopted by the Old Ones, and the mortals had no choice but to bend to the new way of living where violence was the last option.

Reality was technically infinite and there was no way violence could ever be ended, not unless Rowan deprived all life of their free will, but the general trend of life was peace and progress, and although wars had never ended as ancient and new feud arose everyday, the greatest reason for conflict which was to seek the path to true immortality had been opened to all, and it took the truly depraved individual to sought out conflict where there was no reason to chose this option.

The policing force governing their sector of Reality was always busy, and even in this most crucial moment where any right-thinking individual should be aiming to reach the Road of Eternity, some chose to seek revenge and pursue conflict.

However, there were countless scenes in different worlds where mortal creatures, from man to fish to trees, pushed out their souls to the heavens for the chance to become strong.

All of this entered the eyes of Rowan, and he observed all in silence, even as he learned from them. The green flame on his palm began to shrink until it was the size of a small seed, and when its glow was about to disappear, its shape began to distort into broken geometry and distorted signs, before it transformed into a rune.

This rune was about to fall on Rowan's palm when he caught it between his fingers and slowly brought it to his forehead. He pressed it into his skin, and he whispered, "The first Seed of the Void, the Azure Emprean has taken root."

The rune on his forehead pulsed with radiance before extending ephemeral roots that began to spread all over his body, piercing through every particle that made up Rowan Kuranese, down to the depths of his soul. It was painful, but pain was no longer a burden to Rowan. Like the Primordials watching him, Rowan was also devoted to this process.

His Incarnation body after countless experiments in the past could be made from virtually anything associated with Eos, and knowing that this body would be becoming a Pirmordial, Eos had ensured that the Incarnation had started life as a mortal, but the time used from becoming a mortal to the eight dimensional level hardly surpassed a few seconds, that ascension was irrelevant, what was important was that the foundation was complete.

If Eos had not taken a different path that led him to become a dimension and was restricted to being an immortal alone, his body would most likely be equal to this Incarnation.

From the moment he was a mortal until he reached the immortal level, this Incarnation had been focused on the power of Space, ensuring that his body, spirit, and soul were fully melded with the power of Space. Rowan had already mastered the Origin Force of Space, but he was a perfectionist, and even if such a perfect foundation were not needed, he would never do anything in half measures. Every step must be made in perfection.

When the first layer of the void, the Azure Empyrean, began merging with all of him, Rowan's consciousness was taken to a place he did not recognize.

At first, all he saw was nothingness, an absolute lack of anything, not even the smallest particle of existence existed, and Rowan was shaken because he recognized a similar kind of nothingness, but this one was older... more pure, as if this was the nascent state of existence before anything came to life.

Time did not exist here, and so there was no way to tell how long his consciousness remained in this place. And when he was about to forcefully rip out his consciousness from this place, he saw something emerging in the nothingness.

Distance was almost impossible to judge here, but he thought that whatever was emerging from the nothingness must have come from a distant place, and Rowan's definition of distant at his present level could be seen as a place that was on the other side of Limbo, and even with his full powers, it may take an unknown amount of years to cross the distance and look at what was emerging from the nothingness.

Rowan focused all of his perception on this emerging anomaly, and yet he nearly missed it.

One moment, there was a glint of light in the distance, and then that light had swept over him and disappeared, leaving Rowan astounded. He had never seen speed like this in his entire life, even though he knew it was possible; this was only on a theoretical standpoint.

He turned around, and whatever it was had disappeared, but the nothingness around him was beginning to change. Whatever that light was, it brought change into this blank scene, and although the light moved very quickly, Rowan would have sworn that he saw great white wings passing over him.

The nothingness shuddered, and Rowan's consciousness was vibrating alongside it, and he watched as countless colors were born, but they were all dim in his sight apart from a few of these colors, and he instinctively knew he was looking at the birth of existence as he knew it, and those colors he was recognizing were the color of Space.

"Those wings... was that the creator of existence?"

Chapter 1925: Shariel's Surprise

Rowan did not have the time to deliberate on what he had seen before the vision of the beginning of existence was cut off, and his excitement only grew, because he knew this was just the beginning.

He had received great visions about the past from various sources, even from the minds of Primordials, but this was the first time that he believed he had seen the beginning of existence, and if this was the case, then it seemed that he could finally get the answers to the greatest mysteries of creation.

There was a reason why the Primordials would not let him reach the ninth-dimensional level, and apart from the power he was bound to obtain, the greatest reason would be knowledge; he would see what was behind the curtains without having to borrow the eyes of others.

Reaching the ninth-dimensional level meant that the past was no longer inaccessible, and since the Origin of Space extended back to the beginning of existence, it meant he would be able to access memories that emerged from this period.

His consciousness returned to his body, and he saw that his merger with the Azure Empyrean was complete. Technically, he was already a Primordial; however, since Rowan was still holding the door of his ascension wide open, this ascent could not be completed, and he was stuck with one leg firmly in the Primordial level and the other outside of it.

He was doing this so his observers, which included his main body and the Primordials watching him to learn as much as they could from this process, and he was, in fact, learning a lot too, but he knew that Eos was seeing much more than he was.

Rowan had a deep understanding of the Azure Empyrean, but he could not know the feeling of what it would be like until he embodied the concept and became the Azure Empyrean itself.

The Azure Empyrean was a field of endless creation potential, as a single seed planted in its endless fields could sprout into anything, and if he were to throw a grain of rice inside it, it would sprout to become a dragon. There were endless possibilities of creation at his fingertips, enough to rival even that of a Reality, and as much as he itched to discover all the possibilities he could do with this power, Rowan was not yet done.

Once more, he waited for a few moments, making sure that the observers had seen all that their consciousness was able to gather, and he pulled out the second level of the void from deep within him. Rowan called forth the Obsidian Abyss.

Above his right hand, where once there had been a green flame, a new flame appeared, and it was scarlet, but closer to the center of the flame, it became black.

At this time, more and more souls were entering the Road of Eternity, and all across Reality, countless billions of mortals who had been hesitating on the decision of pursuing the path of immortality had thrown away their hesitation and headed for the Road of Eternity, if not for anything, the rumors flying all around was that those whom their souls had been blessed had acquired bodies that were almost immortal.

This turned out not to be an exaggeration, as countless examples were now being displayed of people cutting off their arms and having them regrown in a few hours, to even more drastic displays by others who were at the Road when Rowan's ascension began; their healing factor was even more ridiculous.

Unfortunately, many still missed the chance of acquiring this boon, even if they wanted to, because the act of connecting to the Road of Eternity as a mortal was not that simple.

The first and greatest requirement was for the individual to be on a process of changing the state of their bodies, and in that instance, the Road would be open to them. For mortals, this process was simple, but it would still require time and a bit of talent.

A mortal that was transitioning to a supernatural being by any method available to them would have to go through a process of familiarizing themselves with their cultivation technique, prepare the required materials, and then embark on the process of changing their state. So this delay in reaching the Road caused many to open their eyes upon the Road of Eternity for the first time, and could only watch in regret and shock as the massive green sun overhead slowly went down and vanished.

They could still feel the remnants of the pulse of vitality on the Road, and although this pulse of vitality was now a permanent part of this road, and they could slowly gain the benefit of enhanced healing and regeneration in time, it could never match the benefits gained by those who were here earlier.

Usually, this was where the event ended, and the esteemed Primordial would leave for the Origin Land, but today was destined to be different.

The glow of the green sun had barely died down when a scarlet sun with a heart of darkness roared to life overhead, and for the first time since this road was created, cries of pain arose from it as countless trillions were banished from it, not because they had been thrown out, but it was due to the fact that their souls could not handle the sudden influx of sheer power that this new sun had brought.

Shariel was an Angel, and he was a rather young Angel as he was barely ten thousand years old. Unlike in the past, when to be an angel was a status only given to the most faithful souls in the universes under the Celestial Domain, in this new reality, the path to becoming an Angel and all the subsequent evolution that came with it was open to all. But as always, it would depend on the talent and fortitude of the individual if they would remain an angel forever or become something more.

He was there when the Ascension of the greatest Celestial Creator to exist began, of course, at this time, even though Rowan did not advertise his deeds, his works, and many details about his life and his past were known to many, and it was the story of Rowan that pushed Shariel on the Pathway of the Celestial.

One day, he would be among the most powerful of Angels and not just serve under the Primordial of Revelation but also the Supreme Celestial Creator, and he would defend them against all the bad Primordials that were outside their reality and wanted nothing but to destroy the peace and prosperity created by the Supreme Celestial Creator.

For a mortal to select the Path of the Celestial required great talents because it imposed a lot of burden on the body and soul, and every level gained caused divine flames to erupt from the souls that usually consumed them to ash, and it was from these ashes they arose, stronger. This process was called Celestial Transformation, and Shariel had endured three Transformations and was hoping to get the fourth in the next million years.

Not many survived this process, and so the Pathway of the Celestial had few people on it, but the benefits of this Path were nearly unmatched, from their impossible speed, power and durability, an Angel stood nearly unequaled in the same rank, and now that the condition to forcefully serve a higher power ingrained inside their bodies were gone, the heavens was the limit.

Shariel had reached a roadblock in his cultivation, and he knew he could not reach the fourth Celestial Transformation until his soul was much stronger and he knew the best resource for this growth was the Road of Eternity, so sealing himself inside the core of his planet where he had millions of people that depended on him for protection and practically worshipped him, Shariel was determined not to leave until his soul was strong enough for the fourth transformation.

That was the reason he was on the Road when Rowan's Ascension began, and he gained great benefits from the light of the green flame. He did not have to check; he knew that if he fully returned to his body and digested all the benefits that came from this sun, he would be ready for his fourth transformation in a decade.

Shariel was about to leave with the dying of the green sun when the second scarlet sun arose, and at first, he thought he was looking at a very angry red eye; then his soul began to burn with the same scarlet flame.

The pain was the greatest he had ever felt in his life, and he could still see in the distant, massive souls that made his own appear as small as an ant, even though the present size of his soul was thousands of feet tall, were wailing in pain and vanishing. Perhaps it was because he was an Angel and was a child of light and fire, and the three Celestial transformations he had undergone made it possible for him to endure, but he was the only one still remaining for millions of miles around him.

Still, it did not matter for long because his soul was still broken into pieces, and he had no option but to leave, yet he would never forget the fact that in the few moments he had endured the scarlet fire, his ephemeral soul began to transform into a tangible state!

“Was this not the soul state only a sixth-dimensional immortal was supposed to have?”

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

Chapter 1926: Breaking My Last Chain (1)

All the changes ongoing on the Road of Eternity did not enter Rowan’s eye; he was sure that Eos was taking note of everything that he was missing, as for him, he was awash in the wonders of becoming a Primordial.

The Obsidian Abyss was a force of growth, the lifeblood of Reality, and rivers of essence with consistency greater than any material known in an average Reality began to flow through the pathways crafted by the Azure Empyrean inside Rowan’s body.

This was the lifeblood of a Primordial of Space, an Origin power that he was sure was strictly held by Realities and was not a power that should be in the hands of any Primordial, but now Rowan was becoming that Primordial.

The vision that had once seized his mind when he planted the Azure Empyrean continued from where it had stopped, as his understanding of the Origin of Space deepened, revealing more of the past to him.

If he could at this point, Rowan would be sighing in relief, because something amazing happened during the time his consciousness was drawn to the beginning of everything... and he discovered that his main body could not see this memory. It was not until it was over that Rowan was able to send this memory to Eos.

They both knew that there would be consequences for severing their connection, but the flow of information that still existed between them could be considered to be perfect, and there was no loss, even though it was one-way, as Rowan could only transmit information to Eos, and Eos would only show him what he requested, and nothing more.

There should have been no reason Eos was not able to see the memories as soon as they were happening, and this could only mean that they had finally identified the blind spot of his main body.

The experiment was working as they had hoped. There was something about the ninth-dimensional level that prevented Eos's sight from knowing of its existence, and it did not matter if he was robust enough to wield or channel ninth-dimensional energies; he was like a brute wielding a gun like a club.

It was highly possible that the first time he understood the Origin of Space, this vision had been there for his perusal, but he could not see it because he was not suited for this sort of sight.

Acknowledging this great weakness, Eos sent an order to Rowan to forget about delving deeper into the mysteries of his body and soul; he could remotely take over and follow up with every transformation happening inside them. What he would focus on was what Eos could not see.

Rowan's consciousness returned to the beginning of everything. Although he was aware that there were multitudes of colors in the sky in such great varieties that even his expansive mind could not comprehend all of them, they had all faded to gray, and all he could see was the colors of space.

It had deepened, creating new shades that could not have emerged from the combination of just two colors, and Rowan knew he was sitting in the front-row seat, watching Space being born, and that this *color* was simply a small part of what was happening here.

All of this would change if he fully accepted his transition into the ranks of Primordial, but for Rowan, even greater than becoming a Primordial was the answers to the mysteries of the past, and he could peer around, seeking the creator of existence. Who was that? Could it be Enoch, or was there another player that he knew nothing about? There had to be more.

Knowing that Eos would be gathering all the data about the Primordial level, even if he was occupied with the search through this memory, he focused on finding more from this memory, and soon his search was rewarded.

He saw the birth of what should be Nascent Realities.

What drew his sight was the explosion of colors, that became greater than what had previously occurred, it was as if the combination of Azure Empyrean and the Obsidian Abyss was bringing to life something much greater than the sum of its parts, and then cries of life began to arise from these new colors in such massive volume that Rowan's consciousness was almost stunned... the number of life forms he was detecting was impossible, and with every passing moment, more were being born.

The sound of their cries continued to increase and increase until Rowan's consciousness exploded, and he was forced out of the memory to see that his body had transformed once again, and the Obsidian Abyss had merged into the shell created by Azure Empyrean, and his body trembled as the river of pure power began to flow through him.

One thing that this memory had told him was that the Origin of Space had never been meant for Primordials, and in the past, there might have been a Primordial of Space, although this was highly unlikely, but they should be dead because he could feel no restriction as he took charge of deeper layers of the Origin of Space.

There could be multiple Primordials of a single concept, but the first Primordial of that concept to reach the first level of it would be the one who could claim that power, and all of the other lesser Primordials of that concept would never be able to achieve any deeper connection with their Origin, and the only way to progress would be to kill the Primordial with the greater connection with the concept, and that was a task that was almost impossible for an average Primordial.

This was the greatest weakness of the path of the Ancient Primordials, which Rowan had entirely eliminated with his new paths. There would never be any reason for a Primordial of the new path to fear stagnation because their Origin already had someone ahead with greater control over it. Everyone had taken the path that suited them the most, and only they would determine how far they would take their Origin.

Rowan briefly glanced at the entirety of the road and saw that nearly ninety percent of all souls had been banished from it, and the weakest immortal here was at the seventh dimensional level, and they had only lasted this long because the scarlet sun was fading.

The gap between the first layer of Origin and the second layer was a chasm, and even though the power he revealed to the Road of Eternity was barely a shadow of the Origin of Space, they had all been blown away, but they were lucky to come out of it with great benefits to their souls.

Rowan expected that the most talented of them here on the road would be able to manifest their souls to reach great heights similar to what he could achieve with his dimensional soul, essentially giving them another body. The advantage that this would give them was tremendous, from doubling their speed of cultivation and comprehension, to giving them the opportunity to walk another brand new path while still having the benefits from both paths.

Yet if they could still hold on, the benefits were not over, as Rowan reached deeper into himself and called upon the third layer of space, the Fractal Weave.

Rowan was unaware that a darkness was beginning to surround him, and it had been growing from the moment he began breaking into the Primordial Level, and in that darkness, there were eyes.

Chapter 1927 - Capítulo 1927: Breaking My Last Chains (2)

Capítulo 1927: Breaking My Last Chains (2)

CRADLE OF ENOCH (45 Million Cosmic Eras in the past)

Rowan hurled his broken body into the cave, knowing that the only reason he had not collapsed was that Enoch had stopped consuming his blood, and now the entire field of bones stretching for infinity was covered by a sea of red, painting a picture that was enough to bring a god to madness.

He had waited for two hundred thousand years without speaking for Enoch to complete his shocking tale, but he remained in silence; apparently, the shock of revisiting that memory held this being in its clutch.

Rowan had already mastered the seventeenth layer of his nameless techniques, and despite the words from Enoch, he was not going to wait or stop his actions, because he knew that the greatest cards he had to play in this situation was his unique capabilities of consuming these bones, which apparently were the remnants of all existence that had perished, either naturally or through the actions of the Primordials or other higher powers.

Enoch had revealed many revelations to him, and he did not know if he should believe any one of them, not without the means of verification that the strange fire inside him was capable of giving him. However, Rowan did not necessarily care if they were truth or lies; he knew a distraction when he saw it, and understood that with so much at stake, there was no room for negotiation, and this dance he and Enoch were doing was simply a way to find out as much weakness from the other as possible.

Sure, Enoch might have told him the truth, but Rowan was not a fool; he knew that the greatest tool for manipulation had always been truth. Enoch had told him that telling Rowan the truth would aid him, and Rowan could understand how this might come to be.

Enoch had told Rowan that he was the Primordial Record, but whether this was truth or lies was irrelevant, because the one thing that Rowan was at this time or any point in the past was raw potential and endless capacity for growth and change.

From a mortal being, he was able to evolve himself to a level where he became a fusion of Primordial and Reality, and his potential was not exhausted; instead, it was increasing.

Simply put, it did not matter if Rowan was the Primordial Record; if Enoch could place enough of his truths into the way he saw himself, then Rowan would find himself tending more towards that path.

There was a reason that out of all the places inside Eosah's Reality that he could have been born, he was placed in Trion, and the first path he was exposed to was one of the Dominators and the path of Empyreans. At this point, he may not have known it, but his path had been set.

If he were born anywhere else, then it was possible that he would never have become a Reality but something different, but every truths he was exposed to, shaped the way he looked at the world and how he approached challenges.

Rowan knew that Enoch was doing the same to him now, and although it did not look like a battle, the threat for annihilation and everything he stood for was very possible, and what Rowan feared was that despite seeing the trap in front of him, he might have no chance but to go along with it, because rejecting this truth may lead to more harm.

It was for this reason that after Rowan waited for two hundred millenia for Enoch to continue speaking, he decided to head out of the cave and consume more of the bones, he knew that there was a great risk in doing this, because if Enoch was to consume his blood during this process, then despite the unexpected boost that the invisible flame was adding to his techniques, Rowan would perish.

However, he placed a bet that something he was not aware of had changed, and Enoch needed him alive now more than he needed him dead, and his daring bet had paid off. Without the strain of dealing with the poison from Enoch's consumption, Rowan had lasted for eighteen cosmic eras!

He could have remained for at least another two cosmic eras, but he did not want to leave himself so weak that he would not be able to have full access to his mental faculties, especially since the invisible flame that had begun to merge deeper with his soul was beginning to take a new color.

A hint of green and scarlet was staining the edge of this flame, and the color that touched a small part of this flame was so blindingly bright that Rowan suspected that he needed to maintain supreme focus over it or it would spill out and stain all of creation with its light, and Rowan did not need to be perceptive enough that this flame, despite him not willing to call it for what it is, was Lumina, and Enoch would go crazy if he knew that Rowan had somehow gotten access to it.

He had never seen Enoch fight before, and he believed that this being had never once raised his hand to commit violence; he rather commanded or influenced others to battle so he could watch for his amusement, and it was not because Enoch was weak; on the contrary, Rowan had never seen a more powerful being in his life. It was just that Enoch looked down on everything, and the thought of bringing his hand to strike any lesser being felt like an insult to his majesty.

But if Enich discovers that Rowan was seeing the light of Lumina, this might just be enough to break him. Knowing this, Rowan would not waste this potent weapon that could change the game in a drastic manner, and he had to keep it under wraps.

Entering the cave, he collapsed onto his wooden throne and looked up at Enoch, who sat on his throne of nothing and had not moved a single inch, even after eighteen cosmic eras. For the oldest being in creation, such a drastic length of time must mean nothing to him.

“Your guts, Rowan, are astonishing. Knowing how easily I could have killed you, that journey to carry more weight of existence was a mistake on your path.”

Rowan shrugged, “But you did not kill me Enoch,” a pause, as Rowan decided to hit the nail on the head and begin to steer this conversation in the way he wanted, he had given Enoch enough time to show his cards, it was time for his own, else Enoch would see him as a piece on the board, and not a player, and in this place being a piece was a dangerous prospect,

“You want something from me, Enoch, and that gives me leverage, enough to know you are not going to attack me until you have what you want. You have shown me visions of the present, of the Reality I left behind, but I know you are not showing me everything. Correct me if I am wrong, but something has changed... so drastically that you had to pivot, and the plans you had for me could no longer apply.”

Enoch was silent for a while his black eyes like the pit of an abyss showed no expression and he suddenly sneered, “Of course things have changed,” he waved his hand and Eosah’s Reality appeared inbetween them, showing Rowan the present state of Reality, “Your main body and his Incarnation are the worst kinds of enemy, they play with forces they do not understand... You see that road he has created, what does it remind you of? Look at the foundations of the road and the underlying concepts, the Primordials are paying the price while Reality harvests the benefits... Do you now understand what this means?”

Not waiting for Rowan to respond, Enoch growled, “That is the power of End!”

Chapter 1928: Breaking My Last Chains (Final)

“Do you know what I admire and despise about people like us?” Enoch spoke slowly as Rowan watched in fascination at the ongoing activity of his main body and his Incarnation inside Reality. “It is the fact that we don’t know when to stop.”

Rowan drew in a deep breath, a potent feeling that threatened to overwhelm him almost made him close his eyes, reminding him that although Enoch did not attack him, he was still bearing an impossible burden on his shoulders, and with every new revelation that was being rapidly thrown at him, if he was not careful, he would be overwhelmed.

With Enoch pointing out the discrepancies in the action of his main body, he could now see the connection, and being essentially the same person as Eos, he could see how he would have taken this action.

Although Eos might have been deceived by his lack of information, he would not remain in that same position forever. He had failed to anticipate what the Final Form was capable of, but he had a wealth of experience to pull from, and that meant that Eos was working out the secrets of End, even though he did not understand this power.

End was the highest level application of power that was possible, and Eos had begun to chip away at the rules and application of this power, even though he was doing it rather unconsciously. Rowan knew that his main body must have seen the connection between him and the missing Incarnation used as the sacrifice, and how it had impacted the entire spell.

From this, Eos must have begun to experiment on ways to take apart the higher rules of End, even though he did not know what kind of forces he was playing with, he must have recognized that this was the level that exceeded the bounds of Primordial power, and inside this space, finally free from the gaze of the Primordials, Eos was making great progress.

He could see how Enoch was panicking at this change. His greatest weapon was the power of End, because he alone knew enough of its capabilities to shift it in the direction he wanted. However, despite his great powers, Enoch was stuck inside this place, and after knowing what had happened to him when he created all of existence in his desire to fulfill his lust for change and chaos, Enoch had lost his body, and being able to recreate it once more, even though he was imprisoned in this place meant that Enoch was extremely dangerous and he was slowly getting back all that he had lost.

This was an open secret at this point, as Rowan could easily tell the direction of where Enoch's story would lead, his final reason for telling him the truth, but Rowan had expected this, and would not be shocked if he heard all of Enoch's tale, what almost threw him off were the fact that another of his Incarnation was reaching the Primordial level to become the Primordial of Space.

Such a change was not shocking; in fact, he thought it was long overdue. Why his main body had waited this long was unknown; however, the shocking sight came from the colors of Space that he could now trace to the Lumina burning inside of him. He knew that all of his Incarnations alongside his main body were connected, and even time could not separate them, but it was shocking how much power the ninth dimensional level had over the past.

No wonder the Primordials did not want him to become a ninth dimensional entity, and he could see that if his Incarnation reached the ninth dimensional level, then more of the mysteries of the past would be opened, and End would not be a power that was outside his reach.

“I can see the gears in your mind spinning, Rowan,” the cold eyes of Enoch landed on his own like laser beams, “You think that being able to touch more of End would lead to your victory, but it will not.”

Rowan cocked his head to the side, “I don’t see any reason why this would not lead to more of my advantage. The more of End I understand, the greater my ability to control my situation against someone like you. Besides, the actions of my main body is separate from my own, and I am sure by now you know I have no connection with him, so I have no way to influence his actions, but if I did, I would tell him not to stop exploring the mysteries behind End. If he succeeds, he would break the last of my chains.”

Enoch grinned, but there was no laughter in his eyes, like a shark smelling blood in the water, “Then you should hear the rest of my tale before you take this plunge in your belief, because the result is not what you would want. This I sincerely promise you.”

‘Here it comes,’ Rowan thought, ‘The final straw that would break the camel’s back, but I wonder, between us, who would break first.’

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As if eighteen cosmic eras had not passed, Enoch continued from where he left off, and this time his voice held a note of what Rowan could only describe as challenge, it was almost as if Enoch was not telling this tale not to Rowan, but to himself or perhaps something else, maybe he was even talking directly to End, this power seemed sentient enough.

By now, he had so much Lumina in his soul that when Enoch began to speak, Rowan was drawn into the vision of the past, and he began to relive it, as if they were his own memories.

“This new existence created by my body and soul spun on, drunk on its own chaos, unaware that its creator was not gone, only diminished to a state that was worse than Death. There were few in existence that knew my name, but there were many temples where my name and likeness were worshipped. But time passed, and even these massive temples, bigger than realities, were broken and all their treasures looted. I gave them all life, and yet in the blink of an eye, I was forgotten.”

Rowan sighed. He noticed that the period that had passed was greater than two hundred million cosmic eras... Enoch’s name had lasted far beyond what he had anticipated, because this force for change never truly laid down any roots, and he found it amazing that his name could have lasted for so long. Enoch should have been at peace; he had ushered in a new phase of existence, and it was enough to rest and allow himself to fade, but Rowan knew that this would never be the case.

So, he remained silent and continued following the streams of memory that Enoch was taking him across.

“Enoch was no longer a name. It had been forgotten, and traces of it could barely be found once it was known that existence had a creator; now that knowledge was gone. Yet I remained, and I refuse to die!” Enoch spat, his voice raising an octave before settling down into its normal pitch.

“I became the pause between heartbeats, and the cold spot in every flame. I was the silence that follows a scream when the screamer has forgotten why they screamed. In these cracks between existence, I lived.”

Rowan could see Enoch, and he shuddered. Formless, bodiless, thinner than thought, he drifted through the cracks of his own creations like smoke through a graveyard. Where he passed, colors dulled for an instant. Lovers felt a sudden, inexplicable grief mid-kiss. Gods and Realities woke from dreams of falling and could not remember why their hands were empty, and their souls were silent.

Enoch spoke softly, “I had learned the final rule of End: Anything that can begin can be made to finish. And so I intended to finish everything. Again.”

He looked at Rowan and smiled, “This time, the end would not be in a single cataclysmic forge, but slowly. Patiently. Like rot in fruit. Like frost creeping across a windowpane. I would coax existence into eating itself, and when the last living thing swallowed the last poisoned bite, the walls between Real and Not-Real would collapse. And in that final, perfect stillness, perhaps the scattered pieces of me would remember how to cohere.”

“I would be whole again.”

Chapter 1929: You Shall Give Me A Key

Enoch blinked slowly before focusing his gaze on the only being in all creation who was worthy to hear his story,

“I can see the hate in your eyes, Rowan, and it is a good thing that you do not try to hide it. You think I am going too far, don’t you? But you failed to realize that what End took from me could not be changed, and to get back myself, I had to do... anything.”

Rowan shrugged, “Nothing you say would change the way I feel about you, but the years ahead are endless, and you have not finished your tale. Perhaps at the end of it, I shall change my mind, but that is not likely. Now, all I can do is listen to your words. You know my story but I do not know yours, and telling them to me is important, because I know that there is a part of you that understands that despite all your plans and advantages, that you may still fall, and if that happens, someone will have to remember your story, for it is not yours alone, but also the Luminious.”

Enoch was silent for a moment, a touch of introspection entering his eyes, Rowan did not think his words could change the mindset of this fallen Luminious, not really, time and his

reckless actions had refined him into becoming something that was the true personification of Evil, but he knew there had to be moments of reflection, and even though these moments would never last or have lasting impacts, forcing those moments to occur was a victory all of its own.

“You know, Rowan, I sometimes wonder if there was an existence that predated the Luminous, or if we were truly the first. That thought only occurred to me when I saw so many in the creation that I made believe themselves to be the first of everything. Ah, the foolishness of life, were my people also this foolish?”

Enoch shook his head as if he was discarding bad thoughts, and he returned to his tale. That moment of reflection was lost, and all Rowan could see was a being on a mission.

“I began with dreams. I started small across ten thousand new Realities who had forgotten that I once existed. I entered the souls of their creation and whispered into sleeping minds, promising what every living thing secretly wants: more time, more power, more meaning. I taught tyrants how to live forever by drinking the years of their subjects, because at that time, there was a clear demarcation between mortal and immortal, and you were either born an immortal or a mortal, as there was no way to close that gap. Rowan, I created cultivation.”

“I taught lovers how to bind souls so tightly that neither could ever leave, even when love turned to hate. I taught children that growing up was optional if they were willing to cut away the parts of themselves that insisted on tomorrow. Slowly, my endless work began to make an impact across reality as the first real war that rocked multiple realities arose. Corruption spread like frostbite. Stars developed cancers that sang. Oceans learned to thirst. Gods began to fear their own worshippers. And in the slow rot of centuries, I, Enoch, waited for the seven who would be the keys to my freedom.”

Rowan’s breathing almost came to a halt. Finally, it was here, the true birth of the Primordials. Enoch had casually brushed past their creation in the past, but he knew there was much more to their history than this, and the Primordials were an integral component to existence that could not be denied.

Now, with the assistance of Lumina flooding his soul, he could not just hear it from Enoch; he was essentially there as it all happened.

“They were born on a single small world of blue oceans and iron mountains, seven siblings delivered in one bloody night beneath a moon the color of an open wound. Their mother died giving birth to the youngest. Their father vanished into the woods and was never seen again. The world named them cursed. The world was right, for a long time I was looking for these unique curses, and now I had found them.”

Seven mortals stood in a field of blood and bodies, no older than ten years old at the time, but they were all agents of destruction: Nyxara, Xylos, Eldrithor, Xyris, Elgorath,

Asteroath, and Vorthas. Some people were born different, and these children needed proper guidance to keep them from falling off the cliff, but they got the worst.

They were born different, but it was due to their unique gifts that Enoch had been searching for. And Rowan saw in the memory of Enoch that the eldest sibling was not Nyxara, as he had always believed; it was Xylos, and he could taste lies in the air. Then there was Eldrithor, the secondborn, who never bled, no matter how deep the cut.

Asteroath, who spoke to fire, was answered. Vorthas, who could walk through any wall but never found a door he wanted on the other side. Xyris, who dreamed the future and woke screaming. Elgorath, who collected hearts the way others collect coins. And little Nyxara, the seventh, who had no gift at all—until the day she smiled, and the sun that lit up a hundred realities dimmed.

Rowan could see that these seven were special, and they could not be created by Enoch. Their talents might seem to be nothing in the grand scheme of things, but they were the unique lock that Enoch needed to reverse his decline, as only they could access the special kind of power he could give them.

He wanted to reach across and take these children; they were born different, and so they were hated, even by their parents. And Rowan had to remind himself that these were memories of events he could not touch, and the voice of Enoch droned on without pause, uncaring about the disaster he was about to plunge across all of existence.

“I selected well, Rowan. These seven grew up feral, hated, feared, and... magnificent. I watched them the way a spider watches flies already caught in an invisible web. I was patient because I knew that when they were grown, when the world had scarred them enough to make them dangerous, I would begin my visit.”

“I came to them first as a voice in the flames when Nyxara sat alone. Then as a reflection in still water that smiled when Xylos did not. Then as the shadow that walked beside Elgorath even at noon.”

“I offered them what every orphan wants: a purpose. A family bigger than blood. A revenge vast enough to fit their rage. And finally, when they were ready, I led them to the orchard. All my years of corrupting Reality were for this moment, all the deaths and destructions freed enough of my essence that I would be able to create this place. I was desperate; it could not last because the endless forces of creation were already pulling back the power that I had gathered, but I still succeeded.”

“The orchard grew in a place that should not exist: a valley folded between seconds, where time pooled like spilled milk. Seven trees stood in a perfect circle, each bearing a single fruit. The fruits were not fruit. They were pieces of me, compressed, crystallized, still faintly warm with the memory of a heartbeat,”

Rowan could see the orchard and the trees, the result of destruction that ravaged hundreds of Realities. If those living at that moment had been a bit wiser, Enoch's whispers would have been nothing, and he would not have had the capability of gathering so much power, but greed and fear caused them to battle and give the architect of their destruction all the tools he needed to finish them off.

On each tree was a single fruit, and the first tree had a fruit of frozen starlight, sharp as grief. The second had a fruit of black glass that bled when you touched it. The third was a fruit of living flame that did not burn the hand but burned the past. The fourth was a fruit shaped like an eye that wept liquid night. The fifth was a fruit that screamed when picked, and the scream was tomorrow. The sixth was a fruit made of mirrors reflecting every face you have ever hated.

And the last, a small, ordinary-looking thing, pale and soft, the only one that looked edible. It pulsed, very gently, like a heart that had learned to be humble.

Then Enoch spoke to them; his voice could barely be heard. He had given all he could into the creation of these fruits, but in this place, they could hear his voice as clear as day.

"Eat," he said, "and you will never kneel again. Eat, and the thing that abandoned you will beg to be remembered. Eat, and you will become the new First Beings. And all I ask in return is a small thing. You shall give me a key."

Chapter 1930: The Height of Betrayal

"My story ends here with the beginning of the Primordials, and everything that follows can be pieced together by you, but that would take too long, because you seek the final connection that links us all together, and even though it would give me pleasure from holding this back from you... Sadly, there is a need for it to be completed. So, let us go a bit further into the past."

While the tale of Enoch was ongoing, he did not stop the present vision of Reality that he was showing to Rowan, and he discovered that although the vision was clear, transmitting such great details that could satisfy Rowan's sight, there was something going wrong with the vision; it was beginning to blur at the edges.

Enoch still had a few tethers to Eosah's Reality, despite the fact that Rowan had cleansed it multiple times, but it seemed that something that his main body was doing was finally breaking it. Inside his consciousness, Rowan began preparing for battle. He knew that Enoch was not a being who was accustomed to losses; he would fight when his back was against the wall. What else did he have to lose?

"They ate of my fruits, and the missing part of them was completed, and if this had stopped here, then the deal was more than fair, and yet I gave them access to more power." Enoch continued with no warning, and Rowan knew that he was aware he had

noticed that his vision over Reality was beginning to fade, and yet he was not addressing it. Still, his voice threw Rowan into the past, and he saw these seven mortals become something more.

“Xylos bit into frozen starlight and tasted every lie ever told to him, even from his beloved siblings, and his eyes turned silver and merciless, and although it hurt, he wanted more of it.”

“Elgorath split the black glass fruit with his teeth, and for the first time in his life, blood ran down his chin that was not his own, and he smiled because he finally understood what it felt like to be wounded. Do you see how I completed them, Rowan? Do you see my mercy even in my lack?”

Not waiting for Rowan to answer, Enoch continued speaking, his voice no longer shifting but maintaining the same tone,

“Asteroath swallowed living flame and laughed as his shadow burned away, leaving him radiant and terrible, and he was the first one to see the shadows of his wings.”

“Vorthas ate the eye and saw every wall he would ever walk through, including the ones made of his siblings’ bodies. And he saw the potential of me, and from that moment, he chased the darkness of death even though he had life in abundance.”

“Xyris devoured the screaming future and went mute for a long time, because some futures are kinder when unspoken. It was his sister, the little betrayer Nyxara, who slowly coaxed the secret of the future from him, and then he burned the memory out of his mind, and for that mercy, Xyris loved her.” Enoch paused, “You know it is funny, only speaking of this tale do I begin to see the beginning of the deception and how much I missed in the past... There should not have been seven of them; only six were required.”

“Eldrithor consumed the mirror fruit and saw himself reflected infinitely, each version holding another heart. His heart, finally in the center. From that moment, he saw the chaos that was always a part of him, and maybe of all of them; he was the one who saw my essence more than others, but soon that essence was perverted.”

“And then little Nyxara, hahaha, that bitch, the seventh, my greatest mistake, she took the small pale fruit in both hands, kissed it like a lover, and ate it whole. She proved to me at that point that her soul could hold everything in creation. Did I not just watch her hold a part of Xyris’s fear? It was the easiest decision for me to make her the eldest, and because they were not fully aware of what it meant to control their abilities, I gave her the greatest portion of might among them all. This was my second mistake.”

The vision of this moment was one of the most surreal things Rowan had ever seen.

The valley vanished where they had taken the fruits had vanished, and the siblings stood in a circle of scorched earth, and the air around them cracked like old ice.

He could see power flooding into their bodies, raw, white, hungry. The same white that had once been a boy named Enoch. And then above them, yet still far away, in the place where nothing meets nothing, the void shivered.

A hairline fracture appeared in the walls that separated Real from Not-Real, and Rowan saw that Enoch had felt this change in existence. He had given birth to a power that was supposed to have ended even before existence began.

Enoch had no mouth, but something that had once been a mouth curved into something that had once been a smile.

The bargain was sealed.

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Rowan cocked his head to the side, “I am a bit confused, Enoch, from what I knew of the past about the Primordials, you were not creating helpers but slaves, how can you say they betrayed you when they most likely fought for their freedom?”

“Freedom? Bah! All of existence owes me a debt for their lives. I created everything, and if I wished to take it all back, then it is only fair, but their sins were greater than the rest. They would have died, Rowan. The way existence was at that time meant they would have never lived for long. They were mortals with the power to affect existence as a whole. How long do you think the immortals at that time would endure their presence when they were fighting and losing against the first endless waves of new immortals who had cultivated to their position?”

“They do not know you, Enoch.” Rowan countered, “They were children who were given the power to crush existence. I believe you were counting on that, but did you not see that you were playing with a double-edged sword?”

Enoch chuckled coldly, “I know you have heard the term Light often, when it’s used to describe your potential, power, and majesty, but do you know that that term originated from me?” Then he suddenly screamed, “I gave them my Light Rowan, a gift that none of existence had... They may have used my flesh as the foundation of this new existence, but End did not give them my Light; only I am capable of this gift.”

Enoch seemed to deflate, “I gave them the chance of holding my Light and did not ask much from them except to take back all that I have lost, and at the beginning, everything went the way it should... the existence that had forgotten me found a power that was beyond their understanding, and they began to fall, one by one, until the immortals falling under the might of my glorious creation came together and created you... at least for so long I was led to believe that, but your creation is a work of the Primordials as well as them.”

Chapter 1931 - Capítulo 1931: Remember My Name (1)

Capítulo 1931: Remember My Name (1)

“Yes, Rowan, your origins, or do you believe I would keep this truth from you when it serves my enemies better to keep you from it?” Enoch smirked when he saw the shock in the eyes of Rowan. Even though they both knew that Rowan was a consummate actor, there were some things that could not be faked.

Rowan rested his head on his throne for a moment before he burst into laughter, “This is so familiar,” he said, “I once had a conversation similar to this with Death, and even then, the beast did not believe me until it was too late.”

Raising his head up to see the question in Enoch’s eyes, Rowan sighed, “You must have seen that memory of me with the Beast of Final Rest, who, like you, was gaining great benefits from the slaughter that the Primordials were having all over Reality. The beast thought that all the benefits it was gaining would carry a price that it could bear... now there is war on its doorsteps.”

“You compare me with a damned beast?” Enoch growled, “That opportunist took my light for itself, and now it suffers the consequences.”

“You miss the entire point, Enoch,” Rowan nearly rolled his eyes, “Or are you refusing to acknowledge it? The Primordials you created have minds of their own, and they were not fools; they could see the inevitable end of their path. Answer me this: what would happen to the Primordials after they are done with your work?”

Enoch cocked his head to the side as if in surprise at the obvious question from Rowan, “I gave them my light and allowed them to see the true face of eternity, of all lifeforms to ever exist, they have received the most grace from me... Their lives and entire existence are pledged to me to do what I see fit, and they should have returned everything back to me as it was always intended from the start.”

“But there is something you are missing here, Enoch. You created the Primordials out of your Light, and that means that they are a part of you; they carry your purpose, but they also carry your hunger. Why would you ever think any part of you would be satisfied with giving up the things you want? You blame everything else, but you refuse to look in the mirror and see that the Primordials are your Reflection staring back at you... by your actions, you have created your greatest enemy.”

Enoch hissed like a snake, almost causing Rowan to flinch at the hatred and anger he sensed inside him, “No one deserves to be my enemy, not those thretherous pieces and

certainly not you. I have grown bored with this tale and the conversation that follows it, and now we should discuss the terms of your agreement.”

“My agreement?” Rowan blinked, “Is this not supposed to be a two-way street, and we both get what we want?”

“Oh, was that the impression I gave you?” Enoch chuckled, “Well you are wrong, and the hand I hold is stronger than yours so your agreement is going to be lesser... hmm, it seems like you think you have more of a bargaining chip, or is it because you think your main body is safe from me and there is nothing I can do to you that would truly affect him? Hahaha, there is a reason I am showing you the present state of Reality, watch and see what is to come, and then tell me how many cards you have left to play.”

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EOSAH’S REALITY (PRESENT DAY)

Rowan had gone through two layers of the Origin of Space in the blink of an eye, and the only ones here who could truly appreciate the impossibility of these achievements were the Primordials, but they knew that he was just beginning, and they were right.

The scarlet sun had barely extinguished itself overhead when a white, almost pale flame appeared overhead, and apart from a handful of Old Ones who remained for a few moments on the Road of Eternity before their souls were forced to leave, only the Primordials remained, and even then, they were beginning to feel the strain.

Telmus and Eva were the only two Primordials who had conquered the first layer of their Origin Force, and even Telmus had not conquered his second layer, but he was getting close, and Rowan knew that this experience on the road was all he needed and there was a great possibility that he could reach the third layer of Defiant Ascension, and a slim chance he would touch the fourth.

He also expected overall improvements from others here as well, as they were all great geniuses beyond compare, and it was time to acknowledge their specialness.

Telmus was the Primordial of Defiant Ascension, and Eva the Primordial of Revelations. Circe shocked him by being the third to reach the level of Primordial, and she became the Primordial of Endless Kindling.

Every New Primordial was pursuing paths that were unique to them as individuals. Except for Telmus, where Rowan had placed a lot of attention at the beginning to ensure that the path of the New Primordials was a success, he was hands-off with the rest, allowing them to pursue a path that was uniquely their own. It was rather easy to see the core of the Primordials from the concept they embodied.

However, Rowan did not know whether to laugh or cry when he noticed that many of the New Primordials chose concepts that, above all, sought to aid him and not themselves.

The Primordial of Defiant Ascension was a warrior above all else, who thrived in situations where the stakes were high and the opposition he faced was greater than his current strength. The law of Defiant Ascension meant that this warrior would always rise, no matter the stumbling block placed in front of him, and for this reason, Telmus was an enemy that should not be kept alive for long, else there would be hell to pay in the future when he inevitably rose.

The Primordial of Revelation that Eva had become may not be the greatest on the battlefield, but it was the closest to the laws of Truth, Fate, and Destiny. Eva became the Primordial of Revelation because she knew there was something that Rowan lacked above all else, and that was a tool that he could use to see through deception and reveal secrets that had been hidden from the past.

Rowan knew that Eva and his main body were working closely, but this was one of the secrets of his main body that he was no longer privy to, and even till this moment, he did not know the full ramifications of Eva's powers.

Circe, on the other hand, had not only shocked him for being the third of the New Primordials, but her concept of Endless Kindling was also extremely special. Like Eva, she was not made for battle, but her laws could also be called the laws of preservation.

Perhaps it was because she was the one to hold the last true bloodline of Trion and deliver it across time before they found their home in the body of Telmus, but her laws meant she could hold the kindlings of all of Rowan's dominion, and even if he fell, his works would not die with him, and she would be there to return everything back the way it was intended to be... she would be the last spark, the kindling that would stand even when time had ended to take his will to the end of eternity and beyond.

Chapter 1932: Remember My Name (2)

The fourth Primordial was also as unexpected as Circe reaching Primordial so quickly, and this new Primordial, the Primordial of Victorious Genesis, was someone that Rowan knew had great promise, but had not expected that this individual would reach this height before many others he had given greater help to.

This Primordial came from a relatively unknown background and was born in the depths of a broken paradise, he and his people were created by an Incarnation of Rowan when he was barely a three dimensional entity, and so the resources he had at that time was limited, but this individual had great talents and his connection with Rowan's bloodline was profound because he was also linked to Telmus.

He did not have a name because, among his people, a name had to be earned, and despite all he had achieved, he still felt he had not reached a point to claim his name.

Known as the blessed child of the Golden Giants, the First of the Blood Blessed, the Golden Empyrean, but Rowan knew him as the Incarnation of Telmus.

Before the Primordials drew out Telmus' breath from the depths of the Great Abyss and resurrected him to become the Throne of Primordial Demon, Rowan already had a plan in place to bring this great warrior back to life.

He did not understand the complexity of the higher dimension at that time, since he was a three dimensional being, and so he began a grand experiment that involved many complex parts, and his aim was to become a higher dimensional immortal.

It was these experiments that led to the birth of his Reflections and countless new creations, and among those creations were the Blood Blessed, his Empyrean, created from the bloodline of the Ouroboros Serpents and meant to be the counterbalance to his Angellic Aspects.

Rowan may have not understood the complexities of the Primordial bloodlines at that time, but he knew the importance of balance, and he did not want the power of his celestial side to overtake his other bloodlines, and as the future had showed him many time from that moment, he was right to diversify his skillsets and grow to the extent that the Primordials could barely understand.

This experiment was done inside an Eternal Realm that belonged to a Breaker, Thenos, and it was called Doomstar. Within this Realm, a lot of changes that would affect Rowan's future occurred.

Looking back now, Rowan felt lucky that he had made this move and gained the power of his Reflection, giving him an edge that haunted the Primordials and scattered a lot of their plans for him.

Only recently did Rowan discover that the Primordials had ways of monitoring his Primordial Record, even when he had complete control over it, but while inside Doom Star, a lot of his progress was made with his Reflections, and they did not have access to the Primordial Record.

Rowan had to learn and grow without this potent guide by his side, and although he made a lot of mistakes, with one of his Incarnation, Berrion the Undying paying a great price to ensure his victory... this place gave Rowan the chance to find the strength that was not watered down by the agenda of the Primordials and from that moment forward, the Primordials had been playing catch up, but their only advantage was how much stronger and more knowledgeable they had over him, but slowly he had erased those advantages.

Even with all the years that had passed, Rowan would never forget the promise he made to Berrion, and no matter how much time passes, he would always remember his name. With this alone, Berrion's essence was undying, and he would not know defeat.

Rowan had gathered some of Telmus's soul and essence, and in the creation of the Golden Giants, his Empyrean, Rowan had placed the strands of soul and essence into the bloodlines of the Blood Blessed without much expectation of the result.

It did not take long for a white haired boy to be born with great talents, the first of their kind to have nine Natal Treasures, which were the unique bloodline powers that Rowan had created for the Golden Giants. This boy had followed him as he warred against the forces of Ascendancy and Calamity inside the broken realm of Doomstar, and in the end, in his battle against the Eye of Time, they had nearly all given their lives to ensure his victory.

Rowan had taken them all into his realm and had promised them a rebirth, especially the boy whom he knew he still owed a battle.

Time slowly passed by, and Rowan grew stronger, and as he approached his final form, he knew that he now had the power to bring his children to a state where they were closer to his potential, and this led to the birth of the Elythrii, Rowan's perfect vision for his children.

Rowan's potential was too great, but he did not want to walk the road of the higher realm alone. He was perfectly capable of being by himself, but if he had the capacity to bring to others the chance to become great, he would not hold back this power, and the Elythrii was the vision he had held in his heart for so long.

Free from the chains of the Primordial Bloodlines and free to create something entirely his own, the Elythrii were the gathering of all his children and followers he had gathered over the years.

However, since his children's foundation was tied to the Primordial system of power, Rowan had to break them down to their basic components. He made them mortal, and their memories were suppressed until they had the strength to look into their Origin. Only then would they be able to finally reach their full potential.

It took a while, but the most talented of the Elythrii began to access their past lives, and now that they had the advantage of the direct bloodline that Rowan had created, it should not have surprised him that the fourth Primordial to be born came from their number, and he was the child who swore to defeat Rowan in combat.

Chapter 1933: Remember My Name (3)

The Primordial of Victorious Genesis still did not claim a name because he knew he could not yet defeat Rowan, and an ongoing joke among the Primordials was that he would remain nameless forever, but the concept he embodied was one where in the end, his genesis would emerge when he was victorious, and he told every Primordial that with his concept, it was only a matter of time until he reached his goals.

Rowan was counting on his victory because he did not know the full potential of the New Primordials, and like him, perhaps their only limit was those that were imposed on themselves, and a concept like this may not have much combat power in the present, but the possibility of growth was astonishing.

His peak would only be his beginning, and Rowan knew that such a concept could only apply to a Primordial like this. "But first," Rowan had told him, "Defeat the man from whose soul you were born, defeat Telmus, and then come to me for that battle."

This was the first of the Elythrii to reach the heights of Primordials, but it would not be the last.

The next Primordial to arise did not surprise Rowan, who had anticipated his rise even before those of Victorious Genesis and Endless Kindling, and this was Thenos, the Primordial of Hollow Victories.

With Thenos's impressive talent and the help of his Singularity, he should have been the second Primordial to be born, but the karma he held with the path of the Ancient Primordials were great and purging himself of them was a terrible sacrifice that nearly shattered his Singularity beyond repair, and in fact it did, and if not for the help of Eos who gathered every piece of it and reforged a new World Stele, Thenos would have perished on his ascent to the ninth dimension.

It was in this state, broken and defeated, that he seized the concept of Hollow Victories, and while he might never be as terrifying as Telmus or Victorious Genesis in battle, there was no terrifying assassin than him.

Previously, it was difficult for a Primordial to kill another Primordial, but that was using the Ancient Primordial system when the Primordials embodied the concepts of existence itself, which, in its basic state, sought balance above all else.

The New Primordials could easily kill the Ancient Primordials when they were on the same level, not because they were superior to the Ancient system, but because they had tools available to them that existence could not comprehend.

Before the Primordial of Hollow Victories were born, this concept had no avatar, and so against Ancient Primordials, they could easily be dealt with. This concept extended to the New Primordials; they could easily kill an Ancient Primordial, but they could not easily defeat themselves at the same baseline of power.

However, the concept of Hollow Victory that Thenos embodied could pierce through those defenses in a very sneaky manner that could hardly be perceived or defended against, and Rowan would bet that with enough time and preparation, given the right conditions, the Primordial of Hollow Victories could kill any of the New primordials, including Telmus, and he sometimes worried that the first Primordial Assassin to be born was Thenos.

The sixth primordial to be born shocked everyone except Rowan, who had long expected that she would be taking center stage soon, despite her quiet nature and her willingness to accommodate everyone and everything.

Sheba, known to all as the Castle of Algorh, became the Primordial of Unbroken Horizon, and Rowan could remember her surprise when it came time for her to ascend as a Primordial.

She had great talents and her fortitude over the years were noteworthy, and there were few in existence that possessed her steadiness, and Rowan knew that although she was not the strongest Primordial now, the possibility that she would become much powerful in the future was there, even if she would not crave that power and only pursue her desire, which was to become a home for all existence.

Sheba had spent so long catering to the needs of others that once she had given you access to one of her endless wings inside her castle, then it would not matter how far away you are in Limbo; she controlled the concept of a horizon that was unbroken, and opening any door would lead you to her.

With Sheba, no New Primordial would ever be lost again in the darkness when they knew that home was only one door away. One day, if she explored her concept to the limit, Rowan believed that her horizon would extend even beyond Limbo.

