

The Primordial Record

Chapter 2001 Too High A Price

“Oh, is that the case?” Eos muttered as he stretched forth his hand and seized Noctis once more. It did not matter that the Primordial tried to struggle, even when he used various unknown methods alien to this Existence; the suction power from Eos’s hand was countless times stronger than what any Primordial could conjure. Already knowing the defenses of his mind, Eos easily crushed Noctis’s defenses, and this time, the consciousness spear he stabbed into Noctis’s core was a hundred. Causing the body of the Primordial to freeze in shock before disintegrating into ash.

He had gained ten times more data from Noctis’s mind this time, but Eos was not fully focused on what he had acquired; the major part of his consciousness was on the Essence of Screaming Void in his Origin Realm and noticing the methods it was using to draw upon the power of his Essence to feed the resurrection of Noctis without his consent.

With his control over his energy and essence, such a thing should be impossible, but it seemed that rooting Primordials in his realm, while it gave him benefits, also opened a backdoor for manipulation.

Inside his Origin Land were streams of Origin Essence from all the Primordials who had rooted themselves in his Realm, he watched the Essence of Screaming Void infect his flesh and draw out power, and while Eos knew he could slow down this process by starving the areas surrounding the Essence of Screaming Void from accessing his energy, this was simply treating the symptoms and not the root cause.

There was a rule inside his realm that had taken charge without his knowledge. It was as if he wished for the light and the heat of the sun, but he had been unaware that, as a side effect, the sun came with quite a powerful gravitational force around it. Except that he completely purged his body of the Essence of Screaming Void, his body would always try to feed this Essence power in order to resurrect Noctis.

It was as if every Primordial inside him was being seen as his natural defenses, and when they were hurt, his body would attempt to heal them; they were now a part of him. The problem with this was that some of these parts were cancerous, and cutting them out was not that easy.

For now, Eos took this option. He isolated the Essence of Screaming Void inside his Realm, and although power still flowed towards it. Eos calculated that with the present transfer rate of power, it would take a few billion years at the least for Noctis to return. Still, it was annoying that he could not do something more permanent to solve this problem at once.

However, Eos knew there would be time to sort out this mess later. Right now, there were bigger fish to fry. The Ancient Primordials, Death, and the Abomination had only been pushed back, not defeated, and they would not leave Eos to take charge of all the power inside the Primordial Record.

It was a shame that Eos would not be giving them any opportunity to stop him.

Eos addressed the New Primordials, “You can all return to your Realms of choice. I would be summoning you all when I am done with the preparation of our outer defenses.”

They hesitated for a moment before they accepted his words and disappeared into the Origin Realm. Eva looked at Eos, and he smiled at her, and then she nodded and left as well.

Turning towards a section of Limbo, Eos gestured, and space parted to reveal a wounded, gigantic turtle carrying thousands of Realities on its back.

“You have watched this battle long enough. Why do you still hide?” Eos said to the startled Beast, who had not expected that it could have been so easily discovered.

It walked forward, bleeding, its body covered with great injuries that could not heal due to the corruption of Enoch flooding through its veins. Its serpent’s tail had nearly been destroyed with only a little nub left; however, despite all of these injuries it carried, the Beast walked with grace and dignity with its head high.

As it emerged from the void in space, the Beast found itself shrinking the closer it came to Eos. Then it realized that it was not Eos that had shrunken down; it was the space around him that had become compacted in such a manner that he might appear twenty feet tall, but the closer you came to him, the smaller you became. With the Beast a few hundred feet away from Eos, it had become as small as a wash basin.

“Who are you?” the Beast spoke, “Your name is not recorded on the Cosmic Record, and yet you stand before me a Reality of peerless might. How were you born inside Limbo without being infected by the poison of End that had taken over all of it?”

Eos looked deeply at this Beast, and then he sighed, “I can answer all your questions, but first you need to answer mine. What is your relationship with Enoch, and how did you get to become the Guardian of the Cradle, which turned out to be his secret weapon?”

With the mention of Enoch’s name, the turtle bared its square teeth in hatred, as if it wanted to devour Enoch at that moment. “I have no connection with Enoch; we only signed a binding Agreement that states he and his children would not interfere with the Cradle. In return, I, the Beast of Inevitability and the Beast of Final Rest, would not wage war against his children. Now, I can see how foolish my decision was.”

Eos's eyes squinted, "What were the details of that Agreement and how did you come to sign it?"

The Beast sighed, "Six hundred and fifty million Cosmic Eras ago, the Primordials arose from the ashes of war that swept across several Realities. They displayed their might by consuming seven of the most powerful Realities at that time, and naturally, this drew attention from my brethren and me. We did not know if this was a one-time thing or if these Reality Eaters could be a greater threat in the future, and so we sought them out."

The Beast of Inevitability coughed, its body weakening, and although Eos could easily rid it of the corruption of Enoch, he held back. If he did not fully understand the mystery of this Beast, then Eos would kill it. There was a time when he had mercy and tolerance, but at the moment, he could not afford any of those.

"We found the Primordials resting from their feast, and I could immediately see the hunger inside of them, and knew that they would not stop their actions. The sacrilege had just begun. I attacked them, but my brother betrayed me. Death aided the Primordials to escape my judgment, and when I asked for the reason he would stand by these abominations, it only gave me cryptic answers that made no sense at that time; only now that I see you, I understand what he meant. Still, the price that was paid for your birth was too high."

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Chapter 2002 Connecting The Realms

"I was born at the beginning of Existence, but unlike my sibling, I did not seize any Aspect for myself. The Beast of Final Rest took Death, and when I saw that I could not fight against Death and the Primordials, I chose to become a guardian. This was the only choice for..."

"Wait," Eos interrupted the Beast, "We do not have much time, the Primordials and Death are returning, and you are too weak to remain here. So I have an Agreement for you. Allow me to seal you away and heal you of your injuries. If this crisis can be resolved, I shall reawaken you and can make a new agreement."

The Beast did not take too long before it agreed. "You are a Living Reality stronger than even me, who should have been your guardian. Everything that I have will be given to you. I only ask you to take care of the children I have with me; they have so much potential, and inside Limbo, they would never have the chance to grow."

Eos looked at the Realities being carried by the Beast of Inevitability; most of them had shrunk into themselves, not even having the mental strength to look around. It seemed they had resigned themselves to die, and he sighed inside. He could not blame them; many

of the tools of their defense had been taken away, and they were unable to fight for themselves.

However, there were those few Realities whose eyes were bright, and they looked at Eos like mortals seeing their god for the first time, and if not for fear of his reaction, he was sure some of them would have begun to worship him.

“I accept your terms,” Eos said and reached for the Beast, causing it to shrink until it was as small as a pebble, and when it landed on his open palm, it transformed into a green turtle-shaped gem as Eos sealed it.

While sealing it, he erased all of Enoch’s Rot inside the body of the Beast. There was no reason he should keep the Beast in pain and keep a portion of Enoch’s taint near him. Cleansing the rot was easy when it came from the Abomination when it was at its second evolution.

He was about to erase all of the rot, but a thought occurred to Eos, and he kept a small portion of it. There was something odd about the evolution of the Abomination, and he took a small piece of it so he could later study it.

Placing this gem away inside one of his Origin Realms, he closed his eyes and focused his senses on the incoming waves of danger. His enemies were close, but he still had enough time to make his preparations.

Turning around, Eos focused on the 10,008 Origin Realms created by Rowan, a hint of amazement and appreciation in his eyes. If there was ever a reason he did not regret giving all of his Incarnation their freedom, then these Origin Realms were one of them.

Something in Rowan’s unique experience was what inspired him to reach the fifth layer of space and create these realms. Eos could never choose to burn his Origin and give everything up to this power; that was a sacrifice that only Rowan could make, and these realms held unique inspiration and genius that Eos would find hard to replicate.

At the end of his life, Rowan had not only given Eos a lot of Origin Essence of Space, but had also given him all the knowledge he had gained at the end of his life, and so Eos understood everything about the Origin Realm, but it did not mean he could create more if he wanted to. Every Realm left was extremely precious, and Eos had a plan to take advantage of these realms.

Inside him were streams of Origin Essence, and the greatest among them came from Rowan. His stream of Origin was a hundred times bigger than Telmus’s Origin Stream; unlike the other Primordials, even Noctis, Rowan’s Origin Stream was still.

It was a painful irony that Eos tried to kill Noctis, but he couldn’t because he was rooted in his body, but Rowan, whom he would dearly love to keep by his side, was gone.

The reason for this was simple. Rowan willfully gave up his life to create the Origin Realms and also empower the power of Origin as a whole, and Noctis, on the other hand, did not want to die.

In this manner, Eos had already seen how he could kill Noctis; he just had to break his mind to the extent that Noctis would want to die. If the Primordial of Screaming Void truly wanted to die, then his body would no longer supply power to his essence, and the Agreement that bound a Primordial to their Reality would end.

Eos pulled upon the Origin Stream of Space, and they appeared over both of his palms, resembling pools of silver. He could not feed more power to the Essence to regenerate it, and every part that he used was permanently gone, but Eos believed that he had more than enough to work with.

Holding his hands over the Origin Realms, Eos began to weave a connection between all of the Realms. Crushing these realms and causing space to expand could only affect them once; they would not be making that mistake twice, and so Eos would have to up the ante if he wanted to hold back his enemies.

With the power of the Origin, Eos began creating bridges across all the Realms. Each Origin Realm was massive. Each of them has the standard size of a Reality, meaning that Old Ones and any lower-dimensional being would see them as infinite realms. However, what made these Realms unique was that, despite their size, there were hardly any variations in them.

One of the realms was simply an endless stretch of golden grasslands. There were no mountains or rivers, and it had only one star that was somehow able to shed light on the endless plain. Another Realm contained nothing but mountains that endlessly reached for the heavens.

Eos knew that this did not make these realms deficient; no, this was a clear design choice by Rowan. He wanted anyone who would claim these realms or lived in them to either shape the realm in the way they wanted or leave it as it was... a testament that even in the simplest things, there was still endless potential.

What Eos was doing was simple. If a hundred Origin Realms exploding led to the Primordials being pushed to all corners of Limbo, and by his estimation, easily expanding the entirety of Limbo by a thousandth, then what would happen if all 10,008 Origin Realms crumbled?

The explosion of Origin Realms grew exponentially and not linearly, and that meant that even adding a single Origin Realm to the hundred that previously exploded would have drastically increased the power of the expansion.

Eos was calculating how much space would be created by the explosions of all these realms, and the numbers were stunning. If they all exploded, then Limbo would explode in size a hundred times over.

With the speed of the Primordials, even space as extensive as this one was nothing to them; they would only be delayed a few decades, but Eos knew that something else would not want Limbo to expand this much, and that would be End.

Chapter 2003 Your Time Has Passed

Every previous Existence was massive, but to ninth-dimensional beings, it was not infinite, and for those rare beings who could reach the level of Primordials in the past, they could reach the edges of Existence.

With certain rituals, it was also possible to see its edge; one of the rituals that came to mind was the unknown god who was condemned to suffer torture for all eternity. Using the power of End, his captors were able to chain him at the edge of Existence.

Enoch's madness in this present Era had created Limbo, an Existence that was ceaselessly expanding and feeding on its edges, perpetually growing.

With the aid of his Archai, Eos had been able to track these changes, and from all the knowledge he had gathered, he knew that this expansion was a great thing for all life in Existence, but certain factions would not want something like this to happen.

An ever-expanding existence would be troubling for the Primordials in the long run. At first, this would benefit them. Their limitless hunger would always be sated, and with more power, they could do whatever they wanted... however, even their endless hunger would not be able to hold back an Existence that would never stop growing.

In the distant future, Existence would expand to such a point that it would exceed the mental scope of the Primordials. By that time, it would be inevitable that various powers that did not have to fear the tyranny of the Primordials would begin to rise.

The ceiling for power in Existence was the Primordial level. In time, the number of Primordials would rise to the extent that quality would become quantity, and it was possible in the distant future that an army made entirely of Primordials would rise against the Ancient Primordials and win.

Perhaps they would lose, but an ever expanding Existence meant that the eventual destruction of the Primordials was inevitable.

However, this would happen so far into the future that it was almost impossible to place a number on the day that the Ancient Primordials would be defeated.

On the other hand, there was a more pressing concern that could not be pushed back: the resurgence of Origin.

Eos, at his present position, understood that Existence itself was not just space and time; at its core was Origin, and the growth of Existence itself would similarly translate to an increase in Origin.

There was a reason why becoming a Primordial was easier in the present Existence, and it was not just the demise of the Luminous, but also the expansion of Existence itself.

Without the presence of the Ancient Primordials, who were tools of End, Existence would have become much greater than before, and the power of Origin would be on the rise.

End was a sentient force of destruction, and it had slowly been choking Origin, and without the presence of certain people, the destruction of all life was all but assured.

Eos knew that this was the key to this entire conflict. If Limbo were to expand a hundred times over, it would only be an inconvenience to the Ancient Primordials, but for the power of End, this was something that could never be allowed to happen.

He knew that the expansion of Existence could still be stopped. It would take a ridiculous amount of power, greater than what Eos could call upon at this time, but it was possible; however, if all of these Origin Realms were shattered, then the expansion of Existence may never be halted anymore.

The bridge Eos was weaving across the Origin Realms was not just to link them all as one so that if one were destroyed, they all would be destroyed; it was also to strengthen these realms.

Rowan had only created a foundation, and it was up to Eos to complete it, because he knew that before long, these realms that appeared like tiny pearls before him would become the sites for devastating battles that would decide the fate of Existence.

He worked extremely quickly, his consciousness following his Will in a precise manner, as he created structures that would baffle the mind of an average Primordial in mere moments.

He could feel certain spots of cold around his body, most of them concentrated around his heart and his head, and he knew they were coming from the Primordials, Death, and the Abomination.

They were now so close, but Eos had been given enough time to work his magic, and he was not a person who should be given time to prepare his plans without interruption, because he would not fail.

A rumble emerged from the realms in front of him as the final bridge was created and solidified. The rumble grew into a deafening roar, and shockwaves that shattered space around Eos emerged from the realms as they slowly began to expand.

From the shape of tiny pearls, they grew to the size of moons, then stars, and their expansion continued. Folding his hands behind him, Eos watched with a smile as the 10,008 realms began emitting so much radiance that this corner of Limbo started to transform.

He almost wanted to sigh in pleasure as the invisible weight that was prevalent across Limbo vanished near the expanding Origin Realms.

The power of End had corrupted Limbo so profoundly that it could be felt even by lower-dimensional immortals, but they did not know what they were feeling and simply believed it was the corruption of the Primordials.

Every Origin Realm was self-sufficient, and linking them all meant that resources could be shared and mutual growth would be sustained. If there were no hindrance to their development, then these Origin Realms would swallow Limbo and become the new face of Existence.

However, how could Eos be satisfied with just something like this, knowing that his enemies could break it down?

Existence seemed to shudder as the Primordials, the General of Death, and the Abomination arrived almost simultaneously. Their gaze was fixed on the expanding Origin Realms, and countless thoughts went through their heads before they all turned to a single figure whose back was to them, observing the expanding realms.

“Good, you are all here,” Eos said, and he slowly turned around, “I would hate to repeat myself.”

The abomination chuckled in anger, a weird sound from its face that resembled a fusion between a beast and an insect, “The success of your Incarnation must have driven you mad, Eos. You think you still have any right to challenge us?”

Eos smiled and flicked his finger, making space ring like a bell. This ripple touched the expanding Origin Realms and travelled through the bridges linking them, creating a sonorous sound that was beautiful, yet it was like a sound of nightmare to the Abomination.

Its eyes widened when it realized the threat Eos was making; he could easily crush all of these Origin Realms, and Limbo would expand past the point of no return.

Nyxara walked forward, “Even if Limbo expands, it buys you only a few decades. How much power do you think you can collect from the Primordial Record in such a short time?”

Eos looked at her like an idiot and sighed, “Despite all of your powers, you still remain... puppets. The expansion of Limbo goes beyond the extension of space, and it is something that your masters understand, now go sit by the side like the good dogs you are, your time has passed.”

Chapter 2004 A New Agreement

A look of shock and fury flashed past Nyxara’s eyes, but before she could speak, Xylos charged at Eos, drawing out a demonic blade from his side, which was one of his ribs. His voice rippled across space-time.

“I had always wanted to kill you, but we kept you alive for a single purpose; now your life is meaningless, and whatever power you think you hold is nothing.”

Eos kept his hands folded behind his back, and his Omniversal wings beat a few times as if testing the surrounding space, but he made no motion to block the attack; instead, a sneer was on his lips.

The rage in Xylos’s eyes built up, and his blade, holding the confluence of every doubt in Existence, pierced towards Eos’s chest. The tip was an inch from touching his chest when a steaming scythe alongside massive claws struck Xylos from the side and behind.

Not expecting the attack, Xylos screamed in pain and rage as the scythe cut his arm to the bone while the claws shredded one of his wings. He was blasted away from Eos and into another dimension, and a moment later, he returned filled with venom.

The scene he returned to see shocked and angered him to the core. The General of Death and the Abomination had been the ones to strike him, and now they were standing against the Primordials and preventing them from attacking Eos.

Xylos roared, and his demonic nature almost made him go insane. His body began to mutate into a gigantic Demon, and his voice became impossibly deep, “Death, how dare you go against our Agreement? I shall strip your flesh from the bone and make you endure eternal torment for your foolish actions.”

“Hold your hand, foolish Demon,” the Abomination growled. The emanations of power from its body were greater than before; it had clearly evolved one more time during the period it was banished, and it was increasingly growing harder to know how strong it had become.

The General of Death addressed the Primordial, “I did not break our Agreement; I was saving it. If Xylos had attacked him, it would have led to the expansion of Limbo, and the power of End would become stretched too thin. At that time, it is unknown if the foundation of all our powers would have been stable. Your actions could have doomed us all!”

The change in the body of Primordial Demon began to reverse itself, yet the fury in his eyes did not reduce, but was growing.

“Explain yourself slowly. How does the fucking expansion of Limbo affect our powers?”

This time it was the Abomination that replied, “You are all cursed children, Xylos, Xyris, Elgorath, Vorthas, Eldrithor, Asteroath, even you, Nyxara... Your body may have been built from my flesh, but I sewed you together using the power of End.”

Spreading his hands wide, the Abomination growled, “Even the higher dimensions did not exist like this before I remade them using the power of End. I wanted change and to create chaos; I needed to ensure there were countless variations inside Existence. Now think for yourself, you fool... if Limbo is stretched, the power of End would thin, and the very foundations of the higher dimension would be shattered. Without the power of End holding all of this in place... You would collapse under the weight of your own power!”

Nyxara’s eyes widened when she heard this explanation, and she turned to Eos, “Knowing this fellow, he would have shattered these Origin Realms, even if it ends up killing him as well, if the result also means our death. Why are we not fighting under the weight of a crushed Existence?”

Then the answer came to her, and Nyxara almost collapsed in laughter, “Hahahaha... I cannot believe this. You have victory handed to you on a silver platter, and the reason you have not taken this path is because of... them?!”

She gestured, and various scenes of mortals and immortals living in Existence appeared. “We can survive such drastic changes across Limbo, but they all cannot. You will win, but the very foundations of Existence would change, and nothing would be left behind. Is this the answer, Eos? You are trading a sure victory just to keep these... these things, alive? And here I thought we trained you better than this.”

Eos slowly shook his head, “You know nothing, Nyxara. The reasons I fight are my own, and the choices I make cannot be judged by the likes of you. Granted, now you know the truth, what would you do about it?”

Nyxara turned towards the General of Death, “If the Origin Realms are destroyed, what is the chance of our victory despite the added weight on our bodies. Eos would be affected as well, and I don’t believe all of us combined cannot kill a single Old One, even one as absurdly strong as he is.”

The General shook his head, “It does not matter if we have a chance of victory. I cannot permit these Realms to be destroyed. The ramifications on the domain of Death would be terrible, and my power would fall to nothing. You overestimate your abilities, Nyxara... your siblings may survive the crush, but we both know that you have more Origin Essence in your body, and that means there is a high chance that you will perish.”

“How interesting,” Nyxara smiled while squeezing her fists so tightly that all the bones in her palm were crushed to powder.

She turned towards Eos, “Are you expecting that we would back down and not come for our prize despite knowing all of this?”

“No, you are dogs whose noses have caught the scent of prey, and of course, you would not relent. You want my Singularity, and nothing would stop your actions, you have seen what would happen if you are rash, however, I know this would not be enough, and so I give you a better deal, one that your father,” Eos sneered as he looked at the Abomination, “And your so-called partner,” he glanced at the General of Death, “Cannot give you... I will give you all a chance to claim these Origin Realms for yourselves.”

Everyone’s attention was drawn to the Origin Realms due to the threat they posed. They had not seriously analyzed these realms for any benefits, as they simply wanted to erase them.

However, looking at these realms more deeply, the allure of their rare potential began to emerge.

It may not look like much, but everyone here knew that this realm was created by Rowan, who had touched the fifth layer of the Origin of Space.

The potential each of these realms had was endless, and just the fact that destroying one of them could affect the entirety of Limbo so deeply showed that the foundation of each of these Origin Realms equaled that of Existence itself.

“This new Agreement is simple.” Eos slowly spoke, “The winner takes all, and this time, the instruments of our battle would not be fought by our hands, but by those whose fate had been seized for so long.”

What he said next shook the hearts of everyone here: “These realms are forbidden for those whose powers exceed the boundary of an average ninth-dimensional entity. With that rule in place, call all of your armies and try to seize these Realms. I shall dwell in its center, and anyone waiting for the victor of this war.”

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Chapter 2005 You... Are A Fool [End of Vol]

When Rowan created the Origin Realms, he knew that Eos would never shatter them despite having the constitution to survive without depending on the powers of Will or the higher-dimensional power system.

The dimensions were separated from the power of End, but after Existence's repeated destruction and rebirth, End had tied itself to every negative and destructive force within Existence.

With a firm foothold over destruction, death, and the essence of Evil itself, the power of End began to infect even mundane essences, such as space and time, ensuring that every part of Existence would become part of it. With this method, End would assimilate Origin and destroy it entirely.

This was the ultimate reason for the destruction of everything he knew and loved. End wanted to shatter Origin, and he was just the last bit of resistance standing in front of Origin, the last light that would ensure that life was not lost forever.

While the Primordials might believe that Eos was refusing to detonate the Origin Realms because he knew that such a dramatic expansion of Limbo would wipe out all life inside Existence, including the lives inside his Origin Realm, that was not the entire truth.

If Eos believed that by exploding these Origin Realms, he would allow him to defeat all his enemies here, including the Primordials, the Abomination, and Death, then no matter how painful the price, he would pay it.

Life was tenacious, and even if everyone perished, in time, new life would bloom from the ashes.

So, the only reason Eos did not detonate the Origin Realms was that he understood that the true enemy, End and its Avatar, Enoch, would remain. It was unknown if the life that would arise from the ashes of Existence would be able to handle these two monsters.

With the power of his consciousness and the Wills he controlled, he could see the future if he took this path, and it replayed in his head over and over again.

Eos was ready to die, but he could not leave the work unfinished. The Origin Realms may look like a shortcut to victory; in one move, he would shatter the foundations of Existence and kill the Ancient Primordials, Death, and the Abomination.

But everything he knew would be dead, and he would not be far from dying. His body was too massive, and he had gathered too much power. He might be able to survive if he quickly got rid of all his powers and then slowly recultivated them within an Existence where the higher dimensions had become broken.

He would have two great enemies, Enoch and End, and perhaps he might achieve victory in the end; the possibility was slight. End was a part of Existence, yet existed outside of it.

If Eos were to shatter all the foundations of power inside Existence, it would take too long for him to rebuild it from scratch, and there would be too many loopholes that could be exploited to destroy him.

In the past, he would have taken this path, but as Rowan and his New Primordials had shown him, he no longer fought alone, and it was possible that victory would emerge from the people around him.

Eos was not alone.

“That is the Agreement. Do you agree with them?” The voice of Eos rippled across space and time, and everything went still as the entities here contemplated his words.

It was the General of Death who spoke before the others, “Although I do not agree with shattering the Origin Realms, do you believe we would stand by and watch you take the power from the Primordial Record for yourself?! While we fight through these measly Origin Realms?”

Eos gestured to the Origin Realms behind him, “I have unified all of these Realms, and now destroying a single one would shatter them all, but this also left a weakness. All these Realms now share a single time stream, and the time stream is also the same as that of Limbo.”

The General growled, “What does that have to do with this matter?”

Eos nodded at the Primordials, “They understand my point, I believe, but I can clarify further. How long do you believe it would take me to absorb the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record?”

The General of Death turned to the Primordials for answers, and Nuxara frowned, and she slowly answered that question, “All of the Primordials combined would take at least a few Cosmic Eras to totally digest the powers inside the Primordial Record, but that is digestion and not collection. If we want to collect the powers inside, a few trillion years would do.”

She turned to Eos, “He is not just a Primordial being, but a Reality, and that gives him other advantages. If I am to overestimate his ability to collect the essence from the Primordial Record, then it would take at least twelve billion years for him to complete this process. Of course, he would need more time to absorb all these powers, but for him, it would be a mistake to give him that chance.”

“Twelve billion years is not a long time,” the General frowned.

Eos shrugged, “Do you believe that I want to hand you victory on a silver platter? Your armies and mine would be fighting across the Origin Realms, and if my armies can hold your forces for twelve billion years, then I win. You should also know that Nyxara lies...

even if my abilities have been gravely overestimated, you more than most should understand how much power has been stolen from Reality, and know that at least a hundred billion years is the least I should need to just collect all the power inside the Primordial Record.”

“He speaks the truth,” the beastly voice of the Abomination suddenly spoke, “Eos, will you truly follow this path? Leave your fate and that of Existence to the lesser beings? Or is this a way for you to create another unexpected change?”

Eos laughed, “Of course, I shall be thinking of ways to win outside of them, but this is my plan. The so-called lesser beings are the ones who shall decide the fate of Existence. Across the battlefields in all of these Realms, you shall find my Incarnations, so do not think the fight would be easy for any forces you bring.... So, are we in agreement?”

“You...” the Abomination spoke slowly, “Are a fool.”

Silence reigned for a while, and then these higher-dimensional entities turned their backs to each other and left.

Eos watched them leave, knowing that soon, the realms behind him would be the location of the most bitter battle ever known since the dawn of Existence itself.

He touched his heart, feeling the pulse of the Primordial Record. In the time of this war, Eos would be mastering his birthright, and if he did not do this quickly enough, then he would lose everything.

His enemies had left, but he knew that it wouldn’t be long before they returned with their armies. In that time, he needed to garrison his forces across all of these realms.

This would be a long and challenging process, but Eos smiled because he knew that he did not fight alone.

End of Volume 7.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD~~~[EVOLUTION COMPLETE]

Chapter 2006 The Edges of Limbo

The Abomination fled from the Origin Realms after the Agreement had been completed. It knew that at the moment, it was the best target among everyone here.

Eos could not be attacked, not yet, until they had taken over all the Origin Realms and ensured that they could not be used to expand Limbo. They had accepted this compromise because it favored them more than it would have favored Eos.

The fool had the chance to end the war for a long time, but the price had been too much for him to pay, and he had left this weapon aside for another. The Abomination did not believe that Eos would be able to consume all of these Origin Essences in a short time, even the twelve billion years given was still too short.

From what he could see, Eos wanted to focus on his personal evolution and not the Primordial Record for his growth. If the Abomination had not fought this child, it would have believed that this path was foolish, but it had seen how quickly Eos adapted in battle and how, in the end, he had begun his evolution.

The Primordials and Death had not fought Eos; sure, they would have had observers around the battle, but they had not felt what it was like to fight a man whose limits the Abomination knew it had not seen.

Twelve billion years for a being like Eos was too long, even a million years was crossing the line, but the Abomination could only go along with this Agreement, because it knew that it needed more time than anyone here.

Rapid evolution came with a price, even if he had nearly inexhaustible energy stores from all the Realities it had eaten. Evolving so fast and focusing only on increasing its strength and corruption means its spirit was deteriorating, and in a few short years, it would lose its mind and become nothing but a mindless beast.

So it ran, knowing that if it didn't, its cursed children would kill it. If Asteroath was not dead, then the Abomination knew that there was a possibility for its victory even if it had to fight against all the Primordials and the General of Death, but the possibility of victory ended when it saw that Nyxara had eaten the Essence of her brother.

Eos and Death did not know how dangerous Nyxara had just become, but the Abomination knew, and it frightened it enough to run and not think of hunting one or two Primordials to absorb their bodies.

The bodies of Realities were great vessels for its mind, but they were not perfect. For the Abomination to become something more than what it currently was... an Abomination, then it would need to either consume Eos or one of the Primordials, after all, they were created with the flesh and blood of Enoch.

The Ancient Primordials were created with the flesh and blood of a Luminous, but their Creator had made sure that his bloodline was shattered into pieces across the body of the Primordials, and there was no way they would be able to get to his true inheritance, however, Nyxara's peculiar ability threatened that lock, and what was troubling was that as she had tasted the effects of consuming Asteroath, she might begin to figure out the truth.

Everything was going wrong, but the Abomination welcomed this chaos because the uncertainty of an outcome was ultimately favorable towards its agenda.

It dashed through dimensions, although it knew its target, the Abomination continued to circle Limbo, keeping itself in the fringes and tuning its evolution for speed and stealth, and its action soon bore fruit when it was able to shake off the eyes that had been secretly following it.

These eyes he knew belonged to Death, the Beast of Final Rest, a creature that was an Enigma to the Abomination, because it knew that a power such as this Beast could not just come from nowhere, but it could not figure out how the Beast was able to grow so powerful and knowledgeable, when its second, the Beast of Inevitability was just a slightly stronger animal.

The Abomination knew that the secrets of the Beast of Final Rest must be tied to the creation of Eos and the betrayal of the Primordial. A being like Eos should not exist in Existence, and a tool like the Singularity could not just emerge from thin air.

With the methods used in designing the Primordials, they should be nothing but mindless beasts; however, they had been able to survive and thrive. Enoch knew the greatest powers in Existence and none of them should have been able to change the Primordial's situation, but something was working against Enoch, and the Abomination knew that it was not End.

Now, the Beast of Final Rest was displaying the same strangeness that created this situation with the Primordials, and the Abomination would be a fool if it did not consider that there was a hidden party, and it believed that it knew the answer to that question.

A Luminous or a part of their civilization still existed. The Abomination knew that Enoch did not truly confirm if all the Luminous had been destroyed, but that should be a mistake; someone must have survived, and they had hidden from Enoch's sight, and had been slowly undermining everything that he was working towards.

This realization, more than anything, was what caused the Abomination not to challenge Eos and his Origin Realm and fled into Limbo. There was a hidden hand, and that hand needed to be brought into the light, and they could as well be its greatest enemy.

Centuries passed, and then millennia, but the Abomination never stopped moving. It followed behind the expansion of Limbo, hiding in the cracks in between dimensions, and during its journey, it began to see wonders that could only be seen unless you were at the edge of Limbo.

In this place, the power of End grew faint, and the purest form of chaos could be found. In this chaos was the pure source of creation, and life of all kinds could be found growing at the edges of Limbo.

The Abomination could spend an eternity devouring these newly born creatures for inspiration and growth, but it was here for something else. Its mind was fading away, but

this body was too precious to be discarded, and he needed to be in the right place for its mind to take this body.

Enoch was coming, and the Abomination needed to be in the right place to receive him.

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Chapter 2007 The Living Codex

ORIGIN REALMS.

It has been a hundred thousand years from the moment the Agreement that would decide the fate of Existence was made. For mortals and lesser immortals, a hundred thousand years was a fairly long time.

A lot of changes had happened in the 10,008 Origin Realms, but for Eos, these years had all been devoted to a single thing. Readyng himself to become a Primordial.

The Abomination was correct in its theory. Eos had never believed that the answer to change Existence lay in the Primordial Record. It was an extremely powerful aid, there could be no doubt about it, but Eos knew that the true source of his power must be based on himself and not the Primordial Record.

During the battle with the Primordial, Eos began to evolve, and the evolution process took a hundred thousand years to complete. This was not a long time, because without the aid of the Primordial Record, this process would have taken a thousand times longer.

Previously, the Singularity had been the bridge that accelerated the transfer of power throughout his body and soul, accelerating his evolution and ascension, and this feature had accelerated after it was unlocked by his Incarnation. Eos valued this feature of the Singularity more than the plentiful Origin Essence that it contained, which greatly annoyed the Primordial Record.

Eos did not have to be a genius for him to understand why the Singularity was greatly upset. It was supposed to be the greatest tool in Existence, not because it was the most powerful, but because by chance and design, it held the greatest storehouse of power since the time of the Luminious.

Knowing the true history of its maker, Eos could see the reason why a Singularity like the Primordial Record could only be created by these groups.

In the past, one of the reasons why Existence had relatively few powerhouses was because of the presence of the Luminious, who had taken a great chunk of the available Origin Essence and made it their own.

Because they did not innovate or push for greater changes with their Origin powers, the power of Creation grew weak, and End slowly took charge over Existence while the Luminious watched from their high thrones, believing they were too powerful to ever be affected by these changes.

Now, after all the chaos and changes that had swept Existence, including the fall of the everlasting Luminious and the rise of End, a Singularity had been created that held the potential to decide how everything would fall into place, and its owner... could not even care to use it for that purpose.

Presently, Eos was situated in the central Origin Realm, and it was called the Prime Axis. When Eos created the bridge that linked all of these Origin Realms, he made sure that this Realm was the central point where all other Realms rested. With this bridge, the entire Realms began to rotate and revolve around this central realm.

The Prime Axis was the important Origin Realm here because from this Realm, Eos could control all the other Realms, send armies, and understand every single change happening across all the Origin Realms.

Just because he claimed that his enemies could fight and claim these Origin Worlds, which was the truth, did not mean he would make this process easy or quick. He was determined to bleed them to death, and when they were reeling, he would go for the throat.

The Prime Axis is the center of the Origin Realms, and through the connections he had made, the realm that once resembled an ocean world had transformed into something born of the mind of a god of craft and metal.

Now structured into three vast concentric rings around a central pivot, his throne, which was that rock that had been with him since he was a mortal. These three vast rings were connected to the other Origin Realms via bridges that Eos had built from the Origin Essence of Space itself.

This meant that anyone could instantly transmit from one Origin Realm to another.

These vast rings were filled with alien architecture, stretching into great cities teeming with immortal beings at the eighth-dimensional level, for only this level of power could come close enough to where Eos resided.

They created a capital city, which was the seat of the Primordials and where all the affairs governing the Origin Realms were decided. The war to end all wars was coming, and the three rings surrounding the central pivot were constantly abuzz with activities, and the

bridges linking to it were always flashing as materials and people were being transported all over the Realms.

Since each realm could be considered infinite for lower-dimensional immortals, the amount of resources being transported was mind-boggling, but this was the least requirement for a war of this scale.

On this central pivot, Eos sat crossed-legged, and surrounding him were 10,008 Incarnations. All of them were linked to him by tiny strands of Origin Essence, and at the moment, all of their eyes were closed as if they were asleep, but now and then, pulses of power would emerge from Eos's body and travel through these threads into the bodies of the Incarnation, and they would shake a bit before they settled.

Eos had created many Incarnations in his lifetime, but this was the greatest incarnation project he was going to make. He was not going to just make any average Incarnation; he was going to make Incarnations who would become Primordials.

The pulse of power emerging from his body was from the Origin Essence he had mastered, and he was transferring that knowledge and power to these Incarnations, and this process was made monumentally easy with the assistance of the Primordial Record.

The Central Pivot could not be seen with either the eyes or the senses; even the Primordials would only see a vertical line of pure potentiality that sliced across all the realms. It was as if the central pivot was at the center of the Origin Realms while also enclosing it.

For the lower-dimensional immortal, they only saw a column of iridescent light stretching from the bedrock of the world into the infinite zenith. Their first taste of what true infinity would be like was by looking at this column of light and knowing that at the center of it was the Creator. So much of these changes were happening without his direct supervision, and Eos knew they were in capable hands; his job was to ensure that the sacrifices of those who believed in him were not wasted.

As he worked, the Primordial Record flashed him a message, and Eos sighed, before he pushed the message aside for the moment; he needed to complete this task first.

~~PRIMORDIAL RECORD~~ ~ [EVOLUTION COMPLETE: LIVING CODEX.]

Eos sensed satisfaction emerging from the Singularity. When Rowan had unlocked it, like the Origin Essence he had unleashed, he did not seek to control the Singularity and had allowed it to choose the direction it sought to grow, and the Primordial Record had chosen to be the Living Codex.

However, Eod did not know if he wanted to accept this change, because if he did, the Primordial Record would permanently fuse with him, and its consciousness would vanish.

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

Chapter 2008 Stay

Eos did not want the Living Codex; the price for this upgrade was too much. After all that he had lost and was expecting to lose in the coming fight, he did not want to easily write off any life until he knew that he had no more choices to make but this one.

In the beginning, he had viewed the Primordial Record with fear and distrust, because he was not able to see through its abilities, but Eos now saw that, despite all of its powers and potential, this Singularity was unlike the World Stele, and the Primordial Record could as well be a child.

Of course, he would not say out loud this sentiment, or the Singularity would become irate, but Eos could not see any reason why it would willingly lay down its life even before it had the chance to live.

Eos still called the Singularity an it, but he would one day like to call it by a name that signified what it figured itself out to be.

So, Eos deliberately pushed it aside while focusing on creating his Incarnations and pushing forward his evolution, which now had a firm direction.

If everything went according to plan, this would be his final evolution, at least that is if he lost the battle. If he won, then in the future there was an assured possibility that he would continue his endless ascension and evolution, but for now, Eos had laid down all of his cards on the table and selected his greatest potential form until the end of this fight.

Thousands of years passed as the completion of his Incarnation reached thirty percent, and in all this time, the Singularity had been pushing Eos to acknowledge its evolution to the Living Codex, and finally, Eos opened his eyes, knowing he could no longer push back on this matter any longer.

He halted the creation of his Incarnation and slowly stood up. For more than a hundred thousand years, Eos had not risen from his throne, and now that he did, he almost wished that he could sigh in relief, but his body was perfect, and any memory from when his body would ache from such long stretches of inactivity was so deeply buried in the past it was almost non-existent.

Opening his palm, he called the Singularity, and the blue book appeared on his palm, shining like a star. To call it a book was underselling what it was when it resembled a carved gem with the light of the stars buried inside it.

Resting on his palm as he felt its warmth, memories flooded his mind, from the first moment he opened his eyes inside Trion until he was standing here, and through it all, there was a constant in his life, and it was this Singularity.

Perhaps it was designed to something that he would naturally gravitate towards, but the Singularity had proven to him in the past that being with him was a choice.

With the death of Rowan, the Singularity had the choice to choose anyone in its vicinity, but it had waited for Eos. The Singularity was his friend, and Eos had slowly come to realize this truth over the years.

The blue book pulsed in his palm, and Eos smiled, his happiness reaching his beautiful eyes. It had been a while since he could smile so deeply. "I can feel your resolve in all of your pages, but my mind is made up, and you can blame my Incarnation Rowan for taking this choice."

He sighed as he already knew the answer he was going to give. Eos looked up, his sight piercing past the Origin Realms and deep into Limbo. He could not see any of his enemies yet, but he could feel them.

They were coming for him and everything he held dear, and if he took the path of the Living Codex, the merger of the power within the Singularity would proceed a million times faster than the Primordials would ever expect. Paired with his upcoming final evolution, most of the Origin Essence in Existence would be his to control... victory was within his grasp, but he could not take it.

Eos had sacrificed his friends, he had sacrificed his children and family, and he had sacrificed himself many times to achieve little victories through the years, and although he had been deeply hurt by these choices, he had never hesitated, because he knew that the cost of such sacrifices was worth it.

Why, now, in the end, was he hesitating to allow this life to die to bring him that one step closer to his goal?

This should be easy for him at this point. How many lives has he seen ended? How many had he ended with his own two hands? And how many more would he end until all of this was over?

He had stood here before, when his son Andar, his friend Maeve, his mother Elura, and his children, the brightest of Angels stood in front of him. They told him to honor their sacrifice, and with every breath he took from that moment forth had been for them.

Eos had thrown away his name, had given up on love or comfort, every day had been a battle to move forward, because he believed that he was limitless, he could never fall... he was wrong.

Some weight was enough to break him.

He had watched the Ancient Primordials claw out their freedom, saw the ease with which these ancient horrors played with the hearts and minds of all, and he wondered if he should have fought harder than allow these sacrifices to happen... because in the end, did it not just benefit End?

“All my life, I lived with the philosophy that the means define the end, and no price is too high for your goal, and you would have me take your life for my victory. I know you believe this is the only way to victory, but I have learnt that a victory born of an innocent life is not a victory; it is a defeat I would carry forever. I did not fight to reach this moment so I could lose you in it. We find another way, or we fall together. Your place is beside me, not beneath me.” Have you ever wondered how End could grow so strong? It feeds on deaths and destruction, and no matter what I give up to grow stronger, it also feeds this enemy.”

Suddenly, a voice spoke behind him, and Eos flinched, knowing that the only way he would have missed someone coming so close to him was because all of the Incarnations here, even though they were not fully awakened, must have summoned this person here, when they believed he needed their counsel the most, “I do not believe that End profited from that sacrifice as you think, it lost far more than it bargained for.”

Eos turned to see Eva, the Primordial of Revelation, and her eyes were wet with tears; perhaps more than anyone, she knew his entire story, and understood why the man with everything was still alone.

She shook her head and glared at him fiercely, “I understand that I may never fathom how powerful this mysterious force can be, or its reach, and even if it was able to draw power from the sacrifice of those around you... do not underestimate the changes that occurred due to those sacrifice Eos... your efforts and all those around us would hurt, but it is for a good beyond us all...”

Eos’s eyes widened, and he stumbled back, “Please,” he whispered, as he squeezed the Singularity, “Don’t ask me to bear this. I have lost enough. Do not make the memory of you the cornerstone of my survival. I would rather stumble forward with you in the dark than walk a sunlit path haunted by your ghost. My strength comes from those I love standing with me, not from their ashes. Stay. Fight with me. Live with me... Fall with me.”

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

Chapter 2009 The Meaning of Sacrifice

Eva, the Primordial of Revelation, felt her heart breaking.

It was very easy to see the power and majesty of this being before her and then forget the sacrifices he had made to reach here. She was once Eve, and she broke away from that previous shell to become Eva, and she knew how difficult that choice was for her. Eos here had lost who he was many times over, and looking around her, she could see that he was willing to lose himself many more times as well.

He was a force of nature that never stops, relentlessly pushing himself forward and not stopping for anyone or anything, and so she had forgotten that this hurricane of change came with a heart... and this heart was breaking.

Eos had endured so much loss and pain, but while his body and soul were infinitely strong... his heart bore all of this pain, and there did not seem to be any end to it.

There was this cloud of gloom that hung over him that he would only show inside this place where he was alone. Eos had learned to mourn his losses alone because the ones he held close to him were gone.

She remembered when Eos still held the name Rowan, and he had sat down in a field beside his family and friends, and she was privileged to be among them. They had laughed and told stories that could go on for hundreds of years at a time... those periods had been magic, and Eos's lovely eyes held so much light that it made everything seem so small.

She had never wanted those moments to end, but as much as she wanted to hold on to those memories, they slipped from between her fingers like the sands of time. Oh, what would she give to return to those times when she had not seen the face of evil and believed the world held brightness within all the everlasting darkness.

Eva hated herself for what she was about to do next, but she knew that Eos had taken so much pain to raise up a batch of New Primordials, not just because he might need their powers, but because in times like these, only Primordials would be able to get through to him.

A part of him may have anticipated the danger and the changes that this war would bring to him, and they were here to make the hard choices and push him in the direction that he needed.

"Come with me, Eos," she held out her hand, and he looked at her in surprise, his eyes widening, and Eva had to deliberately stop her heart from beating fast. Her desires could wait until all of this was over; what was important to her was solving these matters of the heart with Eos. He was the key to their entire survival, and their savior's heart was wavering.

Eos held out his arm and paused before his arm could be fully extended, "Where are we going, Eva? A war is on hand, and we need to be prepared for it."

“Trust me, Eos, where we are going would be the best preparation for this war,” she replied, “I know we don’t have much time, so give me... three hundred thousand years. We can spare that much time to do this. I am going to take you through Existence Rowan, the ones I have found that your Archai have not seen. I am going to show you the bones of fallen immortals, the dust of extinguished hope. My hope is for you to see this battle from my eyes and accept that to save everything, you must sometimes sacrifice one thing. Let the journey teach you the grim arithmetic of divinity as I see it.”

Eos paused. Perhaps Eva may not know, but he had seen more of Existence than she would ever know. His Archai had gone through the bones of Existence and saw the devastation that was wrought by the Primordials over sixty-five million Cosmic Eras, but he had seen it.

Limbo was a museum of atrocities stretching for infinity. He had seen the Carcass of the Choir, a string of 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.

He had seen the Realms of Shattered Hourglass, the Heart Nebulae, the Plain of Unmade Children, where he heard the cries of these children in his heart, “Do not forget us,” they said to him.

Eos had seen the Library of Ended Stories, the Mountain of Mother Rises; he had seen 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.

All of these were minor calamities on the scale of Limbo, even if the sight of one of these places would have driven Eva to madness. Yet, he had seen worse things. Eos had seen one of the Concepts of Creation, Mercy, and it had been broken and crucified on a cross made of its own negation.

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.

It was here that he had first seen the true face of End, and yet he had not understood it. He had not seen the true face of this Evil until he had reached the Temple of End and saw the face of his enemy.

Mercy was not the only concept that had been crucified; there had been others... Charity, Patience, Kindness, Humility...

What could Eva show him that surpassed evil on this scale and change his mind on the path that he had decided upon? Too much pain and sacrifices had been made already, and Eos did not want to build his foundation on more pain.

Still, he found himself reaching out for her hand... perhaps she might show him something he had not seen before. Limbo, after all, was infinite.

“I cannot give you three hundred thousand years, Eva. I can give you only a single year; show me everything you want to in this short time.”

Chapter 2010 The Nexus of Betrayal

Eva frowned, “A year would be too little to travel to the places I want to show you.”

Eos blinked and, holding her hand, pulled her closer to him, and his great Ominiversal Wings erupted behind him, twin pillars of creation that connected the heavens and the earth, “You forget, you travel with me, and what is distant to you is meaningless to me.”

Her lips twitching, Eva made a mocking bow, “Forgive me, Lord Eos, I forget that I was beside true eminence.”

Eos snorted as he replied sarcastically, “Right... you forgot.”

Eva laughed, and a feeling of despair rose in her heart. It had been a long time since she had seen him smile, and by all the light in creation, this man was beautiful. Perhaps she should accept that Eos would no longer want to sacrifice any of them for victory, but she knew that he would have to... if the time came that her death would lead to a slight positive shift in the direction of the war, she was willing to take it, but she feared that Eos would not allow her to die.

She needed to show him that these sacrifices were necessary. Maybe she would not succeed, the time when she was far more knowledgeable and experienced than he was over, and he had long exceeded the scope of her understanding, but there was still a chance that what she was about to show him might change his mind.

She was the Primordial of Revelations, and it was possible that the things she had seen might end up surprising even a being like Eos.

“Well, I have only one year, and there is much I need to show you. This is where we are to go.” Eva gestured, and Eos could see the place she wanted to go deep inside Limbo. He was a bit surprised that in the short time that Eva had become the Primordial of Revelations, she had been able to reach such a place.

Her eyes pulsed with the Essence of Revelation, and Eos realized that Eva, in her wisdom, had been preparing for this moment. She might not know what challenge he would be

facing in the future, but she had ensured that with her powers, she would be able to find answers that he might need, and the places she wanted to take him were one of the many paths she had investigated for the slightest chance that one day, he would need her assistance.

A wisp of a smile passed by his lips, and he gestured towards the space in front of them. This motion carried the aura of his Omniversal Wings as he took its power to open a road for them that led to the depths of Limbo.

Existence parted with a sigh, revealing a grey, soundless avenue paved with the forgotten names of the dead. Eva's eyes widened when she saw these names, and even as a Primordial, she knew she could not count even a fraction of their number.

What made this even more shocking to her was that she recognized the writings and knew that only one hand could have penned all of these names, and it was Eos.

'How did he find the space in his heart to come to the depths of Existence and record all the names of the fallen? How much pain is in his heart?'

"We will walk my path first," Eos said, his voice stripped of all grandeur. It was the voice of a curator in a museum of nightmares. "So you understand the gallery you wish to add to."

He stepped through, and Eva, her heart a frantic drum, followed.

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Eva was thankful that they did not spend much time inside this silent passage; it barely took a second, and they arrived at their location. Crossing a distance that would have taken Eva at least fifty thousand years to cross, and she was a Primordial whose Origin was linked to Light, meaning she had all the powers of an Angel, and was one of the fastest Primordials in Existence. Any other Primordial in her place would have needed ten times more time to reach this place. Eos, of course, with his Omniversal Wings, cheated. His Archai had not stopped moving through Limbo, and as they moved, they planted seeds of their consciousness behind that slowly grew and radiated out in an ever increasing area.

These consciousnesses drew a map for Eos that he could access with his wings, ensuring that even though he was in a single place, his reach was ever-growing.

The first place that Eva took him to was one of the locations that his Archai had discovered. They had not deeply investigated it; they had only done some cursory inspection before they left, and they had called this place the Nexus of Betrayal.

This name was a bit tongue in cheek, but Eos was used to the weird frame of thinking by the Archai, and although he could delve deeper into the report submitted to him at any

moment, he chose to allow Eva explain what they were about to see with her own words. It was why he agreed to follow her in the first place.

“Do you know what happened here?” she said and pointed to the ruins ahead of them, and Eos allowed his consciousness to sweep through it. He paused in contemplation, and he remained silent as Eva began to speak in earnest.

“It is difficult, nearly impossible for a Primordial of equal might to kill another Primordial; however, I found such a thing, and these ruins are what remains of their bodies. I believed that these two Primordials were guardians, and the flavor of what is left of their Origin was so close that they had to be siblings. However, one of them had been corrupted by the power of Destruction, and the lust for power, and to save the dozens of Realities under their care, one of the Primordial pushed beyond their limits to find the strength to end their sibling’s tyranny.”

Eva sighed as she spoke softly, “Do you know what I see here when I look at this scene? I see arithmetic.” Her hands trembled a little as she held them in front of her, as if she wanted to cradle the devastation in her bosom, “One life for the protection of the many Realities under them. This sacrifice was worth it.”

Eos stood before the monument. He did not look at the devastation, but at the empty space where the vanquished twin had been. The Singularity, warm and blue in his hand, pulsed once.

“I know this story,” Eos said, his tone conversational, almost idle. “The survivor’s name was Elyria. She won. She saved a dozen Realities. For seven Cosmic Eras, she was a hero.” He turned to Eva. His lovely eyes held no light, only a depth that seemed to swallow the glow of the Nexus. “Do you know what happened in the Eighth Cosmic Era?”

Eva blinked. “The Records of Revelations... are fragmented after that.”

“Revelation should seek the fragments,” Eos said, not unkindly, “But I know as you proceed deeper into your Origin Force, you will come to understand more, but first, let me show you.”

Chapter 2011 Changing The Script

Eos twisted his hands slowly, and the scenery shifted, and it was not just space that was changing, but time as well. With the right powers and understanding, it was possible to view the past. He showed her a horrible Psychic scar that was left behind after the blow that killed a Primordial.

“You say that it was not the sacrifice that matters, but the end result. See that Psychic scar,” Eos pointed to the wound inside Existence. “It remained on the battlefield, and Elyria was too weak to cleanse it because she had paid a terrible price to kill her brother,

and so she was grievously weakened. However, it would not have mattered even if she were at her peak; she had sacrificed too much in that instant, and the power left behind was greater than her.”

Eos paused, and he gestured as if he was pulling in the tear in Existence, and the hole began to slowly close. As it did, it began to reveal the remnants of the dozen Realities that once existed here. This Psychic scar had taken form and swallowed all these Realities.

“At first, the result of this battle was not detected, Eva,” Eos said, “The scars left behind were treated with veneration. It was the spot where their protector sacrificed everything to save them; however, it was the mortals who began to suffer the consequences.”

Faint screams of pain began to emerge from these shattered Realities that were so heartwrenching, Eva went pale. She recognized these screams to be coming from a Primordial being, Elyria, who once saved all of these Realities.

“The mortal children, generation upon generation, were born with a psychic void where the concept of ‘sibling’ or ‘trust’ should be, and some of them became immortals and pushed this concept to a greater height. Their civilization became a perfect, paranoid machine, efficiency born of emotional sterility. In the end, they calculated that their Primordial Guardian, weakened from the battle that gave them freedom, was an inefficient source of protection and energy. They tore her apart, Eva, using the very power she had gained from her sibling’s sacrifice to fuel their final, joyless ascent into a static, crystalline oblivion. Her sacrifice was to stop End, but what it did was give this force the chance to gather its might and silence her.”

“The arithmetic was correct, without her presence, all Realities in this corner of Limbo fell, and not even by the hands of the Ancient Primordials,” Eos murmured, as the vision faded back to the original broken vista. “One for many. It just failed to account for the poison in the result. The victory was sterile, just a prelude to a slower, more complete death.” He looked at Eva. “This is not an argument against you. It is data. The first page of a very long ledger. If you are going to be convincing me of the necessity of sacrifice, you have to know that my judgment is balanced.”

Eva drew in a deep breath; her confidence, so carefully assembled, developed its first hairline fracture. She blinked, still hearing the screams of Elyria in her head.

In the end, the Primordial had become filled with hate. Before even these Realities were born, she and her brother had walked through Existence for many Cosmic Eras, and together they had protected these Realities from destruction many times over, but when her brother grew too greedy and wanted to oppress those underneath them, she paid the ultimate price to stop them, but her sacrifice only led to her demise. Her last cries of pain and anger had only led to the growth of End.

This was not the example she wanted to show Eos, but her Origin of Revelations was still in its first layer, and she could not see everything quite deeply enough. However, just this

revelation she had gained from the past had pushed her to the brink of her Origin Layer, and she knew if she returned, she would be able to ascend to the second layer of Revelations.

Still, she was not here for her personal advancement but to aid Eos, and after furiously thinking for a moment, she selected the next target, and Eos took them to that place in the blink of an eye.

Eos was a bit surprised at this new location because it was one of the places that the Archai had not recorded, and he was seeing it for the first time. It was a plain of seemingly endless darkness that stretched over a massive area in Limbo, and at the center of this plain of darkness was a gigantic heart that still had life.

The heart would beat once every billion years and send reverberations all over the plain of darkness, and when Eos and Eva landed on this plain, they could sense the accumulation of these heartbeats over the many Cosmic Eras.

Even after so long, this heart still beats, and even though there was nothing around this heart but a plain of endless darkness, it did not stop its duty, and until Existence ended, this heart would never stop beating.

With a step, they appeared beside the massive heart, and Eva spoke outloud, “There is no corruption here, this heart comes from a Primordial of Light, and he ripped out his heart to plug a rift that would have torn through Existence and destroyed countless dimensions around. This single act had saved at least a hundred Realities around this place. Even though these Realities still fell to the Ancient Primordials in the end, these Realities enjoyed many Cosmic Eras of peace, and you should know that for lower-dimensional immortals, even one Cosmic Era is so long for them, it might as well be infinity.”

She sighed with deep emotion, “There is a place of pure sacrifice. A heart of light, forever in torment, so that all else may know light without pain, even if it was for a short time. This is the ultimate good.”

Eos was quiet for a while, and then he took a step and appeared on the heart, and Eva followed him. He knelt and placed his hand on the heart, and he closed his eyes; it was as if he was listening to the heart.

After a long moment, Eos stood up from his crouched position. He turned to Eva, and for the first time on the journey, she saw a crack in his impassive armor. A faint, horrific recognition. He gritted his teeth and began to speak slowly,

“His name was Luosan,” Eos said, the words ash in his mouth. “He did not just tear out his heart. He was tricked. The damned ‘rift’ that would have shattered these dimensions was a stomach. The ‘void’ was a maw. He was not a savior. He is an everlasting meal, his torment the spice. This deception might have been for the sick amusement of the Ancient

Primordials, but End feeds on his compassion, drip by eternal drip.” He closed his eyes. “I have seen Mercy crucified, and this is just a variation of that travesty.”

Eva’s face went white, and she stared at the beating heart, now seeing not a noble sacrifice, but exquisite torture. This was not a monument to sacrifice, but the side attraction of a sick mind. Nausea, pure and cosmic, twisted in her gut.

‘Hold yourself together, Eva. This would be hard, but you cannot give up now.’

Chapter 2012 The Last stop

Chapter 2012 The Last stop

Eva whispered, “There is one more.” After this, she did not know if she would change Eos’s mind again. Eva was comprehending that maybe she did not have the right tools to shift his mind, but she would not give up until she tried everything.

The heart still beating under them filled her with pain and disgust as something that was supposed to be pure and beautiful had been twisted into a parody of horror. She had lived long enough to know the sick humor of the Ancient Primordials, and she was sure that if she was not careful, her willingness to die for Eos could be used against him in the future; however, was she going to allow him to protect them all despite the risks to him?

Before now, she thought she knew the answers, but now, it was almost as if everything she knew of Existence was turning on its head, and what she saw as the ultimate good was just a game left behind by the wicked for their sick delights.

She was beginning to understand how someone as powerful as Eos could break, from the soundless avenues paved with the names of all the dead, to the secrets hidden behind the most noble sacrifices, Eos had seen enough Evil to break a Primordial a million times over, and still she was asking him for more... because it needed to be done.

However, she had decided that if this final place did not change his viewpoint, she would follow him along in the battle he chose.

Pointing towards the final location, Eos took her along, but due to its distance, they could only cross halfway using his shortcuts, and he had to fly the rest of the way there. It took two months for Eos and Eva to cross the distance, and this was already impossibly quick.

Reaching their location, Eos stepped back so Eva could lead, and she nodded at him with a smile. “So, what do you think about this?” she gestured ahead, at the paradise before them.

While it was true that Limbo was a place of death and devastation, it was still so massive that there were pockets of life sprinkled across it. One of the greatest of these places was

before them, and it was a paradise. It was a vast planet, teeming with a thousand cultures and tens of billions of lives.

The greatest immortal here was an Old One, and because this planet was an Eternal Realm, created by a Breaker who held a Singularity, this planet was truly massive, and the Old Ones could not travel all across it.

What drew the eyes to this place was not this vast realm, but a golden barrier that surrounded this realm, keeping the inhabitants safe from the corruption of Limbo.

There was something about this shield that did not just protect the realm below; it also exuded grace and healing, and even from a distance, they both could feel. It was a wonder that the Ancient Primordials still allowed this place to exist; it was truly a paradise in a world of rot.

“What happened in this place?” Eos asked.

Eva smiled. This might be the best proof she had: “This paradise was created by the sentient blade of the Breaker who created this Realm, and so this is a Singularity.” she glanced at the blue book that was being held in the hand of Eos, “After the death of its owner, it did not allow itself to perish like all Singularities would usually do. What it did was allow itself to be shattered, and its essence dispersed to forge an unbreakable shield around its master’s people.”