Every Primordial suffered and persevered before reaching their position, but none of them placed as much passion and endless drive as the seventh Primordial that came to be born.

She was among the Elythrii and became one of the first to remember her past life, but she woke up to find the man she ached for the most was gone, and to get him back, she would have to become powerful enough.

Mira, the Daughter of Fire, was a powerful and talented magus who fell before her star could rise. Her lover, Andar Erikson, who was arguably the most talented magus to ever be born, had held her body beside him because he had dreamed of resurrecting her, but the years passed, and Andar also fell without his vision being able to come to fruition.

When Rowan gained access to all of Eosah's Reality, he had resurrected every soul that had ever lived, giving them the chance to experience life again without the shade of the Primordials hanging over their heads. He had searched for every trace of those that were precious to him among all the souls of his origin he could find and they could not be found.

It was as he suspected, Primordial Soul still held the souls of those he loved with her, and she had explicitly warned him about this before she and her siblings left to battle Death. It had been a warning to Rowan that they held his heart in their hands.

However, among these souls was one that his child had cultivated to resurrect over the course of his life. Of course, Andar had grown over the years, and there were hints of romance rising between him and Staff, but his promise took center stage, and he did not pursue any other woman until he brought back the one he had lost back to life.

He had fallen, and Rowan had been the one to fulfill the dreams of his son, and he made her one of the Elythrii, stripping her of the bond she had with her magus blood. Mira did not spend long in mourning, and Rowan could see why Andar would have fallen for her, as she began dedicating herself to cultivation when she discovered that there was a possibility that the soul of Andar was with Primordial Soul.

What held her back in the past was her talent, but as an Elythrii, she had a seed of potential that no one in Eosah's Reality could boast of, and she dedicated herself in a shocking manner to ascend to the throne of Primordials even while knowing that becoming a Primordial was just the beginning of her journey.

Thus, the Primordial of Blazing Benediction was born.

Chapter 1934: Remember My Name (4)

The Primordial of Blazing Benediction was the face of mages all over Reality, as the day she reached this position, a new sun that was the biggest in all of Eosah's Reality arose, and every child of fire went to it. They all knew the stories of Andar and Mira, and to see her return to carry his torch forward fueled a wave of fervor across the entire magus world.

Like a mage, the Primordial of Blazing Benediction had taken her spellcraft to new heights, and she was making new discoveries as time passed. Rowan knew that she was among the few Primordials who may never need to go deeper into their Origins in order to gather great power, because the process of spellcraft was all about taking the energy of what was around you and controlling it to suit your needs, and she had taken that concept to the limit.

Her hunger for revenge and for the return of Andar equaled his own, and Rowan was grateful that a Primordial that shared his passion for the release of his loved ones had been born amongst their number.

The last three Primordials were almost born at the same time, with the years separating their rise being mere centuries. The eighth Primordial, the Primordial of Dawnforged Embers, was Rowan's son, Vraegar.

Originally, if Vraegar had followed his true nature as a dragon, then he might have been one of the first New Primordials to be born, but due to the request of Rowan, he was forced to take a new path that did not walk the road of the Ancient Primordials.

Vraegar was a being of endless hunger, and he held within his heart the traces of Rowan's true savagery and anger. And against his enemies, this was an extremely potent weapon, but the only problem with this power was that it was a known quantity by the Primordials, hence they would know how to channel or redirect it.

The dragon was far too powerful and important to be left with such a crutch, and like Telmus, Rowan fashioned a new path for Vraegar, and it was one that borrowed one of the most dangerous tools that Rowan had ever held, and it was the Altar of Unmaking, alongside the hammer that came with it.

Even though this Altar was given to distract Rowan from the true threats of the Primordials and pushed his focus only on the Primordials that were inside Reality, Rowan still recognized how dangerous this tool was, and he knew that what he needed was to refine this weapon in a direction that the Primordials would not be able to touch, and so Vraegar became his answer, and the Primordial of Dawnforge Embers was created.

In the past there were multiple Eternal Realms similar to Doomstar inside Eosah's Reality, but they had all being slowly destroyed with no traces left, and after Rowan shattered Doomstar, he thought that was the last Eternal Realm in existence, but it was not, one more Eternal Realm remained, and it had been under the protection of Primordial Memory who gained a vast sum of treasure and wealth from this realm.

This Eternal Realm was called the Forge-World of Hephaestus Minor, and their ruler was also a Breaker named Hephaestus, who forged weapons and treasures for the Primordial.

To ensure that this Breaker, who held the Singularity Fire Hammer, was weakened, his bones were crushed, and he was forbidden to heal them, and the weight of his hammer was doubled every time it was swung. With all of these impediments, Hephaestus was still forced to make treasures with his hammer, and so it took millions of years for him to make a single treasure, but over time, that treasure had grown to a great number, as even the Great Labyrinth itself was partly built by this smith.

After swearing his loyalty to Rowan, Hephaestus worked with him to reforge Vraegar into something new, as he fused with the Altar of annihilation while carrying the flames of his brother's ambition in his heart.

Because he did not want to affect the nature of this fusion, Rowan was rather handoff and the possibility that Vraegar would have perished was truly great, but the dragon's soul had grown over the years of trials and tribulation, and he arose the Primordial of Dawnforged Embers, and his powersets were one of Eos's closely guarded secrets, and Rowan was not aware of all he could do.

However, Rowan knew that it would be ridiculously powerful because Vraegar who now wore a humanoid form with long red hair and draconic eyes was always holding back during practice bout, and the fact that Hephaestus had sacrificed his life in order for Vraegar to claim the Fire Hammer, meant that Vraegar became the second Primordial Breaker after Thenos, and he was the fusion of Rowan's Breaker bloodline and Hephaestus.

The ninth Primordial, the Primordial of Screaming Void, was Noctis, who struggled more than most to rid himself of the Ancient pathway of Death, and he could only succeed when he decided to give himself up and pleaded to Rowan for the chance to become an Elythrii.

His bond to the Primordials and Death was too great, as the Karma for being the one to open the door for the Primordials still bound his heart in a chain of regret and anger, making it impossible for him to let go of it. After seeing the great progress the rest were making and knowing that the war was drawing near, Noctis finally let go and became a mortal and an Elythrii.

Without the barrier of regret, Noctis' ascent was swift and was almost faster than Telmus's ascent to Primordial. The touch of the life he had lived still played a choice in the concept Noctis chose to embody and becoming the Primordial of Screaming Void, an entity who was meant to devour Death and madness, Noctis took his redemption as his entire purpose.

The last of the New Primordial was the Primordial of Endless Eclipse, and this Primordial came from a fusion of the old and the new. And although Rowan expected her rise, he could not have anticipated the path she used to reach them.

The Primordial of Endless Eclipse was Staff, the daughter of Telmus.

Staff had insisted on following the Pathway of her father, and Rowan had been curious about what the result might be when two Primordials arose from the same path using his system.

Would they still be as restricted as the Ancient Primordials, and no progress could be made by the new Primordial in the same path, or would this be because the concepts, while exact, could also be interpreted according to the understanding of the user, ensuring that even two Primordials on the same path would still be different?

Rowan had no way to know this, and so he was pleased that Staff was taking up this path even though he knew that this was an act of defiance towards him.

However, everything changed when Mira, the Primordial of Blazing Benediction, was born, and Staff could no longer stand by as Mira surpassed her and became a Primordial. What if the battle began and the war for Andar's soul did not include her in the picture just because she was too weak?

Abandoning her stubbornness, Staff came to Rowan to be reborn as an Elythrii, and Rowan still chuckled when he remembered her fury when she was rejected, but before she could blow up, Rowan had given her a new suggestion: what if she did not just become an Elythrii but the fusion of Rowan's bloodline and her father's?

Chapter 1935: Rememeber My Name (5)

The Primordial of Endless Eclipse was a special existence, one that was bound between light and darkness, and Rowan knew that although his New Primordials had great advantages over the ancient Primordials because of the power of their concepts, this also meant that there was great disparity in their powers.

Any New Primordial with special prefixes to their title, like Endless, were usually much powerful than those without this signature, but the reverse could also be the case, and it was a fascinating thing to watch and process.

Staff was a special Primordial, and even his main body deemed that to be the case, and Rowan knew that these ten Primordials would most likely be all he had to work with before the battle was done, but if he was lucky, he might get one or two Primordials, although he was hoping that his ascension on the Road of Eternity would be enough to push special Old Ones into the ranks of Primordials.

It was a shame that no Old One was able to last for long under the light of the Third Layer of Space, the Fractal Weave, but traces of this level would be left permanently on the road, and it would go a long way to enlighten those who would be cultivating their souls on this road.

These traces that would be left behind were so complex that even Primordials would struggle with them, but there were those that were lucky and fated and if they could discern a tiny fraction of the mysteries left behind, especially the third level of space, it was possible to push them to the peak of the eighth dimension and the possibility of reaching Primordial was at hand.

Only Rowan, who was ascending to the ranks of Primordial, would still be carefree enough to allow his thoughts to wander, but for him, reaching the Primordial level was not the challenge; it was the tribulation that was not under his control that was the problem.

He had discovered that with every layer he merged with his flesh, his consciousness was ripped into the past, where he saw the beginning of creation, and although he could leave this memory early if he chose to, he could not fight against the initial pull that drew him into it.

Since his main body could not directly share his vision when he was inside these past memories, there existed a gap in his defenses that an enemy could take advantage of, and

as Rowan's consciousness was inevitably dragged to the past, a part of him was tense because he was helpless, but he could only leave his safety to the Primordials here on the road and his main body, because he believed that he was still missing one part of the puzzle.

The Origin of Space was born with the birth of the first Realities, and unlike Rowan in the future who had a clear road to reach the fourth layer of space, all Realities had to figure out these secrets for themselves, but unlike immortals, Realities had special advantages and privileges that made this process ridiculously easy for them, almost as if existence was actively feeding them this power.

Then Rowan saw it... the answers to one question that had always been bothering him... How could all Realities have such high attainment in similar Origins?

Rowan could now see the color of space very clearly, and with each new layer he seeded to his flesh, the color he could see deepened and became richer, hinting at the great mysteries of space. There were trillions of Realities here, and all of them controlled the Origin of Space, and yet these Origins did not clash.

This was a clear subversion of the rules that governed all Origin Forces, at least when it came to immortals and Primordials. Why were Realities different? How were they able to share the same Origin Force without the clash happening?

Perhaps it was because he needed to be at least at the Third Level of Origin before he could see this secret, Rowan now had the answer.

At first, he could not understand what he was looking at, but his consciousness had grown vast, and it was not difficult for him to see what was happening.

Every Reality that was born would naturally tend towards the Origin of Space, because the foundation of their bodies was essentially related to Space. However, there could only be a single Origin of Space, and that law could not be changed. The ninth dimension was the highest realm in existence, and anyone who held the origin of space held the entirety of the laws of space bounding existence, and so, there should have been only a single massive Reality in existence that could later splinter into many smaller realities... this was the natural evolution of existence... it was how it was always meant to be.

However, something... someone was changing the natural laws.

Attached to every Reality was a line of radiance that seemed to be filled with an endless source of potential that could be converted to anything, even Origin, and for a moment, it reminded him of soul energy and its capacity to recreate the endless laws inside a Reality. However, comparing this power linked to every Reality to Soul Energy was similar to comparing scattered dust and a diamond.

Rowan's consciousness, now touching the third layer of space, was able to manifest himself inside the memory, and with a raise of his hand, he froze it, causing the entire chaos of trillions of realities coming to life to grind to a halt.

Slowly raising his left hand, time began to flow backward. However, since Time was not truly in existence here, it only appeared as if time was flowing backwards, but what was happening was that Rowan's consciousness was just moving through this memory, from the present to the past.

This movement caused incredible strain on his consciousness, but when the fuel for his mental prowess went low, he felt a pure and potent power flow into his mind, and he knew that this was most likely Eos supporting his body from the outside.

Eos might be unable to enter this memory, but he was monitoring every part of Rowan's body and soul, and in the moments where he felt a lack, he would fix it.

Rowan had no fear of running out of mental power, so he increased the push of his mind as he went deeper into the past. Now that he was able to see these new lines of radiance feeding power into existence where it should not be, he wanted to investigate it from the roots

He had not forgotten that flash of white that swept past him... Could he see the memory of the Creator inside this place?

From trillions, the number of realities continued to shrink as he went further into the past, and Rowan could observe that these lines of radiance that were ready to pour all of these potentials into Reality could be found all across existence... it was as if he was looking at the true foundation of creation.

What power could hold so much potential inside of them that they would choose to scatter it across all existence as if it were meaningless?

Chapter 1936: Remember My Name (6)

Even though the number of Realities inside of Existence was shrinking, the pressure that Rowan felt walking towards the beginning of existence with his new sight gained from reaching the third layer of space increased.

It was not just because he was fighting against the natural flow of this memory, but also the fact that this memory should have ended, and he was preserving it forcefully.

“BOOM!”

Then he felt an impact in his consciousness that nearly made him black out, but he fought through the pain and discomfort, knowing that if he lost this memory, there was a chance

that he might not see the same thing when he came here a fourth time or even if there was going to be a fourth chance to see the past.

Rowan did not have to figure out that this unknown impact that nearly scrambled his consciousness did not come from inside this memory but from outside... his body, undergoing the ascension to the Primordial level, was being attacked!

With the way his consciousness had responded to the last attack, it must have been powerful enough to have destroyed his entire body in an instant, but he must be healing from that damage.

Rowan's present body and consciousness were now so powerful that only a blow that should have killed him many times over would be able to shake his consciousness to this extent. He had thought that he had entirely mastered the entirety of Reality, but there was something strong enough to kill him.

The danger he had always feared was here, and Rowan could only hope that his main body and all the other preparations he had put in place would be able to pull him through, even though he did not care for being a Primordial; this memory still had important information that his main body would need, and he needed to bring it back to him.

Gritting his teeth, Rowan pushed through the mounting pressure; the constant stream of power flowing from his main body was still continuous, and Rowan took it as a good thing, although it was surprising that there was still opposition inside Reality that could challenge him to this extent. He had expected it.

As more Realities began to vanish, the closer he came to the beginning of existence, the lines of radiance that had extended all over Existence like the roots of a tree began to thicken and converge, and Rowan began to hear voices...

“More... More... More... I want MORE!”

Rowan flinched, not only from the sheer and maddening desire he could feel from inside this voice that nearly twisted his mind into a dance of madness and transformation, but he recognized the voice...

“Enoch...” Rowan whispered, and his eyes widened in realization. If Enoch was the creator of existence, then he was in far more danger than he realized, because Enoch not only controlled the strange power that seemed to govern all the rules behind existence itself, he was also the creator of everything... that changed the way Rowan had to fight this battle. It changes everything.

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In fifteen seconds, except for the Road of Eternity, Eosah's Reality had been shattered a thousand times. The barest hint of the powers of a Primordial were not meant to be

unleashed inside a place as small as Eosah's Reality, but in the space of that fifteen seconds ten Primordials had been pushing out enough energies to light up a billion realities... with the myriad type of concepts they had under their belt, except for the seven ancient and monstrous primordials, it was hard to find who would be able to stand against them... yet they were losing.

Flashes of light so bright they could burn the souls of immortals and sound so powerful that it shredded through time and space as if they were made from paper resounded through existence as ten Primordials stood in front of Rowan and defended him with their lives.

The attack had begun suddenly, and the form it took was so strange that no one here was able to stop it at first, and Rowan, who was merging the third level of the Origin of Space in his flesh, was blasted into ash.

In one moment, Reality had been going along its normal operation as excitement from countless trillions of lives was infecting the air from the unexpected advancement that they had enjoyed, and in the next moment, the entirety of Reality had *folded* into itself, and a gigantic abomination arose from it made of all the parts of Eosah's Reality.

It had a billion arms and ten thousand screaming faces that held no eyes, and those heads had turned to Rowan, where a blinding glow had erupted from their throats and poured down upon Rowan.

As these beams of light fell, all ten thousand of them connected in midair into a single pillar of energy that could easily shred through concepts, and it pounded upon Rowan, instantly turning him into dust, and the beam did not stop, as it counting grounding those dust into nothing, causing the entire Road of Eternity to groan in protest as massive portions of it were being destroyed.

Describing this took some time, but all of this happened so fast that it could be seen as instantaneous.

Eos, who was the one holding up Eosah's Reality, was inside a cage of time and space, so he was in the best position to see this change, and with his intuition forged in combat, he had felt a twitch in his heart before this change happened.

Eosah had long been separated from her body, and Rowan, with him, could be regarded as a broken soul. With this method, he was able to remove any trace of her influence inside her Reality.

With the cage of time and space surrounding this Reality, there should be no way that anyone or anything would be able to influence it, but he had not anticipated that the body of Reality itself could be used as a weapon, not when he had taken out its soul.

The transformation of Reality was quick, and as it blasted his Incarnation apart, his first response was to solidify the cage around it, hoping that the Primordials within would be able to hold back the threats for long enough while he gathered information, and they succeeded for fifteen seconds before they began to lose.

Chapter 1937: Remember My Name (Final)

EOSAH'S REALITY (FIFTEEN SECONDS AGO)

The abomination rose in silence.

It had once been Eosah's Reality, the final bastion of freewill left inside Limbo, and free from the madness that plagued all of existence. Rowan had done a good job taking care of this Reality even in its broken state, some might say, too good a job.

Now the abomination folded itself inside-out in hatred, collapsing every universe inside its new form until it became a single, writhing atrocity, fueled by a mind that was alien to all that existence stood for.

A billion arms of braided spacetime, each arm tipped with a claw made of frozen big-bangs; ten thousand heads that were screaming galactic clusters, with their mouths made from event horizons.

It had a torso of inverted causality where cause dripped upward into effect, and every wound birthed new wounds before it was inflicted.

And it arrived like the death of silence itself, before it attacked.

Telmus, the Primordial of Defiant Ascension, was the first to respond when the warped reality took shape and began killing Rowan. He could taste the stench of battle even before it began, but he was still too slow to determine where the danger was coming from quickly enough before Rowan's body was blasted apart.

He raised his Spear of Defiance with a roar, and his Ebon Host, their number now reaching a few billion, poured into his spear until it glowed with a deep oily darkness that pushed out all light and radiance for trillions of light years, and, analyzing his target for a moment, he flung it towards the chest of this abomination.

Sheba, the Primordial of unbroken Horizon, quickly gestured towards the entity ahead of them and unleashed her Origin Domian to cover its entirety, but it barely lasted a moment before it was blasted apart. But she breathed a sigh of relief as her eyes widened with anger, and she turned towards Telmus.

The Spear of Defiance was aimed at the chest of the entity, but millions of arms rose up against it, and they were blasted to pieces, and more arms rose to hold back the spear in

such massive numbers that from afar it almost resembled the many leaves of a tree being shaken by the wind.

Ten thousand faces screamed their rage, but their anger was nothing before the might of this spear that cleanly pierced through the arms of the entity, before striking its chest and bursting out from the back.

It stayed frozen for a moment before every inch of it collapsed into dust.

“Well, that was rather easy,” the Primordial of Victorious Genesis stepped forward, a bit upset that he was not the first one to make a move before Telmus crushed the danger that they had been warned might arise.

Sheba’s anger had not left her eyes as she growled, “There were countless lives left inside of its body; you could have held back your hand a bit before striking.”

Telmus nodded, acknowledging her anger, “I know you would take care of it, your domain is the greatest among all of us, and I anticipated your reaction... There was no time to warn you; I had to act.” his hand grabbed the returning spear and he turned towards Rowan’s location and saw that Rowan had already regenerated his entire body, but his eyes were closed, he was obviously still in the midst of his ascension, and even vaporizing his body was not enough to destroy him.

The Primordial of the Screaming Void, Noctis, spoke in a whispery voice, “I sense no passing from this space... that thing is not dead.”

As if his announcement was a sign, a million eyes of collapsed stars bigger than universes opened from the ashes of the shattered abomination and a terrible cry arose from it, and in a blink, its entire body had been reforged whole, although it was a bit smaller, but that was not even been considered as it took a step forward, its endless bulk crossing space and time, and it attacked.

It swung a billion arms in a single sweep. Each arm carried the mass of a trillion suns. The impact flash-fried the surrounding space, transforming it into a realm of red burning flames where the only thing left was the Road of Eternity and the ten new Primordials standing in front of Rowan.

Vraegar, the Primordial of Dawnforged Embers growled and flashed forward and took the blow on his chest, his body was still powerful even in his humanoid form, however, the force from the blow was so massive that it tore his torso in two, and a massive shockwave blasted out from behind him that nearly blew some of the Primordials away from the road, but Vraegar did not take a step back despite the grievous wound that almost split him in two.

Instead of blood pouring out from his wound, a blazing volcano of molten metal that was the embodiment of all treasures ever forged inside Reality blasted out. Without Primordial

Memory, Vraegar became the storehouse of all nascent treasures inside Reality, even those that had not yet existed.

He laughed, a sound like tectonic plates mating, and punched back. His fist gathered all of his treasured blood and expanded it until it stretched for trillions of light-years, where it entered one of the Abomination's mouths and detonated like the creation echo of a newly born reality inside its throat. The head exploded into a geyser of dark matter and screaming quasars.

The Abomination shrieked with nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine remaining heads, but its cries were cut off almost instantly as the rest of its head exploded, followed by its body.

However, unlike the first time where Telmus blasted it apart, the broken chunks of the abomination had not even fallen before multiple shrieks arose from it, and it reforged its body from its broken pieces in an instant, but now, every Primordial here could easily observe that it had shrunk.

Where once it had been the size of a multiversal cluster, it compressed into a mere supercluster. But compression made it stranger. New joints unfolded along its arms, joints that existed in four spatial dimensions at once. Eyes opened on the inside of its mouths. Gravity reversed in spirals around it, pulling the Primordials inward and threatening to pull the ascension Primordial, Rowan, from his feet.

"Not today, monster," Mira, the Primordial of Blazing Benediction, answered its cries with fire that remembered being the first flame.

She became a comet of plasma larger than the observable hull of Eosah's Reality and rammed the thing head-on. Her body detonated in a bloom of solar fury that peeled layers of reality off the Abomination like burning skin. Chunks the size of galactic filaments sloughed away, each chunk writhing into lesser horrors that scuttled across the Road on legs of dark energy before they were vaporized by the backwash of flames and vibrations radiating from the point of impact.

The Abomination shrank again, now only the size of a single galaxy, but its wounds closed by deleting the concept of distance between them. It learned to occupy the same point in space as its own severed limbs, reabsorbing them before they hit the ground.

Its heads began to speak in the language of dying laws of physics. Where the words landed, entropy went backward and forward at the same time; and the Primordials aged a billion years and then un-aged in the space of a heartbeat.

"Do you know who I am?... No, then a pause before ten thousand mouths whispered, ***"Then, you shall all remember my name as I carve it on your dying souls."***

Chapter 1938: Brutal Battles

The fact that this entity was speaking was shocking enough, but the intent behind its words could not be denied, and every Primordial here felt a chill run down their spine that was different from anything they had ever felt before. It was as if they were looking at something that should not exist, yet it did. At this moment, Eos felt a bit of regret that he had not informed the Primordials of the threat posed by Enoch, but at the time, his reasoning was sound, and even now, the fact that the Primordials were not aware of what they were fighting was a good thing.

Eos knew that Enoch suffered restrictions that he did not yet fully grasp, but one thing he had noticed was that the knowledge of Enoch seemed to give him more power over those who knew of him, and the words that he spoke to the Primordials might seem like just a threat on the surface, but Eos knew it went much deeper than that.

If the Primordials had known that what they battled was a fragment of Enoch's consciousness that seemed to be able to take over the body of a Reality, then that knowledge may have left a gap in their consciousness and this would no longer be a battle, but a slaughter... this may seem insane, but Eos believed that ignorance was the only reason his New Primordials could fight. But he had his work cut out for him in controlling the battlefield and not allowing anything to emerge from it.

Eos knew there was a great opportunity here; if he could fully subdue this creature, then his knowledge of Enoch and the mysterious power he controlled would be easier for him to decipher. However, he felt a twinge of unease, but this was not coming from the horror that he had contained with his Primordial; it was coming from deep inside Limbo, and not from the direction of the realm of Death, where battle still raged but in the opposite direction.

Eos's connection to the Incarnation he had sent towards the Cradle of Enoch was strong, and over the last one thousand years that the Incarnation had spent traveling across Limbo, he had seen various marvelous sights, but one thing was prevalent throughout the length of Limbo that this Incarnation had traveled through, and that was death and devastation.

From his calculation, the Incarnation should be halfway towards his destination, and the unease he was feeling was growing; naturally, Eos could also feel it.

It would appear that the threat would not only be coming from the broken reality of Eosah, but from the Cradle of Enoch.

"My action has finally stirred the beast," Rowan muttered, but his speed did not reduce as he pushed himself to move faster... if there were a threat on the horizon, he would need to delay it at least, to give Eos the time he needed. Around him, the ten Archai following him on this trip readied for whatever would be coming ahead.

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The eruption of power from the Primordial of Blazing Benediction did not fully vaporize all the fallen horror that emerged from the shattered body of the abomination. There were still millions of them, each the size of galaxies. These autonomous fragments had forests of arms and screaming nebulae for faces.

They scuttled across the Road on legs of dark energy, gnawing at the Primordials' bodies, and a rapid scuffle broke across their ranks as they slaughtered these chunks of abominable horrors, but this created a slight gap where they were not attacking the abomination... and reading the flow of battle, it took advantage of it.

The abomination folded into itself as it tore through space and time. It had learned to exist in the same place as its own severed parts, and although the Primordials quickly shattered all the chunks of the abomination flesh, they were slightly too late as one remained, and this single chunk was all that it needed for it to appear in their midst.

Limbs reattached before they finished falling, before expanding and elongating, and like a blooming flower, all of those limbs exploded into billions of arms. New heads opened mouths that inhaled light, sound, and the concept of forward momentum, and they screamed their curse to warp the space around them.

The New Primordials suddenly found themselves running in place while the Road flowed backward beneath their feet as space and time went insane, their bodies could not respond in the right manner, and for a brief moment, they were stunned and locked in place.

"Enough!" Staff, the Primordial of Endless Eclipse, roared as she lashed out with a chain of compact time. The links were given to her by Chronomancer Prime as a gift, and they were made from individual seconds he had mastered and bound into a whip. In their current disoriented state, it would be hard to call upon their powers, but they still had tools.

The whip struck every screaming heads at once: past, present, future. In this manner, it was impossible for the abomination to avoid it, and ten thousand necks snapped in perfect unison. Bone made of dark matter shattered like glass. For one heartbeat, the Abomination listed, stunned.

However, this abomination was learning as it fought. Ten thousand new necks erupted, each crowned with a halo of embryonic universes still dripping cosmic placenta, and they roared, unleashing another wave of madness. The creature was smaller, but its abilities were growing the closer they brought it to death.

Circe, the Primordial of Endless Kindling, was a being of hope, but she was also the daughter of the storm. Her adaptability was among the strongest here, and disregarding

the wave of madness, she transformed her primordial body and rose as an ocean that had never known a shore.

She became a tsunami of primordial water carrying the drowned corpses of every world that had ever drowned, and she slammed into the abomination.

The wave crashed down with the weight of extinct gravity. It punched straight through the Abomination's torso, exiting the far side, dragging ribbons of inverted causality that resembled massive intestines but were loops of time where effect murdered cause and bled upward into nothing, and the scream of madness turned into one of pain. It was almost as if the creature could not imagine it could be hurt in this manner.

Where the water touched the Road, new galaxies tried to sprout like barnacles. They lived for three seconds and were reabsorbed before they could finish their first rotation.

The abomination staggered backward as it convulsed, vomiting a hole.

Not a black hole. A true hole: a non-shape that devoured shape, color, sequence, and memory.

Eva, the Primordial of Revelation, who had been silently observing everything that had been happening, suddenly made her move when she noticed the power of this hole.

She folded herself into a spear of pure thermodynamic fury and dove straight down the hole's throat. Inside, she burned the concept of inside, revealing its hollow core, and the hole... screamed.

The scream warped as the hole and collapsed into a newborn big bang that hurled both combatants apart in a sphere of incandescent genesis that would have killed a lesser Primordial.

Shattered, bleeding starlight and causality, the Abomination shrank again. Now only galaxy-sized. But density made it worse. Its surface became fractal. Every square inch unfolded into an infinite regression of teeth, eyes, mouths, and from those mouths were vaginas birthing smaller mouths.

The cries emerging from this creature transformed again, into a song of madness, and it moved through space and time in an erratic manner as all of the mouths all over its body had learned to bite the idea of distance.

Thenos, the Primordial of Hollow Victories, phased through its chest, intending to emerge inside the core, but the teeth closed on the concept of "inside." Thenos was spat back out, missing thirteen seconds of his own existence, stumbling, suddenly older in places and unborn in others.

However, he was grinning because his concept was that every victory that was earned against him was hollow, and, depending on how much he was willing to sacrifice, his enemy would receive a million times more damage at the minimum. This was the reason why Rowan considered him to be the Primordial that had a chance of killing all the other Primordials here, even if they came at him all at once.

Thenos reached towards the abomination and in a single motion, ten thousand massive beating hearts holding all of its essence that would have appeared if its body was destroyed ten thousand times were wrenched from the screaming abomination, who could not comprehend how it had been hurt so terribly.

The hearts were hung around his neck like a necklace of pulsar strings, still beating, still screaming, and he crushed them one by one.

Black blood, which was the absence of information itself, sprayed across the void. Where it landed, the future was erased from everything that would ever live. The Abomination shrank to solar-system size, and a vicious look appeared in its eyes.

Fifteen seconds had passed, and now the real brutality began.

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

Chapter 1939: A Fair Bargain

With the Abomination the size of a solar system, every blow became intimate, as it could fully focus on impacting the bodies of the Primordials with everything it had, but at this scale the Primordials could also hit back just as hard as it could, and all the years they spent in practice and preparation were not wasted, as they did not retreat from the growing horror before them, but they were beginning to accumulate damage, however, with their firm cooperation, they were able to find time to heal while the others kept the abomination busy.

Staff, Primordial of Endless Eclipse, had been gathering the power of her concept deep in her core. When she had accumulated enough energy, she opened her mouth and exhaled absolute zero silence.

The sound of the ongoing battle, the roaring, the wet tearing of flesh, the wetter screaming from impossible mouths, simply ceased to have ever existed within a billion light-years radius. With their enemy smaller, Staff could concentrate more energy in a limited area, enhancing the potency of her attacks.

The Abomination's remaining heads went blind from lack of photons to scream with, for it was feeding on the radiance of battle. It retaliated by growing mouths on the inside of its mouths, and those mouths screamed in reverse.

When Staff inhaled to steal its voice for her attack pattern to be completed, she did not succeed; instead, with a sickening wrenching sound, she inhaled herself. Half her face folded inward, devoured by her own attack, but injuries like this that could harm her core were something she had long become used to; any worthy daughter of Telmus had learned to fight beyond the pain.

Bringing her hands to her face, Staff clawed out the corruption with fingers made of vacuum and kept fighting, lipless, beautiful, terrible.

Eva, Primordial of Revelations, brought her palms close to her chest, and blazing eyes of revelation were born between her palms, and she directed them towards the abomination.

The Abomination saw its own inevitable deaths in those eyes, in every version, every timeline, every excruciating detail. It recoiled hard enough to crack its own spine in all nine dimensions. For one heartbeat, it hesitated, stunned in place at the assault on its mental state.

That heartbeat cost it the destruction of nearly all of its head and a greater chunk of its body, and because it was stunned, it could not heal itself quickly enough to replace the damage.

The Primordial of Victorious Genesis used the hesitation of the abomination to attack. He still had the form of a boy barely ten years of age, but his experience spoke through his actions. He walked forward, small, human, unafraid, and placed his hand against the creature's fractal skin. He whispered a word of its inevitable demise, infusing it with his concept that every battle he was in would always lead to his inevitable victory,

“Perish.”

The Abomination paused before it imploded, its body shrinking to planetary size, but it could not disperse the effect of the attacks from both the Primordial of Revelations and Victorious Genesis, as these two concepts seemed to have discovered a mutual point where they began reinforcing each other.

The rest of the Primordials, noticing that this path of attack was the best they had, began infusing power into this growing concept that was tearing the Primordial apart, and the whispers of its inevitable defeat grew until it became a shout.

“SCREEECCHH!!!”

The abomination screamed as the word burrowed into every atom, every mouth, every eye, and the creature began to choke on its own name.

The Primordials pressed the advantage.

Telmus, wielding his Spear of Defiance while placing the concept of pure damage as the center of its core, swung it with great speed through the body of the abomination.

Each swing erased a fundamental force from local reality as it tore the shrieking abomination to pieces. After the third blow, gravity forgot which way was down, and laws began to break down, such was the fury of the strongest of the New Primordials that the Primordials and chunks of flesh from the Abomination began to fall sideways into directions that had no names.

Mira, Primordial of Blazing Benediction, watching the incredible scale of this conflict, gave a long cry and she detonated again, this time inside her own body, becoming a sphere of plasma that expanded faster than the Abomination could compress. She burned its surface down to raw mathematics, and alongside the destruction from Telmus, all of existence around them began to bleed madness.

The Abomination shrank to mountain-size under this relentless barrage, but the closer it was to death, the stronger it became as if its end was its fuel, and now it burned hotter than any star.

One of its remaining arms, now only a few million, unfolded into a hand with fingers made of the Road itself. The abomination was not mindless, and while it was being destroyed, it was also looking for advantages, and the Road of Eternity had suffered from the battle. It had gathered everything that could enter its grip and used it as a weapon against the most annoying foe here, Telmus.

It grabbed Telmus, who could not dodge due to the material of the Road momentarily blocking his perception, and folded him along a ninth spatial axis until he became a Klein bottle of his own screaming flesh.

His blood flowed endlessly into itself, and his essence was being shredded to nothing in this state. If he had been fighting this battle alone, the abomination could have continued the destruction of his body until there was nothing left of him. Still, the others were able to press back the abomination, and a pale Telmus tore free by walking through the wall of his own torso, emerging covered in his own future corpses. With a swing of his spear, he shredded all of his corpse to ash and plunged back into battle.

A head the size of a mountain lunged at Circe, who had been behind Telmus. She met it by becoming a single drop of water that contained every ocean in reality. The head bit down and swallowed a reality's worth of tidal forces. Its cheeks distended, cracked, exploded into rings of broken flesh that immediately drowned under their own weight, and half its body collapsed before Circe was blasted out from its flesh.

Thenos, who had a ring of exploded eyes around his neck from the abomination, reached into its broken body and stole whatever passed for its tongue, and when he found it, he tore it out and wore it as a belt. The Abomination lost the ability to taste victory.

And then... it shrank to human size.

At this scale, the Abomination was no longer large; it was dense. Every cell was a universe. Every pore, a black hole. It looked almost like a man made of folded night, except the night had teeth where eyes should be and mouths where hearts should beat.

From those mouths in his body came words that were wet and slimy, giving the Primordials here a feeling as if they should retreat, as if the corruption of the abomination had finally been crystallized.

“You brought me to this state... now I should return the favor, and eat your concepts. It is a fair bargain.”

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

Chapter 1940: The Forge of Self-Sovereignty

The body of the Abomination blurred through the distance separating it from the Primordials, disregarding the concept of time and space, as its arms were headed for Circe, as he had noted that among them all, she was the one who could be argued to be the weakest in defense. Yet, her offense was capable of tearing through huge chunks of his body, and if there was a target that should first be destroyed, it was her.

However, if the Abomination could come to this conclusion, so also did the Primordials who were fighting against it. Dozens of claws were about to rend Circe to dust when her body shone bright, and she vanished as Vraegar took her place by a process of substitution.

He fell back with his chest open to the vacuum, his body flung into the distance with so much force he could only stop until he had crossed many trillions of light-years to slam against the barrier that surrounded this space.

The Abomination did not stop its attack as Mira was the next to fall; the flame she poured upon its body was devoured, changed, and then spat back at her so quickly she was not able to respond. She fell into the distance, howling in pain as her Origin was being consumed from the inside out.

Sheba wrapped her Origin essence around the Abomination to slow it down; its speed was its greatest advantage, as it seemed to be simulatanouly flowing backward and forward in time, but her domain was torn in two with a loud screeching sound, making her collapse to the ground while holding her head, as she screamed in pain, but a well timed kick from the Abomination caused her head to explode, followed shortly by the rest of her body, only leaving her beating heart hovering in space.

The Abomination was about to devour it when the spear of Telmus took it from under the chin before bursting out of the top of its skull. All the mouths all over its body shrieked. An infinite number of blows were raised down on Telmus, who coolly retracted his spear and blocked, deflected, and dodged the blows. Still, he was paying a great price for standing toe to toe with this creature, as his flesh was being blasted away from enduring the force emerging from it.

Yet, Telmus was giving back as much damage as he was taking, causing the body of the Abomination to shrink further, but this only led to its power increasing, and as the rest of the Primordial joined Telmus in battle, they did not last long, their bodies were broken and they were cast aside... finally even Telmus faltered as his spear was blasted aside. A heavy blow made him stagger to one knee, unable to even stand for a while.

He looked around him, and the Primordials were like broken sacks of flesh and light, as their bodies struggled to heal. The power of this Abomination transcended mere force, as its voice and its entire body seemed to radiate a force that made all forms of known energy and essence in existence shatter.

If not for the fact that the New Primordials' foundation was based on a concept personally created for them, making them part of existence yet separated from it, Telmus knew none of them would have been able to withstand even a minor blow from this entity.

'What sort of enemy was this?'

The Abomination smiled with a mouth that opened sideways across its torso.

It spoke with the voice of every universe it had been, "You are tired. Lie down."

And then it exhaled.

The exhalation was entropy given tongue. Age, despair, the memory of defeat, everything the Primordials had ever fought against, condensed into a single breath and struck them between the eyes.

One by one, they fell to their knees on the Road that had begun to drink their mortal blood, as the eyes of most of the Primordials here widened in shock to see their bodies reduced to this extent.

The Abomination shrank one last time, to the size of a child, but now it was perfect. No excess. No weakness. Every atom in its body was pregnant with the death of atoms.

It walked forward, barefoot on the blood-slick Road, and reached for Rowan, a wide grin on its face that almost tore it in two, showing hundreds of sharpened fangs.

"You are mine."

The ten Primordials, broken and dying, were struggling to rise, but they could not.

The Abomination's hand, small now, almost gentle, reached for the Rowan's throat as thick black drool dripped from its lips. The fingers of the boy began to blacken as it pulled power from an unknown dimension, until this entire space began to darken and crack... without anyone resisting him, the abomination could call upon the full might of its powers, and they were terrible to witness.

Telmus glanced at his daughter, who was struggling to rise, before he looked up through eyes full of dying galaxies and whispered the last thing he had left, "Not... yet."

He stood, and in defiance of the inevitable outcome of their defeat, Telmus reached the third level of Defiant Ascension. The Forge of Self-Sovereignty.

His body cracked along every seam as power flooded every particle of his body, and he should have taken the time for his body to become used to this new level of power, but in the midst of battle, there was no space for such considerations. From the cracks poured the light of every soul who had ever stood up in defiance against a tyrant. He became a silhouette of white fire, blazing and terrible.

Telmus's body vanished, and he reappeared to place himself between the Abomination and Rowan.

And took the hand meant for the Rowan's throat into his own chest.

The Abomination's fingers sank into Telmus's heart like it was soft butter, and its smile broke, and fury filled its face. Despite reaching the third level of his Origin, this abomination at its present perfect state was too powerful for him, and that attack would kill anyone. Telmus had sworn to be the shield that covered everyone, and he would not shirk his duty.

Telmus smiled and whispered, "How many times have I given my life for you, but no matter... it is worth it." his head began to slowly fall, but a warm hand touched his shoulder, and the calm voice of Rowan spoke.

"Thank you," he said, "But you can not leave, not yet. Your duty has not ended."

Chapter 1941: Hundun

Inside the Memory of Space, Rowan pushed on with unwavering conviction, as he knew that everything he was seeing here needed to be passed across to his main body so he had to be wary of risk, yet he knew if he did not push as deeply as he could, then what he could bring back to his main body would not be worth the effort.

The pressure was growing as he headed deeper into the past, but Rowan had suppressed all the growing fears and uncertainty about the fate of his body and the unknown nature of the enemy assaulting him, trusting that his plans had to keep him safe for as long as possible.

Realities around him had been reduced to hundreds, then tens, until there was a single one, and here Rowan stopped as he looked at the first Reality to exist. He did not know what to expect, but it certainly did not disappoint him.

One thing that Rowan had noticed as he reached the beginning of existence was the sheer size of everything. He was no longer surprised by this because at the beginning of everything, there were few laws that bound the material dimensions.

Sounds could travel faster than light, and light could move at a snail's pace. The chains of laws that would later come together to create structure to all of existence were not yet born, and so, the first of the laws of existence to be born did not have any leash holding back their dominion, and they could grow as much as they wanted.

Rowan's eyes lit up. This realization might not do much for him, but for his main body, it could be priceless knowledge. The main problem holding back the ascension of his main body was knowledge, as he still suffered from certain restrictions that ignorance was imposing upon him.

This seemingly random realization might just be what his main body needs to finally throw off his last shackles, but Rowan could not be sure. From the moment he could no longer sync all of his knowledge with his main body, there was a gap in his understanding of his affairs, and this epiphany might have long been understood by Eos, but Rowan knew it was still important.

"To reach our full potential, my main body must disregard all laws outside of it."

Placing this realization aside, Rowan basked in the glow of the first Reality; every other Reality that came after it was still ridiculously massive, but nothing could compare to the size of the first Reality in existence.

The present size of Eos in comparison to this Reality was like comparing a single speck of dust to the universe... it was simply incomparable. If Rowan were to try to comprehend the amount of essence that must be flowing through this Reality at every moment, then it was enough to leave him speechless, because despite his great mind, it still took him some moments to calculate the numbers. It broke the concept of measurement even before he calculated past half the mass of this Reality.

How much power would Eos have if his body could grow to the size of the first Reality? Rowan had seen the new Primordials, and he believed that this Reality had a fair chance to defeat them all, even without trying hard.

The name of the first Reality came to him with a weight that spoke of its incredible connection to the birth of all existence and was Eos's true Ancestor... The name was Hundun.

He knew that without the unknown intervention of the creator of existence, this single Reality would be the only reality in existence, and from it would be birthed all other Realities. Simply looking at its form, which in the eyes of the layman or anyone with no relation to Realities, they would simply see a massive pile of Primordial ooze that seemed to be filled with endless power, but what Rowan could see was a shape that resembled a child sleeping with his arms curled around his folded legs and his head resting on his knees.

Rowan recognized this position because it was similar to the position that Eos had before he was born, and he found it amazing that, despite the distance that separated Hundun and Eos, certain traits that connected them could not be broken, and looking at this nascent Reality, he felt as if he was looking at his roots.

He suddenly thought that it was Eos that should be here and not him, but something told Rowan that the setbacks he was facing by just bringing this Incarnation to the level of Primordial were nothing before what would arise if it were Eos pushing for the Primordial level.

Rowan looked at Hundun with sadness in his eyes because he could see that this Reality had yet to fully form, and he already knew what came next. Rowan resumed the flow of time in this memory, and he saw as the light of Hundun began to form out of nothing, but it did not waver for long; it was as if Hundun had always existed, and he was not formed from any element.

It made Rowan realize that what he thought was the creator of existence as he knew it was a flawed conclusion. Because now that he was at the ninth-dimensional level, he could see that Hundun had always existed, and in the distance, the being that he thought was the creator of everything, which was still a speck of light in the far distance, had not yet reached this place.

The last time that he had entered this memory, he could only see the light of the being with the wings, but he could not see Hundun, and so when those wings swept past him and then he began to see the lights of countless Realities arising around him, he began to think that it was those wings that led to the creation of all realities, but he was wrong.

The first Reality was already in existence, but it was not fully formed, and he could not see it, because his dimensional state was still too low. Rowan felt a chill when he knew that this was the reason he was not permitted to reach the ninth dimension... There were too many secrets hidden in plain sight, and without seeing everything, his enemies would be able to easily lead him down a path of falsehood.

Those wings, the being he called Enoch and believed was the creator of everything, were a sham... he had simply used what was already in existence

When the splitting happened, he almost did not see it, such was the speed of those wings, but he could hear the cry of pain before an awful silence followed, and Hundun was shattered into infinite pieces.

Those wings had torn the singular Reality apart, and then Rowan began to observe that from the passage that was left behind as those wings swept past, massive lines of radiance began to pursue those pieces of Hundun, and they poured power into it.

At first, Rowan was confused when he saw that the power that was being poured into all of these broken pieces of Hundun was so massive that a small fraction of it was given to the first Reality; it would have led to its development and birth, and this process here was a massive waste of resources.

Pausing his descent into the past, Rowan began to move back to the future as he observed the new blooming Realities, and he saw that as each new Realities were given the ability to hold the completed Origin of Space inside of them, something else was changing as well.

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

Chapter 1942: I No Longer Fight Alone

The mystery by which all Realties were able to contain the same Origin was a mystery that Rowan had previously did not know he needed to ask, but when he reached the brink of the ninth dimension and began creating his ow Primordials, this question came to the forefront, and he saw that answer lay with the creator who was feeding power to every single Reality that had broken from the first Reality, but that was only looking at it from the surface.

Now that Rowan could observe more closely, he saw that he was right and wrong about his assessment. He had thought that all Realities had been able to share the same Origin Force because of the potential being fed to them, but at his present level, he saw that this was not the case.

Despite the Origin of Space being spread across all Realities, the Origin of Space was still singular, and what kept it separate was the changes that every single Reality was experiencing with the power being pumped inside them by Enoch.

Rowan saw that when Enoch shattered Hundun, he killed the consciousness of the First Reality, but at that level of power where Hundun operated, death could not easily come for him, and if nothing had changed, then, like rivers flowing back into the sea, all his broken portions would return to him.

When Hundun was born, there was no concept of death, and so killing him would be nearly impossible, but Enoch seemed to have an endless source of power, and when all those tendrils of light were connected to all the pieces of Hundun, every part of it began to change.

In one of the pieces, magic could be found, and stars were born with the light of Aether at their core; in another Reality, there could only be darkness, and light could not be found here. In one Reality, the living beings within were born old and slowly grew young, and in others, there was no death.

Endless variations across all of these Realities ensured that Enoch had found a way to kill Hundun; he had made every piece of himself unrecognizable to the other.

Rowan paused as he analyzed the knowledge he had just learnt about the beginning of everything. He was now aware that the reason multiple Realities could even exist at all was that Enoch had actively pushed change and chaos across all of its scattered parts, but Rowan did not know the reason that he would do such a thing. Why did he want to prevent the birth of Hundun?

What made everything even more confusing was that he knew that Enoch and the Primordials were connected, and the Primordials began destroying all Realities due to the manipulations of Enoch. And he wondered why Enoch sacrificed so much power to create an existence filled with endless transformation and variation in the beginning, and now he was killing everything.

The answer was here, and Rowan was determined to find it, because he knew that if he could answer this question, then he might have seen the core of this conflict.

Rowan's eyes flashed as he remembered the words of sheer need and madness when he entered this memory,

“More... More... More... I want MORE!”

Apart from Hundun, who could have the power to express their will so strongly across existence, the only other person with this power was Enoch, and Rowan knew that Hundun, even though he might not be considered dead, was shattered to pieces, and so, the only conclusion was that this voice belonged to Enoch.

Rowan knew he could no longer remain inside this memory for long; the pressure was now too great, and he could feel the cold hand of death slowly wrapping around his throat... the danger that was heading towards him was now so great that he knew he was truly about to die.

Still, Rowan closed his eyes and analyzed everything he had seen and heard. That need from the voice of Enoch, he recognized that madness, and this recognition was like a lightbulb in the darkness, and Rowan saw the shape of the truth.

He knew what obsession was and felt like, and he knew what it would mean if the source of that obsession was taken away. Enoch wanted chaos, no, needed chaos, craved it, and a being like Hundun, singular in his perfection, was an affront to his senses, and so it would not matter how much power he was sacrificing, he must have what he wanted.

What if the source of his obsession was taken away? What if one day Enoch could no longer consume more of the endless chaos that drove him?

“Then he would destroy it all,” Rowan murmured.

This was not speculation but the result of all the broken pieces of truth he had been gathering over the years.

He knew that Enoch was not dead, but somehow he could no longer touch existence the way he used to, and he greatly suspected that the reason Enoch could no longer continue his obsession was that he used the power of what Rowan knew as the Final Form.

The missing Incarnation that was somehow still alive and experiencing a weirdly accelerated time, and could not be found or contacted, and maybe he was trapped in the same place that Enoch was.

And it was a chilling thought that when he summoned the power of his Final Form, he had originally wanted to make Eos bear the brunt of the Primordial’s hunger instead of his Incarnation, because his main body was more durable, and now he knew that if he had done this, then it would be his main body that was missing.

A part of him did not know whether this was ultimately a gain or a loss. If his Incarnation was in the same place as Enoch and was still not dead, did it mean that Enoch was in a state where he could not even kill his Incarnation, or was he imprisoned? What if his main body was with Enoch? Would he have enough power to destroy this entity and end the source of suffering across existence, or would he have fallen into a trap he could never escape from?

All of these questions were important, but Rowan would rather leave it all to his main body who had more tools to find the answer. He needed to leave because he thought he might have discovered the most potent weapon against Enoch.

It was a simple thing to let go of this memory, and Rowan awakened in his body.

Like always, awareness was instantaneous. A part of him felt the touch of Eos entering his mind and collecting all the experiences and thoughts he had gained inside the memory in an instant, and he was given the memory of everything that had happened while his consciousness was also occupied.

He saw the hand of the abomination reach for his throat. As a piece of Eos, he recognized the corrupting power of this touch that would harm his main body more than it would

harm a Primordial, because Rowan could realize that the blackness that gathered around the arm of the child reaching for his throat was the death cries of Hundun.

This was the perfect weapon against him, as it was hard to even figure out how to suppress a power that was a fundamental part of his core. But seeing this concept twisted into a killing weapon was also an enlightening process, because he thought he had just figured out how to kill Enoch.

Rowan began to move, but he knew he was too late; the boy was already locked onto his essence, and he was getting ready to sacrifice this Incarnation when Telmus appeared.

'Ah, that's right,' he thought, 'I no longer fight alone.'

Chapter 1943: Your Rights To Life Have Expired

After fighting so many battles over countless eons, Rowan had made battle into an art form, and he no longer had to deliberate on his actions; his body, magnificent and incredibly complex, already knew what to do, and every part of him worked together in harmony.

In the background was Eos, whose mind held everything in the palm of his hand; he directed the path Rowan was following, and Rowan reviewed it and saw that this plan was viable. He now had a weapon, and it was time to do the first test. All of these thoughts were instantaneous, and there was no delay from the moment he opened his eyes and began his battle.

Rowan heard the voice of Telmus, and it touched his heart, as he spoke what should be his dying words, "How many times have I given my life for you, but no matter... it is worth it."

'You have given me more than enough,' Rowan thought, 'You have every right to rest.'

But Rowan would not accept it, and he placed a hand on Telmus's shoulders, and with this contact, flooded the dying soul and essence with the vitality of Eos, a Will that could never be erased.

"Thank you," Rowan said, "But you can not leave, not yet. Your duty has not ended... Let me show you what this creature fears, and with this knowledge, know that it is not worthy to scrape the heels of your boot."

Telmus like Rowan was in sync to the tides of battle, and hearing Rowan's words, he did not even hesitate, he reached across to the child and grabbed him, pulling him closer while grunting in pain as the hand of the abomination was wrapped around his heart and

was crushing it, and so every move he had made had brought with it relentless tide of pain, but Telmus had to keep the abomination close, because he could sense that his heart, held in the grip of the abomination was changing from Rowan's touch.