Her voice breaking, “See, a sacrifice can be worth it. Even if this place may collapse in the future, our presence and the war we would fight give them a chance for survival. If we win, then this realm would have escaped the greatest ravages of the Primordial due to the sacrifice of this Singularity.”

Eos observed the cities in this realm of peace, the faces free of fear, the backs that were straight and unbroken. He nodded slowly. “Show me the forge, the place where this Singularity made its choice. Where the sword was broken.”

Eva pulsed her essence through the realm, and she easily found what Eos wanted. Leading him with a smile, she took him to the heart of the capital, a serene public plaza where the Singularity had been shattered, its shards humming a peaceful tune in a quiet pool of silver liquid.

“It is here,” Eva said, her eyes lighting up as she saw the pool of silver. “Its essence is the shield, and the blade is at peace.”

Eos said nothing. He walked to the pool. He did not touch it with his hand. He knelt and lowered his forehead until it nearly touched the shimmering surface. He closed his eyes, and he listened.

He did not listen with his ears but with that part of himself that had been scarred by the countless griefs and sorrows he had seen in this life. The weight of the dead hung heavy on his shoulder, and it had scarred his heart, and it was through this pain that he listened to the pool.

Eva saw his brow furrow as if he was listening to something that was unpleasant, and a cold feeling of loss passed through her heart. Then a tremor went through him. Then another. A low, wounded sound escaped his lips, a sound a being of his power should never make.

He jerked back from the pool as if burned, his composure utterly shattered. He clutched his Singularity to his chest as if he were a mother protecting her child. This was the first time she had seen him so shaken. What did she do?

“Eos?” Eva rushed forward.

He looked up at her. His eyes were wide with a horror so personal, so intimate, it was more terrifying than any cosmic atrocity, and then, there was rage that burned so bright that Eva flinched and could not walk closer to him.

“It’s... It’s aware,” Eos choked out. “They didn’t disperse the Singularity; that would only make their shield last for a slightly shorter time. They dissolved the blade but kept its consciousness in every atom of the shield, in every brick, in every drop of water. It feels every joy, every laugh, every birth... and it is screaming. A silent, eternal scream of isolation. It wanted to save them, to be with them. Now it is the floor beneath their feet, the air in their lungs, and it is alone. Forever. It love... is its eternal, sensory-deprivation hell.”

Eos laughed with rage, “You think the Primordials were not here? No, they have visited this world countless times in the past, and they love to relax exactly by this side of the pool, because this place... reminds them of their father.”

He slowly rose to his feet, “Why should they destroy this utopia when it is one of the greatest fountains of misery in Existence.

Eva stood frozen. Revelation, her very essence, finally showed her the truth she had been blind to. Not the fact of sacrifice, but the eternal, subjective reality of the sacrificed. She had seen only the balance sheet of lives saved. Eos, on the other hand, had heard the eternal whisper on the debit side.

Her purpose broke. Her grand thesis crumbled to dust. She fell to her knees beside him. “I... I didn’t know. I only saw the peace.”

“No one sees,” Eos sighed, his face buried against the blue cover of the Singularity. The book pulsed softly, a steady, warm light against his cheek. “That is the point. The

arithmetic is a lie. It only counts the living. It never carries the forever-screaming column.”

They did not stay long in this realm, and it was a good thing, too. Eva had barely shattered this shield and freed the Singularity of its eternal torture, but she left with Eos, and they did not travel far in those last months that Eos had given her. They sat, mostly, on a quiet, barren asteroid at the edge of the golden paradise.

Finally, on the last day, Eos spoke, his voice rough but calm.

“You asked for three hundred thousand years to show me despair, so I would accept sacrificing my Singularity to gain more power in the final battle. You have shown me in one year that every time that arithmetic is used, it creates a hidden hell. You have not made your case, Eva. You have destroyed it.”

Eva could not look at him before looking away. “Then there is no hope. We are damned.”

Eos reached out, his fingers gentle under her chin, lifting her gaze to his. His eyes were still wounded, but deep within, that old, lovely light, the light from the field with his friends, flickered, stubborn as a heartbeat.

“You looked for hope in the places where hope was spent,” he said. “You looked at the grand gestures, the big sacrifices. Hope is not there. Not anymore.”

He stood, pulling her up with him. “I have one more place to show you. The last stop on our year.”

Chapter 2013 New Variable

Chapter 2013 New Variable

Eos looked around Limbo; he could feel that something had changed in the last hundred thousand years. It was as if the corruption inside Limbo was growing, but Eos knew that this was not the truth; instead, the corruption was being concentrated.

Eos did not just buy time for himself, but he also bought time for the forces of End, and they would ensure that the Origin Realms were so tightly surrounded that it would be impossible for anyone to escape them when the battle began.

It may appear as if he was free at the moment, but Eos was not; his responsibilities tied him tighter than any chains, and the Ancient Primordials knew that he would never abandon the Origin Realms and flee. One reason was that the Origin Realms were far too important. Rowan had achieved a miracle with their creation, and it was unknown if this miracle could be repeated.

If there was no longer any choice left, if Eos detonated all of the Origin Realms, it would surely lead to the death of all his enemies and everyone he protected alongside them. The Ancient Primordials knew he would not take this step, but as long as the option was still on the table, this made it a resource that Eos could not abandon, and so they knew he would not abandon the Origin Realm and flee. They were gathering all the corruption in Limbo to be concentrated around these Realms.

This would take a long time; Limbo was a massive place, and a few million years would have to pass before all of these preparations were completed. Barely a hundred thousand years had gone by, and he was already seeing the effects of this change.

Leading Eva, he took her to a seemingly random location in Limbo. Eva looked around in confusion. There were no broken realms here or the remnants of a battle; it was just empty space that stretched for as far as the eye could see.

She looked at Eos for feedback and caught him staring at a random spot in space, folded between two different dimensional plates. Following his eyes, Eva looked deeper at that spot, and she noticed a crack in space-time.

“Let’s go in,” Eos said, and, filled with curiosity, Eva followed him and entered the tear in space time. She had been expecting to see a grand realm or a lost treasure of the past; instead, they entered a fairly small room with only an open closet inside.

In that closet, born from a single, crystallized tear shed by a minor immortal fleeing the destruction of her world, was a single, flawless orchid made of starlight. It had no reason to exist. It served no purpose. It was just... beautiful. And it was alive.

Next to it, etched on the wall by a finger, was a single rune. It meant “Remember.”

Something inside Eva’s chest squeezed, and she did not know when she began to cry. Eos saw this and remained silent because he knew that this place would deeply affect Eva more than him.

In the past, he had seen a vision of Eva as a child, born at a time when the Primordials had not fully shattered Eosah’s reality with their hunger. When the battle began, she had been taken by the Celestials and remade to become a Creator, but before then, she was born from a blue grass, and she had fled for a long time before she was captured and changed into a new being.

This place... this room, was one of the places that Eva had stayed for the night as a child, and with the many destructive events that had been happening over the Eras, there was no way this place should have survived, but it did, even when it was thrown deep into Limbo.

What was even more amazing was that one of the Archai had found it, and Eos had recognized the spirit of Eva in this place. The miracle of such an event floored someone like him. This room had survived the impossible, and he had found it.

“End’s arithmetic cannot account for this,” Eos whispered, his hand hovering near the flower, not touching it, afraid his majesty would crush it. “It cannot explain why beauty persists in forgotten cracks. It cannot explain why love leaves a mark on a wall in a dead universe. This,” he pointed from the orchid, to the rune, to the Singularity in his hand, and finally to Eva’s tear-streaked face, “this is the flaw in its equation. This is the variable it cannot solve for. We do not fight End with a bigger sacrifice. We fight it by proving its math is wrong.”

He turned to her, and for the first time in a year, he offered her his hand, truly. “The year is over, Eva. You have shown me everything you wished. Now, will you stand with me? Not to make me accept the old, broken arithmetic, but to help me write a new equation?”

Eva stared at the flower near his hand, a remnant of her tears, and then up at him. The guide that wanted to change Eos’ shifting viewpoint was fading away, and in its place was just Eva, laid bare, her revelations turned inward. “And what if I fail as a witness? What if I cannot bear to see you fall, clinging to this love?”

“Then perhaps,” he said, his voice barely a whisper, “you need a new revelation. The coldest fact in all existence, Eva, is entropy. End. The fact that all things fall apart. My entire life has been a war against that fact. Sacrificing the Primordial Record accepts End’s premise that something must be broken for something else to continue. My love for my children... and my trust in you... are my weapons against that fact. You are not my compass to acceptance. You are my witness. Your tears are the data that proves my path is real.”

Eva chuckled silently as she reached for his hand, “We would lose, your enemies would see that you are not giving up a single world for them to consume, and they shall fall on you with all the rage that they can bring.”

Eos closed his hand, the tear merging with his own eternal essence. “Then we fall together. And that, too, will be a truth worth recording.”

The Primordial Record pulsed in Eos’s hand, and in its true first page, the one created by the Temple of End that outlined its purpose... the words on it began to change.

Directive Updated. Primary Function: No longer ‘Record All That Is.’

New Primary Function: ‘Record All That Is Worth Saving.’ Victory Condition Redefined.
New Variable Added to Core Equation: ‘Us.’

Chapter 2014 The Mortal Body of Nyxara

Eos and Eva returned to the Origin Realms, and before they entered the border of the realms, Eos paused and turned around, “Eva, you can return. I have something that I need to deal with.”

She was a bit surprised at his words, but accepting that he was working at a level that was above her at this point, in addition to this, Eva had seen so much beyond the facade of Existence that her Origin Essence was boiling, and she was at the limit of endurance. She did not know how many layers she could break through, but Eva knew that after she went and digested all her gains, then Temus would no longer be the strongest of the New Primordials.

It had been too long since she had been the second strongest, and it was far due that she retook her position. This trip was far more enriching than she had anticipated, and she knew that many of the New Primordials who were slightly scared of Eos would begin to come around him more, just for the benefit of learning from him.

This was a good thing because she knew that Eos would not refuse them, and more than ever, he needed these people beside him to remind him what he was fighting for. It was easy for someone like him to become lost in the grand vision and miss the small details.

Eos glanced behind him and saw she had vanished into the safety of his realm, before he turned and addressed the hidden presence waiting for him.

“You can come out of hiding, Nyxara. I can smell the stench of your soul.”

Eos looked at an empty area of space that soon trembled, and a female figure walked out. The Ancient Primordial Nyxara, taking the shape of a young woman who looked to be around fifteen, emerged.

She looked like a mortal peasant who was struggling, wearing threadbare clothes that were torn in different places, and she was not even wearing shoes, and her pleasant face held a slight frown that should not appear on the face of such a young girl.

However, the truth was always in the eyes, and the eyes of this young girl were anything but young, and a weird light was dancing inside them that would suck out the soul of even a Primordial if they stared into them too long.

She smiled at Eos and bowed at the waist, before she twirled around like a giddy young girl, “What do you think of my original body? I had nearly forgotten what it looked like; they were always there, but like shadows, they had always seemed unimportant, and now they are becoming clearer... strange, almost as if someone does not want me to remember what it felt like to be mortal.”

Eos was silent as he looked at Nyxara from head to toe. He could read all the story of her mortal life from this shape, and he would have felt pity for who she once was, if he did not know what she would turn out to be.

If there was an opportunity to go back in time and kill the mortal Nyxara before she was born, then Eos would kill her. It did not matter if this was an immoral choice; the suffering caused by Nyxara and her siblings could not be equalled in all Eistences combined.

Looking at Eos, who remained silent, Nyxara smiled and began to walk around him, “I am surprised you left your Origin Realms, Eos. Are you not afraid that I will kill you and take the Singularity? Don’t tell me that you are not aware that I will break the Agreement between us if there is a prize tantalizing enough for me to suffer the backlash.”

Eos turned around to face Nyxara and held out his hand, and the Primordial Record appeared above it. “Your prize is right here, Nyxara. Come for it.”

Without warning, she struck, her body blurring past the space, and her finger was barely an inch from touching the blue book, but she stopped herself, hissing in frustration like a snake. Her eyes, that was focused on the book, slowly turned away and looked at her hand that was almost touching it, and saw that tattoos of chains had covered it... the backlash of the Agreement was beginning to show, but that was not the problem.

Her eyes shifted lower to see a blade that had entered her chest, and it was a single inch from touching her heart. Eos had held out his right hand with the Singularity, and his left hand that had always been behind him had struck as soon as Nyxara made her move, and if she had continued her actions and touched the Primordial Record, the backlash from breaking the Agreement at that moment would be so great that Eos could use this slim opportunity and grievously wound the Ancient Primordial, and there was a possibility that he might kill her.

For someone as crazy as Nyxara, death was not to be feared. She could also tell that the aura of the Origin Realms surrounded Eos, and the moment she broke the Agreement, all the Origin Realms would explode.

Licking her lips with nervousness, Nyxara stepped back, and Eos pulled back his blade at the same time while dropping his right hand. The Ancient Primordial sighed in disappointment.

“You are too tense, Eos; it is not good for your heart.”

“Your heart will break first before mine does,” Eos frowned, and he took a step back while owning the space around him. If Nyxara was going to attack again, it wouldn’t be as easy. Of course, he had anticipated her greed when he showed her the Primordial Record, and he would have attacked and tried as much as possible to kill her, but he knew that she was far too tricky to be so easily killed.

“Do you remember what I told you when you freed us from our hunger, Eos?”

Eos cocked his head to the side, “You threatened my life, Nyxara, and all that I hold dear to me.”

“That I did,” she giggled, “but... hear me out, I am here to threaten you again, and this time, the stakes are much more real than before. Not that those from before did not count, but you know what I mean, don’t you, Eos... I mean, you still remember the dying screams of Maeve, of Andar... of your mother. What if I say that I still have some of their souls?”

Chapter 2015 A Subtle Trap

Eos remained silent; he had been expecting something like this from this Primordial, because he knew that more than anyone else, Nyxara was the one who had designed the course of his life. It was a mistake to see the madness of the Primordials and forget how incredibly cunning they were. It was a wicked wisdom born over countless eons of learning and observing, and she had made sure that when Eos was born, her touch had entered every part of his life, and knowing of their sick desires, most of his suffering had been under her purview.

He sighed and turned away, causing her to sputter in shock, “Eos, do not turn your back on me, or their endless suffering would be on your head. Do you think I don’t have proof?”

Eos did not turn back, but he paused, “Enough of these foolish games, Nyxara, if you had something, you would lead with that, by now, you should know that your words mean nothing to me.”

Saying this, Eos was about to disappear, but Nyxara called out,

“Stop, you have what I need, and we can make a new Agreement outside of Death and Enoch’s ears. Look at this conflict with critical eyes, Eos, and you can see that we are your best options.”

“Is that so?” Rowan chuckled,

“Why yes, of course,” she said, “Among all of us, only we share the power of Origin, and unlike them who want to diminish this power, we want to bring Origin to its peak and beyond. You should know that the devastation that wrecked a greater portion of Existence may have been committed with our hands, but our hearts were never in them, like you, from the beginning we had always been tools... look at me Eos, look at this body, look into the eyes of this child and tell me that I had a dream of shattering Existence and laying waste to the countless lives that lived within it.”

At her words, Eos turned, a profound look of disbelief and fury in his eyes that quickly turned cold and analytical. He spoke slowly, as if he wanted to make sure that the Ancient Primordial would not mistake his words or intent.

“Do you know the first thing I thought about the moment I saw you, Nyxara?... I thought that if I had the power to go back in time and kill you and your siblings when you were babies, I would do it. I would tear you all apart, limb from limb, and feed your bodies to vultures.”

Nyxara cocked her head to the side, her face beginning to slowly transform from a look of pity into a cold thing.

“I have seen enough of the past that your attempt to twist the Truth before my gaze is beyond pitiful. There were many chances for you all to change in the past. Like me, the hands of Enoch may have interfered with your life, but you all had choices and free will. From the moment you decided that power and ambition outweighed all life and creation inside Existence, you had never looked back, and your ledger drips with blood that can choke out a million Realities.”

Eos took a step forward, “You think you are a better option than Enoch and Death? I thought my Incarnation Rowan showed you how wrong you were. You are not the champion of Origin, no, you and your siblings are worse. With Death and Enoch, they have fallen fully into the hands of End, but you are a chaotic abomination holding End and Origin, and you will not let go of either one. You all are an aberration that should not exist, and I shall take great pleasure in finally killing you and your siblings, Nyxara... slowly and as painfully as possible. I hate that Asteroath did not fall by my hand, but I can feel his essence inside of you... If there is any little bit of his mind left, I shall find Nyxara, and his dying screams shall echo your own.”

There was silence for a while, and Nyxara shrugged and broke the silence, “I can hear your convictions in your heart, Eos. It is a shame that convictions are not enough. You may think that your abilities and your cunning give you a chance for what is about to come, but you know so little about the depths of power.”

Eos smiled like a shark, “Was that the thought in Asteroath’s mind before he was torn to pieces by Death. I know of your kind, and I can bet you a thousand Origin Realms that he screamed like a little bitch did he not? You still talk like you are still ahead of the ladder, Nyxara, but you are not. You know what, I do know you have the memory of your brother’s dying screams, and I will buy them from you, just say your price. Remember this offer will not last, because when I kill you, I shall have it all.”

Nyxara could no longer hide her irritation, and the essence of Primordial Light began to bubble inside of her; her eyes glowed like the sun, causing Eos to give a mocking laugh.

“Ah, so a part of him still remains; that is a good thing, now I am assured that I will kill him with my hands.”

Nyxara swiped her hands to the side, “Enough of these games, Eos, this is not the reason I am here.” Pushing her hand into the space in front of her, she pulled out what looked like a key.

“This key would lead you to a lost place at the edge of Limbo, in there you shall, by yourself, drop the Primordial Record.”

“And why would I ever want to do something like that?” Eos growled.

“You will do it, because inside that place is the soul Origin of Elura, Andar, and Maeve. Of course, you could let them die and keep the Primordial Record for yourself... that place will soon be destroyed... let’s see, two million years from now, so make the choice to let go of the Primordial Record or lose them forever.” “Why should I trust anything you say, Nyxara?”

“I know you cannot, but that is the choice before you. Make the right choice and save those you love, Eos, if we win, the worst thing that would happen to you and all that you love is to serve as slaves under us... this is our mercy.”

Throwing the key towards him, Nyxara vanished.

“This is a trap,” the Primordial Record whispered in his heart.

“I know,” Eos nodded, “And we shall use it against them.”

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

Chapter 2016 The Plan of Ascension

Returning to the Prime Axis, Eos settled upon his throne of stone and returned to his task of completing the creation of his 10,008 Incarnations. These incarnations would be his path to his final ascension and evolution.

When Rowan, his Incarnation had shown him the path to reach the fifth layer of Space, Eos had been ecstatic. His situation at that time had been a weird mixture of joy and sorrow. With this Incarnation, Eos had a clear path to reach the Primordial level, but he still held back, because doing so would mean abandoning a lot of benefits behind.

You see, Eos had a simple problem: he could only seed nine Origin Forces in his body. To any Primordial, becoming a nine-fold Primordial was a spectacular achievement, and Eos could see how he could have little to no equals, but his true enemy was not just the Ancient Primordials or Enoch, but the power of End itself, a force that had grown far more powerful than anyone could comprehend.

If he had no choice, he could become a nine-fold Primordial and begin to harvest the power of the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, but Eos calculated that this path was the suboptimal one.

The Primordials and Enoch wanted the power inside the Primordial Record because they could not create more Origin Essence. Theoretically, if there were a million Origin Essences inside Existence, the Primordial Record held ninety percent of that Essence, and because these abominations had become so infected by the power of End, then if this Essence entered their hands, they would soon be snuffed out.

Rowan reaching the fifth layer of Origin did something that stunned Eos and shook the entirety of Existence because he created new Origin Essence, and meant from the beginning of Existence, Origin Essence had not grown until Rowan broke that barrier.

What was easy to forget was that all of the Origin Essence gathered inside the Primordial Record were Essence could be regarded as dead Essence. They came from Realities that had been butchered, and as expected, all of these Essences could not be taken past the fourth level of Origin.

Rowan could reach the fifth level of the Origin of Space because he cultivated all of that power by himself and had not collected any Essence of Space from the Primordial Record. Knowing this, there was no way Eos would be taking the Essence from the Primordial Record, knowing that it would give him powers early enough but stunt his growth forever.

Eos did not think that because one of his Incarnations could quickly reach the fifth layer of an Origin Force meant that all of his Incarnations would be able to do the same, but the chance was there, and he would be taking it.

The Primordial Record was a great source of reference for Eos at this point, because, unlike when he explored the Origin of Space, Soul, and Imagination, he had only been able to understand all of these Origin Forces by slowly entering deep into them. This was a time-consuming process, and even with Eos's intelligence and talent, he needed a fairly long time to understand and reach deeper layers of Origin Forces.

With the Primordial Record, all 10,008 Incarnations had direct access to the Origin Force of their choosing, and they did not drain the Origin Essence; they just understood it and copied it. Settling down on his throne of stone, Eos had sent out tendrils of his consciousness into all of these Incarnation to accelerate the process, by his estimation, it would take seven thousand years for all of his Incarnations to master all four layers of their Origin, and only then would he allow them to reach the Primordial Level, and that was just the first step in his plan.

All of these plans were tied to his final evolution and ascension, and if everything goes according to plan, he would be using the power he would be gaining from this to crush his enemies, and it would not matter how far away they were from him.

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Hundreds of years passed, and Eos had crossed a threshold in the creation of his Incarnations that he was now able to shift his focus away from them and focus on other tasks.

Opening his eyes, he met a strange sight: 10,008 of his Incarnations had already risen to their feet, and they were discussing among themselves. They were either in groups or by themselves, and they were interacting with each other as if they were strangers meeting themselves for the first time, and in many ways, they were.

These Incarnation Eos created were different from all his previous Incarnations in one simple area: they were made to die.

Their life line had been split in two, and when the war began, they would be on the front lines of the battle, and when they fell, everything of their life would be sent to Eos, and this was all he needed for him to ascend.

Eos was taking a great risk here, and these Incarnations were deeply connected to him because every single Incarnation carried a part of him. Their death meant his awakening, and if someone who was deeply familiar with him would look at his present state, they would find that he was a bit diminished.

After seven thousand years, Eos would have completed the creation of these Incarnations, and he would be weakened in a manner that was hard to understand, and he would be vulnerable in a way that he had never been before.

To get past the barrier of only having access to nine Origin spots to seed inside his flesh, Eos would have to go above and beyond to become something that had never been seen before.

There were millions of Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, but whether by coincidence or design, the core of the Ancient Origin Forces was 10,008, and all other Origin Forces were a variation of these 10,008 Origin Forces.

From Space, Time, Fate, Soul to Destiny, Life, Death... all of these Ancient Origin Forces fell under these 10,008 groups, and his Incarnation would be Primordials of all of these forces.

Looking at them mingling and learning from each other, Eos sighed and opened his palm, creating a realm, and inside this realm, he dropped the green gem that was the frozen body of the Beast of Inevitability... it was time to get more answers from this turtle.

Chapter 2017 The White Beast

The Beast of Inevitability resembled a turtle with the tail of a snake. In the war against the Abomination, it had been grievously injured, and if not for the intervention of Eos, the Beast and the remaining Realities it carried would have been devoured by either the Ancient Primordials, Death, or the Abomination.

Limbo had become a very hostile place, and the Beast that was once a hegemon of an entire sector of Limbo found itself adrift in a conspiracy that would have devoured it whole.

It was a risk bringing the Beast inside his realm, but Eos knew that if he kept it by his side, then he could reduce that risk to almost nothing. Free from the obligation of creating his Incarnation, Eos began to resuscitate the Beast from its frozen state.

With a combination of Time, Space, and Memory, Eos had frozen the Beast into a gem, and he unravelled that gem with a flick of his Will to reveal the Beast.

The turtle that previously had a rough and craggy appearance, like a living mountain, had molted as it healed. Now, its shell and scales were white and appeared as soft as a feather, its snake tail was red like a flame, and was curled on the shell of the turtle.

Eos recalled the words Eosah had said to him when she told him of the existence of this Beast,

“This is Ananke, the Beast of Inevitability. It is the embodiment of causal closure. It ensures that every effect has a cause that is itself within the system. To face it is to have every one of your actions, every thought, traced back to its origin. If it finds a source that is... external... unaccounted for... it does not attack. It simply renders your existence logically invalid. You cease to be a paradox; you become an error message, silently deleted.”

Looking at the sleeping form of the Beast, it was hard to imagine it was this powerful and dangerous, and Eos knew that if not for the intervention of Enoch, this Beast would be one of the most powerful pieces on the board.

Its ability simply meant it could deny the existence of everything outside itself, and this was a vulnerability that Enoch had exploited. The Ancient Primordials had no ties to the Realities being protected by the Beast in the Cradle of Enoch, and if they had attacked this Beast before Enoch, then none of their attacks would be able to even scratch its shell.

However, Enoch had corrupted the Realities inside the Cradle from the inside out. The power of the Beast was extremely one-sided; it could not hurt what it protected, and what it protected could hurt it.

This power was extremely interesting, and in the right moment, it could serve as a very important deterrent despite its flaws. Eos may end up using this Beast to protect his Origin Realms, but its flaws were too apparent, and it could easily be used against him if a hidden hand changed a slight directive in the Beast's objective.

The power of Ananke was not the reason Eos kept the Beast; he wanted knowledge that only it would know. "Ananke, wake up," Eos whispered, and the turtle shuddered, then slowly opened its eyes. Its blue eyes that sparkled like gems looked almost confused before recognition entered them, followed by grief and pain.

The tail of Ananke rose up, and a loud roar of anger and despair erupted from it. The memories of all its charges swallowed by the Abomination were still a fresh wound on the consciousness of the Beast, and although its body had healed, the wounds of the heart were not so easily salvaged.

Eos was patient as he watched the Beast mourn its loss, and after a while, Ananke looked at its surroundings before looking upwards at the eyes of Eos that were like two massive prismatic stars.

The Beast shook its body to silence its tail, and it bowed towards Eos, "My savior, I have slept, and I have healed from my wounds. The connection with Enoch... I can no longer sense it."

Looking around in shock, the Beast checked underneath its shell and could not see any of the Realities under its care. A brief flash of panic passed through its eyes, but then it realized that it could still feel the connection it had with them, and the fear vanished.

The turtle bent its head in thought for a while before it raised up its small white head and regarded Eos, "My charges... were they the source of Enoch's rot?"

Eos blinked, and a pillar of light poured from his right eye and gathered in front of the Beast, taking the shape of a man made of light that resembled Eos, and the figure of light nodded and spoke,

"In the creation of Existence, Enoch killed the first Reality, Hundun, and instilled his endless hunger for change inside every fragment of his flesh. It was for this reason that the original 10,008 Origin Forces in Existence were shattered into infinitesimal pieces. Enoch had been banished from Existence, but with the present state of Existence, the walls between End and Existence had thinned to nearly nothing. Existence is now Limbo, and the whispers of Enoch can travel from the dark places into the hearts of Realities, and it can corrupt the source of change it found within."

The Beast of Inevitability shuddered, memories of watching Existence slowly transforming into Limbo during the past sixty-five million Cosmic Eras flowing past its head. It had been foolish thinking that with the number of Realities under its care, it was invincible.

Recall that the power of the Beast scaled up with the number of Realities under its care, and without the chink in its armor, then it was indeed possible for this Beast to have withstood the end of Existence for a short while, but not forever.

Eos continued speaking, “I took the Realities from you, and I am quarantining them all. There is a great possibility to purge them of the taint of Enoch. There is much for us to do.”

Looking away from the Beast, Eos summoned a massive map that showed all of Limbo that had been discovered by the Archai, and he began making changes to it. The Beast watched him slightly in a daze.

“I had buried my head in the sand and forgotten that there was more to life beyond the Cradle; I deserve my defeat.” Ananke, the Beast of Inevitability, sighed.

Eos swiped his hand to the side, “Enough of that dour talk, your survival means all hope is not lost, and there is a chance that the answer to this predicament is within your head.”

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Chapter 2018 Love-Sick Fool

The map being created by Eos was made from the Singularity he had taken from Primordial Time in his temple. At first, this map seemed useless after he began changing Eosah’s Reality, and many of its contents became useless, but it was a Singularity, and after it was completely refined by Eos, and he created links that merged the memory pool of his Archai and the map, its true purpose began to shine.

Eos had no problem placing the entirety of Limbo in his mind, all of its nine-dimensional axes that led to all nine separate dimensions that were combined as one. At his present level, Eos could comfortably hold a third of Limbo in his consciousness, and if he reached the ninth-dimensional level, he should be able to hold all of Limbo in his head.

For now, this map could help him and his allies, because the Map could perfectly work with other Primordials, especially for Sheba, the Primordial of Unbroken Horizon, whose body was a living castle.

More than any Primordial, her Origin Essence could integrate with this map perfectly, and using it, she could theoretically travel anywhere in Limbo. Eos had been able to cut a journey of a hundred thousand years short because he had applied the power of the Map.

However, he was bringing out the map at this time for another purpose, and it was related to the Beast of Inevitability. “Is this a map of Limbo? How is this possible?” The Beast asked in astonishment.

“The base of this map is a Singularity called... Map,” Eos smiled, “I took it from Xyris, the Ancient Primordial of Time, but I have transformed it into something new.”

“I am sure there is a purpose for showing me this map,” the Beast said with curiosity in its eyes.

Eos nodded, “Yes, there is. You see, I have an Agreement with the Ancient Primordials, Enoch and Death, that we would fight a proxy war in the realms that I control. This war is expected to have a maximum duration of twelve billion years, and I am not expected to fight the battle in my main form because I am expected to be digesting the power of the Primordial Record.”

The turtle scrunched his blue eyes a little bit, making it appear extremely cute, “But... that is not what you are going to be doing?”

Eos smiled, “I do not need the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, it belongs to Existence in the first place, and gathering all of that stolen power inside my body is a recipe for disaster, but I cannot let my enemies get a hold of this power also. I will be fighting this battle, but not in the forms that they would ever think I would be using.”

The turtle slowly nodded in realization, “Right... but I have not... I have not yet seen where I come into all of this.”

“Ah, you are to show me the state of Existence before the Ancient Primordials began to devour everything.” Eos pointed out, “It is extremely rare for me to find anyone who had lived before the Ancient Primordials began their rampage across Existence, especially one like you who is so powerful that few things in Existence would be able to hide from you.”

The tail of the turtle carrying the snake head scratched the turtle’s head in confusion, “What would knowing about the topography of Existence before it became Limbo do for you. I doubt such ancient knowledge is important.”

Eos’s avatar of light laughed, “That is where you are wrong. Now come to the Map, see this part, it is the empty layer that would signify the past, and I want to fill it up with everything that you know.”

“You are planning something really crazy, are you not?” the turtle muttered.

“You have no idea...” Eos’ smile showed all of his teeth.

Circe, the Primordial of Endless Kindling, came to the Central Pivot of the Prime Axis to look for Eos. For the last hundred thousand years, she had been flitting through the entire Origin Realms, expanding the power of creation into all of these Realms.

She had never had such a profound experience in her life where she was simultaneously feeling great joy and despair. The Origin Realms were places of wonder, where she was sure she could spend an eternity inside just one, and she would still be finding new mysteries.

As she spread the kindling of life throughout the realms, she had come to witness the unique and endless transformation that arose as a result of this and she had seen so much wonders that it was hard to place them all inside her head, this gave her so much joy and so much sorrow at the same time because she knew that this endless scenery of beauty and transformation would most likely be ash when the great enemies of all that was good and right descended on them.

With this in mind, she was making sure that she collected a kindling of all life that she came across, and she knew that even if she was given trillions of years, her work would just be beginning. The thought that all of these endless wonders may come to an end filled her with rage and despair.

Even if any other Primordial would call her a fool, Circe was ready to die before allowing a single leaf on a tree be destroyed. There was so much beauty here that could not be described.

However, she was not visiting Eos, whom she knew to be very busy on a whim, several strange occurrences had been happening inside her Origin Realm, and she was sure that it must be related to Eos. After more than a hundred thousand years of trying to find a solution, the unknown instincts to keep this truth away from him had faded.

She did not understand where all of these instincts came from, but she trusted them, and now that this unknown barrier was gone, she immediately came over to look for Eos, and she was met with the lively scene of thousands of his Incarnations walking around and talking to each other.

Some of them looked up and saw her descending, and they smiled and waved at her, causing her heart to almost explode out of her chest. One of them was more than enough to have thousands of them, and knowing that each one here was a unique individual but still a part of one awesome whole was mind-blowing, and even as a Primordial, she nearly swooned.

“Get it together, Circe, and stop acting like a love-sick fool before your Lord,” she chastised herself.

“Oh, what is it you were saying about being sick?” a cool and amused voice spoke behind her, and Circe wished to be buried a million feet under the earth.

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Chapter 2019 Tell Me of Your Dreams

Eos saw Circe coming for him, and with his mastery over the dimension of Time and Memory, he knew that what she was going to be telling him was extremely important, and he was surprised... There were a few things that he regarded as extremely important at his present level. Not the end of Realities or the deaths of Primordials... what would Circe know of that would trigger this response in his heart?

The Primordial of Endless Kindling descended, and he could see that she was a little bit confused by his multiple Incarnations. They were born from the purest essence of creation that he controlled; they had a simplicity and radiance that could enthrall the mind, despite the fact that at this point in time, they were all mortal.

Eos always began any important creation with this step, because he understood the significance of a proper mortal foundation, and if his enemies had known his plans, then they would have known he was at his most vulnerable at the moment.

He could have hidden his work due to its importance, but Fate was a fickle mistress, and hiding his activities might end up drawing the attention that he wished to ignore. Eos might have caught Noctis, one of the Architects of End, but he knew that this might not be the only hidden agent in his camp.

Inside the Temple of End, Rowan had seen other robed figures whose faces and shapes were obscured, and there was a possibility that Noctis's face was placed out there so he could easily take the fall, and for Eos's caution to lighten up.

Nothing was off the table, and when you tango with devils, you had to be ready to be gored by their horns. Eos's only consolation was that no matter how long it took, with the present trend in Existence, every secret would be coming to light.

His main body was sitting on his rock, but Circe could not see him, apart from Eva, who was the only one allowed to see his main body; no one else could see him. It was not as if he trusted Eva more than Circe, but it was simply a matter of security.

If there was ever going to be any flaw in his security, then he wanted the investigation to be easy, and one of the best methods to do this was to reduce the trail of bodies to be as small as possible.

As Circe descended, Eos created an avatar of air and earth to appear behind her, and to challenge himself, he used only the elements in this creation to see if she would be able to detect it, but from her surprise jump when he startled her, he knew she had not found out the trail of his energy moving, not that this was fair, since he left no tracks for anyone to trace.

Even though he was not a Primordial and could not pull out the true power of Origin Essence, Eos had already mastered hundreds of Origin Forces up to their fourth layer, and that gave him an advantage that could not even be properly explained.

Eos understood that End was not his greatest enemy; there was also Time. If he was given enough of it, then it was inevitable that in the future he was winning this fight.

He chuckled as Circe tried to brush away her embarrassment with an annoyed frown. Her blue hair and bright eyes brought a radiance to this place that was unmatched.

Soon, it was the turn of Eos to be amazed when he noticed that Circe had reached the third layer of her Origin Force, surpassing Eva and tying with Telmus, who was furiously practicing to reach the fourth layer of his Origin.

“Spreading your Kindlings through the Origin Realms must be a difficult job. Thank you for your efforts, Circe,” Eos smiled, and the blue-aired Primordial blushed.

“Em, yes, of course... It has also been deeply rewarding, as you can see, I have reached the third layer of my Origin without much fuss. I did not believe that ascension could be so easy, but of course, we are not talking about freaks like you, but the rest of us.”

Eos rolled his eyes, “Your ascension nonetheless is something special; it is almost as if you have no barrier to your growth, and I will not be shocked if in the near future you turn out to be the strongest of the New Primordials.”

Circe laughed while bringing up her right hand, sending colorful sparkles flying everywhere, “Well, my kindlings are endless.”

Eos also joined her in laughing. There was something about her joy in the love of creation and the preservation of life that drew his spirit, and he felt happy that at this moment, he could share this with her.

They chatted for a bit. Circe was not too involved in the creation of the armies or the defenses; those were not where she excelled. She was the one responsible for building the foundations of all of these Origin Realms, ensuring that the life that emerged from them was wise and powerful.

If they were going to be fighting against the force that had existed from the very true beginnings of Existence and had defeated every major power that had ever existed, then they needed an army that was so powerful that it could eclipse all powers that had ever been known.

This task was not an easy one, but Eos believed in his people and their abilities. He had given them all the tools they needed, and while he worked on his end, they were busy on their own.

“You know that in less than a century a new Primordial would rise; there is a large betting pool to know who it would be among the seven ultimate candidates,” Circe suddenly spoke after she had been silent for a moment during a lull in their conversation.

Eos opened his mouth to speak, but Circe hastily shook her head, “Please don’t say anything, or I would be banned from the betting pool, the chance of you knowing it is a hundred percent, and I want to win this on my own merit.”

“Sure,” Eos nodded, “But I know you are not here to talk about the prospective Primordials or to catch up, Circe, your body is practically buzzing to return to your task in collecting and spreading Kindlings... so, Circe, tell me of your dreams. I cannot see much, but there is a shadow hanging over your heart that needs to be brought to light.”

Circe sighed in relief, “Of course you would know about this, well, that removes a sizable load from my shoulders. Okay, where do I start? Ah, yes, the first dream I had of bones falling from the sky.”

Chapter 2020 New Revelations

Eos was silent as Circe began to speak, but his attention was immediately drawn to the first words, speaking about the rain of bones in her dreams.

He had created three powerful Incarnation, one died after creating the Origin Realm not too long ago, another went missing after Eos summoned the power of his Final Form for the first time while using the Incarnation as an intermediary and the the last was devoured by Lumen, the wings of Enoch after it told him the secrets of Existence and the origin of Enoch, the Luminous and the power of End.

When his Incarnation entered the Temple of End and met Lumen, the connection between him and Eos was nearly shielded, similar to what was experienced by his missing Incarnation after he used his Final form, and it was the closest clue he had to his missing Incarnation.

The bottom of the Temple of End was located in a space that was at the boundary of Existence. Eos suspected that it was located outside Existence, and it only had a faint connection with this present Existence. The location of this Temple was at the spot where Enoch had ended the previous Existence, and it contained alien materials that could not be found in the present Existence, including the broken hammer and anvil used to end the previous Existence.

Before the conversation between Lumen and his Incarnation, there had been a brief moment when he had received information from a realm that he knew was not inside Existence.

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.

Eos had felt both disgust and a profound sense of hunger when he saw this blood, and 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.

The vision he sensed did not end there, as before long, he saw a cave, and within that cave were glowing yellow eyes that seemed to be searching for something.

He knew that he had connected with the missing Incarnation, but that was all the information he could draw out as he had to hastily retreat, because he had a terrible intuition that if he allowed those eyes to find him, he would deeply regret it.

Knowing that his Incarnation may likely be with Enoch, Eos had not pushed for more information because he had not understood any of the mechanisms that guided the power of End, and did not know if his actions might lead to reactions that would hurt his cause.

Hearing a dream of falling bones from Circe brought all of these memories to the forefront, and Eos focused on her, and his intent created a wall of silence around them.

She began to talk about her dreams and how they gradually progressed from a dream until they began intruding into her Origin Realm. With her connection with Eos, she knew that what she was receiving was important to him, but an instinct had kept her back from going to him.

Eos frowned inside when he heard this, but remained silent. Unknown to Circe, his main body had already arrived and placed both of them on his palm and was peering deep into Circe's Origin as she spoke, looking for any breach in her mental or spiritual defenses

He could find nothing alarming, except for the fact that the loop he created with her when she carried his True Name through time or the Wills of his siblings had created a permanent brand in her soul and consciousness.

Seeing all of this, the main body of Eos took back his palm. Inside Circe's soul was a connection to him so deep that he knew that tampering with it would lead to the destruction of her soul. There was no way an outside factor would be able to influence her soul without killing her, and so that meant only one thing: the dreams and visions she was having were coming from him, from the lost Incarnation.

“Recently, the visions I have been having have become more frequent and visceral... so visceral that with a thought I can summon... this” flipping her palm, Circe reached into the empty space in front of her and pulled out a piece of bone.

The bone resembled a femur and appeared to be made from ash, and pieces of it were constantly drifting away from it as if it would soon evaporate into nothing.

Eos’s eyes shrank to a dot as he looked at this bone. Its appearance appeared simple, but that was not what he was seeing. Grabbing Circe by the wrist and bringing the hand of the startled woman closer to his face, Eos was frozen in place for hours as he looked at the bone, and Circe, with a contented expression on her face, was focused on his eyes, and how Eos had forgotten that he held her off the ground and was enraptured by whatever he was seeing.

After a while, he shook himself from his daze and looked at Circe, who seemed to have been lost inside his eyes, and gently released her, “Thank you, Circe, you have helped me more than you can ever imagine.”

“Oh, was it all you needed?” she replied in happiness.

“It was,” Eos smiled.

“Great, then I will be returning to my task... a war is coming,” she looked away and rose up into the sky before vanishing into the distance.

Eos looked at her departing figure with a smile, and the smile vanished from his face as he deeply frowned. Turning around, this avatar of his collapsed into dust. Another Avatar was already being created inside a new realm as he began feeding the Origin of Screaming Void with all the Essence it needed to awaken Noctis... he had questions.

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Chapter 2021 The Cost of Resurrection

Watching Noctis, the Primordial of Screaming Void, come to life was a learning experience because Eos could see that Noctis had no choice but to come to life, because before his mind was awake, his body had almost been brought to completion.

The process of resurrection for a Primordial was resource-intensive, but for Eos, it was only a slight loss of power before his regeneration took care of everything. However, Eos had come to realize that this was not all the cost associated with resurrecting a Primordial; the true bearer of this weight came from his soul. After killing Noctis a couple of times, Eos had not noticed that his soul had lost a small part due to the pressure of the situation, and because he had unleashed powers that harmed his soul when he was fighting with the Abomination.

It was after the battle that he was able to digest all the benefits and losses from the fight that he realized that a part of his soul had been lost forever, technically, it was not lost, the right term would be permanently borrowed.

When a being becomes a Primordial, everything about them is crushed into their Origin, including their souls. It means they no longer had any conventional weakness, and soul attacks, no matter how powerful, were useless against a Primordial; their effects were the same as other attacks to a Primordial, and the only thing they would be losing is their Origin Essence.

In that sense, Primordials were immune to everything... up to an extent. In a fair Existence where Rowan, the Ancient Primordials, and beings like the Beast of Inevitability and the Beast of Final Rest, Enoch, and the power of End did not exist, then a Primordial was invincible.

It was easy to forget that a drop of Primordial Essence was considered infinite, as a single drop of Essence could power all the inhabitants of a Reality, from mortals all the way to Old Ones, for all eternity.

For such a being to die and resurrect, the price paid by the host of a Primordial was high, and if Eos was a normal Reality, then he should maybe handle the death of its Primordial for at most three or four times before the weight of this resurrection destroyed it.

It was the reason no Reality would ever allow a Primordial to be born inside of them, and would push them to leave as they could not bear the cost of holding a portion of the Primordial's Origin Force.

Eos could see that the part of his soul that had been taken, shattered, and transformed into Noctis's soul. This process was so complete that without the sheer durability of his soul that still kept a trace of itself despite the transformation, Eos would not be able to trace where this part of his soul had gone.

In this manner, he knew how to finally kill Noctis. If his soul had not been taken as one of the materials for the resurrection of this Primordial, then it would take more thinking and experimentation to kill a Primordial rooted to his body.

It should be impossible, but Eos could draw back his soul that had been taken by Noctis, and using this soul as the lock into Noctis's Origin, he could take apart this Primordial from the inside. He had already learned and mastered the Origin of Screaming Void to the fourth layer, and unless Noctis could reach the fifth layer of his Origin, he would not be able to escape from Eos's hand.

With this discovery, the threat of Noctis had been sliced down by half, and Eos could begin looking for answers, especially after what he had seen and learned from the bone fragment taken from Circe's dream.

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Noctis screamed himself to life, feeling his heart pumping the element of void all through his veins, and for a fleeting, painful moment, he thought he had become a mortal, but this feeling did not last for long. Memories from distant times entered his reawakened soul. A part of him had been lost and discarded anytime he died, and resurrection brought it all back.

A lesser being would have lost a part of themselves when they perished, but Primordials were different; they embodied their concept itself, and an Origin Force would need to be complete before it could be termed as Origin. Would the wind still remain the wind if it could not blow?

To escape the senses of the Ancient Primordial and Enoch, Noctis, the Architect of End, suppressed his memories and powers, giving the Noctis who was left to roam Limbo ahead of the Ancient Primordial and find the right Reality to birth the true owner of the Primordial Record.

In this manner, Noctis had been able to survive under the eyes of the most powerful beings in Existence, but it seemed as if his luck had run out, and it was a painful feeling, not because he had been discovered, but because he knew he was so close to getting everything he wanted, and the prize was set dangling before his eyes while he was chained down.

If all things went as they should, then Noctis would never abandon Eos, he would fight with him to the end, and when everything was over, he would be the one to lead him to the Temple of End and show him his true destiny; he was the one who would fight against Enoch and hold the power of End and Origin... How could he not see where his true destiny lay?

A heavy weight like a mountain pressed against his senses, and only then did Noctis truly awaken. He opened his eyes to see Eos looking at him with a piercing gaze, and Noctis knew that this monster knew the exact moment he transformed from Noctis the Primordial of Screaming Void to Noctis the Architect of End.

“Lord Eos,” Noctis said, “Funny that I can see you the moment I awakened, because I was thinking of you, even in death.”

“Even in death, I cannot be forgotten.” This statement meant a lot, and Eos did not bother trying to make Noctis understand its full implications, he reached for him, “I have questions for you, Noctis.”

Chapter 2022 We Paved The Road

Chapter 2022 We Paved The Road

Noctis did not flinch from Eos's reaching hand, clearing his throat while brushing invisible dust from his sleeves, he unhurriedly said, "I know your foundations are more robust than most can ever imagine, Lord Eos, but as you have found out, killing me is only hurting you and not me. Every memory you have taken has come from Noctis, the Primordial, and not from me, the Architect of End. How long do we have to make this dance before you admit your failings and allow me the chance to explain my position?"

Eos paused, his hand an inch from Noctis's face. Although the Primordial of Screaming Void did not show it, his heart, which had been accelerating, slowly settled. He may have a flamboyant attitude, but Noctis did not want to die. Primordials were never meant to be killed, and every time he was killed, it took a toll on his individuality and psyche.

He had lied that he was not affected by all of these deaths, when it would only take a few dozen deaths until his mind began to fracture. He was already struggling to exist in two timelines as it was, and repeated deaths would only take him past the limits.

His true body that was now fused to the Temple of End did not experience time because the temple existed outside Existence, and there was nothing like Time outside Existence. If not for the connection that he had with this avatar of his inside Existence, Noctis would not even be able to perceive Time.

"Tell me, Noctis," Eos finally said, "Do you believe the words coming from your mouth? Close your eyes and review all you know of me, and tell me you do not see where this story ends for you."

Noctis shook his head in defiance, "I do not believe that I cannot make a difference, and that my death would be the best outcome for your cause. You are making a mistake by not effectively using me, Lord Eos. The Temple of End created you and the Primordial Record to become the source of change that exists beyond the scope of Enoch. Don't you see?..."

Opening his palm, Noctis created a small representation of Lumen, the wings of Enoch,

"Lumen saw the future and saw the past, it knows that Enoch could not contain the power of End, and that the last Luminous had fallen in a pit that could never be dug open. It also knew that the true culprit that led to the destruction of the Luminous was themselves and not Enoch, they poured all their fear, needs and pain inside a child, and that was the trap laid by End to destroy them, but you should understand, End, like Origin is just a force that can be controlled, and in the Temple of End, all the methods needed to control this power can be found, we can be your ally and teach you all that you need to know."

Eos blinked in amusement, "You dance around the question, Noctis. You think that I do not see the trap inside your words, or the shackles you give to me and call them gifts. Perhaps you might not have known that I would find the Temple of End this early, or be able to collect any information from my Incarnation, but that no longer matters. What has

changed is the fact that I now know the Architects exist, and the Temple exists, and so all your secrets can no longer be your own.”

Noctis’ face changed, and he stepped back, “You would make an enemy out of us? Do you not have enough? Do not forget, we were the ones who created the Primordial Record; we paved the road for an existence like you to be born, and we may not appear to have much muscle power on the surface, but I can promise you that the Temple of End is the most dangerous party in this conflict. We have been the ones in the shadows, and everything you are is because of our blessing!”

Eos cocked his head to the side, “Do you not realize that all the words you are saying, instead of making me back down, are only assuring me how foolish I will be not to get into the roots of the Temple of End.”

Noctis laughed self-deprecatingly, “Ah, I forgot that the worst way to communicate with you is via threats. Lord Eos, I was not threatening you, only stating a fact. You cannot beat Enoch and End without the power of Lumen and the Temple of End. You do not know the power of Lumina or the might of Abhima... so many mysteries and wonders are still hidden from your sight, and they cannot be found in this present Existence or any in the past. Lumen holds them all, and you would be wise to take heed of my words, Lord Eos.”

“You surely present a great argument for your life, Noctis,” Eos spoke slowly, “But you see, I have been burned one too many times to trust the words of those whose machinations do not align with my values. There is no friendship between mortals and gods, and for so long you have seen yourselves as gods over all, and I can never trust you.”

Noctis smirked, a cold gleam in his eyes, “Even with all this, what can you do against me? My mind is far from this body and is shielded by the Temple itself that dwells outside Existence. Your reach may be absolute inside Existence but not out of it.”

Eos grinned, “Well, let us find out how much I can reach for you.”

His hand that had been paused began to reach forward again, and Noctis could only resign himself to perish again when this realm shook as if caught in the midst of a realm-wide earthquake.

Noctis opened his eyes, and he suddenly laughed, “No, don’t tell me that you are already under attack. Lord Eos, is this the right time to be creating a new enemy?”

Chapter 2023 Unexpected Attacks

The Origin Realms were mostly unpopulated, and there were two major reasons for that: the first was that each Origin Realm was incredibly vast, and an easy estimate of their size would be twenty-three times bigger than the biggest Reality in Existence.

Their true size could only be truly appreciated by Primordial-level beings, as size for lower-dimensional beings becomes meaningless after a certain point because, to their limited perception, it becomes infinite.

The second reason for this lack of people was that Eos had charged his Primordials to create superior beings worthy enough to inherit the power of each Origin Realms, and he had brought forth his creation, the Elythrii, as an example for all of them to follow.

Eos had created this race when he became a fully realized Old One and gained the power of Origin, and so, despite them not being perfect, they were the closest to a perfect species that this Existence had ever known, and the number of New Primordials that emerged from this race was a testament to that fact.

Eos had given the New Primordials the blueprints to his marvellous creations, knowing that they would be able to create unique beings that he might even surprise him, and he was also aware that this was the best form of training that he could ever give them before the battle.

Creation at this level of refinement had never been seen before, and it was incredibly complex. Eos anticipated that the first meaningful results would happen in a million years, and at this time, barely a hundred thousand years had passed, and so, except for the central Origin Realm, the Prime Axis, that was the home of the countless trillions of beings from Eosah's Reality, all the New Primordials and every creature inside Eos Origin Land, the rest of the Origin Realm was barren of intelligent life.

At this time, it was still being remade by the New Primordials, and there were countless new species rising at every moment, giving Circe, the Primordial of Endless Kindling, an endless amount of work as she had to go through all the Origin Realms to find and document every new species that was rising from the Primordial ooze created by them, which would be the essential foundation of their creation.

The Origin Realms were at peace, but there was a brewing sense of momentum in the air that anyone would see as unbounded potential rising like a tsunami; however, moments ago, everything changed as the skies above the Origin Realms tore open with a loud crack that could be heard for countless light-years.

This loud sound shook the Origin Realms to its foundation and sent waves of alarm all through the Prime Axis. It was this sound that alerted Eos and Noctis inside the realm he had created for the interrogation of this Primordial. Even the most pessimistic estimate had placed the enemy's attack a million years in the future.

With the restriction placed over the realm, the maximum threshold of power that could fight on it was Primordials whose powers could still be tolerated by a powerful Reality.

Although the Origin Realms were more robust than an average Reality, they still had limits, and if powers surpassing a certain threshold were to battle upon their surface, they would explode and lead to the expansion of Limbo.

This meant that for the enemy to reach the Prime Axis at the center, they would have to capture each Origin Realm using soldiers and armies. To gather an army of this strength was within their capabilities. Death alone had enough armies to challenge the entirety of the Origin Realms, but war on this scale was not a simple distribution of numbers, and intense preparations had to be made before any moves were finalized and initiated.

There would be multiple enemies attacking, and every one of them had hidden powers that they would bring to bear against the Origin Realms, and so the preparation on both sides required time. However, it would seem that they should have pushed their negative estimation much higher, as an attack had just been launched against the Origin Realms.

A faint buzz could be heard following the loud crack, and this buzz began to deepen to a roar as the tear in space expanded. The edges of the tear in space glowed red as if it were burning, but the center of the growing scar in the space above the Origin Realm only led to darkness deeper than any that could be found inside Existence.

The defenses for the Origin Realms had not yet been perfected, but it was improbable that the enemy had been able to open a portal so close to their location without any warning.

From within the expanding crack that had grown to a size where it could swallow a third of all the Origin Realms below, a cold wind blew out that could freeze universes in a fraction of a nanosecond. With the emergence of the wind came... meteors.

They emerged from the crack in space like spawns of darkness and fire. Each meteor was a molten spearhead of crimson and black, trailing tails of violet plasma that writhed like living serpents.

Some were the size of mountains, others no larger than fists, yet all moved with the same unnatural grace, silent, deliberate, as though they had been summoned rather than launched. Their surfaces pulsed with veins of white-hot light, and where they passed, space and time ignited in brief, soundless explosions of color before going dark again, and they left long trails of nothing behind them.

The power of these falling meteors was undoubtedly at the Origin level, and only Primordial powers would be able to stand against it; everything else would be devastated. Just the shockwaves from these falling meteors were shattering tiny realms deep inside Limbo, as the power of Origin could easily disregard time and space to an extent.

Every Origin Realm below shivered as if they were living beings, and with the level of power and complexity at the center of each Origin Realm, the distinction between living and non-living had blurred till it was almost undetectable.

Trees of pure light on the surfaces of the Origin Realms bent backward, rivers of liquid dawn slowed to a crawl, and every sentient thing within the realms lifted its gaze at once.

Above them, as if they were sharks smelling blood in the water, the meteors accelerated. This showed that every falling meteor had a mind of its own and was not just an object of fire and darkness.

They streaked downward in perfect formation, no longer a random swarm but a spearhead aimed at the heart of the central realm, the Prime Axis. They knew that destroying just this single realm would shatter the opposition against them and weaken Eos's hand.

The trails of the meteors braided together into a single, incandescent comet-tail that split the sky from zenith to horizon. The crack above widened further, vomiting more of them, thousands now, then millions, billions, until the heavens looked like a bleeding wound raining fire.

Then, just as the meteors crossed the point when the heat that they carried could be felt by those on the Origin Realms below, a golden shield appeared that covered the entirety of the Origin Realms.

The entirety of Existence seemed to hold its breath, and then the first meteor impacted against the shield.

Chapter 2024 A New Player

Chapter 2024 A New Player

“BOOM!!!”

The impact of the meteors against the shield was apocalyptic. The leading spearhead meteor, a mountain-sized spear of crimson and black, hit the shield first.

For a fraction of a second, it seemed it would punch through. The shield dimmed at the point of contact, the interwoven golden light compressing like a bruise. Then the meteor simply... stopped.

An arcane chant that resembled the songs of Angels emerged from the shield, and the meteor that was the size of a mountain was simply... unmade.

If this process had been slowed down, it would have been possible to see the crimson surface of the meteor flare once, then fold inward into itself, layers peeling away into threads of violet plasma that spiraled back toward the crack they had come from.

The smaller meteors followed in the same fate, each one meeting the shield and simply ceasing to be, their momentum, their heat, their very existence absorbed and returned to nothing.

All of these meteors had life and intelligence, and in their final moments, their screams of pain resounded for trillions of light-years, but even these ungodly cries were sucked into the power of erasure, and it was dissipated.

The barrage continued for what felt like hours.

Meteor after meteor hammered the shield, each impact sending ripples of light cascading across the golden surface like waves on a pond of molten sunlight. The shield never cracked. It flexed. It sang like a vast choir of Angels. It drank the violence and spat it back as soft, warm radiance that bathed the realms below in gentle dawn.

Inside the central realm, beings of every kind stood on towers of living crystal and watched the sky burn white. They had never seen power like this before, as seeing the power of Origin wielded in this manner broke the shackles in the minds of many mortals and immortals who witnessed this sight.

At this time, it was impossible not to know that a war was coming, and most believed that it would happen in the future. The unexpected arrival of the meteors had shaken the fate of many here, but the sublime defenses of their realm gave them confidence and assurance.

There was a reason in all of Existence that creation and all that was good could be found here, and it was because they had a ruler whose hands were powerful enough to hold the heavens above, even if it collapses.

The Primordial of Victorious Genesis, still wearing the body of a child and refusing to give himself a name despite the insistence of his mother and father, looked at the heavens above and laughed, his voice resounding all through the Prime Axis.

“Look at those smelly backstabbers, they come for our light, but they shall not pass.” His boyish tone was high, and yet the power in it was undeniable, and even as his voice resounded through the air, what astonished all life inside the Prime Axis was an ancient voice that replied to the boy, powerful and majestic beyond reason, and it belonged to Eos.

“Indeed,” Eos said, “They shall not pass.”

His voice drew a resounding cheer across all life in the Prime Axis, even the trees and stones rejoiced from hearing it. For most, this was a glory they may never have again in their lifetime, to hear the voice of the Creator and protector of all life.

The crack above the Origin Realms began to close almost reluctantly, almost as if the one who sent the attack could not believe that it could be dispelled so easily, and the last meteor, a small, vicious thing trailing violet lightning, struck the shield one final time and vanished without a sound.

The shield held for a long moment longer, as though making sure the threat was truly gone, then it gently faded away, accompanied by the humming of angelic voices.

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Inside the realm created by Eos, Noctis took a step back when he saw the rage in the eyes of Eos. He wanted to run, but he knew that this was useless. A sense of helplessness flooded through his body, but when he realized what this attack meant for Eos, he realized that there was still a chance that he could bend the situation in his favor.

“My realms still remain unbroken, Noctis, despite the efforts from the Temple of End,” Eos suddenly said, and Noctis shuddered.

“You know,” Noctis whispered.

Eos shrugged, “It was pretty obvious, Noctis. Not many powers inside of Existence are able to call upon a Primordial-level barrage against my Origin Realms. The risk for them is too great, but there is one party who could easily do this.” Noctis smiled, “There is a reason that I like working with you, Eos. You make everything simpler. Yes, that barrage was a warning to you and not our entire might. You have a terrible war in front of you, and you do not want to be distracted by a party that is not bound by your Agreement. Your enemies are not fool Eos. Now they know there is a new player in this fight, unbounded by the Agreement, and they would be searching for the Temple for its aid. Eos, we give our help freely, but you cannot keep denying us for long.”

Eos bowed his head in thought, and Noctis, seeing his silence, figured that he was slowly penetrating the thick skull of this man, and he struck when the nail was hot,

“The battle against you is difficult, and it is unknown if you would be the final winner, but what I am about to say is the truth, and you and I know that is the case. If you do not work with the Temple of End, you will lose this fight.”

Eos slowly raised his head up, “You know what I have been thinking about these last few moments, Noctis?” Not waiting for him to reply, Eos continued, “I was thinking about the fact that the Temple of End should be located outside of Reality, but their strikes against my Origin Realms were too precise. You have been dead even before I entered this realm, and I resurrected you in a place where your perception cannot reach any of the realms, so how has the Temple been able to acquire such precise tracking details?”

Eos smiled, “You are not the only Architect I have in my ranks.”

Chapter 2025 The Realm Defiant

Chapter 2025 The Realm Defiant

Three hundred thousand years had passed since the creation of the Origin Realms, and a new Primordial was about to be born. This news caused significant ripples of excitement to sweep the Origin Realms; however, in the midst of this joyous atmosphere, Telmus the Primordial of Defiant Ascension invited the other Primordials to his Origin Realm to show them a miracle.

All of this time, all the Primordials were busy preparing for battle, and an essential component of their defenses would be the realms given to them by Eos.

With the Prime Axis at the center of the ten thousand Origin Realms, the realms of the New Primordials would surround the Prime Axis, extending and deepening the foundations of the central Realm.

Telmus had named his Origin Realm the Realm Defiant, and he poured his Origin power into it, slowly shaping it into a realm that was deeply aligned with his Origin Force and Essence.

Every Primordial had quickly learned how vital these realms were to them when they noted that as they continued merging with the Realm, they began to gain an unexpected benefit... their understanding of their Origin Force began to increase exponentially.

This Realm was a massive cultivation device for the Primordials, and they had barely scratched the surface of all that the Realm could offer. Eva had theorized that if they could master their realms completely, they would not only be able to store Origin Essence but also produce it as well.

If this turned out to be true, then the New Primordials would have an advantage that no other Primordials would be able to match.

The amount of Essence a Primordial could hold depended on the layer of Origin Force they controlled.

A base-level Primordial who has not conquered the first layer of their Origin would not have more than ten units of Origin Essence inside their body. Mastering their first layer would push this number up to a hundred, the second layer would increase their limit to three hundred, the third layer would increase this limit to seven hundred, and finally, the fourth layer would increase the limits of their Essence to one thousand.

Each unit of Origin Essence was equal to a hundred drops of attributeless Primordial Essence, and the power and uses of Origin Essence could not be underestimated.

Every unit gained by a Primordial was not just the fuel needed to summon the full might of their Origin Force; it also acted as a barrier over their bodies, meaning that a first-layer Primordial would find it nearly impossible to hurt a second-layer Primordial because of the sheer strength of the barrier created by hundreds of Origin Essence surrounding them.

If their realms could store Origin Essence, this would give every New Primordial the ability to artificially enhance their strength, making it possible for a lower-layer Primordial to fight against one at a higher layer of cultivation. If the Realm began producing Essence that was uniquely suited for each Primordial, then it was as if they had gained a second body whose limits were greater than their own.

Each Origin Realm came from the fifth layer of Space, which meant that they could hold and produce more Origin Essence than even a Primordial at the peak of the fourth layer.

At this point, it was unknown if any of the New Primordial would be able to break the ceiling of the fourth layer of their Origin and reach the fifth, meaning that, at the moment, every Origin Realm was invaluable.

Telmus was at the third layer of Defiant Ascension, striving for the fourth layer with all his might, but he did not know when he might be able to reach it. Crossing from the third layer to the fourth was many times more difficult than crossing from the first to the third, and it may be possible that only a surprise enlightenment and a great deal of time would be able to break this barrier to the peak of Primordial.

No, no longer the peak, Rowan had raised the bar, and now the peak of Existence was the fifth layer and no longer the fourth.

Telmus's Realm Defiant was slowly transforming into a realm close to his Origin, and at the moment, it was filled with vast vertical mountains that pierced the skies like defiant spears, and rivers flowed upwards.

In accordance with his character, gravity in his Realm answered to courage instead of mass, and although no living being at the level of the Elythrii had risen in his Realm, the beasts and the nascent creatures arising in his Realm were born with an unbreakable will.

Even the smallest insect would fight storms rather than hide from them. It was a realm for warriors, and anyone without any courage would be crushed to paste by the very air itself, regardless of whether they were mortals or immortals.

Telmus was rather pleased with this Realm and could not wait for the day that the first of his sentient creations rose from it and took their place in the ten thousand Origin Realms.

After four hundred thousand years, no sentient being had been born inside his Realm, but something special had appeared.

It began as a small shoot, but it was peculiarly located at a spot that linked to one of the massive bridges that connected all the Origin Realm.

This small shoot should have been crushed to nothing by the massive energies emerging from the bridge, but it had a defiant nature stronger than almost any life inside this Realm, and it fought against its dissolution.

Unexpectedly, its talents were highly significant, and it began to evolve as it resisted the powers of the bridge. Instead of fighting against the forces, it began to make them part of itself, and slowly, over four hundred thousand years, this small shoot grew into a massive tree.

Its trunk was clear as diamonds, and its leaves were mirrors to all the Origin Realm. Now and then, on special leaves, the faces of different Primordials would appear.

One face was Rowan's, another was Vraegar's, then there was Staff, Telmus, Circe, Thenos, and the countless Old Ones that crossed through the bridge connecting the ten thousand Origin Realms.

The tree was not just a tree; in its act of defiance, it became a memory of the Ten Thousand Origin Realms.

Telmus had found this miracle, and so he had called all the New Primordial to witness it.

Chapter 2026 The Tenth Dawn

Chapter 2026 The Tenth Dawn

A year later, all eight Primordials stood before the tree, and they observed it in silence for a while.

At first, the faces of the Primordials on the leaves of the tree were flickering; it stayed for a moment before vanishing, but as time passed, this began to change as the tree under the gaze of eight Primordials began to grow stronger.

The faces of the Primordial beings began to grow steady on their leaves, and their trunk grew thicker and more resplendent.

For a long time, no one spoke until Circe finally burst into joyous laughter. Out of every Primordial here, she saw the beauty of this creation in ways that the others could never see.

“Look at us,” she said, wiping a spark from her eye. “We’re standing in a place that shouldn’t exist, and before a tree that has never been seen in any Existence before this one.”

Mira stepped forward, barefoot, hair trailing embers. She placed her hand on the trunk, and the countless leaves on the tree shuddered.

Whispering words of encouragement to the tree, she fed it tiny amounts of her essence, and she stepped back.

The tree vibrated and began to shed many of its mirror-like leaves, but new ones took their place, and they gleamed like flames.

Then a particularly large leaf still held by one of its massive stems descended until it was directly in front of Mira, and she saw... herself.

But it was not as she was now, a Primordial, but as she had been, a girl with fire in her veins, slowly figuring out how her future could be, and beside her was a boy with white hair and silver eyes whose head was buried in a magus tome.

Mira smiled, "Thank you," she whispered to the tree. This memory was one that she had forgotten, but the tree had pierced through the shroud of time and memory and brought it out from her essence.

This sight drew the attention of all the Primordials, who collectively drew in a deep breath.

Vraegar, who stood beside Staff, blinked at this unexpected result,

"Do you want to try? Perhaps you might see my brother again," he said.

Staff smiled. "I will wait. Memories can be a distraction, especially pleasant ones, but I will still try; some memories are worth every price."

Thenos stood apart from the rest, his brows furrowed as he looked at the tree and its leaves that showed his face in a way he had never seen before.

Walking forward, he touched the trunk and gave it a part of his essence.

Leaves began to fall like rain, but the tree was stronger now than ever before, and it did not take long for a new leaf to descend in front of Thenos, and it showed him victories... but they were empty.

He saw crowns beyond counting and cheering crowds, but these were glory without warmth, not the same as what he had found here in the Origin Realms.

Thenos closed his eyes.

"I used to think winning was enough. What an empty life I would have lived if I had not been selected by him," he said.

Eva placed a hand on his shoulder.

“You are one of us now, and your past no longer matters, only the future.”

The Primordials here gasped when Telmus walked forward and knelt before the tree, and looked up at it as he placed a palm against its trunk. “Ah, the first child of defiance is born, and it’s a fucking tree.”

Understanding Telmus words, the tree vibrated, and a leaf holding the face of Eos appeared before them, but this face held an arrogant smirk that made everyone go speechless, and an awkward silence descended on the group.

Circe broke the silence.

“So,” she said, grinning. “Who wants to name this tree? It is the first of the true Creation to spring from our Origin, even though it may have more pride than sense.”

Mira laughed.

“I vote ‘Rowan’s Pride.’ These Realms were born from Rowan’s sacrifice, and this child could be seen as the first of its kind, and that face...” she pointed, “looks a lot more like Rowan than Lord Eos.”

Vraegar snorted smoke. “Too humble.”

Thenos spoke quietly. “Call it ‘The Tenth Dawn.’”

They looked at him, and he shrugged.

“It fits. There is a story behind this name that Eos would appreciate.”

Eva smiled. “Then it’s settled. We shall call the tree the Tenth Dawn.”

Telmus coughed, “You know, as the first realm to create a life, I should have been the one to name it.”

“No, it should have been me to name it,” Vraegar spoke up suddenly, “Plus I am the eldest. As the eldest—”

“You’re not the eldest,” Eva interrupted. “You just have the most dramatic entrances. There’s a difference.”

Vraegar blinked. “I have gravitas.”

“You have a tail,” Circe muttered.

“I have presence,” Vraegar insisted, swirling his tail for emphasis. The motion sent a gust of defiant wind that nearly knocked Thenos over.

Thenos caught himself, sighed the sigh of a man who had seen every possible outcome of this conversation and still ended up here, and said: “If we’re done discussing his tail, perhaps we should start copying its Origin markers and begin applying it to our realm. The more time we spend here, the more likely it’s name may be changed into something embarrassing. Like ‘Circe’s Snack Bar’.”

Circe gasped theatrically. “Excuse me, my snacks are art.”

“They’re charcoal,” Vraegar muttered. “You should have stuck to making wines; snacks are not your thing.”

“They’re charred with love,” Circe corrected.

Sheba, the Castle of Algorh, spoke then, her voice echoing gently from every direction at once, as though the realm itself was speaking through her.

“I like ‘The Tenth Dawn,’” she said. “It feels... hopeful.”

She walked up to the tree and patted it gently, as her voice echoed from every direction. “Welcome home,” she said with great seriousness.

This drew laughter from everyone, even Telmus and Thenos. Sheba had a weird understanding of life that stuck with her even as a Primordial. Maybe it was because her true form was a living castle that she identified more with life forms that were mostly stationary.

Mira, who was still looking at the memories of the past reflected on the leaves of the tree, shrugged.

“He’d like that,” she said quietly, her eyes on Andar alone. “He always said dawn was the only honest part of the day. Everything else could lie. But dawn... dawn just is.”

Vraegar lowered his head. “Father would have hated how dramatic we’re being,” he rumbled. “He’d probably tell us to stop posing and start building something useful.”

Thenos snorted, the closest thing to a laugh anyone had ever heard from him. “He’d be right.”

Eva waved her hand, sending small streams of essence into the tree. “Then let’s do both,” she said. “Let’s name it The Tenth Dawn. And then let’s make sure it means something.”

She turned to the nameless child.

“You’re the last one born and the youngest. You get veto power.”

The child blinked, and everyone stared at him. He looked down at his hands, then up at the tree, then at the faces reflected in the leaves.

He smiled, “The Tenth Dawn,” he said. No one argued.

Chapter 2027 The Soulwraiths And The Abyssal Broods

The six Ancient Primordials had been searching Limbo for hundreds of thousands of years, and finally, a million years after the Agreement made with Eos, they discovered the place they were looking for... their home.

It had taken them this long to find this place because this land was no longer a place, but a blackened scar in Limbo, with obsidian plains stretching under a sky of perpetual eclipse, lit only by the sickly green auroras of their own lingering madness. A madness that only grew the deeper the Primordials fell into depravity.

This realm had become cursed because it was the place that birthed them, and even Limbo could not assimilate the toxic nature of this place and all it signified

They did not want to return here because they could sense the remnants of their father’s touch on this place, but if they were to forge an army powerful enough to stand against Eos and all that he stood for... the child that had once been their hope and now their executioner, then they would need to make uncomfortable decisions.

Nyxara looked around them, and she laughed, “He said our time had passed and we are corrupted freaks not worthy of End or Origin... I will pull out his tongue and make him suffer for all eternity. On this land, we shall create an army born from every atrocity we have ever committed, every Origin Force that we have seized, and they shall be bound by every drop of Asteroath’s dying light in my wings. My brothers, grant me your strength so I can create... monsters.”

Knowing that her creation would be central to their efforts, the other Primordials gave Nyxara their essence, and she rose into the air. They took one look at her before they scattered into various directions; this scar in Limbo was vast, and they also had their armies to create.

Nyxara stood alone as she digested the powers she had collected from her siblings. Her wings had transformed, parts of her feather carrying the colors of Origin now in her body, the black of the soul, the weird color from her hybrid assimilation of Asteroath’s light, green from Vorthas’s Life Origin, purple from Xyris, golden from Elgorath’s fading

memories and she stretched out her wings until they blotted out the cancerous auroras in this place.

She reached into her core and tore free a fragment of every soul she had ever harvested, and they were a lot. It took her centuries to do this, and then she took the screams of murdered Realities, the despair of betrayed gods, the hollow longing of extinct species. These she wove into the first monstrosities: the Soulwraiths.

Each Soulwraith was a humanoid silhouette of translucent black mist, seven feet tall, with no face, only a swirling vortex where a mouth should be. Their bodies constantly shifted: one moment a lover's embrace frozen in agony, the next a child's hand reaching for a parent who had already died. They moved without sound, but their presence induced existential dread so profound that weaker minds simply forgot how to breathe.

Nyxara had seen the Archai of Eos, and she had been jealous of this creation from the day she saw them. These wraiths would be her answer to those creatures, and she would see them all perish before their endless wrath. Nyxara birthed ten thousand in the first week.

This number was the greatest she could create, as much as she hated Eos, he still spoke the truth; they were no longer beings of creation, as their actions had slowly burned out those talents away from them. It could be argued that what Nyxara had done was not creation, and she was simply manifesting the madness inside her and her siblings and giving it new forms.

However, it did not matter that the Primordials had these limitations when they had the tools that could aid them in these tasks. And so, from her shadows, Nyxara drew out several realms and threw the Soulwraith inside them.

A Primordial was a massive entity, even though beside Eos, they appeared small; it was not their fault. Everything else was small beside Eos. The size of a Primordial meant that there could be a billion universes existing on a strand of their hair, and Nyxara still kept countless realms alive around her, not to nurture them, but because she did not care. New Realms grew and died around her all the time, but in moments like these, they could prove useful.

Before sending the Soulwraiths into the realms, she fed them Asteroath's lingering light, twisting it into pale, mocking glows that would illuminate their victims' worst memories before devouring them.

This was the reason she released them into that realm, for them to feed, grow, and multiply.

A Soulwraith did not kill quickly; it forced its prey to relive every betrayal, every failure, every moment of self-loathing until the soul unraveled like wet thread. Then it drank the fragments, growing taller and more defined until it resembled the victim it had just

erased. It was a horrific way to die by any metric, and mortals and immortals easily fell to them.

By day 77, the Soulwraiths numbered in the millions, and they flew out of the devoiured realms, forming living shadows that followed Nyxara like a cloak, whispering temptations of suicide and surrender. Sparks of light began to bloom and fade around the Primordial, and each spark represented a realm being devoured. All of these realms had been like fleas on Nyxara's back, and now their lives were being used as fuel to create her armies. In a year, the Soulwraiths numbered in billions, and this was just the beginning; the Primordials had potentially billions of years to prepare for this war.

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Xylos, Primordial Demon, watched Nyxara rise to the heavens to create her armies among the corrupted auroras, and so he chose to descend into the deepest chasms, where the bedrock of this scar had melted into lakes of liquid shadow. He dove into these abysses, his black wings shedding feathers that became seeds of corruption.

From his demonic essence, amplified by the countless eras of turning dead into traitors, he forged the Abyssal Brood. If Eos were here, he would have thought they resembled the Blood Morts, creatures he had seen in the Underverse in the past, and there was a reason for this resemblance.

The Abyssal Brood were not single creatures but living plagues. Each Brood began as a fist-sized orb of writhing black ichor. Like Nyxara, Xylos began to increase its number by hurling them into living realms where they exploded into massive hordes of insectile horrors.

Their chitinous bodies were the size of wolves, mandibles dripping venom that dissolved not flesh but will. A single sting induced hallucinations of infinite betrayal, loved ones turning into demons, and gods laughing at mortal suffering.

Victims clawed their own eyes out to stop seeing the visions, only for the venom to regrow new eyes that saw worse.

Over time, the Brood evolved. The longer they fed on fear, the larger they grew, merging into Brood Titans, which were colossal amalgamations of thousands of smaller demons.

Their bodies fused into hulking, multi-limbed behemoths with hundreds of screaming mouths. These Titans exhaled clouds of microscopic demons that burrowed into lungs, whispering corruption until the host became a new Brood nucleus.

Xylos laughed as he birthed legions from his wings. "Let Eos see what happens when hope is devoured from within. His Origin Realm shall fall, and I shall kill him with my own hands."

As the years passed, the chasm turned into a breeding ground as Xylos kept reaching into Limbo and dragging living realms into the abyss. The Brood numbers could soon not be counted; they were a living carpet that blackened the horizon.

Chapter 2028 The Creation of Monsters

Eldrithor, Primordial Chaos did not need any forge, not when Existence itself and all the madness that it held was the best forge for him. He went to the center of this blackened scar, and he spun around like a black hole, his wings tearing the fabrics of this cursed place into a vortex of improbability.

Every rotation he made pulled in fragments of shattered causality from the past and the probable future. He reached into timelines where Asteroath had lived, futures where the Primordials had lost, and pasts where they had never betrayed. He was chaos, and meaning and truths meant nothing to him.

Eldrithor always had the potential to be the strongest of the Ancient Primordials, but there had never truly been a chance for him to shine, not when he was beset by madness, but those scales had fallen away, and now he could bring out the meaning of chaos.

Every Ancient Primordial had millions of similar Origin Forces inside their bodies; even though all of these Origin Forces were the same, they were not exact. This caused minor friction between all these forces, and usually led to a small diminishing in power, but Primordial Chaos did not have this weakness because chaos fed on these clashes and strengthened him. If not for the special talent of Nyxara, then Eldrithor had the potential of being the strongest and the most dangerous of all the Primordials.

From this chaos, he created, through the vortex of improbability, the Paradox Behemoths. They came to life with a scream that would have brought weaker Primordials to the brink of madness.

These monstrosities defied form. One might appear as a colossal humanoid with six arms, each ending in a different weapon, then in the next heartbeat become a swarm of locusts that had always been locusts.

Their bodies looped through impossible states: burning yet frozen, alive yet rotting, victorious yet defeated. Laughing, Primordial Chaos formed a massive realm and pulled in life from wherever he could find and unleashed his Paradox Behemoths on them to create a scene of terrible slaughter.

These creatures held the twisted madness of chaos, and they killed in ways that sickened the heart.

They could force their victims into a recursive paradox, where their death had already happened, yet they would still live it again and again, each cycle becoming more agonizing and brutal.

A single Behemoth could unravel armies by existing near them. Soldiers forgot which side they fought for; weapons turned on their wielders; time looped until veterans aged backward into infants who died of old age in moments.

Eldrithor created thousands, each one a walking wound in logic. They roamed in nomadic storms, laughing the cruel laughter of their creator.

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Xyris worked in silence; he knew they could not equal the creating power of Eos or the endless armies of Death, but they had unique powers that could still tilt the board to their favor.

His purple bones creaked as he wove strands of stolen time into vast hourglasses the size of mountains. The sand within was not silica but compressed lifespans that came from every second of existence the Primordials had denied worlds.

While it was true that the Primordials could not create, they could bend the rules in ways it was never meant to bend, and the fact that they were using the power of End could no longer be denied.

Xyris chuckled, End was just a tool, and they were right to use it in this manner. From all of this stolen time poured out his creation, the Chronophages.

They were serpentine horrors, with bodies composed of interlocking gears and hourglass segments, their mechanical heads holding a maw of spinning clock-hands that sliced through time itself.

There was no need to summon helpless lives to be fed into the maws of his creation, but Xyris could not help but summon countless lives for his creation to feed upon.

It was the right practice for the time when they would devour the Origin Realms.

Sent into a realm filled with life, the Chronophages began their slaughter. They did not bite flesh, instead they fed on the past of their prey. One strike would age a victim to dust

in an instant, or trap them in infancy forever, minds aware but bodies helpless. Worse, they could rewind wounds, forcing enemies to relive fatal blows endlessly.

The largest Chronophages became Eternal Loops, towering constructs that enclosed battlefields in temporal bubbles where time ran backward during the day and forward at night, grinding armies into paradoxes of birth and death.

Xyris birthed legions that slithered across the blackened scar like rivers of rusting metal, devouring possibility itself.

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Elgorath, Primordial Memory, did not need to summon any army, instead he remembered them and twisted those memories into nightmares.

He raised a mausoleum of golden bone, the shape of a gigantic pyramid; each brick in his mausoleum was a compressed memory of horror that he had carefully selected.

Elgorath took the memory of the first murder in this Existence, the last scream of a dying Reality, even his brother, Asteroath's final words... "I don't understand."

No memories were safe from the Primordial, and he made sure that everything he collected was the worst of everything.

From this archive of pain, he summoned the Memorivores.

These were spectral giants, bodies woven from translucent golden threads that pulsed with stolen recollections. Their eyes were mirrors reflecting every shameful act the viewer had ever committed. A Memorivore did not fight; it forced confrontation with memory.

It was a simple thing for Elgorath to create memories of countless realms and place his creation inside them, and he watched them commit havoc.

Victims relived their worst sins in perfect clarity, bodies paralyzed as minds shattered under guilt. The creature then consumed the memory, leaving the victim a hollow shell that wandered mindlessly until it starved.

The most potent Memorivores became Eidolon Legions, armies of golden ghosts wearing the faces of every betrayed soul, forcing entire civilizations to remember their own genocides until they tore themselves apart.

Elgorath's creations numbered in the uncountable, for memory has no limit.

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Vorthas, Primordial Life, fully accepting the corruption of End, planted seeds of green fire across the blackened scar's edges, and where they took root, forests of bone and flesh erupted.

These were the Necroflores. They were trees with trunks of fused skeletons, leaves of living skin that screamed when wind touched them, fruit that dripped blood and induced uncontrollable growth. Eating one caused tumors to bloom, limbs multiplying, organs duplicating until the victim burst into a new tree.

The forests birthed Verdant Reavers, hulking plant-beasts with thorny vines for veins, heads crowned with blooming skulls. They spread spores that turned soil into flesh-mud, drowning armies in living rot. The largest became World-Eaters, mobile jungles that uprooted themselves to march, consuming landscapes and birthing more of their kind.

Vorthas's domain became a green hell, where life was the ultimate curse.

All the Ancient Primordials were busy creating their armies, but they knew that this was simply the first step; there was more work to do.

Time became meaningless as the six worked, and finally their creation was complete, and they gathered at the center of the blackened scar.

Chapter 2029 First Test

One million three hundred years after the Agreement was made, a small host sent by the Ancient Primordials swept towards the Origin Realms, and their numbers were in the trillions... in the scale of this battle, this was just a small force.

At the edge where Limbo met the boundary of the Origin Realms, the host to end all that was good inside Existence began to gather like a tidal wave of nightmare given volume.

Trillions seemed like a small word, but seeing it in person was a different case entirely. The blackness of their number stretched so wide it curved with the geometry of higher-dimensional space, swallowing starlight, devouring the faint auroral glow that had always marked the boundary between the Origin Realms and the desolate space that Limbo had become.

They moved in silence, which was an eerie thing to observe because they were creatures of chaos and disorder; some were small as ants while others were larger than universes, yet all of these monsters matched in silence, their steps on the fabrics of space and time were the drumbeat to announce their arrival.

Across the ten thousand Origin Realms, the defenders awoke to the apocalypse, but this was what they had been preparing for every day, and a quick assessment was sent out by the scouts to know the number of their enemy and their threat level.

With the report flowing in, the defenses of the Origin Realms began to come into action, as tiny stands of light began to arise from one of the foremost Origin Realms, which created a massive turtle made from light.

Hundreds of thousands of years ago, Eos had finally granted Ananke, the Beast of Inevitability, its Origin Realm to protect and manage.

The Beast was rapidly getting used to protecting its own Origin Realm and was slowly regaining the power that it had lost due to the unexpected attack from Enoch, and it was one of the first defenders to rise when it noticed the incoming threat.

White eyes shining like a star, the turtle body that he created from light expanded until it towered over several Origin Realms, and it opened its maws, which were both its turtle and snake heads, and a lance of pure erasure shining like the first star in Existence, speared across the distance and impacted against the incoming host of cataclysm.

A trillion translucent silhouettes in the distance that could barely be discerned simply ceased to exist. Unmade at their roots.

The lance of erasure from the Beast of Inevitability erased even their memories from existence, as wherever it light touched, space and time collapsed into points of nothingness, dragging surrounding monsters into recursive implosion that sounded as if Existence itself was groaning in pain.

The black tide that emerged out of nowhere recoiled for the first time, a visible flinch that rippled backward through trillions. But the recoil lasted less than a heartbeat.

The Abyssal Brood of Primordial Demon surged forward to fill the gap created by the Beast of Inevitability. Chitinous horrors the size of cities vomited venom clouds that ate at the membrane between realms. Brood Titans roared, each mouth a furnace of corruption, and hurled themselves through space and time, pulling their entire host alongside them, so it would seem as if the massive host was teleporting across space.

One moment, they would be quadrillions of light-years away, and the next, the distance had shrunk to trillions of light-years. With their speed, in a few heartbeats, they would impact against the boundary of the Origin Realms.

From all across the Origin Realms, mysterious figures in black robes that covered their entire bodies began to rise into the air, and all of them had the powers of Primordials!

They did not make any move; they only watched as a powerful wave of light and power rose from the Origin Realms around them and blasted towards the army.

The space in front of the wave of power seemed to stretch before it shattered.

What was worthy of note was that as this wave of light and power emerged out of the Origin Realms, they swept past the massive body of the Beast of Inevitability, and it roared aloud, its voice imbuing every wave of power that swept past it with the ability to erase, unravel, and shatter.

The first wave of power slammed into massive behemoths at the front of the horde, and it shattered them to nothing. These creatures, whose state could loop through time, found themselves frozen in mid-transformation, their bodies stuck in the present and in the past.

This created a massive dissonance in Existence that Limbo shrank in that location for an instant before it expanded, causing a massive explosion that tore billions to pieces.

Half-dragon, half-locust things screamed as their own paradoxes tore them apart from the inside, their bodies collapsing into fractal dust that rained upward into Limbo's void.

However, erasure was just the first series of concepts imbued in the devastating volley unleashed by the Origin Realms. Several Primordial breaths began to rise from the earth, and they sent their powers into the waves of power that were constantly being blasted out from the Origin Realms.

It was as if all the ten thousand Origin Realms were breathing, and every time they exhaled, they released massive waves of destructive energies that turned the space that separated the host of cataclysm and the Origin Realms into a killing field of blinding light, impossible geometries, temporal shear, memory overload, and purifying fire.

Origin power shook Limbo and resounded deep into the distance; even a dozen Primordials would struggle to survive in the midst of that bombardment, but the host pressed on.

Trillions died in the first volley, perhaps a third of their number erased in minutes that felt like centuries. But trillions more surged to take their place. The Cataclysm Host had no rear; it was all front, all hunger, all inevitability.

Brood Titans formed living bridges, colossal bodies chaining together across the void, creating highways of chitin and ichor for smaller horrors to crawl across.

Soulwraiths rode those bridges, vortex-mouths drinking the residual Origin Force leaking from cracked membranes.

Paradox Behemoths warped local space so that lances of destruction sent from the Origin Realms bent backward and struck their own realms.

Chronophages slithered through temporal loopholes, emerging at the boundary of the Origin Realms, where they spat their poison, but waves of cleansing light eradicated them and their corruption.

The volley continued for hours, and then as suddenly as it began, it was over, but there was not much celebration in the Origin Realms; this had just been a fraction of a fraction of the armies that were going to be raining down on their heads, and they had been able to reach their boundary.

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Chapter 2030 Making A Decision

Chapter 2030 Making A Decision

Eos sat on the stone that he had taken for his throne, and he bowed his head in thought. In his hand was the key that Nyxara had given him, the great trap that the Ancient Primordials had laid down for him.

Nyxara had given him two million years, and there were fewer than seven hundred thousand years before he needed to go to that place, or what remained of his family would be killed.

The attack that had just occurred might look like the beginning of the war, but Eos knew that this was Nyxara's way of sending him a message, and the fact that, after all this time, he was still contemplating this issue was a testament to how much this Primordial knew him.

On the surface, this was obviously a trap, but Eos knew that Nyxara knew him well enough that he would be foolish to fall for the same scheme three times in a row.

Did he believe that his family was alive? Yes, there was a slim possibility, and if they were, then Eos would move Limbo with his bare hands to rescue them, and he would not mind the high cost that he would suffer, but there was something missing here... Nyxara was not aware that Eos would take this step.

The last time he and the Primordial had been in the same place, Eos had sacrificed his family just to kill her, and this was the version of Eos that she knew, the cold, calculating killer that would see the entire picture and pick the version that was pragmatic.

If this was still the way she saw him, why would she come all the way to the Origin Realm by herself just to tell him that two million years from now, he needed to surrender the Primordial Record for the life of his family?

This did not make sense, and Eos could only believe that Nyxara was telling him something different, and she knew that Eos would be smart enough to figure it out, and with the attack that just happened, Eos had basically confirmed his speculations.

There may be a possibility that his family was alive, but Eos knew that what Nyxara wanted him to give her was not the Primordial Record, at least, not at the moment; no, she wanted something else.

If the souls of his family remained, which he highly doubted, Nyxara would want to exchange them with something that was more important to her at the moment.

Eos chuckled and brought the key to his head, his eyes glinting like a serpent, “How interesting... You wish to make me your tool. Okay, Nyxara, we will play that game, but you may not like how it would turn out for you.”

Closing his eyes, Eos assessed his present state.

He was still strong despite this body being nothing but a husk for his upcoming evolution. Observing the manner that the Abomination had used in its evolution was sickening, but Eos had been able to pull knowledge from that experience, and while he would not duplicate that drastic manner of evolution, certain concepts were good enough for him to copy.

He was still strong despite this body being nothing but a husk for his upcoming evolution. Observing the manner that the Abomination had used in its evolution was sickening, but Eos had been able to pull knowledge from that experience, and while he would not duplicate that drastic manner of evolution, certain concepts were good enough for him to copy.

The Incarnations he created contained all the 10,008 Ancient Origin Forces under creation, and at the moment, all of them had fully mastered all four layers of that Origin, but they had not yet broken through to the level of Primordial.

Eos knew that the moment ten thousand Primordials began breaking through at the same time, all of Limbo would shatter, and the only way to ensure that he was not interrupted was to perform this act in the eye of the storm, when the entirety of Limbo and all its evil came for him, that would be the day he made his final evolution.

Eos had pushed nearly all of his essence into the bodies of these Incarnations, and what was left behind was his husk, but this husk was still extremely powerful, and if the task was what he suspected it would be, then he might not need all of his strength to accomplish it.

Still, he needed to be ready for any emergencies ahead, and seven hundred thousand years was a long time, and Eos could make a lot of changes before that day came.

Time flowed like water in a stream, and the years went by like a dream. Nearly two million years had passed, and there were fifteen new Primordials that were born, making the total number of Primordials twenty-four.

There were those who had been expected to reach the level of Primordials like Fury Kuranos and some special characters that shone bright, but there were many surprising new additions to this number.

That was the least of the changes in the Origin Realms, as the first living beings began to rise, powerful and noble, they had inherited paradise, and yet they knew that if they did not fight for it, all would be lost.

Two million years was not a long time in the scale that Primordials operated, and the Origin Realms were vast, each considered infinite for lower-dimensional mortals and immortals, and so, despite the population in the Origin Realms multiplying exponentially, most of the Origin Realms were considered empty.

With all of these changes happening in the Origin Realm, Eos was not seen, and when he left the Origin Realms behind, not even his Primordials knew that he had left.

The location that he went to in Limbo was a strange place, situated on the edges between existence and nonexistence. Eos transformed into a stream of light that moved through time and space in a manner that could not be detected even by Primordials.

Summoning the key given to him by Nyxara, he saw the space in front of him transform, and he hesitated for a moment before he entered this anomaly. He saw himself inside a strange space filled with endless monsters. These were the monsters that attacked his Origin Realms.

Eos looked around him and noticed that the key that Nyxara had given him was shielding him from the perception of these monsters.

Chapter 2031 The Hidden Betrayer

Despite being hidden from the sight of this massive army that was growing at every moment, Eos did not move or try to make any changes in his surroundings.

Although he was fairly sure that he understood Nyxara's plot, he could still be wrong, and this might be a trap set for him.

Not moving from his location, Eos stayed still for three thousand years. According to the instructions Nyxara gave him, he still had another thirty thousand years until it reached the two-million-year mark that she stipulated. He could afford to wait.

It was not frequent, but like massive corrupted suns, he saw the Ancient Primordials traveling across the distance, sowing seeds of madness and ruin.

The sight that he saw worried him. Eos had always known that his enemies had access to abilities and powers that were deeply hidden, but it was still shocking to witness it in action.

His Origin Realms were developing rapidly, even though Eos had artificially accelerated the growth of the inhabitants; he could not equal the cruelty of the Primordials, who were basically butchering billions just to quickly elevate a single person.

Eos hated to admit it, but it was working. The power that the Ancient Primordials had managed to accumulate in a million years was ridiculous. How much stronger would they become in a billion years?!

There must be a point of diminishing return in the future where numbers would become meaningless, but who knows what else might come to life in that intervening period, and this was just one of the four major enemies he had to face, and they were probably the least dangerous in terms of the sort of armies they could create.

He believed in the potential of his Origin Realms, and he knew that in a billion years, he would have accumulated forces of such great number and strength that it was presently impossible for him to determine what the future would be like.

When it came to matters of the higher dimension, there were too many moving pieces in play, and he did not know what sort of genius might be born in the future or the sort of technique they might create. Although it was indeed extremely improbable, there was always a possibility that a child would be born that equal to his potential.

This was one of the reasons he had hope in the Origin Realms despite the endless armies that would descend upon them in the future. In his Origin Realms, there was hope for a miracle and the appearance of something that had never been seen before. Origin was a power of endless possibilities, and Eos had unleashed his potential and power upon that land, making it a fertile ground for miracles to happen.

The future was unknown; it may lead to changes that he may not expect, and it most likely would lead to his doom, but Eos was prepared to shake Limbo to the core before he was defeated, and if he ever fell, his enemies for the rest of their lives would never forget his name.

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Another ten thousand years went by, and Eos was satisfied that Nyxara had not laid down a trap for him, but the opposite, she was giving him free rein to butcher her siblings!

In the last major battle where Eos, the Abomination, Death, and the Ancient Primordials had gathered, although it may have looked like Eos was victorious, defeating all of them together and forcing them to follow his will, there was one party who had suffered more greatly than all the others, and it was the Ancient Primordials.

Eos had noticed earlier in the battle that Asteroath was dead, and what made it even more fascinating was that the killer of the Primordial had become their ally. Death humiliated and killed one of their brethren and forced them to join hands with it.

Nyxara knew Eos, and the reverse was also the case; Eos knew Nyxara quite deeply, and he knew that the one thing she hated even more than death was failure and humiliation.

She did not blame Death for killing her brother; no, she blamed her brother for being so pathetic that he would fall into the hands of a Beast, and Eos had watched her during their battles, and he saw her dissatisfaction with her siblings.

What cemented this oncoming betrayal was the power he saw Primordial Soul wield at the end, and if not for the unique powers of the Origin Realms that could stretch space if it were destroyed, Nyxara would have claimed the Primordial Record, and the next events would be something very different.

However, she had failed, and Eos knew that even if she blamed herself for that failure, she blamed her siblings more.

With all of these in mind, Eos only had to go through the memory of that battle and observe the spear wielded by Nyxara to see what the fusion that occurred when Soul and Light came together, and he observed a fascinating thing.

Nyxara had not finished swallowing the power of Asteroath, after all, Primordial Light was filled with millions of Origin Forces of Light, and devouring him was a tall order that would take billions of years at the shortest or even trillions of years.

Every day that passed, Nyxara grew more dangerous. However, this was not the only observation that Eos had made, because he could see that Nyxara had not fully digested the Origin of Asteroath; he was able to see that for her to be able to do this, Asteroath must have given up his Origin freely to her.

The Ancient Primordials were hateful creatures who schemed among themselves if they did not detect any outside threat against them. Their foul nature only made them cooperate because they were seeking a similar goal, but the moment they achieved what they wanted, all bets were off.

He saw this play out in a similar fashion inside Eosah's Reality and knew that one of the reasons he was alive was the disunity between the Ancient Primordials.

Asteroath would never give Primordial Soul his powers, not unless he hated someone or something so intensely that he was willing to give up his strength just to punish or destroy that threat.

Chapter 2032 Come Join Me

Nyxara had been at the right place at the right time, and she had benefited from her brother's demise. Knowing that no Primordial in his right mind would give up their powers even if they knew it would lead to their ultimate victory, if they were going to die, then they would not want any other person to benefit from their death, not unless they hated someone well enough to forget their innate selfishness.

All of the Ancient Primordials were planning ways to betray their siblings when the time was right, and for them, that time would come when all of their enemies were dead, and ultimate power was in their grasp.

However, they had made a fatal error, and that was that they had underestimated how much power Nyxara could gain from the simple fusion between Soul and Light.

Nyxara craved more of that power, and she would go to any length to acquire it, even if it meant betraying her entire family.

The truth was that even without reaching the Primordial level, Eos had become so strong that he would be able to match any of them in battle, and Nyxara was aware of this.

Unlike them who needed the Primordial Record to grow stronger after they discovered that Death was a much harder piece of meat to swallow, Eos could grow seemingly without any limits, and so much of his strength was kept in hiding, and it was a great possibility that he was now stronger than the Ancient Primordials, and the only reason he was not attacking them was because he feared being ambushed from behind by his other enemies.

Eos was one of the foremost authority in perfectly using multiple Origin Forces inside his body and he could discern that Nyxara was hiding the majority of her new powers from her siblings, because if they knew how strong she was and how strong she was getting, then they would try to kill her before she grew too powerful, or even in death, they would never give up their powers to her.

How was she going to kill her brethren without them blaming her so she could harvest their powers, and the answer was simple... use their greatest enemy.

Nyxara had come to Eos, but she did not explicitly state her intentions because she knew that he was wise enough to discern her intent without stating it.

The true question now would be, why would Eos even think of strengthening his enemy? There were multiple reasons for this.

The first reason was that there was a chance that the soul Origin of his family still remained with Nyxara, and if this was the case, then he would take the chance to rescue them, even if it was a trap. What was the use of all his powers if he could not keep those around him safe?

There was a great chance he may not see his family, but this was one reason that he was here, and the next reason was that, although Nyxara would be getting incredibly strong as a result of this betrayal, it would also strengthen Eos in ways that she had not yet realized.

Eos had decided to follow the path of the Ancient Primordial, vowing that this Primordial line would end with him. With the incredible opportunity gained by unlocking the Primordial Record, he was able to acquire all 10,008 Ancient Origin Forces.

If he were to master all of these Origin Forces to their limits, then he would become something that was far more powerful than Hundun, the first Reality, and what Eos was now realizing was the last personification of Origin itself, before Enoch destroyed him.

Eos plan was to become a Primordial in all those paths at the same time and fuse them together. He would become something that stood on equal ground with Origin and End, a new force unlike any other, and Existence would be rewritten according to his Will.

Obviously, there were many challenges to this incredible vision, and one of the most obvious ones was that Eos was not the only Ancient Primordial in existence; there were once seven, and now there were six.

There was an one great rule that bind the powers of Primordials, and that was there could be two individual with the same Origin, but only one of them would be able to explore the deeper layer of that Origin and the other Primordial would be a base level Primordial for the rest of eternity, and the only way they would be able to grow was if they killed the Primordial ahead of them.

The Ancient Primordials had done Eos a great service by killing all other Ancient Primordials in Existence, leaving the road free for him to travel, and except for the last seven of them, Eos was on his way to achieve his vision.

When Nyxara killed Primordial Light, she did not become the Primordial of Soul and Light; she became something else, and the Origin Force of Light was up for grabs, and Eos had already taken that mantle.

If Nyxara wanted his help to kill her brethren, he would take it because, as more Primordials fell, the steps to his objective grew closer, until there would be only one barrier in front of him, and that would be Nyxara.

So, the question needed to be asked: why did Nyxara believe that Eos would help her to kill her brethren, even though he knew that this act would strengthen her?

For one, she was counting on his ignorance and arrogance. All of which were careful attempts by Eos to establish that sort of mindset in her mind. Eos had observed the Primordials and made his plans to reflect the image he wanted them to see. He had been abusive and dismissive, and Nyxara had observed that he no longer feared them.

Even though Eos had many reasons to be prideful, he was not foolish, and he would rather have killed his enemies even before they knew he existed. He did not know that this attitude of his might have been one of the reasons Nyxara had chosen him, but he was glad that it had played a part.

He had pretended to be arrogant to lure the Primordials to anger, and if that emotion had given him the slightest edge in battle, it would have been enough, but unknowingly, it may have affected Nyxara more deeply than he thought.

The second reason was ignorance. Nyxara believed that she had hidden the majority of her strength away from everyone, but Eos had mastered the fifth layer of Space, and he was able to discern more truths than Nyxara believed.

She most likely believed that Eos would go along with her plans because it gave him the opportunity to rid himself of most of the Primordials, and with the arrogance that he had in his powers and potential, she believed that Eos would not fear whatever powers she had gathered.

Plus, it was always possible that his family was alive, and she would use them as a bargaining chip for him to help her.

All of these thoughts went through his mind almost instantaneously, and finally Eos decided to follow this line of thinking and holding the key, he made a signal, and he was drawn to a dark temple where Nyxara lay on the ground... naked.

“Come join me,” she said.

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

Chapter 2033 Traps Within Traps

Eos eyes tightened a bit as he looked at Nyxara on the floor. Her appearance had changed, and she took a form that combined all the best features of the women he had known in his life, from past lovers to his friends.

Walking over until he was directly standing over her, Eos began to slowly look at her from her head to her toe, there was no desire in his eyes; instead, it was as if he was taking her apart with his gaze.

Nyxara shuddered, her heart beginning to beat fast as a thrill of fear shot through her spine, but she remained still, her beautiful multicolored eyes widening like a startled deer in front of a thunderstorm.

“Where are they?” Eos finally said, stretching out his hand to the Primordial lying in front of him, “My family.”

Nyxara smiled, “Look closer, Eos.”

Blinking, Eos changed the method he used in looking at Nyxara. He was previously looking for weaknesses in her defenses, and if he had found them, then he would have thrown away the plan and struck to kill her. However, although he had found several weaknesses, they were not true flaws, but traps set by Nyxara.

The trap she had set for him was particularly wicked. If he were aware of the true power that Nyxara was gaining from the fusion of Soul and Light, then the weaknesses he was seeing would lead him to directly strike her, since she was presently revealing glimpses of the ongoing fusion of power inside her soul.

It was a good thing that Eos knew that Nyxara might test him if he knew the true might of her powers. She was going to give him free rein to kill her siblings, and she knew Eos would not be foolish enough to strengthen her if he knew how much power she was bound to gain from this act.

So she had shown him glimpses of this true power, and if there was any recognition in his eyes, she would have called in her brethren, and they would have slaughtered him.

There were two layers to this deception; the first layer was the power she had shown in the fight, and then beneath that layer was her true strength. Eos was only supposed to see that first layer, but if he had, for the briefest of moments, glimpsed the second layer, Nyxara would kill him.

This was the real test here; it was why she was naked, and she made sure she took the features of all the women he knew from the past, inviting his gaze.

Eos had passed the first trial, but it was not over. Nyxara had told him to look closer at her body when he asked for his family. If he had hesitated, it would have been a sign of his knowledge, and Eos changed the way he was looking at her, peering deeper into her body.

At the moment, he and Nyxara wore the smaller forms of lesser immortals, which meant that Eos stood at twenty feet tall, and she was around fifteen feet in height. Without them deliberately shrinking their bodies, this was their smallest state naturally.

Their bodies were humanoid, but that was only what they wished to show to the world. An Old One would go insane just looking at them, not because they had any eldritch features, but they would notice that just one strand of Nyxara's hair was longer than what they would consider to be infinity.

Eos began to look at Nyxara in a different manner, tearing through her shield until he saw the countless realms on her skin and the countless more swimming inside her body. In all those realms were scenes of horror and slaughter as her abominable creations butchered countless lives on a scale unimaginable to most immortals.

Looking through quadrillions of realms, Eos finally found them... his family, and he froze. He slowly knelt down and placed his right hand gently upon Nyxara's left breast, over her beating heart.

"Have you seen them, Eos?" Nyxara smiled, raising her upper body a bit so Eos's palm could press against her body more directly, "I did not lie, your family is here, but you do not have to give me the Primordial Record, you can... oh."

Her call of surprise was because Eos's hand, which had been resting gently on her chest, had suddenly applied force, and his palm had pushed into her body, tearing past her skin and plunging deep into her beating heart.

She gasped in pain, but instead of pulling back, she pushed her body forward so his head could travel deep into her body. Eos's eyes were filled with focus, and Nyxara seemed to be transfixed by his eyes as she brought both of her hands up and slowly approached Eos as if she wanted to hug him.

However, it seemed as if Eos had gotten what he wanted as he drew out his hand from her body with a wet sucking sound, and Nyxara sighed in disappointment as he rose to his feet.

His hand was covered with blood, they were black like oil, and it screamed in pain, before the black blood collapsed into dust. This cry had emerged from a trillion realms dying after they had been severed from their source of dependence, Nyxara.

Eos could have saved all of these realms; they were filled with innocents, but he knew that this innocence was a sham. They had all been tainted by the corruption of End, and they would spread its infection inside him if he were to make that mistake.

This was the second trap that Nyxara had laid down for him. He would have to hear the cries of countless innocent dying, and he would have to allow it to happen.

Eos slowly opened his palm, and there were three individuals here: the Soul Origin of Andar, Maeve, and his mother, Elura.

Unlike normal Soul Origin that appeared like orbs of light, these ones appeared like completed souls, but their eyes were closed, and they were no sign of life on their bodies.

Eos could see them, could sense their souls, and yet he could not feel them, “What did you do to them?” he growled, and Nyxara felt a brief flash of intense fear flash past her mind, and her eyes widened in surprise and pleasure, and she giggled.

“Silly boy, I did not do anything to them; you were the one who did all of that,” she gestured to the three souls, “when you decided to sacrifice them to kill my body. That your act was a ritual that triggered the power of End I had placed inside their soul Origin.”

Eos closed his eyes as his mind returned to that moment in the fourth layer of Soul as he battled the remnant of the Primordial. With his current experience and knowledge of the power of End, Eos had seen as Nyxara had baited him with her words, asking him repeatedly if he was willing to sacrifice his family to kill her, and he had foolishly accepted.

He had no idea that there was another greater power in Existence that could use your own words to bind you in Agreements that you had no true knowledge of.

Nyxara walked to Eos and placed her hand gently on his chest, “You know, you can bring them back. I placed a clause in that Agreement; you just have to willfully give up your life, and they shall return.”

Chapter 2034 I Want Your Success

Eos did not reply and watched these three souls closely, tracing every line of their souls, their fate, their Memories, and their Destinies, and, sure enough, he saw the faint link that bound these three to him.

His lifeforce was overwhelmingly greater than these three, as comparing it would be like holding up three grains of sand against an entire universe, and yet the power of End did not care, a bargain was a bargain, and it would take all of his lifeforce and resurrect these three.

Of course, a majority of his power would be given up to End in exchange, but that was simply the cost of doing this exchange.

Eos closed his hands over the three Soul Origin and was about to place them away when he was stopped by Nyxara, “You know, taking these souls would bind you to help my cause, and you have not yet asked me what I want from you.”

Giving a smile that did not reach his eyes, Eos replied to her, “You want me to kill your siblings for their power. That is a pretty obvious conclusion, Nyxara, but I wonder, if even I can figure out your ploy, how can you be so sure that your siblings do not know that these thoughts are in your head?”

There was a brief flash of surprise in her eyes, but it was quickly covered, and Eos wondered if that had been revealed just for his benefit.

She smiled, “The thoughts of my siblings are known to me, Eos, and you do not need to fear they will make unexpected moves. What I would love to know is how you are so comfortable with me growing so powerful? Do you truly believe that with all of their powers in my body, you will still have a chance?”

Eos shook his head, “You are not seeing the entire picture, Nyxara, and you have not yet succeeded, and you are in danger of counting your flock before they are hatched, but there is something tangible that I can draw from, and it is the past. Tell me...” Eos smiled like a wolf, “... did you forget what they did to your Incarnation inside Eosah’s Reality?”

Nyxara shrugged, “Your attempt to rile up my emotions would not work like you think, Eos. It had always been my intention to be imprisoned inside of Oblivion. How else did you think we escaped from the plans of the Temple of End? Speaking about the Temple, I saw their greeting gifts to your realm. Your enemies are increasing Eos, and yet you are still determined to play these mind games with me.”

Raising his finger and waving it side to side, Eos shook his head with mild laughter, “Oh, I understand my situation well enough, Nyxara, and I know beyond the power that I cultivate for myself, everything out there is coming for me. Do not get me wrong, I am not warning you to be careful about your plans; in fact, it would serve me better if your little attempt to gain power fails and causes a war between all six of you. But, I want you to win.”

Nyxara cocked her head, “Are you so confident in your abilities, Eos, that you think you can defeat me when I have grown to this extent?”

Eos gestured in front of him, making space ripple, and he created a small representation of Limbo where he added a tiny representation of all the parties on the board.

He made his representation to be a man in gold sitting on a throne holding a sword and surrounded by tiny motes of light which were his Origin Realms, he gave Enoch the appearance of the abomination crawling out of a pit, he gave Death the appearance of a headless horseman, the Temple of End was a skulking figure covered in red robes, and finally the Ancient Primordials were well represented perfectly, but there was a slight hiccup, while the other five were standing perfectly straight, Nyxara was in their middle and she was on her knees, her face turned up and looking at her siblings with hunger so fierce it resembled lust.

“How cute,” she muttered as she looked at the display Eos had created, “What is the point of all this?”

“The point,” Eos said, “Is to show you how I see this conflict. I have noticed that your line of thinking can be particularly focused. It is a perfect tool for a predator and not a commander.” Eos paused, “That is the first reason that I want you to succeed, Nyxara. You are a great tactician, but you are not a good commander. All of you are different, Nyxara, with various strengths and weaknesses, and even though you do not believe it, they make you stronger, and I want you to kill them and rid yourself of their aid, because it blinds you.”

Gesturing towards the symbolism of Limbo he had created, “Look at the state of Existence, you wish to kill your siblings for power, and even though it would make you more dangerous than all six of you in play, you are only focusing on me, and not the overall situation.”

The image began to transform. At first, all of the other parties had been focused on Eos, but with the rise of Nyxara, Enoch, Death, and the Temple of End began to turn away from him and focus on her.

“Why would you not think I will not want you to succeed. If you fail and fight among yourselves, I still have three other enemies after my throat, but if you succeed, then my pressure will be reduced, since I am not the only one that is a threat; you, Nyxara, would also draw eyes.”

The Primordial stood still for a long time, her eyes glinting with a weird laugh, and then suddenly she laughed, “You have a weird way of thinking, but I like it, Eos.”

Chapter 2035 Prove Your Intent

Chapter 2035 Prove Your Intent

“So, you will give me power, knowing in the end it will only lead to my doom,” Nyxara chuckled.

“Why is that so strange?” Eos replied, “Did you not do the same thing to me as I grew up? I only took the things you have unknowingly taught me and applied them in a manner that suits my needs.”

Nyxara suddenly stopped laughing and looked at him suspiciously. “Now, why do I think this benefits you in more ways than you speak?”

“I could say the same to you,” Eos countered, “Your actions reek of desperation and madness, Nyxara. Despite the power you are bound to gain from the deaths of your siblings, you must know of their uses... but, you no longer care, don’t you?”

Eos lowered his voice to a whisper, "When did it begin, Nyxara, that chill that slowly creeps through your spine, those fleeting moments of clarity when you realize how far you have fallen... Was it when you all fought against my Incarnation and saw how long you have forgotten the light? Or was it when you tasted your brother's blood and realized that you must have more of it, loyalty, blood ties, all meaningless, before the endless hunger of End... when did you finally realize that you were nothing but a puppet?"

Each word from Eos struck her like a whip, and she shuddered, her eyes turning red, "Good... good... Eos, I had forgotten that you have a serpent's tongue and the venom in your tongue can threaten even me."

"I speak nothing but the truth," Eos smiled, "I have discovered that the truth tends to have more weight, because it is simply what it is... the truth. Interpretations may be twisted, and lies may be told, but it would never change the facts about the matter. So, Nyxara, would you answer my question? When was the moment you turned desperate?"

Nyxara was quiet for a while, and when she began to speak, her voice was so low that only Eos's supernatural senses could hear them. "Your words are striking, Eos, but you do not see the entire picture. As a child, the thing I craved for the most... was power, and every decision I made from the first moment I crushed a child's neck and took their food so I did not die of hunger to the time when I betrayed everything I know to become the Primordial of Souls, had all been for one particular purpose, and it was only power. I don't hate you or love you, Eos, and in the same way, I don't hate or love my siblings... I simply have no use for those emotions, so I chose not to feel them. Over the years, I have gotten so used to pretending that I felt those things, that sometimes, even I forget that everything in existence are tools for my rise."

She looked up to see Eos's eyes focused on her. There was no judgment or anger; his gaze was clear, and he listened without bias or fear. The depthless pools in his eyes made Nyxara continue to speak, even when she did not want to, because there was something comforting about his presence.

"I remember when Enoch found us and promised us power, while my brothers could only see the allure of Origin, I found my sight focused on End. More than anything, its nature called to me, its endless hunger and desire for power was pure, and I was the one who convinced my siblings to choose Enoch's gift... If not for me, Eos, there would be no Ancient Primordial or Limbo. My brothers were willing to struggle together and perish as one, but I showed them the path forward, and now, I am simply harvesting the fruits of my labor. Do you think me mad, Eos?"

Eos slowly shook his head, "You are not mad, Nyxara, you are just who you are... The person I was becoming in the past, that person was a reflection of you. From the first moment, I was cursed with the Flesh of Madness as a mortal. Every choice I have been making, and the losses I have been suffering, were you, Nyxara, trying to mould me into your image."

Nyxara cocked her head to the side, “You were becoming? Don’t tell me you have changed Eos.”

Eos smiled coldly, “If I had changed, would I be here with you?”

Nyxara assessed him for a moment, and then she smiled, “I want power, Eos, but that power need not be directed towards you at the moment. You know that I would still come for you and your dominion. I don’t care about the expansion of Limbo or the consequences it would have on End... I will break the Agreement when it suits me, but for now, Eos, knowing all that you will stand to gain from the deaths of my brothers, and not denying the sweet revenge you have craved for so long, would you join me?”

Eos laughed bitterly, “It looks like that would be the direction I will be taking in the future.”

Nyxara stepped closer, until only an inch separated her from Eos, and he could feel the terrible heat and cold radiating from her naked body, as if she were a cold corpse that had been set on fire. “I tasted Asteroath’s light and understood one truth: alone among the Primordials, I can ascend further. They are anchors. Chains. Obstacles. Kill them for me, Eos. Use me as your blade. In return, when only I remain... You may try to end me. And perhaps... perhaps... You will succeed. You have secrets of your own, Eos. I do not need to pry; in your eyes, I see the confidence of inevitable victory.”

Eos studied her, and then he suddenly said, “Prove your intent.”

Nyxara smiled, and she turned around, the flesh on her back tore open, and her wings emerged from them, and she flapped them once, causing this chamber they were in to vibrate, and then the walls faded away, and Eos could finally see the full might of the forces being created by the Ancient Primordials, and more than that, he saw all five of them, Xylos, Eldrithor, Xyris, Elgorath, Vorthas, busy with their foul task, and Nyxara showed him the connection she had made with all of them.

“My Soulwraiths were not created to battle your Origin Realms. Within them is the doorway to the Origin of all my brothers, and the key in your hand can be used to access that power. Is this good enough for you?”

Chapter 2036 The Price For Power

Eos was silent as he went through everything that Nyxara had told him. He inspected the connection between the Soulwraiths and all the other Primordials, not moving for months.

Finally, he sighed and then looked away, “Your plan has merit, but there is something that we need to address before we begin hashing out the small details... what if they are aware of your hunger, Nyxara?”

Nyxara pursed her lips in thought, “Even though it might not appear to be the case, I have cultivated a sense of shared loyalty between all of us. I am sure that some of them might be suspicious, especially Xyris, who knows me the most, but they would always be in doubt, and in that doubt would be the space you need to strike.”

Eos smiled, but it did not reach his eyes. “You want me to be the villain.”

“Of course, you were always going to be the villain, Eos. Look at you, in many ways, you are a parasite. You began as Rowan, and you slowly ate away all that he was, all that sacrifice just to stand with me... to be worthy enough to be my ally. In this story, you have always been the aberrant factor, and you should know all of this by this point.”

“If you are going to be making me the villain, if you want your brothers to hate me enough that they would give you their powers, then you will have to dig deep, Nyxara, and show me everything. I want all the memories of all your births, I want to know the things that made you cry at night, and when the time comes... when I begin to kill them, I want you to weep for them.”

Eos gestured, and a crucified concept appeared in his hand. He had gathered all of those tortured concepts, and he did not free them yet, because he knew that in their pain, there could still be purpose, and now he had found a use for one of them.

“Your plan is good, but there are still many places that it can be perfected. Doubt is not enough, in your heart, I shall place... Mercy.”

Nyxara flinched, and this time, she was not pretending; her eyes went wide, and she was about to protest, but Eos did not let her speak,

“Your heart is cold, Nyxara, and there are things you do not understand about life. Perhaps you believe that my killing your kin is enough to grant you their powers, but that is not the case. They have doubt in their hearts, and this is enough for them to hesitate, and for them to give you their power, you have to show them something they have never seen before.”

Nyxara paused, “What do you want me to show them?”