Knowledge was power, and this state of reality was fully expressed in the higher dimensions, where concepts were given form and wielded. Without understanding the proper nature of things, the immortals at this level had no weapon to fight.

The abomination had attacked using the dying cries of Hundun, which held the sorrow and inevitable defeat of the first Reality in existence. Now that Rowan knew the source of this danger, he did not have to blindly throw power into it in the hopes that he would be durable enough to withstand the blow. This was the path he had been taking most of his life, and now it was time to change that.

He understood what Enoch was about to use against him, and through Telmus's heart, he responded.

The heart detonated. Not with fire. Not with light.

But with memory.

Every Reality that had ever been devoured in the name of the Abomination, every scream it had ever swallowed, every light it had ever extinguished, was shown to him, and for a moment, this memory gave it strength, and the face of the Abomination warped in confusion and exhilaration in equal measures.

Rowan had discovered that Enoch thrived off chaos, and displaying such a memory to him was nothing but feeding the raging inferno of his madness, but this was just a moment, because Rowan knew there was something more... something Enoch was denying... and he showed him the memory he was running away from...

Rowan showed him Hundun, completed, as he had always meant to be, and then this memory did not end as it did for the first Reality; instead, Hundun slowly opened his eyes and turned towards the Abomination, piercing its entire being with his gaze...

The Abomination froze for a moment and screamed, disbelief and fear in its eyes, as the joys of feasting on chaos had vanished.

Hundun was never given the chance to be born, but Eos, who was also a Reality born outside the manipulations of Enoch, had awakened, and he knew the process of his birth, and so it was very easy to duplicate the memory of his awakening and place it over the frame of Hundun.

The Abomination bloated, cracked, and folded in on itself like paper in flame while its scream became more ragged and harsh. Its perfect child-sized body distended until it was

mountain-sized again, then galaxy-sized, supercluster, universe, until it had reached the size of Eosah's Reality, and yet it was still expanding.

The Abomination thrived on chaos and destruction; it did not care for life or death, but only the endless transformation of everything in between these two states of being. Hundun represented order; he was the firm workings of infinite parts coming together for one common goal, and this went against what the Abomination represented.

It screamed with ten thousand heads that no longer fit inside one throat, and Telmus was blown into the distance, his body could not hold the channeling of this concept, because he had glimpsed the barest portion of Hundun, and he had nearly gone insane. Telmus was once again reminded that Rowan and Eos were dealing with problems that they could not share, because none of them were capable of bearing this burden with him, no matter how much he said the opposite.

His body would heal, and he would master the third level of his Origin, and then he would go for the fourth, and he would not be stopping here, he would find the fifth, the sixth... he would keep going deeper until it was enough, and then he would still keep going forward until he had more than enough to crush the enemies that would make them slaves and wretches.

Rowan looked at the bloated body of the Abomination; it had not been immediately killed, but it was dying nonetheless... Order and unity in its purest form had been shot through its veins, and it was poison to all that it was.

In addition to this, the body of a broken and dead Reality was a poor material to forge a body with, and its resources had been exhausted, and now it could only perish in pain. Its body expanded until it was ten times the size of Eosah Reality, and like a massive postule that seemed on the verge of explosion, the Abomination reached its limit... then it began to rapidly deflate, with black ash pouring from its pores like rain.

The cries of the Abomination grew softer until a dozen massive yellow eyes turned to Rowan, "How did you... Where is he? Does he live?... No, it is impossible. Tell me, Rowan... Tell me the truth, or I shall drag it out of you!"

Rowan remained silent as he watched the Abomination fall into the embrace of nothing while wrapped in the embrace of order. There was nothing this creature feared more, and if Rowan was a being that luxuriated in the pain and fear of others, he would be positively glowing like the sun from the waves of fear erupting from the Abomination.

From its impossibly massive size, it shrank to a creature as small as an apple, with dozens of yellow eyes that were beginning to melt like running eggs, peering with hate and fear at Rowan,

"It is not over, Rowan, and your rights to life have just expired... I will be coming for you."

In response, Rowan closed his eyes and reached for the fourth level of the Origin of Space, “I will be waiting, Enoch.”

The Abomination vanished with a scream of rage.

Chapter 1944: The Journey Through Limbo (1)

Rowan, alongside the Archai, flew through the absolute void of Limbo, heading towards the Cradle of Enoch and the feeling of devastation that was rising out from it like smoke from an erupting volcano.

There is no air, no light, no up or down, only the ninth-dimensional emptiness that exists between what was and what will never be again. To accelerate his progress, Rowan created wings that were a replica of Eos’s dimensional wings, and they spread out behind him, vast and silent, and with every beat, they carried him forward faster than any law that once governed speed.

During his journey through Limbo, he had discovered a frightening truth... Limbo is not a place, and it never was, not after the Primordials had been unleashed upon it.

It was now a ninth-dimensional interstice where everything that was ever murdered by Enoch’s hunger was dumped after the feast. It is the graveyard of graveyards, the silence that eats other silences, the color that comes after the last color has bled out.

The Incarnation of Rowan reaching the ninth dimension inside Eosah’s Reality meant that he could now also share the sight of a Primordial even when he had not reached this level, and now he could see much more, and Rowan as a recommendation, sent a message to Eos to create many new Incarnation as possible to go through everything they knew about existence, and use their new eyes to see the shape that it would show them.

As for him, he was heading towards a place that was undoubtedly dangerous, but he could not help but gather all the information about Limbo as he moved through it. This was very important data that Eos would need.

He saw that in Limbo, distance has nine axes, all of them broken, and even the dimension of time here was a Möbius scar that loops back on itself and bites its own throat, and yet, an overall Will governed the madness, and it imposed a fixed direction on this looping time!

This should be impossible, but nothing was truly impossible at a certain height of power.

However, as freaky as Limbo's structure was, he could not hide his sight from its overall nature, and for a Creator like him, being here was one of the hardest things he had ever done.

Limbo was arranged like a museum of atrocities with infinite corridors of glass, and because it was infinite, there was an endless array of atrocities for him to find. It was as if the Primordial plundered existence; they left a road of devastation for him to follow, one that tested the limit of his sanity.

Rowan once thought the Primordials ate everything that they came across, and they did, but most times, they left the remains behind, as if they were displaying their horrifying conquests.

If Limbo were a museum, then he was moving through its central aisle, and on every side, at distances that make Realities look like dust motes, the devastation spreads out in perfect, untouchable display.

Eos had created four broad groups of Archai, each group was tasked with different functions, and because Rowan's primary aim for entering Limbo was to gather information, the Archai that he took with him were the Watchers.

The one way to tell which group an Archai fell under was the rune on their chest, and for the Watchers, their runes were ever-changing and nebulous, and could take the shape of almost anything under creation.

Along the way, the Watchers did not forget the task that Eos had given to them at their birth,

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

However, Rowan discovered to his amusement that his Archai, although they followed the rules he had given them, recorded everything with a flair that made him smile and pushed back the devastation he was feeling inside his heart.

They had passed what was once a string of a dozen realities, where every sentient species sang its own evolution into being. Now the singers are frozen mid-note, mouths stretched open to impossible widths, throats filled with crystallized sound that can never finish.

Their song has become a solid thing, transforming into black glass spears jutting from every chest, pinning them to the void like insects on display. The spears still vibrate,

trying to finish the note that began millions of Cosmic Eras ago. The vibration is the only movement in the entire tableau.

The Archai had recorded all of this, but they called this region in Limbo, the Carcass of the Choir.

They passed through countless scenes of devastation, each more memorable than the other, but there was one that struck Rowan, and even Eos came to acknowledge it, and for a moment, it almost distracted him from his destination.

The Archai called this place the Realm of Shattered Hourglass, and of all the places they had come across, they deemed that this location, even though it had been destroyed, deserved to be called a Realm. Also, Rowan felt the name was rather lazy because this broken Reality had the shape of an hourglass.

This Realm was a Reality that tried to stop time to save itself from the hunger of the Primordials. Across this Reality were entire universes like grains of sand, frozen mid-fall.

Some universes have already hit the bottom and shattered into galaxy-sized shards of frozen moment. Others still hang suspended, their gods and immortals caught in the act of realizing the trick did not work.

A child in one universe was forever reaching for a parent who is forever turning away. Their fingertips are separated by less than the width of an atom and by more than eternity.

As Rowan's shadow passed over this Reality, for one heartbeat, he thought that the eyes of a child in one random universe were tracking him, but when he looked back, it was not the case.

He sighed. Limbo was messing with his mind.

All of this event happened centuries ago, and at that time, Rowan had thought that a unique realm such as this would be rare across Limbo, but he was wrong, and he learned about the true potential of infinity in a very grim manner.

He soon found the next place that his Archai deemed to be special enough to be called a Realm, and suspended like a diseased jewel, was the Realm the Archai called the Heart-Nebula.

It is the corpse of a reality that believed love could outlast consumption, even those as terrifying as the Ancient Primordial's.

The Primordials must have been aware when they came to this Reality, because they tore out every heart that had ever loved anything and strung them together into a single, galaxy-sized organ that still tries to beat.

The arteries were braided timelines, the valves were screaming mouths. Every pulse sends a wave of blood that is actually liquid memory, and those memories were of first kisses, of deathbeds, of the last time someone said “see you tomorrow” and meant it.

The blood never reaches the next chamber. They simply fall upward into the void and freeze into red snow that drifts forever, and as Rowan flies through the snow, each flake that touches his skin burns with someone else’s final happiness.

It was as if the journey through Limbo was a journey through the psyche of the Primordials and Enoch, and as much as Rowan wanted to close his eyes to the endless devastation and suffering, like the Archia with him, Rowan knew that he needed to witness everything... There must be a record of all the suffering that had been imposed upon existence, and there must be a reckoning; otherwise, he would never be able to rest in peace.

Far below Rowan, if “below” still has meaning in a realm like this, the Archai called this place the Plain of Unmade Children, and this was among the few times that Rowan was not amused by their sense of naming.

Countless silhouettes of children who were never born because their universes were eaten before conception drift across its surface. They had no faces, only the faint glow where faces should have been. They reach upward with hands that dissolve into smoke when they touch the memory of a sky.

When Rowan’s shadow crossed them, they managed to form mouths long enough to ask a single question that had no sound, and so Rowan could not hear what these last vestiges of a once thriving Reality said, but he did not need to hear, when he could feel their pain that was engraved in every particle of their body.

“Do not forget us.”

Chapter 1945: The Journey Through Limbo (Final)

As Rowan journeyed through Limbo, a part of him began to pray that it would end. He had thought he had exceeded the mortal failings of having any limits. Still, it seemed he had finally seen something that his infinite endurance could not bear.

They came across a vast stretch of space. Rowan saw that this place was quite special because not only was it incredibly expansive, but the structures he could see were among the most intricate he had ever come across, and if there was time, he would have loved to walk through its endless halls and see all the prosperity of the past, but even from a distance, he had seen enough.

The Archai called this vast and broken domain the Library of Ended Stories, because that was what it was... a library.

Sometimes in the past, a great power must have gone to the farthest corner of Existence that they could reach, and they gathered knowledge from all those places, bringing them into this massive library.

This place could once be regarded as infinite. Now every book has been torn in half at the exact moment of its climax. The loose pages orbit the wreckage like white blood cells trying to close a wound that will not stop opening. Some pages still have readers clinging to them, tiny figures that were made from crystallized ash after every life and vitality inside them was taken away.

They were frozen with one foot in the margin of the book of their choice, forever about to turn to a page that no longer exists. Their eyes follow Rowan. Their mouths move in perfect silence, "Remember us,"

Rowan acknowledged them; he would remember everything.

The Primordials, it seemed, had a wicked sense of humor. The only reason all of these places were allowed to exist in the state that they were in was to feed their ego and to place the wickedness that they enjoyed at the fore.

He left the library behind, and after a while, he came across another place that shook his heart. A part of him knew that this place, among the countless scenes of endless devastation, was connected to him.

The Archais glanced at him, for even they could see that this must be one of the places that the Primordials had researched one of the "weaknesses" of Rowan, but this did not stop them from giving this place a name that did not stray far from their weird naming sense.

They called this place the Mountain of Mother Rises.

This realm was made from every mother who ever stood between her child and the end. The sight was shocking because it showed the deliberate design of the Primordials, who reached across Existence and plucked countless mothers to create this awful mountain.

Their bodies have been fused into a single peak, arms outstretched, faces turned toward the direction the Primordials came from. Their eyes were still open... Their mouths were still screaming.

The scream has become geology, layer upon layer of fossilized sound that forms strata visible from nine dimensions away. At the summit, a single cradle made of petrified lullabies rocks in a wind that has not blown for longer than time.

Rowan's wings falter for the first time, and he forces them to beat again. The Primordial did not know love, and so to understand it, they had done rigorous testing; they had to ensure that the mother of their target, him, did everything they wanted of her.

After passing through this place, Rowan's heart grew weary, and he no longer wanted to see the misery as close up as possible. So he began to fly higher, where the devastation became almost abstract.

But he saw that this did not spare him from the madness; instead, it revealed another layer of it. The Primordials had structured Limbo in such a manner that the horror unfolded in layers. It did not matter how high you flew or if you decided to walk through any of the streets inside these Realities or check any of their homes, you would find their touch within.

At this height, he saw a cluster of Realities folded into origami cranes and then unfolded *wrong*, their dimensions inverted so that, inside, they are forever bleeding out.

These Realities were dead, but somehow, they were made to feel pain for all eternity.

Rowan had been feeling a bit of pity for the Primordials under his Road of Eternity, but now all of that pity had been wiped out, as he was slowly realizing that maybe it was impossible for the Primordials to ever pay back for what they had done, because the scale of the suffering they had caused was too much.

Then he came across one of the most terrifying and equally heartbreaking sights that he had ever seen in his life.

The Ancient Primordials knew of foreign concepts not bound to the fundamental state of Existence, and they despised them, perhaps because they were among the things they could never understand or embody.

From the height that he flew, Rowan could see that one of the Origins of Existence, a concept that had been brought to the ninth-dimensional level, was broken and crucified on a cross made of its own negation.

That concept was mercy.

Gathered around this crucified origin were the entire pantheon of gods and immortals who had been impaled at the bottom of mercy, their screaming faces to watch its flickering light for all eternity.

The Primordials knew that even if they destroyed the concept of mercy, then in the future, another immortal would rise with this concept, and this crucified concept was their answer.

Doing this would not only ensure that the concept of mercy would become harder for any new immortal to realize, but Existence as a whole would become darker. No wonder Limbo had become a place where only evil and madness roamed.

Of course, Rowan knew that if his suspicion that every Origin in Existence was gathered inside the Primordial Record, then the Primordials seemed not to want concepts like mercy among their collection.

Rowan soon saw that his conjectures were correct. As he became closer to the Cradle of Enoch, he could see several crucified concepts: Charity, Patience, Kindness, Humility... These were the concepts he saw crucified, and he was sure that if he kept looking, he would see more.

These were the rejected concepts that the Primordials deemed to be useless. Rowan wanted to stop and free every one of these concepts; without them, Existence had become bleak, and he knew that, if not for their flickering lights, which still find a way to touch the hearts of all life in Existence, the end would have come much quicker than anyone would ever anticipate.

Rowan flies above it all. He does not stop, no matter how much it hurts him to leave behind all these concepts. He did not land to observe their stories, nor did he touch their fading light.

He simply bears witness from a distance that is both infinite and intimate, the way a scar remembers the blade without needing to bleed again.

The mission he had was more crucial as the Cradle waits ahead, and now he could see it. The Cradle resembled a single golden point no larger than a tear balanced on the edge of everything that was ever lost.

Rowan adjusts his course, and his wings beat once more. The devastation falls behind him like a cloak he will never be allowed to take off as the memory lingers in his heart.

He flew toward the only light left that had not yet learned how to be afraid. Or at least he hoped this was the case.

Chapter 1946: See No Evil... Speak No Evil

Rowan could sense an unrelenting wave of disquiet emerging from the Cradle of Enoch in the distance, and he wondered if this came from the threat that Enoch gave his main body or if he was feeling the power of the Beast of Inevitability, the guardian of the Cradle, a power that even the Primordials seemed to fear.

The mystery behind this Beast was unknown, but Rowan could still see a connection between the Beast of Inevitability, who safeguarded the last known domains of life, and the Beast of Final Rest, who held the power of Death.

It did not take a genius to see that there was a link between these two creatures, and perhaps the reason that the Primordials were attacking the Beast of Final Rest must be because they could not attack the Beast of Inevitability, at least not yet.

The reason he had come to this conclusion was related to the power he wielded when he used his Final Form. Rowan and his main body were slowly deciphering the rules of this power, and they had begun to instinctively see its power all around them and in certain situations.

However, he could be wrong, but Rowan was confident in his heart that the Primordials could not touch the Cradle of Enoch, not unless they destroyed Death first.

Still, the only way he would be able to confirm if his theories were correct was to brave through this fear that was filling his heart and find the truth in the Cradle; this body was disposable, and the truth was important.

Calculating the distance between him and the Cradle was not a precise affair, but he saw that in a thousand wing beats, he should finally reach his destination.

The Watchers had followed him in silence the entire journey, apart from the moments when there was a faint scribbling sound as they recorded the nature of Limbo inside their domains. These ten translucent silhouettes drifted at the edge of his vision like heat-shimmer over a grave.

Even though Rowan was moving in a straight line, the Archai with him were just the shadow of the Watchers, their main bodies were roaming the distance around him, recording as much information on Limbo as possible... he could not know the future and the possibility that he might never be able to enter Limbo in this capacity again was there on the table, and so if he had the opportunity, the Watchers would gather as much information as possible.

What Rowan had experienced was just a small fraction of the total information that had been gathered by the Watchers and sent to Eos. Rowan was not too concerned with what they had found until they called his attention to it.

In a whispery voice, one of the Watchers spoke to him, "Eos bids you check on a discovery we have made."

The Watcher had barely spoken when a massive burst of information entered Rowan's mind from Eos. He looked through it, and his eyes became cold. Glancing at the Cradle of Enoch in the distance, Rowan turned to the "left." This diversion should not take too much time, and it could turn out to be very important.

In a few wing beats, he was at his destination... a temple hanging in the void.

It was impossibly ancient, older than any structure he had seen so far inside of Limbo. Its architecture did not belong to any reality Rowan had catalogued.

Columns of black crystal rose and fell simultaneously, like breathing pillars. The roof was a single sheet of night frozen mid-ripple that somehow appeared old.

Nine gates faced nine impossible directions, and each gate was guarded by a statue wearing his own face, except the eyes were hollow and the mouths were sewn shut with threads of frozen time.

“See no evil... Speak no evil.” These were the words etched at the bottom of the gates, and from their rough scrawling that was imprecise, it was done by someone else, not too long in the past.

Between the gates drifted a sigil Rowan had never seen yet somehow recognized, a circle broken in nine places, each break sealed by a different Primordial’s rune. This sigil was his True Name that had been broken into pieces, and some of the words were missing... it was as if the writer of this sigil did not know his true name but had somehow been able to figure out pieces of it.

Rowan paused at the gates of this temple, and he could feel the weight of history upon it... his own.

However, he did not stop for long, and he walked towards the first gate. If the secrets of the past were not given to him, then he would take them.

As if this temple had been waiting for him since the beginning of time, the gate in front of him opened without sound, and he walked through, not knowing what he was going to be witnessing.

He paused when he noticed that the Archai could not follow him through the gate, and when he noticed that his connection with Eos had not been cut off, he pushed through.

As Rowan stepped past the gate, he sensed space and time expand around him before they disappeared in their entirety, and he was left in a strange space that resembled a chamber made from stone, but Rowan knew that he was looking at a Memory that had been fixed in place with such totality that it had become truly solid. It was memories, wearing stone.

If a mortal could survive this space that did not have space or time, then they would be able to see and touch this memory.

Rowan’s eyes went wide as he stepped deeper into this temple and saw that he was in a vast circular chamber whose walls were made of living battles.

Wars that had ever been fought in an age he could not recognize and containing immortals and gods that he did not know, played out simultaneously on the walls in perfect, silent loops. Something in this memory told Rowan that he was looking at the first wars ever fought across multiple Realities in Limbo.

Armies clashed, cities burned, and children hid under tables that would never protect them. Yet none of the violence spilled into the chamber itself. It was sealed behind glass made of pure distance. Rowan did not know if they were still alive or if this memory had truly become nothing but an abstract piece.

Rowan looked at this memory in stone and shuddered; something about the combatants' expressions stayed with him. It was in their eyes, that haunting look that says that nothing would ever remain the same after this moment. Some roads should never be walked upon, and some paths were best left unknown.

Rowan grimaced and walked past these frozen memories... the battle extended for countless trillions of light-years, but because Rowan could see the end of this chamber, his body was able to effortlessly cross through the distance.

At the end of this chamber stood a forge unlike any he had ever seen.

It was cold. Not the cold of space, but the cold of absolute conviction. It was an Origin frozen into place, and the purpose of this was because of a weapon floating above the forge... a hammer.

Chapter 1947: Under The Hood

Chapter 1947: Under The Hood

The hammer was broken, and its form flickered between existence and non-existence. Rowan suspected that if not for the frozen Origin of Absolute conviction keeping it in place, this hammer would have vanished.

Surrounding the hammer head were its broken pieces that floated around it like satellites around a planet, and even though Rowan could not sense what this hammer was or who it belonged to, he had used enough reality-breaking weapons by now to know when he was in the presence of one.

This hammer did not scream of power, because it didn't need to; there was a silent aura that was impossible to describe that made chills crawl down his spine, and Rowan was surprised when Eos sent back the feeling it was experiencing when Rowan saw this hammer. It was dread, of a sort that Eos could not describe, but Rowan knew that a single piece of this hammer was enough to kill him.

However, it was not the power of this hammer that was causing this feeling of dread for Rowan and Eos, because he could infer that this broken hammer had no power; whatever it had before was gone. What was causing this feeling was what this hammer did.

“What sort of weapon is this?”

Actions had consequences, and this became more pronounced the more often this action occurred in the higher dimension. Everything touched by Eos left a mark that would last for what lower-dimensional beings would regard as forever.

This hammer had been used for something so devastating that even when it was broken, the aura surrounding it was enough to kill Rowan. It was as if Rowan was looking at a gun without bullets that could still kill him, just because this gun had killed gods and celestials before, and the mark of that act had been engraved on every particle of this weapon.

Rowan did not try to touch this weapon; he was now wary of using weapons he did not fully understand, and even though there should have been no way to discover this temple yet, he would not try to change anything inside this place until he knew more.

If this weapon could easily threaten him, then the chance that it could kill one of the Ancient Primordials was possible, but Rowan knew that there were subtle differences between the Ancient Primordials and everyone else, and he would not easily take a leap of faith before understanding what those changes were.

This temple was relatively not a big place, as it contained three sections in a single large chamber. The first part was the memories frozen in stone, the second part was this hammer, and now Rowan could look across and see the last section of this temple. Perhaps he would get more answers from this part of the temple.

Rowan walked past the hammer, making sure he was not anywhere near it, and this was not because of fear but common sense. The aura from this hammer would kill the body of this Incarnation quite easily, and touching it would be like a fly entering the sun; there was no way he survived this process.

Reaching the final part of this temple was a weird experience for Rowan, although he was aware that in this temple, time and space did not exist, which meant that even if he spent a trillion years inside this temple, he would step out of it at precisely the same time he entered it.

For the Archai outside, they would just see Rowan step into the temple and immediately step out of it, and they would never know how much time he spent inside of it. Rowan wondered if the missing Incarnation was in a place like this.

Still, Rowan was sensing something inside his skull as he reached this final part of the temple. It was as if he was stepping back through time, and he was about to take a step forward when his body froze. It was not a conscious decision; it was just something that

his body did by itself when it detected danger that was extremely subtle yet incredibly dangerous.

If his foot had just gone a nanometer forward, he would have died.

Cold sweat broke out across his forehead, and he took several steps back. It was a weird feeling for Rowan to be this completely helpless when he was technically walking at the ceiling of power in all of existence, and he could count on one hand the number of entities that he could call enemies.

All he knew now was that he had stumbled into a place where the ceiling of power had been heightened dramatically, and somehow this place was deeply connected to him.

There was no way Rowan could believe that finding this place was a coincidence. With the type of power he was sensing here, this place would carry an impossible amount of Karma, and those that were not linked to it would not be able to find it, not in a trillion cosmic eras.

The last part of the temple had previously been hidden from his sight, but as if his presence was the key, it began to open up to him like a mirage, and Rowan could see the final part of this place. He observed it in silence for a long time.

Rowan's body had sensed danger before he could step into it, because ahead of him was a broken forge. Like the hammer before, this forge was cold and silent; it had already served its purpose, but whatever purpose it did serve was so terrible that the mark left upon it was something that could not be described.

A hammer and a forge, tools meant for creation, but why was the aura that surrounds them filled with such horrifying power of destruction and devastation?

However, it was not the presence of this forge that made Rowan observe it for a long time; no, it was the nine figures standing around the forge.

They wore red cloaks, and Rowan could not see their features, nor could he tell if they were alive or dead. The fact that they were standing so closely around the forge did not give Rowan any confidence that they might be alive, as he wondered what sort of beings were strong enough to be able to stand close to this forge.

Observing them closely, Rowan thought he saw etchings at the spots closer to their feet, and while ensuring that he was careful of the aura from the forge, he moved closer so his perception could cover all of the etchings, and he spoke out loud what he had just read,

"Peace is the silence that remains when everything capable of conflict has been removed."

Rowan's eyes widened. He had not meant to speak these words out loud, but something in this place or in those words did not permit anything but the spoken language to express its intent.

The robes of one of the nine figures rippled as if a thousand snakes were moving inside of it, and then the hood covering their face fell off, and Rowan's heart turned to ice when he saw the face that the cloak had been covering.

A part of him had believed that the faces under the hood might have been his own. It was not the first time he had come across events like this, and knowing his history, he would not be surprised if there were hidden copies of himself out there; after all, he was an experiment.

Yet, that was not what he found here. The face underneath that hood was Noctis.

Chapter 1948: The Architects of End

The method Rowan used when he looked at an individual went beyond the physical aspect, as a higher-dimensional being, appearances were nearly useless, as any powerful immortal would be able to transform into anyone or anything if they wished to do so.

Rowan used the soul and aura of an individual to identify them, not their physical appearance. The person standing here before him had the exact same aura and soul as the Noctis he knew, and there was almost no way that he could be deceived.

At this moment, Eos, who was overseeing the entirety of Reality, had turned his gaze to Noctis on the Road of Eternity, who had jerked a bit when Rowan identified the second Noctis inside this temple, and this was the final nail in the coffin.

Rowan tried to go through everything he knew about Noctis, and he saw that the greatest contradiction in his story that he had brushed aside due to his ignorance was the length of time that Noctis had spent outside Eosah's Reality, but that was not the most damning aspect.

Noctis had told Rowan that the Primordials spared his life out of their sick fetish to see him suffer because he was the one who pushed the inhabitants of Reality to open their hearts to the invasion of powers outside their Reality.

He also said he traveled across Limbo until he got the chance to find a Crow of Death, and he joined the banner of the Beast of Final Rest. It was a good story, a perfect one for deceiving Rowan, who understood what it meant to be lost, and he accepted Noctis's rage and pain and gave him the power to fight for himself.

Rowan was shocked, but he knew that when he began pulling the final threads, there would be opposition to his ascension, and everything that had been locked away from him

would be revealed as they tried to stop him, and now, one by one, the last of the shadows would be dispelled.

Before all of this was over, Rowan knew that he would be hurt terribly by what he was going to find, but it was okay. It was better to be knowledgeable in a storm than to be foolish inside a castle.

Rowan regarded Noctis before him with a cold gaze, even though he accepted that he would be facing a lot of revelations when he began his actions, the knowledge still hurt and made him angry.

Noctis's face was the same, yet different: the left half was the Noctis Rowan remembered, the right half was carved from the same frozen memory as the temple's. His eyes were twin event horizons.

Now Rowan understood how Noctis and whoever stood here was able to survive being this close to the mysterious hammer and forge; they had made this temple a part of their flesh and soul, making them essentially a part of the temple... like Sheba.

Rowan shivered. Was there another of his Primordials who was part of this group?

"Little archivist," Noctis said, and his voice was the sound of a door closing on every dream, old and decrepit; it was as if he had not opened his mouth for many Cosmic Eras. "You were never meant to find this place."

Rowan's wings flared, and a sound like ten billion extinct worlds screaming in unison emerged from his wings,

"You betrayed me."

"No," Noctis answered. "I fulfilled my mission and performed my task the way it should go. Do not bother blaming the Noctis that you know; he does not have any idea of my presence, and he never should, because knowledge of me would draw him to my side, and one of your helpers would be lost to you."

Rowan knew that this was a lie. Eos saw everything, and although the movements of Noctis inside Reality were extremely slight, he had noted it as an abnormality, but Rowan would not reveal to Noctis that he knew the truth.

"Your mission..." Rowan growled, "Who are you, and who gave you this mission?"

"We are the Architects of End," Noctis gestured to the temple around him, and the walls of memories of battles rippled. Images appeared of the Primordials of Enoch, Nyxara, Asteroath, Xylos, Xyris, Elgorath, Eldrithor, and Vorthas, meeting with the Architects.

Rowan drew in a long breath, not because Noctis did not try to hide their involvement with the Primordials and simply revealed it to him because he asked, but because the words of Noctis, even though he had just spoken a simple set of words, were enough to unravel a secret that had been bugging him for a long time.

From the moment he unleashed his Final Form and freed the Primordials from their bondage, he had been trying to figure out the secrets behind this ultimate power.

If he was going to be wielding it, and Rowan knew that in the battles ahead, he most likely would have no choice but to call upon this power, then he would have to understand all of its intricacies.

Since that moment, Eos had not rested as he tried to figure out the secrets behind this power, and he had been making small progress. The Road of Eternity was one such attempt at understanding this power, but there was always one thing that was missing as he tried to decipher the massive wall of information inside his consciousness that he harvested after his attempt to consume the Primordial.

He needed a key, and when Noctis had said they were the Architects of End, that key had been found... it was in the word 'End'.

Knowing the name of a thing grants one power over it, and the language of the higher-dimensional immortals held deep meaning behind every phrase they uttered, so much information was conveyed with every spoken word.

Noctis here knew of this power deeply, and speaking it to Rowan was like giving him a part of his understanding of this word. Rowan did not know if this was a deliberate action, but he knew that the only reason he was able to take advantage of this was due to Eos.

His main body had made many great strides in understanding all the hidden mysteries behind this power that he had only needed one more key to open the door for him, and if he had placed in any less effort, what Noctis had just shown him would be useless to him.

Rowan did not know the intent of Noctis, but he would not show him the progress he had just made, and so he turned towards the memory he was being shown and saw that the forms of the Primordials were the same as their new forms after Rowan ate their hunger, revealing to him that this temple was built more than sixty-five million Cosmic Eras ago.

Rowan truly looked at the Primordials, and they appeared so... young. There was a liveliness to the way that they held themselves that spoke of their impossible power and arrogance. They were the masters of all, and they knew it.

"This temple serves them as much as it has served you and continues to serve you, even though at the end, the final master is unknown, they still agreed to the pact," Noctis said softly. "The goal of this temple was simple. Immortals and Primordials alike, we saw what

Enoch would become if left unchecked. Not just the end of everything, but the end of the possibility of existence. We showed the Primordials that their hunger would never stop, and they would fall into the hands of their father in the end. So we made a bargain.”

Rowan cocked his head to the side in surprise, “Enoch is the father of the Primordials?”

Noctis grinned, showing black teeth, “There is much that you do not know.”

Chapter 1949: Breaking The Cage of Time

All the while that Noctis had been speaking, only his mouth and eyes had been moving. He had his face turned towards Rowan and his body facing the forge. He was still like a statue, making Rowan wonder whether the person talking to him was just a representation of this temple, not an individual being.

It was odd that the remaining eight members here still remained frozen, despite the presence of Rowan, and made no move to reveal themselves, and with the cloak on their bodies, Rowan could not tell if they were awake or dead.

Rowan remained silent when Noctis spoke of many things that he did not know; he knew an obvious trap when he saw it. The words of Noctis were highly insensitive; it was like blaming a cripple at birth that he could not run.

However, existence was intrinsically unfair, and Rowan had enjoyed many of the benefits of that unfairness. The only reason he could stand over the multitude and relatively have so few enemies was because Existence could accommodate a being like him whose presence supersedes many rules.

Noctis waited for a few minutes, and Rowan just watched him, his eyes glowing with weird lights as Eos directly took charge of his sight and began to investigate the anomaly before him.

The weird smile on Noctis’s face slowly disappeared, and he grimaced, “You are not going to be easy to work with.”

“You mean easy to manipulate,” Rowan countered, “Then no... I will not be your mark. I have a war on hand, and I have no time for games such as these. I do not need all the answers if I have the biggest stick.”

Noctis grinned, “And do you... have the biggest stick?”

Rowan looked around, “This place is strange, time does not exist here, and this is an advantage, but also a disadvantage.”

Like a puppet being controlled by an invisible puppeteer, the arms of Noctis arose, and he gestured to the temple around him, "This place has resisted the hunger of the Primordials for sixty-five Cosmic Eras; what better test can there be?"

Rowan smiled, "My test..."

The entire space around them vibrated for a brief second, and Noctis went still, "What is..."

"VROOOMMM!"

A deep humming sound shook the air as the vibration of the temple exploded in intensity, and Noctis screamed, "Stop whatever you are doing this instant, or you will destroy the last chance that Existence has for survival."

The vibration continued, and Noctis growled like a rabid animal, "No more games, Rowan. I will tell you everything you need to know."

Rowan gestured, and the vibration stopped, "Noctis," he said, "Don't fuck with me, I have long exceeded my limit for games."

A few minutes after the vibration ended, Noctis still appeared to be tense, and he looked at Rowan deeply, "This place should be sacrosanct, and the time stream here should be inviolable. Without our permission, nothing should change this rule... this is the foundation of this temple!"

Rowan shrugged, "That time stop, yes, I felt it. The moment I entered this place, you would think that all of my Incarnations I have outside would fall into the time stream of this temple, and you are not wrong. I cannot break the rule of this temple... I just have to outpace it."

"That is impossible," Noctis muttered.

Rowan simply smiled.

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Eos had three Incarnations in play, not because he could not create a trillion Incarnations if he wanted, but because he did not want to scatter his attention too much, because a lot of his consciousness power was pushed towards understanding the power of the Final Form, which he now knew was called End.

However, having just three Incarnations instead of the thousands he was accustomed to having at every moment came with advantages and drawbacks. As Eos, he could see everything happening inside Eosah's Reality and in his realm, but he could not get all the little details that were easy to miss, except that he was personally there.

It was worth noting that many of his Incarnations lacked bodies. Eos had reached a point in his life where he had no natural or supernatural predators, and his enemies were the greatest of outliers in existence, and so the need for having multiple bodies to deal with issues had become nonexistent, since he could just easily *will* away the problems.

This led to him having a different strategy for his Incarnations, where he no longer gave them bodies; he just planted them in the hearts of certain individuals and even weapons.

When it was needed, these Incarnations could communicate or take charge, and in this manner, Eos could observe life in a manner he could never see if he used his frame of reference.

In fact, every single life inside of Eosah's Reality and his Origin Land had the potential to generate his Incarnations at any given moment, and so if Rowan wanted a quadrillion Incarnations in an instant, he would have them.

All of this, of course, was tied to the greatest contributing factor, and that was the power of his consciousness.

Most would look at his powerful body and ridiculous techniques, and many would miss his incredible consciousness power born from a soul that had broken all limits.

Without the power of his soul, a lot of Rowan's abilities would be useless as it would be impossible for him to operate them, in fact, with the situation on ground, it was his body and abilities that was lagging behind his soul power, although his body had briefly exceeded the power of his soul when he became an Apex Omniversal Titan, that tide had long shifted and his soul had been on an explosive increase.

Eos had been a baby for the majority of his life, and the weakest link of a baby was their weak consciousness. No one would call his consciousness weak, but Eos had been a baby during this period. Now that he was growing, his body at the eighth-dimensional level could no longer outpace the growth of his soul, which was not stuck at the lower-dimensional level. Eos was not willing to evolve his Class or physique.

With three Incarnations, Eos could channel a lot of his excess consciousness power into their bodies, and although one of his Incarnation was missing, Eos could still feel a steady ocean of consciousness power being allocated to him, and he did not restrict this flow, because he believed that his Incarnation would make the best use of this resources anywhere he was, and Eos did not fear betrayal from himself.

Now, in the temple of the Architects of End, there was a peculiar environment where time no longer existed, but there was still a passage of something that equated to time, but it was not true time; however, this was a familiar field for Rowan, who had begun playing with the foundations of time and space for a while now.

If an average immortal with multiple bodies were to enter this temple, all of their bodies would not be able to know what happened to the one they sent inside the temple because their minds would not be able to process how time remained still, yet still moving. When a part of them outside of it could still feel the general flow of time that bound Limbo.

It was either their souls' collapse, or to protect themselves from this strain, the soul would wipe out the memory of this temple. Rowan could not break the stagnant flow of time inside this temple because many of the underlying principles contained elements he had not yet understood, but he could break it forcefully.

You see, Eos's Incarnation was experiencing at different rates, but that was because he was permitting it to happen. If he wanted, he could force his Incarnation to perceive time in the same manner that he was experiencing time, after all, his Incarnation was part of him, and just because he allowed the flow of the current to move them, it did not mean that if he wanted to stop, he would not be able to.

This was what Eos was doing that was leading to the near destruction of this temple; he was simply forcing his Incarnation to observe time at the same rate as the main body, and this caused a great contradiction inside this space that, if not resolved, would rip this temple away of its hideout.

Chapter 1950: Breaking The Cradle (1)

Eos was weak in many areas, but his strength was great enough that, given the right tools, he should be able to bulldoze his way out of most problems.

For a long time now, he had been struggling to understand the power of End, and this problem only arose because he was missing the necessary components to understand this power; his consciousness powers were more than enough to wield this power; he just needed the key.

The same thing was happening to his Incarnation Rowan, who was becoming the Primordial of Space. Even before reaching this level, his conscious powers were so great that he had already mastered all four layers of the Origin of Space, and he was only missing the right tools to finalize this process.

This temple, which was built outside of time, applied powers that were beyond Rowan's present manipulation of time, as he could not seize the time stream of this temple, but it did not mean that it was safe from his powers, and Noctis was learning this.

"I thought I caught a snake... but you are a dragon," Noctis sighed, and he pointed towards the other hooded Architects, "Some of them would be pleased by this; they believed we were creating something greater than ourselves, someone, beyond all limits, and I am pleased that our work was not totally useless."

Rowan cocked his head to the side, “You all created me?”

“Ah, I wish,” Noctis chuckled, “No, we just brought the right ingredient together following the rules of End and hope that something remarkable would come out of it, I mean, all the parts were accounted for, and with all the power at our disposal, we were bound to be successful.”

Rowan glowered, “Explain, and speak from the beginning. I want you to tell me everything that you know.”

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The ten Watchers had left a shade of themselves behind as they continued their grim task of mapping out the entirety of Existence. This task was fundamentally impossible to complete because it did not take them long after entering Limbo to notice that the fabrics of Existence were constantly expanding.

This process was fascinating as Limbo was made from a structure that was beyond Space, and as a ninth-dimensional space, its expansion went along nine separate parts, with each portion of Limbo feeding on the others in a symbiotic relationship that extended its boundary for all eternity.

It was one of the Archai, a Watcher that revealed the formula for Limbo’s expansion that showed that there was nothing outside Limbo, but the ceaseless power of expansion was tearing through this nothingness to create Existence, and it was deriving the fuel for its expansion from the stuff of nothingness itself.

This process could not be stopped and was self-regulating.

In this manner, Limbo was a perpetual motion engine that would never run out of fuel for its expansion. Technically, Existence would one day grow so large that even the Primordials would become minor parts of its history, just because they would only be able to claim only a small part of it.

At this time, the entirety of Limbo was drenched in evil from the slaughter of countless lives by the Primordials, but all of this was still a problem because, in many ways, Limbo, therefore Existence, was still quite young.

Working with Eos, the Archai determined that Existence, as it was, was around 700 million Cosmic Eras old. This was obviously a very long time ago, and the Primordials rose 65 million Cosmic Eras ago, and their touch had reshaped all of Existence into Limbo.

Still, this revelation that it did not matter what happened in the End, whether the battles were won or lost, one day, Existence would grow so massive that the Primordials would be a footnote. It could happen many quadrillions of Cosmic Eras into the future, but that day would surely come.

Life and all of its wonders could no longer be shackled.

The Archai had brought this revelation to Eos, and he had been happy with them; they were among the few that Eos would charge to escape from this conflict if he were to lose, but he could not afford to lose.

There was one fact that he had kept away from the Archai and everyone else, and that was the power of End.

The calculations of the Archai were correct, but they were missing one specific fact, and that was that there was a power great enough to shatter the expansion of Existence.

This power could bypass all known laws that governed all of the nine dimensions and rewrite the rules as it wants, and everything in Existence would have to accommodate this change.

If, for instance, someone with the power of End wishes for fire to be cold and water to be hot. All of existence, including all the Realities inside of it, containing countless dimensions and universes, would have its laws transformed from the ground up.

The only reason Eos was not panicking as much was that he was aware that this power seemed to come with a great price, and the one who wanted to wield this power again was being greatly restricted.

However, that restriction was slowly loosening.

Eos did not know the ultimate goal of Enoch or the Primordials, but he knew one thing, and that was their love for power and their endless quest to achieve it.

It did not matter whether they were evil or not; the one thing he knew was that if the Primordials or Enoch were able to control all the power inside Existence and hold on to it, they would not want Existence to ceaselessly expand.

Every second that Existence expanded, they saw their power slipping away, and although the process whereby Existence would expand to a point where a Primordial would essentially become a minor lord of a *small* region when its entirety was placed into perspective, was so far into the future the number for it was almost ridiculous, however, the Primordials existed beyond time, and for them, time was not a factor, they only saw their sovereignty slipping away.

This was a realization that Eos came about recently as he pondered on the formula created by the Archai, and he understood that perhaps the reason Enoch and the Primordials were becoming so desperate outside of claiming ultimate power was that they knew that they were on a clock.

Using the power of End came at a cost, and if they wanted to reverse Existence from expanding forever, essentially making them the ceiling of power, they needed to act fast before a threshold was crossed; after that, it would not matter if they won, because they would have lost.

Eos did not tell the Archai the truth that this battle needed to be won, else their formula was useless, because he knew the importance of hope. This burden he could carry alone, at least for now.

However, with the presence of Enoch interfering with his Ascension of his Incarnation, he knew that this being was no longer standing aside anymore for him to seize more power.

His Incarnation might be distracted by the events inside that strange temple, but he still had more eyes, and presently he was watching the Cradle of Enoch imploding into itself as war began to rage across its entirety.

Eos began readying himself for battle; time was up, and Enoch was breaking the entire board.

Chapter 1951: Breaking The Cradle (2)

REALM OF DEATH

Eos needed to keep an eye on the ongoing battle in the Realm of Death, as much depended on its progress, and it was crucial for him to know the right time to intervene or if he should intervene in the first place.

Death was hiding a lot of secrets from him, and Eos did not know if this enigmatic being might be a worse enemy to him than the Primordials.

While his New primordials knew that a huge battle was ongoing between the Beast of Final Rest and the Ancient Primordials, Eos had not given them all the details he was gathering from the fourteen Archai he had sent to spectate this battle.

They had remained at a distance, not daring to capture much data, but only sift through the ashes after the fight had passed through that area. The Primordials were so perceptive that they would know if they were being watched, and even sifting through the detritus of their battle carried a risk of discovery, since there were remnants of their Will in everything they touched.

However, his Archais were made to break certain rules, and could have safely watched the battles between the Primordials and Death, but Rowan respected his enemies and their capacity to surprise him, and he would rather err on the side of caution.

The battle scars that his Archai read like a book had been of great help to Eos, as everything he was learning from was exposing him to the highest level of battle, and for someone like him, he was evolving as he watched everything.

Still, his ability to know how this battle was ongoing in a precise manner had been reduced when Elgorath punched through countless Regions of Death, followed by his siblings, but Death did something that was out of his expectations when it closed the wound left by the Primordials behind them.

The Beast collapsed the outer billion Regions into a single, perfectly smooth sphere of what the Archai could only call compressed oblivion, and the seven Primordials found themselves sealed inside a hollow sphere whose inner surface was made of every death they had just caused, turned inside-out and looking back at them.

Death had turned its own skin into a cage.

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Inside the sphere, Asteroath, Primordial Light tried to burn a hole through the sphere. The Primordials were pushing deeper into the Realm of Death, but he was not comfortable with being covered by the domain of the Beast.

His white wings flared to their brightest yet, as a lance of revelation that should have unmade the sphere the same way it had unmade the outer Regions of Death erupted from his wings.

The intensity of this blast should have torn the sphere in two; instead, the sphere drank the light. Every photon was caught, inverted, and fired back as a needle of anti-revelation that struck Asteroath through the heart of his concept.

For the first time, the Primordials halted their march forward as they looked at Light, who was bleeding pure darkness and was frozen in pain as his face twisted in true pain. The wound did not close. It widened, slowly, like a second mouth.

For a Primordial to experience true pain that no mortal or immortal could comprehend, their concept had to be broken, and Death had used the perfect weapon against Light, as he suffered from his hubris.

Xyris's eyes widened in shock at the damage done to Asteroath, and not willing to hear the pained gasp from his brother, he attempted to roll the sphere backward along its own timeline in order to return it to the moment before it closed.

If he did this, the concept that had grievously injured Light would cease to exist, as Xyris essentially robbed death of the foundation of its attack.

A purple wave of Time Origin blasted out from his wings, but Death answered by erasing the concept of “before” inside the sphere. Time became a single, flat instant that repeated itself forever.

A mighty humming sound began to reverberate inside this sphere as the contest between Origin power was growing between Death and Xyris, but inside the Realm of Death, its power was the greatest, and since the Primordials were no longer fused as one, Death was able to prevail in this clash, as Xyris was blasted backwards.

Xyris aged a trillion subjective years in the space between two heartbeats, his purple wings sloughing off in sheets until only bone and regret remained.

The eyes of the Primordials met each other as they understood what the Beast had done. It had turned the war from a siege into a digestion.

The sphere was a stomach, and they were the meal.

Elgorath wanted to attack, but Nyxara held him back, and she gathered her siblings into a circle, wings interlaced,

“We do not break out; doing so only plays to the Beast’s advantage. We eat our way deeper. Every layer we devour is one less layer the Beast can use to smother us. We will digest Death from the inside until there is nothing left to digest us with. We are in the place of its greatest strength but also its greatest weakness.... This battle can quickly be decided if we follow this path, but not all of us may make it...”

She waited for a response, but the Primordials gave it by their actions as Elgorath, no longer trying to force his way out, turned to the dead amassing in impossible numbers in front of them and unleashed memories he had stolen from them.

Elgorath forced the dead to remember the taste of sunlight. As trillions of soul-fires flared with stolen warmth, they discovered that the memories refused to end. When it grew beyond their capacity to understand, they burst like overripe fruit.

The Primordials drank from their light even though the essence of Death inside this light burned their throats. In this battle, they were determined to win by any means necessary.

Vorthas grew new flesh on the dead just so he could tear it off again and feed the raw life-force to his brothers and sister. He could slow down the breakdown of their bodies, and he set to this task with grim focus.

Xylos turned entire legions into demons that devoured their own ranks, then devoured each other, leaving vast mountains of tainted flesh that even Death struggled to process, and Eldrithor rolled the dice of probability until entire flanks annihilated themselves in chains of impossible accident.

The Primordials fought with madness, with no regard to their lives, and the stomach-cage stretched, thinned, and finally tore. They spilled out into the second layer of Death's Realm, and the Beast welcomed them with its fury and cold laughter, revealing to them that it had created a place where gravity was grief and every footstep cost a memory.

Like it or not, the Beast of Final Rest was Death itself, and it was the greatest bringer of the end in all of existence. Only the Primordials could challenge it, but they were paying a heavy price.

Asteroath's wound had grown so wide that half his chest was simply missing, replaced by a slow vortex of darkness. He flew anyway, leading the charge, white wings beating with the stubbornness of a star that refused to go supernova. If he was going to die, it would be in front of his siblings.

The shell that blocked their retreat had isolated the Primordials, and they did not know that in the Cradle of Enoch, a massive change was taking place.

Chapter 1952: Breaking The Cradle (3)

CRADLE OF ENOCH

No one knew how it began, not even the Beast of Inevitability, who guided the last bastion of creation with eyes that do not shut in sleep, was able to tell how it started, but the Watchers, Archais created by Eos to record all truths in Existence, they were in the right place at the right time to see how it all began.

Even as they traveled through limbo, the Watchers left multiple shades in their hundreds to learn everything they could about the Cradle. This place was undoubtedly one of the most important locations in all of Existence, and the mysteries it contained were all crucial to all life.

One of the first things the Watchers had noticed about the Cradle was that it was pristine. The Realities here all had personalities, and one of their hallmarks was innocence. It was as if the true state of Existence had been hidden from them, and they never had to see that they were the last island of innocence in a sea of blood.

There were barely any immortals in all of these Realities, and the quest for power was highly discouraged as the Watchers saw that there were barely any supernatural elements allowed inside these Realities, and the few that found immortality were supreme geniuses or the ones that fought against fate and the heavens to carry their destinies.

No Watcher here could soundly state that this was a bad thing for the inhabitants of the Cradle. On one hand, most of the lifeforms here were denied the chance to see all that Existence had to offer and know what it was like to be able to hold the sun in their palm, but on the other hand...

The Cradle was the last place where a child can chase fireflies without knowing the fireflies are made of dying stars, where lovers can promise forever and almost mean it, where death is still a door and not a mouth.

Despite their astonishment and internal debate about the Cradle, one figure drew their attention above all, its guard.

This was the first time for the Watchers and Eos to see this Beast, and its shape that was hidden from the sight of all was revealed to them.

And in plain words, the Beast was a massive turtle.

It is vast beyond vastness, almost a tenth of the size of the Cradle, and if Eos had not seen the form of the first Reality Hundun, the Beast would be the largest living organism he had ever seen.

Its shell was a continent of black jade etched with every law that Eos could recognize and some that he could not. It had eyes like twin galaxies, which were surprisingly filled with warmth.

From its shell rises a tail that was a serpent longer than the rivers of time; it had scales of living night with fangs dripping with the venom that the Watchers knew could end them nearly instantaneously.

They watched the Beast closely and found that it does not sleep; instead, it circles the inner surface of the Cradle eternally, turtle legs paddling through the void as if it were water, serpent tail tasting the air for the scent of corruption.

It was meant to be enough. It was not.

The turtle was a near-perfect guardian, and it would have stopped even the Primordials from reaching the Cradle without putting up a good fight, or if necessary, it could tow the entire Cradle somewhere else. Eos could recognize some of the runes on its shell, and he knew that they represented supreme speed and adaptability, but it could not see the cancer *inside* the thing it was guarding, and that was its glaring flaw.

The Watchers had been counting the number of Realities inside the Cradle of Enoch, and this task should have been near instantaneous, but Realities were ninth-dimensional entities, and this made it quite difficult to assign a number to them, because a single Reality could appear in a trillion forms at the same time, yet exist as a massive singular entity.

It was always easy to forget that for any being lower than the ninth dimension, a Reality for them was truly infinite, and even if they were given infinite lifespans, they would never be able to see its end.

However, the Watchers were on their way to enumerating almost ninety-five percent of their total number when they noticed the changes across certain Realities, and a rough calculation would peg these numbers to be around a third of all Realities inside the Cradle.