“Hate,” Nyxara, “I want you to show them real hatred for me as I tear their beating hearts from their bodies and break them to pieces on my altar of pain. I want you to scream as they scream, and then they shall see your pain, and their powers would be yours.”

Nyxara faltered, her face scrunching up in agitation as she saw the crucified form of Mercy on Eos’s beckoning hand, “You do know I was the one who crucified that Concept and stripped a large portion of its powers from Existence.”

Eos nodded, “It can still whisper, even though the torment has brought it to the brink of madness, but it holds on. The weakness you despise in it gave it the strength to endure till

this moment. Tell me you don't see this as the only way forward. Your brothers are not fools; they shall suspect your betrayal when the time comes, and only true pain would allow them to believe that you were not a reason for their deaths."

Nyxara opened her mouth and closed it like a fish brought out of water, and she was at a loss, and Eos laughed, "Are you not willing to do this for your quest for power? I thought you said it was the only thing you craved, or perhaps, you only know how to make others pay for your desires?"

Nyxara growled like a caged beast, "Do not test me, Eos, that... thing would poison me."

"Oh, Nyxara, you have been given so much power that you think that true strength can be acquired without pain and sacrifice. I know it would poison you, but that is the price for this power and the path you want to take. You claim to understand End, then surely you would see the sense in this."

Nyxara closed her eyes, and when she opened them, they were filled with a terrifying resolve,

"Give it to me, Eos. When I have what I want, I shall rip it from me and finally destroy it. In the Existence I create, there shall no longer be any mercy."

Nyxara stepped forward and tore open her chest with her own hands, exposing the inner workings of her flesh. She had all the internal organs of a woman, but that was just because this was the appearance that she chose to wear, and in many ways was her default state.

Without giving her the chance to refuse, Eos pushed the crucified concept of Mercy into Nyxara's heart, and she groaned in pain and shock. Holding his hand over her heart to ensure that the fusion was going smoothly, Eos finally spoke,

"You should know that with mercy in your heart, your coming days would not be easy. You shall doubt yourself and the reason you crave power, and there would be a chance that when I begin to slaughter your brothers, your attacks against me would be real, and you shall try to stop me... at that time, Nyxara, I shall kill you. Do not forget, with the Soulwraith, you did not just give me the road to the hearts of your brothers, you also gave me yours as well."

Eos withdrew his hand from her chest, and Nyxara closed her eyes for a moment before she opened them. "If I can grow that weak, Eos, I want you to kill me."

Eos nodded, "Now, let us talk about the day we will kill your brothers."

Chapter 2037 The Primordial of Resurrection

The silence that settled over the old house on Willow Creek Lane was not the peaceful quiet of a sleeping household that this house had known for a long time... this time the silence was complete, like the final note in a long symphony.

For seventy-three years, Fury Kuranos had been Elias. It was not a name he had chosen for himself, but it was given to him by the boy who was on the verge of death, and so Fury had taken the burden of his life and granted the boy the chance to resurrect himself in the future as a phoenix, a more than worthy enough exchange.

Fury had worn this body from that day henceforth with a diligence that bordered on sacred devotion, and decades had passed, and he was now an old man.

He sat in his worn, green armchair by the bay window, the morning sun painting lines of radiance across his rug. In his hands, he held a simple terracotta pot, the soil within it dry and cracked. It was all that remained of the orchid Althea, his wife had nurtured for a decade.

It was a stubborn, beautiful thing that had finally yielded, its last blossom falling a week after her funeral, two years past. He ran a thumb along the pot's rough rim, calloused from a lifetime of gentle work that he could have never imagined himself doing in the past. Gardening, carpentry, holding hands with his children...

His memories were not a grand thing, but they were incredibly precious to him. The weight of his daughter, Liana, as a sleeping infant against his chest. The scent of ozone and cut grass before a summer storm, and Althea pulling him onto the porch to watch the lightning, her laughter a counterpoint to the thunder.

He could still remember the focus in his grandson Leo's eyes as, at age six, he explained the intricate social structure of his ant farm. The feel of Callie's small, confident hands guiding his as she taught him how to properly prune the rose bushes she'd inherited from her grandmother. "See, Grandad? You don't just cut. You ask the plant where it wants to go."

And Theo. Little Theo, with a laugh like bells and a heart too vast for his small body. Theo, who had buried his beloved, ancient dog under the oak tree last autumn and declared, with solemn, five-year-old wisdom, "Now he's part of the tree, and the tree is part of the sky, so he'll always be with me when I look up." Theo, whose light had been extinguished by a swift, meaningless fever just three days ago.

The house was a museum of their echoes. The crooked bookshelf he and Leo had built together was still slightly off-level. The splash of vibrant blue paint on the porch

floorboards is a permanent testament to Leo's brief, passionate artist phase. Callie's botanical sketches, framed and hung in the hallway, each labeled in her meticulous script. Theo's last drawing was a stick-figure family under a huge, smiling sun, with a dog floating happily in the corner of the sky.

Elias felt the edges of his being begin to shift. He had expected this change for a long time, but now that it was here, he found himself wishing that it would delay a little bit longer.

The love in his heart was not diminishing; if anything, it was intensifying, becoming so pure and so vast it could no longer be contained within the vessel of 'Elias.' This love, this profound, aching witness to mortal beauty, was the final piece of the experience.

Fury had come here, to this quiet corner of a spinning rock, to understand something. Not power, he was born knowing power. Not creation, that was his native tongue, spoken by his brother. But limitation. Fragility. The precious, heartbreaking arc of a story that writes its own ending.

He thought of Althea's last words, whispered with a ghost of her old smile, her hand cool in his: "My lovely, temporary man. You filled my forever."

He had wept then, true, salty tears like a mortal. His weeping shook his frame. Now, the memory brought a different moisture to eyes that were beginning to see through time.

The sigh began in the core of him, in the place where Elias's soul, a beautiful, borrowed, authentic thing, brushed against the infinite presence that was his true self. It was a sigh of completion, gratitude, and release. It escaped his lips, a soft, weary sound, but it traveled outward like a ripple in the fabric of local reality.

The first thing to change was the light. The sunbeam across the rug went still, and the dust motes froze in perfect, glittering suspension. The entire planet became a painting, exquisitely detailed, utterly silent.

Elias stood and became Fury Kuranos. He still wore his old mortal body, but he stood with a fluid motion as if the concept of age meant nothing to him anymore.

He walked to the center of the living room, the worn floorboards not creaking under his feet because even the sound had been removed from this world. He watched the sun for one last time and closed his eyes, Elias's eyes, for the last time.

When they opened, Fury allied this mortal vessel to expand.

The kindly lines on his face, laughter lines from Althea's jokes, worry lines from Liana's childhood fevers, sun lines from hours in the garden with Callie, slowly vanished.

His grey hair, once pepper-and-salt, bled into an absolute black as his body, slightly stooped with age, straightened to his full height. He was not taller, but he occupied more space.

He was not Elias. The name fell away like a chrysalis. He was Fury Akhranotez Kuranos, Primordial of Resurrection.

The sound of his true name, unspoken, was the snapping of a fundamental tether, as reality itself seemed to gasp and retreat from him. He took a step and appeared over the planet.

Even though he did not want to, he still looked back and felt the immense, spinning weight of the world that held so much of his most precious memories; it was like a gallery that contained, among trillions of wonders, the oak tree that shaded Theo's dog, and the dust that was once Althea.

With that final look at the world below him, Fury pushed off into space, and he walked past the sun that he spent close to eight decades watching rise. He moved through its coronal loops, not really feeling the concept of heat, instead he felt as if a beloved dog had brushed against his legs.

As he passed beyond it, the sun's light dwindled in his wake, becoming a warm, fond glow on the back of his mind, like the memory of a well-tended campfire.

The solar system now lay exposed before him, and he took another step forward, accelerating both his perspective and his body, and the planets shrank to dots in an instant, and in the fraction of a second, he was above the galaxy.

The galaxy was like a majestic, spiral whirlpool of several hundred billion stars, and despite its immensity, he could still see the world he had left behind. Turning around, he took another step and left the galaxy in his wake.

Level 0 Immortal

Chapter 2038 The Meaning of Love

Fury passed through several galaxies in a row; they appeared and vanished faster than he could blink, and he could blink very fast.

The universe truly began to unveil itself. Other galaxies swam into his view, from a distance; some resembled elliptical clouds, irregular splatters, majestic spirals like our own, each containing hundreds of billions of suns, each with its own trillion potential stories. They formed clusters, gossamer webs of gravity and dark matter, a cosmic architecture of unimaginable scale and grandeur.

He was approaching the limit now, and this limit was not a physical boundary, for the universe, by definition, for lower-dimensional beings, had none. Fury was choosing to travel this way because he wanted to experience the growth of a mortal, but that growth had reached its limit, when the universe kept stretching for an eternity in front of him.

Looking back for the last time, with a thought that was both a farewell and a blessing, he stepped sideways, and the universe seemed to shrink, condensing from infinity to a small glowing cube, smaller than a grain of rice.

Fury glanced around him, and even though he was not looking deep into existence, he already saw trillions of universes, and they appeared like tiny fireflies. He knew that if he wanted, he could wave his hand and erase trillions of these universes, and all of the wonders and mysteries they contained would be gone in the blink of an eye.

This was a higher-dimensional realm at the fourth-dimensional level. It was this dimensional realm that held all these trillions of universes, and if he wanted, he could spend countless trillions of years roaming through this dimensional realm alone.

Fury began to move through the dimensional realm, and he saw countless universes, all with their own rules and specialities, and then he began to see higher-dimensional immortals at the fifth or sixth dimensional level serving as custodians.

To lesser immortals, they were beings of immense power tending to cosmic balances, shepherding universal clusters, their forms vast and luminous. These custodians felt his passage and bent like reeds in profound, bewildered reverence.

A Primordial was passing by, and although they all wished to reach the highest level of Existence one day, that dream was still far. He felt the countless universes he was passing through, in their limited way, reach out for him, knowing that a Primordial dwelling in them would be a great source of growth and blessing for their inhabitants, but Fury did not stop.

This Dimensional Realm, for all its impossible vastness, was just a fourth-dimensional space, and he continued to move until he reached its “edge.”

This edge was a metaphysical boundary in space/time, and Fury could see it as a trillion shimmering orbs that structured themselves in a hyper-geometric, multi-dimensional lattice.

Each orb found its place in a structure of impossible beauty, like atoms in a crystal, but a crystal existing in multiple dimensions. This lattice was the Realm’s true form. And as he focused beyond it, he saw that this lattice, this single Dimensional Realm, was itself one jewel in a vaster setting, and he passed through it, and he stepped into a seventh-dimensional realm.

The seventh-dimensional realm held laws and concepts, and dimensions that lower-dimensional immortals could not imagine, like Memories and Fate and Destiny could be found here, and a trillions fourth dimensional realms floated through it like bubbles on a beach.

How long could he spend here if he wanted? An eternity, and yet, fury knew that even this was not enough to hold his true glory and purpose, and he looked beyond the seventh-dimensional realm to a place in the distance that called to him.

The direction of that call was not up or out, but in and before. He closed his eyes for a moment, acknowledging that call, and then he followed it, moving past the glittering jewels of the dimensions, into a space of deepening quiet.

The brilliance of all those dimensional realms faded into a space that was the anteroom to the Origin. Here, the concepts that were solid law in the dimensions below, causality, entropy, and duality, were soft, unformed things. Here, a sound could precede the idea of vibration. A color could exist without wavelength.

He had arrived in his Origin Realm. Given to him by his brother Eos after he reached the Primordial Level, and of course, Fury called his realm the Origin Realm of Resurrection.

In the center of a placid, infinite sea of fire was his throne, surrounded by trillions of phoenixes at the eight-dimensional level, and two massive phoenixes that had reached the Primordial level!

As he approached his throne, the entirety of his Realm began to stir, and Fury smiled, but before he could take another step, he felt a warm hand on his shoulder. This warmth came from memory, and he could not help but allow the memory to hold him in its grasp once more.

He could feel the weight of Althea's head on his shoulder. The sound of Leo's unselfconscious laughter. The sight of Callie's focused frown as she buried a seed. The feeling of Theo's small, trusting hand in his. These memories were not images or sounds, but singularities of experience, perfect and whole. He held them in his awareness, these impossibly small, impossibly dense jewels of lived truth. They were the reason. The point of the entire, vast, ludicrously complex exercise.

He had not gone to that small planet to forget he was Fury. He had gone to learn what it meant to not be Fury. To be small. To be fragile. To love something you knew you would lose, and to love it because you would lose it, because its temporality was the source of its unbearable beauty. To live within the story, not as its author, but as a character subject to its twists.

He had learned. The sorrow was not a flaw in the experience; it was its depth. The joy was not a distraction from his purpose; it was the purpose itself.

“Damn it, Eos, you wily bastard, how do you expect me not to fight to my death to protect something that is so precious?”

®

It took fifty million years before the ten thousand Supreme species that were rising all over the Origin Realms to master the bridge that linked one Origin Realm to another, which was a stupendous feat when it was taken into consideration that each Origin Realm could be considered infinite for lower dimensional beings below the Primordial level, and to reach this bridge, they would have to technically travel to beyond infinity.

For a species to advance to the extent they could cross the higher-dimensional level while being at a lower dimension was incredibly rare, and for them to do it in such a short time was nothing short of a miracle.

However, this miracle happened nearly simultaneously across all ten thousand Origin Realms. Of course, their quick development had to do with the New Primordials, who frequently brought the best and the brightest into the higher-dimensional realms for them to understand how it worked.

These bridges were living conduits of fundamental laws that had evolved over the years due to their connection with all the Origin Realms. Each Origin Realm was unique, carrying special properties that would not be shared by another, and this bridge was able to gather power from all these different Origin Realms.

Millions of years ago, it became aware of itself and began to cultivate, and it was among the third generations of New Primordials to be born.

The first generation of Primordials was ten in number, and in the second generation, eight new Primordials were born, but this generation was seen as the transitional period where the old was fully transforming into the new.

In the third generation, fifty-two new Primordials were born, and so there were sixty-four Primordials across all the Origin Realms, a ridiculous number that would continue to expand, as the fourth generation of Primordials that were expected to arrive in the next ten million years should number in the hundreds.

There was a rush for every living being to reach the ranks of Primordials because there were just 10,008 Origin Realms in Existence, and there was a great chance for every new Primordial to be awarded an Origin Realm.

The advantage of merging with an Origin Realm for a Primordial was so massive that a Primordial without an Origin Realm was not even considered a full Primordial, and there were talks to make a new level above the Primordial Level for those who had fused with an Origin Realm because of the sheer gap between them and the average Primordial.

Chapter 2039 10,008 Supreme Origin Techniques

Each Origin Realms were vast and in fifty million years, countless species had arisen inside of it, but in every Origin Realm, there must be one Supreme Species. These were the ones who proved themselves to be outstanding in every way possible and were rightly termed the Supreme Species of that Origin Realm.

However, amongst all the Supreme Species, there was a gap between those whose Realms held Primordials and those that did not, and the goal of every Supreme Species was to give birth to a Primordial.

Every species inside the Origin Realms was equal; the potential that gave one species the ability to be called Supreme was also in others, and so what made these species supreme was their ability to master any of the 10,008 unique scriptures created by the Grand Creator, Eos.

The Primordials were at the pinnacle of Existence, but there was one figure that rose higher than even the Primordial, and to even think of that figure as if he were a person was almost heretical. What would you call someone who creates Primordials?

The 10,008 Supreme Origin Techniques were so profound that they could be cultivated by mortals, and they could use them all the way to the Primordial level.

Each technique was filled with endless mysteries, and for those who knew of the past outside the Origin Realm, they were dumbfounded when they saw the abilities that these techniques were able to create.

Comparing what they used to cultivate in the past and the power of these new techniques was so absurd that it was almost as if they had wasted their entire lives. One of the reasons why there were so few Primordials born during the second generation of the Primordial's Ascension was that upon releasing the 10,008 Supreme Origin Techniques, a lot of Old Ones shattered their foundation and returned to mortals to recultivate.

Even a fool would be able to see the clear advantages to be had from cultivating these techniques that clearly exceeded any sort of techniques ever born in the past. Even Primordials selected several of these Origin Techniques and cultivated them, deriving a lot of inspiration and powers from the endless mysteries between their pages.

Every Supreme Origin Technique had twenty layers, and what was amazing was that reaching the tenth layer of this technique meant the individual had a great chance of

becoming a Primordial in the future, and reaching the twelfth layer meant that chance had become a certainty.

To be called a Supreme Species meant that a member, or multiple members of a particular species, had been able to master at least half the layer of a Supreme Origin Technique.

With many individuals of a species mastering one of the Supreme Origin Techniques to the tenth layer, it meant there was a great chance that a Primordial would arise among them, and so they were given the title of the Supreme Species of that Origin Land, but that title could be given to another species if they surpassed the current holder of the title in the amount of individual to reach the tenth layer.

There were only sixty-four Primordials across all the Origin Realms, but the fourth generation of New Primordials to be born would soon reach its height a million years from now, and the contest to reach this level and claim an Origin Land was the foremost goal of any immortal and knowledgeable mortals who were aware of the truth.

Conflicts between Origin Realms were strictly forbidden, and inside each individual Origin Realm, battle was frowned upon, but it was still a part of life. However, unnecessary wars were almost nonexistent because of the one piece of knowledge passed down to any mortal who could ascend past the level of an Earth God and gain a form of lesser immortality.

The truth was that their paradise had a time limit. Inside the Origin Realm, there were limitless lands to explore filled with adventure and dangers. The chance for growth for any individual was almost limitless.

But there was a darkness creeping in that would devour everything they knew and loved. This darkness would not care for their race, species, or talents; it simply wanted to end all life in Existence and drag it into a place of endless pain and suffering.

This darkness could not be negotiated with, could not be bought, and it would only end if they came together as one to destroy it. If there was one thing that brought people together, it was a shared threat, and so across all the Origin Land, there was relative peace as everyone, and everything struggled to climb up the dimensional ladder and fight for the chance to survive and protect their home, because if it was destroyed, there were no more homes to be found in the vastness of Limbo.

The Origin Realms were the only paradise that could ever be in an Existence that had gone mad. What was the use of petty strife and quarrels when everything would come to an end if they were not ready?

In these fifty million years, there had been attacks from Limbo, and even though lower-dimensional immortals could not see these attacks from their universes or lower-dimensional realms, the spread of information in the Origin Realms was matchless, and they were able to get accurate recordings of the scenes of these attacks.

They had seen a small portion of the horror that was to come, and it scared the weak of mind to madness. Thankfully, with the potential inside the bodies of every new species in the Origin Realms being at the peak of Existence, only a surprisingly few fell to madness and despair.

And that was because they believed in their Primordials, they believed in themselves, as they could feel their endless potential for growth flowing through their veins, and finally, they believed in the Grand Creator, Eos.

His name and his image had spread all over the Origin Realms, and when mortals pray to a god, they call his name in their hearts; even the Primordials worshipped him.

This war would be terrifying, but they knew no fear because as long as Eos was still alive, they would be able to survive anything. This was the unshakable faith every single individual inside the Origin Realms knew.

Level 0 Immortal

Chapter 2040 The Primordial of Celestial Laughter

The Prime Axis of the Ten Thousand Origin Realms had not changed much on the surface in fifty million years, but the waves of power arising from it had grown as most of the Primordials returned here not only to commune with Eos, but as the heart of the Origin Realm, everything flowed through this place.

At this moment, in one of the central command centers was a vast hall whose length was measured in billions of miles. Massive pillars lined each side of the hall, their numbers could hardly be counted, and sitting on them were scholars, all Old Ones, and they were extremely busy.

Each pillar was a manifestation of the Primordial of Woven Fate. This Primordial was the divine bridge forged by the Grand Creator to link all the Origin Realms, and twenty-three million years ago, it gained consciousness and rapidly ascended all the way to the Primordial level.

The Primordial of Woven Fate was one of the few Primordials who did not like to appear in front of anyone, although its body still served as the bridge linking all of the realms; that body was just its avatar. Its main form now could only be found beside the Grand Creator.

With this pillar, every Old One here could see with the sights of Primordial, allowing them to view the dimensions from a great height. It was a profound form of cultivation and also

a way for them to be of use, as they monitored not just the Origin Realms but also beyond them, being one of the many stations assigned to this task.

The Old Ones were rotated every million years, but they could further extend the time they could stay on the pillars if they made important discoveries in research or the present state of things.

This hall was called the Hall of Memory, and similar halls like this were scattered across all command centers in the Prime Axis. At the head of the hall, lying comfortably on a cloud of silver flames, was a Primordial who still kept his childlike body, the nameless Primordial of Victorious Genesis.

Only a fool would look at his childlike body and consider him to be weak or naive, as he was a Primordial, and even the stupidest among them were supreme geniuses that could not be found in an Era.

The Primordial loved coming to the Hall of Memories because of his love for battle, and in the past fifty million years, he had solved thirty percent of all the incursions attempting to breach the Origin Realms, and he returned here to be the first to know of any conclusion being drawn by the researcher in this hall whose reach connected to all the Origin Realms.

Victorious Genesis was dozing with his eyes closed, as several golden fruits appeared overhead to drop into his mouth, and he ate them with relish. He had extended one strand of his senses across the Origin Realms to the famous gardens of one of the New Primordials of the Third Generation, the Primordial of Celestial Laughter, and was stealing her immortality fruits.

One of these fruits was able to give a mortal immortality, boosting their talent and comprehension, and aiding them to reach the sixth-dimensional level in less than ten thousand years. Even a dumb pig would crush a Supreme God a few moments after consuming these golden fruits, and they were one of the most sought-after items in the Origin Realms.

The Primordial of Celestial Laughter was one of Eos's followers when he was a mortal, Diane, and she had fought beside her Lord for countless years, and she steadily grew to reach the peak of Existence after many years of trials and tribulations.

The day she became Primordial, the laughter of Eos resounded across the entirety of the Origin Realms. It did not take long for her to begin displaying her competency, as her contribution was one of the main factors for lower-dimensional beings to become aware of the bridge across the Origin Realm.

Technically...technically... a mortal would be able to travel across all the Origin Realms if their comprehension was high enough. Even in the lower realms, the higher dimensions still exist, and only a mind that could see beyond the veils of reality could understand how everything worked.

Victorious Genesis loved taking these golden fruits from Diane's garden because they were among the most delicious fruits he had ever tasted, and he was a bit addicted to them. He always made sure he blessed the trees he took them from, but his blessings were a headache for Diane, because all of her gentle trees she nurtured became defiant and wanted to charge into the horizon to battle against the forces of evil.

It was becoming more frequent for her to return to her realm of flowers and see her trees practicing battle formations when they should be sipping dew and absorbing the light she gave them.

Victorious Genesis was pulled from his pleasant nap by a nervous cough, and he opened one eye to see an Old One bowing towards him, and presenting a shimmering tablet of light filled with information. The Old One slowly backed away.

Quickly scanning through it, he saw that these were already things the Primordials were aware of. The threats that were coming against the Origin Realms came roughly every hundred thousand years, with a major incursion happening every ten million years.

It had been calculated that the major incursions were exponential in nature, as each new attack becomes multiple times stronger every ten million years. Factoring in the rate of growth of the Origin Realms, there was a high chance that in five hundred million years, the tide of battle would finally reach the Origin Realms, and the enemy would set foot on one of their Realms.

Five hundred million years until the war truly began, and it was possible that before that time came, some Primordials would fall.

Primordials like Victorious Genesis constantly entered the void to defend against the major incursions every ten million years, and he would die before seeing any of those tainted beasts enter his realm, and he knew that every other Primordial felt the same. If possible, they wanted to fight the war outside the Origin Realms, but that would only place them in true danger.

The Origin Realms boosted their powers, but weakened those of the enemies. It was their greatest weapon in this war, and sometimes it was hard to remember this truth: that despite the Origin Realms being a thing of beauty, they were created for the sole purpose of war.

Level 0 Immortal

Chapter 2041 Future Plans For Defense

Eos had bought them time to develop because he knew that they would never be able to fight against the darkness of Limbo; their enemies were too powerful, and only inside the

Origin Realm, where the ceiling of power was fixed, and the enemies could not display their greatest strength, did they have any chance of victory.

Victorious Genesis hated this truth, and if there was one thing that kept him up at night, it was that without the presence of the Grand Creator, none of them would have a chance.

It just did not seem fair that they could cultivate to the peak of Existence and yet find out that there were certain aberrations that saw that limit and just... did not care about it.

The Ancient Primordial had devoured countless number of Realities, accumulating so much Origin Forces in their bodies, that simply considering the amount of Origin Essence flowing through their veins was staggering.

Recall that each Origin Essence in the body of a Primordial would grant them a layer of defense that was invulnerable to anything below the Primordial level, and so if Victorious Genesis was given an eternity to strike against any of the Ancient Primordials, even if given forever, he would not be able to harm a single hair on their head.

This sort of power was not the kind you could ever cultivate to acquire; it was simply the vast gap that existed between lifeforms like the Ancient Primordials and everyone else.

Victorious Genesis could still recall what Eos had said to them when he welcomed the births of the Third Generations of Primordials, and one of the New Primordials, the Primordial of Divine Onslaught, who was once a powerful Titan, had asked Eos if their powers were not enough to ever challenge the Ancient Primordial.

He still remembered how Eos had sighed and said, “This knowledge was one that I had kept from you all for so long, but the Origin Realms had proven to be a great shield against Limbo, and so I can tell you some of the secrets behind Existence.”

The Primordial of Divine Onslaught had chuckled nervously, “You say that as if it would kill us just to know this secret.”

Eos was silent for long enough that the nervous laughter from the Titan faded, and an awkward look flashed across the Primordials here.

“What many of you fail to realize is that the Origin Realms are so complete that they are no longer connected to Existence as you know it, and so certain rules and laws can be made here that cannot exist in Limbo, because of a great evil power that I cannot name at this point. I can tell you the name here, and it would not affect you, but that would change if you were to leave the Origin Realms. Knowledge of its name would draw its attention to you, and none of you here would survive its touch.”

Eos snapped his fingers, and a dull thumping sound spread across the gathering, and every Primordial felt a surge of energy enter their heads, clearing the sudden fog that had slowly covered their minds.

This was when a chill settled in all their hearts. Eos had not even told them the name of this Great Evil, but a part of them recognized it, and their souls were running away from that knowledge.

“You ask me why you cannot challenge the Primordials with your present strength, and I will tell you your answer: it is because, technically, the beings you call Ancient Primordials are not truly Primordials; their roots lie with an Ancient power called the Luminious, and I also share the same roots as them.”

Eos gestured, revealing the entirety of Limbo to them, and even with their powerful consciousness, they could not see everything at a glance, and it would take months of careful and total concentration to see everything he had just displayed with the wave of his hand.

“You know of Existence as Limbo, and even as Primordials, you see Limbo as a true infinity, and that is the truth, by the actions of one of our enemies in the past, Limbo would continuously expand until a point that not even I would be able to see all of it at a glance, and I fight to see that day become a reality, because if it happens, true freedom would be gained. Now, the reason I showed you this is to tell you that Limbo, Existence, as you know it...is not the first.”

From that moment, bombshell after bombshell was dropped by Eos, and even though they knew he was not telling them everything, what he told them caused a chill to pour down their spines.

There were some of them who, after reaching the ranks of Primordia, wanted to slow down and enjoy their invincibility for a while, but they knew now that Primordials were not the highest beings to ever exist, their life force was tied to Existence, and if Existence ends, so would they.

However, there was once a race whose lives transcended Existence, and although they did not leave their mark across the endless Eras, just one of them that went insane had reshaped all Existence in a manner that could never be truly understood.

Victorious Genesis suddenly looked up, aware that he had been lost in thought for a long time, “Is that all you came to show me, Sumek?” he asked the Old One, who shuddered and replied,

“Lord Victorious Genesis, preliminary plans for the defense of the Origin Realms have been approved by all the Halls of Memory and will soon be sent to the Grand Creator, but a review from every Primordial is needed. This would be the first draft, and it would go through ninety-nine review processes before being submitted to the Grand Creator.”

“Ninety-nine?” Victorious Genesis frowned, “How long would that take?”

The Old One squirmed a bit, “We are working as fast as we can, but this draft should be ready in thirteen million years.”

Victorious Genesis growled, “Too long, it should be completed in nine million years before the next Great Incursion, so it can be stress tested. I will not permit a half-baked plan to reach the hands of the Grand Creator.”

“Of course,” the Old One bowed, “Shall we begin?”

Chapter 2042 The Primordial of Serene Ascension

The Old One, Sumek, showed the first plan for the defense of the Origin Realm, and it was called the Casualty Anchor. They were massive universe-sized machines, five hundred in number, that were to be distributed over special points across the Origin Realms, and their jobs would be to stabilize the Temporal Flow of the entire realms.

In their battles these fifty million years, the Primordials had been able to find that some of the annoying enemies they came across were those who could travel through time, and attack across the dimension of time. There were not many problems for the Primordials, but if they were unleashed inside the Origin Realms, the destruction they could create would be unfathomable.

Lower-dimensional beings were very susceptible to the power of Time, and the monsters being unleashed by their enemies were so great that even Old Ones were threatened when they were in sufficient numbers.

The sort of monsters they were seeing had never been known to exist before inside Limbo, and they were creatures of madness whose dimensional powers had been twisted into something else.

Victorious Genesis assessed this plan; there was nothing wrong with temporal defenses, but he felt that these Anchors were too massive and eye-catching. They were not fighting mindless monsters, and even though a single universe-sized machine would be lost in the vastness of the Origin Realms, they were still large enough that they could be discovered quite easily by their enemies.

“These Anchors should not be bigger than a billion miles; only this size would they be accepted. The number can be increased to as much as a million.”

The Old One was about to protest, but when he heard that the number of Casualty Anchors could be increased, it was possible that they could be shrunken.

The Grand Creator protected all life, and every mortal was important to him. Protecting all life was a priority, and every Old One knew how important they were to him.

Sumek brought up the second plan: the Origin Immune System, a series of Old Ones from all ten thousand Origin Realms who wished to merge their consciousnesses into one grand consciousness. They would become spirits that safeguard the inner workings of the Origin Realms, which could not be easily discovered.

Victorious Genesis's eyes lit up; he loved this plan. Despite all the advantages to be found in the Origin Realms, the chance of reaching the level of Primordials was very low, and it was a great thing for Old Ones to merge their consciousness, which could give this collective consciousness the chance to push past the final barrier.

He approved this plan and even wanted it to be expanded. There were so many Old Ones who would never reach the level of Primordials, and Victorious Genesis considered that the result of this merger may have more benefit than what was being introduced here. He saw a feasible plan in this Origin Immune System, but he found the idea of a collective consciousness to be more appealing.

In their desire to create an immune system for the Origin Realms, these Old Ones may have missed out on the benefits of gathering so many powerful consciousnesses into one form.

The third plan that was laid out was the Harmony Engines. This massive living machine would balance fundamental forces across the many infinities of the Origin Realms.

All of the Origin Realms were related but not similar, and every one of them had limitless potential. The Harmony Engines was a plan made by several Primordials and passed on to the Hall of Memories, and they had been tweaking it.

All of these plans were at the Primordial Level, and the only reason these Old Ones could work on them was the Hall of Memories giving them these pillars that connected to the mind of a powerful Primordial, and they could think in nine dimensions.

The Harmony Engines would gather all the varied forces across all ten thousand Origin Realms and concentrate them into a powerful Primordial soup, and it was intended to become the power source of a great conceptual weapon. This weapon was to be wielded by the Grand Creator.

They knew that they could not create a weapon befitting a power of Eos status, but perhaps if they could create a source powerful enough for him to pull from when needed, it could help him during his battles.

Victorious Genesis looked over this plan with a wry smile on his face. He knew when these plans were drafted, but that was before the Primordials learned of the true history

of Eos and the Ancient Primordials, and discovered how much power and essence were inside his body.

The Harmony Engines were a great and genius plan, but they would be useless for someone like Eos, whose energy storehouse was impossible to put into words.

Even if the Harmony Engines were useless to Eos, the plan was not scrapped because it could be used to power the final plan on this list, and it was the Archive of All Possibilities.

This Archive was created by a genius whom Victorious Genesis could not help but be a little jealous when he thought about this person. He had always thought he was a genius, but this man placed him to shame, as among his countless achievements, he held the title for the being who reached the Primordial level the fastest in history.

Thirty thousand years!

Thirty thousand years for a mortal to cross the impossible gap between a mortal and a Primordial, a speed that may be impossible to ever be matched in the past or the future.

The Primordial of Serene Ascension resembled a man in his early youth, barely older than sixteen, and it was said that when he became a Primordial, he was not even aware of it; he had been busy running an experiment, and he had been so angry that he became a Primordial in the middle of an experiment and his Tribulation ruined his delicate planning.

There was a reason he became the Primordial of Serene Ascension, and it was because he never faced any bottlenecks in his growth, and he had dismissively chosen a Primordial Title from the countless concepts that were vying for his attention.

The concept of Serene Ascension was a neutral concept and would not disturb his experiments, and that was the primary reason out of all the concepts he could have taken, he chose this one.

Chapter 2043 The Archive of All Possibilities

The rise of the Primordial of Serene Ascension could be made into a grand epic that would anger almost anyone to death. Like Victorious Ascension, he was born aware and knew everything about the threats facing the Origin Realms, and the baby chuckled and immediately went to work.

He never spent a single moment cultivating, but opportunities literally fell on his lap; some of these opportunities even forced themselves upon him. As a mortal, he wanted to

quickly become an immortal just so he could observe the process by which higher-dimensional matter collapses when brought to the theoretical limit, and an opportunity from the heavens to reach the heavens fell into his lap.

He did not use it, only observed it and took away its principles, and in a few short years, he ascended by himself to a fourth-dimensional immortal. It took him less than five thousand years to become an Old One, and twenty-five thousand years to reach Primordial, but this could have happened much more quickly if he wanted, because even the Grand Creator, Eos, had said that the boy already mastered several Origin Forces to the fourth level!

Victorious Genesis was still stuck on the third level of his concept, and it was unknown when he would be able to reach the fourth. He had not forgotten the final words that Eos had said to them after he told them of the history of Existence.

“I do not tell you all of this for you to be fearful of the future, because more than anything, I believe in all of you and the potential that you carry. Know this: what we understand as Primordials is only the tip of the iceberg, and if you want to stand toe to toe with the Ancient Primordials and all our enemies and beat their faces in with your fist, then reach the fifth level of your Origin, and if you want to win the war in this instant, reach the sixth level of your Origin.”

Rowan was the only one known to have reached the fifth level of the Origin of Space, and all Primordials now understood that the end of their path was only the true beginning of power, and a man like the Primordial of Serene Ascension, brought with him such pressure, that no other Primordial could compete with him, not even Telmus and Eva and Circe, the only three Primordial to reach the fourth level of their Origin, and they had stalled, and if not for the example of Rowan, and the very Origin Realms that they lived in, none of them would ever believe that there was a fifth layer to Origin.

Victorious Genesis believed that perhaps a fifth layer did not exist before Rowan came into the picture, as only the presence of this freak among freaks could raise the ceiling to such a great height. Not even that cheeky brat, Serene Ascension, could compare.

What also rubbed Victorious Genesis the wrong way was that, like him, Serene Ascension refused to have a name, and so everyone called him by his Primordial Title, and the reason he gave for not having a name was trite in Victorious Genesis opinion, that brat that still smelled of his mother’s milk says he is just too busy to think of a name for himself.

“Motherfu–” Victorious Genesis wanted to dropkick that brat across Limbo when he heard that excuse.

However, it was still obvious that Serene Ascension was a genius; his plan, the Archives of All Possibilities, was supposed to be one of their ultimate defense systems. It would be an

Archive that contained every conceivable outcome of every event that would occur in the upcoming war.

Serene Ascension wanted to create a power that could see the future!

Lower-dimensional immortals, even Old Ones, believed that the Primordials could see the future, but this was not the case. They stood at the ninth dimension, and all of Existence was opened before their eyes. With this advantage, they could predict the outcome of the lives of every sentient being inside a dimensional cluster with frightening accuracy, but they were not truly seeing the future; they were only predicting it and being successful at it because of the massive pool of data they had to draw from

The Archive that Serene Ascension wanted to create was different. He drew heavy inspiration from the Singularity of the Grand Creator, and he believed that the future did not have to be predicted; it could be discovered!

Like the theoretical fifth or sixth layer of Origin, he believed that every dimension they had explored, from space, time, memory, fate, and destiny, had layers to them that had not been explored, and perhaps they were only using their dimensional powers in the least efficient ways possible.

Serene Ascension was determined to find the future, and he knew that if he did, they could always steer themselves into the best option, and this great war would be all but won.

The Archive would be his first attempt, and the Grand Creator was intrigued by this idea. He gave him access to all the resources of the Origin Realms and the hidden Resources of the Origin Lands to pursue his quest to find the limits of the dimension of Time.

Serene Ascension did not know if this attempt would lead to any fruitful discovery, but he hoped that it would be the case. Although he disliked this cheeky Primordial, he would still support him if needed. He quickly approved of the plan for Serene Ascension to go to the next phase of his Archive building process, which would require volunteers, and among the calls for volunteers, there was a space for three Primordials, and two of those spaces had already been taken.

Victorious Genesis looked at that last empty space, a lot of thought passing through his head. He did not know when he would reach the fourth layer of his Origin; perhaps it would happen a million years from now or a billion years, but what he knew was that his progress had stalled, and without fighting in Major Incursions, he was not seeing much growth.

This next series of experiments had a section saying the danger to be faced was unknown, and there was a chance for true death, even for a Primordial, and Victorious Genesis, even without thinking too much about the consequences, registered to be the third and final Primordial for this slot.

Chapter 2044 A Large Family

Chapter 2044 A Large Family

The experiment would be happening two thousand years from now, not a long time, but it should be enough for Victorious Genesis to prepare for whatever was going to be happening. He listened to Sumek rattle off a list that held hundreds of defense options, and he made sure he paid attention and gave out all the right responses, but his mind was not here any longer.

Three days later, the inquiry was over, and leaving an Avatar behind, Victorious Genesis returned to his Origin Realm, which he called Genesis Prime. The reason he called his Origin Realm in this manner was that he hoped for many Primordials to be born from his realm, and they would be able to obtain several Origin Realms for themselves, and more of the Origin Realms would have the moniker of Genesis.

His people were a proud race, as they were among the finest of the Great Creator's creations when he entered the Eternal Realm of Doomstar and created a race of Golden Giants that aided him in defeating one of his greatest enemies during that period, the Eye of Time.

They may have been reborn as one of the Elythrii, but they did not forget their heritage, and they chose to return to their previous forms that resembled golden titans, and their cities were an exact copy of the shining city built for them by the Incarnation of the Grand Creator, Rowan.

In a few moments, Victorious Genesis had crossed an infinite distance and arrived at his home, a small two-storey building where he lived with his family, which at this time was his mother and father.

Of course, after him, they went on to give birth to other children, and they wished to repeat the miracle that was him, and so his parents had become too enthusiastic in their acts of procreation, despite how hard it was for golden giants to give birth, although their status as Elythrii mitigated some of that constraint, it was still there.

Victorious Genesis now had twenty brothers and fifteen sisters, and this was just in the last fifty million years; who knows how many more siblings he would have in half a billion years, or a billion years from now?

With his status as one of the first generations of New Primordials, his siblings believed that their bloodline was sacred, and so all of them were quite serious in their cultivation as most of them were already at the level of Old Ones, and they were equally as enthusiastic about getting children, as his small family that just had three people in it, now numbered in the millions.

The family gathered every five hundred thousand years was celebrated on a supermassive planet, and if this trend continued, his family's bloodline would reach billions in the blink of an eye.

Returning home, he was surprised to see only his father around. Usually, there were always at least a dozen people around the house, and Victorious Genesis had never seen the house so quiet.

"Old man, where is everyone?" he called out, as he jumped into a wide and comfortable sofa that everyone knew was his favorite and so no one touched, even if he did not really care, and could create a trillion of these sofas anytime that he wanted to.

"I sent them away," his father replied, "And when will you ever stop calling me old man and just call me by my name or dad?" stroking his chin, his father smiled, "technically, if you think about all the places you have been, and how long we were kept sleeping, then you are technically older than me, and should be called the older man."

Victorious Genesis spat, "Don't try to deny who you are, Old man, not after all these years you have been proclaiming to all of Existence how you fathered a Primordial. It is a good thing you have been faithful to the Old woman, too," Victorious Genesis shivered, "I have too many nightmares of coming home to a young lass a millionth my age who calls herself my stepmother."

His father sneered, "If you keep going on the way you do, then maybe I will just make this nightmare a reality."

"You dare?!" Victorious Genesis roared, although from his small boyish frame, it did not sound very threatening, plus there was no anger or intent to hurt the Old man in his words, just a bit of annoyance and happiness. As a Primordial, he knew how precious it was to have a family unit that drew you down into the little things, else it was easy to forget why it all mattered. A Primordial could choose to sleep for countless Cosmic Eras and awake at any time, and their bodies and soul would not deteriorate; they could watch everything pass away, and they would remain the same, but such a life was it not too hollow and devoid of any joy of living?

Many Primordials, and even Old Ones, had a detached view of life. Even though the Origin Realms had bridged that gap between mortals and immortals, it was still hard for many of them to reconcile the fact that the perception of mortals and immortals was not the same, and many immortals would want to return as they were as mortals, as the perception shift was often too drastic for them.

They were missing out a lot, but it was a good thing that more immortals were adopting the mindset of merging with their mortal roots, and it was primarily because many of them recultivated as mortals inside the Origin Realms.

After a while of pleasant back and forth between father and son, Victorious Genesis smiled a bit sadly, because while his father could hide what was in his heart for a while, he had never been a good liar.

“Who told you that I joined the project for the Archive?” Victorious Genesis suddenly said, hitting the nail on the head, and making his father sigh in defeat, “Did you forget that several of my great-grandchildren are assigned in the Hall of Memories? They saw that you attached yourself to this dangerous expedition.”

Chapter 2045 Fight, To Return Home

Victorious Genesis rolled his eyes, “Every time I leave the Origin Realm to battle, I am in danger. Although the enemies I face out there are generally weaker than I am, some of them have powers that can hurt even me, and that is not even mentioning that there is a chance I can be ambushed by the Ancient Primordials, and I will not know how I even died... Old man, danger is all around me. Why would you single out this expedition to complain about?”

His father shook his head in distress, “Everyday I pray for the Grand Creator to keep you safe when you leave our home to battle, and I know he hears my prayers, and he would never allow you to fall before your time, but this place you are planning to head towards, is somewhere even he has not tread... don’t you see the danger?”

Victorious Genesis had been smiling, but then his eyes went cold, “Do you think of me so little, father? Am I a dog who only barks when its owner presents food to it? How do you expect me to raise my head up high when I shirk away from the real work? Any Primordial can fight in the hells above, but only Victorious Genesis can create a path for victory where there is none! I am needed for my powers, father, and you know it.”

His father became silent; there were a thousand words of complaint, of plea that he could use here to plead his case, but he knew that it was useless. As much as he hated it, his son was right, and if he had chosen any other path due to his insistence, this choice would haunt him forever.

Still, he knew that he would hate himself more if he did not tell his son how he felt about this journey he was about to embark upon. So he walked over to his son, even after all these years, he had not grown, had not changed, even for him, it was hard not to think of Victorious Genesis as the youngest of their children when he was actually the oldest,

He knelt down so his face was near that of his son, and he placed his hands on his shoulder. In this house, he was his father, and Victorious Genesis was not a Primordial. ‘Grand Creator, give me wisdom,’ he whispered in his heart, then he cleared his throat,

“Victorious Genesis, I see the fire in your eyes. I know it well. It’s the same fire in the eyes of our people. We were created to lead the charge into the darkness for our Grand

Creator, and you are braver than I ever was, which is why my fear is so much greater. I fear you will not know when to return when the going gets too tough.”

The eyes of Victorious Genesis became softer, and he wanted to speak, but he stayed silent because his father had not finished speaking.

“This journey you speak of... its generosity is its danger. To give yourself so fully means there is less to bring back home. Who will tend your own spirit while you’re tending to all of Existence? A lantern can’t guide others if it burns its oil all at once.”

He paused as if contemplating deeply about what he was going to say next, “Stay, my son. Not out of cowardice, but out of strategy. Grow your roots deep here, in your Realm, where the soil knows your name. Let your strength become a fortress others can retreat to, not a flame that races ahead and risks being blown out. There is a courage in building, in protecting, in staying. It is a quieter song, but the land remembers its melody long after the battle-cry has faded.

Squeezing his shoulders tight, the voice of his father broke down, “And if... if you must go...” His voice thickens, and he looked at him, really looked at his beautiful, perfect boy as he memorized the lines of his jaw and the set of his shoulders.

“Then do not just go to give. Go to learn. Go to return. Let this journey be a season, not the whole story. Your bravery is not measured by how far you go from home, but by what you choose to bring back to it. A scattered light helps no one. A focused flame can start a hearth that warms generations.”

Victorious Genesis could only nod. In all his life, he had never seen his father talk in this manner, and he knew that although his father knew that fighting the enemies that came against them was dangerous, their entire culture was one where they fought beside each other. Death was a thing of joy when it happened beside your brothers in arms, and they benefited from your sacrifice.

But if he were to die in a faraway location, where his father would not even be able to bury his body, this was what broke the man, and Victorious Genesis finally understood his father’s true fear.

He nodded deeply, and his father smiled, golden tears pouring from the side of his eyes,

“Promise me this, son, that you will be as brave in your coming back as you are in your leaving. Do not go gently into the dark; fight with everything you have to return home to us. No matter where this journey takes you. This door will remain unbarred. This fire will be kept banked, waiting to be rekindled by your story.”

“Now, let us speak not just of the leaving, but of the return.”

The talk with his father went on for a while, and then his family returned, and a feast was made, and for months, they laughed, and they danced, and they talked about life.

Several women, okay, billions of beautiful women from all over the Origin Realm came to seek out Victorious Genesis and he was a bit annoyed after a while, the fact that he chose to keep the body of a boy should have been enough of a hint that he did not see himself getting into any relationship any time soon... but this did not seem to stop them.

Tie flowed like a raging sea, and finally, the day that he would leave for the expedition arrived, but before then, the Grand Creator called a surprising meeting for all Primordials.

Level 0 Immortal

Chapter 2046 Make Them Pay A Thousand Times

Eos sat on his Throne of Stone inside the Central Pivot and waited for all of his Primordials to gather all around him. There were now three generations of Primordials, and their number had shot up to sixty-four in less than fifty million years. This was clearly great progress, and Eos could not be any more glad because of these changes.

However, the progress of all his children inside his Origin Realms may be great, but he could not rest easy because there were certain bad crops among them, and today he would weed them out.

Normally, he would sit cross-legged on his rough stone throne and hardly move from this position, even when attending to the Primordials who sought audience with him, but now, the first Primordial that arrived, Eva, the Primordial of Revelation, saw him standing with both his hands on the hilt of his Destroyer.

This blade had tasted the blood of multiple Ancient Primordials and devoured their flesh. In the last battle before the creation of the Origin Realms, this blade had eaten deeply from the Essence of Enoch, and due to its unique nature that devoured all things for power, the Destroyer had not been corrupted by the power of End... it could not be corrupted by this power, because its purpose had clearly been defined on the day of its creation.

It had spoken to Eos once and pledged to be his blade for all eternity, and from that moment forth, its path was fixed. The Destroyer could be nothing else but a Destroyer. The blade's personality was incredibly brittle; it could not be bent without snapping. This was not a good mindset for an immortal, but for a blade, especially a killing blade, this was the ideal.

Eva watched Eos, and there was something in his eyes that made her shiver. She said nothing and stood by the side, and soon more Primordials arrived, and seeing the Eos's form and the silence that had taken hold of this space, they also fell into silence.

After a while, all Primordials were present and accounted for, and they watched Eos with his hands on the hilt of his blade, and without any words being spoken, they knew that someone would be dying here.

They looked at each other and remained silent. The Grand Creator may not make many moves, but anything he does reverberates through all of Existence.

"Some of you would be dying today," Eos suddenly spoke aloud, and his words were a statement of fact, leaving nothing to be argued.

"I love you all, my children of Origin, and I would gladly give my life for any one of yours, but there are some among you who are not my children, but took their shapes, and it is time I take out this rot."

Eos gestured and brought out the Primordial of Searing Void, Noctis. He was frozen in place with a sneer on his face. He held up the Primordial by the nape of his neck as if he were holding up a little cat.

"What many of you do not know is that the attacks we are suffering these past few million years are not just coming from the Ancient Primordials, but from another secretive organization that has been targeting this realm, and their goal is for me to serve their purpose. A lot of what happened in Limbo was orchestrated by this group, and their arrogance knows no bounds."

Telmus growled, "That bastard is not the only one?" "No, he is not," Eos replied, "And his organization has been dropping its armies on our heads all these years as a direct challenge to my reign. I have been silent for so long because they believed they held an important weakness of mine... all of you."

Then he asked a question, "What makes a Primordial everlasting? Is it your control over Origin, or something else?"

The gathering fell into silence, and before any of them could respond, Eos made an Arcane gesture and revealed the depths of his Origin Lands, "Let me show you what makes you truly everlasting... me."

In the depths of his Origin Lands were sixty-five massive pillars, rooted in a sea of essence and power so dense and ridiculously powerful that only viewing it through this vision stole the breath away from the Primordials.

"If you die... when you die... Your Origins are rooted inside my own, and I will be able to resurrect you all as long as I have the energy for it, but I cannot do this forever. My

energy stores are limitless, but bringing back any dead Primordial takes something precious from me that I cannot regain... it takes a part of my soul.”

A visible gasp of surprise passed through the ranks of the Primordials; none of them knew that one of the benefits of becoming Primordials in the Origin Realms meant resurrection from death, because they knew how stupidly expensive such a process would be.

With their sights as Primordials, they had wondered if they should root their Origins inside Limbo, because for all its corruption, it had infinite energy, but they only had to dig a bit deeper into the core of Limbo, and they saw that beneath its surface of an ocean of madness and evil that were so profound that if any of them lost their lives, their Origin would be shattered and assimilated by this evil.

“I was never going to tell any of you of this cost to me; it would only make you fight more carefully and weaken your resolve, because to the enemy, killing any of you is not just to gain a foothold over the Origin Realms; they also understand that each of you are my true foundation and also my weakness,” Eos paused, “I was never going to speak of it, but I finally realized that I was underestimating the depths of your heart, and hiding this truth from you all was an insult to your capabilities. You will fight, and you will die, but if death comes for you, knowing the price I will pay, you will make sure that the enemy pays a price a thousand times greater for your death... You shall all swear that to me!”

Chapter 2047 Find Your Purpose In Death

“If you are all going to be making these choices, then who am I not to show you my resolve?” Eos announced with finality.

He raised up Noctis, the Primordial of Screaming Void, by his neck, displaying him to the other Primordials as he unlocked the shackles he had placed over the consciousness of the Primordial, and Noctis awakened instantaneously, and he looked around first in surprise, and then he laughed,

“Have you finally seen the light, Eos? You have brought me here to...” he suddenly paused, the laughter dying in his throat, and his face changed as he looked from one radiant face to another, a look of realization dawning in his eyes.

“Why are you so surprised, Noctis? Could it be that one of the Architects here among my Primordials told you what I just said before I woke you up?” Eos whispered, but his word carried across the group, causing a look of distrust to pass among them.

Eos’s grip on Noctis’s throat remained steady, almost gentle, the way a father might hold a wayward child before the lesson becomes permanent.

“You expected applause, after so long remaining inside my Realm, knowing that you are a betrayer and yet remain unhurt,” Eos said softly. “You expected me to rage, to accuse, to

tear my Realm apart in fury and fear as I look for the hidden Architect among my ranks. You expected division; the Temple of End has certainly made sure that my Origin Realms no longer have peace. But look around you, Noctis. Look at what remains unbroken.”

The Primordial of Screaming Void tried to twist free, calling deeply on his Origin Essence, but the light pouring from Eos’s palm had become a second set of manacles, and his form flickered at the edges, black smoke bleeding into brightness and sizzling away. “What does it matter, Eos? You have made no relevant point. You revealing me here shows that after all this time, you cannot even punish me because you know that the cost is too high and I cannot die, unless you die.”

Sheba, the Primordial of Unbroken Horizon, could no longer hold back her anger and sorrow at the being she had called her brother and partner for so long. Her voice was so filled with pain that it seemed to reach the Noctis that she knew and not the Architect,

“This is not who you are, Noctis. My brother is not one to serve at the feet of the ones who would condemn all of Existence to this madness. The one who fed you hope in the dark, the one who told you the Grand Creator would blink... they lie. Stand with us again, brother... with me.”

For a moment, it seemed as if her words had touched something inside him, but then, Noctis bared teeth that were no longer teeth but rents in reality itself as he struggled to escape the hold of Eos. “You think I will betray myself, you stupid hut? I am greater than anything your small minds can imagine, and you should be worshipping the Temple that made the Eos to be who he is today, not him! We cannot be stopped, and we will have the final victory.”

“But you already lost,” came the calm reply from Circe, the Primordial of Endless Kindling. Her voice carried over to the struggling Primordial. “The moment you laughed at Eos’s mercy, you betrayed the promise you made when you took the oath to serve at his side. You laughed because you believed he could not do anything to truly hurt you. But can you not see Noctis, that he would not bring you here if he had not found a solution to your problem...” Then she smiled, “Perhaps you know the truth, but you are not allowing yourself to see it. Sheba, your sister, mourns for you, but in your arrogance, you have forgotten what it meant to know fear.”

Noctis roared, “My true consciousness dwells outside of Existence, I cannot be killed, you stupid bit...”

The blade of the Destroyer burst out of his chest, and Eos released the hand he used in holding up Noctis, causing the Primordial to gasp in pain as he was held up in the air by the blade that was so sharp that his weight was making it so that it was slowly cutting through his body in two as it headed for his neck.

He spat out a bloody foam that was compressed Origin dying, and he smiled a bloody smile, “What is the use of killing me, Eos? I shall only resurrect by drawing out your

essence and soul. You waste resources that would have been better spent resurrecting your beloved children.”

Eos growled, “You should have listened to them. After claiming that you created me, you should have understood my character better and the full reach of my power. My Essence and Soul were poured into your body to feed your resurrection, but you believe it is now yours alone... You are wrong. This connection to me is a weakness, but it is also a fucking door.”

Noctis’s eyes widened in astonishment and pure horror when he felt not just the pain from the blade that had not cut through his neck reach his chin, but also the countless trillions of tendrils that had reached across the barrier of his Origin that made him not just Noctis, the Primordial of Screaming Void, but also his form as an Architect of the Temple of End.

He felt his connection with Eos crack and crumble as the Essence of Screaming Void buried inside the Origin Land was drained until there was nothing left, and this draining continued to reach his main body, and he barely had the time to scream before he was turned to ash.

“No... no... this cannot be. Lumen would not allow...”

Eos flicked his wrist, and the blade of his destroyer smoothly exited from the top of Noctis’s skull, and before the body could even fall, his hand made several slow slicing motions that diced Noctis into a billion pieces.

Turning his blade to the flat side, he caught all the pieces of Noctis upon it, and then he flicked it, sending it into the heavens where they transformed into stars that spread all over the Origin Realms.

“In death, you should find your purpose. Light up the night for my children.”

Chapter 2048 Step Forward For My Mercy

There was a difference between knowing that there was a possibility of death for a Primordial and seeing this happen in front of them. They all sensed Noctis’ final cries; his voice at the end had reached beyond Existence, into a place that none of the Primordials could sense, and yet, it did not seem to help him; he still fell, and his remains became stars.

Primordials were never meant to die, at least not in such an abrupt manner that the possibility of resisting was useless. There were levels to power, and it was a fascinating process to see when Eos finally revealed some of the distinctions. A fascinating process... but it did not make it any less scary.

A ripple passed through the ranks of the Primordials as Eos looked down from the sky and said,

“I will ask only once. Step forward. Name yourself Architect. Return the privilege of my Origin that you stole, and I will let you fall into the kind darkness you crave. There will be no unmaking of your souls inside the Temple, only a permanent exile from my light that you once swore to tend. This is the greatest mercy I can afford any of my enemies. I shall kill you again, but you won’t die as a Primordial of my Origin Realms.”

The silence stretched with the weight of Eos’s words and from the gathering of Primordials whose radiances shone like suns, one of the suns drifted downward, drawing an uncomfortable ripple among the Primordials.

A member of the third generation of New Primordials, the Primordial of Dawn’s Whispered Oath was the one who descended, wings folding tight against her back as though ashamed of their own glow. Her aura, once seamless rose-gold, now showed thin cracks of ink running through it like veins of oil in water.

She was revealing the power of the Architect that ran through her body without holding back. What gave the Architects power in the Origin Realms was their belief that Eos could not kill them when they became one of his Primordials, and so with their superior talent, they quickly rushed to reach the ninth-dimensional level and be seeded inside his Origin Land.

They had been smart about the methods they used, ensuring that they paced their advancements so it did not look too suspicious, but what they did not know was that Eos had the method to kill the Architects more than fifty million years ago, after he killed Noctis multiple times.

It was a mistake for the Architects to believe that Eos would not be able to figure out a way to break the hold of a Primordial’s Origin on his essence when he had reached the fifth layer of one of the Ancient Origins and his understanding of space had exceeded any being to ever be born.

Like a patient hunter, Eos waited. He endured the attacks from the Temple in silence and watched as some of the Primordials that he was already suspecting rooted themselves in his Origin Lands, and he would have been patient enough to wait for hundreds of millions of years more, but a new project was emerging that may decide the course of this war, Nyxara was becoming impatient and wanted to kill of her sibling, and there were finally signs that Enoch was stirring.

He did not have billions of years to prepare for the final battle; it may happen in less than half a billion years with the way things were going, and Eos wanted to begin cleaning house so he could be prepared.

“I...” the Primordial of Dawn’s Whispered Oath, voice cracked, “I believed that this path you are about to take is the wrong one, Eos. I am an Architect, but I do not necessarily share the same belief as Noctis. We believe you have grown too bright to see the shadows, and the Temple is needed to balance the light.”

She turned to face the Primordials, “All of you know the truths behind my words. Eos here is now known as a Grand Creator, but once he was a Destroyer and the Ender of Epochs; he has fallen too deeply into the hands of creation that he has forgotten what it is like to know how important destruction is to our victory. There can be no light without darkness, no good without evil, and Eos would destroy the other end of the scale without caring about the balance. His victory would be as bad as our defeat... Look into your hearts and tell me that I do not speak the truth.”

Ilaria, the Primordial of Dawn’s Whispered Oath, was part of the third generation of Primordials. She was one of the most talented and beautiful Primordials to ever be born, and she was loved by almost the entirety of the Origin Realms.

As she was one of the youngest of the Primordials to be born, she was well known by everyone here, and if anyone was to be listed as a suspect, she would not be one of them; her history was clean... born from a noble house and blessed with great talent from the moment of her birth, she had exhibited no signs that she was not a native born from the Origin Realms.

Eos regarded her without anger, only sorrow so vast it made the nearest stars dim for a heartbeat.

“You were never asked to balance me,” he said. “You were meant to be my children, but you have lived outside of Existence for so long that the thing you called darkness and light are just ephemeral concepts to you. The darkness is not just darkness, it is the screams of mothers whose babies were ripped from their wombs, the cries of entire realities being put to the torch... I write the names of every one of the fallen, and yet they are so many that even I don’t think I will be able to complete this task. Now be quiet, and I will repeat my words again, step forward any Architect among my ranks or face true death.” The silence did not last for long before another Primordial stepped forward to stand beside the Primordial of Unspoken Oaths, and it was Saul, the Primordial of Nameless Hunger, who walked forward with opened empty palms in surrender.

Before long, another two more Primordials stepped forward, bringing the total to four.

Chapter 2049 Taking Back The Origin Force

The very air of the Prime Axis became still when the Primordials shook with anger and astonishment that so many of their number were traitors.

In fifty million years, the bonds between the Primordials were deeper than blood, and to know that the person you would gladly give your life for on the battlefield was faking their true motivation and agenda was a blow to their spirit.

However, Primordials did not reach their position by being simple beings; they understood the deep complexities of this war, and no matter how painful this experience was, they acknowledged that this was part of what fighting battles at their levels would turn out to be.

They supported Eos' decision, with so much pressure coming to them from all over Limbo, the last thing they needed was a hidden knife within.

In the brief moment before Noctis was killed, they had all seen it... the sheer disregard for life and glimpsed the mind of a being who saw everything in Existence as pieces on a board.

No one here thought that Eos was a hundred percent infallible, but if these Primordials were to be serving a god, then they would pick Eos, because he took them as his children, and every life, no matter how small, was precious to him.

There was something deeply comforting about this to every Primordial here, and if they were going to fall, they wanted to die beside Eos.

The last two Primordials to join them was Rushr, the Primordial of Unspoken Oath, he was part of the second generation of Primordials and... Bengry, the Primordial of Nascent Slaughter, also a member of the second generation of Primordials.

They stepped out because this was the best path they could take. Either they stayed behind and were discovered, and that would mean true death, or they lost their Primordial position and returned to the Temple of End.

The answer to this was simple: they would surrender. Their plans inside the Origin Realms had failed, but it did not mean they did not accomplish many things here. The most obvious was that they now had complete knowledge of the Origin Realms, and although things might change in the future, they could easily predict those changes.

Also, they had buried seeds of the Temple all over the Origin Realms. These seeds were small and could be easily destroyed, but there was a chance that even if just one seed was able to find fertile soil and grow, the Temple would gain a hidden ally that even Eos would find hard to discover.

They had surrendered now, because Eos was a pragmatic individual and knew that it was better to allow some losses because the alternative could be much worse.

As the four stepped forward, Eos made a grabbing gesture in their direction, and all the Origin Essence in their bodies transformed into ethereal blades that sliced their

foundation into pieces. Groans of pain emerged from them as they felt all the power that they spent so long cultivating vanish.

In that moment, a deep hatred for Eos emerged.

What the Architects would never say was this: Having the body of a Primordial was a dream come true. The Temple was a cold and desolate place outside of time and space, and either existence was one that was only filled with the cold thoughts of a being that exceeded their comprehension.

In the temple, even madness would be a gift, but such lesser concepts could not even exist beside the weapons that shattered an entire Existence.

Becoming a Primordial in the Origin Realms was freedom, light, and laughter, and how great would it be if they were to control this power and direct it in the way it needed to be directed? Their presence was not useless as they had contributed to the growth of this realm, and now, all the connection they had with it was shattered like glass, and the sudden loss was haunting... they had forgotten what it felt like to exist as simply a small part of the Temple of End, and the thought of returning to that existence scared them.

A brief shadow of hope burned in their hearts. They were not yet dead, but without the foundation of Origin, their bodies would soon collapse. Was there a way they could convince Eos to see their side of the argument before it was too late? He was just a child who had not even seen beyond this Existence and he was making decisions out of sentimentality.

A wordless communication passed through the four condemned Primordials as their auras that had once been woven integrated into the Origin Realms, even directly controlling their own Origin Realms now fled from them, and they bled smoke and light from their bodies.

By all right, all the Origin Realms should be weeping at the fall of these Primordials, but Eos had stripped away even that recognition from the realm, and this knowledge hurt these Primordials, and they wondered in their hearts, when did they begin to feel so close to the Origin Realms that they wanted to die for it? How come that their realms, not weeping for their fall, hurt so much?

Ilaria, once the Primordial of Dawn's Whispered Oath, lifted her chin, though the gesture cost her. The cracks in her form widened with every heartbeat, her Origin Essence that resembled prismatic ink bleeding faster now that concealment was pointless, and she looked at Eos with ancient eyes that were older than his own

"You speak of mothers and children torn apart," she said, voice softer than before, almost pleading. "Yet you would unmake us for daring to question whether your light might one day consume the very balance it claims to protect. If the scale tips too far toward creation, what remains to birth anything new? Sterile perfection is its own tomb, Eos."

Eos was silent, and this gave them a light of hope in their heart, was it possible that they might reverse this outcome?

Saul, the Primordial of Nameless Hunger, encouraged by this silence, spoke with all that was left of his Essence. His voice was quieter than starless night, yet it carried the weight of every empty stomach that had ever existed across infinities.

“We did not steal your Origin to destroy you,” he murmured. “We took it to remember what you seem determined to forget: that hunger is not only destruction. It is the engine. The void that pulls stars into being. Without it, your endless dawn becomes stagnation. We sought only to keep the wheel turning. This is the reason we picked such Origin, it was to show you... to remind you.”

Eos regarded them for a while. Although they may believe their thoughts were hidden from him, they would be surprised at how much he had seen of them. Staying in a single position while observing the entirety of his Origin Realms was not a waste. Eos had grown in ways that he had not imagined, and he had made his judgment.

“You mistake mercy for weakness,” he said at last, and he extended a hand towards their dissipating Origin. They were right, their Origin was useful, but it would be placed in the hands that were worthy of them. Closing his fist, all four of their Origin transformed into crystals.

“Return what was never yours to claim.”

Chapter 2050 Beyond Every Limit

Eos looked past his Origin Realms and into the endless void surrounding him, and he sighed.

Limbo was changing.

For sixty-five million Cosmic Eras, the actions of the Ancient Primordials had reshaped the fabrics of Existence, following the footsteps of their creator, Enoch.

Every Existence before this mad Luminous had a boundary, and even the greatest powers to ever exist, the Luminous understood the importance of maintaining the stability of Existence, even if they chose to set themselves apart from it.

Enoch had not cared about this stability, cursed with the unending hunger and desire for change that every living Luminous had poured into his body before he took his first breath. Enoch had set out to change Existence, and he succeeded beyond his wildest dreams.

He broke Existence in ways that even the hidden power of End could never have anticipated. Even chaos needed walls to flourish, and Existence no longer had a boundary; it could expand infinitely, and this process fed upon itself, ensuring that the new Existence created by Enoch's mad desire for change had become something that was beyond comprehension.

Existence at this point was not older than 900 Million Cosmic Eras, a brief flash of nothing when the lifespan of Existences was placed in the picture. Sixty-five Million Cosmic Eras ago, Existence as it was known was transformed into Limbo.

The transformation of Existence happened the moment the Ancient Primordials butchered and consumed their first seven Realities. They did not understand what they were doing, no, one of them did, Nyxara, the Primordial of Soul. This Ancient Primordial saw the true face of End when her siblings were only blinded by the glow of power.

She saw that Existence was expanding beyond any control, and if there was any chance for a ruler to arise that could bring Existence back to the stable form that it previously enjoyed, they would have enough power to command all the Origin inside it.

The power of End was great, but the foundations of Existence were built with Origin, and it was the only power that could reverse this process that Enoch, in his madness, had unleashed.

Enoch no longer had any physical body that he could use to return to Existence, and the Ancient Primordials, created from his body, only held a fragment of his power; they could not reverse the expansion with the power they were given by Enoch, to do this, they had to harvest the power that Enoch had poured into Existence in his quest to unleash change upon it.

To get this power back from Existence, the Primordials unleashed an unrivalled slaughter upon it, and from their actions, the power of End bled into Existence, and it transformed it into Limbo.

The Luminous had made a prophecy about the end of all things, where life and its origin were brought to their limits, and everything that was once known as sacred was corrupted and broken. This was supposed to be the end of life, and nothing was supposed to emerge from this end... it would be eternal silence forever.

Limbo was the culmination of that prophecy, at least it was supposed to be.

End was the inevitable direction that Existence would reach, and it did not matter how long it took... it could take such a long time frame that if the lifespan of Primordials were placed beside it, the Primordials would be like fireflies.

The power of End was a natural phenomenon, and for a long time, this power had acted in a manner that suited its nature. It took only what was given, and it was patient, and it waited.

However, in the past, something changed, a broken god was brutally tortured, and his soul was given up to End. This god endured pain that no one in all of Existence could comprehend, and so over the course of countless quadrillions of Cosmic Eras, the pain and madness of this god began to bleed into End.

The Luminous, in their desire to distance themselves from Existence, were the only ones who could have stopped this unholy combination, but they turned their eyes away, and this action would cost them everything.

End was a natural force, but after the pain and madness of this broken god bled into it, this force became... unnatural.

It was a profound irony that the god who gave End its madness had found freedom, but... maybe it was the only way for there to ever be any balance. He had suffered a fate that was more cruel than anyone deserved to ever suffer, and perhaps it was only right that he became free of his madness and able to exist in a space where End did not want to touch.

End with a consciousness perverted by pain and madness began to take joy in its purpose. Suffering and misery became its breath, and madness and evil were all it craved.

Limbo was always meant to arrive, but End could not be patient, and his actions led to its earlier creation... but such a drastic shift in the way Existence was supposed to function triggered a change like never before.

Existence that had once been bound had become unbound... Limbo was supposed to be the end of all things, but in the depths of Limbo, in a place where nothing should thrive, there were ten thousand Origin Realms shining like pearls in an ocean of shit.

Eos whispered a question to the heavens, and his voice slipped past his Origin Realm into Limbo, and he knew that End heard him.

“Extreme Yang gives birth to Yin, and Extreme Yin gives birth to Yang. At the deepest part of the Abyss, light can be born. At the height of End, a being like me can be born. Your actions had led to Existence breaking past its shackles. There was never supposed to be a fifth layer of Origin, but your hidden manipulations had consequences... Tell me, End, did you think this would happen when you unleashed Enoch on Existence?”

Limbo was vast, and his Archai stood at the peak of all nine dimensions and looked down upon it, and they showed Eos everything they could see with their eyes.

This was how he could see that the power of Limbo was converging, and it was almost as if Existence was shrinking, but it was not, Existence kept expanding, it was Limbo, this portion of Existence that had become a part of End that was shrinking.

Its powers were condensing to cover the entirety of the Origin Realms, and Eos knew that if this power was fully concentrated, the battle to decide the fate of all things would begin.

Chapter 2051 A New journey

Serene Ascension had not had a single moment of rest for almost two million years as he finalized the first part of his plan for the Archive of All Possibilities, which involved pushing deeper into the dimension of Time than anyone had ever believed possible.

His ancestors came from the Magus World, and so Serene Ascension built for himself a gigantic Magus Tower made from an entire dimensional cluster that contained nothing but suns.

The number of stars in this dimensional cluster was infinite, and only immortals at the eighth dimensional level could even withstand the heat emerging from it.

At this moment, he was at the top of his Primordial Magus Tower, and he was running around in a frenzy. All the candidates for this expedition were in the lower levels of his tower, and he was making final touches.

The appearance of Serene Ascension was strange; he was humanoid, but his body was not made of flesh but of dozens of elemental energies, from flames, ice, darkness, and various essences that he had created and could not be found anywhere in Existence.

Although these looked like elemental energies, they were not; they were Origin Essences!

Serene Ascension was in awe of the Grand Creator's body that seemingly had the power to hold all the Origin Essences in Existence, and even though the easiest option for him to gain this power was to beg the Grand Creator to create a body for him using his special essence, Serene Ascension believed there were always more ways to solve a puzzle.

A Primordial body was too weak to hold multiple Origin Essences, and so he created this body in order to solve this problem.

The body was still a work in progress, but Serene Ascension believed that if he perfected it, he would be able to unlock a bloodline that was a tenth as powerful as that of the Grand Creator.

A tenth was already a far-off objective because Serene Ascension believed that a normal Primordial bloodline was not even a millionth as powerful as the Grand Creator's bloodline.

Eos had not even discovered the limits of his potential, and the Primordials were already struggling at their boundary. Although it was now a normal thing to ignore, Serene Ascension could not just drive away the thought that the Grand Creator was still an Old One, and yet he could sense the power of Eos growing every day.

The knowledge that someone like Eos existed was driving him crazy, and it was an endless source of motivation for Serene Ascension, and was the primary reason he refused to become normal or choose a path that everyone else followed.

From the moment he was born, he saw what the true peak of Existence was, and he would chase this peak for as long as he was able to.

As he went about his preparation in a frantic manner, making him appear like an endless stream of flashing light and organized chaos, a handsome man wearing a three-piece suit, with a black cane, was sitting at the corner of the tower, reading a book.

His presence was like a single spot of calm inside a feverish tornado, as the frantic activities of Serene Ascension, who was performing a million tasks every nanosecond, could not touch him.

He glanced up from his book, revealing that his eyes held multiple hourglasses, and they were spinning. After so long, Chronomancer Prime had fully developed into a power that not even Primordials could understand, and Serene Ascension turned out to be his disciple.

The actions of the Bloodline Avatars were a great secret in the Origin Realm, as few knew of their existence and even fewer could see them.

Eos knew many secrets, and not every Primordial was worthy enough to know them. The actions of his Bloodline Avatars had reached the extent where he gave them complete autonomy to pursue their interest; however, he still oversaw everything that they did, but he did not interfere.

Prime looked at his feverish apprentice, and he smiled. It was an odd thing for him to be attached to a lesser being, even though Eos dislikes calling his children "lesser beings."

Prime saw the dimension of time in a manner that not even a Primordial could imagine because he was literally built out of the very essence of time.

Eos was talented and lucky enough in the past to be able to create a dimension of time that was separate from every dimension of time inside Existence, and one of the reasons he could achieve something like this was because of his Chronomancer Bloodline.

There had been Chronomancers in the past, but none of them were as perverse as Chronomancer Prime, as Eos was discovering that his bloodline, which was deeply related to the Luminous, could transform anything it was combined with.

Chronomancer Prime was powerful, and he could kill any of the New Primordials with ease. Even those who could resist his powers, like Telmus or Eva, would not last for long if he decided to pull out all the stops.

However, his powers were useless against beings like the Ancient Primordials that could muscle through everything he placed against them. Like Eos, their powers were unfair.

They were pretty dumb opponent when everything was placed into perspective, but they could afford to be dumb when the weight of their existence was so stupidly heavy.

Trying to freeze an Ancient Primordial in place with the power of time was like trying to hold back a typhoon with a piece of paper. They did not need to do anything; a simple shrug would shatter any complex arrangement made, and Chronomancer Prime could not be satisfied with his place in this war.

He needed to dig deeper and explore his capabilities. Eos had created a new Essence of Time, and Prime was the embodiment of that Essence. What he needed to do to get stronger was simply time... he was a new embodiment and over time he would understand more of his mysteries.

However, it was deeply ironic that the Essence of Time itself did not have enough time to understand itself.

Chronomancer Prime needed to cultivate faster, and he asked Eos for advice. His answer was simple: delegate.

He was able to get Serene Ascension, the crazy researcher, to become a student, and his fascination with the abilities of Chronomancer Prime had no limits.

A lot had happened between Prime and his student, and this expedition into an unknown dimension was a facade. The explorers would be entering one of Chronomancer Prime's eyes.

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Chapter 2052 Kronos And Kairos

Chronomancer Prime at first did not want to take the advice of Eos; he could scatter his consciousness across infinite shards of timescapes, and those parts of his consciousness could think and innovate for him, but he came to a wall that held him back.

He could have infinite minds, but they all had one source, and that source needed a long time to grow and mature, and Prime could only lower himself and look for help because he knew that the fastest way to grow was to bring the input of others into his consciousness.

The sparks of inspiration and growth that could be generated from two separate minds coming together were something that an infinite mind would not be able to achieve.

If his power levels was below the ninth dimension, having so many minds would give him an infinite source of inspiration, but at the ninth dimension, Origin was complete, and the power to look beyond it was only opened recently by Rowan who briefly held control over the fifth layer of Origin, but it was a shame that he was too weak to hold it for long.

An amusing accident that happened was that Eos, with all his power, was unable to hold the fifth layer of Space, at least not while he stubbornly stayed at the eighth-dimensional level.

It was not an issue of power, since he had all of that in spades. Eos's failure came from the fact that the fifth layer of space was so domineering that if he placed it within him, it would crush all the Origins inside his body.

With Eos' character, he would never allow this to happen, and that was why Chronomancer Prime knew he needed to step up. The perfect counterbalance to Space was Time, and if he was able to discern the fifth layer of Time which Prime now believed was the Future... then Eos would have all he needed to fully become an Origin being at the fifth layer of Existence.

Prime knew that even if he gained the fifth layer of Time, it was not an assurance that Eos would win the war; that was how powerful their enemies were, but it was a powerful weapon that would wipe away a lot of the opposition.

He had searched for a long time for the perfect candidate who would be able to give him the inspiration he needed. Prime was picky after all, and although his Creator had a fascinating obsession with the potential of these lesser beings, Prime thought it must be because he had been brainwashed as a child to think he was one of them, and while it was the easiest thing for Eos to reject this limitation when he discovered that he was both the heir of Hundun and Enoch, he did not, instead he adopted their identity as his own and called them his children.

Searching through the entirety of the Origin Realms for the right candidate that he could select was arduous, and Prime had expected that his search would take forever, and there was a possibility that he might never find who he was looking for, but then the birth of a mad genius, the Primordial of Serene Ascension.

Eos had always told him that his children had limitless potential, and he was confident that in time, there would be many among them who would rise to meet him at his throne.

This concept had always seemed ridiculous to Prime, who believed that they, Eos's bloodline Avatars, were his true heir and everything else was relegated to an eternal pursuit of the smallest fragments of their true strength.

Serene Ascension was the closest that Prime had ever had to apologise for any of his beliefs. Of the countless quadrillion lives being born every year inside the Origin Realms, Serene Ascension stood head and shoulders above them, and Prime went back in time to watch the birth and rise of this genius, and he was not disappointed by what he saw; he was shocked.

It did not take long for him to reveal himself to him and take the child as his disciple. Although the reason he appreciated this genius also made him annoyed, because Serene Ascension, for all his brilliance, hated power. This was a fascinating contrast to what most lifeforms in the Origin Realms preferred, and Serene Ascension only grew stronger in order for him to be able to see more of the mysteries of Existence. The child was not a fighter, and Prime suspected that some very powerful Old Ones may be able to kill Serene Ascension because he had never even learned how to throw a punch in his entire life.

Nevertheless, Serene Ascension had proved again and again that his mind was matchless, and before Prime could even show him the direction he was intending to pursue, Serene Ascension had already figured it out and came to him with seven different directions that he had selected after he had gone through billions of options.

Charting out a new layer of time was difficult, and Serene Ascension saw this challenge. After returning, he proposed that Prime shattered his foundation and rebuild himself the same way that Eos did, but use a different format.

The only reason Prime had not slapped his disciple to death at the mention of shattering his foundation was that what Serene Ascension showed him was so monumental that he brought it to Eos, and with the help of his unfathomable mind, Prime reforged his foundation, and he became something more special.

In the first layer of Time, Prime gave it life and called it Kronos, the Chronicle Layer. No Primordial could give the layer of their Origin life; well, they could, but this would only lead to a corruption of their Origin, as they were not meant to behave in this manner.

In fact for an average Primordial, conquering their Origin meant that they had to suppress and most times, eradicate the Will that inhabited that layer of Origin, only in this manner would they be the total master of that layer of Origin, but Prime took a different route and gave his first layer life.

He continued on this path and gave the second layer of Time a life and a name; he called it Kairos, the momentum layer.

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Chapter 2053 Aevum and Aeon

Chapter 2053 Aevum and Aeon

The Origin Layers for Time that were available to Primordial Time were different from the Origin Layers that Chronomancer Prime was creating, and it was only after he began this process that he almost slapped himself for missing such an obvious path of growth for himself.

As one of the Bloodline Avatars of Eos, Prime was continuously growing stronger without any need for cultivation, but that strength was only a quantitative increase and not qualitative.

Remaking every layer of himself led to qualitative changes that astonished Prime, because Kronos alone had a power that equalled Prime at his peak, and getting the second layer, Kairos, only multiplied that power.

After a while, the third layer of his Origin was created, and he called it Aevum, the Pattern Layer.

The fourth and, at this time, final layer was created, and Prime called it Aeon, the Absolute Layer.

Another name for this layer was called the Tomb of Time, and Prime thought that it was madness to ever consider that there could be anything deeper than this layer, but as Rowan had shown them, Existence was changing, ancient boundaries had been broken, and there were no more limits.

The whirling frenzy that was Serene Ascension suddenly paused, and he observed his work with critical eyes. It resembled a sphere that was made from shadows and light, yet although these were shadows and light, they were the shadow of time and the reflection of time.

To work with this material was nigh impossible, and even Serene Ascension had to borrow the sheer authority of Eos via the bloodline of Chronomancer Prime to handle such a delicate task.

“Master,” the hoarse voice of Serene Ascension proclaimed, “The work is completed, and you can begin the final process.”

Prime closed the book he was reading with a snap and got to his feet,

“Remind me again why I have to sacrifice my eye.”

Serene Ascension shrugged, “Technically, you are not sacrificing your eye. You are just giving it up for the meantime. You want to find the fifth layer, and yet my master, your light shines dimmer than the Grand Creator, so we can only cheat.”

There was a time when Prime would have been angry at Serene Ascension for the lack of tact, but he had learned to stop trying to teach him manners. It was not as if there was no progress; however, ten thousand years ago, Serene Ascension had called him dumb and a failure when he noticed the sheer potential that Prime had and was underutilizing.

“The Archive is meant to record the endless possibilities that are going to occur in the upcoming war. With your roots with Eos, you have the potential to grasp the future, but master you are a bit... slow. The Archive would be like a learning aid, and since we are traveling there with your eye, you would be able to experience all the changes firsthand.”

Prime frowned, “Then let’s get it over with. Time waits for no one, not even me.”

Serene Ascension rubbed his hands in excitement, “Master, not yet, soon all of Time would wait for you, and even the Grand Creator would have to acknowledge your might.”

Prime rolled his eyes. If this were anyone who had said this to him, he would have killed them on the spot because they were implying that one day he might become stronger than Eos, but knowing Serene Ascension, these words were selected with something else in mind.

Prime stepped forward until he was standing directly in front of the sphere, “Come take it out of me, quickly, before I change my mind.”

Chronomancer Prime appeared before Prime in a flash of light, “Master, your body is different from a Primordial, and taking out your eye would weaken you and cause great pain, and if this experiment fails, there is a chance for...”

“Just take out the damn eye!” Prime roared, and the multiple arms emerged from behind Serene Ascension, and they descended on Prime’s face. With speed and precision to rival any Primordial, he began to work on extracting the eye of his master.

Grimacing in pain as his eye was slowly being removed from his face, Prime growled, “If only you could use this precision when it comes to battle, eighty percent of my worries would be gone. What would you do if the armies of the Ancient Primordial crashed into your Tower?”

Serene Ascension smiled, “Then I will die screaming in pain, and so to avoid this fate, I have to make sure that you are strong enough, master.”

“Ah, you stubborn disciple, that is not what I meant. What would it cost you to learn how to fight properly like a Primordial? With your knowledge, you could be the most powerful Primordial inside the Origin Realms.”

“But that would make no difference in the long run, Master. I have run the numbers multiple times, and victory lies in power that none of us can yet control. If I reach the fifth layer of my Origin, perhaps I will be able to fight.”

“Serene Ascension,” Prime sneered, “Even at the fifth layer, what are you able to accomplish with such a useless Origin Force? Float above the Ancient

Primordials while waving at them?!”

“Can I do that?” Serene Ascension asked curiously, before he frowned, “But I

don’t think that would be the best way to run, I would float over on the other

side of the Origin Realms, master.”

Prime cursed aloud, “Eos, give me the strength so I don’t choke the life out of this child... Ah!”

Prime gasped in pain as his eyes, which had bulged out of his head to a ridiculous degree was cleanly removed, and it began to slowly transform into a

brilliant gem.

Serene Ascension turned serious, “Six nanoseconds before it crystallizes and its essence is returned to you, master. I will need the big four to help me stabilize

the eye.”

Gently carrying the eye over to the structure of light and shadow, Serene Ascension placed it at the exact center and began to make micro adjustments to it, and as he worked, four shadows covered in purple and golden light appeared around him, the four layers of time, Kronos, Kairos, Aevum, and Aeon.

Chapter 2054 We Lead The Charge

Prime gasped in pain and took several steps back before he fell on one knee, supported only by his black cane.

Serene Ascension had no time to look after his master’s comfort as his mind was spinning at quadrillions of turns every nanosecond as he borrowed the power of the four layers of time to open a path into the depths of Prime’s eyes. This bloodline of Time had the potential to see the future, the real future, and not even Eos could draw this out of him unless he wanted to take Prime apart, and even then, there was a chance he would not be able to find this power.

Despite all the preparations that were done, this process almost failed as, buried in the center of the eye, a thin red dot emerged that barely existed for such a short moment that if it were not for the impossible perception of a Primordial, no one would have seen it.

In that barest fraction where that thin red dot existed, Serene Ascension collected all the candidates that would embark on this expedition and pushed them into the mark.

“Did it succeed?” Prime groaned, and Serene Ascension was quiet for a while, and then he nodded, “Ah, it worked!”

Prime eyes squinted in suspicion, “What did you mean by that? Did you not repeatedly assure me that your calculations were perfect?”

“My calculations are always perfect, master, but in dealing with matters of the fifth layer, um, it’s more like I make theoretical calculations and not an assured thing, but I promise you, master, the calculations were perfect.”

Prime groaned and fell back on his back, closing his second eye so he could focus if any changes began to happen, “You should stop talking now and let me focus on my eye.”

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The sky above a dead world opened, and ten thousand beams of light fell from the heavens like meteors. Their descent tore the clouds apart and sent shockwaves travelling for tens of thousands of miles.

Quicker than the blink of an eye, the ten thousand beams of light impacted against the earth with a massive booming sound that should be heard from all corners of this world.

This crash should have raised a lot of dust, but it did not, and the only reason why this did not happen was that this world had experienced so many powerful battles that it had become compressed.

The light that had shielded those who had descended faded, revealing ten thousand Old Ones and three Primordials, but their current state was strange since they were wounded and they were not healing.

In the blink of an eye, dozens of Old Ones began to fall, their essence had been exhausted in such a profound manner that everything about them, down to their soul had been used up. The fact that so many Old Ones were able to make it to this place was due to the intervention of the Primordials, and after arriving there should have been energy or essence in the air for them to draw upon and heal their wounds, but there were none.

The only thing in this world... was death.

Hundreds of Old Ones had fallen by this point, and if this trend continued, then in a minute, they would all be dead, but the Primordials who should have saved them had their eyes closed and seemed to be struggling with a mental battle. When this expedition had been drawn into the place that was as close to the fifth layer of Time as possible, their journey was not as they had expected.

The journey through time was not a smooth one; instead, it was as if they were mortals travelling through a world-ending storm that was not made of lightning or rain but of Nexts.

Each Next was a dimension of relentless, branching proliferation. Here, every possibility spawned not just a new world, but a new moment, each moment layered over the last, yet inaccessible to their senses, and so they could only be dragged by this storm, and the only thing that could guide their path was a faint red light ahead of them. Only the Primordials could see this light.

This was true infinity!

The Old Ones struggled under these relentless tides that their minds and bodies were not meant to endure, despite the relentless preparation they had made.

One by one, they began to fragment. One Old One of crystalline logic found itself split across a trillion trillion contradictory outcomes, her consciousness becoming a shattered mirror. Another, a being of molten passion, experienced all his emotions at once, rage, joy, despair, in a single, paralyzing burst, becoming a weeping star of pure sentiment.

The Old Ones dwindled, their bodies and souls suffering temporal dissipation. Some became trapped in recursive loops, reliving their first second of entry for an eternity. Others sped ahead into a frantic, blurry existence and burned out into brief, bright novas of entropy.

“HOLD ON!” the voice of Victorious Genesis resounded across their small group of ten thousand that was rapidly dwindling into nothing as the infinite series of moments was drawing out their lives and sanity.

He could sense that the other Primordials were about to make a move, but he judged that it would be too late, and many Old Ones would be lost, so Victorious Genesis unleashed his Origin without holding back.

In that moment that he unleashed his Origin, his eyes opened wide in astonishment as he saw the future not as a single raging river that headed to a single direction, but as a seething, infinite canopy of small streams, each sprouting, flourishing, and dying in an eyeblink. He saw ends. He saw death as a statistical certainty, not a theoretical concept.

Victorious Genesis could feel his mind breaking apart, but his Origin followed its core concept... it sought victory in every situation. In the back of his mind, where there was nothing but chaos and pain, he heard the voice of his father in his head.

“Victorious Genesis, I see the fire in your eyes. I know it well. It’s the same fire in the eyes of our people. We were created to lead the charge into the darkness for our Grand Creator, and you are braver than I ever was, which is why my fear is so much greater. I fear you will not know when to return when the going gets too tough.”

“Promise me this, son, that you will be as brave in your coming back as you are in your leaving. Do not go gently into the dark; fight with everything you have to return home to us. No matter where this journey takes you. This door will remain unbarred. This fire will be kept banked, waiting to be rekindled by your

story.”

Victorious Genesis roared, and he felt the touch of two Origins pouring into his body and enhancing his concept, and from the jaws of defeat, he dragged all the Old Ones condemned to die and fixed his eyes on the dwindling red dot in front

of them.

“WE LEAD THE CHARGE INTO THE DARKNESS!” He roared, and behind him he could hear the roar of every Old One and the two other Primordials with him, “ARR.. HOO!!!” They roared back like elemental beasts.

In the chaos of infinity, under the Origin of Victorious Genesis, they found the heart of the flow... but their journey was just beginning.

Chapter 2055 The First True Immortal

The three Primordials here could not fully understand the heart of the flow; they only knew it was the guideline for them to find the road that led into the future.

In this place, they would be trapped and ground to death if they could not find a stable structure in the midst of the endless chaos of infinity.

Countless trillions of years passed in mere seconds, as infinity took a toll on the members of the expedition, and as time passed, their energy levels began to wane.

Theoretically, a Primordial should have infinite energy, since their Origin Force itself was a self-sustaining engine that could fuel them forever, but when the Primordial began to push past the levels where their recovery system could match, then they would begin to falter.

Everyone here had burned their Origin Essence to the ground and were beginning to pull from their bodies and souls to aid them. Every recovery rune or medication they brought along was useless, as the power of this place reduced them to dust in mere moments.

Victorious Genesis was the tip of the spear, and for the first time since he was born, he allowed power to flow through his body unchecked; he was no longer working by thought, but by sheer instinct.

Loud cracks erupted from his body, and he began to grow.

From the physical appearance of a boy of seven, Victorious Genesis finally shed his childish body and became fully grown. This was outside his control, the power of Time that he was filtering through his body, so the Old Ones alongside the Primordials here did not turn to dust, which was ridiculous, and even his aging that had been slowed to an extreme level began to loosen.

It was not as if Victorious Genesis was not aging physically before now, but due to his talent and the fact that he was immortal as a Primordial, his growth was to be calculated in trillions of Cosmic Eras, and that was if he allowed himself to age.

All of that barrier was shattered inside this time storm, and he was not even capable of knowing the changes happening to his body and soul as he struggled to push ahead.

However, he was a child of Eos and was given some of the greatest talents in Existence and so it meant that as he grew older and more mature, his power levels grew as well.

He was unaware that when he broke through the fourth layer of Victorious Genesis, he only felt that it became easier to manage the forces a bit.

The energy expenditure was not even the greatest problem they were facing; the mental and spiritual contamination was exceedingly great, but every Primordial and Old One here was the best of the best, and they could push through pain and tribulations unimaginable to most beings in Existence.

And so they arrived, pushing through time, following a faint red dot, even when their bodies failed them, and their souls began to shatter... a faint humming sound could be heard from their bodies, and they were chanting the name of a single being...

“Eos.... Eos.... Eos...”

It was unknown how long they spent during this journey through time; measuring such a distinct linear path of time was impossible in this place... but they reached an end, a small door opened up, and the ten thousand surged through, held by the power of Victorious Genesis.

This is how they descended into this dead world like stars falling from the sky.

⑤

After the ten thousand beams of light fell to the earth, there was silence, and the sound that could be heard came from the bodies of the Old Ones falling to the ground as they perished.

The Primordials had drained everything they had, but they were Primordials, and their Origin Force inside of them ensured that as long as something of them remained, they would always recover, as they did not need to pull power from their surroundings, so it did not matter if there was no life or energy in this world, given enough time, a Primordial would return to their peak.

Time slowly passed, and the last of the Old Ones who had endured for longer than should be possible and was on the verge of even becoming a Primordial, fell.

It was one of the most frustrating deaths possible, because if there were only a bit of life in this world where the power of Origin could have passed through, or if any of the Primordials had opened their eyes, the first Primordial of the fourth generation would have come from this place.

Years went by, centuries, millennia, and only three Primordials remained, their faces twisted as if they were in the throes of a frightening dream. Whatever had happened to them during this journey had severely harmed their foundation, and even after tens of thousands of years had gone by, not a shred of Origin Essence had been produced inside their bodies.

Technically, all three Primordials were dead, but their lifeforce was so powerful they were like insects whose heads had been cut off, yet their bodies still persevered.

Millions of years passed, then billions, but the three Primordials refused to fall. They were the greatest lifeforms in Existence for a reason, and if not for journeying through unfathomable danger than no one in any Existences before now could even comprehend, none of these three could have possibly been brought low to this state.

Still, the mad genius that approved this expedition understood that a situation like this was likely to happen, and even though the Primordials that had selected themselves for this expedition had seemed random, it was not.

When this task was released to the Hall of Memories, Victorious Genesis saw that two other Primordials had selected two of the three positions that were available, and he took the last. What he could never know was that every Primordial selected themselves for this expedition, but they were quietly rejected and told not to mention that they volunteered.

Serene Ascension already had the three Primordials in mind that he wanted for this expedition, but he could not help himself and conducted a little experiment. He wanted to ascertain how many Primordials would throw themselves into an unknown situation,

knowing there was a great chance they may not return alive. The answer shocked and humbled him... all of them.

Nevertheless, he already had his candidates in mind, and one of them, despite the odds, something sparked inside her chest, like the first flame born into Existence.

In the heart of Circe Boreas, the Primordial of Endless Kindling, a spark came to life.

She was the first choice of Serene Ascension, and the only Primordial he could be assured could survive anything. Serene Ascension had studied all the Origin Force of every generation of Primordials, and he soon realized that there was something perverse in Primordials whose Origin Force had the designation of Endless, and although the mindset of the Primordial and their comprehension capacity could reduce the efficacy of their powers, it did not take away from their frightening potential.

Take Circe, for example. Serene Ascension had postulated that if Eos wanted to die in the future, it would be nearly impossible, but there was a chance that he might kill himself if he truly wanted this. Circe was the one he considered the first true immortal born inside Existence, because her endless kindlings would never fade, and no matter how much time passed, she would always return.

Chapter 2056 A Journey To The Future

The Primordials could not survive in this world of death without any bit of Origin power inside their bodies, but the Kindling of Circe could collect anything as its fuel, even nothingness itself, and while there was no Origin power in this dead world, there was enough energy of death that the kindling could burn as bright as a star.

This burning Kindling performed only one purpose: it burned itself out to create Origin Essence, and this essence, even if it was the smallest droplet, fed the flames of the Kindling, and it burned brighter, drawing the power of death from all over the dead world and siphoning it into the Kindling.

With a loud crack that could be heard for miles, the Kindling burst into a bright light that swallowed the body of Circe, and when this light vanished, her eyes were open.

She looked around, and at first she seemed to be shocked by the changes in the body of Victorious Genesis, and then her eyes tightened as she looked into the sky, as a sense of recognition fell into her mind.

Her awakening had caused a void to surround them where the energy of death and other unknown energy existed, and this gave the two Primordials beside her the chance to awaken also.

Inside their bodies, their Origin Force ignited from ashes, and essence began to flow through their bodies. In a second, they had regained consciousness and their powers were rapidly returning.

The second Primordial to awaken was Fury, the Primordial of Resurrection, and he was the second choice of Serene Ascension, as his Origin Force was considered to be crucial in this trip.

His importance displayed itself because, as he awakened, he immediately looked behind him to see nothing but ten thousand skulls, all with different shapes and sizes... it was all that remained of the ten thousand Old Ones that came with them.

Fury looked behind him with sadness in his eyes that quickly vanished as he radiated the power of his concept, causing a twelve colored flame domain to erupt out of his body that covered a few hundred miles.

The eruption of this domain caused Victorious Genesis to open his eyes, and the first thing he did was to look at his arms, no longer those of a child; he was now like a golden statue, and for a moment, he was lost for words. He sensed the current power of his Origin Force, and a bittersweet smile touched his lips.

For so long, he had been trying to reach the fourth layer of his Origin, and now he had reached it when he was not even trying, beside him he could sense that the two Primordials with him had also reached the fourth level of Origin.

Before they left, Fury, Circe, and he had been at the third level of their Origin, and to discover that they had all reached the peak of their cultivation in the blink of an eye was astonishing. Just this benefit alone made the trip worthwhile despite the risk.

Victorious Genesis was about to look behind him when he felt the tremors of life as ten thousand Old Ones were resurrected from death. He was not too surprised because he knew that the domain of Fury could endlessly resurrect any lifeform below the Primordial level as long as they had not been dead for a long time, and a part of them remained.

For this trip, Fury had collected the pieces of every Old One soul who accompanied them, and so even if there were no pieces of them remaining, he could always resurrect them from the pieces of souls he had with him.

Victorious Genesis looked around this dead world, like Circe before him, he was only using his eyes, because the fastest way to announce their presence was to cast their senses out into the world, and like her, his eyes fell upon what was in the sky and he froze in shock, before a shockwave of pure Origin Force erupted behind him, and he glanced around to see one of the Old Ones ascending to become a Primordial.

In any other time, this would be great news to be celebrated, but not here, and especially not now.

Victorious Genesis looked at his companion, and they were all thinking the same thing. They could not interrupt the Old One becoming a Primordial because they needed the extra power that this would bring, but they also could not stay here, because their presence had most likely drawn the attention of whatever killed this world and did... that.

Above them was the massive head of an Archai; it was so large that it had covered half the sky. The head was missing its body, and the dead eyes of the Archai bulged out in fury and pain, from the rough tearing in the neck; the head had been forcefully pulled out from the body.

The knowledge of the Archai was known only to a few Primordials; in fact, the three of them here only learned of the Archai barely a million years ago, and it was purely by chance, and the fact that the Archai had revealed its presence to them. It was almost as if this meeting was fated because the head of the Archai floating above them was the same as the one they met.

So, did they succeed? Were they in the future? Channeling a cloak that linked with Fury and Circe, they covered all the ten thousand Old Ones, including the ascending Primordial, but they knew that this would not bring any lasting effect.

They could shield the Primordial when he was still questioning his heart and finding who he was and wanted to be, and when he accepted the concept he was going to fuse with, the Tribulation would come, and not even Eos was capable of shielding the Tribulation of a Primordial so its emanations do not ripple outward.

“We need to move,” Fury suddenly spoke, “Something is watching us, and they do not seem like friends.”

Victorious Genesis gritted his teeth in irritation and spoke out, “If we have been discovered, then there is no use holding back; we need to understand our situation.

Saying this, he unleashed his perception, and this was shortly followed by Circe and Fury, and what he saw made him pale.

“We are not going to make it,” he whispered.

Chapter 2057 The End of Existence

For the rest of her life, Circe Boreas, the Primordial of Endless Kindling, knew that she would never forget what she saw on this day and the impact it had on her consciousness.

The head of the Archai above was already giving her a bad feeling deep in her guts that she could not push away, and when they sent out their consciousness to see the true state of Existence, that fear came crashing down.

It was hard to pin down the full range of a Primordial consciousness because of many factors, as it was mostly dependent on the individual, but even the weakest Primordial consciousness power had reached the peak of the ninth dimension, and they could see all of infinity.

However, infinity at the ninth-dimensional level was true infinity, and a Primordial grasp over it depended on the power of their consciousness.

Circe had expected that the moment she unveiled her consciousness, she would see a part of the month dimension and ascertain how the war was going, however, she could see only one.

All the dimensions have fallen, and the greatest dimensional level they could see was the third dimension.

Time no longer existed, and anything higher than this was gone. Even the third dimension of space was being consumed, as the Primordials had witnessed when they sent out their consciousness.

Existence was no longer infinite. If it were to be measured, its size would be about that of an average galaxy, which is ridiculous when you compare what it was before now.

“Is this... the end of all things?” Fury muttered in astonishment, “Everyone... lost.”

“That does not matter,” Victorious Genesis pointed out, “We are being hunted.” At the boundary of the shrieking existence was a moving wall of flesh and carapace. These creatures resembled insects, but each of them was the size of a moon, and they were the ones feasting on the third dimension and rapidly reducing it to nothing.

When the Primordials had spread out their consciousness, it had impacted against these walls of bodies and drawn the attention of the swarm, and some of them peeled off from consuming Existence to rush towards them.

“We need to move!” Fury exclaimed, but Circe looked behind her with worry at the Old One, who was at a critical point of his breakthrough, and shook her head, “We cannot leave, and it is not just because of him; there is nowhere left to flee to, we just have to hold on and follow the plan.”

“And what is the plan exactly?” Victorious Genesis roared as the swarm that had peeled off and was descending towards them numbered in the millions, and in those few moments, they had already crossed half the distance.

Fury turned towards Victorious Genesis in astonishment, “Were you not listening to what Serene Ascension was saying before we left?”

“No,” Victorious Genesis coolly replied, “I hate his voice and the way he talks, it was hard enough for me not to punch him in the face every time I see him, how do you think I have the energy to listen to a damn thing he was saying?!”

“You cannot be serious.” Circe massaged the bridge of her nose as she felt a headache forming behind her eyes. Of all the Primordials in the Origin Realms, why did it have to be him? However, with danger incoming, she rapidly sent out a brief rundown of the plan.

“Because there is no method to accurately control where we would emerge, Serene Ascension designed our first leap to take us to the farthest point in time that we could reach. Then we would only remain at that point for a short time before we would be drawn back to the present, but on our return journey, we would be hopping across time.”

“In this manner, we can see how the war would play out and be able to create an archive that would cover anything we missed. This is the reason we brought these Old Ones along with us, it is because their souls are so malleable that they can be made into a beacon which would direct the pulling force that would be returning us to the present.”

Victorious Genesis nodded in understanding, “So, we are the stone in a slingshot that has been drawn to the max, and as the tension is being slowly reduced, we return to our point of Origin and our goal as the stone is to see as much of the scenery as we can.”

Circe squinted her eyes a bit in confusion, “Well, if you want to put it that way, then I guess this is the case.”

“So, how long do we have before we are drawn back in time?” Victorious Genesis called out, and Circe closed her eyes, “I have no idea, there is supposed to be a dimension of time for us to know that, all I know is that we have to survive long enough, and we would automatically be drawn back in time.”

“Got it,” Victorious Genesis nodded, “Let me hold back this swarm for as long as possible, so they do not come near the Old Ones.”

“I will be joining you,” Fury said.

“No, we do not know their capabilities and I intend to test them, your Origin and well as Circe’s would aid my resurrection if I fall, but I know the reason why I am here, to make sure we are victorious in every fight, I may not be able to win a war, but in any battle that I am in, there must be victory.”

Saying this, he launched away from the ground like a rocket, and his body began to expand as he rose into the sky. A golden glow erupted from his fist that radiated around this dead world, and he threw a punch.

Eos had created their race after the Emphyreans, meaning he gave them bodies that could endure everything, and Natal Treasures that went against the order of Existence.

Victorious Genesis had long refined all of his Natal Treasures into his flesh, and he had created several new ones that he kept adding to his body

and Origin.

Because of his status as a Primordial, he would never reach a limit on the number of Natal Treasures that he could fuse with his flesh, and his power

would always be growing.

The swarm had covered the sky, and the only thing that could be seen were twitching mandibles that left scars in realities as well as legs that were like sharp spears. There was an aura of desolation around these insectlike swarms that were so deep that any sane Primordial would have retreated, but this aura only seemed to embolden Victorious Genesis.

With a roar of defiance, he poured more Origin essence into his fist as the sixteen thousand Natal Treasures that had been engraved in his fist lit up, creating a vast rune that erupted from his body like the rising of the sun, and this potent Origin power swept up and clashed against the descending swarm.

“BOOM!”

The impact was calamitous, and it shook the entirety of the dead world. Only the protection of the two Primordials below saved all the Old Ones from perishing from the shockwaves; however, the descending swarm was not even pushed back by a single inch.

Chapter 2058 The Fight At The End of Time

Victorious Genesis stumbled back in shock. He had felt the ripples of his power slam against the creatures, and it was like he splashed water on a mountain. He could not feel much power from these creatures, but they were incredibly dense that no living being should be able to survive with such a body, even a Primordial would lose all their energy in a few millennia just to power this body.

“What in Eos holy bottom are these things made of?!” Victorious Genesis swore aloud, making the Old Ones below become pale in horror, and Circe wondered if it was because of the swear word from her brethren or due to their seemingly invincible opponents, but she would wager it was both.

She could immediately sense something odd when Victorious Genesis had struck these creatures, and Fury placed the words in her mouth, “These things are not alive... they just are.”

Looking closely at these creatures, as more seemed to leave their feast and descend as the shockwave from the punch from Victorious Genesis reached them.

Their bodies were chitinous horrors, segmented shells gleaming with an oily iridescence that absorbed light and spat back shadows. Mandibles like obsidian scythes, which Circe could hear clicking in rhythmic unison, and in that sound she heard as much as felt the weight of endless consumption that echoed through the crumbling Existence.

Before these creatures had been descending as if they were following a scent, most likely tracking their consciousness, but after the attack, they opened their eyes, and Circe saw that on the face of each creature were thousands of eyes. Each eye was like a faceted void that reflected nothing, and they scanned everything below with the cold clinical detachment of a robot.

“We cannot hold anything back, or we would not survive this mission,” Circe whispered to herself, and then she screamed, “We cannot hold back!”

Victorious Genesis looked down, and he nodded, and without any hesitation, he began burning his Origin Force, and his massive body grew colossal. His form took on a colossal silhouette of golden armor etched with runes of triumph, long faded, and those that were not yet born.

From his back burst out two golden wings, vast and feathered like the dawn of new eras. They beat slowly, yet they stirred eddies of raw Origin Force that were so powerful they briefly repelled the nearest insects, when the full might of his punch had just previously splashed against their armored skeleton.

Circe did not hold back, although she did not burn her Origin Force like Victorious Genesis, she unleashed the full might of her Origin, and she became a being of flickering embers and eternal flame, as her previously immortal body transformed into a cascade of molten light that danced like fireflies in the gloom.

Her hands wove sparks into chains, fueling whatever sparks of resistance remained in this faded Existence and this became a dome of light that erupted from her body. Beside her, Fury, the Primordial of Resurrection, had also transformed into a looming spectral giant, cloaked in veils of ethereal mist, his eyes glowing with the pale luminescence of souls recalled from oblivion.

His cold power touched the dome of light created by Circe, and it made it expand, sweeping past Victorious Genesis and creating a shield that covered the entirety of this dead world.

A voice whispered in the heart of every Old One, “Watch and observe, but your sanity is at great risk. We shall resurrect you if you perish for as long as we are able to. This is your opportunity to find the path to Primordial, and the reason all of you took this dangerous task.”

Their action was like pouring fuel into a raging fire as more of the swarm stopped feasting upon Existence and began to fall towards this one dead world. A trillion bodies surged forward, their legs skittering across the void like needles on skin, piercing the barrier of space with effortless power. The shield placed over the world by two Primordials slowed them down; it was never meant to block, just delay. However, one particularly large insect pushed through the barrier and lunged at Victorious Genesis, its mandibles snapping shut on empty air as he dodged with a burst of golden energy.

But another followed, and another, their forms blurring into a living storm. They devoured the space between, turning the void into a churning mass of exoskeletons and insatiable maws, and their attacks were not simple but were incredibly complex and precise, like a clock. Thousands had been able to make it through the golden barrier, and they surrounded Victorious Genesis.

He smiled, burning his Origin Force was the most terrible pain he had ever felt in his life, and was likely the greatest pain he would ever feel, but the results were clear, as the power he had gained was something that only a Primordial would unleash when there was no more hope.

“We hold,” Victorious Genesis roared, his voice a thunderclap that sent out a visible wave of force that shattered a hundred insects into glittering shards, only for the shards to reform, wriggling back into whole bodies that pressed onward. “For as long as it takes.”

Another shockwave erupted from his mouth that was as powerful as the first, but now barely half of these insects were shattered underneath his voice. He followed with a punch that vaporized all the tens of thousands of insects that surrounded him, but in less than a second, as if pulling themselves from nothing, the insects returned.

A resounding crack echoed, and Circe and Fury flinched as the barrier they created could no longer hold. Giving a signal to Victorious Genesis, they shrank the barrier until it was barely a thousand miles across.

Victorious Genesis followed the shrinking barrier and stood before them, and being so close, Circe and Fury could not assist him in attacking. Flames burst out from their bodies, each of these Primordial, controlled, powerful flames. Circe, in the form of her Kindling’s flames and Fury, was a phoenix before becoming a Primordial, and his heritage over fire was equally as profound. With the barrier shrunken down to a smaller radius, flames flared out from their bodies and covered the barrier, and the insects that descended upon the barrier turned to ash, but this ash reformed into sleeker, hungrier variants. “They adapt,” Circe hissed, her voice crackling like burning wood. “They are becoming stronger.”

The Primordial of Resurrection extended a misty hand, pulling back a fallen fragment of the barrier and wove it anew with threads of recalled life. “Then we buy more time.

Chapter 2059 Genesis Nova

The barrier spell woven by Fury strengthened its defenses, and for the next series of moments, a tense battle ensued between the three Primordials and the endless horde of Existence-eating insects.

Victorious Genesis was the one who took on the role of the main attacker, and the bulk of the assault fell on his lap. As he fought, he continuously grew stronger; however, these insects were adapting to their powers.

Still, in the grand scheme of things, this was not a problem. Reaching the Origin Realm meant a Primordial had endless variations of their abilities, and a single punch could be utilized in an almost unlimited fashion.

No matter how much the swarm adapted, the Primordials would find new ways to hurt them, but their numbers were increasing, and the sheer weight of their bodies was crushing down on the barrier.

A barrier that initially stretched for thousands of miles had been reduced to a few hundred, and Victorious Genesis had to hold out one hand to support the heavens, or they would all be crushed under the weight of the swarm.

This inevitably led to a gap in his assault patterns, and the behavior of the swarm transformed instantly.

The Primordials had realized that while these swarms were not alive in the traditional sense, they were more like machines, and they had a series of preset programs inside them that would respond to any new changes around them.

In response to the decreased mobility of Victorious Genesis, the swarm amassed upon each other in a new configuration. Insects piled upon insects, forming towering spires of writhing bodies that lashed out like living whips.

These whips struck the barrier with resounding booms that killed very Old Ones inside the barrier, but because Fury was utilizing his Aura without holding back, all of the Old Ones were instantly resurrected, and it was almost as if they did not perish a moment before due to how quickly they were able to rise.

The whips kept striking against the barrier until one tore through the cracks and struck Circe by the side of her stomach.

These whips were comprised of millions of insects and the moment they touched the Primordials, tens of thousands of mandibles sank into her fiery essence, drawing out sparks of her eternal flame to fuel their impossible bodies.

She screamed and blasted the whip with a nova of heat that erased all the swarm that had slipped into the barrier; however, the wound lingered, her light dimming fractionally.

Circe had felt what it was like to be eaten by the swarm, and it was the most horrifying experience she had gone through in her life. Her psyche wanted to purge this memory from her Origin, but she kept it, knowing it was invaluable information for Eos.

“We cannot hold like this,” Resurrection intoned as he looked at her and saw the damage that was caused by the brief brush with the swarm, his voice a hollow echo. “They are infinite and are not. Did Serene Ascension not anticipate this danger?”

Victorious Genesis snorted in disdain at the mention of Serene Ascension, and his golden eyes narrowed because he was realizing the full truth about why he was chosen, and he almost wanted to reach across time and slap the cheeky grin that would most likely be on the face of Serene Ascension.

He knew the truth. Victory was a lie; there was only delay. And delay demanded sacrifice... his sacrifice.

For a moment, he thought about the voice of his father and those of his family, and he smiled as he whispered in his heart, “Then I give what must be given,”

His massive golden wings folded inward as he channeled his Origin Force beyond the point of no return. He was already burning his Origin Force, but in this moment, he consumed it all.

The power of Victorious Genesis was not mere creation; it was triumph born from genesis itself, the spark that turned nothing into everything, but at a cost that echoed through eternity.

The Swarm closed in, a wall of chitin and void that blotted out the faint glow of the sanctuary. Insects the size of worlds collided with the barrier, cracking it like an eggshell. Smaller ones, swarms of beetle-like horrors with wings buzzing like thunder, slipped through fissures, devouring the air itself, turning breathable space into a choking vacuum.

Victorious Genesis roared, and his body began to unravel. The golden armor he wore, which was made from metal that technically could not be broken, cracked under the aura blasting out from his core, revealing the raw Origin beneath.

Inside him was a pulsing core of pure beginning that was growing bigger as it consumed everything he was and could be. He sacrificed it all. His limbs dissolved into streams of light, torso crumbling to dust motes of potential, and his wings shredded into feathers of raw power.

The pain was beyond mortal comprehension, a Primordial's essence torn asunder, every atom screaming in protest. But from that agony bloomed a devastating move that was only theoretical but had now seen the light of day... Genesis Nova.

For a moment, there was a faint laughter in the air, and the voice of Victorious Genesis saying, "This is really cool," then the void ignited.

The entirety of Existence had shrunk, and so the entirety of Existence simply ignited.

It was nearly impossible to describe the light that emerged from the dying Victorious Genesis as a supernova of creation erupted from his disintegrating form.

This light was not fire or any form of light, but was birth reversed. The Swarm caught in its radius did not die. After all this time, Victorious Genesis knew that this was not the way to stop them. At the core of his being, he was genesis, and so the swarm touched by his light were... unborn.

These monstrous insects unraveled backward through their own existence. Fully formed horrors regressing to larvae, to eggs, and then to unsparked thoughts in the abyss that birthed them.

Countless trillions vanished in an instant, the tide recoiling like a wave striking a cliff. The barrier mended momentarily, cracks sealing with fresh reality woven from Genesis's sacrifice. The sanctuary breathed again, if only for a heartbeat.

But Genesis was gone, reduced to a faint golden mist, an echo without form.

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Chapter 2060 The Perfect Team

The death of a Primordial, especially one as powerful as Victorious Genesis, should have shaken all of Existence, and it did, but there were at the end of all things, and time no longer existed.

This was an age of utter bleakness, because while Victorious Genesis' death may have bought them a little time, the number of Existence-eating insects was incalculable, and more were detaching themselves from the borders of Existence and descending towards the small group below.

It was in that moment that Circe was able to see the walls of Existence, and if the last livable space was like a small pond, then what remained of Existence surrounding this pond resembled a beehive.

These creatures did not seem to be devouring Existence as they once believed; they seemed to be transforming it instead. Yet what they were transforming was made out of nothingness.

“What sort of monstrous existence created these creatures?”

Circe did not have much time to contemplate this thought because they were in danger, and one reason she, Fury, and Victorious Genesis were selected was because of the unique effect that could be created when the three of them combined their powers.

Origin Forces were unique, but in special circumstances, they could be brought together to create something either spectacular or useless.

After Eos, the Grand Creator, not many would claim to understand Origin in great depth, but Serene Ascension was rapidly learning. He was a genius unlike any other in history, and like Eos, he had mastered multiple Origins, but unlike Eos, he could not fuse those Origins with his body, and so he began an experiment to create a new body.

Part of the Origin Forces he mastered were those of Endless Kindling, Resurrection, and Victorious Genesis.

Of course, since their true owners were alive and in a higher layer, he could not fully master these Origins, but he mastered all three up to the third layer. There was a reason Prime knew that Serene Ascension could be the most powerful Primordial in Existence if only he was interested in battle.

One of his experiments involved using these Origin Forces together to see what new effects could be born, and most of the time, these experiments were disappointing.

An Origin Force was perfect and complete, and even an offshoot of their essence could hardly breed anything good when combined with other Origin Forces.

Serene Ascension had heard from Eos about the unique talent of Nyxara that could not just collect multiple Origin Forces in her body, but also combined them to create something new, and Serene Ascension nearly went insane with jealousy. His master, Prime, would often think that he indeed went insane.

However, during one of his experiments, he combined the power of Endless Kindling and Resurrection on the Origin of Victorious Genesis, and he was astonished at the result.

It was endless resurrection, even if the Origin of Victorious Genesis was fully shattered! There was a mental price to pay as well as a toll on the soul that could not be easily regained, but with these three together, it would take a lot to kill them.

He had submitted his findings to Eos, and although he was pleased with this discovery, he was still worried because it meant that if his gamble with Primordial Soul succeeds,

Nyxara may gain new abilities that may be impossible to counter, but that was a problem for the future.

Serene Genesis had submitted these experiments to Fury, Circe, and Victorious Genesis, and so, with the death of Victorious Genesis, they were not in despair and quickly began their preparation.

Circe and Fury moved as one unit; after all the time they had spent together, their thoughts were as one.

In the spot where Victorious Genesis had perished, there was a light golden mist that could be seen as the tears of Existence, even if there was nothing much left of it, Existence still wept for her glorious children.

The Primordial of Endless Kindling extended her hands; her endless flames poured into the mist and kindled it, drawing sparks from the void to reignite the core. "Burn again," she whispered, pouring her own essence into the embers.

Her unique Origin Force did not require her to sacrifice her Origin Force when it could draw energy from even nothingness.

Flames danced, weaving heat into structure, fueling the rebirth with her inexhaustible fire. Fury was following the process closely, and when he saw the flames of Circe beginning to take shape, he laid his misty veil over the growing form, pulling threads of existence from his reserves of power. "Rise," he commanded, his power of resurrection binding the sparks into flesh, armor, and wings, and in that Primordial contain, the soul of Victorious Genesis was reborn.

He reformed, gasping, weakened, his golden light paler than before, but he was Victorious Genesis, and reawakening for him was a sort of rebirth, and so when other Primordial would be weakened for an extended amount of time, his Origin Essence was refilled to the brim, and except a sear in his core as if his soul has been branded, the Primordial of Victorious Genesis, without being resurrected by Eos had come back to life!

This was not all, because their Essence had been connected with those of Victorious Genesis as he resurrected from death, they also enjoyed the benefits of his unique concept, and their essence and energy levels were topped up to the brim.