The Watchers who saw the event happen could not even understand its triggers, but Eos, who was watching everything through their senses, heard a whisper that seemed to come from nowhere, and those Realities who could not hear that whisper allowed it to enter their consciousness.

Across countless Realities, the first changes began at dawn.

Eos had access to all the eyes of the Watchers, and he could process information many times better than they could at this point. In the future that might change, but for now, he was matchless, and so from the infinite number of data he had to sift through, he saw the first case.

It was a child who woke up and saw as the sun rose in the sky, golden and perfect, and he grinned, but his eyes were drawn to one tree on the field that did not reflect it quite right.

A bit confused with what he was witnessing, he stepped out of the house and walked to the tree, and he noticed that its leaves were darker and its branches were bent inward, as if listening to something inside its trunk.

Fascinated by this unknown phenomenon, the curious child turned to call for his parents, but they were still asleep, and he walked up to the tree and touched its bark.

He giggled when he noticed that the bark was warm, it almost felt like he was touching his mother's stomach during the cold evenings, and then the smile slowly left his face when he could not pull back his arm away from the tree, and the bark was getting warmer quite quickly and he gasped in shock and pain when smoke and the smell of roasted meat began emerging from beneath his palm.

The shock had passed, and the boy opened his mouth to scream, but the tree split open like the jaws of a shark, and white smoke poured out of it and wrapped around the boy as gently as a kiss.

The cries of the boy died in his throat as his eyes turned milk-white.

Then the child opened its mouth and spoke with a different voice that was soft, wondering, and hungry. Eos would recognize Enoch's voice from anywhere.

"I want more."

Then the tree exploded into tendrils; what emerged were not vines but arms.

A billion arms unfolding from a single trunk, each arm tipped with a mouth that remembered being a flower. They reached for the sky, for the glass ocean, for the crystal forests, for every living thing that had never known surprise.

At the moment, the mother of the boy had stepped out of the house and saw an abomination so absurd that her mind broke at the sight and her spirit shattered into pieces. Her hands fell to the side as she died on her feet.

And so, the slaughter began, and at first, it was almost gentle... almost.

Chapter 1953: Breaking The Cradle (4)

Eos watched a mother walking with her daughter along the shore, not far from where the tree and the boy were transforming.

She was laughing with her daughter when she felt the first tendril brush her cheek. It was soft, like a kiss from a dream, and she smiled when she thought of her husband, but she was about to touch her cheek to wipe out what should be morning dew when she discovered that she could no longer move.

Her eyes moved around in confusion and panic until she caught a waving tendril that resembled a snake made out of wood and flesh.

The panic in her eyes turned to horror and pain as the tendril pierced through her left eye, and she felt it begin to slither all through her body. Luckily for her, she went mad before the pain could shatter her soul.

Her daughter, still holding her hand, was curious why her mother was no longer moving. She was five years old, and she peered upward to look at her mother's face for answers. Eyes filled with wonder, the child watched, curious, as her mother's face drained of color, of expression, of memory.

That wonder turned to fear when her mother's body folded inward like paper, bones crunching softly, skin collapsing into the tendril's embrace.

Even though she was filled with fear and began to cry, the child refused to let go of her mother's shrinking hand, and so the tendril took her too.

However, unlike the mother that was devoured, the child was not killed; instead, like the boy before, she was changed.

Eos watched the girl rise, taller, thinner, her skin now translucent white, with her veins pulsing with stolen vitality so intense that her eyes were like suns.

She opened her mouth, and a thousand smaller mouths opened along her arms, and then she began to slowly walk through the nearest city, behind her, an ocean of tendrils followed.

The transformation spread slowly at first. One tree. One child. One mother. One city.

Then faster.

The glass oceans began to boil, not with heat but with hunger. Waves rose up as walls of white liquid that resembled the digestive juices of a large organism.

This wave crashed over islands and dragged entire civilizations beneath the surface. Those who drowned did not die. They floated back up changed.

Their bodies elongated, limbs multiplied, mouths blooming where eyes had been. They walked on the surface of the water now, arms trailing like jellyfish tendrils, calling to the untouched with voices that sounded almost like their old loved ones.

“Join us. It’s beautiful. There’s so much more in the silence of my embrace than you shall see in all your lives.”

The corruption continued to spread, and Eos saw that among the first that were transformed, like the boy and the girl, their bodies were rapidly losing any fleshy aspect, and before long, they transformed into red crystals and were frozen in place.

After a while, these crystals shattered into storms of shards. Each shard became a seed, and each seed was flung into the air where they crossed the boundaries of space and time and landed on other worlds, moons, stars, and every heavenly body they could find.

From there the corruption spread across solar systems, galaxies, then universes, and it did not take long before the entirety of the Reality fell, and what was worse was that the Reality being affected could not even tell what was happening, because their minds had been frozen when the voice of Enoch entered their hearts and they could only watch helplessly as their bodies and powers were twisted into serving this Will until finally their consciousness was consumed as well.

From these corrupted Realities, shards of corruption were flung out like missiles to those Realities that did not hear Enoch’s voice.

However, even after these shards were flung out, the outward appearance of the transformed Realities did not change; it seemed as if Enoch was lying low until all the Realities inside the Cradle had been totally transformed.

Eos watched one of the first shards flung by the corrupted Realities impact one of the Realities that were free from this corruption.

This Reality had few humans, but was a heaven for Beasts and other unique creatures. He saw the shard fall into an island where massive creatures that resembled whales dwelled, and it was eaten by one of their young, and the transformation began immediately.

The corrupted child, now a towering thing of white limbs and flowering mouths, shot out tendrils with so much force it pierced through its entire world in an instant, converting everything into its new self, and with a mighty leap, it rode through across the void between worlds and landed softly on another filled with the same whale-like beings.

However, the whales here sensed the wrongness of the thing that had just entered their world, and they sang their warning song to it, and Eos felt sadness when he heard the deep, mournful, and ancient rhythm.

The child-thing opened its arms and sang back, making a mockery of their cry, but the sound of its voice was Enoch's, and the whales listened.

They should not have listened.

One by one, their warning song faltered. Their great bodies convulsed. Barnacle-like growths of white erupted along their flanks as their eyes clouded. Their fins split into forests of arms. Their mouths, once full of gentle baleen, widened into caverns lined with teeth made of stolen voices.

They sang to each other for a while before the corrupted whales dove into the skies and began to cross space while trailing tendrils that snatched worlds and stars from the void.

Worlds crumbled in their grip, and their inhabitants were dragged, screaming, into new forms. In some powerful worlds where there were immortals, some resisted. A school of warriors on winged mounts charged the first corrupted whale, lances of pure starlight erupting from their arms.

The lances struck true, piercing the whale's hide, but the wounds closed by folding inward, while generating an intense suction force that pulled the warriors inside the closing wounds.

They emerged changed, their bodies fused to the whale's flesh, arms sprouting from its sides, mouths singing the lullaby in perfect, terrible harmony.

Reality after Reality began to fall, but even though Enoch's corruption was relatively quiet, it could not hide its traces for long. It had only gained such great momentum so quickly because every Reality inside the Cradle believed that danger came from outside and not inside, and so they were not quick to respond to these changes happening.

Their disbelief caused many Realities to fall, as they tried to communicate with their fallen neighbour to inquire what was happening. When it became clear that whatever was

happening was beyond their understanding, these Realities, protected by the Beasts with no means of defending themselves, began to flee while calling out for their guardian.

Many would not make it.

The corruption was no longer spreading; now it was accelerating.

One third of the Cradle's realities had fallen within what might have been days if days still existed here.

The Beast of Inevitability woke fully when it turned its perception inward to the place it was supposed to keep safe, and a mournful howl rippled from its mouth.

Its serpent tail uncoiled, fangs bared, venom dripping with a potent aura of destruction, and with a might heave, the Beast began to swim through the Cradle, herding the uncorrupted realities behind it.

The turtle's vast legs paddled, pushing them toward safety while its serpent tail lashed, erasing corrupted shards that were being flung from the corrupted Realities. When the Beast noticed the number of Realities already possessed by this corruption, another mournful howl arose from it.

Chapter 1954: Breaking The Cradle (5)

The Beast of Inevitability was filled with rage and a great feeling of loss and sorrow when it noticed that half of all Realities inside the Cradle had been lost to this unknown corruption. Its serpent's tail continuously lashed out, and the shards of corruption were erased before they could even cross anywhere close to the Beast and its wards.

Eos watched this confrontation with rapt attention. Before he understood the full nature of the Cradle, he was not going to reveal himself, and this was a chance for him to test his speculations about the Primordials, the Beasts, and Enoch for the subtle connection that seemed to bind all of these parties together.

It did not take long for him to discover that the Beast was perfectly capable of stopping every single shard that came close. The pattern from its tail might appear to be simple on the surface, but the profoundness it contained was something special.

In a short time, the Beast had gotten the measures of the corrupted Realities, and no single shard that they spewed was able to go through, and if this trend continued, the turtle would not be defending for long; instead, it would begin to attack.

Eos could see that just a single swipe from its serpent tail would be enough to eliminate a lot of these corrupted Realities, and it would not take long for everything that Enoch had acquired to be erased.

However, Eos had just experienced what Enoch could do with a single dead Reality that no longer had any essence contained within, and he knew that the real danger had not yet been revealed.

Suddenly, the shards of corruption stopped emerging from the corrupted Realities, and there was silence in the Cradle. The turtle's eyes narrowed, and Eos could feel a ridiculous amount of power beginning to build in the center of the Beast that was slowly being transmitted into its serpent's tail.

Eos had thought that the Beast would take a short time to cleanse the Cradle of the corrupted Realities, but from the power building inside of it, he saw that the turtle intended to wipe out all the corruption at once, which was frankly the best option in his opinion, yet he knew that it would never be that simple.

From every corrupted Reality, a massive wave of ash suddenly erupted, so vast that it shrouded all of the corrupted Realities and raced towards the turtle. The eyes of the turtle flashed with wariness, but it did not stop charging up its power, and that was a mistake.

The wave of ash had not reached the turtle, but something invisible was racing ahead of those waves, and that was the final cries of desperation in the hearts of the countless lives that Enoch had just taken. This wave slammed into the turtle, and it became stunned in place.

Many immortals were unable to count every individual life inside a single planet, let alone the number of lives inside the Realities that Enoch had just taken over. The weight of all those lives perishing in this manner was a potent weapon that would kill Primordials, and the turtle could barely begin to fight against the cries of so many lives burrowing into its skull when the wave of ash swept over and past it.

The cries of the dead burrowed deep into its mind, endless, accusing. "Why did you fail us?" "We trusted." "It hurts."

Tens of thousands of Realities were hiding underneath the turtle, with more heading into this area for safety. However, due to panic and the nature of Realities where movement was not just a simple affair, there were still thousands that had not entered underneath the turtle for safety. The wave of ash that swept past the turtle swallowed them whole as cries of pain began to erupt from these Realities.

The ash was the burnt soul origins of countless quadrillions. With the nature of Enoch's power, even soul origins would be destroyed by his touch, but before they were eradicated from existence, there was still a chance, like this one, to use them as a weapon.

A cry of rage erupted from the turtle as it shook off the effect of the stun and began to inhale, drawing all the ash surrounding it and the Realities behind it into its stomach. However, the damage was already done as Enoch had placed shards of corruption to mix

with the ash, and hundreds of Realities behind the turtle were in the throes of being transformed.

The eyes of the Beast turned red, the shards of corruption inside its stomach were turned to nothing, and its snake tail struck down faster than even the consciousness of the Archais watching this conflict to follow, and all of the corrupted Realities were erased.

With the danger erased and hurriedly ushering the surviving Realities underneath its shadow, the turtle had become truly enraged. It was one thing to be too late to save its ward, and another to be forced to kill those whom it was made to protect. There was also a hint of wariness in its eyes now, because it realized how close it was to failing its purpose.

Ash still covered the corrupted Realities, but there were weird cracking and crunching sounds emerging from within the ash that were hard to describe, almost as if a giant was feasting on meat and bones.

A chuckle suddenly emerged from within the awful noise, and a voice spoke within the ash, *“Interesting, so you too have changed, little turtle, and no longer follow your directive. Should it not be impossible to harm any of your charge without a heavy backlash?”*

The Beast was silent, but the rage in its eyes only grew. Eos, who had been monitoring the Beast, now saw the problem. When he saw the Beast, its body had been covered with countless runes of laws, with many that even he could not recognize, but as he watched, those runes were slowly fading.

This was happening very slowly and was nearly unnoticeable, but the runes were indeed fading, and it was easy for him to see the connection between the dying Realities and the runes on the Beast of Inevitability.

If his theories were correct, then the Beast of Inevitability was opposite to the Beast of Final Rest, in that it drew power from the life underneath its protection. The more life it protected, the stronger it was.

The loss of so many Realities had greatly weakened it, and every time it had struck to erase the corruption within its ranks, the Beast had been carving out portions of his domain. It was not surprising that it would suffer a backlash from this act.

“You choose to remain quiet, I see, no matter. I was about to offer you a position in my new court when this is all over. But I think I prefer you and everything you hold... dead.”

All this while the voice had been speaking, the ash had been slowly fading away, and when it pronounced the death of the Beast, the ash vanished to reveal the Abomination that had been growing all this while, and Eos drew in a deep breath.

Enoch had taken the general form of the whale-like creature from that one fallen Reality, but he had blown it up in proportion after all the corrupted Realities he had harvested had been fused together.

This Abomination created by Enoch was now a Whale-leviathan bloated to a scale that made cosmic appear like nothing, a body of white pulsating flesh veined with stolen essences, with countless mouths opening and closing in eternal hunger, and arms sprouting from every surface like corrupted fins, finally his eyes, like milky voids reflecting devoured dawns.

The Abomination was vast, terrible, and Eos could not deny that there was a beauty in its wrongness.

Chapter 1955: Breaking The Cradle (6)

Unexpectedly, the Beast of Inevitability attacked first.

It had previously been building up power to erase all of the corrupted Realities at once, but the mental attack and the ocean of ash had disrupted this build-up; however, the Beast was more wily than expected, as it did not truly lose its grasp on this technique, it just suppressed its blazing aura while allowing it to build up in secret.

The Beast should have always been able to build up this power in a circumstantial manner, but it had shown its cards to lure its enemy into a trap, and now, its serpent's tail delivered its fury.

Faster than any of the Watchers could follow, the tail became a black lightning arc of pure inevitability with venom dripping in rivers that erased the distance between it and the Abomination, and a massive thudding sound resounded throughout space and time as the tail spears straight through the Abomination's swollen flank.

The flesh of the Abomination was split apart as thick white pus, which was the distilled essence of devoured Realities, sprayed out in geysers thick as nebulae.

With a quick retraction, the tail returned, and Eos could see that another powerful technique was quickly charging up, as the Beast of Inevitability focused on its opponents, red eyes tracking its every move.

The wound suffered by the Abomination was vast, deep enough to expose the Abomination's internal structure, which was layers of fused Realities stacked like meat in a butcher's display. One of its exploded "rib bones" was a Reality of crystal spires visible inside, still inhabited, countless lifeforms frozen mid-scream as the wound gapes around them.

A chuckle emerged from the Abomination as it observed its grisly wound, and Eos could feel a sense of admiration in that laughter, and then the wound began to close by folding inward.

Lips form along the edges of the wounds as trillions of large mouths sprout from the flesh to kiss the gash shut, stitching flesh with threads of stolen sinew. The Realities inside are pulled deeper, digested alive, and screams echo from within as the bodies of countless lifeforms begin to sprout arms that were torn off to be used as a foundation for the wound erasure.

Eos' eyes tightened. There was something about the methods that Enoch was using to heal that struck him as odd, and he assigned a part of his consciousness to focus on this discrepancy he had noticed, before focusing fully on the battle.

The Abomination exhales without any indication, one moment it was observing its closing wound and the next it was breathing out ash and memory with such great force it blasted out from its mouth like a beam of gray light that washed over the turtle, who had quickly retracted all of its body parts underneath its shell.

The ash swept over the shell before turning around to cling to it, and as if it had a mind of its own, it began burrowing into any cracks that it could find.

Where it touches, runes fade faster. Memories of protected lives, children laughing, lovers embracing, old ones dying gently, flash across the shell and vanish, consumed.

The turtle had finished charging up another attack, and its tail emerged and lashed again.

Barely seen, the tail strikes the Abomination's underbelly, but the Beast did not tear through flesh; it saw that the previous tactics were not working well enough.

What it did was more brutal. The snake head of its tail began to drill into the body of the Abomination, tearing through every obstacle in its way as the Abomination struggled to pull it out using billions of its arms, but the power and tenacity in that single appendage were unmatched.

However, the arms of the Abomination were able to slow the progress of the tail, but it was too late; it had found its destination, and then the serpent head lashed out, and venom was injected directly into the Abomination's corrupted heart, which was a throbbing organ the size of multiple Realities that had been visible through translucent flesh.

The heart convulses, and for a moment, the Abomination staggers as so much of its corrupted life force was erased, and as the venom traveled throughout its body, more of it was being erased with every passing moment.

Then it laughs.

The laugh was purely Enoch's—childlike, wondering, mad.

Then the heart that was pumping venom all through the body of the Abomination was pulled out by it, and with the same mad laughter, the Abomination threw the heart at the Beast. The tail of the Beast lashed out at the heart, crushing it into pieces.

However, before those pieces could be erased, smaller abominations, each of them was exactly the same shape as the Abomination, and were all Realities that had been corrupted, miniature whales, each birthed from a single devoured reality, poured out from it.

They swarm like piranhas, closing around the tail of the serpents, and from their bodies emerged millions of mouths that tried to chew through the tail, causing sparks that burned hotter than stars to pour out from the contacts.

Hissing with outrage, the serpent's tail thrashes, crushing hundreds of these Abominations, but hundreds more replace them.

In the distance, the mighty body of the Abomination crumbled like a house of cards as it transformed into smaller Abominations that raced towards the Beast.

The turtle roared in outrage, and it could not quickly lash out with its tail to erase the incoming danger due to the Abominations that still surrounded its length, and were restricting its smooth flow.

In the blink of an eye, the flood of Abominations poured over the Beast, and they began to attack its shell as its legs shook under their weight. Enoch had been transforming these Abominations under the pressure from the Beasts, and when its venom had flooded the main body of the Abomination, it became all the trigger that it needed to evolve the individual pieces of itself to greater heights.

They attacked the shell of the Beast with cold fury, and even though the lashing and striking tail from the Beast was killing hundreds at every moment, the Abominations were becoming harder to kill, and could no longer be taken down by single strikes, often requiring multiple strikes.

Then one of the Abominations roared with victory as it saw a chink in the turtle's shell, and calling on all the power in its body, it tore this gap open, and burrowed into the shell, and as if a flood gate had been open, more Abominations followed it into the hole like a flood of locusts.

The first Abomination tunneled through the shell like a maggot through meat. Finally, it finds the Beast's veins filled with its blood, which were oceans of pure inevitability. Opening countless maws filled with needle-sharp teeth, it tore through the vein and began to drink while simultaneously injecting its corruption into the vein of the Beast.

The Beast had been bellowing with rage as it fought, and that cry suddenly transformed into pain.

The sound shatters the nearby void, birthing temporary Realities that should have lived for long enough to give the Beast a temporary boost in power, but they faded quickly, as they died screaming.

Filled with pain and madness, its serpent tail coils back and strikes its own shell, trying to crush the burrower, but the impact only cracks the shell wider, even though it crushed hundreds of the Abomination, but it caused their blood to seep into the wound, flooding more of the Beast with corruption as veins of white began to spread through the turtle's shell.

Chapter 1956: Breaking The Cradle (Final)

The Beast of inevitability roared in pain and distress. Its resilience and healing were powerful enough to cleanse the corruption in its system, and its fundamental nature meant that it did not matter how much corruption was poured into its body; it would always recover given time, but during that time, a lot of its powers would be focused inward instead of outward to fight against the source of corruption.

Eos hesitated. At this point, he could not help the Beast even if he wanted; the Archai monitoring the battle were powerful, but these were Watchers, and they were never meant to battle an evil like Enoch, but he trusted that the Beast could not fall so easily.

More Abominations were flooding into the body of the turtle, whose striking tail was beginning to move more slowly, and Eos could see that some of the Realities being protected beneath the turtle were being slowly snatched by roving Abominations.

Suddenly, hundreds of Abominations began to fuse once more, and before long, a gigantic Abomination arose before the face of the turtle, and its billion arms slowly reached for the face of the roaring Beast, and it slowly caressed it, as if admiring a work of art.

Despite the pain it was experiencing, the eyes of the massive turtle slowly opened as it felt the alien touch on its skin, and found the gigantic skull-like visage of the Abomination grinning. The face of the Abomination descended, and it almost gently kissed the snout of the turtle before a long tongue filled with screaming faces shot from the mouth of the Abomination and dug into the right eyes of the turtle, penetrating deep into its brain.

The turtle shuddered as a sickening slurping sound emerged from the tongue as it began to drink the essence of the Beast. The turtle was about to fight back, even if it was to disengage from the tongue that was rapidly draining its essence, but suddenly its mind was flooded with memories.

The Beast remembers every Reality it failed to save, every dead, their lives, and end rushing into its mind. Mothers forming mountains with their bodies. Children opening arms to corruption because they had never learned fear and crying in pain as their flesh was liquified before their eyes, and arms grew out of their throats.

A cry of pain emerged from the chest of the Beast, and it froze, lost in grief. Its cries were not for itself, but from all that it had lost and was still losing.

The Abomination's maw opens wider, and more tongues lashed out from its mouths like harpoons. One pierces the Beast's shell, anchoring itself to the thrashing turtle, and multiple tongues begin to wrap around its legs.

With a mighty heave that sent cracks across existence, the tongues began to pull, but the Beast was unconsciously resisting as its legs dug trenches in the void, and the corruption inside spread more quickly as it exerted itself, and the memories of dying Realities were keeping what was left of its conscious mind in a cover of grief and pain.

The white veins of corruption spreading across the shell of the turtle had reached the fading runes, and they began to shatter like glass.

Power began draining out of the Beast of Inevitability like a flood as the Abomination's body pressed closer and its flesh began to rub against the body of the turtle; the contact was intimate and obscene.

Where they touch, the Beast's shell softens, turning white and pulpy, and the Abomination's skin splits open in sympathy, revealing internal organs, which were fused Realities that resembled forests of arms in the shape of livers and hearts that beat with stolen lullabies.

Eos could no longer watch; he could not physically help this Beast, but he could remind it that there were those it needed to protect, and despite the losses it had endured, the job was not yet done.

The question here was how he was going to do that without alerting the Abomination, but as it turned out, he did not need to make a move, because the turtle surprised everyone again.

Eos did not know where the Beast drew its strength from, but as the Abomination was as close to it as a lover, the turtle did not need to do much; it opened its mouth, and it bites down.

The jaws of the turtle, like celestial mountains, clamped on the Abominati
on's flank and flesh tears in wet sheets.

White blood sprays, freezing into sculptures of screaming faces, and the Abomination shrieked in what resembled a merger of pain and enjoyment, and it did not pull back; instead, it pushed closer to the Beast as it began to enfold it, like a python swallowing its prey.

Billions of its arms wrap around the shell, flow around its legs, around the serpent tail. Trillions of mouths kissed every crack in the Beast's body, and at first the kisses were almost gentle, before it became hungry, as it drew upon the essence of the Beast, but as if it knew that this was its final chance to fight for its survival, the thrashing of the turtle became more violent as it pushed against the influence of the unrelenting tides of grief.

Its serpent tail spears through the Abomination's body again and again, carving canyons of white meat; however, each wound births new arms.

Above the struggling Beast, the head of the Abomination began to expand to accommodate its mouth opening wider and then from that unholy maw that seemed to lead to the depths of evil, the Abomination inhales causing a fierce wind to pour across the turtle and reach the Realities huddled beneath the shell, and when that wind touched all of these Realities, it began to pull.

Reality after Reality was dragged from safety, and they did not cry out for help; instead, their cries were ones of defiance, and Eos could see in the eyes of the Abomination at this moment pure rage.

Its maw drank the cries of these Realities, and it vomited a white flood filled with its corruption over them, and they began to transform, their cries of defiance turning into one of hunger.

These losses were almost too much for the turtle to bear as it roars one last time, and this roar could only be described as loss made manifest, and it was powerful, exceeding any form of struggle that the Beast had made from the beginning. Spiderwebs of cracks erupted to the depths of existence as the Abomination was shaken away from the Beast, and for a moment, the turtle broke free.

With this opportunity, the Beast could have fled, but it did not. Eos watched it roar its defiance, echoing those of the Realities that had been stolen from its protection, and its serpent tail coils around the Abomination's neck, or what passes for a neck in the mutated wasteland that its body had become.

All of its venom was shot out in one explosive release, and the Abomination began to choke as oceans of venom that could erase existence were pouring down its body, and its sickly white flesh began to bubble and melt.

It did not take long before a rain of falling arms and melting heads began to pour out from the breaking body of the Abomination, whose howl of pain no longer held any amusement.

For a heartbeat, hope flickers, perhaps if the Beast could continue its onslaught, then it would erase this Abomination, but then the melting flesh of the Abomination that was pouring down the throat of the serpents reforms into new mouths inside the tail, and they kissed it from inside, pouring a potent flood of corruption into it.

The tail began to turn white, and the eyes of the turtle went dim with regret because it knew that it was losing. The potency of its venom was weakening, while the corruption of the Abomination was growing, but it refused to let go, and despite the transformation of its tail, it continued pouring venom into the body of the Abomination.

However, it was too late. One of the functions of the body of the Abomination was rapid evolution and adaptability. With every challenge this body was facing, Enoch was refining its capabilities, and finally, it had crossed a certain threshold, and from its spine, the Abomination began to split open.

From within unfolds a second body, a humanoid silhouette made of fused children, arms linked, faces melted together, eyes weeping upward.

This shape was madness and horror given form, and Eos could feel the minds of his Archai stuttering as they saw this form. The new body of the Abomination pushed aside its old shell as if it were discarding trash and reached out to the struggling beast with a hand made of a thousand smaller hands.

It touches the Beast's cracked shell. The touch was gentle, but the shell of the Beast shattered into pieces.

Chapter 1957: The Blade Is Ready

The Beast nearly collapsed inward from this *soft* touch as its shell scattered, exploding with such great force that if the majority of life inside Limbo had not been killed off, then its shooting shell would have torn through Limbo and destroyed countless Realities.

Howling with pain and shock, the Beast surprisingly used this opportunity to slip out of the grasp of the Abomination. It left a lot of its flesh behind while it gathered the few Realities that remained in its grasp. The Abomination was not going to let any of the flesh left behind be wasted, and so it bent down, and thousands of child-like faces opened mouths wider than crocodiles and began to feed on the remnants of the flesh and the Realities that the Beast could not take.

There was no urgency in the actions of the Abomination. Limbo was vast and empty, and it did not matter how far the Beast ran; it would hunt it down. However, Eos knew that the Beast was not the primary target... it was him.

His Incarnation was about to complete the fourth layer of the Origin of Space before fully taking on the mantle of the Primordial of Space. When that happened, his next step would

be to open the Primordial Record and discover the secrets that had been hidden from him. Apparently, Enoch would not allow this to happen because he was sure that this entity had just used one of its greatest trump cards, and there was no way he would allow Eos to succeed.

The Abomination was consuming the remnants of what was left while staring at the fleeing Beast; thousands of eyes were blinking in a slow and calculated manner.

And then it slowly turns towards the direction of the Origin Land of Eos, but some of its eyes were fixed on the shades of the Watchers, and Eos knew that Enoch had found them, and the Abomination smiles with every mouth that it had, and this smile is Enoch's. Childlike. Wondering. Craving more experience with every breath it took.

There was a promise of savagery in that smile.

Limbo shook as the Abomination charged towards the Origin Land, its massive body tearing through the shades.

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Eos had been growing too fast to forge an armor for himself, not that he needed any armor when his Slaughter Revenant Aspect could clothe him in the scarlet armor of vengeance and endless fury; instead, he wore a robe made from time and memory, as he was fond of the color of purple and gold.

No one in existence, not even Rowan, had seen his present form, and he was no longer a baby, and from an extremely far distance, Eos resembled a sixteen-year-old youth, perfect in every way, with features that seemed to be carved from marble.

From the moment he heard the whisper of Enoch ripple across the Cradle, he knew that the Abomination would be coming for him, but he did not run.

Running was for those who still believed distance mattered.

Instead, he reached behind his back, into the folded layers of his own reality, and drew forth the Destroyer.

After all this time, nothing seemed to have changed on the surface of his favorite weapon.

The greatsword was longer than he was tall, yet it weighed nothing in his hand. The blade was no longer metal, not after it had fed on the flesh and blood of Ancient primordials.

With his experience using the highest concepts of killing and destruction, Eos had forged the edge of his Destroyer from absence itself. He had taken this absence from a dimension where endings go when they are no longer needed. This was a concept he had discovered

after all of his battles and the sights he had seen... the Concept of Absence, and it had become the edge of his Destroyer.

Along its length ran veins of golden light, the same light that had once filled the space of his birth, now tempered and sharp. The hilt was wrapped in the leather of forgotten lullabies where his head had lain. When he held it, the sword hummed a low note that was almost, but not quite, forgiveness.

He was a Creator as well as a Destroyer, and if there was any weapon fit for a Reality to wield, it was this one that combined all the traits of creation and destruction in one.

Eos had brought out the stone that he had sat on when he first killed his first immortal. After all this time, this stone had remained with him, and now it had grown to the extent that it was the only material strong enough to bear his weight and size.

He laid the Destroyer across his knees, and he began to sharpen it with his fingertips.

He ran his bare fingers along the edge, slow and deliberate, as if stroking the cheek of a sleeping child who might wake angry. Where his skin touched the blade, sparks of golden light flared, sparks that were memories of his life and all that he had lost.

This battle was not being fought for his sake alone, and when his blade bit into Enoch's neck, he wanted him to know the weight of all those who have lost.... everything.

Each pass of his fingers honed the absence sharper as the blade drank the memories and grew hungrier. Creation feeds on Destruction and Destruction feeds on Creation.

Eos did not hurry; he had time. All the time the Abomination would allow. Even if it came for him in the next second or the next hour, he would sit and wait, and then he would strike when the time had come for him to strike.

Far away, yet close enough that the entirety of Limbo trembled, the Abomination approached Eos, not in a hurried manner; instead, it was savoring the moment.

Unlike when it battled his Primordials using the dead body of Eosah, Enoch now had access to all the best materials inside Limbo, and he would not need to struggle for the energy needed to contain all of his malicious will.

Its vast body eclipsed entire folds of Limbo as it moved, white flesh pulsating with the rhythm of devoured hearts. Arms trailed behind like bridal veils made of hunger. Mouths opened and closed in silent anticipation, tasting the air for the flavor of the one who carried Enoch's missing piece.

Its thousand eyes were fixed on Eos's realm and the fragile domain he was protecting that held Rowan, who was on the verge of becoming a Primordial.

The Abomination reached the layer of space where Eos sat and stopped at a distance, and the weight of its presence pressed across Limbo, but it did not come closer to Eos, because there was a boundary surrounding him.

This boundary also surrounded the Abomination, and in the invisible line separating the Abomination from Eos, their boundaries clashed, and Limbo tremored.

The eyes of the Abomination did not look at Eos at first; instead, it focused on Rowan, and then it looked away before concentrating on Eos.

“You carry him...” it said as a statement, but there was a hint of puzzlement in his tone.

Eos did not look up. His fingers continued their slow passage along the blade, as golden sparks danced across its length.

“Yes,” he said quietly. “Rowan is my extension. The part of me that could still fly through this graveyard called Limbo without breaking it. I am the root. He is the branch.”

The Abomination grinned and, probing past the boundary, it reached for Rowan, and Eos’s fingertips paused, and he lifted the Destroyer.

The blade was ready.

Chapter 1958: Dance For Your Food

Eos stood, sword point lowered, as he seemed to be waiting for the Abomination to reach for the realm he was protecting. In many ways, this would be the first time he was going to be fighting with his main body, and for him to be fighting existence, ultimate evil was not surprising, given the life he had lived.

Multiple childish faces of the Abomination had their tongue out as if in deep concentration, while other faces watched Eos closely as its arm was slowly reaching across to grab Rowan. There was a teasing and playful look in all the faces of the children, as if the Abomination wanted to play a game of tag with Eos.

Without any warning, the Abomination growled, and the arm that had been inching forward extended rapidly, as the single arm inflated as billions of reaching arms like maggots bursting out of dead flesh surged from it.

A purple cube that contained the Road of Eternity alongside Rowan and all the New Primordials had been placed in front of Eos, and this was the target of the arm of the Abomination.

The sight was both horrifying and mind-bending, but the gaze of Eos, who was looking at everything, was calm. And then he moved, his motions echoing that of the Abomination in such a smooth manner that it was almost as if he had become its shadow.

The Destroyer rose in a single, unhurried arc, and the blade passed through the arm of the Abomination without resistance. Eos' body was following the blade, and so the motion carried him behind the Abomination.

For a moment, because the cut had been made so smoothly and swiftly, nothing seemed to have happened, and the arm was still reaching for the purple cube when it detached from the Abomination's body. The billions of arms and faces on hand seemed to be surprised, and then the light of life left their eyes, and the entire arm dissolved into golden ash that drifted upwards, transforming into the roots that would grow into new Realities.

The Abomination paused. For the first time since its birth at the Cradle of Enoch, uncertainty flickered in a billion eyes.

Eos turned his head to regard the Abomination, and his calm, almost gentle voice spoke,

"I don't know how much of Enoch's essence you have inside, but I see that you want the piece of him I carry."

He tapped the flat of the blade against the stone that had appeared behind him, and then he sat on it as if it were a throne, and for Eos, there was no material in existence that was more worthy to bear his weight.

"You can have him." He smiled. The smile was Rowan's. Fierce and proud and filled with a deep touch of equal sorrow and grace, "After you earn it. Now, dance for your food."

The Abomination screamed with every mouth, but something seemed to hold it back from attacking Eos; instead, it focused on the purple cube and surged towards it. Eos' eyes lit up. As expected, the true target of Enoch was Rowan, and he would do anything to stop him from reaching the ninth-dimensional level, even if it placed the Abomination at a disadvantage.

The Abomination's body folded like a gigantic serpent and surged towards the cube, its motion created a vast Reality of burning flesh and bleeding sky, as this domain that was more real than many Realities and stretching for distances the eyes could never see enclosed both Eos and the purple cube.

Eos looked around in astonishment and caution. It was amazing to see corruption that was closer to death's essence being wielded in a manner that still brought life and purpose to an insane mind. This place, he thought, was a stomach that was made to digest life.

He looked down in disgust to see large screaming faces bigger than Reality, and eyes filled with hunger and madness, scattered all over the heavens and the earth.

White flesh pressed against the horizon, rising up in the air before slamming into the ground and rushing towards Eos like a tsunami made from pale flesh, reaching arms and the screaming faces of children, as it began to digest itself as it reached for its prize.

Eos did not rise from his throne of stone; instead, he squeezed the hilt of the Destroyer while reaching for the power brimming in his heart.

So many things could change given time, and Eos had ten million years to perfect his growth and power, as he slowly shored up his foundations and brought together everything that he had gained over the years.

His Essence and Ether had been evolving almost every century into more potent forms, as his body grew, and the Origin Essence of every New Primordial born inside of him was added to his own.

Origin Essence did not just add to the potency of his energy stores; they also helped his recovery, pushing this trait of his into levels that were astonishing.

Right now, he was pouring only his Ether into the Destroyer, but pouring would be the wrong word; what he was doing was feeding it small trickles so his blade would become acclimated to his power, but he was slowly ramping up the amount of Ether he was giving the Destroyer.

The Destroyer was raised slowly as a barely discernible hum was beginning to grow louder as more Ether was poured into the blade, and as Eos held up the blade fully, the hum had increased to a deafening shriek, and then, without any fanfare, Eos slammed the blade into the ground of corrupted flesh.

Where it touched, the flesh of madness was erased as the concept of Absence pulsed from the Destroyer like a wave of light and slammed into the Abomination that had transformed itself into a tsunami of flesh.

“BOOM!!!”

The clash between the power of corruption and the annihilation that the Destroyer brought shook Limbo. Unlike the Realm of Death that was durable enough to withstand battle at the ninth-dimensional level, Limbo could only spread out the shockwave of this clash, and so, fleeing in the distance, the wounded Beast of Inevitability could feel the shockwave of the battle, and it paused, shock coloring its eyes.

It had sensed the power of a Reality, and it was potent enough to stand against the Abomination of Enoch. It hesitated for a moment before it turned and began to head

towards the battle. If there was any of its charge outside Limbo that was fighting against the Abomination, they would need its help.

The clash between annihilation and corruption was relentless. In every moment, Eos was pouring out the equivalent of all of the Ether in his body to maintain this clash, however he was regenerating his energy stores as quickly as he was burning them, meaning that he technically was always at a hundred percent energy capacity, even though he should have exhausted all his powers a thousand times over from the clash with the Abomination.

Every moment counted as Rowan was edging closer to becoming a Primordial, and Eos would buy him as much as he needed. The Abomination was aware of this, and so it adapted.

Flesh split open, birthing smaller horrors, Abominations the size of Realities burst out from its main mass and began to swarm towards Eos, as they flew over the ongoing clash.

Eos had been gathering power inside the Destroyer, and he roared as he unleashed everything, creating a wall of radiance that pushed back the main body of the Abomination and gave him the space to battle. Standing up from his throne, he met the swarming Abominations with his blade.

Chapter 1959: Blade Dance

The Destroyer sang a song of annihilation as it was finally being used by its master. Even with all the power being poured inside of it, the Destroyer was not able to output as much damage as the venom of the Beast of Inevitability, yet it was far more effective because of its wielder.

One swing from Eos ended hundreds of Abominations as the blade in his hand seemed to hold endless transformation; one moment it looked like a whip, the next a lightning bolt, a disk, a hammer, and so on. It was not as if the blade was changing, but the techniques of Eos had reached a realm where his desires became manifestations.

His blade led him, and his body followed, step by step, into madness.

He was not just killing Abominations; as they died, they transformed into golden ash that floated past the shredded domain created by the Abomination to become roots of new Realities.

But the Abomination was vast, for every part that Eos ended, two grew in its place. The evolution of the Abomination seemed to have given it the ability to endlessly manifest new flesh, meaning that it would not matter how much of itself was destroyed, more would be created in its place.

To deal with the swarm of Abomination, Eos had unleashed a heavy blow to push back the main body of the Abomination, but it had shattered that tide of annihilation and began to press closer to Eos while all of its faces were turned towards the ascending Rowan, and rage was beginning to paint all of its many eyes red.

With a loud command from the Abomination the domain it created began to shrink so dramatically, that it pushed Eos and the purple cube towards it, and to protect the cube, Eos diverted more attention to the man body of the Abomination, which led to a single minor Abomination from the swarm passing through the storm of blades created by his Destroyer and latching onto his shoulder.

Passing through the swings of his blade had sliced the Abomination in two, and a wave of annihilation was rapidly turning it to golden dust, but it had bitten down on his shoulder with a vengeance and poured corruption into his body.

Eos bled for the first time, but this was the least of his worries. The flesh of his shoulder turned white and began to sprout arms, hundreds of faces were beginning to rise from his shoulders, but their eyes were closed, yet they struggled to open them, with the new powers of the Abomination, if they opened their eyes, then every part of his body that they could see, would be a host for their corruption.

Eos reversed his blade and dug it into his shoulder, cutting into his flesh without flinching and flicking the severed piece away, which dissolved into light.

He kept walking despite the increasing danger. Eos could see that after the Abomination had evolved from the venom of the Beast of Inevitability, another round of evolution had begun after it faced him, and Eos could see that a sort of intense change was happening at the center of the Abomination, including every single spawn it was sending against him.

A bright reddish ripple suddenly erupted from all the Abomination, and the time inside this domain stretched. The Abomination knew Eos so well that it understood time stop would not hold a being of his power, and that it would, in fact, lead to a backlash; instead, it stretched time.

All of this was just to delay Rowan from reaching the Primordial level, and it was working. Eos could push through this slowed time by simply accelerating his body and the streams of time around him, but his Incarnation did not have the vastness of his energy stores and was focused on ascension, leaving few resources left to fight against this power.

Eos growled as he began pushing toward the heart of the Abomination, where he could see a child-shaped thing emerging from it. The new evolution of the Abomination was still ongoing, and he needed to stop it.

The child growing in the heart of the Abomination whispered, "Stop him."

That order was all that was needed for the Abominations to swarm him without any regard for their life, as the main body of the Abomination, even while evolving, was continuously releasing thousands of new Abominations from the edges of its flesh. Eos recognizes that this was the final move of the Abomination to discard its previous form before it assumed a new one.

Eos did not pause; victory went to the bold, and although the possibility of dying here was high, it did not stop him from fighting. There was no single hesitation in his heart.

The Destroyer grew heavier with every annihilation it delivered, and Eos's arms trembled with the strain of killing tens of thousands with every moment. This was not the sort of battle that he could afford to think or use fancy abilities; only pure focus and the sheer edge of his blade could save him when every Abomination he was cutting down was many times more powerful than an average Primordial.

The strain was adding up, and he was getting injured, but his blade was always ready to carve out that piece of his flesh before the corruption could take root, and he did not stop his forward momentum, despite the increasing wave of enemies pouring down on him.

If anyone was watching this battle, they would see a lone figure with a single blade, wading against a swarm of Abomination, each of them were a tenth of his size, but they numbered in the millions, and they were all pouring down upon him, and only his blade was flashing, faster than light, faster than thought, and that blade was reaping their lives and creating roots of life.

As it was, someone was watching, and it was the Beast of Inevitability, alongside the Realities it had saved; they were frozen in astonishment as they saw the impossible.

Eos had seen the Beast approaching due to his Archai, but that awareness was relegated to a small part of his mind while he was focused on this battle.

The Abomination's voice, which had transformed once more, echoed inside Eos's head, and he frowned. The power of the Abomination was beginning to use more of its corrupted Concepts instead of using its flesh as it had been doing all this time,

"Give him to me."

Eos paused, shook his head, and grinned. His blood was beginning to burn as once more he had seen a power that was able to push him to his limits, and there seemed to be more to come. He answered the mad request of the Abomination with the sword.

There was nothing that was taking his attention, only the battle, and Eos entered the zone that he had watched his Incarnation Rowan enter so many times. He became his sword and the sword became him, and now he was no longer pouring just Ether into the Destroyer, now he poured his Essence, and waves of blade light, infinite in number, began to radiate all around him as he cut through millions of Abominations to reach its core.

Slicing apart a thousand Abominations with a single motion to stand before the emerging monstrosity, Eos, covered in blood and flesh and looking like he had bathed in a pool of crushed bodies, grinned, “You forgot to say please.”

In response, the child opened its mouth wide enough to swallow him.

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Chapter 1960: Temple Of End

There were many ways Eos could respond to this, and the best option he had was to retreat from the Abomination. He had placed Rowan inside the purple cube and made him become a Primordial in such a visible manner in order to draw the wrong kind of attention, and find out if there were any hidden designs he could not yet see, and now that Enoch had revealed his power, his best option should have been to drag Rowan into his Origin Realm and flee as far away as possible.

If Rowan were to reach the Primordial level, the power he gained would be a single hair on a camel’s back for Eos; what would be important for him would be the perception of a Primordial that Rowan would be able to share with him. He had other Primordials whose senses he could share, but none of them would be able to give him the completeness of vision that Eos needed.

Eos was on the verge of gaining this perception and seeing the secrets of the Primordial Record, and so he should have been running here, at least until Rowan reached the Primordial level, but he did not; instead, to the surprise of the Abomination, wearing the purple cube on a chain around his neck, he charged into its open mouth.

‘Sometimes the only way to avoid a danger was to go through it.’

Multiple tongues of corrupted Realities lashed out, and Eos stepped onto one and ran along its length like a bridge. Inside the mouth of the Abomination was another domain, almost as vast as the one that had previously surrounded him, and he sliced apart the hundreds of tongues that resembled tentacles that were attempting to tie him down.

The tongue he was running upon tried to swallow him, as it began to wrap around him like a python, but his Destroyer sliced it into a thousand pieces in a fraction of a moment, and Eos’ momentum was not slowed a single bit.

Stomping down on the remnants of the tongue, he shot forward into the throat and entered... darkness. Glancing behind him, he saw that the light of the outside was also vanishing as the Abomination closed its mouth. Squeezing the hilt of his sword, Eos plunged deeper into the darkness.

And for a moment, it seemed as if he had become swallowed by it, because every sound and any sign of his presence was gone, even the pale golden light from his Destroyer had been swallowed by this darkness, and then...

“Whoosh!!”

Two massive wings of light erupted from behind him. The Wings of the Omniverse were finally unleashed, and they shone like lightning. As his wings erupted behind him, the center of his chest shone bright as Eos unleashed his Tri-Core Sigil.

When he gained the Tri-Core Sigil, they had glowed with a gentle light that did nothing to show the impossible amount of physical power they were carrying. At that time, Eos was still an infant, and his physical capabilities were subpar. Now that he was growing, his Sigil had grown with him, and the light that they burned with was no longer gentle.

“BOOM... BOOM... BOOM...”

Power that could crush existence poured out from his Sigil, into his Destroyer, as Eos, for the first time since the battle began, unveiled the entire strength of his fleshy body. His Reality Crown rose above his head, and his body was like a comet that tore through the darkness even as his Destroyer burned golden.

The internals of the Abomination convulsed as it threw whatever it had left of its previous flesh into his path, but it was like trying to smother a volcano with pieces of paper; they all melted before his glory.

There were layers to this Abomination, where space had been extended and folded until it was as vast as Limbo, but with his Omniversal Wings, Eos's body could be carried through dimensions as quickly as a thought, and distance was meaningless to him when he could see the red glow ahead.

He could run, but that would give this Abomination the chance to evolve, and when it did, there was no place he would be safe, and like the Beast of Inevitability, the Abomination would begin to take from him.

The evolving form of the Abomination, still wrapped in its birthing sacks, opened yellow eyes to see the glorious form of Eos descending from above, and for a moment, it was as if it had been held in the grip of memory, and a look of pain flashed past its eyes, before anger and hate took its place.

With a roar, it began eating its birthing sacks so it could be born faster, while commanding every last part of its previous form to stall the wave of annihilation descending from above.

Its eyes were widening with shock and fear because it could see that it was not enough. Before it could evolve again, this blade would pierce its heart, but a hot wave of power

from a place the Abomination could not recognize poured into its form, and it smiled... its evolution that required more time was instantly completed.

Raising itself into the air with tentacles that were growing out of its spine, it roared at the descending calamity, “Ruler of Creation... You have lost.”

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TEMPLE OF END.

Rowan did not know what was happening outside this place, and even if he did, he would not be leaving here, not without learning the secrets of the past that was about to be laid out for him... for too long he had been in the dark.

He watched as Noctis slowly moved away from his previous position, and he did not ask him why the other Architects were not moving; some answers, he knew, would come at the right time.

Noctis slowly walked towards Rowan, and he stopped a few feet away from him. Then, with a grace that he should not have, he bowed towards the direction that the ninth dimension was facing.

“Do you know where you stand, Rowan?” he said without much fanfare, “This is the holiest ground in all of existence, because it was here that existence as we know it was born, yet it is called the Temple of End.”

Rowan looked around in doubt, from the aura he was feeling from the Hammer and the Forge here, then this place resembled a place of death, and had no concern with creation.

“Ah, you sense them,” Noctis gestured to the hammer and forge, “Of course you are able to, you stand just outside their Aura. Do not look at them as tools of destruction, Rowan, see them as what they are... relics of a lost existence.”

“Lost?” Rowan questioned, “What do you mean by a lost existence?”

Noctis shrugged, “We are not all there was... There was something before there was nothing, and even though we were born from nothing, it did not mean that there was not something before that nothing.”

Rowan’s eyes tightened, and he looked at the hammer, truly looked at it, and he discovered that he could not understand any of its makeup. It looks as if it was made from metal, but Rowan knew that there was no metal like this in existence. It should have been made from a concept that had been solidified, but Rowan could not recognize the concept.

Noctis chuckled, “That look on your face is exactly the same as ours when we first saw this place and recognized its significance.”

“Which is?”

“The being that ended the previous existence... well, he wants to end ours.”

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Chapter 1961 - Capítulo 1961: Descend Into End

Capítulo 1961: Descend Into End

Noctis beckoned to Rowan, “Walk with me. For you to learn more, I would have to show you the truth, and that would not be possible unless you are baptized.” He began to walk, and Rowan followed, and then he paused and glanced back, “Unless you are afraid to take these steps with me.”

Rowan’s eyes flashed golden, a roar from a beast that seemed to have devoured countless realms emerged from his body, and Noctis grimaced at that sound, as he remembered the unfathomable monster standing here with him. He sighed dramatically, “Of course you are willing to see this through to the end, else you would not be here. Follow me then, and be baptized in the blood of the old so you can see the new... That Aura you are feeling from the hammer and the forge, that is the clash between what was and is, and if that separation is not cleansed, you will never be able to understand the past.”

A passage suddenly revealed itself in front of them that was facing below, as if this temple had a basement. As Noctis stepped foot inside the passage, the torches hung on both sides of the path began to light up, revealing that it extended for many miles. Rowan paused for a moment before he followed.

Noctis’s voice echoed through the passage as they walked, “Before we met the Primordials and made a deal with them, we did not know much about the significance of this place. We were not the first to find it; there had always been rumors about the existence of this place, and the Architects spent many years and countless resources to confirm its existence. And then we discovered an unknown power here that defied all meaning.”

The passage suddenly sloped down steeply, turning their walk into a freefall. Rowan maintained the same descending speed with Noctis as his mind grabbed every single detail he was seeing, down to the particles, and was sending them all to Eos.

“I cannot even remember how many died before we located this temple. The Aura from the hammer, especially, was wild in the past, and this entire zone used to be known as the most dangerous place in all of existence, but the Architects, after understanding the significance of this place, paid a heavy price for wiping the knowledge of this place from every single record in existence.”

They fell for what seemed like years, and Rowan stopped counting the time as it went on, ultimately knowing that in this place, time was meaningless, but he felt a slight bit of apprehension in his heart when he noticed that the deeper they went, the connection with Eos began to grow faint.

It was not as if there was any force interfering with their connection; if they were Rowan, he would have retreated and found a way to break this barrier. Instead, what was causing this issue was simple... it was distance.

Rowan had never expected that distance for him would ever be an issue; his connection with his main body was so profound that it did not matter which corner of Limbo he found himself, he would always have an unbreakable bond with his main body, because they were still one and the same person in the higher-dimensional realm they controlled.

While others were seeing Rowan as an individual being, the way Eos saw him was as one of his fingers, and even if Eos stretched his hand across the curtain to touch the other side of existence, it was still his hand, and he would be able to sense everything happening to it. With his present levels, the entirety of Limbo fell within his reach.

However, this space they were descending into had exceeded the boundary of existence as he knew it, and his connection was being strained. Rowan thought about retreating, but figured out that this body was discardable in the long run, and as long as connections were still being made with Eos, he would continue to descend.

Suddenly, Rowan felt a chill in his heart and a sort of familiar feeling stirring across his mind, and when he looked around and within him, he found nothing that could stir up that sensation. He glanced at Noctis, but the man was focused on watching the passage flash past them as they travelled at speeds that made light stand still.

“How far does this passage descend?” Rowan inquired.

“I thought you would never ask,” Noctis smiled, “And the truth is that I do not know, it will end when it does. As I am sure you may have noticed, we are entering a place that even existence does not acknowledge, and that means that several constants do not work here, like time and distance. However, from my experience, the end of this passage can come early or it can come late; usually, it depends on the sort of people descending into this place.”

Rowan’s eyes flashed, “Multiple people have been here?”