When Serene Ascension had told them how powerful the three of them would be if they worked together, they had not fully believed him, but with the evidence on the ground, they had no way to refute it any longer. They made the perfect team.

"I live!" Victorious Genesis roared to the heavens, and seeing the threat had not ended, but more were descending, he continued, "and all of you will die."

Below, Fury rolled his eyes, "Cool it hotshot."

Victorious Genesis smiled and looked into himself, observing the sear inside his core, and his eyes went a bit grim because he detected the essence of death inside him.

There was a cost to this resurrection that was greater than they anticipated, and he could not cheat death forever. Still, no matter what happened, he knew he just needed to fight for long enough before they were drawn back into the past.

The process of his resurrection had taken moments, but in those moments, the Swarm had already regrouped. The tide surged back, invincible as ever, their numbers undiminished. Insects poured through the fresh gaps left by the backlash of Victorious Genesis final move.

Harsh clicking sounds resounded from the descending insects that almost sounded like mockery.

“Again,” Genesis rasped, his voice hoarse from the touch of death upon his soul. He charged forward without hesitation, wings beating feebly as he met the renewed onslaught.

The cycle repeated, but this time the danger had grown, because the insects that were descending were bigger and more ferocious, almost as if they had been fighting the children before.

Existence shook as they swarmed down like a living nebula of chitin and hunger. The battle grew white-hot in an instant. The three Primordials had been brought to their peak by the resurrection of Victorious Genesis, and so they burned their Origin without holding back

The Old Ones watching the battle could barely last for a fraction of a nanosecond before they were all blasted to nothing and resurrected. The power that was erupting from the three Primordial was like nothing they had ever witnessed, and it shocked them to their core.

“We are the children of Eos!” Victorious Genesis roared as he shot out a beam of golden light from his chest that vaporized trillions of insects, “Even at the end of all things, our light remains forever!”

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

Chapter 2061 As Many As It Takes

The declaration of resistance was fine, but at the end of all things, even the concept of hope was dead and most likely had been eaten by these creatures. Victorious Genesis glanced at his companion, an invisible message passing between them. With a roar, he

rose up into the air, dragging all the descending insects with him and leaving his companion a breathing space.

“Genesis Nova!” he roared as he sacrificed himself again and detonated his core, pouring everything into a technique that defined the concept of who he was.

His body unraveled to its foundation as profound agony ripped through him as if he were a mortal thrown into a cosmic storm.

In the midst of his death was laughter as Genesis Nova bloomed, a cataclysm of unbirth that erased countless trillion horrors, pushing the tide back just far enough to give the Primordials below a chance to catch their breath.

Victorious Genesis had laughed because he knew using Genesis Nova was supposed to be a privilege he could only employ once at the moment of his death, but the unique situation in this place had changed the entire ball game, and his death was something that he had to experience over and over again. The time that Victorious Genesis had given to them was precious, and Circe poured her kindling flames into the mist that remained alongside the power of resurrection from Fury.

Victorious Genesis rose again, but his light was dimmer, and there was a note of frailty surrounding him that had no place being around a Primordial. However, his core concept as Genesis took over, and power began to bloom inside him, as well as inside Fury and Circe.

Fury glanced at Circe, and they understood what was happening. There were signs at the first resurrection that Victorious Genesis did not come out unscathed, but he had not said anything, but with the second resurrection, they were able to see the touch of death in his core before his growing power covered it up.

Fury spoke softly, “Are you okay, Victorious?”

“Peachy...” he replied, “I can do this all day.”

Throwing looks of worry at each other, but knowing they could do nothing to help, Fury and Circe prepared for the descent of the beasts while waiting for the cord that had sent them to the future to begin pulling them back.

Circe had begun to feel a tension surrounding their essence, and she knew it meant they would soon be dragged back in time, but she hoped it was not too late, and Victorious Genesis would be able to hold on for long enough.

The technique that Victorious Genesis was using was a double-edged sword. It seemed to be the only thing that could kill these insects, but it also meant that the next rounds of insects that were arriving were bigger, fiercer, and had thicker shells.

Even fighting back was becoming harder due to how strong these monsters were becoming, and Circe and Fury were beginning to suffer grievous injuries as the battle continued. Fury was nearly torn apart before Victorious Genesis rose into the air and dragged all the swarm with him in a web of light, and then another Genesis Nova erupted, wiping out all the resistance.

Genesis Nova was a power that could not be defended against; it could only be resisted, but due to the enormous power that arose from Victorious Genesis sacrifice, not even these new and more powerful insects could resist it.

Victorious Genesis was resurrected again, and he bore his pain and arose to his feet, but something seemed to have changed as the insects no longer swarmed and attacked, instead they did something more terrifying... they began eating what was left of Existence.

This expedition arrived at the best time to witness the end of all things, because if they had been, say, a few months late, there would have been nothing left behind.

Perhaps these creatures may not be alive in the conventional sense, but they had intelligence, even if the Primordials did not fully recognize the form that this intelligence took.

These creatures must have recognized that the greatest defenses of the Primordials were not Victorious Genesis, but the intervening space in between them that gave the Primordials the chance to unleash their powers and cut down most of them before they could reach their targets.

The Primordials would not be able to survive in the nothingness that was the home of these creatures, and with no space for them to retaliate against their infinite number, they would be consumed.

This realization passed through the eyes of the Primordials, and a weird shift occurred where it was the Primordials who began to attack the insects as they were now feeding on Existence and not attacking the Primordials.

The Primordials noticed that these creatures ate existence, and from behind their bodies, they excreted pure nothingness. It was as if they consumed everything that made Existence what it was, and then after they digested all of it, they gave out nothing.

This must be the same thing that happened from the ninth dimension down to the third and final dimension of space. There were lower dimensions, but that would not matter to the Primordials because they could not exist in a Lower dimension; the third dimension could barely hold the weight of their Origin. Anything lower was impossible.

The sanctuary of space began to shrink, and it did not matter how much the Primoridials fought to stall this disaster. Victorious Genesis even unleashed Genesis Nova three more times, but it was all futile.

From the size of a galaxy, Existence was reduced to a star system, then to a single world, then to a fragile piece of land not greater than a thousand miles. The head of the Archai was strangely not eaten but integrated into the nothingness, and its fate could not be determined.

And so, with the space now shrunken to nothing, the battle became a thing of horror, because Victorious Genesis was not dying every few minutes, but every

second!

His screams grew more haunting with each sacrifice. The pain compounded; echoes of previous unmakings lingered in his reformed flesh, like phantom

limbs that burned eternally.

“How many more?” he whispered once, between resurrections, his voice a broken echo. He wanted to die, he wanted the pain to stop, but in his heart, he could hear the voice of his father

“As many as it takes, you must fight to come home.”

Fury and Circe poured more of themselves into Victorious Genesis as their bodies began to fade.

The end of all things pressed downwards; the insects were their avatars. The

Swarm’s clicks grew louder, sounding like a dirge for existence’s final gasp, as the faceted eyes of the insects reflected the Primordials’ fading light like mocking mirrors.

Chapter 2062 Journey Through Time

The next series of moments was almost impossible to describe, even by the Primordials that fought in it.

Victorious Genesis was barely a shadow of himself as the shroud of death hung so heavy around him that it was only the actions of Fury that kept him alive as he continuously resurrected the last spark of his soul, just long enough for Victorious Genesis to explode.

This method of fighting was insane, and the unrelenting tide of enemies they faced was even more insane.

It did not seem possible that they had held on this long, but they did, and every second that passed, their bodies seemed to grow more primitive, governed only by instincts, and even when a band of light closed around their form that carried the power of time, they kept fighting.

With a loud snap and a crack of thunder, they vanished, and the insects descended and crushed the last spark of Existence remaining.

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The sky cracked over a world in its twilight, but the sky above was shattered, and so one more crack went unnoticed.

This world had once been extremely massive, as it was made from a merger of multiple higher-dimensional clusters.

As the war that swept through all of Existence grew heated, it became necessary for such a move due to the weight of the combatants. In this Era, the weakest beings were Primordials, and they had been fighting across Existence for so long that all of Limbo had been torn apart.

In all the Existences before this one, there had never been a war that had occurred for such a long time and had been so devastating.

With the endless expansion of Existence seemingly unlocking the shackles over what should be the ceiling of power, new and terrible monsters were born every day, and the limits for depravity seemed to be endlessly extended.

A twisting beam of light fell from the crack in space, and the reason it was not swiftly destroyed by multiple parties was that the emanations of power from it were so weak that it was easily dismissed.

There were countless streams of powers at the Origin level floating around, and in this age, it was not a strange thing.

With this oversight, the three Primordials escaped a swift death. They had expended so much on themselves in order to survive that they would not have been able to defend themselves if they were attacked.

It also helped that the aura of death around Victorious Genesis was so thick that it partially covered any signs of life surrounding them.

They fell to the earth and lay dormant for a decade. They were Primordials, and so they had regained consciousness years ago. They had learned their lesson and no longer spread their consciousness; they observed as best they could while slowly healing from their wounds.

Victorious Genesis was the most injured, with the power of death engraved into the core of who he was, but he was lucky that he was beside the best healers a Primordial could ask for, as Circe and Fury spent the majority of their efforts to purge his body of this taint.

A Primordial was supposed to be everlasting, and this innate nature of theirs made it possible for death not to have a permanent hold over Victorious Genesis, and over the next century, they slowly purged him of this taint.

They did not move from their position all this time, yet they were still able to see many things that made their hearts tremble.

In the years that they spent watching Existence, they had seen hundreds of Primordial-level beings fall in ways that were so terrifying that they could not even imagine powers like this could exist.

It was a shame they could not spread out their consciousness to see more, but they had learned their lessons.

“We have spent nearly two centuries here; did that mean we were fighting that long at the end of all things?” Circe spoke in astonishment as she began to feel a tightening around their essence.

Victorious Genesis shrugged, “That does not concern me as much as I cannot recognize any of the Primordials battling out there, I cannot even see the Grand Creator, surely... he has not fallen. How far back were we sent?!”

“There is a mechanism of this spell that I am sure gathers information like that,” Fury replied, “I am more worried that I cannot sense myself here in the future. It means I am dead. Can either of you sense yourselves? If we can find ourselves, then this could be the best source of information we can ever find.”

Victorious Genesis closed his eyes and shook his head, “Nope, I cannot sense anything, but without pushing out our consciousness, how can my future self know I exist?”

“We are Primordials,” Fury responded, “Our Origins are unique, and if two of them are in the same age, there would be a resonance, and I do not think we need our consciousness to create that connection... it should just happen. Circe, can you feel anything?” Fury turned to her, and he saw a weird look on her face as she slowly nodded.

“I think so... it is faint, but I feel a subtle connection to my Origin being far away from here,” and then she frowned, “I did not really think about this, but, at the end of time, it was very faint but I swear I could feel my kindling deep inside the nothingness, but maybe I am mistaken.”

Silence fell over the three Primordials as they tried to forget the impossible battle they had just endured. If Circe had somehow survived till the end of all things, then this was not a fate they wanted to wish on their enemy.

Seeing the look on their faces, she laughed, “I could be wrong, but if I am not, anything we carry over to the present would help to fight against this fate. I don’t believe we cannot change Destiny.”

The power of time tightened over their bodies, and Circe sighed, “I can feel my other self coming close, but it is much too late. Maybe in the past, I would have made contact faster.”

A faint groan echoed across the three Primordials as space and time inverted, and they vanished.

Ten thousand years later, a fiery form descended from the sky, and it was the Primordial of Endless Kindling. She looked around this place with a faint glint of confusion in her eyes before she vanished.

Cradled gently in her hands was the dying head of Eos.

CRADLE OF ENOCH (ONE MILLION COSMIC ERAS FROM THE PRESENT)

Despite the fact that Enoch was pushing the Cradle to the present with powers he had gained from an unknown source, Rowan did not stop what he had been trying to do all this time, and that was to consume all the lives that had been taken by End due to Enoch’s madness.

It had not been easy, especially since time was accelerated in this place to a ridiculous manner, leading to Rowan feeling a crushing amount of pain that could not even be adequately articulated.

The only good side of this was the fact that the consumption of the bones accelerated. Enoch looked at his efforts, and he laughed,

“You damned Incarnation, you strive to eat the pieces of what I have discarded, but you should know the truth: every bone you eat has been corrupted by the power of End, and every life inside you is a dagger that is stabbing at your wretched soul. How much more can you endure before you are shattered into a million pieces?”

Rowan remained silent. He wished he could answer, but he could not; there was no mental strength left inside of him to articulate his words.

Enoch’s voice was just one more blade in the endless blades being repeatedly stabbed into his heart.

And Rowan also knew he could not fail here because he was carrying a secret that Enoch could not be allowed to know about.

Burning inside him was the light of Lumina, and the sound of the Abimha!

This was the legacy of the Luminious!

Everybody in this whole damn war was chasing after ultimate power. Enoch wanted to return so he could fuse with the body of the Abomination and devour the Origin inside the Primordial Record... the Ancient Primordials, Death, his main body, Eos, and every other hidden party was pursuing this power.

And yet right underneath their noses was the key to the ultimate power that had never been topped before, and it was inside the body of a small Incarnation.

Rowan did not know what was unique about his actions and this place that gave birth to this power, but it was fascinating to consider that the legacy of the Luminious had not perished.

Rowan was not afraid of the power of End, and that was because the invisible flame inside him was burning it all away.

There was a reason that End feared the Luminious.

So, he only had to do the impossible task of surviving the ascent of the Cradle to the present day, and return back to his main body.

Chapter 2063 The Visitation

A/N: Please check the previous chapter. I updated it with more content. Limbo [Present Day, 100 Million Years After The End Agreement]

In the deepest recesses of the Realm of Death, beyond the billionfold Regions, past the fractal infinities of harvested souls, where even the echoes of forgotten extinctions dared not linger, the Beast of Final Rest stirred.

For the past hundred million years, only the Beast had not made any advances towards the Origin Realms, and it seemed as if it had retreated from the battle, and no single specter of death had emerged from its realm.

However, in the depths of its realm, the Beast of Final Rest was evolving, or perhaps the word that should be used was devolving into something vaster, more primal.

This was not the same Beast that Rowan and the Ancient Primordials had met; it had begun this process in the past, and now it had crossed a threshold. The Beast had

transformed into a colossal absence cloaked in the tattered shrouds of multiple endings. It had been gorging on Deaths for the last hundred million years.

Like the Ancient Primordials and the Abomination of Enoch, the Beast of Final Rest had seen the Origin Realms, and it understood the threat that it represented to it and its dominion. The Ancient Primordials, during their battle with it, had only seen the beginning of what it could become and not its final form.

Like every power at the peak of Existence, it knew that the expansion of Limbo was unprecedented, and thus it brought changes that could not be anticipated. At least for its case, there had never been any Death in Existence that was able to not only access the Origin of the previous Deaths, but also consume those Origins.

The Beast of Final Rest was a creation of the Temple of End. When the Temple had given the Primordials the plan to erase their minds of madness and escape from the plans of Enoch, they had also collected some of the Essence of Enoch from their bodies without the knowledge of the Ancient Primordials. They had used it in the creation of the Beast of Final Rest.

For a long time, the Beast had restricted its growth, displaying itself as just a force that could be managed by the Primordials, albeit a powerful force, but with the final war approaching, those restraints had been broken, and it was free to feast until it became the true left hand of the Temple of End.

Eos was supposed to be the right hand of the Temple, but the child had strayed far from his purpose. The Beast had tried to steer Eos away from this path with gentle words and subtle hints, but he refused to listen, and so the price for that stubbornness must be paid, and Eos would be crushed to the ground. If there were anything left of him when it was all over, then it would be remade into the vision that the Temple had for him.

Eos, Enoch, and the Ancient Primordials were not only the vestiges of the Luminous left behind, but the Beast was also one of those vestiges, and the more Deaths it consumed, the more its form shifted into a sprawling mass that stretched across dimensional voids like a shadow cast by no light.

It now had wings that denoted its Luminous origins, and they were wings of nothingness that swallowed the faint glimmers of residual Origin Force drifting across Limbo. When any lifeform would dread pulling power from Limbo, fearing the corruption of End, the Beast of Final Rest did not have any of these restrictions bothering it.

After feasting nonstop for a hundred million years, even a power like the Beast had to pause for a while for its body and consciousness to get used to the changes in its power. In many ways, its form was similar to Eos's, where it did not just have the physique to hold multiple Origins, but also a vast domain from which it could draw power.

The Beast was the prototype created by the Temple of End as they researched the possibility of creating a being like Eos. Inside its heart, the Beast had always hated the fact that it was created as a placeholder for Eos, since it believed that it was always perfect, and if there was anyone who could perfectly wield the power of End, it was the prime candidate.

Unlike Eos, the Beast and the Temple saw the power of End as a tool, and every tool only needed the right hand to wield it.

“I was always enough, and there is no one who can deny my dominance... not even Lumen.”

Suddenly, the desire to rest was gone; it knew that not only itself was getting stronger, but everyone else too was accumulating power. Eos had been especially low-key and had made no major moves, but that in itself was extremely terrifying and a major red flag.

The creation of the Origin Realms was enough to show how dangerous he could be, and his laid-back demeanor only showed that he already had a plan and was executing it.

With a bellow that pierced through the entirety of the realm of death but was held back by its walls so it did not echo all over Limbo, the Beast extended its Will like tendrils of ink through the veil of Existence, piercing the barriers between what was, what had been, and what never should have been.

Even its vast mind could not comprehend all of the information that was bombarding its Will, but it already had a target that shone like beacons of darkness in a space filled with violent light... it had found Death, and with its Will, one by one, it harvested them.

The first came as a whisper from a shattered Existence where entropy had won before life could spark. It was a particularly powerful Death, and it would be one of the strongest the Beast had ever consumed.

It was a pale echo of Death manifested, resembling a skeletal wraith with eyes like cooling stars. In its time, it was one of the most potent forces in Existence, but now, the Will of the Beast wrapped it up and inhaled it, drawing its faded power into its core

Origin Force of ancient cessation flooded through its formless mass, thickening the shadows that comprised its being, and after a few thousand years, it completely consumed this Death, and soon a second followed. This Death was a colossal serpent from an existence where all things ended in rebirth, only to be extinguished forever by some cataclysmic folly. The Beast crushed it between conceptual jaws, absorbing the serpent's venomous finality, feeling its own Will sharpen like a blade honed on forgotten bones. Typically, the Beast would have paused a bit before continuing its harvest, but it no longer wanted to stop, and more Deaths were added to its massive

growing form.

One Death was a storm of ravenous voids from an Existence devoured by its own gods. Another was a choir of silent screams from an Existence silenced by

infinite quiet.

Each past Death, extinct, obsolete, erased, yielded its essence willingly, or unwillingly, to the Beast's insatiable pull.

Power accumulated, layer upon layer, until the Realm trembled under the weight of accumulated endings. The Beast grew denser, its presence a gravitational sink that warped the surrounding voids, pulling stray souls from Limbo's fringes into eternal rest without resistance.

It was in the midst of this grim harvest, midway through devouring a crystalline

Death from an existence of frozen eternities, its icy shards cracking like thunder in the silence, that something... other entered its realm. The Beast paused its feeding, and its massive eyes looked ahead with a bit of fear and

suspicion.

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

Chapter 2064 Power Unlimited

An average Primordial would not be able to feel or even detect this presence, because it was subtle, there was this lack in Existence that arose when this presence was around that few could be able to detect.

This was End, and it was not a being, or an entity, but the ultimate cessation incarnate.

Existence was expanding, but Limbo was shrinking, and that caused the essence of End to become incredibly concentrated. This process began a hundred million years ago with the creation of the Origin Realms, and now it had crossed a certain threshold, and End was finally able to truly manifest part of itself inside Existence.

It had no eyes to gaze, no mouth to speak, yet it communicated through the Beast's own essence, resonating in the hollows where souls once screamed.

"You gather scraps," End conveyed, its "voice" a vibration of absolute finality that made the Beast's stolen powers quiver. "Echoes of lesser endings. But the road to ultimate power lies not in accumulation, but in transcendence."

The Beast of Final Rest paused, the crystalline Death half-consumed, its shards hovering in mid-dissolution. Spitting aside the remnants of its meal, Death rose up in its full glory,

and if the Ancient Primordials were here, they would feel great shock because the power of Death at this point, while it could not equal to one of them, it was nearly halfway to that point, and this was with the Beast not leveraging the power of its domain and just using its body alone.

The Primordials had spent nearly sixty-five million Cosmic Eras accumulating all of this power, and in less than a hundred million years, the Beast had taken such large strides.

And yet, the voice of End rang through in its essence. This power that was speaking to it conveyed more than just words, but an intent that was so deep it could only be the truth.

The Beast was tempted. The path to power was before it, but who could say that Eos, Enoch, or the Ancient Primordials were not preparing something that could equal or surpass its efforts?

It wanted to prove to Lumen that it was more than just a prototype, and it could hold the power of End, and with this power, it could seize Origin.

For the first time since its pact with the Primordials, curiosity, or something akin to it, stirred in its core.

It had claimed the power of End in that bargain, and it had become a sliver of the Temple's domain. With this power, he had been able to pierce the veil of Existence and gain so many benefits, but this was the source itself, formless, eternal, the architect of all terminations.

And it was telling it that it was not enough. There was hesitation in its heart, of course, but the allure of that knowledge was too much to be thrown aside.

"Show me," the Beast responded, its Will unfurling like a cloak of shadows, inviting the intrusion of End.

Greed flickered in its depths because the Beast was not looking to survive this war or gain scraps while championing only the Temple's benefits; it wanted dominion beyond even the Architects' veiled throne.

Eos had his freedom and his throne, and yet the Beast knew that no matter how powerful it grew, the temple had placed a ceiling over its abilities, and End, in a single statement, had given it the option to take more than what was offered.

End did not hesitate when the Beast accepted its offer. It enveloped the Beast's consciousness, pulling it into a revelation.

It showed it a road that unfolded into a dimension that was beyond even the ninth!

This was the path that was at the extreme of Origin and End. This path was carved through the strata of all possible and impossible existences, where endings were not conclusions but gateways. Only this road alone nearly shattered the consciousness of the Beast as it tried and failed to understand how all of this could even be conceptualized, let alone be wielded.

As if End knew what it was thinking, the Beast “saw” itself ascending, and its path to ascension followed its previous method of consuming past Deaths, as End showed him another stream of power that he had missed and that was devouring the very concept of immortality across infinite branches!

Yes, immortality was a concept, but it was a concept that no one else could wield inside Existence because it existed outside of it, and the Luminous was the only race that was lucky enough to gain access to a small portion of this concept before it was lost forever.

However, the truth was that this concept was not lost; it was only covered up by End, who ensured that there would be no way for any lifeforms to be born to even think about Immortality as a concept and strived for it.

It showed him more paths to power that could lead to Ascension, as the Beast envisioned itself merging with the Temple of End, becoming the singularity where all threads of existence converged into oblivion.

Death shuddered as it saw what this meant; it was power unlimited. It was the ability to unmake realms, Primordials, and the foundations of creation itself.

Enoch’s Abomination shattered at a whim. Limbo rewritten as an eternal grave. Even the Architects bowed, their erasures mere tools in their arsenal.

The Ancient Primordial and Eos would be nothing before its power, and in a single move, the Beast of Final Rest could ascend to the throne.

Then End showed it the other side of the coin, the side that demanded a price.

The Beast paused for a moment, pushing aside the memories of true power because, with the way it felt, there would have been no hesitation in its heart before it picked the option End gave it, but it was an ancient horror, and it could manage its mind.

After the moment had passed, it looked at the price, and it was the absolute surrender to formlessness.

It would no longer be the Beast of Final Rest. Only End incarnate, a void that consumed voids.

The vision faded, leaving the Beast suspended in the aftermath. The crystalline Death dissolved completely, its power a paltry trickle compared to what had been promised, and suddenly, its endless Realm seemed smaller, its billion Regions mere cages.

“The choice is yours,” End intimated, its formless presence withdrawing like mist before dawn. “Gather scraps, or walk the road.”

Then it was gone, and the Beast of Final Rest hovered in silence, its shadows deepening.

The road to ultimate power beckoned, and in its abyssal heart, the greed took root.

“To become an Incarnation of End... with this power, who could be my match?”

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Chapter 2065 The Fourth Generation (1)

A hundred million years had passed, and Eos was readying to welcome the fourth generation of Primordials.

After three generations, there had been only sixty Primordials, and despite this number of Primordials being an acceptable figure in such a short time, it was not enough.

Eos had seen the armies being bred by the Ancient Primordials, and there were countless monstrous beings with the power of Primordials among their ranks.

The Origin Realms gave him a great advantage, but it gave his enemies advantages as well. They could create an endless tide of horror to crush the Origin Realms, and with the Agreement that he made, if they could totally destroy all the defenses in any one of the Realms, they could acquire it for themselves.

Now, his enemies could unleash as many primordial forces as they could create, but he could not do the same.

Well, he could, but then he would be no different from those he fought. With his mastery over Origin and Creation, Eos could create something similar to what the Ancient Primordials were doing and transform the entirety of the Origin Realms into a world of nothing but slaughter and relentless power struggle.

If he had used this model, he would not have sixty Primordials, but sixty million; however, like creatures born from slaughter, his Realm would become corrupted by End, and his vision of having a new variant of Primordials who no longer needed the Ancient Path would be lost.

It was worthy to note that the mass-produced creations of his enemies were just base-level Primordials, and only a few of them would be able to reach deeper layers of their Origin.

This could not be helped; most of them would have generic Origins like the Origin of Slaughter or the Origin of Madness, and other similar sorts of Origin, and only the lucky few would be able to reach deeper layers, condemning the rest to remain as base-level Primordials for as long as they lived.

A Primordial of Endless Kindling or a Primordial of Revelation, Ascension or any of the Newer Concepts that were being born could not be produced in a world of slaughter and madness; only true enlightenment could create Primordials like that.

Each of the New Primordials could kill hundreds of the monstrosities created by his enemies who were also at the Primordial level, but Eos did not insist on making sure that only New Primordials were born in his Origin Realms because of this reason, it was also because these New Primordials would have the chance to reach deeper layers of their Origin and would not be stuck in lower levels forever.

Eos was taking the path of the Ancient Primordials, determining that this path would end with him, but every time a New Primordial was born, the core of their Essence was rooted inside his Origin Land.

This meant that ultimately, he was cheating, he was embodying the ancient path, and yet he still had access to the benefits of the New Paths of Primordials. If he wanted, he could copy the powers of all the New Primordials, and even use them all at the same time, and the only cost to him would be on his essence, which would be burned multiple times faster than when he was using his native abilities.

For the New Primordials, it meant that as long as Eos was alive, they could never die, not truly. There may come a time in the future when the number of Primordials becomes so numerous that it would be nearly impossible for him to resurrect all of them, but for now, it was possible for him to keep them alive for as long as possible.

Still, sixty Primordials was not a lot, Eos had created 10,008 Incarnations, all of them were at the peak of the eighth dimensional level, and were carefully hidden on all the Origin Realms, and when it was time, all of them would begin to ascend to the Primordial level, but these Incarnations were not created for the defense of the Realms but for his final evolution and ascension.

The fourth generation of New Primordials was supposed to be the threshold that changed the name of the game.

For the last hundred million years, the entirety of the Origin Realms was being made into an engine for the nurturing and the Creation of Primordials.

Eos did not use the methods of his enemies in the creation of Primordials, but that did not mean that he did not want his own army. He just went about it in a different manner.

He used three methods in the creation of his New Primordials: their bloodlines, their society, and the techniques he gave them.

There were lots of moving parts in this entire affair, but because Eos had such great helpers, he only needed to give his creation a direction, and they mostly impressed him by what they were able to do with what he gave them.

The first part of his plan for the creation of Primordials was related to bloodlines. Many of the lifeforms in the Origin Realms were not created by him; he just gave the Primordials a blueprint of what every life should have, and he gave them access to his Essence, which contained fragments of his endless potential.

Every New Primordial that was born created their own species using the blueprint he gave them, and although he had destroyed three of the Primordials that were associated with the Temple of End, he still kept their creations. There was always a chance that they left seeds of problems in some of their creations, but Eos knew he could arrest those problems before they could really become problems.

With every New Primordial creating their own unique species, in addition to the life forms that naturally sprouted from the Origin Realms, the diversity of life in the Realms increased, and the chance that the creation of something new that is outside their expectations also increased as well.

The second method he had used in the creation of the New Primordials was their society, which was, in essence, the ten thousand Origin Realms and all the benefits it had to offer to an average lifeform.

Chapter 2066 The Fourth Generation (2)

The Origin Realms, despite being a product of the fifth layer of Space, could not equal Eos's Origin Land in energy density, but it was far more complete than Eos's Origin Land, meaning it could hold a wide variety of life that even his Origin Land would struggle to give birth to.

Every single moment that passes, Eos could feel like emerging from all over the Origin Realms. It was like tiny shockwaves resounding through his consciousness, and he had come to love that sound of life emerging.

Inside of Eosah's Reality, a single drop of Primordial Essence had been enough to make the inhabitants insane with happiness at the amount of energy they had available to them.

However, if Eosah's Reality with that single drop of Primordial Essence was placed inside one of the Origin Realms, it would be likened to a barren desert.

The Origin Realms contained vast Essence power that surpassed that of an average Primordial, and every time a Primordial ascended and linked themselves to an Origin Realm, they increased the energy reserves of that realm.

Every day that passed, the lowest threshold of life kept increasing across the Origin Realms, and now, after a hundred million years, mere mortals could now live for up to five hundred years, and this number was increasing very quickly.

In time, perhaps in a billion years, then mortals would be born as Earth gods who could live as long as their souls were stable, and their greatest challenges would be to discover how to transform their souls.

A good bloodline was not enough; there must be a place where these bloodlines are to be nurtured, and the Origin Realms perfectly satisfied this requirement.

Then there was the overall nature of the society that Eos wanted. With his power, it was an easy thing for him to end all wars across the Origin Realms, and he did this, but because he understood the need for a powerful population, he encouraged martial might to flourish.

Disagreements were normal across various species, but the fights were usually among champions of those species, and they were mostly bloodless.

There were certain sick individuals who craved bloodlust, but they did not survive for long before they were eradicated. Eos wanted warriors, not monsters.

The Origin Realms were safe from the reach of End, but only if he did not nurture it well. The weakest chink in his armor was the mortals and the immortals under him.

Their minds were fragile, and they could be easily corrupted by outside influence. If not for the sheer power of Origin inside the Realms that were subtly influencing the minds of everyone in it, then creating a society without war would be impossible even for him without taking drastic measures.

Eos had been quickly aware of the fact that the power of Origin, especially in great amounts, could manipulate the minds of those inside of it, and now he began to understand how the Luminous had fallen.

They were the race closest to Origin, and after them, Eos believed he was coming close, but he could never equal how much Origin they must have had running in their veins.

Although Origin was a benevolent force that was concerned with creation, it could also be too benevolent.

The Luminious were largely passive and refused to change, but Eos believed that this was because they allowed their power to control them, not the other way around.

He would be a fool not to realize that he had also changed when he fully took the power of Origin and disregarded End, but this was a change he controlled, not the other way round.

It was not as if there was no wisdom in the path of the Temple of End. When you fought monsters, you had to use every tool available to you, but at the same time, there were lines that should not be crossed.

Eos knew that the power of End was entirely rotten, and because its influence was so pervasive that he would not trust himself with it, let alone his children, who did not have the willpower to resist something like this.

The Temple of End was playing with fire, and they would be burned if they were not careful, but its leader, Lumen, was still a part of Enoch, and Eos feared that the same madness that drove Enoch to end Existence and break the boundary of Existence could also be influencing the decision-making of Lumen.

Lumen believed that it was the right path to fuse both the power of Origin and End, and while Eos could see some of the wisdom in this path, this was only applicable if End had not gained a malevolent sentience that craved the extinction of all life. You could only bargain with End, and it could not be reasoned with, but with every bargain made, you became more corrupted.

Perhaps, Lumen had made one too many bargains, and the wings of Enoch could not recognize how deeply it had fallen into the abyss.

Without the love and prayer of his children that balanced Eos, he knew that he also would have attempted to take the path of Lumen, it was highly possible that the Temple of End, created Eos so that Lumen could be complete, afterall, the wings needed a body, and who else could be worthy enough to wear them if not the embodiment of the past and the future... the child of both the Luminious and Hundun.

The final portion of his methodology for creating Primordials was the techniques needed for the lifeforms in his Origin Realms to reach the highest known level.

Before now, Eos had a million different techniques that could perform this task, and it had been a pleasing challenge to find the methods he needed to make a technique that could serve the needs of all his children, no matter the shape they took or their talent, yet possessed enough power that they could stand toe to toe with any similar opponent in Existence and come out on top.

Eos could never have expected that the answer to that question would emerge from Circe's dream and his missing Incarnation.

Chapter 2067 The Fourth Generation (3)

For a higher-dimensional being like Eos, Time was not an abstract concept; it was a road, and it only needed the right amount of power to walk that road. If he wanted, he could send an Incarnation of himself into the past, but due to the weight of his Existence, he could not change the future in this manner; it would be highly costly and nigh impossible.

If anyone could observe the river of time, they would see that Eos and certain entities were like massive mountains in a shallow pool, and time could only helplessly flow around them, while the Primordials were like small hills, and everyone else, even the so-called immortals, were being slowly dragged by this river.

Also, if Eos were to go back in time, he would see something peculiar: some of his children were missing, like Andar, and even his mother was gone, leaving only a void.

This happened because the power that killed them came from a higher-dimensional being whose abilities reached across all dimensions and scrubbed them from Existence.

Only in his dimension of Memory were fragments of them kept alive, and if not for Eos preserving these fragments, no one would remember even their names. This was the hidden tragedy that the Ancient Primordials and their ilk caused.

Eos might appear as if he was casually sitting on this throne of stone, but this was far from the truth; he was doing so many other things, and one of his focuses was entering the dimension of memory and hunting down all the names of the dead, and writing them at the foundations of Existence, so they shall never be forgotten.

He had shown Eva a glimpse of this when he took her across Limbo, but that was only the tip of the iceberg.

Eos had been collecting the names of the fallen as far back as his power could reach, but there were just so many more, and he did not know if it was possible to gather them all. He was not going to stop.

Then he saw the bone from Circe's dreams.

This bone was interesting because it was the first time that Eos had seen the totality of a life in so much detail that it entranced him and shook him to the core, upending all he understood of creation and the soul.

Eos had always believed that he understood the totality of the soul and how it integrates with Existence, but he was wrong; he understood the soul up to the point of Origin, but not how it relates to End.

It was easy to see End as a malevolent force of destruction, but that was because it became corrupted, but End was a part of Existence as much as Origin, and although its primary purpose was entropy, and the dissolution of all things, it still served a purpose.

Eos knew of Soul Origin, but he had never wondered what happened when Soul Origin was totally destroyed... was it entirely gone, or did it become something else?

This bone answered the question that he had not thought about asking.

When powerful beings at the level of Primordials killed anyone, their power over Origin was so great that it could cross all known dimensions and erase everything of their target, including their soul origin.

It was for this reason that Eos could kill four Primordials and not even the Old Ones under their command could remember their previous masters.

This bone showed him the other side of that equation, revealing that a part of the soul, of every soul, was connected to End because everything had an ending point, even Existences, and it was in the total destruction of the Origin that this end point was fully assimilated.

It was as if End and Origin were two sides of the same coin, and this was the natural ending point of all things.

However, Eos knew that End was cheating. It was natural that the soul would return to End if it were eradicated at the Origin, but now that End was pushing for the eradication of all life, the balance between Origin and End had become broken.

This was the first great shock this bone had shown him, and the second came from what he had seen surrounding the bones... he had seen himself, no, he had seen an expression of himself, inlaid in these bones.

Eos was confused at first, it was like a mortal archeologist excavating a million years old fossil and discovering it belonged to his father.

It only took an instant for Eos to place all the scattered facts together and realize that this touch came from his missing Incarnation.

This revealed to him that his Incarnation was not just lost in a place outside of Limbo, but also further back in time.

His age was increasing far beyond the years he had lived, and in recent times it had been accelerating to a ridiculous figure. Eos figured out that the time stream his Incarnation was in was being pushed to the present.

He also knew that the Incarnation should not be alone, and understood that his enemies were not only coming from all corners of Existence, they were also coming from the past as well, and a name entered his mind... Enoch.

Eos had fought his Abomination, and that creature, even without the full consciousness of Enoch, was a truly formidable foe, and after so long, who knew how much this being would have evolved.

Of course, Eos knew that this evolution depended on outside factors, and also burned the lifespan of this creature, which was only because it was not complete, and he wondered if Enoch's Consciousness was enough to complete the Abomination.

Enemies coming from all sides, and he would meet them all without flinching, Eos swore to the heavens and the earth, and they shuddered because they could not bear the karma of his words.

Eos did not know what his Incarnation was doing, but the message he had sent to him through the bones was eye-opening, and through it, he thought of a daring plan.

If End was cheating, then Eos was willing to do the same. Using the refinement traces he had found on these bones, and linking them with the memories of the fallen, Eos created a loop that would cycle the fallen from all over Limbo, stripping them of the touch of End that had been integrated into their Origin and pulling them into the ten thousand Origin Realms.

For this to work, he needed the power of the Origin Ouroboros and the growing Will of all life inside the Origin Realms.

Chapter 2068 The Fourth Generation (4)

Eos had allowed Serathis and Chronomancer Prime to pursue their interest, knowing they would also be serving his Will despite the direction they were going to take, but the Origin Ouroboros were very important to his plan to facilitate the creation of Primordials.

The six serpents contained varied abilities, and they were supreme beings whose bodies already crossed the threshold of Existence, and the only thing holding them back was their youth and lack of understanding of the highest laws of Existence.

Everyone could see the Origin Realms, but few could see the foundations that it was built under, because Eos had hidden them. His serpents had never stopped growing, and at this time, they had encircled the foundations of the Entirety of the Origin Realms, and they were still expanding.

Eos had shown Eva a soundless avenue paved with the names of the forgotten, and she had been distracted by this and the incredible distance they had travelled through as they crossed Limbo.

Perhaps if her senses were a bit more refined and she had taken the time to observe this passage well, she would have seen something terrifying... This entire passage was moving, and this was because the so-called ground was just one of the scales of the Origin Ouroboros Serpents!

His serpents had grown to a level that defied meaning.

Eos was not following the script of the Ancient Primordials to consume all the Essence of the shattered Realities, because what he wanted was the knowledge of every single Ancient Origin Force in Existence, and after he had acquired them all, leaving just the Origin of Time, Soul, Demon, Life, Memory, and Chaos. With the death of Asteroath, he had acquired Light, and so there were only six Ancient Origin Forces left for him to acquire to complete his path.

However, just because he did not want the Essence inside the Primordial Record did it mean he would allow it go to waste or leave it for the Ancient Primordials to claim if they won the war... that would be a foolish thing to do, and Eos despised waste, not when he had the perfect vessels, the Ouroboros Serpents.

Unlike Serathis or Chronomancer Prime, the Origin Ouroboros could get infinitely stronger the more energy and essence they consumed, and while they were in a balance with Eos's Origin Land, where they consumed his Ether and gave him Essence for the expansion of his Origin Land, this was just a stable and balanced method for Eos to grow.

If there were no wars on the horizon, Eos would have used this method of growth to reach the peak, after many billions of years, but time was not waiting for him, since End and all of his enemies were converging towards him without giving him the space to grow.

So, Eos cheated.

He had lied to his enemies that his goal was to merge with all the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, but that would take too long, and was not part of his plans, what Eos had always wanted to do, even before he made his plans to fully combined all the 10,008 Ancient Origin Forces, it was to eat the Origin Essences inside the Primordial Record.

There was a difference between merging and eating. The first would be directly adding the Origin Essence to your own, making it a part of you, and that meant this power would have to be slowly refined until it recognizes you as the owner, and the second method, which Eos wanted to do, was to consume it.

This meant the energy would be shattered and transformed into the element that was desired by the body.

Anyone would consider it a waste to feed all the essence gathered from all over Existence to the serpents, but they did not have his Origin Land, and they could never imagine that Eos would gain far more benefit consuming the Origin Essence than absorbing it.

Recall that the Origin Ouroboros had a symbiotic relationship with Eos's Origin Land, and that his Origin Land was his body.

At this time, Eos always sat down in a single spot; his appearance was weak and feeble, but only he knew how terrifying he was becoming with every moment that was passing by.

You see, Eos had created 10,008 Incarnations for his plan for his evolution in the future, but the thing was that he could not confirm that his plans had not been seen through by others.

It was daring and imaginative, but there was a chance that he could never be able to acquire all 10,008 Ancient Origin Forces in the future, and placing all his eggs in one basket had never been his style.

The Temple of End had infiltrated his Origin Realms, and there was a chance that he may have rooted all of their forces, but an aspect of them might remain, or they may have traced the path of some of his Incarnations and might have found a way to thwart his plans, but what they could never take away from him was his personal strength.

In their eyes, Eos was making a daring move, betting everything on the future, while keeping himself weak and depending on his children to defend the Origin Realms, but this was the image he wanted them all to see.

His Origin Ouroboros Serpent fed on the Ether and his Origin Land, and so this relationship might have been parasitic except for the fact that they gave him their essence in return, and with this essence, his Origin Land could grow. He had slightly reduced the amount of Land the serpents could consume, so his Origin Land was always increasing, but with the Essence of every Reality consumed by the Primordials now pouring into the stomachs of the six serpents, the essence they could produce had multiplied exponentially, and that meant Eos's Origin Land was growing exponentially!

When he fought the Abomination, his size and strength had been a great surprise to the creature, and it knew that Eos was still growing, but no one could imagine how much he had grown in one hundred million years, with all the food he desired.

Why did his enemies have to think he must reach the Primordial level before he was able to wipe them all out?

Eos was killing multiple birds with a single stone. He was getting stronger while using the scales of his serpent to filter out the names of all the fallen that resided in the essence of the shattered Realities.

It should be noted that every Reality consumed by the Primordials was tainted with the power of End, and so with the bones delivered from Circe's dream, Eos had seen the natural shape that End was supposed to take, and he used this as an inspiration to create this technique.

The scales of his serpents were unfathomable treasures, but Eos was recording all the names of the fallen upon them. In essence, he was making the scales of his serpents become the filter that would collect the power of End, leaving all the pure, untainted essence of creation behind for his serpents to devour.

This was the exchange he made to erase the power of End, and this exchange did not end here, as it was also the base for the creation of the technique that he had spread all over the Origin Realms.

Chapter 2069 A Good Start

To the Primordials and everyone else, the life emerging from all over the ten thousand Origin Realms was random and was simply an effect of the realms' powerful nurturing effects on life.

Only the few Primordials whose concept was close to the soul may suspect that there was something more happening, but their understanding was limited by what they knew.

What no one understood was that the life emerging inside the Origin Realms was not random; no, Eos was pulling them from history, cleansing their Soul Origin of the power of End, and placing them into the Origin Realms for them to be reborn.

Their names on the scales of the Ouroboros Serpents contained all the taints of End accumulated when they perished, leaving only their pure Origin remaining.

When the Ancient Primordials crushed Reality after Reality, most of the souls that were lost were gone, even their Origin, but Eos, using the bone he had discovered from Circe's dream, saw a path to retrieve all of these lives from End.

He did not fully understand this process, but he realized that this must be due to the actions of Incarnation. Eos did not know how the Incarnation did it, but somehow he must have found a way to link the souls lost inside End to him here in the present.

His Incarnation might be far from him, but they were still connected in such a profound way that only true death and obliteration could shatter that bond.

Eos did not understand what the Incarnation was doing in the past, but here in the present, he could harvest all the souls from the past and merge them into the Origin Realms.

His Origin Land, on the other hand, was still massively expanding, and Eos did not even know how strong he had become, but if the serpents' ever-expanding size was an indicator, then he should be half the size of Hundun, maybe more.

The only thing that would stall his growth was if there was not enough Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, but for now, there was nothing to fear.

His weakened appearance made the Primordials believe that Eos was paying a great price for any new Primordial that was born.

Originally, with Eos's rate of growth, he should be able to bear the weight of a hundred Primordials, but that should be over a span of billions of years as his body grew and adapted to this pressure.

Every Primordial knew that Eos was keeping them safe from the madness of Limbo, and those gave them protective instincts that were almost fanatical. They could not allow Eos to fall, even if they knew he was still stronger than all of them put together; they believed that over time, with more Primordials being created, Eos would soon not be able to even move from his position, and he would become the earth beneath their feet and the heavens above their heads.

Their purpose in life would now be to defend their Origin Land and Realms and keep them safe from the hands of the enemy.

In many ways this was that way things were supposed to play out... but Eos would never let his fate be decided by others, not even by his children.

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The 10,008 Supreme Techniques he created were simply a smokescreen for pulling on the souls of the dead through the filter of the Origin Ouroboros scales so that more life would be brought into his Origin Realms.

Of course, these Supreme Techniques were indeed Supreme, and if any one of them had been present in Eosah's Reality, it would have led to a war across all of it, as even the Primordials would have battled to learn a little of its profoundness.

So, with bloodline, location, and technique, Eos had the three things he needed for creating his New Primordials.

The first three generations of New Primordials were the gray period between when Eos was still perfecting his plans and implementing them, and now that it was mostly complete, it was time to know if everything was going according to plan.

One of the most significant hurdles for reaching the Primordial level was the Tribulation, and this came about as a result of Existence trying to balance the scales and ensuring that those who held a concept were worthy of it.

Every concept was a fundamental building block of Existence, and if someone who was not suitable for it inherited this power, then they had the possibility of reshaping Existence in a way that was unfavorable to its overall well-being.

So, Tribulation served two purposes: the first was to find the most suitable candidate, while pruning off the rest, and the second was to reclaim the resources used by that individual and disperse them back into Existence.

Every individual who reached the peak of the eighth-dimensional level had cultivated vast amounts of resources, and a single peak-level Old One often had enough power inside him to power a lesser-dimensional cluster, not even adding their personal energy stores into the equation.

If Eos were still allowing his Primordials to take the Ancient Path, then the Tribulation they faced would have been beyond his control, but because they were taking a new path and were linking with his Origin Land, he could make certain changes that would benefit any individual who was attempting to become a ninth-dimensional entity.

The first of these changes was that any individual who reached the peak of the eighth-dimensional level and felt the stirring of the concept they resonated with would no longer find a desolate spot and prepare in isolation for their eventual ascension or death.

Instead, they would be brought to the Prime Axis, where they would be placed in the Field of Elysium, a place where the core concepts of Existence were displayed in all of their wonders.

At the moment, Eos was informed that the last of the candidates for the fourth Generation of Primordials had been brought to the field of Elysium, and a strand of his consciousness travelled over to oversee everything, and when he saw the numbers of expectant candidates... he smiled.

Eos knew that not all would make it to the Primordial level, but he was already counting 645 individuals present, and this was a good start.

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Chapter 2070 The Sum of His Lives

The strand of Eos's consciousness flowed over to the Field of Elysium, but none of the 645 prospective candidates for Primordials could detect him.

He took the form of a large golden eagle and flew over the Field of Elysium, which resembled a garden that stretched across a galaxy-sized space.

For a higher-dimensional being, a space of this size was meaningless, and it could be crossed in the blink of an eye, but this place was special as a rule had been instituted upon it that banned higher dimensional travel, restricting the highest dimension here to the third dimension.

If anyone wanted to move across this garden, they would have to depend on themselves to fly through the third-dimensional space, and for Old Ones, this meant a journey of about nine hours.

The reason this garden was created was to give the Primordial Candidate a space where they could be able to understand themselves without the noise of the higher dimension intruding into their thoughts.

Many Old Ones had forgotten what it was like to be mortal, or to have the only sound in your head to be that of your own thoughts.

With power over the dimension of space, time, and memory. The minds of Old Ones were a storm, and only their powerful souls gave them the power to keep everything in place.

Inside the Field of Elysium, they could find the mysteries of Existence displayed without being covered. A pool could contain the laws of water, heat, thermodynamics, and so many other laws.

The ground they were stepping on could show them the law of creation, growth, or stability, and this was the same thing for every piece of material, organic or inorganic, that could be found in the Field of Elysium.

In this place of silence, because most of the Primordial Candidates did not bother to speak to each other, they just meditated or roamed the fields, looking for inspiration.

Because that was the main goal of this place, to inspire.

Crossing into the Primordial level meant your state was fixed forever, as you had chosen your Origin. In essence it was as if you had chosen how you wanted to be created anew... Origin... Creation.

Would your Origin be that of a stone, solid and unshaking, to become a Primordial of Unshakable Resolve, or would it flow like the waves?

In Elysium, a Primordial Candidate was given one last chance to check their heart and confirm if the path they wanted to take was truly their own. Usually, if it were, then they would gravitate to the place inside Elysium that was closely tied to their concept.

Eos had not been the one who made the Field of Elysium, although some may argue that it was he, due to the fact that the creator of this place came from his body, but he knew how to give credit to whom credit was due.

His eagle form crossed the Field of Elysium, moving faster than anything should be able to in a third dimensional space until it came to a small hut built beside a gentle flowing river.

Sitting in front of the hut and writing in a large book was a beautiful woman wearing a golden green dress, and for a fleeting moment, it was as if he was seeing his mother, Elura, but that moment passed as the woman looked up and saw him as an Eagle, and she smiled,

“Father, have you come to visit me or to see the prospective candidates?”

The eagle form shifted until it took the body of a man, although Eos made the body without any flesh, just light in the rough shape of a man.

This light form descended and sat beside his daughter, “Serathis, I primarily came to see you. It’s been a while since we last talked, and I can see you are very busy with your project. Tell me all about it... this strand of consciousness would always remain at your side.”

His bloodline that controlled luck looked at him a bit in disbelief, and then she smiled widely, “Father, I know you are extremely busy during this period. Can you afford to keep any strand of your consciousness away from your tasks?”

Eos chuckled, “Silly girl, the reason I was not with you from the beginning was to give you the opportunity to find your own path, and now that you have, then I will stay by your side for as long as you want me to. There are many things I regret in my life, places I should have been, and people that I should have spent a little more time with, so know this Serathis, I will never leave your side,” he paused, “And this strand of my consciousness being by your side would not affect the overall state of preparation.”

Serathis sniffled, threw her arms around her father, and began to cry.

Her perception was different from everyone else, seeing cause and effect, probability and luck, and despite the growth of the Origin Realms, all she could see surrounding her father was an endless tide of destruction, so massive that she could not see where it began or where it ended.

She could throw all her powers against it and burn herself to death, and still she knew nothing would change. All of this pressure was falling on one person alone, and he endured it without making a single word of complaint.

He was the one who gave to others, and yet he denied everything for himself. Why was existence so cruel?

Serathis wept, and Eos held her in his arms; his quiet strength was enough, and after a while, she pulled away from him in embarrassment and coughed,

“I am no longer a child, and I should not be crying in this manner.”

Eos smiled, “Everyone is a child in my eyes, even the Ancient Primordials; these days, they no longer seem so ancient anymore.”

Serathis looked at her father in shock and suspicion, her golden eyes squinted, and she gasped, seeing the true aura of time surrounding him, leaving her speechless for a while.

Not counting the fact that all of Eos’s Incarnation lived separate lives, and their years were being added to his own. He was also fond of stretching time and going back in time to learn from the past, and with the addition of his Incarnation that went far back in the past... the totality of years that now surrounded Eos like a shroud was deeply astonishing, since he was the only one in Existence who could become like this.

Any other immortals who had Incarnations would not be able to add the sum of their years to their main body; however, Eos’s weight of Existence was so dense that the lives of his Incarnations were deeply connected to him.

Most would not imagine that Eos was slowly becoming an Ancient monster that may soon be older than all of his enemies combined if things continued in this manner.

It was unknown if this sort of great age would have any effect at all, but Serathis could feel a sort of invisible weight growing around her father, and for a moment, she was scared.

Chapter 2071 Destiny's Anchor Formation

This fear was not of him, but for him.

Few may not understand what it means to constantly be changing and evolving who you are from the root, while still keeping a measure of your true self alive.

Her father had lived a turbulent life, and he had transformed from a mortal to a being whose true self was beyond comprehension, even to her, and she did not know how much more he could bear before it all became too much.

Yet, she knew that the best she could do to help him was to reduce the burden on his shoulder as much as possible, and for this reason, she created the Field of Elysium.

Only someone like her who could see Existence in a way that stripped away all the fluff would be able to create a place like this, and after Elysium was created, Serathis began her next project, and it was about to be completed.

“Oh, that reminds me, Father, you have not seen what I have been working on, let me show you,” she said with excitement in her eyes.

Eos smiled, “Let me guess, it is related to trees.”

Serathis paused, her eyes squinting in suspicion, and then she blushed, “Am I that obvious?”

Eos looked around the expansive garden of Elysium, filled with flowers, trees, and lazy streams, and he shrugged, “You were made from the essence of life and beauty itself... it was not such a hard guess, but Serathis, you are still a child, and with time, you shall discover more of yourself than what I placed in you.”

She rolled her eyes, “You still call me a child when I am hundreds of millions of years old.”

Eos flicked her forehead, “Even at a trillion, you will remain a child in my eyes,” then he smiled, “At least, not until the day you get married.”

Serathis’ eyes widened, and then she gagged, before she frowned, her mouth opened to dispute his statement, then a naughty look entered her eyes, “Ok, I will get married, Father, but I will only do that if you do.”

Coughing, Eos looked at the book in her hands, “So, show me what you have been working on. You made Elysium nearly twenty million years ago, and since that time, you have hardly moved from this place. Whatever you are working on must be truly special.”

Serathis beamed, and her eyes glowed like stars, the teasing of her father forgotten as she got excited to show him what she had been working on. She knew that Chronomanver Prime constantly went to their father for advice, and many times, as she worked, she wanted to do the same, but what held her back was the look of surprise and happiness she knew she would see in his eyes when she finished her project, and this made her push ahead.

Without the aid of her father, Serathis went for the next best thing, his Archai and that annoying Primordial Serene Ascension.

When Eos had mentioned marriage, Serathis could not help but think about this Primordial who always seemed to forget himself when he was in her presence. To

Serathis, it was not flattering, just annoying, and although she did not dislike the Primordial, especially when he was a great help to her, the idea of being with someone except to stay by the side of her father repulsed her.

Pairing and partnership were mortal concepts that had no sway over her, as she was not born a mortal, and the idea of passing along her genes or finding a partner was alien to her nature.

With her father's mortal roots that he still decided to keep, it was expected that sometimes he thought about partnership, but Serathis abhorred the concept. Although she was not as arrogant as Prime, even the bloodlines of the Primordials did not attract her attention.

Pushing all of these random thoughts away from her head, Serathis showed her father the "book" she was holding. Made from her essence, it was a pathway to her mind and power, and if she were to give a Primordial this book, or even a mortal, they would be able to wield a portion of her power.

"I had this idea even before the creation of the Field of Elysium, but I could not go along with it because I did not have enough data on hand, so I created the Field of Elysium as a buffer during this period, and I have had the chance to research and perfect this work."

Eos was silent as his eyes went through what Serathis was proposing, and slowly his eyes began to light up. Even with his powerful consciousness, even though it was just a single strand, it took Eos almost three years to go through the complex arrangements she had made.

If he had wanted, he could have poured more of his consciousness into this strand so he could finish going through Serathis project much more quickly, but she was eager to point out details that he was not comprehending quickly enough, and noticing her excitement, Eos no longer looked at this as a project he wanted to go through but as a chance to spend time with Serathis.

He had many regrets in life, and one of them was always rushing towards the next fight and not spending enough time with the people he loved, when they were part of the reason he was fighting in the first place.

So eager he was to win that he had forgotten how to live. After three years and a lot of talk and laughter, Eos finished comprehending the project Serathis had been working on, and he could not help but sigh in amazement. "This... is fascinating," he murmured, "You have solved a problem that I had brushed aside as a normal price for reaching the level of a Primordial." Turning to look at her, he laughed, "With this creation, is it possible that someday in the distant future, there would be a time when everyone could become Primordials?"

Serathis rolled her eyes in happiness, “You know that is not possible, Father. This might ease the burden, but it would not take the place of talent or effort.” “Still, I can be assured that there would be more Primordials being born before the battle begins. Have you thought about name for this creation, Serathis?” “You know, I have not even thought about it to that extent, let me see... it is a formation that would ensure a Primordial Candidate survive, even if they failed their tribulation, let us call it... the Destiny Anchor Formation.”

Eos paused, the name of this formation teasing his mind and bringing forth old memories.

“That is a good name... Destiny’s Anchor. So this means you are pursuing the fifth layer of Destiny, Serathis?”

She nodded with seriousness flashing in her eyes, “Prime may be stubborn, but he has a point. After a certain point, our abilities become useless to you, Father, and unless we push past the limit of what we are capable of, we would be left behind.” She smiled, “But unlike him, I see no reason why I cannot be helping you when pursuing the limits of Destiny... this path, I alone can take, as no Primordial can walk this road, at least, that Primordial is yet to be born.”

Chapter 2072 Playing With Destiny

A Primordial Candidate goes through two major Tribulations before they are worthy to become Primordials, and the first was internal, where they validated their understanding of the Origin.

Usually, the Tribulation took the form of Judges, sentient constructs of the Origin, and they would test the candidate on their understanding of the Origin they wanted to embody, and if the candidates were astute enough to pass this test, the next test would come from Existence itself, where it would send down cleansing lightning to eradicate the candidate.

This lightning was the final test of the candidate’s compatibility with the Concept, and if they would not properly wield the power to defend themselves, they would be eradicated, and the Concept would return to Existence.

If this were the process for reaching Primordial, then how could the Ancient Primordials and the Temple of End create many abnormal creatures with the strength of Primordials? Well, for one, they did not care about the casualties in this process, and because the Primordials they were creating were

mass-produced using a small number of concepts, they understood nearly all the mysteries about this concept.

It was also worthy to note that with the proliferation of the power of End inside Existence, it had been able to dull the power of the lightning Tribulation that was sent down by Existence.

If the Primordials being created by the Ancient Primordials were to face the full force of the lightning tribulation, only a tiny fraction of them would survive, and End did not desire something like this, because the cleansed power of the dead Primordials would feed the foundations of Existence.

They were exchanging quantity for quality, and in any other instance, this would be a bad bet, but the Ancient Primordials had access to so much power that they could transform quantity into quality.

A thousand weak Primordials were a joke, a million weak Primordials were a cause for concern, a billion weak Primordials were a disaster that could destroy the Origin Realms a thousand times over.

Of course, no one expects a billion Primordials from the enemy, but that was the problem; no one knew what to truly expect.

All these old monsters had depths that could not be seen, even if all eternity was given to discover them, and there could always be hidden details that could be missed. This was the greatest disadvantage of fighting with these Ancient monsters because their means always seem to be infinite.

However, in the Origin Realms, the trial to reach Primordial was slightly different. The first obvious difference was that every Primordial born inside the Origin Realms was unique, at least at the beginning.

Eos expected that in the future, a Primordial on the fourth layer of his concept could teach his followers under him, the core secrets of his concept, so they could also be Primordials of the same concept, except they would have to endure never being able to touch the deeper layers of this concept.