“Of course, all the Architects have entered the core of the Temple, and the Primordials had always wanted to find this place. They knew we were hiding something, but they just never had any proof to substantiate it. Anyway, as I was saying before, we would get to our destination depending on our connection with this place, for some that don’t have great connection with End, then we can be falling for an eternity, but with me by your side Rowan, I believe we would be reaching the end point in about let say fifteen billion

years, and that is only because of my presence.” Noctis grinned, “So you can start counting down the time and thanking me for that.”

Rowan wanted to reply, but then he felt that chill again that swept past his heart, and he looked to the side as he thought he saw pieces of falling bones that were covered by ash.

He blinked, and he saw an endless field of bones, so massive that it defied meaning, and he knew that this was the true resting place of all the fallen. Then a loud roar of pain and rage entered his ears, and the vision ended.

Then it returned again as he saw an ocean of blood flowing from a massive cocoon of bones floating in the air; this blood, although it was red like a mortal, still carried a pleasant scent. Rowan did not know why he felt both disgust and a profound sense of hunger when he saw this blood, and he frowned inside, because for a moment, he sensed that the hunger and disgust he was feeling were not his own, and that he had stepped into the shoes of someone else in that instant.

Once again, the vision disappeared, and before he could contemplate what he had seen, it returned for a brief moment as he saw a cave, and within that cave were glowing yellow eyes that seemed to be searching for something. Rowan’s heart was filled with panic, and with a burst of intense Will, he withdrew himself from this vision.

“What the hell..” he heard Noctis whisper, and Rowan thought that perhaps Noctis had also seen the vision, but when he looked at him, Rowan saw that Noctis was staring at the ground, rushing towards them with astonishment.

“Impossible... this cannot be, how are we here so early?”

Chapter 1962: Aura of End

Noctis turned to look at Rowan, a weird light in his eyes, but Rowan did not care what Noctis was thinking at this moment because he was in awe of what he was witnessing.

Landing on the ground, Rowan had expected to see more of the temple layer, but not an entire starry sky that stretched into infinity; it was as if there were another existence beneath the one he knew.

His perception tried to reach for the heavens to touch these stars and know if they were Realities or something else, but certain unknown restrictions in this place or the laws that guided this area prevented his consciousness from rising for more than a few million miles... this was clearly not enough for him to understand the entire truth of what he was witnessing.

Rowan had kept his wings unfurled behind him all this time, but the moment he set foot in this place, his wings shrank into his body without his control. It was as if the concept of

wings did not exist in this place, and so it was banished from existence. Of course, if he wanted, he could forcefully recall his wings, but there was no reason to do such a thing here, especially as the connection with Eos was now incredibly faint.

With this link, Rowan knew that, at least, no matter how faint, there was still a connection with existence and his main body, and he was not alone.

Rowan peered around, noticing that in this place, he could not fly, and he frowned as he looked around him for the tunnel that they used to enter this place, and it was gone.

“How do we leave this place?”

Noctis did not reply to him; he continued walking ahead for a few more minutes before he stopped, and although Rowan did not see anything there before, a closed door had appeared in front of Noctis.

The door hung a few inches off the ground, and there was nothing behind it, yet the feeling of weight that it carried was palpable. If Rowan closed his eyes, he would almost believe that this door was the gate of a dam holding back enough water that could flood all of Existence.

“This is as far as I go,” he said. His voice was gentle, almost apologetic. “This holy ground would allow no one past this threshold who still carries traces of the Origin in their bodies. I have no more Origin in me, and after your baptism, you will have none.”

“You did not answer my question,” Rowan said, “How can we leave this place?”

“Noctis shrugged, “The only way to leave is to go further in. You want the truth, there is a price for something that valuable. Walk through this door, and find it out for yourself. Only then would you be able to withstand the Aura of the Artifacts above, and be ready for your destiny.”

“My destiny?” Rowan cocked his head to the side.

Noctis smiled, a weird light shining in his eyes, “If you know the truth, you become one of us, or you can remain in this place for all eternity, take your time to think about it, in this place you have nothing but time... little archivist.”

Then he stepped back, and darkness swallowed him, leaving Rowan alone.

He could not say that he was not expecting something like this. Threatening a being as powerful and old as these Architects would usually lead to one outcome, and that was they would lash out.

Rowan had deliberately played this card because he wanted to see the worst outcomes as early as possible when he still had the means to counter them. He had inferred certain

things from what Noctis had been telling him so far, and as amazing and ridiculous as they all sounded, he could not deny that they appeared more like truths to him as he dwelt upon them.

If this temple signified what it did, then it meant that there was once an entire existence before this one, which validated some of his earlier theories about the state of existence.

You see, the Archai had calculated the expansion of existence, and so it was easy to reverse engineer that formula and figure out when this expansion first began. With this method, Rowan was able to figure out the age of Existence as they knew it, pegging it for 500 million Cosmic Eras in age.

So he knew when the expansion of Existence began, and if this temple and this place were the right spot, then he could be standing at the seat of Existence, the place where that expansion began.

Rowan had hypothesized on the origin of Existence, and now an answer had been given to him. Noctis had said that the destroyer of the previous existence was dead set on destroying this one.

With everything that was happening, Rowan could not deny these truths, but there could be more to this than meets the eye, and he needed to find out the truth.

He reached for the handle of the door, and it was uncomfortably warm, as if he was touching a living thing and not an object. The door opened inward without sound, and Rowan stepped through and vanished.

He reappeared inside a small space, which almost led to a sense of disorientation, but he shook it off. The door behind him closed and vanished, leaving him without a method to leave and severely reducing the link that he had with his main body.

With this level of connection, the possibility that he would be able to receive quick aid from his main body was nearly zero, and so Rowan simply focused on sending information in order to optimize what little connection he had left. He would no longer be able to receive any message from his main body until he left this place or perished within.

Walking towards the edge of this space, Rowan paused because the featureless space under his feet had vanished, replaced by ashes, and then those ashes transformed into bones.

Rowan bent and picked one of the bones from the ground, but as he did, his eyes caught something in the distance that he had not seen before. It was a pair of wings.

They hung on the far edges of this space, and they were still attached to large pieces of bones and flesh, as if these wings had been torn from the body of the owner.

They were vast, larger than this space should allow, feathers of pure light, what Rowan suspected was once golden, now bleached bone-white by the weight of what they had carried. They reeked of death and desolation.

The core of the wings was stained with the blood of an unknown being that glowed in colors that were hard to describe, and the edges of the wings continuously trembled, as if trying to beat in a wind that had not blown since the beginning of existence.

Between the wings, the flesh where they had been torn away was still raw, with white muscle and bone exposed, weeping slow drops of liquid dawn that hissed when they hit the floor and became new cracks that bled into existence.

Rowan's breath caught in his throat when he realized that the aura from the wings was the temple itself.

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Chapter 1963: Falling Is Just Another Kind of Forever

Rowan forgot everything around him and focused on the wings. There was nothing extremely fancy about these wings; it was quite the opposite, they looked extremely simple, almost primitive.

Any wings from his previous Angels or any Celestial were more perfectly designed, with every single feather and muscle made to achieve its purpose as perfectly as possible. These wings here felt like the first attempt by existence to create something that defied the norm, a power that gave a being the ability to touch the heavens.

Rowan found himself walking towards them, and only an intense force of will allowed him to stop his steps, and when he succeeded, he was sweating, his muscles were in pain, and his energy was spent.

Stopping his movements might seem simple on the surface, but Rowan had nearly failed, and he had to fight an intense battle with himself for the chance to not be drawn into the orbit of these wings.

He knew that the Aura from these wings and the silver blood that was still falling from its stumps had created every stone, shadow, and star in this place, if he allowed himself to be drawn to it without trying to hold himself back from it, then he would be like the Architects, their bodies becoming a part of it, and Rowan would not want this for himself, not when he suspects that these wings belonged to Enoch.

As his recovery ability began to heal his body and spirit, Rowan knew that he would have to touch these wings; he needed his answers. Truths came with their burdens, and he trusted his resilience enough to fight against whatever influence was within these wings to learn everything he could.

He stepped forward and stretched out his hand, and for a moment, he thought he saw another Rowan watching him and smiling. That Rowan sat on a throne of wood, surrounded by bones and blood.

He blinked his eyes, and a flash of realization went through his mind. The missing Incarnation that could no longer be contacted was he in a place filled with the power of End?

Rowan could see how thin his connection with his main body had become, and that meant he was far from existence, so far that even their unique connection that transcended space, time and dimensions was finding it hard to maintain that collection, but if the second Incarnation was deeper into End, so far that the connection was almost nonexistent, then it was possible that he should be able to begin regaining that connection.

His eyes widened with realization when he saw that he could be the connection between this lost Incarnation and his main body. With this in mind, he began to reach towards the connection that should exist between all Incarnations, and he stopped when he recalled those yellow eyes peering from inside that cave.

Rowan knew the process that led to this present dilemma; he had invoked the power of his Final Form, which was the power of End that led him to devour the hunger of the Primordials, but at that moment, he was sure that he had linked with Enoch.

If Enoch was the one who controlled the power of End, and was in the dimension of End, then that meant that the missing Incarnation was also in that place. The fact that the Incarnation was not dead should not be only due to its powers, but because Enoch must have wanted something from that Incarnation so badly that he left him alive.

There was one thing that Rowan knew about Enoch, and that was he wanted to be free of whatever prison he was in, the same prison that the Incarnation had most likely found itself. Those yellow eyes that searched for him... should be Enoch's, and he should be careful of his decision to reach for his Incarnation.

If he could begin to sense that Incarnation, then that Rowan should also be sensing him, and if this was the case, Rowan believed that the other Incarnation should be the one to contact him because he must have more facts about their present situation and knew the dangers to avoid.

“A wise choice,” a voice without a sound spoke to Rowan in his heart, “Your mind is too frail to hold the power of End without bursting, and he would have travelled through the hole you tore in it.”

Rowan’s eyes moved to face the wings. He had heard Enoch’s voice, but it was different from any that he had heard before; it was not filled with the mad hunger or the whisper of corrupted realities, but just a boy. Young and curious.

“Who are you?” Rowan asked, while feeling that he had been asking this same question too much recently.

“Oh, you did not say what I am, well, I guess that is a plus for your character. I usually don’t know how this would end, and in most of my experiments, your kind tend to be more... cold.”

“You did not answer the question.”

“Oh, forgive me, I get lost sometimes, it is hard to find anyone who can speak the language of the Luminious. I don’t have a name, but I preferred to be called Lumen, and I am the last remnants of the Luminious.”

Rowan blinked, and the wings, Lumen, chuckled, “It is strange telling you information that you should already know about, but that is the danger of stretching yourself across multiple dimensions, although you seem to be handling it better than anyone I have come across. Still, the effects are apparent, and you are lost, with your senses opened too wide to the dark; it is a wonder you are not yet insane. The mind can only take so much, even for someone like you.”

The wings vibrated, “You want the truth, then the truth I can give you, but you must be willing to open your mind to madness. Are you willing?”

Rowan stepped forward, “This is my path.”

“Ah, like you, he always wanted to fly higher,” the wings whispered. “He thought if he left everything behind, he could reach something new. But without all that he was, he had no center, and so he could only fall. And falling... falling is just another kind of forever. Enoch does not see this truth. I hope you would be different.”

Rowan stepped closer to the wings, and his hand hovered as a single feather, still golden at its root, detached and drifted down, and it landed on his palm.

It felt warm and alive, and Rowan closed his fingers around it.

“Lub Dubdub... Lub Dubdub...”

His heartbeat almost blasted his heart out of his chest, as he saw a man in front of him with long white hair nearly reaching his knees and two great white wings. The man was looking away, and in his right hand was a hammer, gathered from every concept in existence, because you could not break something in its entirety without understanding it first.

“He was a Luminious, called the White Child. His calling was a heart born to quest for change, and this hunger in him made him gather powers beyond what a Luminious should ever have, but this hunger did not bring temperance.”

Chapter 1964: Burn The Bridges Behind You

Rowan did not think that what he absorbed next could be called memories; instead, they were more like snapshots, and if not for the voice of Lumen in the background, he would be confused with the information slamming into his head.

He groaned and almost fell to his knees. He felt as if he were a mortal again, and every snapshot of memory was like someone was bashing his skull with a hammer. Rowan gritted his teeth and flowed with the blows, adapting to brace against them as they came.

His feet were spread wide, and his eyes had gone red, with bright veins of light radiating from the fist that had grabbed the feather from the wings of Lumen, from the glowing veins that were growing all over his body; it was as if the blood in his veins was slowly transforming into light.

“Forgive me for the burden that my memories are having on your mind. I was never meant to connect to your essence or any essence in this present Existence, my memories are poison, and they are killing you, but I am sure that for someone like you, death holds no fear.”

Rowan took a few moments to respond, and he groaned, “Damn right, show me everything.”

The wings chuckled, “I wish I could show you more of the events that happened before this existence was born, but knowledge like that carries weight, and you cannot hold it in two different bodies. I can only show you what you do not know.”

Rowan gasped, “Are you telling me I know more about End than I can recall?”

“Of course,” Lumen advised, “Inside this space of mine, I can touch existence, and I still have the talents of the Luminious that Enoch has lost, meaning that I can see across what has been and what was... if he knows that I still exist, then he would come for me, and your battles would be meaningless.”

“How did I come across this knowledge?” Rowan asked in curiosity, although he was pretty sure that he already knew the answer to this question.

“You are in my domain, and although your link to Eos is faint, I can still sense the power of End that he carries. You have made a bargain with this power, and as of yet, you have not reaped the rewards; part of that reward is knowledge. Also, I can sense your other connection with the second Incarnation inside the Shadow of the Cradle; the power of End grows within him at a rate that is frightening. I am afraid that he is in over his head, and Enoch’s hand has changed his fate. The weight of knowledge hangs heavy on that Incarnation, and he would either be the source of your greatest blessing or your most terrible of woes.”

“My Incarnation,” Rowan said, “He is with Enoch?”

“Yes, he is at the fringes of End, but that is already too deep. He found Enoch clawing his way out of End. Now, Enoch has grabbed onto his foot, and your Incarnation is unknowingly dragging him out of his deserved prison.” Lumen replied, “You were never meant to have access to your Final Form until you reached the ninth-dimensional level. That was not my intention. Someone changed my designs, tampered with the Records, and now you, alongside all of existence, are in grave danger.”

“My Incarnation would never allow himself to be the source of danger to existence.” Rowan shook his head in disbelief.

“Enoch is wise and uses his ignorance against him. He gives him knowledge, but that knowledge is also woven with the power of End, and he does not know he is in a massive ritual. However, I can say that he is gaining a significant amount of benefit in this process, but it is yet to be known if that will end up aiding Enoch. Still, your goal here is answers, because you cannot do anything to change his fate, so focus on the memories I will be giving you, for they answer the majority of all the questions in your heart.”

Rowan frowned, “If I had not come across this place, would I have ever known these so-called truths that would answer all my questions?”

“Oh, it has all been arranged even before you were born, surely you did not think you found this place by accident?” Lumen said, “The triggers were two things: your ascension to the rank of Primordials and you coming in contact with the power of End, although you were supposed to reach the Primordial level first, but you touched End before that... This place is your birthright, and you are the answer to the mistake of the Luminious. Now, accept my memories, you need them more than you know.”

“Why should I accept this memory? My Incarnation is falling under a ritual from Enoch, and I am sure he must be in a similar situation, because I know my greatest weakness, and that is my desire for the truth. Why should I trust that you will not be doing the same as Enoch?”

“You don’t,” Lumen said, “But you will have to trust me because this is the only chance you have.”

“I tire of hearing those words, Lumen, my greatest betrayers spoke to me in such words.”

“Do you have a choice, Rowan? Will you hear the truth knowing the price, or will you flee? But you will not, because you know that despite the risk, power does not come to those who are not willing to burn every bridge behind them and willingly step into the flames.”

Rowan went quiet. It was hard enough holding himself sane under the strain of these memories that he knew was the power of End, and he pushed his concern to his main body; he should be able to take it. The voice of Lumen resounded in his consciousness as Rowan saw the white-haired man hold his wings and began to viciously pull them out from his body.

“I wish I could show you the glory of the Luminious, but it is gone in such totality that showing it to you would cost me some of my control over End, and it would not do much to help your cause, and draw only the wrong attention to me. What I can show you is this...”

Rowan saw the wings were discarded by this man like nothing, and he walked into the distance, forgetting his last connection with his past. Behind the man was a spreading wave of creation, and Rowan, who shared the same memories as the Incarnation who was becoming the Primordial of Space, knew that this spot was the birthplace of Hundun.

“The relentless tides of creation are unstoppable. When Enoch shattered Existence, he did not know what he would find; all he knew was that he could not stand an Existence like that, and he broke it. He remained inside this chamber for a long time, and when he went out of it, he saw a new Creation, he saw Hundun... At first, he was amazed at the power he could feel in this nascent Reality, but then he saw that despite the potential of Hundun, there was a chance it would follow the path of the Luminious, and Enoch would not have that.”

Chapter 1965 The Desolate Era

Perhaps the flood of memories took mere seconds or an eternity, Rowan could not tell, and when it was over, he was kneeling on the ground, one hand outstretched in front of him that held the feather of Lumen, and his body resembled a sculpture of melting wax.

He was dying.

Despite how much power Eos pours into each Incarnation, they were never meant to replace him, and so he deliberately reduced their potential in order to ensure that death was a possibility for them.

As useful and versatile as Incarnations might be, they were also the source of great weakness, as a powerful enemy could gain access to Eos internal network through them, and so they needed to be powerful enough to detect traces of such attacks, and weak enough that they could quickly die on command if it were needed.

For someone like Eos, death did not come easily. If he were killed, then just the lightning of Ether flowing through his consciousness would take millions of Cosmic Eras, if not even billions of Cosmic Eras, to dissipate, and so his consciousness would still remain on one form or another for that long.

Any enemy would have a field day taking advantage of that vulnerability, and so he did not make his Incarnations too powerful. The drawbacks to this were in moments like this one, where the Incarnation had come across such great powers that it could not handle the strain.

There was no regret in the heart of Rowan, in fact, it was the opposite, like Lumen had said, knowledge like this came with its Karma, and the Incarnation was being twisted into the likeness of the being before him, but he had gotten what he came here for, and his only goal was to send everything over to his main body before it became too late.

What he had learned was shocking, and through the faint connection with Eos, he continued pouring out everything to him. These wings, Lumen, came from Enoch; he discarded them because, after he saw Hundun, he was worried that the stillness of the Luminous that was represented by his wings would corrupt this new being.

He tore it off while pushing his last connection with the Luminous away, and he thought that the wings had dissipated on their own, but they had not. Lumen had survived.

Enoch hated his ancestry so much that he never truly dug deep into his foundations and discovered all the powers that they contained. His mindset had colored his outlook, and he felt his abilities were greater than anything from his bloodline, so he discarded the wings of the Luminous without any hesitation. This would turn out to be his greatest mistake.

The wings of the Luminous did not just hold the power of their race; they also held their memories, and although Enoch had gone through these memories, he did not go through all of them.

What he saw when he was checking those memories was countless Cosmic Eras of stillness. The Luminous were beings blessed with true immortality from birth, and as their life had no ending, their history was truly deep, extending so far into the past that Enoch did not know in that water of stillness there were changes, but it was so slow that he needed to take a long time to trace the patterns, and impatience was a trait that he sadly had.

If Enoch had gone through the memories of the Luminous, he would have seen that the power of End was not a strange concept to his people; they knew of it, and they fled from

it because they had seen what this power had done to the many Existences that had come before them.

The Luminious, before they were ended by one of their own, was the only race in the history of all Existences that had lived through multiple Existence-ending events.

Even Enoch had no idea that the Existence he knew was not the first, so impatient he was to change the state of things that he did not dig into the past and truly understand the concept that there was nothing new under the sun.

Born from the purest light, in addition to their innate immortality and powers that were nearly unmatched, the Luminious, unlike every other lifeform, did not need to change or pursue power, since from their birth, they were the strongest.

This led them to have no natural predators, and there was nothing they could not bend to their will. However, they did not conquer Existence, as they viewed their society as sacred and every other being as being lesser than them.

This was not the fault of theirs, the Luminious did not have any equal, as any one of them could raze all of Existence to ash, and it was a good thing that they did not crown themselves as rulers of Existence, and they simply disdained from mixing with the short lived creatures, even if these creatures were gods and immortals, because even the immortals would die and gods would fade.

However, just because the Luminious disdained mixing with the rest of Existence, it did not mean that their presence was not felt. They did not accept worship, but they were worshipped all the same, and as it was inevitable, their strength invited envy, and those who wished to challenge them, in order to draw them from their pearly thrones and cast them to earth.

In the quest to understand the power of the Luminious, it led many immortals to dabble in forbidden rituals that led to the destruction of Existence; however, the Luminious were so powerful that they survived the end of this Existence, and they simply remained in their realm and watched the birth of a new Existence.

This cycle happened multiple times, with new races rising from the ashes of the departed, growing in wisdom and strength, and inevitably finding the presence of the Luminious, and after their awe and worship had faded, they grew jealous, and ambition took their hearts.

It was by watching this endless cycle that the Luminious created the Cycle of Eras that Rowan once believed was created by the Primordials. They saw the rise and fall of Existence, and they discovered the pattern.

Although they did not care about Existence and all that happened within it, the Luminous feared that this cycle was becoming worse as time passed, and they theorized on an

unknown Era that might take place in the future, an Era so destructive yet led to such massive changes that nothing would ever remain the same again, because the level of change would be so great it might lead to the destruction of the everlasting Luminious, they called this Era, the Desolate Era.

This knowledge was soon buried in the depths of their archives and never mentioned again. The Luminious were content in themselves, and watching the cycles of the Era was a source of amusement in their endless life. They wanted for nothing because they were content with the life they all led.

Perhaps it was because of the endless cycles of destruction and rebirth wrought by the use of forbidden powers that something... A force was aroused from its slumber.

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Chapter 1966 The Beginning of End

The Luminious were aware that with every passing cycle of birth and rebirth, the forces of destruction that the inhabitants of Existence were calling upon were becoming more terrible.

When Existence was destroyed for the first time, it had been long and protracted, stretching for countless Cosmic Eras, and occurred so slowly that even the Luminious believed at first that this was a natural process of creation and entropy, but from that point forward, they noticed that the power of destruction was growing.

The first time they noticed the power of End was from a Minor God in a small world who wanted power above all. This led him to slaughtering an entire galaxy, and he was hunted down by his fellow gods, beaten to an inch of his life, and instead of being killed, he was thrown into a pit at the edge of Existence, so he could rot for all eternity.

This god lingered at the thinnest edge between life and death, enduring torture that drove him mad countless times over, until the destruction wrought upon Existence became too great, and it led to its destruction once again.

However, when Existence ended, someone still remained, perched in a state where death and life could not find him, and for so many Cosmic Eras, he had been screaming for an end to his suffering, but to no avail; even the ending of Existence did not lead to his demise.

The Luminious in their unchanging realm waited for the rebirth of Existence, but this rebirth never happened in its expected timeline, and they were not overly concerned. There were times when rebirth arrived more slowly, but its arrival was always inevitable.

Still, a significant amount of time passed without change, and this period was so long that it was a hundred times as long as the time there had ever been Existence. The Luminious could live in stillness for a long time, but even they had their limits, and they could no longer stand to see Existence in the manner that it had become, and so, some of them ventured out into the nothingness to investigate when the rebirth of Existence would come about.

Then they saw him.

This god should have been dead countless times over, but an unknown power maintained his existence. The Luminious learned of the first rule of this power on that day, and that was that it gave as much as it took.

Those who wished to torture this god had inadvertently called upon the first rule for the ritual to summon End, and they had wished for this god to suffer for eternity, and as payment, some of them had unknowingly led to the death of their entire Existence, and so this power took the death of Existence and made this god to remain in torment for all perpetuity.

From the beginning of existence until its eventual end, it was unknown if there would ever be any being who suffered as much as this god.

“Free me... Kill me... I beg of you.”

The tortured carcass of the god should not have awareness or be able to speak, but the endless years of torment had twisted his mind, giving him inspiration in concepts that touched on matters that made madness appear sane.

Repelled by the sheer suffering and pain emerging from this god that was powerful enough to kill the Luminious if they were not careful, the Luminious fled from this god and sealed off their realm. They decided that if there were no more rebirths, then they were not too concerned about it.

It was unknown how many years passed by, and suddenly Existence had a rebirth. The Luminious were greatly surprised as they were sure there would be no more rebirth, but something had changed when they were sealed away that led to a rebirth, and they did not know what it was.

From that moment, they watched this unknown power continue to awaken. It was gradual and inexorable, stirred from the depths of the endless chaos by the accumulating scars of creation and destruction.

The Luminious were able to notice that this power was not born; it was aroused, layer by layer, as each Existence rose, flourished in ambition, and collapsed under the weight of its own refusals to fade. And this realization that this power was something incredibly ancient was deeply frightening, even to the everlasting Luminious.

What Enoch would later claim as his own invention was merely the culmination of eons of forgotten cycles—cycles the Luminous had witnessed and buried, fearing the Desolate Era that might finally claim even them.

The Memory that Rowan had collected saw the evolution of this power, and from the Memory of the Luminous, he understood that End was not just a force of nature... it was aware!

Perhaps this awareness came from the dying god who had lived and suffered beyond what any being should ever endure, or maybe it was always part of this force; that answer may never be known.

However, from the cycles of deaths and rebirths, this power grew from a faint stirring that only the Luminous were aware of, then it slowly sharpened. Whispers took form in the hearts of mortals and immortals, and they began to find that there was a power in the depths of the earth or the places in the mind that were beyond madness, and if you reached for this strength with impossible convictions, this power might find you.

Then this power grew until its whispers became more subtle, insidious, and terribly malevolent. It twisted the good nature of its wielders until anything they touched, whether it be for good or evil, always had one outcome... destruction.

Existence began ending earlier than before, when this power learned to make destruction, tempting. It cloaked its intention in a different light, giving the weary the opportunity to rest, or the downtrodden the opportunity to fight for their freedom.

From this moment, the floodgates were open, until this power became inevitable, and the Luminous called this malevolent force... End.

For the first time in their history, they decided to change the tenets that guided their lives... they decided to fight for Existence, because even they realized that this power had become something that could not be overlooked.

Chapter 1967 The Quest To End... End

The extinction of the Luminous was now possible. The last series of destruction that ravaged Existence had shaken their realm.

The Desolate Era they had always feared was coming for them, faster than they could imagine. These truths could no longer be denied. With this in mind, in the next rebirth of Existence, the Luminous sent some of their members all across Existence.

They descended not as conquerors but as teachers. They walked among the short-lived races, gods, immortals, mortals, and spoke with voices that tasted of dawn. "Cease your

striving,” they said. “Power is an illusion. War is needless. Lay down your ambition, and live in harmony.”

However, their teaching fell on deaf ears. Wars and the chase for power continued. End came, as it was now inevitable. In the next circle of rebirth, as time shifted forward, there were even some of the Luminous who entered the battlefields and, with a wave of their hand, ended conflicts across hundreds of Realities, sending ripples to every edge of Existence.

With such a massive display of power, for the first time, war ended across Existence, and all of the lesser races stopped and began to listen to the words of the Luminous. No one had ever seen power like this, which made Existence, which was seen as infinite, so small.

But the Luminous did not understand that their efforts would only lead to the power of End growing stronger. They had never needed to survive and had never known fear of scarcity, of death, of irrelevance.

The beings they taught listened in awe, at first. Surely an omnipotent being must have lessons and wisdom that were unmatched and would answer all their problems, but they saw that they were wrong about their saviors.

Then resentment began to grow. To the starving, “cease striving” sounded like “accept hunger.” To the oppressed, “lay down ambition” sounded like “remain enslaved.” To the dying gods, “power is illusion” sounded like mockery from beings who had never felt their divinity fade.

The Luminous, in their invincibility, had essentially lost touch with how life was supposed to be.

However, they were not fools; they acknowledged that they needed to do more after countless reports reached them about their lack of understanding.

And so, the Luminous tried different methods. Some of the most adventurous of the Luminous took mortal forms, living among the short-lived to learn their struggles. Curious about this change of state, multiple Luminous descended from beings of light into one of flesh and blood.

But even incarnate, their nature shone through. Crops grew abundantly around them without effort. Wounds healed at their touch. Death itself hesitated in their presence, and it did not matter that they took the forms of mortals; they were too beautiful and too perfect. Their immortality meant most of them mastered even the most obscure skills to levels that were unimaginable, and even in mortal bodies, they had no predators.

They could not teach lack; the Luminous could only demonstrate surplus. They could not teach peace when they could not experience strife; they could not teach humility and contentment when they were born with everything.

It was inevitable that rebellion followed. Races united in their combined jealousy of the Luminous; their attempts to reach the lesser lifeforms were seen as acts of mockery and not a desire to teach. The Power that they feared now seemed to be the thing that all races should pursue.

“If they withhold true power out of arrogance, we will take it.”

Forbidden rituals resurfaced, grander than ever, as entire Realities were sacrificed just to hurt the mortal bodies of the Luminous.

The Luminous that were being attacked defended themselves, but they did not attack those who attacked them; they took away their weapons and the knowledge to make those weapons. They sealed rifts, quelled uprisings, and healed the wounds of war.

They thought they were making progress, but each intervention fed End indirectly. For every war prevented, ambition found new outlets, and the whispers of End became more obscure and could be found in places that were unexpected.

For every life saved, the saved grew bolder in their pursuit of immortality. They did not believe in the salvation of the Luminous and saw them as a way to prevent their rise.

This Existence ended in fire and screams, and the cycle did not just continue; it accelerated.

The Luminous began to notice something that began to scare them, as they could no longer deny the fact that this malevolent power, End, was growing closer to an unknown threshold.

End was still mysterious and extremely powerful, even to the Luminous who had sturdiied it for countless Eras, and the fact that this power was growing and evolving, and there was a premonition that it was about to evolve, was a great shock to the Luminous.

The Luminous convened in their Gardens of Lumina for the first time in recorded eternity.

There, a hot debate began to rage, the first time that this had ever happened in the society of the Luminous.

Some argued for continued teaching, believing that patience would prevail and citing many examples of the countless conflicts resolved by this method and how it delayed the end of many Existences in the past.

Other Luminous were tired and fed up with their work inside of Existence; they had changed their comfortable nature to help lesser beings, yet they were being prosecuted for it. They wanted to withdraw entirely and let the lesser beings finish themselves.

However, the fact that they did not know what happened to that unknown god still haunted them, and they knew that abandoning him and the subsequent rebirth of Existence may be connected, and they were wary that leaving Existence once more could be more dangerous for them because they would not be able to monitor whatever changes might happen.

This contradiction between those who wanted to stay and those who wanted to leave led to a third conclusion,

“Let us end it ourselves.”

Chapter 1968 The Seed of Change

The Luminious could not fight the power of End; any attempt to destroy it would be similar to pouring fuel into an open flame, it would only cause it to grow, but if they could not defeat it, it did not mean that it could not be suppressed.

Before now, the Luminious could never have imagined they would be interfering in the lesser realms in such a drastic manner. Still, they had to admit to themselves that this threat was potent enough for them to break their traditions.

Silence fell, heavier than any before on the gardens of Lumina, because the Lumina had fully grasped the concept that End grew by the refusal to end.

They were the only special race in all of Existence that lacked the need for anything, as they were born seemingly perfect, but as long as there was ambition and inequality, there would always be those who would fight for more time, more power... more of everything.

If Existence itself chose to conclude, willingly, completely, without rebirth, if its sheer vastness was left with no dream to stir... then End would starve.

Destroying it at this point was out of the question, but this power could be stunted and prevented from reaching the threshold where it could evolve into something else.

The Desolate Era, as theorized by the Luminious, would never happen.

The decision to take this step was not made lightly, and while they argued Existence had ended and had a rebirth twice, and they could feel the power of End subtly reaching into the Gardens of Lumina, and they knew the choice was running out of their hands.

They mourned in advance for those who would never get the chance to live and love... and fight for what they believed in. For the short-lived beings who would never know why the stars went out, for the stories that would never be told, and especially for the innocence they themselves would lose in becoming the hand that closes the book.

On a day that most races would never imagine to be their last, three of the most ancient Luminious left their gardens of light and entered Existence. They travelled to the three edges of existence and enclosed it within a triangular domain before unleashing their power to create a dome of light that surrounded the entirety of Existence.

In this manner, they had ensured that there would be nothing that would slip past the edge, and the mistake where anyone could survive this purge by being buried at the edge of Existence would not take place.

At this point, immortals and gods began to notice the dome stretching beyond their perception, and a furious whisper in their hearts drove them to rage, making them aware that this light was their extinction.

Across Existence, the Luminous began to appear covered by a shroud of remorse and disbelief, as if they could not imagine that they were taking this step.

They walked among the countless worlds, touching soil, sky, sea, and they sang a final song of farewell, allowing all the races and living beings inside of Existence to hear their true voice. They heard the songs of the Abhima and saw the light of Lumina.

Some beings understood and joined them in quiet acceptance, but these were the few. Most did not, and the whispers of End in their mind did not help this matter, and panic swept across Existence, and they began to gather their armies in order to wage war against the Luminious.

They wanted to stop what they could not comprehend, yet they knew the result would be their demise, and great heroes rose up all over Existence, pulling power from places unknown, and all of Existence shook as they marched against the Luminious; however, it did not matter.

When the moment came, the Luminous rose above it all and gathered at the heart of their gardens. They linked hands, and their Lumina, pure, perfect, and eternal, were turned inward to cause a collapse that would end all of Existence. A single, deliberate ending.

The massive dome that covered all of Existence began to shrink like a flower closing at night. Rowan, who was dying as he transferred all of this knowledge to Eos, thought it was the most beautiful thing he had ever seen.

Even before the light of the closing Lumina reached them, the intent of the Luminous swept ahead, and so stars dimmed in sequence, worlds cooled, oceans stilled, winds ceased.

The myriad beings felt a great peace settle in them at the end of Existence before they turned to ash as the song of the Luminous carried them gently into oblivion. There was no pain, only a finish that would never end.

More quickly than Rowan could expect, Existence ended, and something in the vastness of it stirred because for the first time, it found no dream to continue.

The cycle had been broken.

What the Luminous had done was to gather all the potential for rebirth into their gardens and fused them into the song of Abhima and the light of Lumina, and so although they lived in stillness, the potential for life and all the chaos it brought was within all of them.

From that moment henceforth, rebirth did not come, and silence fell, true silence.

End, whatever it was, felt it. The threshold that was within sight for a long time was finally receding. At the edge of victory, its prize was snatched from it.

Starved of the ambition that had fed it for cycles, it shrank. However, it was not gone, it could never be destroyed, and with its present state, End could no longer sleep; it could only wait in quiet, knowing that one day, chaos would be unleashed once more. It was inevitable.

The Luminous remained in their garden that now floated in true nothingness. They had ended Existence by their own hand, sealed its rebirth in their song, and so saved their eternity from the Desolate Era.

Winning came at the cost of everything else. It could no longer be denied that the time they spent in Existence had changed something inside the Luminous, and they now knew the price they had to pay to ensure their victory.

They did not celebrate. Why should they celebrate a hollow victory? They also did not mourn; they waited.

It was possible that even in Nothingness, Existence could dream again and life would bloom, or perhaps End would find another way to arise once more.

The Luminous knew that even a deliberate ending... is still ending.

And End is patient.

Yet they could not imagine that the seed of their destruction were already planted in their hearts, and it was slowly blooming.

Chapter 1969 The Fruit of Change

The destruction of the Luminous might have emerged from the hands of Enoch, but its roots lay with them.

After the end of every life in Existence, the Luminious had won the war against End, and they believed that everything would remain as it was forever, and for a very long time, this had been the truth, they remained in their gardens of Lumina, and the songs of the Abhima were their companions, as the eons meant nothing to these eternal beings of light.

However, it would have been better if they had not entered Existence and interacted with the myriad life within it. Memories of the people they had known and all the stories they had shared haunted the Lumionious.

They could not forget the passion and the ambition of all the various races they had seen, heroes and villains, gods, immortals, mortals, and all the countless shades in between. These memories stained the songs of the Luminious, and their Light sounded a bit off.

A solution would have to be found before this small problem was magnified beyond control, and soon a solution found itself in the shape of a boy about to be born.

The Luminious were created from the first light itself, and unlike every other race, the nature of their birth could not be analyzed or controlled. In the gardens of Lumina, a few motes of light would gather and not scatter. This happened by chance and was not regulated by the Luminious.

This gathered light would slowly call more stands of light to itself, and over the course of many eons, this light would grow, and in an unknown future, a Luminious would be born from it.

The Luminious took a long time to be born, and so, despite how long their society had existed, there were only a hundred and twenty Luminious.

Enoch took even longer to be born, even though the cluster of light that became Enoch had gathered a long time ago; it seemed as if it could not take the last step to become a Luminous.

However, everything changed when one of the Luminious, tortured by the memory of the life they had all ended, sat beside the cluster of light that was the nascent Enoch, and pushed out his disquiet as a song.

He discovered to his astonishment that the cluster of light beside him drank this grief and memory, and he was cleansed from the torture of it. Not daring to believe his eyes, he poured what was left of his disquietness into the Lumina, and the cluster of light drank it all up.

For the first time in countless eons, he felt clean and sacred like all Luminious should be, and he told this tale to the others, and a quick investigation revealed that this was the truth.

At first, the general consensus was horror, and the Luminious was responsible for pouring all that grief into the unborn child was to be punished for this despicable act, but he said a few words that resonated with the Luminious.

“If we carry this stain, it will magnify, and End will feed on our dissonance. The state of our mind is not natural to us, and we can no longer hide behind our walls and think it will go away. Is it not better to give it to the new, let it bear the weight we cannot? It does not know the End or the significance of what it holds unless we tell it. Why would the child think of this as a burden when it was born that way?”

No matter how the Luminious wanted to deny this truth, it was apparent that perhaps this might be the only solution. They feared that End had grown too powerful, that they had unknowingly been stained by its touch, and this stain would grow, and what they were about to do would be like what they had done to rid Existence of the End, only now this sacrifice would be more personal.

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Debate raged for eons, but the dissonance in the hearts of the Luminious grew. They saw that the first luminous who sacrificed his grief to the unborn child was thriving, the light of his Lumina was bright, and the songs of his Abhima were beautiful... he was sacred and pure, and his act had indeed saved him.

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As for them, their songs faltered more, and their light dimmed in places. Then, as if it were inevitable, the Luminious relented.

One by one, they approached the cluster and sang their regrets. The memories of the many existences they had seen were not shared, because they believed it would be too much of a burden for the newborn, but they shared the passion, the striving, the beauty in imperfection, and the grief of so much potential laid to an end.

The cluster that would be Enoch drank deeply of these emotions, and the strands of light that would become him gathered faster. Eons compressed into a brief moment, and the boy formed.

Yet, despite all of the grief that was poured into him, Enoch was born with the purest white Lumina that had ever been seen.

For the first time in eons, the Luminous felt clean, sacred, and eternal again. Their eternal life depended on the fact that they could live a long time without needing change, and so contentment was theirs. Now, because of the birth of a single child, all that they were about to lose was returned to them.

Of course, they welcomed him with open hands, and all the Luminous were his teachers. They taught him perfection and the grace of the Luminous, and Enoch did not disappoint them. He was the best student they had ever seen, absorbing every knowledge like a sponge, and making great progress for someone so young.

But the weight was in him. The burning question that he could not find an answer to, and he was unable to even conceptualize the question into a meaningful form. All he knew was that there was a need in him that he could not describe.

The Luminous watched Enoch and, seeing no great changes within him, finally rejoiced that they had won against End by ending Existence themselves.

They had sealed the rebirth of Existence, and End was starved.

But in cleansing themselves of the weight of that decision, they planted the final spark.

The boy, Enoch, who carried their discarded grief, would one day ask why nothing changed while he felt nothing but the need for change.

That question was all the invitation that End needed to begin its whispers into the heart of Enoch, even when he was inside the realm of the Luminous.

Rowan understood that the destruction of the Luminous emerged from Enoch's hands. But its roots lay with them.

In the choice to remain pure, at any cost, even the cost of everything.

Half of Rowan's body had melted, but he knew that he had just been given the entire foundation of this conflict, and without this context, everything going forward would not have been properly understood.

He knew that Enoch ended up shattering Existence, destroying the Luminous alongside it, and when he did this, he unsealed the shackles of rebirth placed on Existence by the Luminous, and when he hid from the devastation, Hundun was being created.

Chapter 1970 Breaking Existence

Whatever Enoch did next, Rowan was loosely aware of it, Lumen had taken note, but its focus was on something else... the connection Lumen had with him.

The wings of Enoch had been discarded, and before understanding the history of End, Rowan would have thought that this decision was solely that of Enoch, but there was something more sinister in play here; the power of End must have surely recognized the memories of the Luminious left inside the wings of Enoch, and they made sure that he disposed of his wings.

If Enoch had kept his wings for longer than he did, then with the deaths of every Luminous, their legacy would be passed along to him, but the power of End would not want something like that to happen. If Enoch were aware that there was an unknown force stalking the entirety of Existence and the length that the Luminious had to go to hold back this force, then he would not have used the power of End that was given to him.

Rowan knew that he had finally found the edge over Enoch; however, what he had to gain was not yet over. The visions up to this point had been the foundation, and what was coming next would be the key.

The discarded wings of Enoch did not disappear; they went into dormancy, knowing that it was the only way they could preserve themselves.

By this time, Enoch was deep into the madness of End, and endless creation and chaos spewed from him like a flood. Enoch might have been thinking that it was Change that he sought, but the wings, Lumen, knew that all of this was a manipulation by the power of End to bring back its prime feeding ground.

If Enoch had discovered that his wings had survived, he would have quickly destroyed them because he would be fearful that the stillness of the Luminious would infect his new paradise.

The Luminious knew that End grew by the power of Desire, and the more life that was spread by creation, conflicts and change would arise, and this would lead to another round of destruction, a destruction that it craves.

The threshold that the actions of the Luminious had denied this force would be achieved, and it would use the power of a Luminious to achieve its unknown purpose.

Lumen hid from the sight of Enoch and returned to the place where Enoch had sheltered himself from the destruction of the previous Existence. In that place, it had seen the remnants of the tools Enoch had used and realized that the power of End had deeply infected it.

At first, Lumen wanted to destroy the hammer and the forge, but it held back this desire, and chose to keep them, so it could sturdy this force.

Perhaps it was because this hammer and forge were built from Luminious Essence, making it almost indestructible, that it was able to hold so much power of End, and not just do so, but it made this power become dormant.

It was as if, in the destruction of Existence, a small part of End were cut off and imprisoned within the hammer and the forge. This became a chance for Lumen to understand this power; however, in the memories Lumen was passing to Rowan, the knowledge it had gained was not included.

Rowan would have found it suspicious if he did not know that what the wings had transmitted to him was already killing him. If he took any more than this, then he would have perished on the spot, and the chance for Eos to learn anything from his sojourn into this temple would be lost.

Although the wings sturdied the power of End in secret, it also kept a close eye on the Existence that Enoch was creating. Lumen knew that the power of End would soon rear its ugly head, and a new wave of destruction would arise.

However, it did not anticipate what Enoch would do next, and perhaps even End did not know how deeply the desires in the heart of Enoch were, but Enoch may have destroyed the previous Existence, but what he created with the power he had gathered was beyond anything that Lumen had ever witnessed before.

You see, before the present state of Existence that Enoch had created, which was endlessly expanding, every previous Existence did not have this feature. They were incredibly vast; any lower immortals would call it infinite, but those like the Luminious knew that Existence had edges.

However, what was happening here was different. At first, Existence reached its previous limits, and if Enoch was not swept up in the height of change, he would have stopped and focused on what he had created, but he did not stop.

Lumen did not expect this, and it was sure that End also did not expect this change, because it began to draw upon Enoch's vitality to power the expansion of Existence, but it did not expect the impossible resilience of a Luminious.

From the beginning of existence until its end, there would never be any race as powerful as the Luminious, and Enoch was arguably the most powerful of the Luminious. Lumen had been studying the power of End, and it knew that when Enoch began to consume his vitality to pursue the growth of Existence, there was still more power of End left for him to use, but this malevolent force had held back its strength; however, it did not anticipate the foundation of a Luminious body.

Any other race would have been exhausted in a fraction of a nanosecond if they used their vitality to expand Existence, but Enoch, condemned as he was, did the bloodline of the Luminious proud... he lasted for two hundred million Cosmic Eras!

Apart from the sheer resilience inside the body of a Luminous, even after Enoch lost almost half of his strength when he tore out his wings, something else gave him the drive to push to this insane level, and that was the sheer hunger and grief inside his heart that he did not understand.

The Luminous were beings who thrived on stillness and their unchanging nature, yet when the grief of change entered their hearts, it was stronger than any race in Reality could ever feel. While it was true that the Luminous did not want to feel, it did not mean that their depths of emotions were shallow; it was, in fact, the opposite... it was nearly limitless.

Enoch was cursed with all the grief for Change of the Luminous, and so his actions could no longer be judged with common sense. He did not know how to stop, until everything of him was gone, and not even his voice remained.

Lumen watched all of this with sadness and grief, and its rage and hate of Enoch was suppressed because he saw the tortured soul that the selfish actions of the Luminous created.

Still, this caused a situation that was beyond the expectations of all the hidden parties. Enoch had stretched Existence past the point where it could be contained, and if the power he had used in doing this came solely from End, it would have been a simple thing for this malevolent force to reverse this change... but it was not.

End had unknowingly shot itself in the foot when it withdrew its powers from Enoch, expecting him to stop, and now that Existence had grown past its plans, it could no longer easily resolve this problem.

Chapter 1971 The Grand Game (1)

Enoch vanished from Existence, but Lumen knew that it was not over. This fallen Luminous was End's best weapon, and it would still find a way, not just because Enoch was the strongest being in all Existence, but because only Enoch would be able to reverse the expansion of Existence.

The very essence of Enoch was tied to Existence's expansion, and only by forcefully taking back all that he had lost would this process be halted.

Now, without the presence of Enoch, Lumen could begin to show itself and gather resources. Observing the operation of End at the sidelines, it had been able to discern certain clues about its functions, and believed it may have found End's only weakness.

And it was Enoch who had revealed those weaknesses by his daring actions.

With the expansion of Existence, more new Realities would be born, and creation would expand. It did not matter how powerful End turned out to be; once Creation crossed a certain threshold, even End's power would not be able to lead to its destruction.

Lumen knew that End was also at this threshold, and it needed one, maybe two more extinctions before it could cross the final barrier, and at that time, Lumen was sure that even if Existence continued its expansion, it would no longer matter for End, as it would have become truly omnipotent.

Knowing that it had to preserve Creation by all means, Lumen began quietly spreading knowledge of cultivation among different races and species across the expanding Existence. For a while, everything was going according to plan.

Then it sensed the first stirrings of End, and not just that, these stirrings had a flavor of familiarity... Enoch's.

Using the ambition of this fallen Luminous, End began to exert its influence upon Existence in order to bring about its destruction.

War and destruction were part of nature, and Lumen recognized the change necessary for the growth of lower life forms. However, this sort of destruction had a limit, and that limit was not tolerated by End.

The first major war that happened, which led to multiple Realities battling each other, was the trigger. Lumen sensed that End was beginning to grow, and Enoch was not gone forever.

He may not be aware of it, but Enoch's actions had tied him firmly with End, and his actions would be slowly stained by the influence of this power.

Lumen watched this battle and saw the effects it had, and then he began bringing up countermeasures. Still, Lumen had plans that it could use against End, but it was in the same position as Enoch and could not reveal itself to creation without coming into the attention of End.

It was not until the creation of the Primordials by Enoch that Lumen saw the path forward. Used to the fierce individuality of the Luminous, the wings had unconsciously discarded the notion of acquiring helpers.

With the Creation of the Primordials, Lumen created the Architects, and in order to further disguise its intention, it called them the Architects of End, while building this temple, called the Temple of End.

The task of the Architects was simple: prevent the extinction of life. It was not hard for Lumen to gather the sort of geniuses it would need for this mission.

For Lumen, the complete extinction of life across Existence was something it had witnessed through the memories of the Luminous countless times at this point, and the scale of such massive destruction was nothing to it.

However, for the Architects who were witnessing the wars between Realities for the first time, this minor scale of conflict was incredibly shocking to them.

A single Reality held nearly an infinite number of universes and dimensions, and so war across multiple Realities would lead to the deaths of quadrillions in every passing moment, and the scale of destruction was so vast that no mortal or immortal mind would be able to comprehend such a thing before it happened.

Lumen warned them that this was just the tip of the iceberg and the most minor scale of the conflicts that were rapidly approaching was all it needed to create a fierce number of zealots who were willing to give up everything, all so as to prevent the end of all life and the rise of an unknown power so terrible that even understanding it was impossible.

With the aid of the Architect, the influence of Lumen subtly grew, and it was able to influence a lot of the lifeforms inside Reality, delaying the progress of End's goal.

However, it did not take long for Lumen to discover that its effort was almost useless. Somehow, the power of End was able to align its goal with that of Enoch, or it may have twisted his mind in such a manner that Enoch, who once craved the endless domination of change across Existence, now wanted it to be reversed.

The first war across multiple Realities gave Enoch a portion of the Essence he had spent in the expansion of Existence.

This amount of Essence was a drop in the bucket for what Enoch would need for his resurrection, but it was enough to create seven helpers who would carry his Will across Existence.

Lumen had watched the actions of the Primordials and saw how they devoured multiple Realities, but unlike before, these Realities were not destroyed; they were transformed.

It was not hard for Lumen to understand that this was the influence of Enoch at work. He must be striving to regain back his essence spent in expanding Reality, and End had given him the tools needed for this task.

However, Lumen also knew that Enoch regaining his essence was not the plan of End, and it would not want a loose cannon like Enoch becoming strong again.

With all of this in mind, Lumen knew that Enoch's plan would have flaws, and these flaws would be orchestrated by End itself, and if that was the case, then it should be able to take advantage of it.

And as it turned out, Lumen was correct.

End was plotting against Enoch in subtle ways due to his limited understanding of the present state of Existence.

Enoch had selected seven special mortals to carry his Will, but unknown to Enoch, End had tampered with the hearts of these mortals, and they were not going to be Enoch's loyal servants.

Its touch was incredibly subtle, and if not for Lumen having spent so much time with the severed form of End it had inside this temple, it would not have been able to notice how End had changed the hearts of the Primordials.

This was the endgame; everything from this point forward was extremely important, and Lumen knew that this was the opportunity it needed to destroy End, and so it took the risk and, using its Architects, contacted the Primordials.

End as a force had never revealed itself to lesser lifeforms, and even to the Luminous, it presented itself as more of an ominous force of nature, and so its plans had to be subtle... so subtle that those under its manipulation did not know they were no longer following their own thoughts but something else.

The Primordials held the flaws of End, but they did not know they were its servants. Enoch, their father wanted to destroy all of creation, but the Primordials wanted to rule creation, and Lumen created a further divide between these two parties when it showed them that at the end of their task, the only thing that would be left to them would be death as Enoch would consume them alongside all of Existence.

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Chapter 1972 The Grand Game (2)

Enoch had placed a compulsion inside the hearts of every Primordial, and this gave them an unending hunger to consume creation. It did not matter how hard they tried to fight this compulsion; they would always find themselves falling for it.

Lumen promised to give them the power to fight this compulsion and even create a weapon for them to use against their father.

That weapon would be powered by a new force called a Singularity.

For a Singularity to exist, Lumen would have to sacrifice a lot of the power it had gathered and also give up the last bit of End that it found inside the hammer and the forge.

This was what made this decision a particularly painful one for the wings, but it knew the importance of this decision and knew that the only powers in Existence that should have been strong enough to fight End, the Luminous, were gone, and it was the only thing left of them.

In creating the Singularity, Lumen had to bring back something that Enoch had destroyed when Existence was rebirthed, a unique being that had never been seen before... Hundun.

In every previous cycle of creation, there had always been Realities, which were the great macro-structure that every other smaller creation was born from.

If Existence was the earth, Realities were trees, and the leaves and fruits were the product of this tree. However, no Reality ever had a consciousness.

Hundun was the first Reality to be born with a mind and a nascent consciousness, and even though Enough shattered him to pieces before he was born, the potential for every Reality to have a consciousness of their own had been ingrained inside them from that moment henceforth.

Lumen had understood something crucial when it watched End fumble the expansion of Existence... this was the first time it had seen this power become helpless, and it knew that the reason this happened was due to Enoch following the will of End, yet still possessing a mind of his own with a desire that End could not easily break.

Enoch took the wishes of End and stretched it beyond what was permissible by it, and from that moment, End lost all its tools of control.

Lumen wanted to recreate this moment, but on a larger and more complex scale.

The power of End wanted creation to flourish, so much life created potent energy that was hard to describe, and Lumen saw this energy as Potential.

When all of these potentials reach a limit, End would institute its destruction, and the end of all those potentials would be what it needs to grow.

To take advantage of this, Lumen was going to be giving End a new potent source of potential that had never been seen before, and that was awakening the consciousness of every Reality.

A general rule of thumb was that the more complex a living organism was, the more potential it had.

From single-cell organisms to mortals, immortals, and gods, their potential increased as their makeup became more complex, and Realities were the favored children of Existence, holding an incredible amount of complexity.

If there was anything inside of Existence that would feed End its greatest meal, then it would be the destruction of a Reality that had its consciousness.

Lumen knew that if it gave End a meal it did not know it needed, it would not only welcome it, End would feed this new source of potential, enough power to make it as massive and ripe as possible, so that the harvest would be spectacular.

Using all of the power it could get its feathers upon, Lumen triggered the creation of consciousness inside every Reality, and End did not just welcome this change, it accelerated it in such a drastic manner that the collective consciousness of these new Realities gave birth to special beasts to either guide or protect them.

Now the destruction of every Reality was creating such a surge of potential that it exceeded anything that had ever lived before, but there was one problem... All of these destruction were not being fed into End, they were being stored inside the bodies of the Primordials.

Now, the Primordials were stuck in between a rock and a hard place. You see, they were created to eat Realities, but the Realities they were eating were not the same sort of Realities they were designed to eat.

Consciousness exploded the potential of every Reality, and if a Reality without a consciousness could be assumed to have ten units of potential, a Reality with consciousness had at least a million units of consciousness.

Yet, the hunger imposed on the Primordials by Enoch made the Primordials unable to stop themselves from feeding on Realities.

Previously, the Primordials did not take the Architects of End with any great amount of seriousness, seeing them as a minor cult that could be easily destroyed if they chose to do so, but now they knew that they needed help, because they could see their future.

If they ate a few more Realities, they would go insane, and they could not just stop eating if they wanted. If they went insane, then their innate instincts would only allow them to continue eating and when all Realities were gone, they would return to their father to be consumed.

Not wanting this fate for themselves, they went to the Architects and decided to follow its plans.

The Architects told the Primordials that they would be their minds, even when they were insane, and they would direct the Primordials in their weakest moments, and in order to win against the plans of their father, they needed to contribute their Essence into the creation of a Singularity, the Primordial Record, which would collect all the potential of every Reality they had eaten, placing it away from the hands of their father.

Of course this did not mean it automatically gave the Primordials victory, but it would give them a chance to fight for their Destiny.

All of these plans were ultimately following the path that End would want, because a war between the Primordials and Enoch was what it wanted, but Lumen had planted the seed of its destruction inside the hearts of every Reality.

That seed was Eos.

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Chapter 1973 The Grand Game (Final)

“Ruler of Creation... You have lost.”

Time for Eos was a very strange concept in the eyes of mortals and immortals, and for them, it was best not to think about the way his mind could be split in such impossible directions while still having a solid structure.

The Abomination he was fighting was rapidly evolving, and Eos knew that if he ran from this fight, he would be leaving behind an enemy that was growing so fast it would destroy him before he could outgrow it.

It was not as if the potential for evolution in battle that the Abomination had was greater than his own, but while Eos had to be evolving forward in a coherent pattern that would see that all of his interests were being carried along, the Abomination could grow in a single direction, and that was to kill him.

However, the decision he took to move towards the danger and end it before it grew out of control was the right one, and the burst of power he had revealed as he tore through its defenses and was on the verge of striking it down showed his firm grasp over the flow of battle.

Still, everything began to go wrong.

The Abomination was still in its birthing sac, its new and evolved form was rapidly eating through this membrane, while red eyes were looking at his descending form with fear, rage and hate, but then, Eos could feel an unknown power, like a soft breeze tickling the edges of his ears blow past him and filled up the body of this Abomination, and its evolution was instantly completed.

In that instant, many things happened.

His Incarnation in the Temple of End may have spent a while accepting all the information from Lumen and transmitting it to him, but for Eos, it was almost

instantaneous, and as the Abomination screamed its victory at his face, he already understood so much about the battle he was fighting.

That force that blew past him was not the power of Enoch; it was End, and even the words, 'Ruler of Creation,' did not come entirely from Enoch but also something else.

The enemies that Eos was fighting were not simple beings, and their roots went deeper than he had previously imagined.

He felt as if a cool breeze was blowing through his head, and so many places of doubt had been opened up, and even as he saw his Incarnation melt into a golden feather and drift into the two glowing wings that was Lumen, thereby cutting off his connection with him forever, Eos, stopped his plunging attack, and went still as he observed the evolved form of the Abomination.

The Abomination had changed.

It was no longer the swollen whale or the tangle of mouths and arms; now it looked... almost like a person.

It had a tall, slender figure. Skin smooth and white, like fresh paper. Hair that moved slowly, as if underwater, and a simple robe of the same white, hanging loose.

A face like a boy's, yet it was too calm, curious, almost kind. It stood quietly in the broken birthing sac, hands folded in front, and a slight smile on its lips.

"Ah, you are no longer attacking. Do you think it's time to flee? You can do that, but first, give that pesky Incarnation to me."

Eos looked at the eyes of this Abomination, which seemed ordinary at first glance, but the more you looked at it, the realization would hit you that this eye was bottomless, and you could fall into it forever. Also, his skin, which seemed white and flawless, was composed of countless bone-white screaming faces whose features were locked in permanent agony. Eos had always wondered why Enoch took this corrupted form when he was originally a being of light, but now he knew he was looking at End.

This power had always been hiding itself in plain sight, feeding on the suffering of Existence. Lumen thought it understood this power, but Eos could see that these wings were also not seeing the entire picture.

Its roots came from an exalted place, and it could not imagine certain depravities that could only be found when you dig deep into the muck that was creation.

Lumen saw End as a vast power that existed above everything and only desired destruction to fuel its growth, but Eos could see that this power may care about its evolution, but also, beyond that, it was enjoying itself.

Eos looked up, and darkness had covered him, leaving no way out. He was alone with this thing that had crawled from the hidden cracks of history.

He sighed and brought up his Destroyer in a guard position, “No, I have seen everything that I need, and I am not running. You are not the only monster here.”

The greatsword in his hands echoed his words with a low, hungry hum; this was the sound of absence sharpening itself.

For so long, he had not been able to fight with the full measures of his strength because he did not know his enemy, but now that his eyes were open, and the links from the past had been connected to the future, Eos just saw his enemy, and that was all he needed.

Many had forgotten that he was a warrior born from death and devastation, and if the need called for it, he did not give a damn about the bastards that needed to die.

He exhaled.

And let the first layer of his pretense fall away, and revealed his Eclipse Form.

A stillness that could not be described suddenly surrounded Eos, and his body... unfolded.

His skin peeled back like petals, revealing a shifting mass beneath, too many joints, and flesh that seemed to be made of ideas instead of meat.

The simple robe he was wearing dissolved into threads of broken dimensions when his Wings of the Omniverse erupted like two supernovas, revealing their true form after Eos had been silently growing them all these while, and they resembled the purest of angels' wings, and as if he knew a part of his heritage was tied to the Luminious, they resembled the wings from those beings, but Eos's wings were far grander than any Luminious before him.

They were now vast sheets of folded reality, where each “feather” was a window into a different dying cosmos.

A thousand eyes erupted out of the center of his body, each of them was a gate to another Reality; most no longer existed, but in this form, it did not matter.

The halo of his Reality Crown ignited, resembling a ring of shattered realms orbiting his head, each shard screaming silently.

The Abomination tilted its head, curious. The form Eos had just assumed would drive lesser Primordials to the brink of madness. The mouth of the Abomination began to open, but his motion was too slow as Eos moved.

He disregarded his speed, which was too slow, and this Abomination was beyond speed, so Eos used Reality Crush.

The space between them simply ceased, as in one moment there was distance and in the next, none.

Once more, he led with his Destroyer, and it struck down like lightning.

Chapter 1974 Teach... Fear (1)

The blade of the Destroyer met the Abomination's chest, and a loud shrieking sound erupted as the blade of the Destroyer tore through enough defenses that would protect this Abomination from the Destruction of Existence ten times over, and passed through as if the body was only a memory.

But where it passed, reality, space, time, and everything in between ended.

The wound was a clean slice of absence carved through the white robe, through the chest, and through the boyish heart that wasn't a heart. In this terrible stroke, Eos severed the immortality under his blade.

However, this terrible wound did not bleed, as no matter the amount of blood that should have emerged from it, the aura of absence left in the cut drained the essence from the Abomination.

Reality seemed to blur, and the Destroyer that had sliced its way out of the body of the Abomination reappeared inside the wound, while still blasting out an intense aura of annihilation and absence.

The edges of the wound folded inward, trying to close, but the absence from that sword wound continued to spread, slowly but seemingly, inevitable. The body of this Abomination was made from Realities, and the power Eos had used not only cut through this body, but also killed something else inside the Abomination. Staggering backward, the Abomination remained silent as it looked down at the wound, then it smiled, and Eos could feel both the gaze of Enoch and End upon him.

"Thank you," it said in Enoch's gentle voice. "That felt... new. I have never felt... pain before."

The Destroyer was still inside its chest, and instead of going back, it stepped forward, deeper into the blade, while maintaining its smile; it was as if this were the only emotion it knew.

The white body pressed against the Destroyer, letting the absence sink deeper, and now it began to bleed its foul corruption, and there was so much of it that the Destroyer was

struggling to annihilate everything. Now that he was so close to the Abomination, Eos could see that the corruption pouring from this Abomination was familiar. It was Enoch's Rot. However, it was a bit different from the one he had gained after consuming the consciousness of Enoch left inside the Primordial Record.

"You are not going to win Eos. Everything you have was given to you by my hand. Take all of my roots away from you, and what do you have left?"

The corruption began to crawl up the blade, as white veins spread across the golden glow emerging from the blade and tearing into the metal, as it neared the hilt of his Destroyer, Eos twisted the sword and unleashed Finality Strikes.

"Whoosh!"

The blade ignited with golden-black fire; this flame came from the merged light of every Reality Eos had freed as he battled the previous clusters of Abomination.

It was the perfect counter to Enoch's Rot, and the fire burned the rot away, but the Abomination did not pull back; it continued pushing its body into the blade while slowly bringing up its arms as though it wanted to hug Eos, the faces that made up its skin began to speak, and their voices were those of the Cradle's devoured children across all the Realities the Abomination had consumed.

"Make it stop..."

"Mummy... Daddy... it hurts."

Countless quadrillions of voices poured into Eos's mind and he froze, and his body lost its Eclipsed form, causing the smile of the Abomination to become wider as it reached across to touch Eos's face while its second hand reached for the purple cube hanging around Eos's neck, but before his hand could reach either target, the dull gaze of Eos sharpened.

He had not been under any compulsion the entire time. There was no way he would fall for such a move when he saw the Abomination use the same tactics against the Beast of Inevitability.

Eos sneered and twisted his wrist, while Infinite Rage was activated inside of him, all directed towards his Tri-Core Sigils in his chest. In this instant, the number of Eos that the Sigil could hold in a single moment multiplied exponentially as what sounded like a heartbeat blasted out of it.

Power of such incredible magnitude exploded out of the Sigil, and Eos's consciousness struggled to channel them all into his arm, and in an instant, his hand swelled up, so much power filling it up that it would have exploded if not for its natural defenses hastily transforming some of those energies into Blood of the Fallen Gods.

This caused his arms to turn as red as iron inside the forge, but it was not enough. With a roar, Eos unleashed a Realm's Butcher Onslaught with all the power that his soul could push out in a single moment, and the slight twist in his wrist completed its whole arc.

A loud clang shook all of Existence as the Destroyer that Eos had pushed inside the chest of the Abomination was snapped in two. The force that emerged from this ridiculous act crushed every bone in the body of the Abomination, as it vaporized half of the entire particle in its body.

Eos was left with only a hilt with a bit of the broken blade sticking out of it, and before the Abomination's mind could begin to understand what was happening to it, he slammed what remained of the blade and a greater part of the hilt underneath its chin until the tip of the blade burst out of the Abomination's head.

In one moment, Eos had appeared as if he was dazed and under the trap of the Abomination, in the next, half of his Destroyer was inside the shredded torso of the Abomination, while he held it up in the air using the remnant of his blade to impale it.

He whispered, "Explode."

The broken hilt buried beneath the Abomination's chin pulsed once, as if confirming the order from Eos, then the remnant blade inside its torso detonated with the compressed absence of every reality Eos had ever freed.

The explosion was silent at first, as a perfect void bloomed within the white body, swallowing sound, color, motion. The Abomination's calm face was still frozen in shock, eyes wide with the first true surprise it had ever tasted. Then the absence ruptured outward.

White flesh vaporized in sheets, peeling away like burning paper to reveal the screaming layers beneath. Realities made of crystal spires crumbling into dust, smaller Abominations uncoiling inside them that turned into ash. These were supposed to be the next evolution of this Abomination, but before they could know their purpose, they were all destroyed.

Quadrillions of devoured children's faces surfaced on the shredding skin, mouths opening in a collective exhale as they screamed in pain, yet what every child was screaming was, "I love you."

The force hurled the Abomination backward, limbs flailing in slow, graceful arcs as half its mass simply ceased. Where the upper torso had been, only a ragged cavity remained, edges folding inward like a wound trying to forget it had ever been cut.

White pus and golden absence mixed in the air, hissing where they touched, birthing brief, screaming micro-realities that lived and died in the space between heartbeats.

Eos did not let go of the hilt of the Destroyer, still buried in the skull of the Abomination.

His hand, swollen, red-black with Blood of the Slain Gods, tightened on the hilt. He yanked the Abomination close again, pulling its ruined body against his own, and he whispered,

“I shall teach you what it means to fear.”

All the blood in his arm poured into the hilt of the Destroyer, and the top of the Abomination’s head exploded as another blade was reborn from the blood.

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Chapter 1975 Teach... Fear (Final)

The Destroyer that emerged from the top of the Abomination’s head was different, evolved. Like his opponent, Eos knew that rapidly evolving his body was a foolish move, but there was one thing he could rapidly evolve to become better at his task, and that was his weapon.

In one of the many worlds where he had gathered knowledge from, he remembered a saying from a hunter.

“The red hawk, Anansi, has learned to fly without perching, and I have learnt to shoot without aiming.”

This new Destroyer was raw, brutal, born of desperation and divine slaughter, and its purpose was simple: to kill a being that was endless.

The metal was black-red, veined with the same molten crimson that now coursed through Eos’s arm. The edge flickered with the light of every immortal being he had ever slain, their final moments compressed into a single, screaming line of annihilation.

It was a terrible sound to hear the final cries of an immortal, and now this sound had been multiplied nearly infinitely.

The face of the Abomination was lined with cracks as it twitched, its incredibly powerful mind reasserting itself, but before it could understand everything that was happening, Eos yanked his Destroyer downward.

The new blade carved through the Abomination’s body from crown to groin in one savage stroke. White flesh parted with a wet, ripping sound, thick layers peeling away like wet parchment, revealing the screaming fusion of Realities beneath.

Corrupted Realities shattered under the cut, their ethereal backbones snapping like brittle bone. Nascent Abominations that were struggling to be born uncoiled and burst, their birthing cries turning into high-pitched wails as they evaporated. All of these corrupted

flesh wilted into black rot that dripped upward in defiance of gravity, raining into the darkness.

The Abomination staggered, arms flailing in slow, graceful arcs that were almost beautiful. Half its mass had already ceased to exist; the other half was unraveling. However, its vitality was incredible, as power flooded into its body and its skin began folding inward around the wound, trying to close the absence by collapsing itself.

Children's faces surfaced on the torn membrane, mouths open, eyes wide, voices overlapping in a chorus of terror and love. The Abomination was using its corrupted voices, and now it began to reach beyond what it should have gotten from the Cradle and was digging into the past, no longer trying to hide the outside influence.

"I love you—"

"Make it stop—"

"Daddy—"

The words from all these children cut deeper than any blade as Eos felt them like knives in his own heart.

But he did not stop. Why would he stop now when there was nothing behind him but desolation, and everything ahead was freedom?

He twisted the blade as he combined multiple traits of his Slaughter Revenant Aspect and his Doombringers Covenant, pouring it all into Infinite Rage while channeling it through his Tri-Core Sigils, power multiplying exponentially, each heartbeat a detonation of Eos.

Anyone else would have been torn apart from having so much power flowing through their body, but Eos only grunted when his physique was being strained; however, his Strength Core surged past limits, while his Constitution Core strained to contain the overflow, but since his durability was increasing, he could still maintain total control of this power.

His arm had transformed back to a swollen, red-black column of divine blood and became the conduit for his rage.

After his loss at the hands of the Ancient Primordials and all the lies associated with his history and even his most potent treasure, Eos had long deliberated on what made him unique. It did not need to be his most powerful trait; it just had to be something that only he was able to accomplish, and he came to the realization that it was his fleshy body and the sheer fucking strength he could call upon if the need arose.

He lifted the Abomination higher, impaling it completely on the reborn blade. The white body hung suspended, limbs twitching like a broken puppet, even as it was healing and

still actively evolving. Eos did not care because the power he was gathering was a hundred times greater than what he had used a moment ago.

Eos spoke, voice raw with every slain god's lament, taking the form of a Slaughter Revenant.

"You wanted to feel new things... You thanked me for this, how foolish of you."

He drove the blade upward, and the Abomination's torso split wider, edges curling like burning paper. White pus and golden absence mixed in the air, hissing where they met, birthing micro-realities that lived and died in the space between breaths, brief, screaming worlds that flickered out as soon as they formed.

The boy's face flickered, the calmness was gone, and there was confusion and a bit of fear growing in his eyes.

It was one thing to know that Eos had a power called the Tri-Core Sigil, whose entire purpose was to gather all the power that Eos could ever potentially gain, and then it would strip away that power and save it, so that Eos would be able to gather this power again, and when he reached his limits, this Sigil would take this power and add it to the one it first saved, leaving Eos the space to gather more power... and this process could continue infinitely.

The last time Eos had allowed the Primordial Record to check his attributes, what it saw was this:

Strength Core: 163 Eos

Agility Core: 149 Eos

Constitution Core: 370 Eos

Each Eos in any of his attributes meant that in a fair Existence, Eos's greatest potential would stop at 1 Eos, signifying he had reached the limit of what Existence allocated for his power. However, with the Sigil, his strength alone was a hundred and sixty-three times his greatest potential, and his agility and constitution were the same.

Still with the removal of the Primordial Record from his body, there was no way to know Eos present attributes, and now that he was growing, his present strength had become so shocking that it did not matter the complexity of the Abomination, the question was, could it continue withstanding any blows from Eos long enough for it to retaliate?

Eos leaned in, fusing Slaughter Revenant and his Eclipse Form, which made his skin into prismatic shadow, and when presented side by side to the shuddering Abomination, the differences were stark.

“You wanted surprise.”

He twisted his arm, causing his blade to ground deeper, tearing through fused realities and shattering every hope for the Abomination to ever leave his blade.

“I’m giving you one.”

Just the fraction of the power that was being sent out from Eos’s moves had rippled out across this space, tearing the darkness that the Abomination had used in covering it, exposing the battle to the eyes of Limbo.

The Beast of Inevitability had nearly gone insane with anger and sorrow when it saw Eos disappear into the mouth of the Abomination, and the only reason it had not rushed down to help was that it detected that there were still rumbles of battle ongoing.

Still, when the head of the Abomination was shattered into dust, and it saw Eos holding up the helpless form of the Abomination with his blade, it was struck dumb with amazement.

The Realities it had saved were also watching this incredible sight, and their whispers entered its ears, “Is that... is that a Reality?”

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Chapter 1976 The Cry of End (1)

Eos knew the Abomination was not helpless, far from it; the manner in which it seemed to have dismantled the Beast of Inevitability might make it seem as if the Beast was not that powerful, but that was far from the case.

It may not have the greatest burst power, but that was relative to beings on Eos level, it could easily crush any normal Primordial in its first form, and now that it had evolved twice, it was many time more dangerous, but again, for Eos, the danger did not come from its offensive strength, rather it was in its ability to corrupt.

Every time the Abomination evolved, the trait that got strengthened the most was its ability to corrupt, meaning if Eos was not careful, it would be quite easy for him to fall here, as his entire body would work against him.

The evolved form of the Abomination nearly killed the Beast of Inevitability with a single blow, and Eos could not let the Abomination evolve one more time, or he would fall.

Its arrogance was its greatest mistake against him, and Eos was not one to let a chance slip away from him. He could feel countless unknown changes happening inside the

Abomination through the vibrations carried by the Destroyer in his hand. Eos would not let this calamity adapt.

With a growl that shook the surrounding space for countless light years, Eos twisted his wrist, breaking his blade once more inside the body of the Abomination, but before the Abomination could fall from the air, a blast of power erupted from Eos, pouring into the hilt of his Destroyer, and another blade was born from its hilt, and he slammed it into the falling Abomination, made another twist and broke off that blade inside its torso and pushed it into the air, leaving two large blades sticking out of its body.

Eos eyes flashed, and quicker than any of the eyes now watching this battle, from the Primordials inside the purple cube who were no longer watching Rowan reaching the ninth dimension and staring with open mouths at the battle, to the Beast of Inevitability and the Realities it was carrying, Eos repeated his actions three more times, leaving five shards of his Destroyer inside the body of the Abomination.

The Abomination's body jerked violently every time Eos broke off the Destroyer's blades inside it, and still, despite all this ridiculous damage, the creature's eye rolled wildly, milky white and flickering with fragments of stolen memories and fractured dreams. Eos could feel its mind reasserting itself, piecing together the shock of true pain even as its form unraveled.

Enoch's rot blasted out of the body of the Abomination like the detonation of a thousand supernovae, washing past Eos and corrupting the surface of his flesh. The force of the explosion did not faze him as, with a roar that shook the void, Eos channeled Infinite Rage through his Tri-Core Sigils more recklessly, and the power flowing through his body went through another round of exponential multiplication.

Yet his heartbeat remained disturbingly... steady.

However, each beat from it was a detonation of power that flooded his body with raw Eos. His Strength Core spiked beyond measure, causing his muscles to swell to grotesque proportions, with his veins bulging like rivers of lava as Blood of the Slain Gods coursed through him.

The rot that had begun to creep across his skin from the detonation of Enoch's Rot burned away in the surge, his flesh reforming with every pulse.

He swung the reborn Destroyer in a wide arc, the blade slicing through the Abomination's flailing arms with a shriek of metal on bone. Its white limbs were severed cleanly, but he was operating at such ridiculous speeds that to his perception, the limbs were not falling but falling away, but hanging in the air as they unfolded into smaller boy-faces, each smiling gently while whispering, "More... give me more."

His blade clashed against the shards of the Destroyer in the torso of the Abomination, and this collision led to an incredible explosion that transformed this area of Limbo into a

field of white, before a terrible wave of force erupted from the point of detonation and began to shred through Limbo.

The force blasted the purple cube away and slammed into the Beast of Inevitability, carrying it away as it roared in pain and disbelief.

A moment and an eternity later, the bright white light ceased to reveal a crack in Existence that had only Eos and the head of the Abomination floating in this pool of nonexistence.

The Destroyer was left with just the hilt, and even that was cracked and nearly shattered, yet it was slowly healing. Eos had lost multiple layers of his skin, but his body was quickly healing, and as he walked towards the head and grabbed it by the stump of its neck, he was back in perfect shape.

This explosion was so powerful that there should have been nothing left of the Abomination who had received nearly a hundred percent of the power he had unleashed, but the force holding this thing together was too potent.

There was only one eye left on the fractured head of the Abomination, and it rolled around in its nearly shattered skull. Broken whispers emerged from it as if the mind of the Abomination had been scrambled.

Eos began to squeeze, and a soft moan of pain emerged from the head. The confusion and fear in its eye was growing as the pressure on it increased to a point where every particle that made it up began to vanish. Eos shuddered as he felt Existence around him change, and he turned to his left, where the purple cube had been blasted towards.

At that moment, the cube was filled with cracks as a massive force erupted from within. Rowan had reached the final steps of becoming a Primordial despite the delay caused by the Abomination.

The eye of the Abomination bulged in shock and anger, and a cry that emerged from a place that was beyond Existence erupted from the head that was on the cusp of destruction, and Eos's hand, squeezing the head, exploded.

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Chapter 1977 I Know You

Becoming a Primordial was a strange sensation for Rowan; he had experienced the entire process of others becoming Primordials, and because their foundations were rooted inside the Origin Land of his main body, that experience had been so intimate, it was almost as if he was the one ascending.

However, reaching the Primordial level by himself was quite different. He was walking the path of the Ancient Primordial and becoming the Primordial of Space, one of the first concepts to be born in Existence.

Upon obtaining the fourth level of the Origin of space, the Maw of Oblivion, Rowan did not gain any vision from the past, and he believed that it was due to the nature of this space that swallowed all the memories of its Origin, and even its master would not be able to see how it began.

Oblivion was one of the most interesting concepts in Existence, and Rowan found it odd that it was so profoundly linked to space. At least he did, but his confusion would be cleared away the moment he fully seeded this Origin in his flesh.

He could sense all the disruption being created by the Abomination, and Eos had shared the truth of its Origin as well as his own. Knowing about the past was more than enough motivation for Rowan to push past the barrier of time imposed by the Abomination and push the Origin Flames of Space into his body.

“FUSE!” He roared, shaking the space created by Eos and nearly shattering it as a shockwave erupted from his flesh, created by the transformation of an eighth-dimensional Old One of Rowan powers into a ninth-dimensional Origin Life form.

Sensations, memories, emotions in relentless tides bombarded his mind, rushing past his limits, and Rowan screamed... his voice distorting into a long scream that had no ending but endlessly looped around him.

Unlike other Primordials that reached the ninth-dimensional level and slowly found the first layer of their Origin, Rowan already discovered the four layers of space, and he was going through multiple tribulations at the same time.

The Tribulations to become a Primordial were powerful, and every new layer that a Primordial obtained, they would have to undergo a series of tests and powerful Tribulations in order to be worthy of controlling a deeper layer of that concept.

All of these Tribulations coming at the same time had never been seen in Existence, since it should have technically been impossible for any entity to not only reach the Primordial level, but also understand four of its layers at the same time.

This caused Rowan’s Primordial to become something new, as massive gates of restriction that bounded space were shattered and reconfigured into something new before they were shattered again. Every shattering led to a greater storm of memories that almost made Rowan want to shatter his consciousness because he could no longer take it.

What made this rush of memories so painful to bear was that they were chaotic, lacking form or meaning, but all of them were at the ninth-dimensional level, hence they carried incredible weight. Just a single piece of memory was more than enough to occupy the

mind of a Primordial, yet Rowan was being bombarded with so many memories that he could no longer count them.

When his mind was brought to the brink, Rowan began to draw power from his main body without holding back, even when he knew that Eos was fighting one of the most dangerous entities in Existence. Rowan knew that he had only this one chance to reach the level of a Primordial and understand the secrets bound to his past and his future.

However, he was too late; the bombardment of memories was beyond what any being could receive, not even someone as powerful as he was. Rowan's eyes opened wide in astonishment as his consciousness shattered and he fell to the ground. He thought he could hear the laughter of the Abomination in the distance.

Regret filled his heart; perhaps he had finally bitten off more than he could chew. While it was true that claiming all the layers of space at once would ensure that he would be able to see through any deceit put in place by a Primordial, he could have made do by first becoming a Primordial, and if he survived what was to come, he would have slowly conquered all the successive layers of space.

Yet this thought barely lasted a moment before Rowan pushed them aside. Reaching the Primordial level was going to be a significant risk, and even if the Tribulations had not killed him, the Abomination would not allow him live long enough to explore the secrets of the Primordial Record.

Becoming just a Primordial was not enough; the peak of this Existence that the Ancient Primordials controlled was at the fourth layer of Origin, and if he was going to be assured that the secrets he was going to be collecting could not be tampered with, he had to be at the peak of Primordial, the moment he reached this level.

It was a shame that he failed. The Abomination had ensured that his main body was occupied, leaving Rowan alone... his only hope now lay with his main body... it must find a way to win without him.

Then... Darkness and Rowan knew no more.

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"I failed!" Rowan roared as he pushed himself up to a sitting position, surprised that he was still alive as his senses exploded around him in a storm, only to discover that he was no longer on the Road of Eternity, but he had been lying down on a wooden bed made from bamboo, and he was inside a hut.

"What the..."

His senses had rushed out of the hut, only to see that it was built beside a river that disappeared into the distance, and even after pushing his senses to the limit, he could not

see the end of this river. He was trying to reach his main body, but he could not reach him, yet he could feel the connection they shared.

The only reason he knew where such a thing was possible was when it came to the matters of End.

“Not again,” Rowan groaned, “This trip down into memory is becoming annoying.”

“Oh, is that what you think this place is?”

The strange voice that replied made Rowan flinch because it sounded beside his ears, yet his senses showed him a man on a boat floating in the endless river, where once there had been nobody.

Rowan vanished from the house and reappeared above the boat. He looked at the man who sat on it with a gentle smile, except that half of the man’s face had no skin, displaying his bones, muscles, and eye that seemed as if it was about to fall from its sockets.

“I know you,” Rowan whispered.

“Do you now,” the man smiled... No, the god smiled. This was the same god he had seen inside the memory of Lumen, the being who had been tortured by the power of End for years beyond counting.

He had vanished, and the Luminous had been unable to find its traces. Rowan drew in a deep breath as he asked,

“Are you... End?”

Level 0 Immortal

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Chapter 1978 The Rivers of Echoes

The god’s smile widened at Rowan’s question; the amusement Rowan could see was pure and made him doubt that this being could ever hold evil in his heart, as the exposed bone on his face gleamed under the faint, ethereal light that filtered through the endless river’s mist. In this moment, this Ancient god with an extremely painful past appeared almost... holy.

His eye, the one dangling precariously in its socket, rolled slightly, focusing on Rowan with a gaze that felt like the weight of forgotten eons pressing down. The boat rocked

gently on the water, but there was no sound, just the quiet hum of a place that wasn't quite real.

"I am not End," the god said, his voice a rasp that echoed inside Rowan's skull rather than through the air. "But I have carried its burden longer than most. Call me the Remnant, if you must have a name. Or call me nothing. Names are for things that begin and end. I am the space between."

Rowan frowned as he realized that this place, including this figure, was the large amount of unknown information that had poured into his mind as he strived for the position of Primordial.

The Remnant cocked his head to the side, and he grinned, "Damn you are sharp. If it were me, it would have taken a minute to realize what you just did instantly. But as much as I would like to chat with you, I don't have too much time, and neither do you."

Rowan hovered above the boat, his newly ascended form still buzzing with the chaotic energies of the Primordial transformation. He had discovered that he had not failed his tribulation as he once thought; it was still ongoing, and this Remnant had found a way to jump into the connection he had with space using his Tribulation as a guide.

The dreadful sensation of failure still lingered, a bitter taste in his mouth, but the whispers of his main body, Eos, echoed faintly through their connection. He had not lost it as he felt that the battle raged on between him and the Abomination, a storm of power and horror that Rowan could sense like a distant thunder. He needed answers, and fast, before the Abomination overwhelmed everything.

Because of the distraction caused by his previously apparent failure to reach the Primordial level, the Abomination had seized the chance to evolve for the third time, and now his main body was beginning to struggle.

"You should not have known of my presence," the Remnant spoke, "No one should know of my life, but your knowledge of me was the fuel that I needed to drag me from Oblivion. You have not yet opened the Primordial Record, and yet you know of End, and I suspect, also the Luminous. If that is the case, then all hope is not lost."

Rowan growled, "You should hate Existence. Why do you sound as if you want to save it?"

The Remnant laughed, "Because I am not like you, freak. What? Eternity is a long time, and I have lived for countless eternities. My hate burned away and turned into ash, and after End spat me into this space, I have spent many eternities fishing on this river, and I have fished such bounties of great stories that they are more than my mind can hold. I am not like you, Rowan; your hate is eternal, and so too is your love. Your connection with the Luminous is a blessing and a curse."

"You did not answer my question."

“Odd, I thought I did,” the Remnant sighed, “This river is my home, and it is endless, meaning the stories I can fish from it are also endless... End would take all of these stories away, and I have seen its mind; it would replace it with nothing but despair, and I would be forced to spend all eternities watching its unending reign of terror. Such a fate, I cannot wish on anyone.”

Rowan paused in thought for a while before he asked, “How did you interfere with my Tribulation?”

The Remnant smiled its dreadful smile, “At the ninth-dimensional level, the face of End can be hidden from other Primordials, but not from you. If you were anyway normal, you would have strived to reach for the Primordial level alone; instead, you explored all four layers of Space, and your combined Tribulation was enough to tear through the gaps of End. You see, behind Existence, covering it like the shell on an egg is End itself, and your Tribulation that broke the rules of Existence tore a gap in its defenses... if it fears you before, now it hates you.”

“I can live with that,” Rowan whispered.

The Remnant leaned back, the boat tilting slightly as if the river itself adjusted to his weight. “This is the River of Echoes, a fold in the fabric where memories flow without end, untouched by the grasp of End. As for me... I am what remains when End takes its fill. The Luminous tried to stop it, you know. They saw the cycles, the ambition that fed it. They entered Existence to teach peace, but they failed. Too disconnected. Too perfect. They didn’t understand survival’s desperation.”

Rowan frowned, the disorientation from the memory flood still clouding his thoughts. “They ended Existence themselves. They starved End, but it was not enough.”

The Remnant nodded, his exposed muscle twitching. “Yes. A drastic act. But End is patient. It waited. And now, your main body fights its vessel. Come. See. When the time is right, you will be needed, but first you must understand.”

The Ancient god waved a hand, and the river’s surface rippled. The water cleared, becoming a window to Eos’s battle. Rowan felt the connection strengthen, the sensations flooding in: pain, rage, the visceral grind of higher-dimensional powers clashing.

Through the river’s gaze, Rowan saw it all.

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Eos felt the connection between him and Rowan dim, and the mighty explosion that erupted from his body as well, and then he felt the loss of this Incarnation, and he faltered for a brief moment, but this was a moment too long as the Abomination took advantage of it.

The evolution of the Abomination that had constantly been delayed by Eos's assault erupted immediately, and the head of the Abomination screamed and exploded, a new horror birthing from within this shattered skull.

What emerged was a massive red eye that peeled back to reveal rifts, which were portals to ancient rituals.

From one rift poured madness that took the form of a wave of eldritch screams that warped Limbo, time stuttered, space inverted, and shadows grew mouths that whispered temptations of surrender.

Eos grunted as he felt the pull of this madness that was not only physical but mental as well. His limbs grew heavy as his Constitution Core strained to fight against the madness that was burrowing into his body from these rifts.

Yet he was failing, this evolved Abomination held corruption that was greater than anything Eos had faced till this point, and sickening cracks began to erupt from his limbs as multiple chaotic joints that had no meaning began to multiply inside his body.

Eos's eyes turned to scarlet suns as he took his power to a higher level. To counter this madness, he unleashed the Will of Chaos Origin inside his flesh.

The power surging through his veins to fracture the madness that was mutating his flesh into harmless echoes. The rifts ahead of him snapped shut with a wet slap, but not before Eos lost a layer of skin as they sloughed off in bloody strips, revealing raw muscle beneath that sprouted tiny portals leaking bloody red light.

Chapter 1979 Battle Frenzy

The evolution of the Abomination was different this time; its new body folded inward to compress its mass. The corrupted realities inside of it multiplied exponentially before they were crushed together to form flesh that was so dense that only its foul will was capable of commanding it.

It surrounded its outer body with bone plates reinforced with the screams of the dead, vibrating with eldritch madness. The boyish face that it still kept in this evolution, split open, revealing a vast mouth lined with teeth that were shards of devoured dreams.

It gave a freakish laugh before lunging at Eos and clamping its mouth on Eos's shoulder.

Its teeth ground into Eos's prismatic flesh, the enhanced Enoch's Rot thrice evolved began flooding in like acid. The rot spread instantly, as white veins raced toward his heart, causing his flesh to sag and parasitic arms sprout from his flesh that clawed at his own body.

Pain lanced through him, absolute, intimate; it was as if his own existence was rebelling, and it was one of the most horrifying things he had ever felt.

Eos roared and activated Titan's Apotheosis, his body swelling grotesquely as Constitution Core spiked, adding more depth to the durability he was gaining from the Tri-Core Sigil, his flesh hardened into layered dimensions, and Eos began to push the rot away.

The bite passed through alternate selves that died screaming in his place, blood spraying from phantom wounds. In a brief moment, ten of his alternate selves died in his place. He twisted, ripping free with a chunk of his own shoulder missing, the rot still lingering and burning like fire.

However, if the Abomination thought that Eos would run, it was wrong. Disregarding the stubborn stain of rot that clung to his shoulder, Eos attacked.

Even though he had not used any of his myriad powers due to their destructive nature, his powerful soul meant that after all the time that had passed, Eos had mastered them to their peak.

He called upon Apocalyptic Onslaught, and a billion arms bloomed behind him like a flower. His Wings of Omniverse were used to channel the power of Godforge Unmade into these arms, transforming them into living cathedrals of screaming portals.

Each portal birthed a strike, which were fists of collapsed dimensions, instantly multiplying his strikes exponentially, all of these fists punched through the Abomination's shields of bones, crushing and slicing huge chunks of its flesh clean off. Gore sprayed, white blood mixing with golden absence, birthing brief micro-realities that screamed and died.

This move crushed more than seventy percent of the Abomination's body, and the destruction was racing across its flesh to destroy it entirely when the Abomination reared and reached deep into unknown places, pulling forth echoes of the blighted eras the Luminous had known and feared End. Waves of stillness erupted from the screaming Abomination that simplified everything they touched, turning motion to calm, chaos to order, and they poured over Eos in a frenzy

Eos grunted as he felt his Essence and all the Origin forces he held in his body strained against this unwanted power, causing his body to be locked into rigid simplicity.

Eyes gleaming with fury like a star, Eos finally began to use his Will to battle, channeling the Will of Destruction across his flesh where they detonated, and although they hurt him, they also ate the stillness wave from inside, shattering them into harmless fragments; even the stubborn flame of corruption burning on his shoulder was destroyed.

But the effort cost him, his prismatic skin cracked, leaking bloody light that the Abomination's mouths lapped up mid-air as it chuckled, but it had learned and did not give Eos the chance to counter it, as it no longer spoke, but attacked.

The creature lunged again, body unfolding into a storm of tendrils. Each of the tendrils was tipped with mouths that exhaled fog of Absence, as it evolved to begin using the power of Eos; however, the concept of Absence that it controlled was different from Eos's.

Its power carries the weight of voluntary surrender that was filled with the taint of despair. The fog rushed across time and space and clung to Eos, seeping into pores, and where it could not find any entrance, it ate through his flesh, making limbs heavy as it imposed another curse of Enoch, making The Flesh-That-Is-Not-Flesh take hold of Eos's body.

Tiny arms sprouted from his chest, clawing at Eos's beating heart, and he dismissively sliced them away with Finality Strikes. His Destroyer had been healing from the previous strikes, and now it had evolved once again, stronger and more deadly.

The blade of the Destroyer ignited with golden-black fire that burned the fog to ash, and Eos pressed forward, Destroyer carving through the tendrils of the Abomination in a whirlwind of strikes, each swing ending a layer of the Abomination's defenses.

The Abomination would not let Eos come close as it split open its torso, revealing a rift to the pit of despair, and from it poured out cries of fallen immortals and gods. Theor cries were like sonic waves that warped the higher dimensions, causing the space around and before Eos to twist, and they would have pulled him into their madness, but Eos manifested alternate selves who fell to the madness and were dragged, screaming, into the pit of despair.

He stabilized the space around his original body with Will of Space Origin, and folded the dimensions around him back into place, but the wave of shattered dimensions clipped his wing, causing a burst of light and feathers to spray out from his wings as a portion of it was lost.

Pain exploded across his entire body as if a piece of his soul had been torn free.

Eos roared and unleashed Realm's Butcher Onslaught, the Destroyer multiplying into a storm of blades, each carving through the pits of despair that had floated out of the body of the Abomination. The sonic wave shattered, sending endless waves of backlash towards the creature, but the Abomination adapted, body compressing to form a denser core, fused corrupted realities hardening into a shield of white bone veined with stolen time that covered its entire body. It needed a brief moment to push past the backlash and attack Eos, but it was a step too late as Eos drove the Destroyer into the shield.

The blade ground through with a shriek, sparks of golden-black fire flying as it chewed through the armor. White bone shattered, leaking screams that warped the void, causing a

storm that shattered all nine dimensions around them, forcing Eos to adjust his Space Origin to stabilize his position.

He twisted the blade, pulling out a chunk of fused corrupted reality that writhed in his hand like a living organ, and crushed it in his fist, gore spraying as the Abomination staggered.

The creature's face cracked further, leaking golden absence from the eyes. Admiration and hate were in its eyes as it whispered,

"You can't kill what is inevitable," and reached into the past once more, drawing from history that was beyond this present Existence, pulling forth waves of stillness that simplified everything they touched. This was the stillness that remained after the end of Existence, and it contained such despair that it should have never been known by anything living, but this Abomination poured everything against Eos.

Eos should have been broken here, but he countered with the Will of Elder, the origins of Bahamut, Ouroboros, and Serathis, and the hidden few he had chosen to shield from the Primordial Record surged to stabilize the stillness. With a growl, he shattered the stillness wave with a punch that collapsed the air into a massive black hole, sucking in tendrils and flesh of the Abomination alike.

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Chapter 1980 The Birth of A Miracle

Eos's attacks had consumed all the flesh and tendrils from the Abomination, and he surged forward to finish off the Abomination, but his eyes widened in shock when he discovered that, in the space between its frenzied attack and his retaliation, the creature had evolved for the fourth time!

Stopping his momentum almost instantaneously, Eos was still too late to avoid the retaliation of the Evolved Abomination as its new body that resembled a long stretched out face began to enfold him.

The flesh of the Abomination wrapped around him like a lover's embrace, mouths kissing every inch of his skin, and arms sprouting from skin to hold him close.

Eos roared as he felt the rot blast past his defenses and reach his core, and his heart stopped beating before it tore itself to pieces.

"Rest... it is over. You have fought the good fight, and know peace in the certainty that from the birth of Existence, you are the only lifeform at the eighth-dimensional level that could battle me to this extent. Now, please, just... fucking... die."

He was going to lose, everything was pointing to that conclusion, his Tri-Core Sigil flickered and went out, his Wings of Omniverse dimming, death was close, but there was no fear in Eos's eyes, only deep calculation.

The evolution of the Abomination was quite quick, but because it was singular, it was a glass cannon, and the only reason it was remaining in this fight for so long was that the power of End was pouring an unending stream of foul vitality inside it, ensuring that the Abomination could continue fighting when it should have long been destroyed.

Eos had long realized that the solution to this battle was not in killing this Abomination, as no amount of power he could throw at it would surpass the amount of vitality being poured into its body.

At least, that would be the case for everyone else.

You see, although Eos's evolution was relatively slow when compared to that of the Abomination, he was still evolving, but his evolution was qualitative in nature and not quantitative like the Abomination, who was being fed so much power that only a Will as firm as Enoch's could keep it in check.

Eos's evolution was a total rebuilding of his body from the ground up. Usually, when he called upon the power of the Primordial Record, it showed him the path possible with his foundation, and also provided any missing ingredients he might need.

And so, without his Singularity, Eos's evolution was slow, but it did not stop, and after the Abomination had evolved four times, Eos's first evolution was about to begin.

He felt it building. A pressure in his chest, where the Record had once been. It brought pain that was also pleasure, and Eos pushed past this distraction to draw deeper into the transformation building in the depths of his being.

A connection flared, distant, but strengthening.

Rowan! His Incarnation was not lost and was still pushing for the ninth-dimensional level, meaning that the connection the Incarnation had with the Primordial Record was strengthening, and this was also feeding back into Eos's evolution.

Far away, on the River of Echoes, Rowan sat with the Remnant, the home of the Ancient God, tortured and discarded by End; however, at the same time, his body still lay on the Road of Eternity, and even though it was being ravaged by a storm that was constantly shredding his body to pieces, Rowan refused to fade.

Eos was noticing that Rowan, who should have failed his tribulation, was still drawing power from him, and at first the power he was drawing was minimal; it suddenly grew, and the connection between them... surged.

Space Origin...four layers discovered, the Maw of Oblivion unlocked... then, ignited.

The shockwave that carried his cries had surged past the purple cube and slammed into the Abomination that covered Eos, "FUSE!"

This single word should have signified Rowan fusing with the Origin of Space, but now the meaning went much deeper than that. It had become the fusion between Rowan, the Prumordial Record, and Eos.

The fusion required so much from Rowan, and he drew more from Eos. He screamed again and again, both on the Road of Eternity where the Primordials surrounded him with worries in their eyes, and on the River of Echoes where the Ancient God watched him with a faint gleam of expectation in his eyes, hoping to see a miracle.

Then darkness.

The Remnant watched and slowly leaned forward, exposing his gleaming bones as the light of expectation in his eyes began to burn like a torch. Would he be the one to end the terror of a being that had stalked existence since time immemorial?

A soft sigh emerged from Rowan's mouth as his eyes opened, and he no longer saw darkness... he saw the truth.

"Ah, so this is what it means to be a Primordial. I become a part of him, and I find my home."

Rowan reached ahead of him, and space unfolded around his body and soul. He now fully understood that his soul was on the River, guided by the Remnant to give him the sheer chance he needed to reach Primordial, and his body was on the Road of Eternity... and that road was meant to bear the burdens of his Tribulation.

The Road of Eternity trembled and began to crack as Rowan slowly rose to his feet. The Primordials surrounding him could not hold their bodies steady, and they all fell to their knees, and in this moment, Rowan was like a sun, surrounded by the worlds that depend on his light for their sustenance.

However, he did not care for any of this. At the moment, the Maw of Oblivion opened in his soul, and he saw not just space, but the thread connecting all things to it, and those threads included the foul vitality feeding the Abomination.

This endless stream came from End.

Thin, white, endless, no Primordial in existence would be able to find it, so well was it hidden, but it could not hide from his sight; they were visible to him now.

Rowan reached through the connection to Eos and sent him a single thought. This thought was a vision of the thread, and not just the thread; he also showed him the way to cut it. Eos felt it while he was still in the embrace of the Abomination, with rot tearing his body and soul to pieces. In the midst of being digested by the Abomination, he saw the stream of its endless power.

It was white, pulsing, pouring from beyond existence into the core of this Abomination, feeding it with unending vitality. This was End's lifeline.

Upon seeing this weakness, Eos smiled.

Of course, the best method he had on hand was to sever this connection, but Eos had another idea, he would out evolve this monster.

The Abomination was the source of his greatest danger, but it could be the spark he needed to push his main body to the ninth dimensional level.

Rowan's soul on the boat began to fade. He smiled when he realized the position his main body was taking.

"You are truly mad, Eos..." the Ancient God sighed in wonder.

Chapter 1981 Stop Him

Rowan's soul was fading away on the boat, as well as his body on the Road of Eternity. His cries upon his unexpected ascension to the level of Primordial had reached the Abomination, who was in the process of digesting Eos, and a million yellow eyes turned towards Rowan in shock.

Cruelty, calculation, and fury warred across these eyes as they watched as Rowan's body began to fade away; this was clearly not in the calculations of the Abomination.

The reason Enoch unleashed his greatest trump cards was to prevent Rowan from reaching the Primordial Level and gaining the ability to draw out all the Origin Essence stored inside it.

After butchering countless Realities and gathering a lot of Enoch's Essence alongside most of the Essence from the previous Existences inside its pages, the Primordial Record was a storehouse of power that would determine who had the biggest stick going forward.

It may have appeared as if the relentless power of the Abomination would lead to its eventual victory, but it did not expect the impossible resistance from Eos, an Old One whose roots as a Reality should not be enough to hold it back for so long.

The Abomination knew that Eos was special, but again, it was one thing to know and another to experience it. The body of this Abomination was designed to last forever, but just because of this battle, even if the Abomination won, it won't live for more than a few hours after this.

So much power had been poured inside the flesh of the Abomination that its eternal lifespan had been burned out of it. End could feed it all the power it needed, but the rules of End still applied to it too. There must be an equivalent exchange.

And so, while End was giving the Abomination all the vitality it needed in order to fight and dominate Eos, it was also taking its eternal lifespan as payment.

Enoch thought he knew all the power that Eos controlled, and he had designed the Abomination to allocate for the growth of Eos even when he could no longer monitor his progress, and he had made sure the Abomination was designed to fight against Eos even if it turned out that he was many more times more powerful than it was expected... still, it did not matter as all of his calculations fell short.

The battle nearly took a turn for the worse when Rowan had pushed through its manipulation of time and began his Tribulation, but just because he was able to begin his Tribulation, it did not mean that its control over time had ended.

Enoch, hence the Abomination, knew that a disparity between time across Limbo and the time that surrounded Rowan would lead to a clash during his ascension, leading to his eventual failure.

It never really needed to physically stop Rowan; that was just a ruse it was making in order for Eos not to see the danger already waiting for his Incarnation.

You see, Eos had never observed the Ascension of an Ancient Primordial, and his experience was only obtained from watching the new crops of Primordials, and while they were powerful, they were different from the Ancient Primordials.

The new Primordials did not need to be unified with the time stream of Limbo during their Ascension, and that was why Eos could create so many new Primordials in such a short period of time, because he was accelerating time inside Eosah's Reality.

If Primordials could be created easily inside a region of accelerated time, then Existence would be filled with Primordials, but this was not the case, and it was unknown if Eos was aware of this constraint placed upon Ancient Primordials and their need to follow the rules of Existence or be shut out from its bounties.

However, judging from the actions of Eos, he was not aware how crucial it was for the Ancient Primordial to be properly aligned with the time flow of Limbo, especially for a concept like Space that fully encompasses all the boundaries of Limbo. If he had known,

then he would have realized that the killing blow against his Incarnation had been made at the beginning of the fight.

Rowan failing his Tribulation was set in stone, and the Abomination had made sure it was prepared for the moment. Despite the surprising resistance from Eos, its knowledge of the future had given the creature the chance it needed to win this fight. So its shock could be imagined when Rowan not only pushed through the five-fold Tribulation, but he also succeeded in reaching this state despite the barrier of time it had placed down.

If there was ever a chance that Rowan would reach the level of Primordial, then the Incarnation would not waste its time fighting with Eos. It would not matter if turning its back against Eos would lead to its death; just stopping Rowan and seizing the Primordial Record was all it needed to win.

Anger and fear washed through the mind of the Abomination, and the only reason it was not insane was that it knew that collecting all the power inside the Primordial Record would not be an easy affair, so there was still a chance for Rowan to be stopped.