Still, becoming a Primordial was the dream of all life in Existence, and the majority would never reach this level, given a million lifetimes to try. Having unique concepts that were not tied to Existence meant that every Primordial would have to face a unique Tribulation that could not be known in advance, and Eos speculated that these Tribulations were tied to the personal experience of each Primordial Candidate, meaning it was impossible for him to help them if he wanted.

If a Primordial Candidate failed the Internal Tribulation, there was a slight chance of survival, but the majority would perish at this stage. For those that survive, there was a chance they could try again to push for the Primordial level, but this chance was slim.

The second test was the Lightning Tribulation that was sent by Existence, but in the case of the New Primordials, they had no relationship with Existence; their foundation was rooted inside Eos's Origin Land, and it meant it was up to Eos to give them their Tribulation.

However, Eos did not view Tribulations as a chance to strike down the unworthy and collect their powers so it could be added to his Origin Land. This was a lesser path, and he would only take it if he was in some way inferior to the Primordials he was helping to create.

Instead, Eos saw the Lightning Tribulation as a chance to temper the newly birthed Primordial.

He would give the Primordials as many lightning strikes as they could handle, and he would do it in such a measured way that as the Primordial was adapting to the Lightning strikes, he would increase the intensity until they could fully master their powers, and then he would stop!

Using this process, some talented Primordials had been able to conquer multiple layers of their Origin in a single sitting.

This was where the Field of Elysium came into the picture. Before Eos, most Primordials could only begin exploring the deeper layers of their Origin when they became Primordials, but Eos had begun to explore these layers even before he became a Primordial.

Obviously, he had several advantages that an average Primordial Candidate would not have, and this was what Serathis sought to duplicate with the Field

of Elysium.

A Primordial Candidate who finds the place that resonates with their Origin would sit, meditate, and learn from this spot. Without the distraction of other dimensions, they would be focused only on their concept, and many had been able to see deeper layers of their concepts using this method.

Most of the time, these discoveries and understanding of the deeper layers of their concepts could not be fully understood because the candidates were still Old Ones, but it greatly helped them during their Internal Tribulation, providing invaluable insights that could not be found unless the candidate had spent a ridiculous amount of years on their concept, and the Lightning Tribulation would temper and solidify their understanding of their Origin.

The Field of Elysium was a success, multiplying the rate by which new Primordials could be born, but for Serathis, it was not enough.

Even with all the advantages that the Field of Elysium gave to the Primordial candidates, there were some that still fell short during the Internal Tribulation, and they perished. In the last hundred million years, five Primordial Candidates perished, and because they were dealing with Origin, Eos could not resurrect

them.

Only if they could pass the first Internal Tribulation could they root themselves in his Origin Land, and the lightning Tribulation began the moment they started rooting their Origin Force inside his realm.

Every fallen Primordial was a blow to Eos, and was the ultimate risk to determine who would be able to become the most powerful being in Existence, and he had always seen this as a fair price... however, Serathis disagreed.

Everything could be changed to favor the good of a person, and Fate and Destiny were not fixed. She was born to change luck and destinies, and the way

she saw life was always different.

She knew that if she wanted to interfere with Origin, she had to go beyond the limit of what Destiny, a ninth-dimensional concept, would allow, and the creation of Destiny's Anchor Formation was a result of this belief.

If a candidate were to fail their Tribulation, this Formation would deceive their

Origin, making them believe that the Candidate had perished. In this manner, they could go back and try again and again.

She was playing with Destiny, and these candidates were her pawns.

Chapter 2073 All of Existence Hold Their Breath

The strand of Eos's consciousness and Serathis went over the formation she made, and with Eos's understanding of the Primordial's tribulation, he corrected some of the mistakes and the oversights that she had missed.

Still, the corrections were minor as Serathis had used great pains to ensure that the formation was as perfect as she could make it.

Their discussions and the minor corrections they made to the formation took over tens of thousands of years, and in that time, three more Primordial Candidates joined at the last

minute, and so the collective date for ascension was pushed forward for another ten thousand years.

For mortals and lesser immortals, ten thousand years was a long time, nearly forever to them, but to beings like Eosah and Serathis, it was a blink of an eye.

This was the funny thing about age... the more you live, the shorter the years become.

A man who has lived for fifty years believes that this is a long time, but a man who has lived for fifty thousand years sees fifty years as a blink of an eye. How could you categorize someone like Eos, who had lived longer than universes?

The man he was had been lost in the distant past, and only his perfect memories kept those moments alive.

Serathis had shown this strand of Eos's consciousness the Destiny's Anchor Formation, and his main body had been creating this formation all through the Origin Realms.

This job was taken on by the Archai, who at the moment were his eyes, ears, and hands. They moved through the Origin Realms like ghosts, and they made massive, complex formation nodes and lines that linked those nodes, using the purest essence of Destiny that they could find, and all of that was coming from Serathis.

If anyone had seen the consciousness of Eos and Serathis talking in the small hut beside the river, they would have seen Serathis holding her hand over the river with a deep wound on her wrist.

Her blood was the ink needed to craft a formation diagram that would transcend dimensions and link all the Origin Realms. Even after bleeding enough blood to fill an ocean, it was not enough, and she would have to continue to bleed for at least three thousand more years until it was over.

It was a good thing that she was immortal and could recover from this loss even as it was happening, and being linked to Eos, she did not fear ever running out of essence when she could steal from her father's virtually unlimited storehouse.

The years passed by, and on the day for the fourth generation of Primordials to be born, the entirety of the Origin Realms was tense. Primordials patrolled the borders, and if there was no urgent reason for anyone to move, they were forbidden to do so.

Before this day, there had only been four Primordials who ascended on the same day, but with all the preparation that had been made, hundreds of Primordials would be born on this day.

The birth of a single Primordial would cause ripples across all the Origin Realms, as the heavens would change their color and the earth would rejoice; even the smallest planet,

inside a far-flung universe, would feel the changes across Existence when a single Primordial was born. What would happen when hundreds of Primordials were about to be born?

At this moment, all the Primordial Candidates were in the Field of Serathis, and they had readied themselves for this moment; some were sitting with their legs crossed, meditating until the final moment, others were standing, or walking around, and there were some who were even in communication with their families and friends until the last moment.

Suddenly, there was a loud cracking sound, and the heavens above opened. A massive golden eye that was bigger than Existence and yet still small enough to fit through the crack peered at the Primordial Candidates, and all of them fell to their knees and bowed to the Grand Creator.

The eye blinked, and it showed them the passage to the Origin Land, a place that only Primordials were worthy to enter, and even then, it was only once, and that was when they seeded their Origin Force and finally became fully fledged Primordials.

“My children... I await your ascension. The Origin Realms awaits its new champions.”

Eos’s voice had a weight that could not be described, and in the heart of every Primordial Candidate, burned a flame that could not be easily quenched, not even by death. None of them knew that failing their ascension would not lead to their death; Eos had kept back this knowledge.

There was a reason soldiers burned their boats behind them when they reached the enemy shores. If these Primordial Candidates knew that they would have a chance to step back, some of them would falter.

It was better to enter the trials the first time, believing that it would be your last, because if they failed and survived the first trial, it would take a long time for them to regain their previous state and attempt the trials again.

In a perfect world, there was nothing wrong with taking all the time that was needed before trying again, but a war was coming, and Eos needed as many soldiers as he could get.

With this announcement, the final barrier was released, and every Primordial Candidate was free to return to the place they wanted to take their Tribulation, because no Tribulation could be taken on the Field of Elysium; this was to prevent any stray Origin Force from shattering the complex arrangement that was made here.

The Destiny’s Anchor Formation had already been spread all over the Origin Realms, and they could enjoy the benefit as long as they were inside the ten thousand realms.

Most of these candidates returned to the sites they had laid down for their ascension, and they shut the doors behind them, and as hundreds of Primordial Candidates entered their individual mental space, a profound hush cut across the entirety of the Origin Realms, almost as if all of Existence held its breath.

Six hundred and forty-eight hearts, hidden across ten thousand Origin Realms, beat as one.

Chapter 2074 All Realms Rejoice At Your Birth

The Internal Tribulation of the Primordials could take as long as a single day or a trillion years, but all of that time would only happen inside their mental space, in the outside world, barely a few seconds would pass, and so it was easy to determine how many Primordial Candidate had succeeded in their first try... it was all of them!

Perhaps, Origin itself recognized that its end was coming and so it opened its gates wide open so the Primordials could easily learn from it...

Perhaps it was the knowledge that the greatest war that would ever be fought, from the beginning of existence until its end was about to begin, and if they were not Primordials, they could not stand at the front of the line...

Perhaps it was the love they had gained for the ten thousand Origin Realms that they knew they had to protect because there was nothing else out there. They had looked out into Limbo and seen nothing but despair and madness, and their only home, the only salvation they could have, was defending their heavens and their earth...

There could be so many reasons why none of the fourth Primordials had faltered and conquered their Internal Tribulation, but they did, and the laughter of Eos could be heard, touching the hearts of all life inside the Origin Realm.

But this was just the beginning.

The next was the Lightning Tribulation, and although most of the lifeforms inside the Origin Realm could not see it, they could feel it.

That feeling was like a thrum that began not in the heavens or the earth, but somewhere deeper, the very marrow of existence itself.

It was the voice of Eos, and it came as a low, resonant frequency that vibrated through the bones of every living thing.

In the lowliest mortal worlds, mortals looked up from their fields, feeling a warmth in their chests they could not name.

In the middle realms, lesser immortals watched their most intricate spells unravel from sheer irrelevance as if the cosmic arithmetic had found a larger sum to calculate.

The birth of Primordials shifted Existence in ways that could not be understood by lesser immortals, and they were feeling how that would play out.

Then, as suddenly as it began, the Lightning Tribulation was over, and in the high heavens, the established Primordials paused.

Telmus, Eva, Thenos, Sheba... some of them had been slumbering in the void between breaths and opened their eyes.

Those who tended the gardens of causality set down their tools. Those who had forgotten they once were candidates felt a phantom ache in long-dormant cores.

They knew what this was and remembered what it was like to grasp their Origin for the first time; it was an experience that could not be told, it could only be felt.

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Every time a Primordial was born, the Origin Land of Eos opened for a brief moment and connected to the Origin Realms.

However, because of the number of Primordials that were born on this day, the gate of the Origin Land was opened for an extended amount of time, and its Aura that was as fleeting as light yet heavier than a mountain washed over the Origin Realms, and countless knees fell to the earth.

The Light of the Origin Land fell on a massive mountain called the Mountain of Transcendence inside the Prime Axis, and the stone of the eternal mountain began to glow with heat, revealing veins of molten possibilities spreading like roots.

Six hundred and forty-eight figures emerged from the light.

After experiencing ascension, their Origin bodies were still being created, and so they resembled silhouettes against a cosmic background, because their existence was a contradiction; every Primordial had an infinite size yet still wore the shape of men.

Their forms shifted, a moment they were beings of impossible geometry, then they took a mortal shape.

Only the established Primordials could look at them at the moment, as an Old One would go insane due to the fact that the appearances of the new Primordials were shifting so fast that their perception could not adjust to it, and as the light of the Origin Land vanished, the shapes of the Primordials settled into shapes that were both ancient and newborn.

Depending on their concept, one wore the skin of a thousand extinct stars, another bled constellations from palms that had not yet learned to close.

Another newly born Primordial wept, and her tears became the first freshwater springs of a realm that had known only salt.

Beside her, a Primordial was laughing, and his laughter rewrote the laws of probability in seventeen neighboring dimensions.

They were young and terrified, triumphant and hungry... they had reached for the stars and discovered they became the universe that held the stars. Then, as they fully stepped into the Prime Axis, massive shockwaves erupted from their bodies, and the entirety of the central Origin Realm shook. This shockwave traveled beyond the Prime Axis and reached all ten thousand Origin Realms, and in this instant, every mountain in every realm shivered. Every abyss deepened by a handspan. Every horizon pushed forward, as if reality itself was expanding its lungs to breathe the new air.

In every realm, golden rain began to fall as the condensed essence of so many new Primordials was added to the foundations of the Origin Realms.

These were drops of pure potential that sizzled where they touched the ground, each one blooming into momentary flowers of new physics before dissolving.

In desolate wastelands, the rain carved rivers of mercury. In dead stars, their cores ignited with violet fire. In the forgotten spaces between realities, where nothing had ever lived, something stirred... even the dimensions were singing. Each realm had its own voice, a different key, a different tempo, and they sang to the Primordials.

Six hundred and forty-eight melodies. Six hundred and forty-eight distinct signatures, each one a Primordial Candidate completing their final metamorphosis.

And yet the song was one.

Such massive changes were intruding on the realms and domains of the established Primordials, but none of them made any move to restrict these changes, because none of them could.

At the moment, the light of Eos was touching all the newly born Primordials, and for this moment-this single, trembling heartbeat-the ten thousand Origin

Realms belonged to the newborns.

After a while, the shaking of the realms stopped, and there was silence.

Six hundred and forty-eight Primordials stood upon the peak before them stretched the Origin Realms.

Many of them were asking various questions in their minds. What would they build? What would they break? What stories would they become?

Behind them, the mountain cooled, and they turned and bowed towards the Central Pivot. As Primordials, they could now see the body of Eos, sitting on a

throne of stone, and it was he they bowed to.

“Welcome, my children,” his voice entered their hearts, “Today you become Primordials, and all realms rejoice at your birth.”

After saying this, the doors of the Primordial Hall were opened, and within

them were sixty thrones, and now, more thrones were being rapidly added to the hall until there were 708 thrones.

Chapter 2075 The Transformation of The Ancient Primordials

At the birthplace of the Ancient Primordials, in this bleak realm where no proper light of Origin had shone for a long time, madness and calamity accumulated in numbers that were beyond reason.

They might have been bound by madness for a long time, but that did not just harm them; it also showed them a path to power and strength that few would ever understand.

The strength of the Ancient Primordials did not fall; even with a single Origin under their belt, it was the opposite that was happening... they were getting stronger.

The Primordials were the children of Enoch, and in that sense, like Eos, they shared the talents of the Luminous. However, because they had been bound by madness, they never had the chance to fully explore their capabilities and grow in a manner outside their father’s control, but in the last hundred million years, the creation of their endless armies was not the only progress they had made; their understanding of their Origin had shot up as well.

The creation of the Origin Realms had revealed one of their greatest weaknesses, and that was that they were stagnant pools. A mere Incarnation of Eos had been able to break the boundaries of Existence and reach for the fifth level of an Origin Force, and yet, they, the Rulers of Origin, could not even fathom that there was a layer greater than the fourth.

Existence was expanding, and Limbo was shrinking. What they thought was the peak of power had been adjusted, and if they wanted to retake their thrones, they would have to shatter all the filth and the userpers who thought their time was over.

Still, the moment that the Origin Realms welcomed the birth of the fourth generation of Primordials, the Ancient Primordials felt it.

Their Origin may be corrupted, and they were falling from Origin's Light, but it did not change the fact that the weight of their lives was truly stupendous.

Like vast mountain ranges that spread across creation, even if their skin had become numb, their massive bodies could still detect the changes in the flow of Origin, and this shook them from their apathy.

Eos's plans were not hidden from their eyes, as they had seen the direction he was heading towards when they had consumed Telmus and saw his weird Origin of Defiant Ascension.

This was a new power, and while it was possible that it could lead to something spectacular in the future, the Ancient Primordials did not see it as a viable path in the long run. Perhaps if Eos was given a hundred million Cosmic Eras, then with his genius, this new path he was creating would actually lead to a new branch in Origin that would be equally as powerful as the ancient path, but a hundred million cosmic eras had not passed, just a hundred million year, a blink of an eye, and already, this new path was beginning to mature.

The six Ancient Primordials sat on hollowed husks of dimensions and watched as the countless beings of slaughter and madness they were creating grew and multiplied. Their bodies were also changing, although this process was slow; however, with the growing understanding of their capabilities, this process was unstoppable.

This transformation of their bodies made their forms unstable, like the New Primordials who had just emerged from Eos's Origin Land; however, the Ancient Primordials bled entropy, as their edges dissolved into the void like the memories of a forgotten tongue. Transformation was a painful process, and what the Ancient Primordials were doing was as transformative as an Old One ascending to become a Primordial.

These six had consumed so many similar Origins that even for them, it was hard to know exactly how much Origin they had inside of them. However, the battle with Death and the loss of their brother, Primordial Light, had shown them the truth.

While they could bully those who were weaker than them, if they faced an opponent that had similar strength to their own, they would be crushed.

Asteroath's last words still haunted them, "I... I do not understand."

Now, they understood, they would be foolish not to grow from that battle with Death, who had unknowingly shown the Ancient Primordials a path to power that they had not been aware of.

You see, Death had mocked them that while they were trying to hunt for more Origin Forces, it was doing the opposite, it was going for only the Origin that was the same as its own.

Just the fact that Death could accumulate more Origin Force in its body was abnormal, and the loss of Asteroath threw them off, but after a while, the Ancient Primordials had analyzed that final battle and saw that some things did not line up.

Death had claimed that the Primordials were making a mistake, and it had also proven it, but it seemed to have ignored the fact that every Primordial there had accumulated more similar Origin Force than it ever could.

The Origin Force of Death was a singular Force in the entirety of Existence, and no matter how deep into the shattered past it reached its claws, the number of Origin Forces of Death it could accumulate would not reach a third of what the Ancient Primordials would be able to gather by destroying Realities.

However, it had been able to win because it did something that the Ancient Primordials were not doing... it had fully absorbed all the powers of Death it had consumed.

While the Ancient Primordials were consuming Realities, the act had been an unconscious one, born from a mind consumed by madness and hunger, and they never tried to understand everything that their Origin was capable of.

The lesson Death had shown them was that attacking the Beast immediately after regaining freedom was a mistake. They could have digested their powers like it had done, and if only they had done that, then Death would have fallen to them with ease.

It was this mistake that the Ancient Primordials were now correcting, but on the surface, they were creating armies that would be sent against the Origin Realms, and now and then, they would release a few quadrillion of the weakest members of the horde against the Origin Realms to harass the defenders and learn more about their defenses.

Every day, their powers grew as more of their Origin Forces were crushed and assimilated, and their bodies always seemed to be in a state of endless advancement.

However, there was one individual among their number who was feeling unhappy with these advancements, and it was Nyxara.

The Previous arrangements she had made with Eos were breaking down before her eyes due to the fact that, as her siblings were getting stronger, the same weaknesses they had when they fought against Death had long vanished.

Nyxara had come to the terms that she wanted to eat her siblings, and she did not care if their individual power could be of aid to her. This had always been the plan from the beginning, and with every passing day, the difficulty of that plan grew harder.

It also did not help that inside her heart was the stabbing blade of Mercy, which made her flinch anytime she thought of killing her siblings.

“Eos, you damned bastard... when do you want to make a move? It seems that I have to be the one to push this battle forward.”

Chapter 2076 Can He Get Stronger

“Do you all feel that?” Xyris, Primordial Time, spoke slowly. His appearance was fuzzy as his words decayed as they left his lips, “Eos little experiment seems to be gaining momentum... hundreds of Primordials in a single day, and he is not drawing from the power of Existence or using any of the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record.”

“Bold but foolish,” Eldrithor, Primordial Demon, grinned, his entire body transforming into a gigantic mouth that was stretched too far and contained too many teeth and a gum that bled blood and disease.

His form transformed back to a shifting chaos of flesh and shadow, as he rose from his throne of desolation and walked to the edge, overlooking the growing army, especially the massive monstrosities that were bigger than universes and had the power of Primordials. “He creates hundreds, but we create millions. I don’t care what promise these new creations have; they shall all be crushed to dust.”

“I agree with you,” Xylos, Primordial Demon, spoke out, and Eldrithor looked back at him with a bit of surprise in his eyes. He gave his brother a small bow, but Xylos looked away and continued speaking, not acknowledging Eldrithor, but Primordial Chaos did not seem to care; he just returned to his throne of chaos.

“This amount of development is unexpected, but the curve of power would grow too slowly for Eos to ever catch up with us using his subordinates, but we should not be concerned with these New Primordials, when our every thought should be geared towards him. There are many Primordials, but there is only one Eos, and he is the most terrible of enemies.”

Vorthas, Primordial Life chuckled, “A part of his essence comes from my domain, and the deeper I understand the concept of Life, the more I have come to realize how much a miracle that child is, but this is still troubling, and we should not disregard it out of hand, hundreds of new ninth dimensional entities in a hundred million years without pulling any resources from Existence is ridiculous... Are the ten thousand Origin Realms that fertile?”

Elgorath shrugged at that question, “I could have answered that question if there was ever a realm like that in Existence, but everything has changed, and they are new... There is nothing to learn from the past. Still, we shall get answers the moment we start pushing more of our hordes towards those realms, but that is another matter for the future.”

Nyxara frowned, the irritation in her heart growing, “You know, in a world that just ended, there is a quirky proverb by the natives, and it says that he who peels nuts for a blind man must keep whistling to prove that he is not eating them.”

The rest of the Primordials blinked and looked at her in confusion, and she sighed, “Eos’s character is closest to my own, and the things he wants us to see as nothing should be what we are focusing on. His new creations do not seem important, but they could be the lynchpin for the battle ahead, and it deserves more interest from us than what we are giving.”

Vorthas frowned, “If we are using your analogy, then I believe the fact that we cannot detect a rapid growth in Eos’s strength from absorbing the Origin Force and Essence in the Primordial Record is the greatest cause for concern than whatever minor thrash he can elevate to the level of Primordials.”

When the Ancient Primordials had proclaimed that Eos needed billions of years to absorb the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, they had been correct, and this revelation was the essential catalyst for the Agreement that was created for this battle; however, what no other party knew was that the Ancient Primordials could sense if the power of Eos’s Origin was growing.

Unlike the new Primordials who were walking on an entirely new branch of Origin, Eos seemed to be determined to follow the same path as the Ancient Primordials, and if he had began to absorb the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, they would be able to feel it, and in that way, they would be able to precisely judge how strong Eos was becoming.

However, from the moment he entered the Origin Realms, Eos seemed to have transformed into a turtle. He was not even a Primordial at the moment, and this was worrying.

What was feared was not a man with unlimited appetites; the truly scary man was the one whose appetites were unknown.

Xyris nodded, “I agree with him, my sister, Eos still remains an Old One, and despite his powers, does he believe he can make a worthy difference by not climbing to this stage? We all know what it means that he is still choosing to remain an Old One even after all this time.”

“I think he believes that he can still grow stronger even as an Old One,” Eldrithor burst into laughter, and he soon went silent when he whispered again to himself in slight disbelief, “Does he think he can still grow stronger... has he not reached his limit?”

His memories returned to the moment when Eos had killed his Incarnation inside Oblivion, and he shivered. The memories of running for his life on a dead shore as Eos silently stalked him from behind were a memory that was so potent that it had crossed through the deathly memories of his Incarnation and reached him.

He looked up to see the worried looks crossing the faces of the Primordials, and he asked, “If he is not thinking of becoming a Primordial anytime soon, what is the path he is choosing to grow?”

“The answer is right in front of our eyes,” Nyxara smiled, “Eos’s heritage is not just that of the Primordials; are we forgetting that he is also a Reality unto himself? Perhaps he has given up on becoming a Primordial and seeks to improve his strength by being the bearer of the flames of Origin. It is plain that he hates our branch of Origin and wants to create a new one. Don’t you see what is happening? Before our eyes, he is creating a new foundation that would toss out the old, because he no longer trusts the power already in place.”

“If I remember correctly, you are the cause of that,” Xylos grinned, “You broke his mind... I can still remember his face when we were freed, hahahaha, it was one of the most shocked expressions I have ever seen. I think you traumatized him so badly that he does not want to become a Primordial anymore and wishes to use others to grow his power.”

Elgorath sneered in disdain, “Surely that cannot be the case. If he chooses this path, his growth may be unprecedented, but it would be too slow. How can he hold his Primordials safe with the oncoming war and the descent of our fury?”

“Does it matter?” Nyxara chuckled, “What matters is that we snuff out his hope before they have time to fruit.” she paused, “I suggest we make a surprise attack at his Origin Realms, and find a way to kill some of his new children.”

Chapter 2077 Finishing The Battle

Nyxara’s words drew silence from the other Primordials. While her views on this matter were not unexpected, the conclusion she had just come up with was not seen as the best way forward, and the rest looked at themselves, and a silent agreement was passed between them. No, they were not going to attack Eos’ children.

Xyris coughed, “Sister, we have discovered part of Eos’s plans, but would it not be unwise if we alert him to this so early on? You do not tell your enemy when he is making a mistake. If we kill part of his children now, he would never let them leave the Origin Realms, and so we have wasted a perfect opportunity.”

“I do not agree with your words, Xyris,” Nyxara countered, “Think about it, we know that Eos is planning to expand his foundation as a Reality, and these Primordials are the key to his rise, any amount we kill now will only further weaken and slow him down.”

“Boom!” Xylos slammed his hand on the edge of his throne of darkness, sending a shockwave that travelled through this corrupted dimension, as he growled, “Enough of this, Nyxara. I will tell you what Xyris is so cowardly to speak of. We have fought Eos many times using different approaches, and we know his weakness and what hurts him the most. You know, more than any of us, that his greatest weakness is his children. Why would we want to help him get rid of that weakness?”

Nyxara sneered, “Tell me, Demon, are you afraid of him?”

“I would be a fool not to,” Xylos replied coldly, “I would be even more foolish if I break our clear advantage for something that would only lead to chaos we do not desire.”

“As much as I hate to say this,” Vorthas spoke up, “Xylos is right. Right now, Eos has accumulated fewer than a thousand Primordials, while we have gathered millions. In no way is that not an advantage to us. You should also realize that while the Origin Realms have given Eos time to plan and strategize, we also have the same opportunity, and are we not benefiting from it even at the moment?”

Vorthas held up his hand that was shimmering like a living cathedral of green, and massive green eyes stared at his hand in fascination, “I never knew how many secrets were buried in our bodies. Look how strong we are becoming with every passing day. If we knew this secret, Asteroath would never have fallen, or we would have needed to ally ourselves with that damned Beast.”

Eldrithor suddenly chuckled, “Our dear sister, you seem to have forgotten that on the day Eos created that Agreement, it was not necessarily in fear of us, but for the safety of his children. A hundred million years ago, except for your sister, who was stronger with the essence of Asteroath running through your veins, which of us here could have been able to resist him? He may not have been able to kill us all, but most of us would have died at his hands, and you know this is the truth. His heart is his greatest weakness, and if you strike it down, he shall retaliate, and most of here will perish.”

“We should wait,” Elgorath agreed, “We get stronger while he grows weaker. He has chosen his cross, so let him bear it. Why should we lighten the burden on his shoulders? When our armies are ready, and their number covers the entirety of Limbo, we shall attack his petty Origin Realms, and we shall break them. He shall hear the cries of his

children as they are torn limb from limb, and in his pain and madness, he shall attack, and we shall take him apart.”

Nyxara gritted her teeth in anger, and in her heart, she was swearing, ‘I want you to die... I want you all to die! Who says I want your help dealing with a pesky insect like Eos? He has his uses, and all of you should obediently serve your own. Your essence should belong to me; none of you deserves this power!’

Outwardly, she smiled although it looked more like a grimace, “I can see the wisdom in all of your words, but I still fear that we are making a mistake allowing Eos the chance to build his foundation. This man, from the dawn of Existence, there has never been anyone like him, nor will there ever be anyone like him again.” She bowed her head, “There is no shame in fearing him.”

The silence in this corrupted dimension was long, as the Masters of Origin felt the true weight of a man that was not even a Primordial hanging on their throat.

“Do you know what we should do?” Eldrithor unexpectedly whispered, “We should kill that damned Beast. A hundred million years ago, he killed our brother, and he must be doing the same as us, absorbing the power of Death from the past. We cannot let him get stronger, and his Origin Essence could feed us before we get to Eos.”

Nyxara vibrated in her throne, and her eyes lit up. The last battle they had fought had been a mistake; they had been fresh from the hold of madness, and they could never have connected the Beast of Final Rest with the Temple of End.

This oversight had led to the loss of their brother, but now, the Primordials were exponentially stronger than they had been a hundred million years ago, and while she could not eat her brothers yet, the Beast would be a nice supplement to her desires.

Like her brothers, the Beast held multiple Origins inside its body, and this was a perfect criterion that fit her hunger; if she could fuse with the power of Death, then the chance that she would need Eos’s intervention was reduced.

She looked up and saw the eyes of her siblings shining, for once they were in perfect accord, and the Ancient Primordials rapidly made final preparations, and three thousand years later, they borrowed the power of death that surrounded this corrupted dimension and slipped into the realm of the Beast.

None of them could see beyond the edge of the ninth dimension, where a large bloody mouth that represented extinction and the end of all things remained and was smiling.

Many things had changed in a hundred million years, and End was pushing itself more into Existence,

This force saw that the Ancient Primordials were on an unstoppable path to clash with the Beast, and then, as if remembering something, it turned towards the Origin Land.

At the Central Axis, deep in the Prime Axis, Eos suddenly looked up.

Chapter 2078 The Silence Has Weight

The Ten Thousand Origin Realms hung suspended in the center of Limbo like fragile lanterns in an endless night. With the changes sweeping Existence, the power of Limbo had begun to contract, and at the center of it was the Origin Realms. Except for Primordials at the fourth layer of their Origin, who could barely sense this force, no others could.

And this was because Eos had been deliberately hiding the heavens from even the Primordials, because the power of End was so total and corrupting that if they came in contact with it, they would be corrupted, and chaos and destruction would spread all across his realms.

There would be no need for armies or Primordials to attack the Origin Realms, the knowledge that a sentient force of Extinction was enough to destroy all of his children, because Eos knew that End offered more than the end of all things; it gave power, but that power had a great price that could not be understood until it was too late.

Enoch, a Luminous, arguably the most powerful Luminous to be born, had fallen to the power of End. What could mere mortals do?

So with the intervention of Eos, the defiant light of the Origin Realms still burned steadily, and even the overwhelming power of extinction that surrounded it could not dim its light; it was almost as if it was feeding the light of Origin.

However, on this day Eos sensed something different... something had arrived over his Origin Realms.

It did not descend. Descent implies direction, mass, and intent. This presence simply was.

Eos's eyes tightened when he sensed the power of End for the first time, and he closed his eyes so that he could capture all of its flavors.

To his senses, it was like the thickening of absence that settled like an oil slick on still water. No sound accompanied its arrival, no ripple in the void, no shadow cast by absent light. In a fraction of a moment, Eos's eyes flew open when he confirmed that his senses had not deceived him. He pressed his hands over his beating heart, and he caught the sound of his heartbeat in his palm, and he released it.

This sound instantly travelled all throughout the Origin Realms, and the beautiful aurora that framed the boundary between the Origin Realms and the outer desolation of Limbo simply stopped moving.

Colors froze mid-shimmer, then bled slowly toward gray. Everything took the shade of black and white, leaving only Eos in colors. He had not just frozen the entire Origin Realms in time and space, but in all nine dimensions.

This unique application of Origin was only possible because at the moment, Eos controlled nearly a thousand new concepts of Origin, and he could make miracles, still, he hoped that this miracles would be enough, because... End had come.

With this awareness that this force had descended into Existence, knowledge began to pour into Eos's mind, and even though he knew that this was corruption, he had to accept this knowledge, else he would not be able to comprehend what was happening.

End did not have a form, nor a voice; he could not even sense any pressure. That was the wrong way to think of the force of End, because it was the cessation of continuation itself.

This force was the moment before a heartbeat that never follows, the silence after the last word of every story ever told. The Ten Thousand Origin Realms felt it simultaneously, a single, shared instant of perfect stillness, as though existence itself had forgotten how to breathe.

And then the stillness lifted, just enough to allow awareness.

Eos felt it deepest because he was bearing the weight of End Existence that had spread all over the Origin Realms on himself. This weight was supposed to be felt by every single atom all across the Origin Realm when a force like End arrived, but Eos refused this to happen, and for this reason alone, it felt as if he was being crushed to death.

If he held his own against End, then he would not feel such pains, but with all the load he carried, he was forced to his knees, his palms pressed to the lattice's core that linked all Origin Realms as he channeled his radiance to keep the touch of End from infecting his children.

Yet, it did not seem to be enough, even as he pushed more of his radiance, more of End continued to arrive until it finally fully settled over his realms.

Eos's hands stilled. The core of the realms beneath his fingers grew cold with the sudden absence of momentum, and he knew that even though this force did not have eyes, it was now looking at him.

He did not look up at first; he was too busy ensuring that all the life in his Origin Realms was safe. The absence of momentum was enough to kill everything inside his Realm

except for the Primordials, and so Eos worked in silence as minutes passed or perhaps eons; time had grown meaningless.

Then he felt a soft pulse of potential that had not yet become form, and his widely racing heart still, and Eos placed one hand over that pulse, protective, possessive. He had nearly made a mistake and underestimated the power of End, which would have led to the extinction of all life beneath the ninth-dimensional level.

Satisfied that his seal was strong, only then did he rise. He thought of summoning his Destroyer, but he dismissed that thought as it formed. This power could not be killed by any strength of arm, it was something... different.

He stepped out of the Origin Realms onto a platform of solidified possibility that materialized beneath his feet. The platform drifted upward, slow and deliberate, carrying him through layers of protective weave until he emerged just beneath the hovering absence, and below him was the Ten Thousand Origin Realms spread below.

Eos stood alone, unarmed, unarmored, only the faint corona of his remaining radiance flickering around his shoulders like dying embers. His powerful figure suddenly felt incredibly lonely, because in the end, he was the only one standing alone before the end of all things and the life remaining inside his realms.

For others, such a responsibility would crush them to paste, but Eos only drew power from this weight, and his back straightened. ‘This was the reason I was born,’ he told himself.

Then, opening his mouth, Eos spoke into the nothing.

“You are not the Beast,” he said. His voice carried no echo; the void swallowed it whole. “You are not Enoch or his children. You are what waits after both have finished their work.”

Silence answered. But the silence had weight.

Chapter 2079 A Hidden Hand?

Chapter 2079 A Hidden Hand?

Chapter 2079 A Hidden Hand?

Eos tilted his head, eyes narrowing, as he recognized that this silence was not empty, instead it seemed to be listening.

“I felt you when Hundun fell,” he continued. “The memories of it were able to pass through time and reach me here in the present. That cold cold that was not cold. Still, you

do not like to announce yourself, but they all whisper your name, from the Architects to Enoch himself, as if they all fear to speak it aloud, but I do not... End.”

Eos waited, but there was no reply, and yet he felt a subtle change in the presence above him, but it did not move closer; it simply became more present, as though the concept of distance had briefly ceased to apply.

He was no longer a being that saw distance like mortals and lesser immortals, but the way End was moving was still a bit alien to his senses.

Eos exhaled. There was a time when this obvious gap in life levels would have excited him, because he saw it as a challenge to grow stronger. Now, that fire had not died, but it had become tempered with the weight of responsibility.

He could not afford to be careless because he was not just dealing with his own life, but the life of everyone else... even those of his enemies.

“I know why you are here,” he said. “I can feel them in the darkness, all your agents, gathering power like a miser hoarding coins. They have all tasted your power and now hunger for more. You have sensed the fulcrum tipping, and according to all measures, you are winning, and yet, I find you here with me, watching to see which way it all falls.”

A ripple passed through the formless presence as the stillness deepened. It almost felt as if this power was testing him, as though End had acknowledged the truth without needing to confirm it.

Eos spread his arms, encompassing the Origin Realms below,

“Then look,” he said quietly. “Look at my defiance. Ten thousand fragile lights against the endless darkness that you represent, but we would not go out, no matter how much darkness you bring against us.”

Then from the silence, Eos thought he heard a chuckle, but he could be wrong; however, it did not matter. He lowered his arms and spoke with finality.

“Bring whatever power you want against my domain. I will not beg,” Eos continued. “I will not bargain. I will guard this place through betrayals, through purges, through the death of all Existence itself. If you have come to end it, do so. But know this: the realms below are not yours to claim. Not yet. Not while I draw breath.”

The silence stretched for a long time, as it grew impossibly deeper, and Eos felt a massive mouth hovering just inches away from his face.

Then, impossibly, a sensation brushed against Eos’s mind. It was not words or images, just a sudden understanding that was neither threat nor promise.

The closest that he could describe it as was an evaluation of his worth.

This power did not seem to even regard him as an enemy or prey, but it seemed like a variable in an equation older than any Existence. In this moment, Eos glimpsed what it was like in the mind of an entity of this power, and he did not know if he liked it; however, the only thing he could conclude in that brief moment where he saw the mind of End was that this was not a power that could be bargained with in a real sense. It followed its own set of rules that could not be shaken.

This also made Eos consider a certain point that left a chill in his heart. A power like this could not have been corrupted by a tortured god without something being put in place for that to happen.

It was almost as if someone or something had understood the power of End, and they ensured that all the right components were in place for End to gain sentience. This thought felt so blasphemous that Eos wanted to scrub it from his mind, but he prevented his mind from doing so by the force of his Will. If End was a program that was supposed to activate at a certain point in the distant future, when the power of Origin was exhausted, and someone knew all the languages of End, and its intricacies, then it was possible that End could be corrupted... like a virus placed into its system.

Or maybe, this was just a coincidence... There had been many Existences in the past, and perhaps that particular Existence had just been the right spark needed for this transformation.

That brief moment where he had been inside the mind of End passed, and Eos found himself in doubt. Could End have become what it was due to coincidence, or was there another hidden hand in all of this? Who could have known all about the power of End, and knew all the right buttons to press to make it become what it had become?

If there were to be any answer to this question, then it could only be found in the past, but except for Lumen, Eos knew of no one who could have survived those previous Existences.

At the moment, the power of End brushed past him. It was as if End came here not to look for Eos, but for something more... something deeper.

Its presence brushed through all of the Origin Realms, and Eos nearly buckled as he kept that presence from infecting his realm, not because it wanted to, but like the sun, its radiance and heat could not be hidden.

This presence weighed, measured, and considered everything inside the Origin Realm, and then... without a single word, the presence withdrew.

The presence of End lessened until the auroras surrounding Eos began to move again, and colors began bleeding back into motion, the void seemed to be remembering how to be empty rather than absolute.

Eos remained standing on the platform, staring into the place where End had been. His hands trembled once, then steadied. Looking at the Origin Realms below, it felt as if they exhaled in relief, and Eos smiled.

Eos looked down at his palms, then back into the dark.

“You did not end us,” he whispered to the retreating absence. “Not today.”

He turned and descended, returning to his throne of stone, and he sat deep in thought. He could not just ignore this speculation.

Something was wrong... something was wrong with this whole damned Existence, and Eos felt he knew the answer, but he had been looking at the entire situation from one way when he should have not.

“What am I missing... What the fuck am I missing?”

Chapter 2080 The Ambush (1)

Chapter 2080 The Ambush (1)

REALM OF DEATH.

The force of End had departed from the Realm of Death, but the Beast still pondered on its words. The allure of that much power was entrancing, and in the moments that End was with the Beast, it had gained so much knowledge.

Who could have known that there was a hidden concept for immortality, or that there were so many ways to grow stronger outside what the Temple of End understood?

Death could pay any price for a fraction of that power and potential that it had seen, but the price was a bit too much. To become the embodiment of End would mean that it would fundamentally become something new, and it did not want to change.

Death serves a purpose, and although it was sentient, it did not mean it wanted to go against itself; that would be like killing it. End may have shown it the path to power, but the price meant that Death had to kill itself.

The Beast of Final Rest was powerful and complete, and every day that passes it grew stronger. When it began harvesting Deaths from shattered Existences of the past, the Beast had been amazed by how much Deaths there had been, and how much Existence had come and gone... it was so much that it was clearly unnatural.

Although it was tempted by the offer of End, it set itself on this goal to grow as strong as it could until it could reach the first Death in Existence, and before it would kill it, the Beast would ask, what led to the creation of Death? How did the first Existence die?

If it could know the answers to these questions, then the Beast felt that it would be in the best position to either accept the offer of End or refuse it.

With the power it was offering, the Beast was assured of becoming the ultimate ruler of Existence, turning the entirety of Existence into its image, but if that offer would make that image something that it could not comprehend, then it would not accept.

Using the technique that had been taught to it by Lumen, the Beast of Final Rest fashioned its Will into a dimensional drill that pierced through the veil of Existence, into the dimension of the Past.

It did not know how Lumen was able to pierce through this unknown layer of Time, but it did not feel like Time, because it seemed to be a separate individual dimension.

It was always surprising that the mysteries that surrounded Existence always seemed to be endless, and the more they knew, the more they understood that they did not know enough.

In simple things like showing Death the road to an entirely new Dimension and giving the Beast the tool to harness that power that made everything seem almost unreal.

Pushing all of these thoughts to the side, the Beast pushed its Will into the past, and the world around it vanished.

The Beast had placed itself in the center of its realm and surrounded itself with powerful heroes and defenses from the past and the present. Even without lifting a finger, the defenses it had around him were so powerful that it would take a long time for anyone to destroy them before they could get to where it was dwelling.

Although the Beast feared nothing, it still knew that it had to be cautious, especially in this transitional period where it was evolving into something new and different.

However, the Beast could never be aware that all of its famed defenses and protectors were nothing as the Ancient Primordials slipped through it all.

The six had come silently, slipping through the fractal barriers like knives through flesh. Nyxara led them, her hybrid wings, veined with Asteroath's corrupted light, folded tight to mask their glow.

This was a technique that she had acquired recently as he experiment with the new fusion of her powers. Her hunger for the power of Death was so deep that she had revealed a portion of her hidden might in order for them to get close to Death.

Her siblings had noticed the strange shroud that she had created; they noted it, but they stayed silent, and Nyxara could not tell what sort of thoughts went through their heads at the moment, and she did not much care.

If she could acquire the Origin of Death, who knew what the result of the fusion would be inside of her, and maybe she would no longer need Eos and could easily slaughter the rest of her siblings without losing their essence.

Still, Nyxara ensured that she did not use her true capabilities and called for the help of her siblings, and so, Xylos flanked her left, black feathers dripping ichor that silenced their passage. Eldrithor swirled on her right, his storm-wings damped to mere whispers of improbability. Xyris lagged behind, purple wings creaking as he compressed their approach into a frozen instant. Elgorath and Vorthas brought up the rear, golden frameworks and green tumors weaving illusions of emptiness to cloak their intent.

In this manner, they passed countless regions of Death where previously they had to fight tooth and nail in order to get through a single region. All of the transformation they had been undergoing in the last hundred million years was being displayed because the control of their powers had grown to great heights, beyond what anyone would ever expect.

It was in this manner that they slipped past all the Beast's defenses, and even though there should have been instances where they could have been discovered, it was almost as if luck was shifting in their favor, and they were able to reach the lair of the Beast. They paused in sheer shock and amazement.

They were now in the heart of the Realm of Death, where the billionfold Regions converged into a singularity of absolute void, the Beast of Final Rest hung suspended in its harvest trance. Seeing its form for the first time since that battle, the Ancient Primordials were frozen in indecision. It was no longer a Beast resembling a gigantic deer with antlers that seemed to reach across all dimensions... that perfect form was gone; now it was a colossal nebula of finality, with tendrils of pure cessation snaking through layers of extinct existences, drawing forth the faded essences of long-dead Deaths.

Chapter 2081 The Ambush (2)

From the knowledge in the blood of their father, the Ancient Primordials knew that he was older than the present Existence, and so they knew of previous Existences. However, knowing how long the lifespan of an Existence was, the Ancient Primordials believed that perhaps only ever been a few dozen Existences, and if they could stretch the boundary of their imagination, they could say a hundred at most.

This was not a wrong assumption, because technically, the lifespan of an Existence is equal to that of a Primordial, and that was nearing true infinity, and only Primordials could comprehend time at such a scale.

And so, while Death had revealed it was consuming the Origin of previous Deaths, they had been amazed but not panicked. Even though Origin Force could be deemed equal, that was technically not the case, as a lot went into the individual behind it and the understanding of their Origin.

With that in mind, even if nothing changed, there were some certain Origin Force that stood above the others in terms of usability and application, and the Origin Force of Death was one of the most powerful, equaling that of Soul, Time, and Chaos.

The Beast claims to be devouring Deaths were met with healthy apprehension; however, knowing that there could not be that many Existences in the past, the Ancient Primordials had not seen the Beast as too much of a threat, but only a temporary hindrance.

Sure, it had been lucky and had been in the right position to kill Asteroath, but that would only happen a single time, and Death would soon reach its limits, while the Primordials would just keep getting stronger the more Origin Force they devoured.

They had ignored Death before because its endless armies of the dead would aid them against the Origin Realms of Eos; however, since the Ancient Primordials began to fuse all the scattered Origin Forces in their bodies and they began to grow stronger, the need for Death began to reduce.

With the monsters they could create, there was no need for another endless horde, and with their growing power forged from observing the Beast, the Ancient Primordials saw no need for any high-level fighter beside them in the final battles. Besides, if they seized the Origin of Death, all of its domains and armies would be theirs to command. In that sense, there was really no need for this entity to exist, and its presence only added an unneeded factor into the mix.

Death had overgrown its purpose, and it was time to prune him, a collective decision by all, and yet, seeing the present state of Death, they could only stand shocked.

How many Deaths had it consumed, they could not tell, but they knew that this was not just hundreds, but thousands. How could there be so many Deaths in the history of Existences... Just how old was the first life to be born, and how many mysteries remained in the dark?

They knew if Primordial Chaos had not mentioned attacking Death, they would have committed a grave error, because they would be focusing on Eos, disregarding the calamity brewing behind them, and they had not even begun to place the Calamity and Enoch into the picture.

“The beast grows fat,” Nyxara whispered to her stunned siblings, “But that only means more to go around. We end it now and devour all of its harvest.”

After the apprehension had passed, there was only greed remaining in the eyes of the Ancient Primordials. They had always believed that a bounty of this size could only come from the Primordial Record, but the Beast of Final Rest had devoured enough Origin that it would greatly strengthen them.

Nyxara did not hold back; her shroud thickened until there could be no threat of their presence leaking, and then they hovered over the gigantic form of the Beast, whose consciousness was buried in the veil beyond Existence, and it was consuming other Deaths.

The Ancient Primordials began to charge up their attacks, and as they did, they waited for the perfect opportunity to strike.

This opportunity came fifty-three thousand years later.

The Beast had just devoured a powerful Death and was on the verge of fusing it in its core. At the beginning, when the Beast began this process, it would retract its Will from the veil beyond Existence and focus on assimilating this Force, but due to familiarity and growing power, also while being in haste, the Beast was already seeking a new Death in the past, while it left its body to naturally assimilate the power it had just collected.

There was usually light resistance in the past, but with Death's growing power, it did not need to struggle to assimilate this new power; its body was already doing it automatically.

And so, while it was busy searching through the past, its massive core open, spherical like a star but bigger than a cluster of Realities, the massive core of death began to assimilate its new catch.

The Core of a Primordial Being was the depths of their existence, and it was the most important part about them, like the brain and the heart of a mortal combined. Usually, to reach a Primordial's core, they would have to be exhausted and all their defenses shattered, and yet, the Primordials did not even need to fight Death when its core was openly displayed for them.

It was almost like a joke, as if everything they needed was just falling perfectly into place.

The Primordials were shocked at what they were seeing, and despite this being the perfect moment for them to strike, they did not.

You see, while they were struggling to assimilate the scattered Origin Force in their bodies, Death had already perfected the process, and as they stood watching, their understanding of this process deepened, and if possible, they would not want to attack for a while, and just learn how the body of Death was assimilating its Origin Force into a single whole.

This was of great benefit to them, but something inside Nyxara's eyes flickered, and she did not wait for the rest to continue learning in silence; she was the first to attack, leaving the others stunned.

Her body exploded forward, as her hybrid wing unfurled like a scythe of dawn-laced void. She slammed into the Beast's core and drove her soul-threads deep, like hooks into raw nerve.

The Beast's trance shattered with a scream that wasn't sound, but a wave of retroactive unmaking, and nearby Regions flickered out of existence, souls unraveling backward through their deaths, as Nyxara reached deep into its core with the connection Death had with souls and she ripped that branch of its power out.

Nyxara drank greedily, her black veins swelling with stolen finality, causing the screams of the Beast to grow louder as it ripped its Will from the veil and came back to its form, and when it saw what was happening, the Beast recoiled, its tendrils whipping out like flails of oblivion.

The other Primordials upon Nyxara's unexpected attack could only grit their teeth and attack as well, but the moment had already passed, and Death was aware. Xylos, who was diving down ahead of the rest of his siblings, was struck by one of the tendrils of Death mid-fall.

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Chapter 2082 The Ambush (3)

Primordial Demon twisted, black wings shedding feathers that hatched into abyssal parasites, burrowing into the tendril's nothingness.

But the tendril constricted, crushing his form with the weight of extinct cosmoses, his Primordial bones snapped like dry twigs, ichor spraying in arcs that evaporated mid-air.

Xylos howled, a demonic bellow that curdled the void, and vomited corruption on the tendril that blackened it. This was Demonic Blight that rotted the tendril from within as demonic voids hatched inside it, eating the harvested power of Death like cancer.

The Beast shrieked again, severing the limb in a spray of dissolving shards that lacerated Xylos's face, peeling demonic flesh to reveal bubbling bone beneath.

Primordial Demon roared in pain and began digging deep into the tendrils, while manifesting billions of tendrils from his back that seized those of the Beast and began tearing off vast amounts of it, refusing to let go, no matter how much the Beast was raging.

Even without speaking, all the Primordials knew what they had to do; they had to engage and feed on these tendrils, leaving the bulk of the benefits to Nyxara, who was at the core of the Beast and draining it of its powers, a thousand times quicker than they were doing.

Of course, she had used a low blow to attack before any of them were ready, but the fault only lies with them. If any of them had taken the chance to attack before Nyxara, then they would be the ones to be enjoying all the benefits.

Eldrithor laughed as he dove into the fray, with his wings whipping into a vortex of paradox, as he descended on a part of the Beast's massive body, and he directed that vortex of paradox on that spot.

All of this chaos forced that portion of the Beast's body to loop through states of being and non-being. One moment, that part of its flesh was whole, the next it was a swarm of fractured endings.

This loop cycled more than a trillion times in the fraction of a nanosecond, and that part of the Beast lost cohesion, shattering into shards of dead Deaths that scattered like broken glass. Xyris was behind Eldrithor as he used the opportunity to pour its Origin into the area of chaos being created by Eldrithor. Time's assault was merciless, as the Beast screamed in pain as its entire body began to swell, its size growing bigger than a thousand dimensions, and then it withered to a skeletal husk in one breath, then bloated grotesquely in the next.

Its skin that could withstand the destruction of a million Realities began to split like overripe fruit, causing its deathly essences to burst out in viscous floods. It was a good thing that the Ancient Primordials were powerful, because an ordinary Primordial would have turned to nothing under the essence being spilled by the Beast.

In fact, this was what was happening as the armies of Death were being slaughtered by its pained and panicked screams, while its essence, which should have been of great nutrient to them, turned out to be too rich, and even the Primordials under its banner turned to dust under the flood of the Beast's blood.

It had gained power too quickly, and it had not bothered to upgrade its generals alongside it, using them as only a source of alarm if its realm was attacked, and now the Beast was paying for that decision.

The Beast's screams warped, becoming the high-pitched wails of newborn endings twisting into low rumbles of ancient decay. Xyris pressed deeper, freezing moments of the Beast's pain into eternal loops, forcing it to endure the same dissolution again and again.

Elgorath and Vorthas attacked in tandem, a golden-green fury. Elgorath forced memories upon the Beast, not its own, but the collective agony of every extinction it had harvested, gods begging for mercy, realities screaming as they unraveled, souls pleading for one more breath.

This was a potent weapon against the Beast that had harvested countless Existence, and it convulsed, its form bloating with unwanted recollection, golden threads piercing its core like nails driven into a coffin.

Vorthas poured corrupted life into these opening wounds, and they took the form of green vines of tumorous growth sprouting from the punctures, forcing flesh onto the formless, hearts blooming where none should be.

These attacks were so sudden and violent, hitting all of the Beast's weak spots, that for long moments, it could do nothing but endure its form being desecrated and torn to pieces while it was being consumed alive.

"How can this be... this is not possible... I have been betrayed!"

The Beast screamed, and Eldrithor replied with laughter as he plunged the claws of chaos into the shards of Death that he could hold, and then he twisted probability so that the Beast's absorptions of all these cores of Death reversed, causing all these harvested powers to bleed out in hemorrhaging torrents that burned even the essence of Primordial Chaos.

"I killed Asteroath, and you fools dare to stab me in the back? None of you shall leave here alive."

With a roar of rage that spread across all of Limbo, even reaching the Origin Realms, where the Primordials suddenly looked into the distance, a thousand tendrils of the Beast of Final Rest solidified mid-loop, transforming into a spike of pure cessation that impaled the laughing Eldrithor through the chest. His wings of chaos that had been pouring out a vortex of probabilities sputtered as paradox pierced his heart, forcing him to relive every unraveling he had ever inflicted, his own chaos turning inward.

Blood like lightning poured from the wound, electrocuting his veins, his laughter choking into gurgling thunder.

Xyris, who had been behind Eldrithor, pressed deeper, leaving his brother to thrash under the power of Death as he froze moments of the Beast's pain into eternal loops, forcing it to endure the same dissolution again and again. He harvested all these dissolutions and consued them, using the shrieking form of Primordial Chaos as a shield while he feasted, but a hidden tendril suddenly lashed out, wrapping around his leg and rolling time backward along his worldline.

Xyris's purple wings grayed, feathers sloughing off in sheets of frozen yesterdays, his body regressing to a frail, embryonic state mid-strike. Agony ripped through him as memories of his own betrayals replayed in reverse, each one a knife twisting deeper.

He clawed free, shattering the tendril with a burst of accelerated entropy, but his leg hung limp, withered to brittle dust that crumbled with every movement.

Obtain a bit of freedom, the Beast. The Beast thrashed, its new organs created by Vorthas was pulsing grotesquely before bursting in sprays of necrotic sap. Its vast mind analyzed all the components of this poison, and a counter-lash dismissively caught Elgorath across the wings, shattering those golden frameworks into jagged shards that embedded in his flesh, forcing him to remember his own impending end.

Every feather was a nail of self-doubt, and Elgorath was stunned as his body was flung into the distance.

A cracking sound occurred across Reality as the Beast figured out the poison being used by Primordial Life, and he reversed it, pouring all the poison back into Vorthas's body.

Primordial Life retreated, but it was too late. Tumors appeared inside his own body and began to devour it, as green fire erupted from his skin and cancerous growths clawed through muscle, his screams a wet, gurgling roar.

The retaliation of the Beast had been fierce, but it had cost it, as this gave Nyxara all the chance she needed.

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Chapter 2083 The Ambush (4)

The core of Death lay open, and Nyxara was feasting upon it, a direct link to the depths of the Beast, and the other Ancient Primordials, especially Xylos, Primordial Demon, were holding back the Will of Death, which expressed itself in its tendrils from entering its core and pulling out Nyxara.

To get to Nyxara, the Beast had exerted itself to the limits and incapacitated the rest of the Primordials for a moment, but Nyxara pressed the advantage that this gave her, and her hybrid wing transformed into a lance of corrupted dawn that stabbed deeper into the Beast's core.

In her endless hunger, Nyxara was not holding back her powers, and she poured everything into the corrupted lance that travelled deep into the core of the Beast.

She drank its pain, its harvested Deaths flooding her veins like icy venom. The Beast bucked, its abyssal eyes widening in something like fear, tendrils flailing wildly.

One sliced across Nyxara's face, carving a gash that exposed bone and pulsing light beneath; the wound wept black ichor mixed with stolen radiance, burning like acid on her skin. A chilling, spine-tingling cackle that echoed through the void as Nyxara laughed and she twisted harder, forcing the Beast's form to dissipate at the edges.

This action caused a powerful shockwave that rippled outwards into Limbo, and Regions of Death collapsed inward, the dead howling as they were crushed between the combatants.

“A part of my power can never be complete when you steal my souls, you damned beast!” Nyxara shrieked and drank deep from the Beast.

The other Ancient Primordials looked at Nyxara with hidden light in their eyes. The power she was displaying was shocking, but Xylos snapped them out of their daze as they joined the attack and the feasting.

Like flies coming for decaying flesh, the Ancient Primordials fell on the Beast, and the fight devolved into unbounded brutality. A part of the Beast knew that it would not survive this fight, but it was Death, and all those that came for its wrath would earn it a thousandfold

Xylos, face half-peeled, expanded into a colossal giant and leaped onto the Beast’s back, demonic claws rending chunks of nothingness that reformed only to be corrupted again.

The flesh of the Beast was bubbling into demonic tumors that exploded in chains of abyssal fire. All of that fire was poured into the thousand maws of Xylos as he drew out his spine, revealing that it was the perfected Sin Weapon once wielded by Rowan, and he struck at the Beast, countless times, cutting out vast sums of flesh. Eldrithor, still impaled on tendrils of Death and bleeding lightning, was now a bit free to act, and he unraveled the Beast’s defenses through the tendrils that were still piercing his body.

He forced its tendrils to knot and devour themselves in loops of self-inflicted agony, causing the Beast so much pain that it could only sever those portions of its Will, and Eldrithor gladly consumed them.

Xyris stood back watching the battle, the feather on his purple wings shaking from the calamitous winds that were emerging from it. More than any of the Primordials, he had gained a lot from seeing the opened core of Death, and his hatred for Nyxara was growing because she had taken a valuable opportunity from him.

However, he had still gained a lot, and he was going to get more. In his core, Xyris was igniting a storm of time, and when it reached its peak, he pointed at the Beast and released the storm with a roar that resounded across all dimensions.

Under the bombardment of time, the surrounding dimensions aged to the brink of heat-death, and the Beast’s screams slowed to glacial moans. Even the Ancient Primordials were all caught inside this time storm, and Xyris, under this slim opportunity, tore off a part of the Beast’s core, and then time resumed with a sudden crack, and the backlash slammed him into the distance as his body tore through countless dimensions.

Xyris had been pushed far from the battle, but in a single move, he had managed to take a large piece out of Death, and for the moment, he was directly behind Nyxara.

Elgorath looked at the space where Xyris had been thrown, and for a moment, he thought of going after Xyris and taking a part in what he had claimed, but he turned around with a roar of rage and began bombarding the Beast with memories of its own potential defeat, extreme visions of dissipation that made its form flicker like a dying star.

Every time the Beast acknowledged those memories, Elgorath directly seized them, as he gorged on the essence of death even though his body was screaming for relief.

Vorthas, on the other hand, was calmer, as he seemed content to grow carnivorous vines that burrowed into the wounds of the Beast. He took advantage of every wound being made by his siblings and rooted his poison deep into the Beasts, and these wounds, the essence of Death leaked out in gouts of ethereal blood, and his vines swallowed it.

It may seem as if Vorthas was not making much effort on the surface, but he soon directly surpassed Xyris, who had torn a chunk from Death, by calmly growing and expanding his vines all through the body of Death, causing the Beast to cry out again and again in pain and loss.