Rowan's body was beginning to fade away, and the Abomination rightly believed that Rowan was about to flee. However, it could not pursue Rowan at the moment without killing Eos or breaking him down to the extent that recovery would take too long. Although things were going well, it did not appear as if even this present evolution of the Abomination would be enough to hold down Eos, who seemed to be getting stronger and was on the verge of breaking out of his bonds.

Frustrated, the Abomination screamed, "Oh, you cursed children, I know you have left your shades behind, and wish to fish for benefit on the backs of your father..."

A massive red blade burst out of the body of the Abomination as Eos's Destroyer began cutting its way out of the prison of flesh, and the cries of the Abomination became more shrill.

"Fools, would your hatred for me blind you from the threat that he would become if he seizes the power of the Primordial Record? Cursed children, stop him!"

The body of Rowan that had almost become translucent froze in place as eight massive pillars of light appeared around the purple cube.

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Chapter 1982 I Am Pure

REALM OF DEATH.

Time no longer had any meaning in this battle; eternity became a day, and day became an eternity.

The seven Primordials – Nyxara, Primordial Soul, Asteroath, Primordial Light, Xylos, Primordial Demons, Eldrithor, Primordial Chaos, Xyris, Primordial Time, Elgorath, Primordial Memory, and Vorthas, Primordial Life – had carved a path through the heart of Death's infinite empire.

What began as a spearhead charge in the beginning, where the Primordials had been filled with endless resolve, had evolved into a grinding, soul-eroding siege.

The outer layers of the Realm of Death, those vast, shadowy expanses where the lesser dead roamed in silent legions, had long since been consumed. Now, the Primordials delved into the fractal depths, where the Beast of Final Rest hoarded its most ancient and potent harvests.

And they were facing the most powerful beings who had ever lived, and they no longer had their endless hunger and strength that was given to them by End; now they fought as their original full potential had always been before they began to devour Realities.

The battlefield no longer resembled the open voids of Limbo's fringes. It had become a labyrinthine horror, a multidimensional maze woven from the compressed essences of extinct realities.

Walls of bone, veined with the glowing runes of forgotten languages, twisted into impossible geometries. Floors were carpets of petrified souls, each one a nexus point from which infinite legions could unfold.

Even the foul heavens above dripped with the ichor of slain gods, forming rivers that flowed upward, defying gravity to drown the unwary in liquid regret. The air itself was thick with the whispers of the harvested, psychic echoes that clawed at the mind, planting seeds of doubt and madness.

If they were not so bogged down by the opposition against them, they would have been amazed at the variety of life they had slaughtered over sixty-five million Cosmic Eras.

The Primordials moved as a single, battered entity. Their wings, once radiant symbols of their Origins, were now scarred relics. Asteroath's white wings, the purest among them, had dimmed to a pallid gray, streaked with black veins where Death's necrosis had taken hold.

He flew at the vanguard, his light no longer a piercing lance but a flickering torch, illuminating only fragments of the horrors ahead. Behind him, Nyxara orchestrated the advance, her black soul-wings spread wide like a net, capturing stray Origin Force from the fallen dead and weaving it into temporary shields for her siblings.

Xylos flanked the left, his demonic black wings shedding feathers that burrowed into the ground like parasitic seeds, sprouting abyssal traps for pursuing legions. Eldrithor danced on the right, his chaotic storm-wings whipping up vortices of improbability that turned enemy charges into self-destructing farces.

They were getting tired, but their cooperation was growing increasingly more perfect, and they could only dig deeper to find newer ways to experiment with their powers.

The truth was that with the interference of Enoch and End, the Primordials never truly had a chance to understand the full breadth of their abilities, and only now could they know what they were capable of.

This battle was necessary, for without it, they could not fully digest all of the Origins they held in their bodies. Even without other foreign Origins within them, each Primordial held millions of the same Origin Power in their bodies, and this battle, although painful, was a necessary crucible for them to become stronger.

Xyris, Time's embodiment, lagged slightly, his purple wings beating erratically as he manipulated temporal eddies to age enemy formations into dust before they could fully manifest. Elgorath, the golden-winged Memory, walked in the center, his eyes distant, forcing waves of recollection upon the dead to make them falter.

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Vorthas brought up the rear, his green wings a tangled mass of vines and tumors, pouring life into the barren ground only to corrupt it into carnivorous thickets that devoured stragglers.

They had not rested in billions of years, as time stretched and stayed still in large bursts.

Rest was a luxury for lesser beings; for Primordials, it was a vulnerability the Beast would exploit. Yet fatigue gnawed at them, not physical but existential.

The madness that had driven them to betray Enoch and ravage Limbo now turned inward, amplified by the Realm's oppressive Will. Nyxara's plan – the grand design she had whispered into existence eons ago – held them together like a fraying thread.

“We consume Death to become Death,” she reminded them daily, her voice a soothing venom. But in the quiet moments between battles, doubts crept in... something was wrong. Yet they continued to push on.

Billions of years of battle passed by, and they breached a new layer, the Nexus of Nascent Realities. Here, the Beast had interred the corpses of unborn realities slaughtered in their infancy by the Primordials’ own rampages or by the natural cruelties of Limbo.

These were not mere souls but fractal infinities; each of these realities was a mandala of collapsed possibilities. The air hummed with unborn potential, a vibration that set the Primordials’ wings trembling.

The first sign of the impending cataclysm was a subtle dimming. Asteroath’s light flickered from an external force. “Something approaches,” he warned, his voice a hollow echo. The others formed a defensive circle, wings interlaced in the Spear formation they had perfected over the Eras.

Then the voice of the Beast entered their ears, and it was soft and silky... different from the brash voice of Death they had all been hearing from the moment they set foot in his realm.

“I would have to thank you, Primordials, for showing me the path to a truth that had been hidden from me... from everyone inside Existence. You may not understand what is about to happen, but I doubt that, the knowledge after all should be in your blood, all of you wretched spawns of Enoch.”

The Primordials remained silent, their faces set in grim lines as they focused on the impending sense of doom they were all feeling.

“You all slaughtered so much and fed me so much death that I evolved past any limitations that Death should have, and then I saw the truth... this Existence was not the first... There had been many Deaths before me, and I would reach past the fold of nothingness and draw them into my Realm... You all seek power in other Origins, while I am pure. Taste the first fruit of my success, and if you survive, I will show you how deep the rabbit hole goes.”

Something began to emerge from the depths of the Realm of Death. It unfolded, layer by layer, like a flower blooming in reverse – from infinity to singularity, then back again.

At first, it appeared as a distant speck, then it expanded, fractals branching into fractals, each iteration revealing more complexity, and it revealed itself as an ancient entity, a nascent Reality itself, harvested at the moment of its birth by the Beast.

It had been a budding reality, pregnant with universes, gods, and infinite lives. In death, the Beast had twisted it into a weapon: a mandala of absolute darkness, a living black hole woven from the threads of unfulfilled existence. The Beast should not have been capable

of wielding such a power, but everything touched by the corrupted hands of End tends towards destruction. It made this work easy for the Beast.

Its form defied description, but to the Primordials' higher-dimensional senses, it resembled a vast, rotating wheel of shadows.

At its center was a core of pure void pulsing like a heart, drawing in light, time, memory, and life. Radiating outward were spokes of fractal arms, each one a nexus from which legions of sub-entities could spawn shadowy doppelgangers of the Primordials themselves!

The edges of the wheel bled into the surrounding space, warping reality so that distance became meaningless – one moment it was a horizon away, the next it loomed overhead, blotting out the artificial dead stars that dotted the Realm of Death.

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Chapter 1983 You Have Fallen

Nyxara pushed her way out of the formation created by her siblings and looked at this Mandala of horror that had taken the shapes of the Primordials,

“So, with all the resources you have to work with, this is the greatest weapon you can create? These pale imitations of our glory?”

The creatures shaped by the power of Death roared in rage, and the sound was horrifying, emerging from an age that was alien to this Existence, because while it was true that Existences perish and are rebirthed, their essence was always subtly different.

In some Existence in the past, light was different, more dim or some were brighter, in others, the hardest substance was stone and not metal, but these were just the physical changes, the greatest changes were usually spiritual.

The Power Systems of each Existence may appear similar on the surface, but the differences would stump most immortals, and immortals across different Existences would struggle to understand the intricacies of the other immortal's art.

A slight change in the variation of spiritual power may make an immortal entirely hopeless against an opponent from another Existence, and the Primordials knew this, but they were not afraid of challenges like these, because they were among the few immortals across Existence that were uniquely suited to handle problems like these.

Their first advantage was that they came from a Luminous; their father, Enoch, was the heir of the most powerful race that had ever existed, and because the Primordials had

devoured the Origins of so many Realities, the Primordials had accumulated endless variations of the Origin force they controlled.

Every Origin Force was subtly different, and this meant that, in essence, the Primordials were able to mimic the effect of spiritual variation quite easily, and this was the reason that Nyxara was disdainful of this move from Death.

Asteroath stepped forward to stand beside Nyxara, white wings flaring to their fullest brilliance since the beginning of this endless battle. “Your time is over, and you will be unmade by our hands,” he declared, channeling his Origin Force into a beam of revelatory light.

The beam struck the mandala’s core, and for a heartbeat, it illuminated the horror within resurrected by Death. Layers upon layers of compressed suffering, and undead souls fused into a single, writhing mass. In this Existence, the soul had been closer to the flesh, and Death had chosen this creature because it knew of this unique property they had.

The mandala recoiled, fractal arms fracturing under the assault, but it adapted much quicker than the Primordials expected; its core pulsed, inverting the light while drawing all the scattered pieces of itself into its core so it stood as one Primordial being instead of many.

Asteroath’s beam bent backward, folding upon itself like origami made of fire as it reversed back to him, much faster than he had sent it out, mimicking what Death had used against the Primordial before.

The Primordials were powerful, but their battle awareness were still lacking, and Asteroath tried to dodge the beam, but he was a bit too slow and he was struck in the side of his chest. It struck him in the chest. The light that slammed against him carried the weight of an Existence that had expired long before this one, forcing the Primordial to see the truth of his own corruption.

Visions flooded his mind of the countless billions of lives he had erased in his madness as his light had been twisted into a weapon of annihilation. Light was never meant for such destruction, and Primordial Light staggered, wings dimming further. Nyxara looked at the state of Primordial Light in surprise. The power of this being and how it had effectively countered Asteroath was alarming.

Xylos had used the opportunity when the creature was retaliating against Asteroath to appear behind it and unleashed a storm of demonic feathers. They burrowed into its body where they hatched as abyssal worms that gnawed at the fractal structure.

Chunks of flesh and shadows sloughed off, revealing glowing voids beneath. The creature screamed and reversed its shape to a mandala and began to spin, its rotation generating a gravitational pull that dragged Xylos closer to its center, filled with terrible grinding teeth that would shred Xylos to dust. He resisted, black wings beating furiously, but the pull

was conceptual; it drew on his demonic nature, tempting him with the promise of infinite corruption.

Eldrithor joined the fray, laughing maniacally as he unraveled probability around the entity. “Let us see what happens if you never unfolded!” he cried, twisting causality so that the mandala’s expansion reversed. For a moment, it shrank, folding back into a speck. But they were in the Domain of Death, and it asserted itself, declaring the unfolding inevitable.

The backlash hit Eldrithor like a tidal wave of paradox; his storm-wings whipped into a frenzy, lightning bolts striking his own siblings by accident.

“Don’t forget, your fight is still with me. Now fight for your admission into my kingdom.”

Xyris sneered as he stood beside Nyxara, “This Beast is becoming too arrogant for my liking... how long do we have to play with him?”

Nyxara closed her eyes, “There is still time, follow the plan, we are still benefiting a lot from this battle, and we cannot return until we are prepared. Eos is too dangerous in his present form; we can only kill him instantly, or else, and he would find a way to survive.”

Primordial Time nodded grimly and focused on their latest opponent, sending a wave of power that aged the mandala, accelerating its timeline to entropy. Fractal arms withered, turning to dust. Yet the core remained timeless, anchored by Death’s essence. With the power of time surrounding it, the creature was able to use it as a bridge and countered Xyris by freezing time in a bubble around itself, causing Xyris to be trapped in a loop of his own aging. His purple wings grayed, and feathers fell like autumn leaves.

“This is not going well,” he groaned, “This Beast cannot be defeated by concept.”

“No, but it can be worn down.” Nyxara replied, “Our goal has shifted from pushing deep to exploring our abilities further. Changes are happening outside the realm, and our priorities have to shift to adjust to them.”

The terrifying battle continued, and the Primordials, except Nyxara, focused on wearing down the Creature, and although it was costly, they were succeeding. The power of its blows was lessening, and the Primordials were tasting victory, when, unexpectedly, the creature blasted forward, disregarding its body shattering under the barrage of attacks from the Primordials and enveloping Asteroath, Primordial Light, in an embrace of darkness.

Of all the Primordials here, Primordial Light had grown weaker than the rest due to its brash nature, and his Origin power clashed with that of the realm of Death. Inside, the Primordial found himself alone, his siblings’ cries muffled as if from across cosmic distances. The Beast of Final Rest whispered to him, “I know that you and your kind have your agenda for this battle, but do you think that I do not? While your kind were buried in

madness, I was planning and growing... I am an Architect of End, and you have fallen into my trap.”

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Chapter 1984 Last Words

For the first time since the battle began, Asteroath began to truly panic. He ignited his wings into a nova, not caring if he was burning off Origin Force, the mandala of darkness surrounding him, cracked leaking such bright light that it tore through this layer of Death’s domain and blasted away the Primordials that wanted to save him, in his panic, Asteroath was burning the foundation of his power to push away the crushing embrace of the mandala.

Asteroath had sensed what Death wanted to do to him, and he almost went insane with rage and fear. The Primary reason for this was simple, he heard the words... The Architect of End.

Apart from Enoch, the power that the Primordials fear was this organization, and what made this power so dangerous to even the Primordials was that, until Death had mentioned it to him at this moment, Asteroath had forgotten about the Architects and the Temple of End.

It was as if the knowledge of this place had been wiped out from the collective consciousness of the Primordial,s and if it were not mentioned, they would never remember it.

All this time, the Primordials had been fighting without pushing their limits. While it may appear as if Death was extremely powerful in comparison to the seven Primordials attacking it, the Primordials were not truly giving their all in this fight.

Every Primordial had millions of Origin Forces inside of them, and they could choose to fight while pulling from a single Origin Force or from all of them at once, and if they were desperate like Primordial Light currently was, they could burn these Origin Forces to create devastating power.

From the beginning of the battle till this moment, the Primordials had only been pulling power from a thousand sources of Origin Force in their bodies and were slowly ramping up this number as they grew familiar with their abilities and truly digested the power they had consumed.

They had monitored how much power Death had to give, and they saw that they were at a comfortable level while pushing out this output, and they even adjusted for any tricks that Death might dish out during the battle, and they were ready to unleash all their strength at a moment’s notice.

Nyxara had spoken of their deaths as a possibility, but that was only a trap to lure their opponent into a false sense of power. No Primordial here wanted to die, and if Death was foolish enough to believe that it was possible to kill them, then it was bound to be terribly surprised.

However, they were still too shallow in their scheming. Death had played a deeper game.

Despite Asteroath burning a thousand Origin Forces of Light to escape, he would have burned more, but this was his limit; the orb of darkness had only cracked and was not destroyed.

The Mandala of darkness that covered Primordial Light was not one... it was a thousand.

All this time, the Primordials had believed that Death had resurrected only one of these creatures, and even if he resurrected more, they were most likely being held back to be used at a later moment, but they were wrong. Death had placed a thousand of these creatures into the body of one, only to unleash them when the time was right.

At the beginning of the fight, this creature had introduced itself by splitting into many pieces, each representing a different Primordial, before it drew all of those pieces inside itself and challenged the Primordials as a single being. Asteroath was now realizing that even that transformation had been a trap.

It was a forgone conclusion that Asteroath, despite burning his Origin Force, could not tear himself away from this trap.

He charged the core, wings folded into a ram, and Primordial Light roared as he slammed into the wall of darkness. The impact sent shockwaves through the Realm of Death as it erupted out of the orb, shattering nearby Regions of Death and releasing swarms of undead nightmares that were flattened to the ground as the wave of power was nearly unending.

The core absorbed the blow, stretching for a nanometer, before it compressed and then closed around him like a fist. Inside the mandala, Asteroath experienced the death of a thousand Existences, the crushing weight of unbirth, the scream of possibilities extinguished. It drained his light, sip by sip, turning his radiance into fuel for its own darkness.

He began to scream, such gut-wrenching screams that made his siblings pale in shock. The last time they had heard cries like this, they had been mortals. The shock and the unease in their hearts exploded; this time, it seemed they were truly in real danger and not the fake danger they had been playing at.

Outside, the siblings redoubled their efforts. Xylos spewed his corruption into the darkness, wrapping Primordial Light, turning parts of it into demonic allies that attacked the mandala from within. Eldrithor created pockets of chaos where the entity's logic

failed, causing arms to tie themselves in knots. Xyris slowed time around the core, giving Asteroath moments to escape. Elgorath bombarded it with memories of light – suns rising, stars birthing, dawns breaking. Vorthas grew a forest of living spears that pierced the shadows.

All of them were burning their Origin Force without holding back, because the threat of death was real for them this time. Under their relentless barrage, the orb began to weaken, and the cracks grew, but the shrill cries of Asteroath were becoming weaker.

Nyxara, watching all of this, suddenly dove in, soul-wings slicing through fractal layers. She reached the core and pulled Asteroath out, his form flickering like a dying candle. “Brother,” she whispered, “hold on.”

But the damage was done. The mandala, weakened but not destroyed, pulsed one final time. A wave of absolute darkness washed over Asteroath, swallowing his light entirely. His wings crumpled, folding inward until only a single white feather remained, floating in the void.

The mandala shattered under the combined assault, its fragments dissolving into the nexus. But the victory was pyrrhic. Asteroath was dying.

His eyes were wide as he looked at his sister, Nyxara, “I don’t... I don’t understand,” he said... these were his last words.

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Chapter 1985 Understanding Pain

The eyes of Asteroath that were once twin stars blazing with unmatched radiance were now dim embers. His glorious wings were gone, and only their shadows remained in the air. There was only a single feather left that drifted towards his cooling body, and Nyxara closed her fist around the falling feather.

Her hands were shaking as rage filled her to the core. She squeezed the feather, but she did not absorb it, not yet. Turning her gaze, which held sorrow and indecision, to her siblings, Nyxara did not see the Primordials they had become; instead, she saw children whose parents and their entire world saw them as curses.

The seven of them were siblings by blood, and every time their mother was giving birth to them, the moon above turned blood red and caused rain of blood and poison all through their world. This sight had driven their parents mad, and their people had cursed them, for their births always led to the deaths of millions.

It did not matter that the children were born innocent, and their talents, while dreadful, could still be harnessed for good. But they were rejected, beaten, cursed, could barely feed

themselves, and every day had been an endless litany of danger and wickedness, and if Enoch had not found them, Nyxara knew that they would not have lived for another month.

Despite all of these tribulations faced by them, one single thing kept them together, and that was the knowledge that they had each other. It was a miracle that they were able to live for so long as mortals when an entire world wanted to eradicate them, and the only reason for that was their unity. Even as Primordials, they never lost this bond, and for it to be severed in this manner broke something inside Nyxara.

Beside her, Xylos trembled in demonic rage. He once thought he had lost the ability to feel pain, but he was wrong. Asteroath was not the youngest, but in spirit, he was. Brash and loud, he did everything without hesitation, and when it came to battle, he pushed himself to the front, even when he was technically a glass cannon.

Eldrithor was silent for the first time in eternity; he was chaos, yet this chaos had become almost orderly. Such was his shock that he had forgotten to please his innate nature and could only stare at the body of his brother that was slowly dispersing into ash in the arms of his sister.

They had seen more deaths than anyone in Existence, and yet they had never seen their own. If they were going to die, a part of them believed it must be by the hand of Enoch or even Eos, not Death... not this dirty beast whose function was to be their whetting stone as they prepared for the true battle ahead. Xyris stared into futures that suddenly branched into true darkness. It was a strange thing for him to look into the future and not see the light of his brother. While it was true that he no longer had the ability to see the future, he could still speculate with near-perfect accuracy, and he no longer saw light. Where that warmth had always been and seemed forever, now there was... nothing.

Elgorath, remembering everything about his brother and wishing he could never forget, but he knew it was no longer possible. Unlike his siblings, he could still see Light, still hear his voice, and if he wanted, he could touch him, but even these memories were beginning to fade. Death had taken him away so thoroughly that not even the memories of Light remained, and from this point on, only a few would remember that Asteroath ever lived.

Vorthas, the Primordial of Life, hovered his hand over the dissipating body of his brother, and he could not sense any spark that he could fan into a greater blaze. Hearing the sound of burning, he looked at the ground, and he noticed that he was weeping tears that burned the earth.

Of all his siblings, he disliked Light the most; his nature made Vorthas annoyed, but he was his brother, and even all of existence could not equal a single hair on his head. Vorthas had always loved death, but that was because he knew that it could never touch anyone whom he held dear.

All of their eyes fell on Nyxara, and she looked deeper into the Realm, fiery tears burning holes in her face as her gaze pierced toward the hidden core where the Beast waited.

She was silent, then her voice, when it came, was quiet. Deadly quiet.

“The game changes now. We have been shown many times in the past that we were not ready, and yet we did not take this lesson to heart. Sleep well, brother, if there is anything of you that remains in the bosom of the Beast, we shall take them.”

Slowly coming to her feet, the remains of Asteroath collapsed to ash around her, and even that ash faded away to nothing. To kill a Primordial meant eradicating everything that they were; nothing of them could remain, or they were never truly dead.

Slowly opening her fist, Nyxara looked at the feather, the last part of Asteroath she was able to keep because Primordial Light, the moment he was about to die, stripped away his consciousness from his Light, leaving millions of Origin Forces of Light behind.

In death, Primordial Light had also been victorious; he had protected his power from falling into the hands of Death. Nyxara growled in pain as she pressed the white feather to her chest.

It sank in as it burned into her heart, and she grimaced in pain. She drew in a long breath, and silence filled the realm of Death, and as she exhaled, a new wing erupted from her back, white, but veined with black soul-threads, creating a hybrid light that cast no warmth.

Pain tore through her as two Origin Forces warred for dominance within her essence. Nyxara did not flinch.

“Let’s kill this Beast,” she whispered.

Her words carried the resolve of the Primordials; they were filled with the promise of pain, as Asteroath did not just preserve his Origin Force, but he had called out the name of their enemy, causing them to remember them.

The Architects of End had been remembered. Death had played deeper than any of them imagined. And for the first time since the war began, the remaining Primordials understood that they could lose.

Of all his siblings, he disliked Light the most; his nature made Vorthas annoyed, but he was his brother, and even all of existence could not equal a single hair on his head. Vorthas had always loved death, but that was because he knew that it could never touch anyone whom he held dear.

Chapter 1986 A New Pact

Half of the Realm of Death lay in ruin, and a greater part of the damage had occurred after the fall of Primordial Light. Before the fall of the Primordial, the fight had been tense, but both parties were pulling their punches; the fall of one of their number broke the last lock on the Primordial's restraint.

No longer holding back, the Primordials unleashed all the Origin Forces they controlled, and the Realm of Death, infinite in its depths, melted before their might. Countless regions were shattered, and armies without number could not even get the chance to know how they perished.

The Primordials paused for a moment, observing their work and finding no joy in it.

Shattered fractal shards floated like broken glass in the void, reflecting distorted echoes of the battle that was growing more heated. Trillions of Regions had been erased in the cataclysm, their harvested souls dissolving into wisps of unremembered smoke. The air, if such a thing existed in this deeper layer of the Realm of the dead, hummed with the aftershocks of burned Origin Forces, a low vibration that set the remaining Primordials' wings trembling.

They had begun to burn their Origin Force if they detected any hint of resistance, ensuring that there would be no way for Death to ever surprise them. Their strategy was brilliant as several Mandal of various elemental forces were discovered, and if they had been any less careful, some of them might have died.

The Beast that they helped create had more teeth than they originally believed.

Nyxara stood at the center of the Primordials, her new hybrid wings casting a cold, uneven glow over the devastation. The white feather's light, now threaded with her black soul-essence, illuminated the faces of her siblings, Xylos, his demonic features twisted in barely contained fury; Eldrithor, chaos subdued into an unnatural stillness; Xyris, his temporal senses reeling from futures that had suddenly darkened; Elgorath, golden frameworks dim as he etched Asteroath's final scream into eternal memory; Vorthas, green wings drooping, sap-tears carving furrows in his skin.

They formed a circle for mourning and not defensive purposes. Asteroath's death hung between them like a black hole, pulling at their resolve. They thought that the sting of Asteroath's loss would begin to lessen after a while, but the reverse was the case; they felt his absence more deeply than ever. The plans they had made that spanned endless eons now felt fragile. They had burned through tens of thousands of Origin Forces in that desperate rescue, ramping up from their cautious thousand to levels they hadn't touched since the betrayal of Enoch. And still, it hadn't been enough.

In the heart of Nyxara, she remembered the screams of Rowan when she showed him the dying souls of his mother, children, and his friends. She had seen his pain, and it had amused her that someone so powerful and graced with so much potential could be so... fragile.

‘Is this what he felt every time we broke his heart? If so, why does he continue collecting the weak around him?’

“We press on,” Nyxara said, her voice steady but laced with an undercurrent of something new, uncertainty. “Asteroath’s light fuels us now. We adapt. We—”

The Realm of Death shuddered, and the Primordials had to call their powers to surround them as something deep inside it was stirring.

Look of astonishment flew from the eyes of the Primordials as they looked at each other, for a moment, the power they had felt had exceeded anything they had ever come across before.

The ground, compressed layers of ancient corpses, split open like a wound reopening. From the fissure rose a presence that dwarfed the Mandalas that had taken the life of Primordial Light, the generals of Death and their infinite legions. It was not an army. It was the source.

The Beast of Final Rest emerged.

It did not charge or roar. It simply... was.

Its form defied the Primordials’ senses, even their higher-dimensional perceptions.

To mortal eyes, it might have appeared as a colossal crow, bloated and grotesque, feathers matted with the ichor of devoured souls. But to the six, it was a shifting amalgam, a black hole wearing the skins of every death it had ever claimed.

Faces flickered across its surface, gods, titans, entire realities, screaming silently before sinking back into the void. Its wings were not appendages but absences, vast stretches of nothing that swallowed light, time, and memory. Its eyes were twin abysses, reflecting not the present but the inevitable end of all things.

The realization that they were looking at the true form of Death was terrifying. More than anyone, it had worn its mask more closely than they anticipated. The Primordials believed that the growth of Death had depended on the number of Realities dying inside of Existence, but the Beast saw farther than they did, and it exploited previous doomed Existences to further its agenda.

Perhaps it was due to its nature, but Death had secretly grown to a degree it had begun to equal the Primordials when they were filled with madness, but unlike them, who could not handle the strain of countless different Origin Forces, Death was able to perfectly integrate the Deaths from all previous Existences into itself.

The Beast hovered before them, its size encompassing the entire ruined nexus, yet somehow it was still too close, almost intimately, as if it were standing beside them and

whispering directly into their essences. The air grew heavy with the scent of decay—not rot, but the sterile finality of extinction.

The Primordials tensed, wings flaring instinctively. Xylos summoned demonic swarms from his feathers, Eldrithor stirred pockets of chaos, and Xyris prepared to age the Beast into oblivion. But Nyxara raised a hand, her new white-black wing pulsing with restrained power.

“Wait,” she commanded. “It comes not to fight.”

The Beast’s voice emerged not from a mouth, but from everywhere: the ground, the shards, the very void. It was a whisper that echoed like thunder, layered with the final breaths of trillions.

“You have tasted true peril, children of madness. Asteroath’s light is extinguished. I have proven my point; even Primordials can end. Your arrogance blinded you to this truth, but now you see. Continue this war, and more of you will follow him into the nothing I guard. One by one, your Origins will feed my hunger, until only echoes remain.”

The words hung in the void, heavy with inevitability. The Beast did not gloat; it stated fact, as dispassionate as gravity.

Elgorath flinched, his golden wings flickering as fragmented memories of the Architects of End surfaced unbidden, erased knowledge bubbling up like blood from a fresh cut. Vorthas’s eyes shook erratically. Even Xylos, ever the tempter, felt a chill in his abyssal core.

Nyxara stepped forward, her hybrid wing casting elongated shadows that danced like living things. “You emerge now, Beast? After millennia of hiding behind your harvested hordes? Speak your purpose, or we resume the digestion of your Realm, and if you believe this form would stop us, then you do not know what we truly are.”

The Beast’s form rippled, faces of fallen Primordials, long-forgotten siblings from ancient cycles, surfacing briefly before vanishing.

“I have no need to hide. I am the end that awaits all. But you... you are anomalies. Disruptors. You sought to consume me, to reshape Limbo in your image. Yet in doing so, you have awakened older powers. The Architects stir. The Temple of End watches. Your war risks more than your own unmaking; it risks unraveling the fragile balance that even I respect.”

A pause, the void seeming to inhale.

“Now that I have proven you can be killed, proven it with the blood of your brother, I offer not surrender, but agreement. A new pact, forged in the shadow of true death.”

The Primordials exchanged glances, a silent communion born of eons together. Xyris saw branching timelines where acceptance led to betrayal, rejection to annihilation. Eldrithor sensed chaos in the offer, probabilities twisting into knots.

“Speak the terms,” Nyxara said, her voice a blade sheathed in silk. “We listen. For now.”

The Beast’s eyes deepened, pulling at their gazes like event horizons. “I claim the power of End. The absolute cessation, the erasure that even Primordials fear. In exchange, you acquire all the powers of Origin. The raw creation force of Enoch’s cradle, untainted by his chains. You become the architects of new beginnings, reshaping Limbo’s desolation into whatever madness or glory you desire. I remain the guardian of endings, ensuring balance. No more war between us. We divide Existence from this point forward, you birth, I reap. And together, we stand against the Architects, against Eos, against Enoch and all those who would stand against us, should they deem our pact... unacceptable.”

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Chapter 1987 A Potent Choice

The offer echoed through the Realm of Death, stirring the remnants of shattered mandalas into faint whispers.

It was not mercy being offered by the Beast of Final Rest; it was pragmatism. The Beast had not just grown fat on the Primordials’ scraps, but it had also been consuming the other Deaths that had existed in failed Existences in the past.

While the Primordials had been consuming the Origin Forces of this Existence, the Beast had been consuming lesser Deaths of the past, and the only reason it was able to do this was that the Primordials had supercharged the power of Death in this Existence, creating Limbo out of Existence and giving Death the chance to become something that had never been seen before.

However, unlike the Primordials who grew mad with more power, Death did not change; it only grew greedier. Asteroath’s death had shown it could claim more, yet at what cost?

The war against the Primordials had already weakened its infinite Regions, and the stirring of forgotten powers like the Architects, Enoch, and the rise of Eos threatened even Death itself. There were challenging opponents out there, and this war would not serve any of their interests well.

Xylos laughed, a demonic bark that echoed hollowly. “You fear them, too, crow? Then you should have led with that, instead of your endless posturing.”

The Beast did not deny it. “All things end. But some endings are... premature, even for me. My posturing had purpose; without the fall of your brother, you would never have

listened to me. Our Agreement must be bound by blood and death; only this would make it binding.”

Nyxara’s mind raced, calculating angles she hadn’t foreseen. The plan had always been consumption, ascension through devouring Death whole. The slow fight with the Beast was for them to thoroughly digest their Origin powers, and when that was perfected, all seven of them would tear the Beast to pieces and feed on its Origin. This would give them enough power to stand against their father, Enoch, and suppress any danger that would inevitably erupt from Eos.

But this... this was a pivot. If this went according to plan, then Origin powers unbound, without Enoch’s oversight, would be theirs to command. The ability to create without the madness that had driven them to betrayal. And an ally against the Architects, whose Temple now loomed in their recovered memories as a force older than Limbo itself.

Yet trust was a foreign concept. Death had just slain one of their own to make a point. Was this a trap, layered like the mandalas? Could they afford not to take this step? Even as they were fighting, Existence was changing, Enoch had revealed his hand, and from the actions of Death, then the Architects were also making their move.

Vorthas spoke first, his voice rough with sap and sorrow. “And Asteroath? Does your pact bring him back?” The other Primordials glanced at Vorthas; they all knew he was not too enamored with their brother, yet it was surprising that the death of Asteroath had shaken him more than any of them.

The Beast’s form darkened. “End is final. Even I cannot unmake what I have claimed. But his light serves now—in her.” A tendril of shadow pointed to Nyxara’s new wing. “Honor him by choosing wisdom over annihilation.”

Eldrithor stirred, chaos flickering in his eyes. “A coin flip, then? Heads, we win Origins; tails, we die anyway with the torn throat of this Beast under our teeth? I don’t want to ally with the Beast that killed our brother without this element of chaos. I think Asteroath would love it.”

Xyris nodded, purple bones creaking. “The futures branch darkly. Acceptance... stability, but chained to this thing. Rejection... more falls, but potential for total victory.”

Elgorath remained silent, remembering pacts of old, betrayals woven into every agreement the Primordials had ever made. In the past, they had the time to analyze and come back from any failure, but everything was happening so fast at this point that there was no way to guarantee that any of their choices would be the right ones.

There was true danger in making the wrong choice, and if they did not make any choice, that was where guaranteed danger would arise from.

Nyxara spread her wings; they now held three colors: black soul Origin Essence, white-black light Origin Essence, and the budding storm of her evolving essence. She met the Beast's abyssal gaze. This was a clear warning. The Primordials were not easy prey, and Nyxara was evolving into a higher form as time passed, meaning that the death of Asteroath did not weaken the Primordials; it had strengthened them.

Nyxara's powers grew with the addition of the Origin of Light, and this growth was exponential. She was more powerful than any of the Primordials here, and her potential was increasing. Death may have made a valid point, but there was a price for its actions, and Nyxara was showing it.

"We will consider your offer, Beast of Final Rest. But know this: if it is deception, we will burn every last Region, every harvested soul, until you beg for the End you guard."

The Beast inclined its form, a gesture that could have been a nod or a threat. "Deliberate swiftly. The Architects, and your father, do not wait."

It sank back into the fissure, the ground sealing seamlessly behind it. The Realm of Death fell silent once more, save for the faint hum of recovering memories.

The six Primordials turned inward, the weight of the pact pressing upon them. Asteroath's death had changed everything. No longer was the war a game of proxies and calculated feints. Now, it was real.

"What will it be, Nyxara?" Xyris asked, "You have seen the actions of our father, the Cradle is no more, and our opportunity to enrich ourselves on its essence can no longer be carried out. You must have also felt the power of the clash between Eos and his Abomination; that child is more powerful than we have planned for. What is our way forward?"

CRADLE OF ENOCH (41 Million Cosmic Eras in the past)

At first, Rowan was watching the events happening inside Eosah's Reality with bated breath, seeing the body of Eosah twisted into an Abomination as the second Incarnation pushed for the level of the Primordial of Space.

Enoch had been glowing, a faint chuckle constantly emerging from his mouth as he watched the New Primordials struggle against the creature. Rowan was grateful that his main body had been wise enough to begin creating the separation between all life inside Eosah's Reality before this point, or the act of Enoch creating this Abomination would have led to the extinction of all life inside Reality.

The power of this Abomination and its ability to corrupt everything it touches were a problem, and Rowan was amazed at the abilities of the New Primordials to resist this power, but of course, it was not enough, and the Abomination was winning.

Rowan could see the reason and knew it was because of the power of End, whose nature was unknown to all forms of power inside Existence. The Abomination would not live for long, but in exchange, Enoch was using the smallest trace of corruption and evolution to change Reality as he saw fit.

New Book!!!

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Chapter 1988 Consequences

Rowan was able to properly observe this process and discovered that while Enoch could not give many instructions to the Abomination due to the fact that he could not fully integrate himself with Existence any longer, he did not need to do much. The Abomination he created was not a scapel but a hammer, and it was meant to crush all opposition. The Abomination faced the threats of the Primordials, and with each evolution, its powers multiplied until all opposition was crushed. Although inside this place, Rowan could clearly see the life force of the Abomination rapidly running out, it would not take too long to destroy the Incarnation.

Rowan trusted that Eos must have set aside plans to ensure that the Incarnation succeeded, and despite the enjoyment in the eyes of Enoch, he was not worried that events would go along with Enoch's plans, and he was right.

In a move that stunned both of them here, the Incarnation had attacked the Abomination with... Memory.

Due to the unknown dimension of this place, which was at a much higher level than the purple cube space, they could also see the memories that the Incarnation was showing to the Abomination, and it stunned Rowan and Enoch in their place.

At first, the memories were of scenes of destruction; it showed the countless Realities that had fallen in the hands of the Primordials under the order of Enoch, but where this memory would have stunned any creature in place, it seemed to feed the Abomination as it gloried in the destruction of everything that took away its power from him.

Enoch's laughter at this point was growing, and it was no longer a silent chuckle but a mad bellow, "Did he think showing me the destruction I have wrought upon Existence would make me feel pity?! Shame he has not seen what is inside this place, or seen my true face, else he would be running in horror at what I am capable of."

Rowan pursed his lips and kept his silence, trusting in the abilities of his main body and the Incarnation. The memory continued playing, going deeper in the past, and Enoch watched everything in rapt attention, but Rowan detected the moment his amusement began to change.

It was slight change, barely noticeable, but it made Rowan focus more closely on the memory that was being shown and he saw that the memories was going far back into the past, to the beginning when the Primoridials began to slaughter Reality sixty five Million Cosmic Eras ago, and was still going back much farther in the past... to the time when Enoch was creating Existence.

The laughter had long ceased from the mouth of Enoch, and a deep frown was growing on his face. Rowan felt a chill run down his spine when Enoch turned his gaze to him before focusing back on the memory.

He could easily read the question in the eyes of Enoch, and he knew he was asking how his Incarnation was able to know the details of the past.

The truth seemed to hit Rowan and Enoch at the same time, bringing forth two different reactions. Rowan was ecstatic, while Enoch was furious. They realized that this knowledge must have come from the Incarnation striving to become the Primordial of Space.

Reaching the Primordial Level in the Primordial Origin Force of Space was a great choice, and Rowan wondered if his main body knew something like this would happen when he made that decision.

The Memory kept playing, showing the creation process of Existence in reverse, and Rowan was already aware of most of this since Enoch had told him of the creation story, but the anger and concern in the face of Enoch was not normal; something seemed off...

Why would Enoch be concerned with his Incarnation knowing about the creation of Existence? This should also be good for him, since he might be able to convince his main body to work with him instead. Enoch raised his hand as if he wanted to disperse the memory, but he held it in place, anger and a bit of worry in his eyes, and he made no effort to hide it. Rowan's eyes lit up, and he focused on the memory, knowing that the only reason Enoch would react in this manner must be due to the fact that the stories he told Rowan were either lies or incomplete.

Then it happened.

According to what Enoch had told him, after the destruction of the previous Existence, after a while, Enoch emerged from the space where he had hidden himself, and he began to recreate the new Existence in his image.

Well, it turned out that he was lying, because Rowan could see the memories staring at the Abomination in its boyish face. A Reality, larger than any he had ever seen, was slowly growing in the nothingness, and Enoch came upon this nascent Reality and killed him... Enoch killed Hundun, a unique Reality born outside the death and rebirth cycle maintained by the power of End.

This was the truth that Enoch had hidden from Rowan, and it had been ripped open, and now it was Rowan's turn to smile. For so long, Enoch had used the weight of his knowledge like a whip against Rowan; he knew that Rowan did not know of the secrets of the past, and so he had ensured that the noose over his neck tightened with every passing day, and now, that noose was no longer appearing to be as tight as Enoch once believed.

Enoch glanced up and noticed the smile on Rowan's face, and he sneered, "This changes nothing. What if he knows the Origin of Existence, Hundun died before he could take a breath, and the Incarnation would follow, you will never reach—"

Enoch's eyes bulged in shock, fury, and intense fear as the memory of Hundun transformed in front of them. In the past, Hundun had never awakened. Enoch had stabbed him in the heart and shattered his body into infinite pieces, but in this memory, Hundun was slowly opening his eyes, and his gaze focused on the Abomination, which began to swell as its nature warred against each other.

This gaze also travelled through the eyes of the Abomination, using this memory as a medium to reach Enoch, and slammed into him. Enoch was thrown backwards, and his body slammed into the wall of the cave with bone-breaking force.

He fell to one knee, gasping in shock, and suddenly his mouth opened wide, and he began to vomit blood. The blood rushed out of him like a waterfall, and they all belonged to Rowan, for nearly twenty Cosmic Eras, Enoch had been drinking Rowan's blood like a gigantic leech, and now the gaze of Hundun had turned that blood to poison. In the same way, the Abomination could not withstand the gaze; Enoch could not hold the blood of Hundun's descendant inside his body.

Enoch roared in rage, but he could not stop the blood from flowing out of his body; now they were beginning to emerge from his eyes, nose, and ears, and soon, even his skin began to weep blood in vast amounts.

"No... No... this cannot be!"

Turning bloody eyes filled with rage at Rowan, he screamed, and across time and space, the dying Abomination also echoed his words,

"It is not over, Rowan, and your rights to life have just expired... I will be coming for you."

With a roar of rage, Enoch vanished, but Rowan could still track him as a waterfall of blood erupted outside the cave, causing a fresh round of angered roar from Enoch.

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

Chapter 1989 Back To The Future

In all the time Rowan had spent inside this Space, he had bled enough to drown hundreds of Realities. His tenacity and Will had been tested beyond his limits, and if not for his great foundation that allowed him to pull miracles from the jaws of defeat, he knew he would not be standing here at this moment and watching Enoch rage in his defeat.

Enormous volumes of blood erupted from Enoch in the distance, making him resemble a red sun. Shockwaves erupted from this enormous ball of blood as an enormous ocean of it began to gather on the ground.

Walking to the edge of the cave, Rowan saw that the field of bones had become covered by an ocean of red blood, and more was still thundering down from above, accompanied by the screams of Enoch.

Enormous waves rose from the ocean, the wind stirring Rowan's hair as he watched in astonishment as all the blood he had bled was being displayed before him. Thunder rumbled as purple lightning began to travel through the air, and a thick red cloud gathered above.

The heat and the intense volume of the blood being shed by Enoch were changing the weather, and it was causing changes that were sweeping across this land of the fallen.

Rowan's blood was extremely potent, even when it had been reduced to its mortal form, and now that this blood was being shed so aggressively, the powers in his blood could no longer be hidden.

Years passed as Enoch shed all the blood he had taken from Rowan, and his cries of rage never stopped throughout this time. Still, Rowan had noticed that as time passed, something dangerous was growing inside the voice of Enoch; it was beyond rage or hate, it was something darker.

Enoch was the ultimate narcissist, and he could not endure that anything he had taken for himself was taken away from him. The defiance that his main body was showing was partially endured by Enoch because he intrinsically knew that he held all the cards, but now that the balance was beginning to shift, and in the same manner that Enoch had ended his entire Existence and his people, Rowan could detect that he was about to do the same again.

This was what was most dangerous about this being; if he was pushed to a place he did not want, he was willing to destroy it all. And he did not care if the result of his actions would lead to more misery in the future. It took a special kind of being to eradicate his entire Existence.

Rowan feared Enoch, not for him, but for his main body... the voice of this being held so much hate, Rowan knew he would no longer be holding to any restraint that had kept him here for the last sixty-five million Cosmic Eras.

“DO YOU THINK YOU HAVE WON!”

The roar of Enoch thundered in the air above, and Rowan frowned as he saw that the flood of blood had ended, and he felt a cold breeze blow past him, and the voice of Enoch that once came as a roar above became a whisper beside his ears, “Do you think you have won?”

Rowan grinned, not even glancing at Enoch, who must have returned to the cave, “You were the one that claims omnipotence Enoch, not me... the ball is still in your court, and everything happening goes according to your plan, but I still don’t understand... despite all your wisdom and power, how can you still fail so spectacularly?”

Enoch did not reply to Rowan immediately, but a growing chill behind him made Rowan realize that he had not left, and triggering this being might be a mistake, but Rowan was realizing that despite all of Enoch’s power, he might be a bit... too arrogant and brash.

Someone of his power should be much wiser, and Rowan wondered if it was because Enoch was born with so much power, making him unable to fully understand that certain actions should not be made or taken lightly.

However, he was still extremely dangerous, and Rowan understood that the chance for his main body would only come from the arrogance of Enoch and his propensity to take rash and drastic actions when he was led by his emotions.

Enoch had too much power, and his arrogance would be his failing, and Rowan could make that happen.

“You are right... I spent too long playing a game that benefits all but me, now I am taking it all back.”

The voice paused, “It is time for Existence to end. If my children would not make it happen, then I will.”

Hearing this cold voice, Rowan turned around, and his eyes widened as he looked at the form of Enoch. He no longer resembled a young man at the peak of his life; he had shrunk, becoming smaller and older, as if he had become a man in his eighties.

Enoch glanced at Rowan and then closed his eyes. He began to slowly spread his hands, and a chant began to emerge from his mouth. Rowan frowned as he felt an intense power of time begin to surround this entire realm, and he grabbed a piece of time and saw that it was moving forward rapidly.

Enoch was accelerating their return to the future!

PRESENT DAY

“Fools, would your hatred for me blind you from the threat that he would become if he seizes the power of the Primordial Record? Cursed children, stop him!”

The angered roar from the Abomination, who was trying hard and failing to contain Eos, shook Limbo. However, it was failing as new power grew from within Eos that exceeded anything it had felt before... What the Abomination could not imagine was that Eos was evolving, and his evolution usually led to massive spikes in power, and this time, there was nothing different from the norm.

It realized that the growth of Eos could not be stopped, and trapping him was impossible, but the Abomination did not care. Rowan had succeeded; he had reached the ninth-dimensional level despite the hindrance placed on his path. Everything that should be impossible for him to achieve, he had done so in flying colors, and now the Abomination could not allow him to escape.

Chapter 1990 You Should Not Have Challenged Me

Rowan's body hung suspended on the Road of Eternity, translucent and fading like mist caught in a sudden freeze. The ascension had been a storm of chaotic tribulations, memories, emotions, sensations crashing through him in ninth-dimensional tides that no mind should bear.

He had pushed through, fusing with the Origin of Space, the Maw of Oblivion opening wide in his soul. He had succeeded and had become the Primordial of Space. For him, this was just the beginning; becoming a Primordial was to acquire the keys to open the treasure resting in his body.

It might seem like he was on the verge of success, but he was in greater danger than before, and every move he made from this point forward must be perfect, else he would lose.

He and Eos were rapidly sending large bursts of information between them, and a trillion plans were proposed and discarded, leaving just one they believed could work. The challenge they faced was not just the Abomination, on the verge of attaining the ultimate prize, everyone would be coming for them... everyone.

In the past few moments, they had become aware of so many truths, and they needed to thoroughly digest all they had come to know of Existence, their enemies, and take charge of what would happen next.

This was the final roll of the dice, and anything could happen.

The calm voice of Eos resounded in Rowan's head, “The plan starts... now!”

Rowan grinned, and he began to fade. He wrapped the power of space around all of his Primordials and sent them to the location where they were needed, leaving him alone on the Road of Eternity. His actions came at the right time because, before he could vanish, eight pillars of light erupted around the Road of Eternity, and Limbo was frozen for countless trillions of light-years.

‘Shame,’ Rowan thought, ‘If I had been able to flee far from here, the burden on Eos would have been reduced. Well, who am I to take away his conquest? Now let me see the face of my enemies.’

Seven of the pillars resolved into forms that carried echoes of the fundamental laws of Existence, and they seemed to resonate with Rowan, who had become the first Ancient Primordial seen in a long time, especially given that there had never been a Primordial of Space before.

This resonance extended beyond this and touched on the deeper ties that connect the Primordials, Rowan, and the Abomination. In a better world, they would all be allies and siblings, but in this one, they were here to kill each other.

Rowan now knew the truth of their creation and his history. The seven Ancient Primordials, children of Enoch, born from the white Lumina that had rejected the golden stillness of their ancestors, the Luminious. Their wings were not pure light like the Luminious, but carried the colors of their Origin Forces, twisted reflections of the traits they had inherited and then corrupted in their madness.

He could have wings in this form, but Rowan chose not to; it would only draw the wrong attention, and the plans he was making were difficult enough as it is. Still, his attention was drawn to the last and unexpected member who was with the seven Primordials, and Rowan would have wished that he was surprised, but he was not. There were no eternal enemies, only benefits.

Death had chosen its side, and it had picked wrongly.

His Archai had lost sight of the Primordials when they went deeper into the domain of Death, and it would seem that in the periods he was not able to monitor the battle, a great change had taken place. ‘How fascinating. There may be hidden connections that I am not yet aware of... the plan must be adjusted accordingly.’

The eighth pillar was different from the Primordial’s; it was a mandala of absolute darkness that had fractal arms spinning slowly along its entire length, and from it came a rider, a general of Death astride a pale horse forged from compressed voids.

This undead being had powers equal to a Primordial, and with the shroud of Death hanging heavy around him, this general would be more dangerous than the average Primordial entity.

The horse's hooves struck the Road with the sound of closing coffins as it became the first of Rowan's adversaries to stand on the Road, the fearless general cloaked in black bone armor etched with runes of forgotten endings, on his face was a cracked porcelain mask hiding his features, leaving only two burning red eyes shining through.

The eight formed a perfect octagon around the road, ensuring that the surrounding space was bound in a cage of higher-dimensional restraint as the air on the Road thickened with their combined Will that screamed of ambition twisted into judgment, inevitability laced with betrayal.

The Abomination in the distance, who was still enfolding Eos in its body, looked on with astonishment. A million yellow eyes grew from its stretching flesh and bulged in shock. It had not expected this. Death joining his cursed children? The Beast of Final Rest allying with the mad offspring who had ravaged Existence? How did they stop themselves from devouring each other?

"How..." the Abomination whispered in Enoch's voice, layered with End's certainty cracking. "My cursed children... with that damned beast? You should devour each other."

Nyxara, her wings that were no longer purple but deep black, turned her gaze toward the Abomination. "We are not here for you, monster. Not yet. We are here for the thief who would take all that we have labored for all these years."

The general of Death laughed, voice a rattle of bones. "And I am here for the harvest you delayed. The dead belong to the Beast. Not to you... Enoch"

With these words, the eight figures here released a pure wave of Will and power that surged across the Road of Eternity in a ripple that solidified the air into crystal. Time stuttered, space locked, motion simplified to stillness. The Road itself groaned under the wave, a sound like bones grinding, and Rowan's form fully solidified on the Road; his attempt to escape had been thoroughly shattered, and his only recourse was to fight for his life.

Nyxara floated closer, her black wings casting elongated shadows that danced like living accusations. "The Road is well-made," she said, voice a soothing venom. "Built from our fallen bodies. Eos's ruthlessness is admirable. He used the mad ones as foundation, bones for paving, blood for mortar, wings for the curve that leads to infinity. A masterpiece of cruelty, it is a shame to kill you and all he stands for. But it ends here."

The general of Death nodded, pale horse pawing the ground with a clack that echoed like closing tombs. "The Beast approves. Your father's legacy stole our harvest. We take payment from the thief. With his Origin power, we shall unlock the Primordial Record, and everything will fall in place."

The eight, without warning, attacked.

Nyxara raised a hand, conjuring a black light which coiled into a spear of corrupted perfection. It hurled forward, simplifying space as it flew towards its target. This blow would kill any of the New Primordials, but Rowan was not just any Primordial; inside his heart, he called upon the Will of Space Origin.

“You should not have challenged me,” Rowan whispered.

Chapter 1991 The Blade Is Complete

Oblivion was a power that had given the Primordials inside Eosah’s Reality a lot of grief, but that was Oblivion unchecked, without a master, if there was ever to be a Primordial of Space before Rowan, they would be powerful but still comparable to other Primordials, but everything would change when they could reach the forth layer of their Origin and gain the power to harness Oblivion, this was what made a Primordial of Space to become extremely dangerous.

And now that Rowan called upon the Maws of Oblivion, he felt a cold wave erupt inside his heart, and all of his internal organs vanished, as he became a flesh suit covering the gate to Oblivion.

The spear of soul hunger slammed into Rowan’s chest, tearing into it, and then vanished. It did not burst out of his back or shatter him to pieces; it was as if it no longer existed.

Rowan felt the spear traveling through Oblivion, seeking to wreak havoc, but it soon began to forget its target, and when its memory was gone, Rowan seized control of the spear and redirected it.

The spear, screaming with the death of souls and the coldness of Oblivion, emerged behind Nyxara, slamming into her wing in a spray of black blood threaded with gold.

All of these actions may seem to have taken a while, but in the perception of anyone watching the battle, it was instantaneous. They saw Nyxara throw a Primordial killing spear at Rowan that struck him in the chest ,and instantly, that spear, appearing more powerful, appeared behind her and tore through her body.

Nyxara hissed in pain, but smiled. “Good strike,” she mouthed as she burned her Origin Force to rapidly heal. In a battle like this, the Primordials could not hold back for their natural regeneration to purge their bodies of foreign powers, else they would perish before they even realized what killed them.

Rowan noted how quickly Nyxara had burned her Origin Force to disperse the power of Oblivion in her wound, and he found this to be interesting, since it told him many things about the mental state of the Primordials.

To burn Origin Force was a permanent sacrifice; it was not like a candle that could be lit and doused off anytime you wanted. Every Origin Force you burn was gone forever, and for Primordial Soul to unhesitatingly burn her Origin Force was worthy of note.

The general of Death charged, "You are mine!"

His pale horse galloped, hooves striking sparks of forgotten endings. In the space between steps, it multiplied; higher-dimensional copies of him began unfolding, each a fractal of the original, charging from eight directions.

All of these copies were equal in power to him, and these copies were slowly creating their own copies; they became an army in the blink of an eye, and the aura from them became so powerful that it could be felt at the other end of Limbo.

Rowan raised his left hand and twisted his wrist to the side, and he just...folded space. He waited for a bit, and then he compressed space, and the result of his simple actions was spectacular.

The Road of Eternity bent under his will, and the charges converged on themselves, causing the horses and the generals they carried to collide in an explosion of bone and void, shards raining like black hail.

The Primordials moved through the shattered body of the general who was roaring in pain as they unfurled their wings and weaved their Wills into chains that swept towards Rowan in their billions.

Blond hair waving in invisible fractal winds, Rowan drew in a deep breath and dodged, the Agility Core in his chest surging, causing his body to blur into prismatic shadows, dodging the countless chains of Will that would have shredded him to pieces.

One chain from Primordial Demon grazed his leg before rapidly threading around it and solidifying and slicing through the limb with a wet snapping sound.

Pain lanced through Rowan's consciousness as a piece of his soul tore free alongside that limb. He roared with rage and unleashed a Fractal Spatial Storm that blasted all the Primordials back and tore through their Wills, giving him the opportunity to regrow his leg.

He suddenly moved to the side, but it was too late, a massive scythe from the general swung at him, and although it did not hit his flesh. Rowan saw it did not need to. Primordial Time had summoned all the previous selves of Rowan on the Road of Eternity, and the scythe of the general was going to slice through them.

Killing all of these previous selves would leave only a path of death for Rowan. His eyes burned like flames, and Rowan summoned Oblivion without holding back. Reaching the Primordial level for him was a complete evolution, but this evolution needed time to be

completed... even his Essence, Ether, and Soul were being evolved, but they were not yet completed.

He needed at least a few billion years to complete the total transformation, but he was not going to get that much time. Still, he had enough juice to push forward.

The Maw of Oblivion inside of him swallowed his infinite essence and roared wide open, and for a moment, even a mortal would be able to hear the sound of Oblivion with their ears.

The scythe of the general of Death sliced through his past, and Oblivion swallowed it. Rowan's consciousness nearly combusted as he focused the power of space around all seven Primordials and reversed the strike from death unto all of them, while primarily focusing on Xylos, Primordial Demon.

Six massive scythes filled with the power of death and oblivion slammed against six of the Primordials, pushing them back, but for Xylos, the scythe appeared inside his neck, nearly decapitating the Primordial, who staggered back, and his head was only held on by a little bit of flesh.

His roar of pain was the trigger that the Primordials needed, as they all burned their Origin Forces at the same time. Originally, they thought they could defeat Rowan, who was just an Incarnation of Eos, using their base forms. This confidence came from all of them attacking him alongside the general of Death, but in the short period of time they had been attacking, Rowan was holding all of them off.

In time, they could wear him down and kill him, but Rowan was not the danger here; his main body, Eos and Enoch, were the main concern, and every second wasted on fighting Rowan was giving more chances for problems to arise.

Burning their Origin Force exerted such great weight on the Road of Eternity that it began to collapse, and the power of Oblivion radiating from Rowan's body was squeezed back into him; that annoying move he had where he reversed attack would no longer be possible.

"Crush him!!" Asteroath, Primordial Light, roared. Something in the tone of this Primordial's voice made Rowan cock his head to the side. Something was different about Asteroath; he could not just place his finger on it.

Rowan smiled widely and gestured towards the eight, "Bring it."

Placing himself in a boxer stance, behind him, multiple blades of space arose, and this time, he did not wait for his enemies to attack; he charged forward as he heard a dull buzzing in his ears, Eva the Primordial of Revelation whispering, "The blade is complete."

Chapter 1992 No Fear

The pressure of charging against eight of these existence-destroying entities was incredibly strong, but Rowan found himself grinning. He was in great danger, but he never felt freer in his life.

For too long, he had been dancing on the strings of unknown masters; he was a puppet that was never told his purpose, and these masters had made sure to show him how meaningless he was in the grand scheme of things.

The people he loved, the places, the experiences... all could be robbed from him at any time, and now that he had the chance to stand before these thrones of malevolence and fight for his fate, Rowan could not help but smile.

A small part of him wished that there were no plans he had to follow and he could just bury himself in the thrill of combat as he crushed those whose arrogance and cruelty knew no bounds, but he knew he only had a short time, and he was determined to enjoy every single moment of it.

Elgorath, seeing the grin on the face of Rowan, growled, "This fool has gone mad."

"Then we take care of him, even mad dogs can still bite," Xylos roared in rage, after the extreme humiliation of being nearly decapitated by a mere Incarnation washed through his mind once again.

Rowan fighting against all of them was as if Eos was holding them all back with a single finger. How could the masters of Existence take such an insult with any form of grace?

Rowan felt it immediately—the weight of eight ancient Wills pressing down like the collapse of a thousand Realities. He wished he had the physique of his main body, but his body was also rapidly evolving towards the ninth-dimensional level, and it would have to serve.

"WRRHH... BOOM"

With a calamitous sound that shattered space for countless light-years, Rowan struck the Wills of all eight Primordial beings, who transformed their Wills into various shapes, from chains to entire dimensions.

The air on the Road of Eternity thickened to the consistency of blood, every breath a struggle against the combined essence of Enoch's mad children and Death's general.

"I AM SPACE!" Rowan roared, and his Will tore an endless tunnel through the barrier in front of him, and his body surged through like light. However, he could not hold back the

weight of the power pressed against him, and that tunnel collapsed, and yet despite it all, Rowan could not be held back.

He growled in anger as a chain wrapped his arm. It happened in the space between heartbeats, and from the stench of the chain, it was Nyxara's doing; her black soul-wing flared as she directed a powerful strike through the chain. The chain was not metal but crystallized ambition, golden threaded with black, and Rowan could not cut off his arm before a blast of Will from Elgorath penetrated his skull and entered his consciousness, leaving him to falter for a brief moment... that moment was too long.

"You are not enough."

"Eos will fall without you. Your dying cries would be the last thing he hears."

"You fall... We rise."

The whispers burrowed into his mind, higher-dimensional, raw, carrying the weight of ninth-dimensional doubt.

'Damn it, Eos, I am about to die... give me something... give me a sword!'

Rowan groaned in anger as he heard a chuckle in his mind, 'I thought you wanted this fight... now you run to me for help.'

"Yeah... you are just jealous I am here having the time of my life when you are fighting for your life. Hey, Eos, I don't envy you. When I die, you would still be left with all these burdens, so you better be nice to me now, when you still got me."

A metallic shriek resounded within Rowan's consciousness as the shadow of the Destroyer appeared; it did not even wait for Rowan's instructions before it pounced on the Will of Elgorath in his consciousness and shattered it into pieces.

The blade materialized in his free hand with a scream of compressed immortal deaths, fed with his Primordial Essence. It took material form, and Rowan swept the blade towards his bound hand, the edge bit deep into his arm, severing the chain and the corrupted flesh in one stroke. Higher-dimensional blood sprayed from the grievous wound, prismatic like a rainbow, and beautiful to behold. The blood hissed where it touched the Road, eating small craters into the surface.

For a moment, the battle paused not because Rowan was injured and bled for the first time, but because of the color of his blood, and the glory it carried.

The Primordials had bled during this short fight, and their blood was dirty and filled with chaotic essence. Despite only holding the same Origin Force inside of them, every Origin Force still possessed uniqueness, and this clash could not be easily resolved.

Jealousy, rage, and many unknown emotions flowed through the eyes of the Primordials and even Death, who proclaimed itself to be pure, knew that this was not truly the case. In this instant, the atmosphere changed as hate filled the eyes of the Primordials and the general.

The severed arm fell, hitting the Road with a wet thud. But it did not stay fallen. The power of Soul fused with this arm, and because she was not holding back, Rowan's arm was a perfect container for power; the arm began to change into something horrifying.

It crawled back, fingers sprouting from the stump, dragging itself toward him with wet, sucking sounds, as mouths began to grow all over the arm, and it was about to whisper words of condemnation toward Rowan.

With a disgusted look on his face, Rowan stomped while calling upon the power of his Will.

Space Crush.

The foot came down not just with physical force, but it also carried the Maws of Oblivion's hunger. The crawling arm ended, compressed into a point of absence that winked out like a dying star, leaving a fading shriek behind.

Rowan had no chance to rest as the Wills of his enemies slammed down upon him. His control over space was perfect, and technically, he should be able to fight against all of them at the same time; the only problem he had was the sheer weight behind every move his opponents were making.

It did not matter that he had a perfect counter; when the blow was enough to crush his arm, and before long, Xylos was able to take advantage of this.

Xylos moved like the demon he was, his abyssal wings shedding feathers that turned into living shadows mid-flight. The feathers burrowed into the air around Rowan, hatching into chains of abyssal corruption, black threaded with demonic red, wrapping his legs, his torso, his neck.

Where they touched, flesh corrupted into void, holes opening in his pale skin that leaked prismatic light into nothingness.

Eldrithor laughed, a sound that was like probability breaking, and unraveled chains of chaos from his wings.

These were not solid but possibilities, chains that existed only in futures where Rowan was already bound, snapping into reality to make those futures true.

Xyris's purple wings beat once, and chains of frozen time lashed out, the links made of stolen moments, aging Rowan's flesh on contact, turning youth to withered gray. Elgorath

forced chains of memory that wrapped Rowan in recollections of every failure Eos had ever endured, every lie, every loss.

The final nail in his coffin came from Vorthas's green wings that pulsed with chains of carnivorous life, which sprouted vines that burrowed into Rowan's wounds, growing tumors of unchecked vitality that burst with green sap and screaming leaves.

Held in place by the power of all the Primordials, the general of Death slowly moved forward on his pale horse and held his scythe over Rowan's head. He looked at Rowan's eyes, and there was no fear in them, and he swung down.

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

Chapter 1993 The Meaning of Sacrifice

The Abomination had been struggling to contain Eos while also placing its attention on the ongoing battle between Rowan and the Primordials alongside their unexpected ally.

There was almost a look of disbelief in its many eyes as it saw Rowan being suppressed by the Primordials. With his knowledge of Eos and his strange abilities, it did not find it particularly remarkable that just with his Incarnation alone, he was fighting all of the Primordials and their ally. Frankly, it would be more strange if it were the opposite.

It had already begun diverting resources away from containing Eos because the ultimate prize was not with him, but with the Incarnation, and the Abomination simply had to wait for the right moment to come before it would attack, and quicker than he anticipated, the moment came.

Rowan, despite his powers as the Primordial of Space, had no way to combat all of his adversaries. Perhaps if he were fighting one at a time, then there would be a chance, but he was not, and the Primordials were not pulling their punches.

What made this situation even worse for him was that he should have been trying as much as possible to flee from this place. He was the Primordial of Space, and while they would still catch up to him, he would have extended his life for longer, but Rowan had chosen to attack them.

At first, the Abomination was puzzled by this decision. After fighting with Eos for so long, it knew that every action taken by this man was not to be taken lightly. If Rowan was not taking the obvious action to flee from danger, there must be something else that was at stake.

However, the Abomination could no longer stand back and watch when it saw that Rowan was about to be killed. If anyone was going to be killing Rowan, it would have to be by its hands.

Sending a burst of knowledge into Eos's mind, the Abomination mocked him, "Did you ever wonder why the Primordials left you alone after your actions gave them freedom? They were not doing it out of goodwill; they knew that their previous actions would cause you to be wary, and if they pressured you more... you would break, and so what did they do? You played right into their trap... hahahaha. You became the owner of the Primordial Record, the container of all the powers in Existence... including my own."

Even in the midst of his struggle, Rowan still had the presence of mind to reply quite calmly, "I see now, you all were waiting for me to reach the Primordial level, but because I did it too quickly, plans changed, and your agenda was broken. Look at you, Enoch, in the body of an Abomination, while you slaughtered the Cradle, your hidden hand... look at them, the Primordials and even Death itself, they were at each other's throat, and now they have forged a perilous alliance."

The Abomination laughed, "You think you know everything? You have no idea the forces you have placed into play by this act. You forced our hand, but you were never its owner."

"You can stop with your attempt at trying to bait the answers out of me, Enoch. I do not know everything, but what I know is that if you spend more time trying to hold me down, your children are going to take the Primordial Record for themselves and they shall gleefully tear you to pieces."

The Abomination growled in anger, "It does not matter what you think you know or what you must have planned. Today, you die, and everything else would follow you to your grave."

This discussion had barely taken any time, taking place instantly inside the consciousness of Eos, and the Abomination had already finished its plans. A greater part of its body was being used in imprisoning Eos, while a small part of its body had evolved for the first time into a mantis-like creature that was barely bigger than a small moon.

Using the present scale of Eos, the Abomination in this size was countless trillions of times smaller than an atom. However, the power that was in this small body was exponentially greater than the previous body it was using to restrain Eos.

At the moment, the falling scythe of the general of Death was only a few inches from slicing into Rowan's skull, and from the force the general was applying to his weapon, it would cut through Rowan like a hot knife through snow.

The scythe was already falling quite quickly, but when the Abomination exploded towards them, cutting through the distance separating them as if it were nothing, the general quickened his swing while roaring in victory.

Rowan, watching the blade descend on him in a rather calm manner, finally spoke, "You all believe you know the importance of sacrifice, but you know nothing."

At the moment, his situation was extremely dire. The seven Primordials had shackled his body, soul, and Will, and even if they did nothing and simply maintained this shackle, the weight of their Will would crush him to pieces.

The scythe of Death was an inch away from tearing him apart on the fundamental level, and behind him, the Abomination had torn across space and time, and massive claws that would shred him to pieces were sweeping towards him, and the scene, due to the extreme speed at which it was happening, simultaneously appeared sped up and still.

In Rowan's head, he heard the voice of Eos, 'No, they do not... You have lived well, Rowan. You can rest now. But not yet...'

'No, not yet.' Rowan agreed.

Reaching the Primordial level for Rowan meant passing through a series of checkpoints, and before it could be fully completed, billions of years would pass by, but Rowan had passed one of those checkpoints a short while back, and his control over the power of space had solidified, but it would not be enough; too much was happening too quickly.

And so, staring his end in the face, Rowan chose to burn. To burn his body, his soul, and his Will. The Primordials may be burning Origin Forces as if they were nothing, but these were all stolen power that they never earned, and so how could they draw out all the power that each Origin Force contained?

He was burning space, but the Origin of Space was cold like Oblivion at its heart, and there was no change on the surface of his body. But when the scythe of death and the claws of the Abomination slammed against Rowan, the scythe only entered a few inches into his forehead, and the claws of the Abomination could barely tear through his muscles, only leaving long gashes on his back.

Rowan flexed his muscles, and they rippled like a wave on the surface of a calm sea; all the chains of Wills from the Primordials were pushed away from his body with so much force that they took several steps back; these included the general and the Abomination looming behind him.

Nyxara's eyes widened in anger as she shrieked, "What have you done?"

Rowan smiled, "I am showing you the meaning of sacrifice."

Chapter 1994 The Fifth Layer

In the moment of burning his Origin, Rowan realized a fundamental truth. To become a Primordial... was a glorious thing.

What did it mean to become an individual to stand at the peak of Existence, to control and embody one of the fundamental forces of creation? Time, Space, even the Soul... they became them.

In all of Existence, during its birth and rebirth, there were extremely few Primordials, and only in this Existence, on the verge of destruction, had there been a large number of Primordials relatively speaking. Placed into perspective, the number of Primordials born in this Existence equaled the total number of Primordials there had ever been in all previous Existences combined.

It was not as if this present Existence had greater amounts of geniuses and special individuals than all past Existences combined; in fact, it was the opposite. This Existence was ridiculously young compared to other Existences in the past, and it had barely lasted for 800 Million Cosmic Eras... which on the scale of Existences was barely a single second.

In a regular Existence, at such a short amount of time, there would barely be a single Primordial born to it, but something important had changed, and it was the death of the Luminious and the dispersal of Enoch's Essence all across Existence.

The Luminious, by their mere existence, caused everything around them to be diminished. Their talents were so great that a majority of all Origin Powers were tied to the light of their Lumina and the sounds of their Abhima. If all the Origin Essence in Existence were a million in total, then the Luminious held 999,000 of the Essence of Origin.

Inside the core of his being, Rowan saw the end of Space, and he understood at this moment that he needed to be willing to burn his Origin, to give up his power, and sacrifice his ambition to see the truth.

The Luminious needed to die for Existence to evolve and grow.

It was a strange epiphany to get in the center of such a terrible situation, but Rowan knew that even if this information would not help him much, Eos would find it very invaluable.

The Luminious holding most of the Origin Essence in Existence was not a problem; the issue came from their attitude towards Existence and the power they held.

They were stagnant; they did not experiment with their abilities, did not create anything worthwhile with all the power of Origin in their fingertips, and as a result, Origin did not grow, but remained stagnant for countless Cosmic Eras.

Origin Force was not weak; perhaps it was even stronger than End, but the Luminious, in their passivity, allowed a power like End to continue to grow and evolve until it snuffed them out.

For countless Cosmic Eras as Existence was rebirthed and ended, Origin Essence was fixed. If there were a million Origin Essence from the birth of the Luminous, then till their death, there were still that many Origin Essence left.

So many Primordials could arise from the present Existence because the Luminous were gone, and now all lifeforms could reach for the pinnacle of life, and for the first time in a long time, the power of Origin was beginning to grow, but the power of End would never allow that to happen, and Rowan could see the truth more clearly at this point.

He may be fighting against the Primordials, Death, and Enoch, but that was just the surface; on a deeper level, there was something else, the power of End against the power of Origin.

He was the first of the Ancient Primordial born after a long time, the first Primordial of Space, and within him, dwelling in the Primordial Record, was the culmination of nearly all the Origin Power in Existence.

The Primordials claimed to be the champions of Origin, but they had become the tools of End; they stifled its growth and corrupted its nature. With the power of Creation, the only thing they could do with it was destroy, and they realized this truth when they saw the color of Rowan's blood and the vibrancy of the Origin it contained.

While it was true that Rowan became a Primordial barely a few minutes ago, his birth had led to the growth of Origin Essence in such a short time that it dwarfed every Primordial that came before him.

He could have become the greatest of Primordials, but to fight against his enemies, Rowan burned his Origin Force. The way he burned it was more of an act of giving away than to consume, because he understood that sometimes, the best way to collect was to give.

The force that erupted from his body was countless times greater than anyone here could ever understand. They could see through Rowan's flesh torn by blade and claws the muscles beneath, yet his muscles were not made from flesh and blood, but the purest Origin Essence of space, and when they understood what they were looking at, shock rippled across everyone here.

Rowan still had one hand, the other lost to him, and he looked at the wounds in his body, and he smiled, "Ah, so, this is the fifth layer of Space Origin!"

In burning his Origin Essence at the root to give him the space to struggle, Rowan had found the fifth layer of the Origin of Space, where, from the birth of Existence, there had ever been four.

It was a shame that his body was too fragile to hold the fifth layer of the Origin of Space. This realization should have come organically many years from now, when Rowan would have refined his body, soul, and essence many times over to be able to hold this power,

but at this point, he was far from being able to control this power. It was unknown if even Origin understood the fifth layer of itself.

In the short time that Rowan had become a Primordial, he had raised the bar, but he was too weak to hold it up.

Nyxara, with her mouth open, stammered in shock, “We... we can’t let him live. Someone like this should not exist!”

Rowan looked up at her, “The way I see it, you all here are the ones who should never have existed.”

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Chapter 1995 Ascension of Origin

“You all fight for stagnation... for the end of all things, how dare you claim to champion Origin when you have never known its light?” The words from Rowan hit the Primordials and even the Abomination like a wall of reality collapsing in their minds, and they flinched.

Rowan knew that his end was coming much quicker than he and Eos had initially planned, but this was the way of battle, and such unexpected changes were always bound to happen, although he was grateful that the change that did end up benefiting his main body.

He could feel his essence unraveling inside him, and his remaining hand holding the echo of the Destroyer trembled, but this was not because of pain or despair, but the sheer power that was flowing inside of him.

If he wanted, he could allow himself to explode, and this explosion would be so powerful that it would seriously hurt, if not kill one or two Primordials here, but the consequences of this would be severe and the possibility of harming his main body and killing all of the New Primordials in the distance was great, and an instinct in him knew that taking this path would do nothing but feed the power of end.

The explosion from an Origin Force at the fifth layer would ripple across Limbo, and it was unknown how much damage it would create to all the remaining life struggling in between the cracks of Existence. The power of uncontrolled destruction, no matter how pure its source, would only thicken the seemingly endless power of End.

Origin had been suppressed for so long that Rowan wanted to see how far he could push its growth before he died.

The fifth layer burned inside him like a star too bright for its shell. Prismatic blood leaked from his wounds in slow, luminous streams, each drop birthing tiny folds of space that lived for a heartbeat before winking out.

There were mysteries in these newly born layers of space that Rowan could not yet understand, but he sensed something from the core of Limbo, and he nearly smiled.

Existence was expanding very quickly, but this expansion was at a fixed speed; however, every time he bled into Existence, the expansion accelerated. This amount of acceleration could barely be noticed and was so minute it was almost nonexistent, and the only reason Rowan could detect these changes at all was that he was the Primordial of Space.

It was in these tiny movements that Rowan found inspiration, and he understood that he had been using Origin Power in a way that it was not meant to be used. In the lower layers, he could get away with it, but in its fifth layer, then any actions he took with Origin had intense consequences, and he was not just its champion, but also its teacher, and any path that it was shown in this moment would be the foundation of space for all eternity, or at least until there was someone else who would be able to understand space on a much more deeper level than him.

That thought to use the fifth layer of Origin as a weapon was potent, and Rowan knew that those thoughts were not just his own; they also contained the whispers of End. Rowan's Origin was pure, but he had been growing in a reality where the power of End had taken over all of its foundations, and he had become tainted by its powers.

Raising up his hand that held the Destroyer, Rowan let go of it, and the blade dispersed before it even touched the ground. 'No, this is not the way. I will not let my final act be just another meal for End.'

Instead of erupting with all of that power, Rowan chose to channel it inside of his core. He decided to grow, even as he died.

The Maw of Oblivion opened wider than it had ever been before to receive the infusion of meaning that Rowan was pouring into it. However, even this extreme motion was not violent; it was almost gentle, like a flower opening up to receive the light of the sun.

Space unfolded around him like an invitation, and the fifth layer of the void was channeled in Creation and not Destruction.

Micro-realities bloomed in the air, tiny, fragile, perfect. Each of them was complete and pure. These were realms that arose inside of Limbo, but did not have any of its corruption. For so long, Rowan thought Limbo was simply afflicted with the energy of so many deaths that it had become twisted; he knew that this was just the power of End that had seeped into everything.

The Luminous once made a prophecy of an Era so dangerous that it would signal the end of all life as they knew it, even their own. They called this Era, the Desolate Era, and Rowan finally understood that they had long been in that Era, and only standing at this position did he see how close they were to the brink of destruction.

The realms appearing from Rowan were pure Origin Realms, and they were varied; some of them were worlds filled with crystal rivers. In another was a garden where time flowed backward and forward in harmony.

There was a star that sang instead of burning and a realm that was filled with nothing but silver bells.

Each creation that Rowan was making was a demonstration of the limitless potential of Origin, and it was proof not just to him, but Origin itself, of what it was capable of when it was allowed to grow.

The Primordials watched in bated breath, unable to strike in the face of the miracle before them. The general of Death shook his head and pushed through the haze, bringing his scythe up to attack, but the sight of new realms appearing caused his blow to hang mid-swing.

It had always believed that it had seen the true face of Origin, but just in a single Origin of Space, Death knew that it was wrong.

For the first time since their madness began, doubt, real doubt, cracked their certainty.

Rowan smiled. He was fading, but he did not want to, and with blood pouring from his lips, he whispered,

“I will not feed you,” he said to them all, Primordials, Death, and the Abomination. “Not with destruction.”

Then he let go of the last restraints inside him, and the fifth layer flowed freely, and Existence began to dramatically expand all around him.

For the first time since Existence began... the very first Existence... Origin Essence began to grow.

Chapter 1996 Origin Combination

The Abomination and the Primordials were frozen in place, more than anyone here, they knew the significance of what Rowan was accomplishing, Existence innately tended towards the power of Origin and End was the antithesis of it, and all these while, End had been growing to the extent that if given enough time and opportunity, it would extinguish all traces of Origin, and if nothing had changed, this was what was bound to happen.

The Primordials had always believed that they were the masters of Origin; their heritage meant they were able to hold multiple Origin Forces inside their bodies, but this path was one of stagnancy, as they were following the path of the Luminous, and what was left at the end of this path was nothing but destruction.

If they won, they would soon enjoy the benefits of being the masters of Existence for a while, but sooner than they think, the stars would begin to die out, and there would be no more children born. Even if they reduced the size of Existence and filled it with their essence, they would soon find out that everything would begin to die, mortals first, then the immortals, and finally they would be alone in the dark for all eternity, kings of bones.

In the worlds created by Rowan, they saw the truth, and they were frozen in place, denial and fear warring in their minds. Was this truly the end of their path? Would their greatest achievement be one where they wished to have never been born?

“He deceives you!” the general of Death screamed, breaking the Primordials and the Abomination from the spell of Rowan’s creations, “Snap out of it, he is getting away.”

The realms Rowan was creating surrounded him like tiny shiny pearls and this had been distracting the Primordials, but Death was inherently closer towards the power of End than anyone here, not even the Abomination, and so while its allies had been enraptured by seeing the power of creation in its purest form, it had only been distracted for a while before a deep sense of distaste had filled it.

There was nothing in this realm that it craved because in them it saw its end. It was not as if there would be no dying in these realms, but the souls of all who died would go through a rebirth process, and if they wanted, they could shed their memories and start over, or they could be reborn with all their previous memories in place.

In a realm like this, Death was no longer a force to be reckoned with; he would just be a doorway, one of the natural building blocks of life. How could it allow its glory to be reduced to such an extent, and a world with so much life and possibilities just felt wrong to the Beast of Final Rest.

It knew of the eventual demise of Existence, but that was an outcome that it craved. Life and all the chaos that it brought were not something that Death wanted; eternal stillness was worth the fight, and the children of light and creation would not win this fight.

The pale horse the general rode rushed towards Rowan, but it was futile, space was expanding many times faster than light, and even though Rowan stayed in the same spot, he had already travelled a nearly unfathomable distance.

Normally, the general would easily cross through time and space, but while he could cross through time, space was a separate issue. It fought him, and the hooves of his horse could not find any purchase on space; it was slippery, and he had to shatter it in order for him to move.

His roar of anger was all that was needed to push the Primordials and the Abomination into action. They shook away the doubts in their minds; whatever would come to pass in the future was only showing the interpretation of Eos and not their own. With ultimate power, there was no reason Existence could not be shaped as they saw fit.

Their combined power shattered the space between them and their target. Even though the Abomination and the Primordials had different agendas, they knew they had to work together to stop Rowan, and then they could battle each other for the true winner.

“BOOM! BOOM! BOOM!”

Limbo quaked around them as they shattered space to get to Rowan, whose eyes were closed, and he looked to be smiling. His one hand was spread wide, and in the calamitous explosion of sounds as the Primordials shattered space and time to reach him, Nyxara thought she heard the sound of music. Rowan was humming.

With a roar of rage, Nyxara stopped hiding her powers. She conjured two spears, each of which was made with a new element that was not Light, nor was it Soul; it had become something else.

The Primordials could contain different Origin Forces in their bodies, and this made them very dangerous, but they also had another well-hidden weapon, and this was the Primordial of Soul, Nyxara.

Enoch had seen this ability, but at that time, he had underestimated its utility, and he had always regretted that moment, wishing that he had created six Primordials instead of seven. Nyxara should have never been born, because even among Abominations, she was worse.

Just like her siblings, Nyxara could contain multiple Origin Forces inside her body, but she could also do something else: she could combine them. This was a unique power of Origin that she had that not even the power of End could easily replicate, not unless an equal price is to be paid, but that price would have to be atrociously precious.

Even in the distance, Rowan trembled when he felt the power of these spears; they were the true atrocity. The Spears in both of her hands vanished, and the Abomination charging beside them stumbled as if he had slammed into a wall. It looked down at its chest to see the head of a gleaming spear; the other spear also appeared in Rowan's chest, crossing space and time as if they were nonexistent.

The Abomination had evolved five times, and at the moment, it was halfway towards its sixth evolution. As long as time kept passing by, it was becoming stronger, and with the power already in its grasp, it was not too wary of the Primordials knowing that it could defend for long enough for it to continuously evolve, and once it killed just one of them, it would have enough fuel to further accelerate its evolution.

Time was on its side, but the Primordials knew this as well, and in its distraction, Nyxara had struck from behind. The Abomination screamed in anger as its chest exploded, shattering space around it and flinging it across dimensions. It would take a few seconds for it to return.

Nyxara frowned. She had expected that spear to kill the Abomination; its survival was a problem, but her focus was on Rowan, and her frown deepened when she noticed that it was already too late. Rowan faded away as if he were a figment of a mad god's imagination.

The spear may have plunged into his body, but there was hardly anything left. He had sacrificed himself to Origin and accelerated the expansion of Existence; however, the death of Rowan was not the main focus, where was the... there! Shining like a black star in the place he had once existed was the Primordial Record.

Chapter 1997 The Growth of Space

The Primordial Record flashed repeatedly, and its black cover began to fade until it took the shine of a bright blue diamond. The Primordial Record had always taken the shape of a book, but that was its nascent form, and although many of its previous users had been able to evolve to a higher form due to its powers, none of its users had been able to affect this Singularity.

None of its users had been able to touch the core of this Singularity...

None of its users had been able to reach the fifth layer of Origin...

None of its users had been Rowan freaking Kuranes!

Surrounded by the millions of Origin Realms created by Rowan before his passing, the Primordial Record resembled a bright sun surrounded by tiny stars, and it released ripples of power that swept across Limbo instantaneously, disregarding the limits of time and space, and not even the Primordials were capable of this.

"Ah! Before his death, he activated the Primordial Record with his Primordial Essence." Elgorath screamed in joy, "The final locks have been opened, and now we can gain our prize, sister. Your plan worked."

Nyxara smiled, "The greatest problem we had was that the Primordial Record would only be opened if its owner did so without any form of coercion. With everything we have taken from him, Rowan would have never reached the Primordial level just to spite us, but if we can make this happen on his own terms, then we can return and claim what was always ours."

Xyris laughed and pointed toward Eos, who was still sealed inside the flesh of the Abomination, but now he had been surrounded by his New Primordials, who seemed to be trying to free him from his incarceration, “What about him? With the unlocked Primordial Record in hand, there is no reason to keep him alive. You have seen what his Incarnation is capable of; he would prove a much greater foe than Rowan ever could be.”

“Yes, he shall not live past the hour,” Nyxara agreed, “but first, seize the Primordial Record before the Abomination returns. Then we can slowly settle our grievances with all who had undermined our destiny for so long.”

Nyxara spread her wings and was about to fly towards the gleaming Primordial Record when the general of Death swept his scythe in front of her, causing her to pause and reveal great anger in her eyes. She growled through gritted teeth,

“Little man, know your place; you are not the Beast. How dare you stand before my path?”

The general cocked its head to the side, the cracked mask it wore seemed to be smiling, “Just a gentle reminder, Nyxara, do not forget the nature of our agreement. You are close to getting everything you want, and so you should not forget the reason you are able to reach this point.”

Nyxara sneered, “The death of our brother has not been forgotten. You have made your point quite clear, and our domain would not clash. You shall have End, and we shall have Origin. Stand aside, the Abomination quickly returns, and it grows ever stronger. Our only chance is to absorb the power of Origin and ascend to our full potential.”

The general paused as if in contemplation, and then he took away his scythe, and his horse shifted to the side. Nyxara smirked and flew towards the Primordial Record, the only thing that was left in her sight.

Her siblings were also enraptured by this sight, the moment they had all been fighting for had arrived, and despite all the challenges they had faced up to this point, the madness placed inside their bodies by their father, the cooperation with the Temple of End that brought great risk for the slimmest chance for victory, and the many variants abominations like Eos, Death and the rest they had to face while under the throes of madness, even the loss of their brother Asteroath, and yet they had survived everything and the result of their victory was within their grasp.

Nyxara reached for the Primordial Record, and her finger brushed across one of the Origin Realms created by Rowan, and like a bubble, it easily crumbled. The realm disintegrated, and Nyxara barely felt any pressure from its disintegration, even though the power that emerged from it would have injured an average Primordial quite easily.

However, her hand that had been a few meters away from the Primordial Record could not seem to cross that small gap; in fact, the space around her began to lengthen, and the book grew distant. Shocked and angered by what had just happened, she looked around

and realized that the space had not been stretched as she had initially believed; it had grown.

This growth was extremely great, encompassing countless trillions of light-years and cutting across all nine dimensions. Her siblings and the general of Death, who were close together, found themselves scattered across vast distances. Giving a cry of anger, Nyxara cut across this newly created space until she was right before the Primordial Record, and the rest of the Primordials and the General appeared beside her and looked at the Primordial Record still floating gently in front of them.

“What just happened, Nyxara?” Xylos growled violently, “This is not the time to be holding back; take the Primordial Record by force, or I shall step up and do what you cannot.”

Nyxara’s eyes tightened in anger, but she suppressed that emotion. Perhaps she had been too eager to claim the Primordial Record, and she became careless, shattering an Origin Realm that none of them here fully understood, and were trying not to think about, because Origin at the fifth layer was not supposed to even exist. It was like a mortal finding out their universe was just a speck inside an infinite Reality, but that Reality was not infinite in the eyes of higher-dimensional beings... There was no frame of reference for them to even understand what infinite truly meant.

Swallowing her retort, Nyxara gently reached for the Primordial Record, her hands bending and elongating like a tentacle so she could bypass any of the floating Origin Realms around the Primordial Record. Her breathing became faster as she was on the verge of touching the cover of the book when her eyes widened in shock and anger. There were no winds here, and the Origin Realms were fixed in place and were unmoving; however, several of these Origin Realms, as if pushed by an unknown hand, gently drifted across the entire length of her arm, and with a faint pop, a hundred Origin Realms disintegrated.

“Son of a ...”

“FWOOOSH.... WHOOSH....”

A single Origin Realm had dramatically expanded space that it pushed the Primordials across a distance that an eighth-dimensional Old One would never be able to cross, even if they were given infinite lifespan. What would happen if a hundred Origin Realms exploded?

In one moment, Nyxara had been close to touching the prize that she had been fighting for all her life, and in the next... where was she?

The Primordial of Soul and Life looked around; her senses could still feel her siblings, but they were so distant, it was almost as if they had been tossed to the extreme ends of Limbo. Her eyes widened when she realized that even a hundred Origin Realms collapsing

should not have led to such a drastic growth, but it seemed that the explosion of hundreds of these fed on each other, making the growth of space something extremely drastic.

Seizing her hair and pulling it out from its roots, Nyxara screamed in rage before she vanished into the distance.

Chapter 1998 Welcome Back

Eos had felt Rowan die as if he were the one dying, and, technically, this was true; he had just died. But he had died so many times, who had the time to be counting?

“Ah, my sweet boy, dying should never be normal.”

Eos flinched when he felt the voice of his mother touch his heart, and he stopped his struggle to tear himself from the frail cage that held his body. This voice should not have had the power to touch his mind with his perfect control over the dimension of Memory, and Eos could easily trace it to the most likely suspect... the Primordial Record.

“Cheeky bastard,” Eos growled and closed his eyes. The Primordial Record had not forgotten that Eos had ripped it away from his body and placed it inside an Incarnation, and now, instead of returning to him, it was sending visions of his mother to torment its stubborn host.

Eos could almost feel the smugness erupting from the Primordial Record, and he nearly rolled his eyes in annoyance. He could not believe the Singularity did not understand the importance of placing it inside an Incarnation in order for this moment to become possible.

Granted, he had not expected in a million years that it was his Incarnation that would reach the fifth layer of Origin so soon. Eos had already theorized that it may be possible to find deeper layers of Origin, but he had always thought that this would be the New Primordials who would break this boundary, and not him, who decided to walk the path of the Ancient Primordials.

Eos had always thought that the Old Path was bound to the past and could not grow anymore, but he was wrong, and his Incarnation had shown him the truth in the last moments of his glorious life.

In the last moments of the Incarnation’s life, Eos had a way to save him, but Rowan had refused, knowing that his death would strengthen the power of Origin. He gave all of himself to Origin so it could solidify its new foundations. If Origin was going to be a power that could be able to stand against End, then it needed pillars who could guide its growth.

His Incarnations were an indispensable part of his growth; they took the paths he could not, and they had saved his life more times than he could bear to count. What made their sacrifices quite potent was that Eos had never placed any method to control them.

With their complexity and strength, every Incarnation had been an individual who could think for themselves and make independent decisions. There was nothing stopping them from taking the power that had been given to them and leaving, and Eos would have no right to stop them, because he was asking them to take risks that would most assuredly lead them to their deaths... and every time, they said yes.

Experiencing all their deaths was the least of the prices he had to pay. They had given him everything they had, and the least that he could do was to ensure that he witnessed everything they had to give.

Rowan, in his death, had not just opened the road to the Primordial level of Eos, unlocked the Primordial Record, but he had also awakened the power of Origin and led to its growth for the first time in forever.

Eos was not even counting the creation of the Origin Realms that had just changed the game and delivered victory to his doorstep. Their ability to expand the fabrics of Existence was once a power that only End seemed capable of, and Enoch had to sacrifice his entire body to cause the expansion of Existence, but Rowan was able to do this as a byproduct of the creation of his Origin Realm.

Every Realm he created was directly adding to the foundations of Existence, and if this trend was to continue, then Origin could continue to grow.

Even now, Eos could feel it, like the sound of music being sung by a newborn. They did not know words, but they understood harmony and pitch, and they were not shy in screaming out their joy.

Eos smiled, and he opened his eyes. The music of Origin was echoing in his veins, especially in the Origin Essence that had filled his body the moment Rowan had reached the Primordial level. The path to reach the Primordial level had been open before him, and Eos just needed to push his way through it.

But first... it was time to collect his birthright.

He pulled his hands to his side; his skin was flawless, as the digestive powers of the Abomination's body could no longer hurt him. It could not hurt him for a while now, and Eos could have burst its way free immediately after the Abomination had left and gone for Rowan, but he stayed behind because that was not the plan, and he needed to complete his evolution.

Initially, Rowan was to return to him and unlock the Primordial Record while inside Eos, then he would flee with his New Primordials. A destination was already in his mind where

he could hide for a short while, at least long enough for him to master the powers inside the Primordial Record and cleanse Existence of the taints that had poisoned it for so long, but no plan ever survives contact with the enemy... his plans changed, and Eos could only go along with it.

Eos suddenly opened his hands wide, and the shockwaves from the power of that move tore this cage of flesh open, and the shockwave traveled through Limbo. His New Primordials, surrounding him like stars, were nearly blown away, but they dug their foot deep in space and anchored themselves.

Eos looked around. With his present size, his Primordials were many times smaller than an atom, but he could feel the wave of their support and admiration in their gaze. This should be the first time they were seeing his body, and Rowan spread his wings wide, and his shadow covered a massive area in Limbo, as presently, Eos was nearly as massive as the Beast of Inevitability, who once guarded the Cradle of Enoch.

His Reality Crown appeared over his head, and he took a step forward, his body shrinking as he crossed space. The Primordials around him fell to their knees, but a burst of power from Eos prevented them from completing the motion.

“None of you should ever bow to me.”

With another step, he appeared before the Primordial Record, and now his body was as small as a man's, and he reached for it.

“Eos!” he heard a cry of rage from the Abomination that had returned from its banishment and also the expansion of space from the blunder of Nyxara, “Don't you dare... it does not belong to you!”

Eos did not even turn to acknowledge the Abomination; he simply crushed ten Origin Realms, and its cries of rage faded into a faraway dimension as space expanded. The Origin Realms were his own, and so they would not push him away.

Before he could touch the shining blue book, it flew into his palm.

“Welcome back,” Eos smiled.

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Chapter 1999 You Need Me!

The Primordial Record was warm, but that simply meant it was millions of times hotter than the hottest sun in Existence, but this temperature was just right for Eos. It would seem that the Primordial Record was putting out all stops to ensure that Eos never

cancelled their partnership again, including making its cover stay the right temperature if he decided to hold it.

Eos smiled, “Never again would you leave my side, you are mine!”

Closing his hand over the book, it vanished into his body, and Eos could feel the Primordial Record travelling towards his heart. He turned towards the Primordials who had arrived behind him. He could see the questions in their eyes, and he would give them all the answers they needed. The time for secrets was over.

Eos gestured behind him at the floating Realms of Origin created by Rowan; at this time, there were precisely 10,008 Origin Realms left.

“This was not part of the plan that I envisioned, but Fate turns out to be on our side. Enter into the Origin Realms, prioritize those at the core, and pick one for yourselves. We are about to enter a new phase in existence, and the upcoming conflicts will depend on every single one of you. Please...” Eos gestured, “Go in. I have a lot to tell you, but this is not the right time.”

The New Primordials walked up to Eos, and in silence, they touched him either on his shoulder or brushed against his wings. It was almost as if they wanted to confirm if he was real. Telmus, Circe, Eva... one by one they walked past him, and looked at the Origin Realms spread ahead of them, and they all made their choice, transforming into light and flying towards the realm of their choice.

Unlike the Ancient Primordials and the Abomination, when they touched the Origin Real, it did not collapse but opened up for them to enter. Noctis was the last Primordial, and he was about to move past Eos, but he stopped him by placing his hand on his shoulder. “Not yet,” Eos said, “First we need to talk about where your true priorities lie.”

Noctis appeared confused, but he followed the instructions of Eos and moved to the side. The Primordials noticed that Noctis had been held back, but they assumed it was for personal reasons, and they pushed the issue away from their minds and began the exploration of the Origin Realm they had picked.

Eos turned his prismatic eyes to Noctis and the Primordial of Screaming Void, and asked, “So, who bears your true loyalty, Death or the Architects of End?”

Noctis sputtered, “My Lord Eos, I don’t know what you mean; my loyalties only lie with you.”

A blast of power emerged from Eos that flattened Noctis to the ground, his Origin cracked, and strings of red light shot out from his body like strings. These were his Origin Essence, and this blast from Eos had cut off half of the Essence in his body, meaning Noctis had been weakened to a great level.

His eyes widened in shock and fear. Perhaps in his heart, Noctis still saw that Eos was still at the eighth dimension level and believed that there must be a slight possibility to resist his powers, but this mere brush from Eos's aura had cleared whatever delusions were in his mind.

Noctis screamed, but his voice could barely emerge as a whisper under the pressure of the aura on his body, "Stop... do not kill me, Eos, you need me more than you know."

"Not if you feed me lies, Noctis. You believe I shall keep a double agent like you on my side? That is impossible. I do not need you, Noctis. I have those I can trust with my life and wellbeing beside me already. The Only reason you are not dead is that I have not yet decided where I shall place the Temple of End, as my enemies or allies."

Noctis struggled to draw breath, "Take back your hand, Lord Eos, I shall answer your questions. Yes, I am an Architect of End, and Death was once of our number, but that is the price we had to pay in order to use the power of End. Do you think everything that we created can happen without the power of End in the mix?! But our gamble paid off, look at you! You are the testament that everything we did was for a great cause. You have reached the fifth level of Origin! You need my guidance and that of the Temple to fulfil your potential, Eos."

Noctis, in the end, was screaming, despite being under pressure from Eos's Aura. Origin Essence was blasting out of his body in increasing volumes, but it was as if he no longer cared for his life.

Eos was quiet for a while, and then he removed the pressure surrounding Noctis, and the shaken Primordial of Screaming Void slowly came to his feet.

"You made the right choice," Noctis sighed in relief, "For a moment there, I thought you were going to kill me. I still have much to tell you. I have been in a million Realities that fell to the hunger of Primordials, and in all of them, there was no one like you. The Architects had made all the preparations, and we know someone like you would arise given enough time, and I have waited for so long. All the sacrifices before now were worth it."

Eos smiled and glanced to the side, and space behind him wavered to reveal the rest of his Primordials. Their eyes were filled with shock and fury, especially Telmus. He hated betrayers after living in a world where its gods betrayed everything they touched.

Sheba, the Primordial of Unbroken Horizon, had a look of sadness in her eyes, "Noctis... brother... What are you saying?"

Noctis peered at the Primordials who had appeared behind Eos with surprise, then anger, before realization entered his eyes, and he turned to Eos, "No, you can't kill me, I am too important... You need me!"

Eos stepped forward and grabbed Noctis by the face, his large hand covering his entire head. Eos may think he was the size of a normal man, but he could not become smaller than twenty feet tall, and so his hand covered the entirety of Noctis's head.

“You have forgotten who I am, Noctis. Everything you think you know would be mine.”

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Chapter 2000 The Hidden Weakness

“ARRGHHH!!!”

The screams from Noctis were spine-chilling as Eos broke the barriers in his mind and shattered all the defenses he had set in place. The dimension of Memory for every Primordial was tied to their Origin Essence, and therefore it was impregnable unless a power greater than the Primordial's control over Origin was used, and even then it was a difficult process.

All Origin Essences were unique and hence had various strengths and weaknesses, and it was impossible for another Primordial to mentally dominate another Primordial because their Origin Essence could completely accommodate all the variations in the essence of the other Primordial, even if they were weaker.

Eos did not have that problem; he had multiple Origin Forces that he had already mastered to the fourth level, and he also had access to the Origin of Screaming Void, and so he was aware of every strength and weakness of the Primordial.

Noctis's defenses were valiant, and he had placed several unique structures in his memories that Eos had never seen before. If he ever doubted the status of Noctis as a member of the Architects, then those doubts had been thrown aside. The structures he saw in his memories were so alien that they could not have possibly emerged from any Reality in this Existence.

The defenses broke before his Wills in a fraction of a nanosecond. Trillions of battles were fought in this moment, and Eos won them all until he reached the core of Noctis.

The Primordial of Screaming Void had been screaming all this time, and his cries of plea had long transformed into ones of anger and disdain. Eos reached the last barrier in his mind, and suddenly, Noctis' tone changed. No longer screaming or cursing, he became calm. It was as if the Noctis they had been presented with all this time was a facade, and now they were seeing the real person.

“You are killing me, Eos,” he calmly said, “Tell me, have any single actions I made gone against the code that you uphold? The things I have not mentioned to you were knowledge

that was denied to this body, and now you are killing me for something that was never my fault.”

Eos blinked, “Stop resisting my action, and your essence loss would end. I only come for your memories, and you would be foolish to think this is not the path I would always take, knowing your history.”

Noctis sighed, “You would never get what you want. The plans in my head are important, and you are too close to this matter to judge it dispassionately. You are many things, Eos, but your single greatest weakness is clear:” Noctis eyes glanced towards the Primordials behind him. “When the time comes to make the right choice, you shall stumble, and the enemy will take advantage.”

Eos did not reply to him; instead, he increased the power of his consciousness, and Noctis gasped in shock as Rowan’s mind, in the shape of a spear, pierced into his consciousness and began drinking up all the information.

“Damn you,” Noctis growled and detonated what was left of his Origin, and he crumbled to dust in Eos’s hand.

Eos turned to the Primordials behind him, and his gaze settled on Sheba, who had tears falling down her face, “I had no choice, he was going to be...” he paused and opened his eyes in surprise, and he clutched his stomach in anger and astonishment as he felt power leaving him.

“Hahahaha.... Do you think you could get rid of me so easily, Eos?” the voice of Noctis sounded behind him, and Eos paused, a million thoughts going through his head in a moment until he got his answer.

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Noctis had ascended to the level of Primordial while seeding his core in Eos’s Origin Land. This meant that unless Eos was killed and his Origin Land destroyed, Noctis could not be killed, not even if his entire Origin Essence were destroyed.

This also had another significance. Primordials were immortal as long as Existence remained. They were a part of it, and Existence should be unending without the presence of the forces of End.

Eos once thought Primordials were truly immortal, their immortality extending beyond every lesser immortal, including Old Ones, since they no longer had any lifespan. However, at his present height, he knew that their lives were tied to Existence itself.

For so long, the main reason Eos could not reach the Primordial level was that he knew he could not root himself in Existence. At first, he did not do this because Existence was now

Limbo, a place that he once thought was filled with the corruption created by the mountain of deaths created by the Primordials.

Now he had a name for that corruption, and its name was End, and he had made the right choice of not becoming a Primordial and rooting himself inside of Limbo. The New Primordials he created did not suffer the poison of End since they were rooted inside his Realm.

Eos's lifespan was so incredibly long that it almost defied meaning, and he knew that if he reached the Primordial level, then his lifespan would become what even Primordials would regard as infinite. Even if he did not reach the Primordial level, he had certain traits inside of him that ensured that his lifespan would be limitless.

Not counting that Eos now had Origin Essence inside him that could fuel his body for eternity, his Realm was continually expanding, and this expansion meant more strength and lifespan for him. Even though for his present body, he did not technically have a lifespan anymore.

Eos's body was not flesh and blood, but the raw essence of creation itself, and he was essentially perfect. He would live as long as he had something to fuel his body. Even if he were to lose all of his essence and energy, he would only go to sleep until there was sufficient energy again to activate his body.

Why was this detail important? Well, it was all related to the Primordial of the Primordial of Screaming Void he was holding up in his hand. Noctis could be killed, but because his roots were in Eos's realm, he could be resurrected by drawing upon the Essence Screaming Void that was now a part of the Origin Land.

It did not matter if Noctis had a single Origin Essence inside of Eos's dimension. This Essence could perpetually renew itself by drawing upon Eos's energy stores.

Now Eos was discovering that this process was automatic, and he could not stop it if he wanted.

"Do you know that the higher-dimensional realms were a power made possible by the intervention of End?" Noctis smiled, "Now you know."