However, the Beast was Death, and it fought back with chilling ferocity that cost the Ancient Primordials more than they could have imagined. If they had not made any progress before coming here, then the Beast would have killed them all with the power it was unleashing.

It unleashed waves of retroactive erasure that unmade the bodies of the Primordials even before strikes landed, wounds appearing from futures not yet fought. The Cores of the Ancient Primordials were still intact, but they had to rapidly bleed their essence to keep their bodies in place; they even had to begin burning their Origin Force, thousands of them just to hold back the fury of the Beast.

Still, the Beast fought as if its strength were unending. Tendrils impaled, crushed, and poisoned. The dimensions for untold distances were filled with the wet snaps of breaking bones, the sizzle of burning essence, the guttural howls of cosmic entities reduced to primal agony, as blood of all shades and color, demonic black, chaotic storm-red, temporal gray, mnemonic gold, vital green, mixed with the Beast's inky dissolution, painting the void in streaks of horror.

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Chapter 2084 The Taste of Spilled Power

Through the eyes of the Archai, Eos and the New Primordials watched the terrifying battle ongoing in the realm of Death. There was a stunned silence as the Primordials here watched scenes of such great barbarity that few among them began to grow pale.

They knew of the Ancient Primordials and understood they were the enemies, and yet there was a fundamental understanding about their power and brutality that could not be described in words; it could only be shown.

Eos had allowed the Primordials to see the face of their enemies and showed them what they did to allies. He did not know how the battle would go in the future, and it may be possible that some of the Primordials here may decide to join his enemies; they had free will after all.

However, it was a different thing to know you are just food to something monstrous, and seeing that monstrous thing treated its food.

Would this display cause fear to grow in the heart of the Primordials? The answer was yes, but Eos did not see fear as a bad thing; only through fear could true bravery be found, and he did not want paper tigers in his armies. If they were all going to their death, he wanted no man or woman to die with scars on their backs.

One other entity was here, and it was the white turtle, the Beast of Inevitability, and in its eyes was great sadness. No matter the path that Death had chosen to take, it was its siblings that were being butchered and eaten alive.

The power of the Ancient Primordials and Death sent tremors all through Existence as its endless regions were collapsing into destruction as these Primordial forces raged through it. Eos looked at the power of Nyxara and frowned. This was something he could not make any plans for, because her power was something new.

It was almost as if Nyxara was a fusion of an Ancient Primordial and a New Primordial. She was fusing these ancient Origin Forces, and what was emerging from it was something new and unknown.

It was amazing that her siblings had not yet discovered that their sister was no longer an Ancient Primordial like them; in fact, it could be argued that she was no longer a Primordial.

Still, Eos was not going to just sit here and watch the Primordials devour Death. Although he had warned this proud Beast in the past about the inevitable fate that would befall it if this partnership with the Ancient Primordials continued, the Beast had been too proud and assured of its powers. That was a grave mistake.

Eos did not want to save the Beast, as far as he was concerned, Death was as bad as the Ancient Primordials, as it still served End. However, he did not want the Ancient Primordials to grow stronger, too.

Their strength had obviously grown, and it was far greater than what it was a hundred million years ago, which only satisfied his hypothesis that the Primordials had not enjoyed a life of sanity before they grew mad with the hunger of Enoch.

A hundred million years would see them slowly discover the reaches of their power, and hence they would become more dangerous. He was not the only one rapidly improving, but Eos would bet on himself to the end that he would always outwork and outinnovate his enemies.

Yet the power of the Primordials was expected, but Death had grown far too powerful, far too quickly, and this drew Eos's attention above all else.

He knew of Death's obvious growth a hundred million years ago that led to the fall of Asteroath, but like the Ancient Primordials, Eos had believed that Death would sooner reach a limit, and that there could not be too many Deaths that could be harvested.

However, he was wrong. The past was more perilous than he thought.

Eos bowed his head in thought. A moment before, he had been visited by End, and not long after, this frightening battle had broken out between Death and the Ancient Primordials. Eos was smelling a hidden hand, especially when he heard the cries of the Beast, saying it had been betrayed.

The reason Eos could not allow Death to die, at least not yet, was that this technique for reaching the past had drawn great interest from him.

Originally, Eos had not been too interested in this technique, when he knew that although it was powerful, it must have severe drawbacks, and only an entity like Death could reach towards the shattered past that should no longer exist because its nature was closer to End than even the corrupted Ancient Primordials, however, the brief truth he had been able to glean from looking into End made Eos reevaluate this technique.

There was something he knew he was missing from the entire picture, and the answer may be hidden in the past. Through a loophole, Death seemed to be able to reach a place that should no longer exist.

Eos knew that every shattered Existence existed in some form inside End, and anytime Death was reaching into the past, it was reaching deep into End. Eos could not risk making the journey, but for Death, this seemed to be the right candidate for the job.

But the Beast was arrogant and filled with the lust for power; perhaps it needed to be broken down until its hubris vanished. However, Eos was aware that the Beast was part of the Temple of End. Would they really sit back and watch one of their pillars being torn apart?

For a while, it did seem so, the Beast fought back, and madness spread from the battle, but the Ancient Primordials were patient; they used the most optimum strategy and tore the Beast to pieces, not letting go of the advantage they had gained when they ambushed the Beast for the first time.

The Beast staggered, its colossal form fraying at the seams, harvested Deaths spilling out like entrails from a gutted corpse. It collapsed inward, a black hole of endings on the verge of total dissipation, its screams a spine-chilling dirge that sent tremors through Limbo's foundations.

The six hovered above the ruin, battered and broken, wings torn, bodies weeping ethereal gore. Nyxara licked her lips, tasting the spilled power.

They were about to descend for the final cut when the heavens above them opened and a lance of light descended from it.

Chapter 2085 The Golem

The moment Eos sensed that the heavens above this terrible battle were opening, he charged the Archais who were spectating the battle and transmitting them in real time to the Origin Realms to retreat further.

Every action of the Temple of End was made in the shadows, and they had not revealed themselves since this Existence began. Obviously, things were changing, and if this unknown power was willing to reveal itself at the moment, Eos expected that their response would not be simple.

For the Archai to retreat was to protect them, while also giving him more depth and understanding of the battlefield.

His gaze travelled upward to the perfect crack that had appeared in the fabric of Existence, which looked like it was made by a sharp blade, as the incision was one of the cleanest he had ever seen, representing the height of understanding of dimensional rules that dwarfed his own.

The battle below created calamitous explosions that would not cease even if trillions of years go by, but from that fissure in the heavens, absolute silence poured out that was so condensed it took the form of light. It was the concept of silence made manifest.

A hush seemed to fall over all of Existence, as even the breathing of the Ancient Primordials' breathing, even their heartbeats, seemed to have stopped mid-motion. Such was the powerful force of silence that had descended that even though the eyes of the Archai were watching the battle, the silence threatened to spread into the hall Eos and the Primordials were using to spectate the battle.

“Interesting... is this the core concept of Lumen, or something else that he has created?” Eos thought, “Silence is an odd choice for a concept; however, I can see its appeal and power.”

However, Eos knew that this silence was simply a herald of what was to come; it was simply the aura that had escaped from the crack in the heavens, and he was not wrong. However, what dropped from the heavens surprised him as well as the Ancient Primordials, who had retreated a bit to analyze this unknown third party.

From the cracks in the heavens, stones emerged. However, as these stones emerged, it was soon revealed that they were pillars.

Eos’s eyes widened a bit when he noticed that he recognized these pillars, and they were parts of the Temple of End. Was the Temple descending into Limbo to protect Death? Was the Beast that valuable to their plans that they would leave their place of safety outside of Existence? This might complicate things a bit and ruin his plans.

With these thoughts in his head, Eos observed the descending pillars of the Temple. He noted that he could not figure out its material, meaning that these pillars, in some ways, transcended all the concepts of this Existence, and reminded him of the frozen moment between life and oblivion. Each block on this pillar was taller than a galaxy, blacker than any void, etched with runes that hurt to perceive because they described the exact shape of multiple endings. The last time he entered the Temple of End, Rowan, his Incarnation had not been able to see everything about the Temple, and Eos was now seeing a new side of it, and perhaps the reason why it was called the Temple of End.

Lumen had carved all of the endings of Existence that it knew on the walls of these Temples, and there were a lot. This revealed to Eos that while the wings of Enoch had not lied to him, they had not told him the entire truth either.

He had been meant to believe that there had been previous Existences, but had not been given the full amount. The true scope and scale of the past were hidden because if Eos had known how deep the rabbit hole went, some of the decisions he had made in the past would have been changed.

His mind still focused on piecing out every clue he could discern from these descending pillars, Eos cocked his head in surprise as the pillars began to assemble themselves, but it was not in the shape of the temple, but something else.

Piece by colossal piece, these pillars locked together in mid-air, grinding against one another with a sound like the death of every universe at once. From these arrangements, shoulders formed, then a torso and arms like mountain ranges. Legs extended and were rooted in the fabric of Existence itself. And above it all, a faceless head crowned with a crown of frozen screams.

The crown was screaming, but with the concept of silence that heavily cloaked this creature, the screams were silent.

A single word echoed in Eos's mind as he saw this construct... Golem.

The Temple of End had sent a response, and it was a Golem.

It had no eyes or mouth; there was only a single vertical slit across its "face" like a hairline fracture that began glowing with the pale, cold light of absolute termination. When this line began to glow, even through the distance, Eos could feel that the Golem was now awake, and it took a single step forward.

Knowing how strong this creature could be was hard, since it was made from stone, and not just any stone; it was a stone that no concept in Existence recognized.

Its body was easily the size of the Beast at its peak, yet it moved with terrifying, deliberate grace. When it stepped forward, entire Regions of Death simply ceased to exist beneath its foot, erased so cleanly that not even dust remained, and it settled above the dying Beast of Final Rest.

The Beast, on the brink of dissolution, let out a rattling wheeze of relief. One trembling tendril reached toward the Golem like a child seeking its parent.

"Lumen... you answered my cries. Please take me home."

Nyxara's eyes widened in fury and hunger at the thought that her prey was about to escape from her. "No!"

Her howls of rage shattered existence as her wings transformed into the same lance of corrupted dawn and soul-devouring black light that she had previously used against the Beast, but this time, she was not aiming for Death but for the Golem.

The corrupted power of Nyxara, shattered Existence, and drove straight for the Golem's chest. The impact should have shattered a thousand Realities and would have killed as many Primordials, but the Golem... it did not even flinch.

Eos was not the only one stunned when he watched this; even the Ancient Primordials were as well.

The moment her wing touched its stone flesh, the light from it...died. The corrupted radiance simply snuffed out against the Temple stone, absorbed into the absolute finality of the material, and Eos observed that the crown over the Golem's head seemed to bulge with power, as more screaming faces appeared.

Suddenly, these faces stopped screaming, and they all turned towards Nyxara, and they grinned. It was unknown the method of attack that was used, but Nyxara was hurled

backward, screaming as her own stolen power turned against her, burning black veins across her chest in fractal patterns of unmaking.

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Chapter 2086 Power of The Golem

Watching Nyxara being blasted back by the Golem, the Ancient Primordials went grim. If Nyxara could not even budge this unknown entity, then trying to do so by themselves was foolishness, but their prey was still here before them, and it was on its last breath. How could they allow Death to escape?

Although the Ancient Primordials had been able to harvest a lot of Origin Force from Death, all of that was just rootless strength. If the embodiment of Death still remained alive, then the Origin Forces they had consumed would not entirely be their own, and they would not be able to digest them.

If the Beast had been like the Ancient Primordials of before, who only gathered Origin Forces inside its body and wielded all that power like a hammer, instead of with true control, then every Origin Force that had been torn out of its body would belong to the Ancient Primordials.

However, the Beast had completely digested the powers of the previous Deaths, making them its own, until there was no way to distinguish their Origin Force from its own.

Since that was the case, the only way the Ancient Primordials would win was if the Beast were to fall. All of the Origin Force they had stolen would belong to them, and they would merge it with their powers. With what they had harvested from Death, at most it would just nourish their bodies, but every time they used the power they stole, it could not be able to be recovered, until the Origin Forces of Death inside of them would be exhausted.

Xyris would become the Primordial of Time and Death, Vorthas would be the Primordial of Life and Death, and this would be how they would grow stronger, as well as Nyxara, who would become the Primordial of whatever she was becoming. Still, this distinction would only last for a while, and as long as the Beast remained alive, then these expended Origin Force would return back to it.

More than anything, the core of an Origin power wanted to return to itself in order to be complete. It was the reason the Incarnations of the Ancient Primordials could not leave Eosah's Reality, and as long as Death was alive, the Origin power inside them would always be fighting them for control.

The five Ancient Primordials glanced at each other, and they attacked. Their target was directed at the Golem, but in truth, their true intentions were to kill Death. Whatever

consciousness was inside this Golem, it was wise as well, and stepped past Death, firmly safeguarding the Beast behind it.

“Step aside or face our wrath,” Xylos roared and unleashed a storm of abyssal demons, which were billions of parasitic horrors born from his own shredded flesh. Each of them was as large as dimensional clusters, and they were ravenous plagues that could devour anything; they swarmed the Golem, burrowing, corrupting, screaming.

Xylos did not think this would be able to stop this creature that had effortlessly blocked Nyxara’s technique, but it could serve as a distraction for them to go for the kill.

The Golem’s only reply was to raise one monolithic arm, and time seemed to freeze around it. The parasitic horrors born from Xylos’ blood simply stopped. Every parasitic entity froze mid-motion, then crumbled into fine gray ash that drifted away as though it had never contained demonic will. As always, there was almost no way to tell what method was used by the Golem, as there was no movement in the power of Origin, and every motion it made seemed to bypass any notion of defense.

The Golem’s hand continued its arc and backhanded the stunned Xylos across the void. The impact was silent, as its concept stole the concept of sound, but the result was obscene.

Xylos’s entire left side caved inward, demonic bones shattering into powder, half his body reduced to a pulped mess that leaked ichor in spiraling arcs. He spun away, bodies blasting across countless dimensions, and only when he was in the far distance could his howls of pain be heard.

All the Ancient Primordials had attacked the Golem at the same time, hoping that one of them would succeed. Eldrithor, with his chaotic nature, laughed madly at the fate of Nyxara and Xylos while he twisted probability around the Golem, forcing its form through infinite paradoxical states, solid then liquid then never-existed then always-existed.

With the lessons learned from watching Nyxara and Xylos, Primordial Chaos knew not to attack the Golem, but the Existence that surrounded it. No matter how powerful this Golem was, it was still rooted in Existence, and if Existence was nothing but chaos, it would be helpless.

The Golem simply walked forward, denying the infinite paradoxical states of Existence imposed by Eldrithor. Each step erased the paradox created by the Primordial as probability itself died against the Temple stone.

Eldrithor’s laughter choked off as the Golem’s fist closed around him. It had travelled through space and time, and yet, no one here could determine how it was done.

“Don’t you dare...”

The curses of Eldrithor were shattered as the fist of the Golem tightened, the wings of Primordial Chaos extended, covering his body so he could teleport out of the enclosure of the fist, but it was useless. Primordial Chaos connection with Existence seemed to have become cut off the moment the fist closed over him, and as the power being exerted by the Golem increased, Primordial Chaos began to scream.

What was first destroyed were unsurprisingly his wings, which exploded into harmless static. His body compressed, his bones were ground to dust, and his flesh liquefied, until he was nothing but a screaming sphere of compressed madness the size of a moon. Still, the Ancient Primordial was not dead as a burst of laughter accompanied his screams, and for a moment, the Golem looked almost surprised, and then he squeezed once again, and the sphere burst in a spray of chaotic blood that painted the void in colors that should not exist.

Chapter 2087 The Price of Disunity

The blood of Primordial Chaos stained a third of Limbo, and even in the ten thousand Origin Realms, the heavens above were covered by storms. Primordial Chaos was not dead; it was hard to kill beings like these, but he had been hurt and had lost a few of his Origin Force.

However, to the Ancient Primordials who were now digesting the gains from the past, such a loss was not even a loss at all, barely a single hair lost from a camel's back.

They did not care about injuries like these; what they cared about was the fact that slowly, but surely, the Beast was recovering. Xyris, Elgorath, and Vorthas would not follow the wrong example of Eldrithor and attack the Golem alone. It was not as if they did not have the confidence in destroying this Golem, but the price would be too high, and by the time they were done with the fight, Death would have long recovered from its wounds, and the purpose of this ambush would be lost.

The three Ancient Primordials attacked together. If they could push back the Golem, then they could kill Death before it could gather itself back together.

Xyris led the charge as he used the same technique he had previously used on the Beast, but instead of stopping time, he accelerated it.

Primordials, especially Ancient Primordial, deal with time on a Cosmic Era scale, and so when Primordial Time was accelerating time around a target, the time scale that was being used was calculated in trillions of Cosmic Eras at a time.

A single Cosmic Era would see Realities age, even Primordials would begin to feel the weight of such time passing by, and Xyris was unleashing all of this force on the Golem as he tried to age the Golem into oblivion, flooding it with accelerated time and reversed

entropy. The Temple stone did not age. It was made out of material that had seen the end of time, many times over, and was far older than the Ancient Primordials.

Unleashing this storm of time on the Golem was a mistake, as Xyris's mind was connected to the storm, and in that instant, he felt the weight of time held by the walls, and his mind fractured into pieces as his temporal assault rebounded, slamming into Xyris like a collapsing timeline.

His purple wings disintegrated into dust as his bones aged forward and backward simultaneously until they splintered inside his own flesh. He fell, writhing, screaming as every second of his existence played out at once in an endless loop of agony.

If his lifetime had been as short as a mortal's, Xyris would still endure unimaginable pain, but he was more than sixty-five million Cosmic Eras old, and because he was a Primordial of Time, this time scale was particularly extended for him, making him live a million times as long.

And so, if this move had been used against any other Ancient Primordial, it would be considered annoying, but for Xyris, this was his weakness made manifest.

Every move by this Golem had been simple, but it had precisely exposed the weakness of each Ancient Primordial, and this was especially noteworthy to all those who were watching the fight, especially Eos.

Xyris's attacks were not useless, as the Golem seemed to have focused its attention on disabling the Primordial, and both of them used the opportunity to attack together, linking their Origin concept and pouring it into the Golem's body.

Golden memory-nails and carnivorous life-vines exploded all around the construct, seeking to bind and unmake it. The power in this move was incredibly deceptive, as the concept of memory and life made it almost impossible to accurately track the pattern of the attack or find a way to end it quickly enough.

Finally, it seemed as if the Golem was stalled, and although its motions destroyed nearly all the bindings surrounding it, as long as there was a single piece of binding left, then in the next breath, they would have covered the body of the Golem again.

The lack of cooperation among the Ancient Primordials was vividly displayed here. If Nyxara, Xylos, and Eldrithor had not charged ahead, then with Elgorath and Vorthas binding the Golem, they would have easily been able to kill Death.

After they had escaped from the clutches of madness and regained freedom, they had been at their most united, but from the moment that Asteraoth had perished and the discovery that they could grow stronger by fully digesting the Origin Forces in their bodies, a subtle barrier had begun to silently grow between them.

It also did not help that all of them were hiding their true thoughts from each other, and so, it was inevitable that in such an important fight, this catastrophic blunder had occurred.

“Elgorath, I can hold it back for a moment,” Vorthas called out, “Go, strike that Beast and we shall share its core between the two of us alone.”

Nodding in understanding, Elgorath disengaged, but it was as if the Golem understood what they had said, and the light on its face brightened as well, as all the screaming faces on its crown all turned towards the two Primordials and glaring at them, and its chest suddenly opened up.

The motion was silent, as the stone split along the center in a vertical slit, revealing an interior of pure, frozen silence, an emptiness so complete that light, memory, and life simply ceased to function upon contact.

This was silence that had been harvested from the nothingness between the death of an Existence and the rebirth of another. It was alien and incredibly profound, and even Eos, watching this fight, did not know how he would respond to it. He could only inform his Archais to keep moving backward and stay as far away from the fight as possible.

The silence spread out in a vast dome around the Golem, and Elgorath’s golden threads snapped like brittle wire. Vorthas’s tumors withered into black husks before they could take root. Without the bindings, the Golem’s hand swept outward in a single, unhurried motion.

Elgorath’s golden frameworks shattered entirely, and he was hurled into the void, wings trailing broken memories like comet tails. Vorthas was even more unlucky as he was impaled through the torso by a single finger of the Golem that had stretched into a spear, and his wounds began to bleed green life-force that spread across his body like flames.

The Golem was injecting silence into Vorthas’s core, and this was killing him. It would take a long time to be sure, but if it was not interrupted, Vorthas would be bled to death over eons.

Chapter 2088 Fleeing To The Past

Many thoughts were passing through the minds of those spectating this battle, and although the Primordials had been halted, this only drew attention to the gigantic anomaly present inside Existence, the Golem.

In the final days, all the hidden powers had begun baring their fangs and revealing themselves, and this Golem seemed to just be the tip of the unknown wave that was rising from the past to drown the present.

Nyxara, bleeding and furious, blasted her way out of the void, returning back to the battlefield. She had not bothered healing her wounds as she rapidly strived to return, and when she did, she was greeted with the sights of her siblings shattered across Existence, and Vorthas screaming in pain as he was bled to death.

Her disgust and anger were profound because, as she expected, they were all useless, all of them, and her anger came from the fact that the Golem had hurt her siblings, but all of these were surface damages.

Take, for instance, Vorthas, who was pinned against the fabrics of Existence. He may be suffering terrible pain, but he was barely losing any core essence, and what he was losing were the undigested essence in his body, and from this rate of loss, it was unknown who would perish first, Existence of old age or Vorthas.

This Golem was playing with them, and Nyxara had endured enough of this mockery.

The Ancient Primordials were fighting with most of their powers kept aside; even when they were battling Death, they had not used the entirety of their powers, because they knew they were being watched, and unleashing the full might of their strength was foolish.

Throughout this battle, they were battling with at most a thousand stacks of Origin Force, which could be seen as fusing a thousand Primordial Forces into one form. Even though they were capable of much more, there was no need to unleash all of that power.

Now that Nyxara was no longer feeling the need to hold back after the repeatedly failure and embarrassment, in addition to the loss of her prey, her hybrid wing flared to its brightest, most desperate intensity, and all of Existence began to shake.

Inside the Origin Realms, Eos gestured, and his Destroyer erupted from its sleeping position and plugged itself beside him.

Eos did not know what move Nyxara may attempt next, but whatever happens, he could not let Death die at her hands, and he would step forward if this Golem proved unable to stop her.

The power from Nyxara's body kept growing until it was almost as if it did not have a limit, and the Golem slowly turned its faceless head toward her. For the first time, the vertical slit in its face widened slightly, as a hairline fracture became a narrow, glowing abyss.

The power from Nyxara's body kept growing until it was almost as if it did not have a limit, and the Golem slowly turned its faceless head toward her. For the first time, the vertical slit in its face widened slightly, as a hairline fracture became a narrow, glowing abyss.

All of the screaming faces on its crown became quiet as the countless trillions of faces turned to Nyxara. Something about the aura of the Golem changed instantly, and even from the Origin Realms, Eos could feel it.

Previously, the Golem, despite all of its powers, had felt like a construct, a machine that came here for one purpose, which was for the protection of Death, and now, this was no longer a machine... There was no indication or sign, but a presence had inhabited that Golem, and all the New Primordials watching the battle froze in place.

Their senses were not as refined as Eos's own, but somehow, that made it even worse. Like a mortal who knew something was there beside them in the dark, but no matter how much they searched for this presence, they could feel that it was almost touching their skin, they could not detect anything.

Only the calm presence of Eos here gave them reassurance, as they began to piece together some of the truths that Eos had told them about the hidden players in this war, and they slowly came to the realization why the truths of some things were hidden from their knowledge.

There could not be a more humbling experience for the Primordials, and this did not dampen their spirit, but it did the opposite. They were the new path in Origin, and if they fought hard enough for it, then they could grow to be one day as strong as the presence that inhabited the Golem.

Eos thought he could recognize the aura that suddenly emerged from the Golem, and while it was similar to those of Lumen, the Wings of Enoch, it was also different. It was as if he was feeling the gaze of a different Luminious!

Why did he ever think there was always one Luminious in existence? Enoch and his wings were not a reliable narrator of the past, and it could be argued that the Luminious were unaware of everything going on around them, with their elitist attitude, and the same character followed Enoch as well.

Nyxara, who had been building up her strength, was the focus of whatever that presence was, and she hesitated, and in that hesitation, the Beast of Final Rest moved.

With the last dregs of its power, the dying Beast tore open a rift behind itself, a wound in the deepest layer of the Realm, leading into the uncharted voids beyond even extinct existences. For the first time, Eos was seeing the dimension of the past, and he was stunned because he found it to be very familiar, extremely familiar in fact, because he had something like this inside his body.

The shattered form of the Beast collapsed inward, streaming like black smoke, tendrils dragging the remnants of its harvested Deaths with it. The Beast fled, whimpering, broken, but alive.

Watching it escape were the Primordials, and as much as they wanted to pursue the Beast, they could not after they sensed the presence inside the Golem.

The Golem did not follow the Beast or did it leave, as it hovered over the realm to this unknown dimension and stood between the six Primordials and the fleeing Beast, an immovable monolith of absolute finality. Its stone body radiated a pressure that made every wound on the Primordials burn hotter, and every stolen power inside them scream in protest.

Nyxara floated before it, chest heaving, hybrid wing flickering with powers she was struggling to hold back. Her siblings drifted in various states of ruin around her, broken, bleeding, and screaming bloody vengeance.

Chapter 2089 Intercepting The Beast

The Golem watched the Ancient Primordials reorganize themselves, and it made no move; its screaming crown was silent. However, what difference did it make whether the crown was screaming or not? With its Will of Absolute Silence, no sound could be heard anywhere around it.

This display was a perfect example of the saying that it was not the weapon that was powerful, but the hand that wielded it.

The concept of Silence was not new; admittedly, there was no one inside Existence who presently held it. Still, no matter how rare it was, there was no reason it should be strong enough to hold back all the Ancient Primordials.

However, this Golem had something special about it that could not be described, because it was never part of this Existence and was something incredibly alien to it, but the Ancient Primordials recognized this presence, because it reminded them of their father, and no matter how much they tried to deny it, they still feared Enoch.

The Golem suddenly spoke to them, but there was no sound; its message was felt in their bones. “This one still has purpose. You shall not take more than what you were given, or you shall all be eliminated.”

Then it stepped backward, its body beginning to disassemble, and it rose into the tear that had brought it into Existence and vanished and vanished, taking the oppressive silence with it.

The remnants of the Realm of Death shuddered with the absence of the Beast, and what was left of it began to crumble.

In order to escape from the detection of the Ancient Primordials, the Beast had not hesitated to sever all of its connections with its realm, leaving all of its treasures behind, and not caring what was lost.

It would seem that in the face of death, even Death would crumble.

The six Ancient Primordials remained, shattered and seething, while staring into the empty wound where ultimate power had just escaped their grasp.

So many things had gone wrong so fast that they could not point a finger at when things began to fall apart. All they knew, even as they hated to admit it, was that in their arrogance, they were no longer the greatest threats in Existence, and it was possible that their enemy, Eos, no longer saw them in this manner.

After sixty-five million Cosmic Eras, the Ancient Primordials... they suddenly felt old.

Nyxara's scream of pure, starving rage echoed through the collapsing Regions of Death and echoed through Existence; it was a sound so raw and hateful that it sent fresh cracks racing across what remained of the Realm of Death.

"This is the last time I will fail." Turning a hateful look towards her siblings, she tore through the void and vanished.

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The Beast of Final Rest escaped through the crack in the void. Its form was like a ragged ribbon of shadow, and no matter how much it tried, it could not stop itself from leaking its Deathly essence, leaving tendrils of itself trailing behind it like severed veins.

A once powerful being at the height of power inside Existence could only flee without attempting to even look back, for it knew that even a normal Primordial could end its existence at the moment.

The Ancient Primordials had been too greedy, and their sensibilities had been extremely twisted, because if they had focused on killing the Beast, they would have long succeeded, but they were killing and eating it at the same time, and they unconsciously delayed their actions, knowing that their prey had no way to escape them.

Nyxara was also an enigma. The Beast had felt her lust and hunger for its Origin, but there were times when its blade could have driven deeper, but she seemed to hold back a bit, and the Beast was sensitive enough to realize that she was not just doing this to prolong its suffering; she also felt a bit of... mercy.

Perhaps these were the final thoughts in its mind, but he found this fact to be a little odd. Then that small part of itself that was coherent enough to think thoughts like these was

suppressed as it pushed its body to the limits, pushing itself deeper into this unknown dimension as every fragment of its being screamed with the pain of near-dissipation.

Its core had been cracked open, and more than half of it was shattered. stolen Deaths bled from its wounds in slow, black rivulets, each drop a fragment of extinct Realities weeping into oblivion.

The Beast had escaped, but the Origin essences of the Ancient Primordials filled his core, preventing it from rapidly healing, and its body unciously purged those foreign essences, but that action was costing the Beast.

To get rid of one portion of foreign Primordial Essence, it would have to spend three of its own. One reason for this high cost was the unexpected power of the Ancient Primordials, and the Beast could not focus on this task due to the fact that it needed to escape.

Still, it could not stop this action of self-harm because if it did not purge these foreign essences, then it could not truly escape the influence of the Ancient Primordials, and it did not know how long that Golem could hold them back before they began chasing it again.

It fled blindly, propelled by raw survival instinct, through layers of Existence that had never known light. Suddenly, it felt something beginning to shift, as the path twisted, narrowed, then suddenly opened into a fragile pocket of guarded space.

And there, standing alone on a platform of solidified possibility, was Eos.

The Grand Creator and the so-called guardian of the ten thousand Origin Realm were simply standing and waiting with their hands folded on his chest as if it were normal.

He would seem like a normal man, if not for the faint corona of light hanging around him, but a deeper look would reveal something frightening.

It was possible to see his entire body at a glance, but if you wanted to say, focus on his eyes, then it would feel as if your sight had been zoomed out into a wall.

The Beast was a higher-dimensional being, and so it knew why this was happening, and that was because it was looking at something that was vastly bigger than its present perception.

Like an ant trying to look at a mountain. It would have to carry itself to a great height in order to see all of it; otherwise, it would only see a small portion of the mountain's wall.

Seeing Eos here in front of it, the Beast knew it could not flee, because it was no longer possible, not in its present state.

Sighing in resignation, the Beast's fleeing form coalesced before him, but it broke apart, with the damage that had been done to its core, especially the strange Essence left behind by Nyxara; it was possible that it would never be fully whole again.

In the end, it managed to shape itself into a shapeless mass of shadow and ruin, barely larger than Eos himself now, as tendrils of its Will hung limp and one abyssal eye, cracked and leaking corrupted essence, fixed on Eos.

Seeing it was done, Eos tilted his head.

"Running, Death?" he said quietly. "After all that arrogance."

Chapter 2090 The Right Bait

Chapter 2090 The Right Bait

Eos's words were not simple; they carried the weight of memories. It showed the Beast their first meeting and all the discussion they had, including the battle a hundred million years ago when it stood with the Primordials to battle his Incarnation.

The Beast's "voice" emerged as a wet rasp, "How are you able to find me in this place?"

Eos smiled. This was his secret, and he would never reveal it to the Beast, but he gestured to the path through Existence that the Beast had torn through, "I have been cleaning up behind you, Beast; you have been leaving pieces of yourself behind, and even a mortal dog would be able to follow your tracks."

The Beast did not take Eos's news with any happiness. Sure, he had erased its tracks, but that meant both its enemies and allies would have a hard time locating it inside this place. It did not even want to imagine how Eos was able to create this closed-off realm inside this dimension.

"I am at a disadvantage, Eos, but do not take me lightly," the Beast growled weakly, but the fact that it was still leaking death did not lend more gravity to its words, "I am warning you that I cannot be killed, not now... not yet. The Ancient Primordials have created a new enemy on this day, and I shall be their deaths! Let me leave, and I will never trouble you again."

Eos gave a short, cold laugh. "You are warning me?" He stepped forward, coming closer to the Beast and bringing along a weight that made the Beast flinch, "You strutted alongside my enemies and bound yourself to the pact that gave you the power to shatter my Origin Realms, did you not? Now, bloated on the scraps of madness you let them feed you, you thought yourself the apex predator. And now look at you, leaking like a gutted fish, running from the very things you helped create. Why would you not think that this day would come?"

The Beast's form shuddered. A tendril lifted weakly, as though to strike, then fell.

"They nearly ended me," it admitted, the confession tasting like ash. "By now, you should have realized that I have an arrangement with the Temple of End, and that Golem is their warning. Would you go against me, knowing that the Temple seeks to protect me?"

Eos's eyes narrowed. "I stand alone in a sea of woe and misery, what else is new? Do you believe calling the name of the Temple would save you from my hands?"

The Beast's cracked eye flared with defiance, or perhaps it was desperation. Its position was weak, and it knew this truth more than anything. Growling softly, it tried to placate Eos,

"I warn you, Eos, the Temple is not a power that you play with. You think I fall because of my carelessness? No, I fell because of my defiance. You have been given a lot of honor to do as you wish because of your potential, but if you strike me down, they shall no longer look upon you with favor."

"I warn you, Eos, the Temple is not a power that you play with. You think I fall because of my carelessness? No, I fell because of my defiance. You have been given a lot of honor to do as you wish because of your potential, but if you strike me down, they shall no longer look upon you with favor."

Eos regarded the dying thing before him. For a long moment, silence stretched between guardian and reaper.

Then Eos spoke again, softer, almost thoughtful.

"Are you asking if I'm going to kill you now, Beast? While you're weak? While you're bleeding?"

The Beast's form rippled, and it laughed, although the sound held no light inside of it.

"Would you? It rasped. "End me here, in the shadow of this unknown place? Take the satisfaction of finishing what the Ancient Primordials began?"

Eos stepped even closer. Close enough that the Beast could feel the faint heat of his power,

"No," Eos said. "I would not kill you."

The Beast stilled.

"I would accept you as a slave," Eos continued, "Kneel. Bind your Origin to the foot of my throne. Become the final guardian of my Origin Realms, and I shall give you the honor to

become the thing that ensures no soul ever escapes into the maw of End ever again. Serve. And perhaps, in time, I will allow you the mercy of true rest.”

The silence that followed was absolute, then the Beast laughed.

“A slave?” it echoed. “To you?”

Eos cocked his head to the side when he noticed something new in the eye of the Beast, and its next words confirmed his suspicion.

“I have already received a better offer.”

Eos stiffened.

“End itself has spoken to me,” the Beast continued, voice gaining strength from the memory. “It showed me the road to a dream that you cannot imagine. Ultimate power. Transcendence beyond even the Temple’s Golems that you saw humbled the Primordials. Beyond the Architects. Beyond you.”

It drew itself up, tattered tendrils coiling like serpents ready to strike.

“I will walk that road. And when I return, it will not be as your slave, or the Temple, you shall all know to fear my name, and I shall crush you all under my feet!”

The Beast’s form began to thin again, dissolving into smoke, preparing to flee once more, and surprisingly, Eos did not make a move to stop it. The Beast snorted,

“Consider this your final warning, guardian,” it whispered in disdain, “You have no friends in the dark, the Ancient Primordials and their abomination of a father, hungers. The Temple and End beckon. And you... You are running out of light. I can be your only salvation, and when I return, you shall be the one to offer yourself to me as a slave.”

Eos watched the Beast dissolving away, and he smiled and spoke loudly to himself, but the Beast heard him,

“A fool that leaps from the frying pan into the fire. Do you not wonder how the Ancient Primordials could sneak into your lair at the right moment when you were at your weakest? What power drives you to its arms, knowing that you no longer have any choice but to come to it? You fool, you would throw away my gift and accept a curse. You would smile at your butcher and hand them the blade.”

With those words, Eos turned away as he murmured, “Run, Death... run to your better offer, and when you return, I shall be waiting for you.”

The vanishing form of the Beast froze, and chills ran down its spine. It remained in this position for a while before it vanished. A long time passed, and Eos returned, and he walked to the spot where the Beast had vanished.

Closing his eyes, he touched the spot, and then he sensed the precise direction of the Beast, and he smiled. He had stepped closer to the Beast during their conversation, not because he wanted to intimidate an already weakened prey, but he needed to be closer to bind his hidden Will to the broken flesh of the Beast.

The Beast was much too wounded to know what Eos was doing, but he was not afraid of Death discovering what he had done, but of the prey that Eos was hunting.

“To catch a bigger fish, you need the right bait.”

Beside him, his Destroyer hummed.

“Its been a while since I killed something, I am almost forgetting what it feels like.”

Chapter 2091 The Rabbit Hole Goes Deeper

As much as Eos wanted to kill Death, the worth of this Beast being alive was greater than its death at the moment. Just the fact that Eos was able to access this space after he watched Death tunnel into it was a testament to the usefulness of this Beast.

When Eos was a mortal and evolving into a dimension, his body had followed a weird process where he became a one-dimensional being, then two, before he became a three-dimensional being. For a long time, he had existed as a line, then a page, before he became a man once again.

Eos had begun to evolve from a three-dimensional being all the way to this point where he could walk with leisure across the ninth-dimensional level, the realms of Primordials, but he had never forgotten his first and second dimensions that were still tucked at the base of his Origin Land, and he did not know the use for them.

For a while, he only used this dimension because time moved incredibly slow inside that place, and the energy and essence inside those dimensions were incredibly dense. It had been used as a training location for some of his children and followers, but when he shifted all life away from his Origin Land and into the Origin Realms, his first and second dimensions had been silent... until today.

One of the greatest weapons that his enemies had always employed was not their strength; it was the fact that they were able to eliminate entire streams of knowledge from Existence.

Inside Eosah's Reality, this had been one of the most potent weapons used by the Ancient Primordials against him. He had to find the Will of Truth just for him to be able to decipher the truth from the past.

However, it would seem that even the Ancient Primordials were still suffering the same fate that they had placed upon him and all of Eosah's Reality in the past, as entire streams of knowledge were withheld from them. If that was not the case, how could Eos not know that his second-dimensional space could link up to this strange dimension?

One of the mysteries that Eos always thought about was the fact that the first and second dimensions seemed to be missing from Existence. Of course, they existed in a normal sense, but they could not be accessed the way higher dimensional being could walk across Memory or Time.

On this day, he finally gained his answer, and that was that the power of the first and second dimension had been removed from Existence and only existed outside of it.

He did not know when this happened, or who had the power to strip from the entirety of Existence, two of its fundamental concepts, but he could see the hands of the Temple of End in everything.

There were countless mysteries hidden from sight, and Eos could feel his blood pumping when he knew that he was about to shatter one of the doors blocking them from his sight.

When Death had escaped, there was only one place that this Beast could use to flee far away from the Ancient Primordials, because in its state, there was no single place in Existence where it could flee that was beyond the reach of the Ancient Primordials.

So it had to run to a place outside of Existence.

Eos had been expecting this to happen, and so he had watched the Beast closely, and when he saw it weaving the fabrics of the second dimension into its technique, Eos was shocked.

His shock came not only from seeing the material of the second dimension used in a technique, but also from the clumsy way that the Beast was using it, almost as if it had been given a tool and did not know how to properly wield it, and so it could only awkwardly push its way through the dimensions into this unknown space.

It was clear that this technique that was given to Death was only meant to carry its Will outside Existence, and not its entire body, and so it continued shedding itself across the dimensions as it pulled its body through a space that was never meant for it.

Yes, the space that Eos found himself was on the threshold to step outside of Existence!

In his life, there had been moments where he had experienced the same sensation. The first time had been in the Nexus, where he discovered that he was a labrat inside the confines of the Third Prince, and then he escaped the bounds of Trion and discovered a universe filled with endless possibilities.

The second time he was experiencing this sensation was the moment he saw the Great Darkness and experienced the fourth dimension for the first time. His mind had thought that it was seeing true infinity for the first time, but he was wrong; this was just one small dimensional cluster under the control of Eldrithor, Primordial Chaos.

He would later grow strong enough to leave the Great Darkness and see the entirety of Reality, and for a long time, he thought that this Reality was all there was, and the Primordials within it were the greatest threat he would ever face.

Then he began to learn more of the truth, and he knew that what he saw as all of Existence was just one Reality, and he soon knew her name, Eosah.

The third time he had experienced this sensation was when he saw the true bodies of the Ancient Primordials, and he learned the true scale of Existence. He understood that what he thought was forever was just a short waystop on his way to know the truth.

For a while, he had been learning ancient secrets about Enoch, the Luminious, and everything in between, like the Temple of End and the presence of beings like Death that seemed to defy the powers of the Ancient Primordials.

And yet, for a while, Eos had believed that Existence was all there was.

Oh, he had been so foolish.

Chapter 2092 Making Breakthroughs

Eos was experiencing the sensation of knowing nothing for the fourth time in his life as he stood here.

To intercept Death had not been difficult, even though Eos did not understand how to utilize the lower dimensions before now, which he called the Proto-Dimensions; he was familiar with them, and he only needed to watch Death fumble with the creation of this road to begin to decipher the truth.

Eos had been able to use his knowledge of the second dimension to pursue Death up to this point, and even as Death fled, he continued tracking him, and learning everything that he could, until the entire technique that Death had used to harvest Origin Force from the past entered his consciousness.

This was one of the greatest secrets that had been taken away from him and all of Existence, including the Ancient Primordials, and that was the power that was inherent in the first and second dimensions.

Eos recalled the battle between the Golem and the Ancient Primordials. It was not as if the Primordials were weaker than the enemy, even though they had the weirdly powerful concept of silence.

The truth was that they could not even hit the construct, and its attack was untraceable and indefensible. It tore through the barriers of the Primordials like a hot knife through snow, and Eos was now realizing that the Golem must have been using the principles of the second dimension in this battle.

Perhaps the reason the concept of silence wielded by the Golem was so powerful was that it was more complete than what the rest of Existence was using. It was taking a concept that was lower than the third dimension and integrating it with its abilities.

Eos did not know how to do this; no one else in Existence did; and even Death, which had been enjoying the benefits of being able to touch and wield the power of the second dimension, did not understand the concept behind it.

Remembering how he had offered Death a chance to place a part of its Origin inside his second dimension if the Beast would ally with him, Eos nearly laughed at how he had nearly made a great mistake and given up his treasures for cheap.

Even though he did not know the full use of his first and second dimensions, Eos understood that they had great importance, and at that time, he needed allies because the Primordials seemed like insurmountable mountains, and Death had refused his offer.

Some disappointments could indeed be blessings in disguise.

Shattering this space that he had created by branching off his second dimension, this piece of his consciousness returned to his main body, and Eos closed his eyes in thought.

When he opened it, he stood up from the Hall of Primordials, leaving them to analyze the battle that had just happened, and he returned to his throne of stone.

Shattering this space that he had created by branching off his second dimension, this piece of his consciousness returned to his main body, and Eos closed his eyes in thought.

When he opened it, he stood up from the Hall of Primordials, leaving them to analyze the battle that had just happened, and he returned to his throne of stone.

With a wave of his hand, Eos created a field of time around him that grounded the flow of time to a halt.

He had copied the technique from Death, but this did not mean that he understood everything it was doing. He had simply gained a key, and now it was up to him to understand how to use this key to open the locks it was not meant to open.

Anyone else would face an impossible task if they attempted to do this. They were not aware of the power of the second dimension, nor could they touch it.

Eos was aware of the second dimension; he could touch it, but he was a new and inexperienced baker with all the ingredients in hand, and he had no recipe, and he had been able to steal one recipe by chance.

Sure, this recipe was a bad one, which could only make a cake as hard as rock, but what was important was that it showed him the steps to take to bake something.

It was these steps that he needed.

Still, this task was not going to be easy or simple; trying to equate baking a cake to what Eos was about to attempt was an oversimplification to an insane degree.

Still, it served its purpose.

In the area of still time, where his body still experiences time, Eos began to experiment with the technique to manipulate the second dimension.

At first, his progress was almost nonexistent, but Eos kept at it for billions of years.

All those years were not wasted, even though it may seem as if he was not making progress; he was creating various principles and laws of the second dimension, just from these experiments alone.

In the third dimension, gravity affected a body that had mass, but in the second dimension, this was different. The laws it contained were not even related to gravity or mass, and in the second dimension, gravity could take the laws of light, and light could take the laws of gravity.

As Eos studied, he began to see parallels with the first dimension, as the principles of the second shared similarities with those of the first, and so he divided his efforts again.

No longer just focusing on the second dimension, he began to focus on the first, and it was here that his research was kicked into high gear, and he saw why Death was struggling and why it took him so long to make meaningful progress.

The second dimension was not meant to work alone; it needed the first dimension as well.

With this knowledge, Eos began to look at the technique he had collected from Death with new eyes, and he almost slapped his forehead in frustration when he noticed that, intertwined deep within it, was the first dimension.

However, closer observation revealed to Eos why he had missed these changes after all this time: they had been carefully disguised.

The fabrics of the first dimension had been cleverly woven into the second-dimensional technique, and due to the nature of the first dimension, this duplicity could have been hidden forever if he had not had access to the first dimension and had not begun to unveil the hidden principles within these lower dimensions.

Whoever gave Death this technique had been paranoid to an insane degree, if anyone had copied this technique, there would be so many walls in front of them to break through that it would be practically useless to them.

Years passed like water in a space where time was not supposed to pass, and Eos broke through wall after wall until he reached a threshold.

He paused for a moment, and he crossed it.

Chapter 2093 To Create And To Forget

The first technique to manipulate the Proto-Dimensions was born, distinct from what the Beast was given by the Temple, after all, that technique was uniquely suited for the Beast to explore the past, and not for anyone else.

What Eos had created was different, but as he observed the makeup of the technique, for him it was ultimately useless because, unlike the Beast of Final Rest, there was no similar Origin like him for him to trace into the past, and any attempt he made was useless and a waste of energy.

This unknown dimension of the past was unexplored territory and was so vast that it could be seen as infinite.

Gaining this first technique was opening the door to this new dimension, and Eos stopped for a while, dispersing the cloud of still-time around him so he could attend to a pressing annoyance.

He may have spent billions of years breaking apart and learning from the technique he stole from the Beast, but five seconds had passed in real time, and originally only one second should have passed, but the sliver of consciousness he had left behind was being contacted by Nyxara, and the weight of her presence was so vast that just contacting his consciousness was enough to destabilise the cloud of still-time that surrounded his main body.

Eos touched the dimension of memory and heard the cold and calm voice of Nyxara, “The plan will be soon, Eos, or our war shall begin early.”

He sneered but did not reply to the message; his silence was the best answer. The Ancient Primordials had just been disgraced on the greatest stage in Existence, and although this did not make them any less dangerous, it gave Eos an advantage.

In the alliance between him and Nyxara, she now appeared to be the weaker party, and so she could no longer call the shots like before. He would respond to her when he wanted to respond and not before.

Of course, he did not need to be playing or these games, considering all the plans he had in hand, but it would be strange if he did not do so, because he would all but be announcing to Nyxara that he was not fully invested in her plans.

For a moment, Eos wondered if he should draw the other Primordials into the mix, but he decided against it, just because it could lead to outcomes he could not yet predict.

Knowing that the consciousness he left behind would tackle any unexpected development from Nyxara, Eos covered himself once more in a veil of still-time and began to work on the techniques of the Proto-Dimension.

In the state he was in, he forgot everything surrounding him, the battles, the deaths, the fear of the unknown, and all the burdens on his shoulders were swept aside, as Eos returned to the moment where he was a wide-eyed mortal who was unveiling the secrets of the universe with the tools he had in hand.

So many things had changed over the years, but many things still remained the same. To gain new knowledge, the only path forward was to bury your head in the work and strive for it.

As the years went by, the techniques that Eos created began to grow. From a hundred to thousands, and then millions. Three Cosmic Eras passed, and Eos had created sixteen billion techniques.

Even for him, the amount of time caused his consciousness to feel great pain, and he emerged from the area of still time to find out that three million years had gone by in real time.

Even still, time had a limit, especially when you consider that Eos’s body was growing stronger every day, and the parameters he set up for being able to remain inside the area covered with still-time were always changing.

In three million years, a lot of changes had happened in his Origin Realms, and Eos familiarized himself with all of them. The first change was that the attacks against the Origin Realms had increased.

The attackers were coming from both the Temple of End, whose meteor showers were now almost constant, and the Ancient Primordials. Now, there were always a dozen Primordials outside the Origin Realms defending it, in addition to hundreds of millions of Old Ones, billions of seventh-dimensional immortals, and countless trillions of lower-dimensional immortals who were using the endless battle as a grinding stone.

With risks came rewards as the cultivation of so many immortals soared, leading to the birth of three thousand new Primordial Candidates who had all retired to the field of Elysium to await their ascension and polish the knowledge of their new Origin.

In these battles, there were numerous Primordial-level beings from the enemy side, and if any of the lower-dimensional immortals were unlucky enough to be killed by them, then it would be impossible for them to be resurrected. Luckily, none of his Primordials had perished in battle, and that was because of the stringent plan of war made by Eva, Primordial of Revelations, although there had been numerous close calls.

Yet the Origin Realms had crossed the threshold of initial development, and every day that passed there were millions of new fourth-dimensional immortal beings born, and they were ascending past their dimensional clusters to see the real world above and fight for their destinies.

Nyxara had communicated with him three more times, and her messages were growing increasingly deranged. Eos's eyes tightened when he read these messages again and again; it would seem that his hidden designs were beginning to work, and the mental state of Myxara was becoming more

unstable.

Still, he should know when to stop applying pressure and when to change tactics, and so he replied with a single word, "Soon."

Another surprising message that caught his attention came from the Beast of Final Rest, and it said, "Help me."

Eos analyzed this message for a while and placed it aside. For now, the Beast was not showing enough sincerity. Let it suffer for a while, and even if it was about to die, Eos would not necessarily raise his hand to help.

The only reason the Beast was still alive was that Eos wanted to fish for benefits, and the Beast was bait. Hoping the Beast could hold on for as long as possible, Eos replied to the messages and queries from some of his Primordials and took care of other hidden affairs of his realm that required his personal

attention.

Just this task took a decade to complete, and when it was done, Eos covered himself in another layer of still-time, and he ventured into his

Proto-Dimension.

He had created so many techniques, and now it was time for him to begin forgetting them.

Chapter 2094 The Graveyard of Heroes

Eos was not forgetting all of these techniques he had created because they were useless; in fact, they were all very useful, but with his present level, techniques were a crutch used by lower immortals and mortals to understand how to manipulate Reality around them.

By seeking to forget every technique he had created, he was making them a part of his instincts.

This process was even more difficult than learning these techniques in the first place, but they needed to be done. If he wished to explore this unknown dimension that had been hidden from his eyes, then he could not enter it without the knowledge of this dimension becoming his instincts.

Time lost all meaning to Eos, and when he was halfway done, he stopped his toils and emerged from the area of still-time to see that five million years had gone by.

In that five million years, four of the New Primordials had perished, but the number of Primordial Candidates now in the Land of Elysium had swelled to ten thousand!

The war was heating up, the Temple and the Ancient Primordials were constantly sending massive streams of monstrosities against the ten thousand Origin Realms, and their incursion had reached the peak a million years ago, when ten thousand Primordial-level monsters suddenly erupted during the battle, and began to push downward to breach the first Origin Realm.

This attack had been so brutal and sudden that if not for the sacrifice of billions of lesser immortals and four Primordials, the Ancient Primordials would have claimed one Origin Realm.

The defenses were strained to the limits, and a lot of heroes had emerged from the side of the Primordials and the lesser immortals, as they used their bodies to shield against Primordial-level attacks being rained down by a host of monsters never before seen in Existence.

He could not even attend their funerals because his head was buried in his research, and the Primordials did not want to bother him.

Eos rectified this oversight quickly as he travelled to the sites of their burial. There were no bodies, with the sheer power being unleashed above the atmosphere of the Origin Realms, even the bodies of Primordials would be ground to dust.

There was only a floating nameplate, made from silver, that was lost in a sea of floating nameplates at the Grave of Heroes, which was the massive dimensional cluster set aside as a memorial for all who were lost in the war and were expected to die.

This place was a grim place, vast and empty, holding only floating nameplates. If all life in the ten thousand Origin Realms were lost, then this dimensional cluster was vast enough to hold the nameplates of all of them.

Every name here was a stab to his heart, and Eos read out all of the names of the fallen, making sure they were placed in his heart. If this war ended in their victory, in time, he would draw out all of their souls from End.

“Your sacrifices shall never be in vain... this I swear.”

Eos eyes turned red as a shred of malevolence was born in his heart, but he suppressed those instincts and focused on learning all he could learn about the current state of affairs.

Prime and Serene Ascension had informed him that there were stirrings in the hearts of their experiment, and if they were not wrong, they expected that the three Primordials they had sent into the future might be returning soon. Although this ‘soon’ could be as short as a few decades, or a couple of million years. What was known, however, was that the wealth of knowledge they would bring back with them would change the course of the entire war and give the Origin Realms a weapon that could hardly be fought against. Serathis had informed him that all the Primordial Candidates were ready and could begin their ascension ceremony, and he gave the go-ahead... the fifth generation of primordials were about to be born, and their numbers would be astonishing. Ten thousand Primordial candidates, and even if not all of them succeeded in the first try, he would still gain thousands of new Primordials. Nyxara had left only one message: “My hunger grows beyond reasoning, Eos... my patience has a limit. More of your precious children would die the more you delay my great work.”

Death had left dozens of messages. As Eos had expected, Death had not taken the offer from End, and it was on the run. Every time it managed to purge the influence of the Ancient Primordials from its body, somehow they were always able to find it, and only by grace and chance had it been able to escape and live for this long.

It would be a fool not to understand that there were other players manipulating the board, and it was just a chess piece in this entire affair. Successive pleas for help were being sent to Eos, but he remained silent; the prey he was hunting had not yet taken the bait.

Death could afford to suffer a bit longer, and it was not as if the Temple of End would not rescue it again if it was truly in danger. Their silence meant they must have understood that the affairs of Death were not as simple as they seemed on the surface.

Eos looked up to see the sky filled with light and colors, which were the scene of billions of lives fighting and dying at every single moment.

He closed his eyes to touch the Primordial Record inside his body, and could feel the vast Origin Essence that was being siphoned from it, all pouring into the jaws of his six Ouroboros Serpents, who in turn were feeding his Origin

Land.

How much power had he accumulated, Eos did not know, but he knew that one day it would be used and all of Existence, both the old and the new, would crumble before this might.

Another round of inspection went by that lasted for another decade as he ensured that everything was working as well as he intended, and he covered himself in a shroud of still-time.

It was time to unlock the secrets of the Proto-Dimensions.

Chapter 2095 Reaching The Edges of Existence

Time passed, and Eos did not bother to check how much of it was going by. He was noticing that as he grew older, a faint aura was growing around him that he could not fully grasp, but one thing it seemed to do was that it made the passage of time nearly meaningless to his mind.

Eos's eyes were growing brighter, and his disposition was becoming more open; it was almost as if the invisible weight of time that all immortals carried was being washed away from his body, making him resemble a bright-eyed youth as time passed.

The older he was, the younger his soul became.

Eos did not fully understand why this was happening to him, but he was almost sure that it was a result of an unknown power born from the mutation of so many impossibilities inside one flesh.

Perhaps this was the direction for his growth as he grew older; Eos would not know; he was the first of his kind, and there was probably not going to ever be anyone like him until the end of all things.

He sat cross-legged in midair, and all the techniques he had created surrounded him like a storm of light, and now and then he stretched out his hand to catch one, and bring it before him, and a round of deciphering would begin, and before long, the technique would collapse into light, and Eos would draw it into his nose and digest them.

For a wizard to cast a fireball, he would have to have studied everything a being of his level would know about flames, and he needed incantations, props, tools, a proper Mental Space, and so many small but necessary requirements for the wizard to cast a ball of fire.

However, for a phoenix, this knowledge was integrated into its genes at birth, and from the moment the bird opened its eyes, fire was its to control.

Eos had spent so much time creating countless techniques for the manipulation of the Proto-Dimensions, and when he was done, he became like the wizard, but in his case, he was a wizard with all the knowledge about fire, and there was no single spell of flames he did not know.

For anyone else, this would be enough, but for him, it was just the beginning. He was not going to need techniques; he would be ingraining this understanding into his consciousness. Like the phoenix, he would not need techniques to master flames.

This state of being was no longer strange for him, from the third dimension to the ninth, Eos's control over these dimensions was flawless and instinctive. It was one of his biggest advantages he had against all other Primordial beings, and why most techniques would not work against him twice.

Years passed, and he reached into the space beside him, collecting technique after technique, until he reached out one last time, and there was nothing to collect, making him smile.

Of course, with his consciousness power and perfect memory, he knew there was nothing more to collect, but the mortal instinct of Rowan still remained, and as his soul grew younger, he began to find little happiness in harmlessly pranking his mind.

A memory of the voice of his mother drifted into his mind, "All you have lost, my son, would be returned to you in time, and your lovely smile would light up the world again."

He shook his head and stood up from the position that he had remained for who knows how long, and he thought of checking the state of the Origin Realms, but decided that he wanted to finish what he had started.

Eos removed the veil of still-time and looked briefly at his Origin Realm, and then he vanished. Using hidden paths created by the Archai, Eos traveled past the corrupted layers of Limbo and spent twenty thousand years to reach as far as he could go, which turned out to be the edges of Existence.

It was the first time he had seen this place, and he marveled at the sight. Existence was constantly expanding, crushing the nothingness and creating something out of nothing as dimensions were being born in front of his eyes.

This would be a good place to cultivate Primordials, as so many laws of Existence were being born here, but this would only benefit Ancient Primordials, not the new ones he was creating; nonetheless, lower-dimensional immortals would find this place to be a land of endless wonders.

He called for one of the Archai and gave him a single task, and that was to pursue the ever-expanding Existence and transfer what he was seeing to Serathis; she would know what he intended as soon as she saw this vision.

With just this vision alone, Eos expected that the birth of higher-dimensional immortals would easily triple. This place was not meant for their eyes, and the secrets he was showing them were something that even Primordials would have found difficult to locate.

Eos glanced around him one last time, and he lashed himself to the expansion of Existence itself, and he was drawn to its event horizon.

This place was beautiful beyond words, and perhaps a mortal or an immortal would not find it beautiful, but for Eos, it was one of the most amazing sights he had ever seen.

He pushed himself into the forefront of this expansion, and his body strangely began to descend instead of going forward, but he knew that this was the path of expansion, and he allowed this to happen.

In this manner, he descended through nascent dimensional folds, and passed flickering dimensions at the edge between birth and death, and descended past oceans of what resembled realities, and then he was enveloped by a vast pool of silence as everything that was of Existence passed above him, and still he descended deeper.

He moved without wings, using only the faint corona of his power to glide downward until he hovered above the edge of Existence itself.

Eos held back his hand, and without any fanfare, he sent out a pulse of power that was the crystallized beam of everything he knew of the Proto-Dimension.

This beam did not appear too dramatic or powerful; to the untrained eye, it was just a single glowing line, pure 1D length, intersecting a flat plane of shimmering 2D expanse.

The line was infinite in both directions yet perfectly straight, and the plane stretched outward forever, featureless and perfect.

Then, with his Will, he commanded them to converge, and they did, but the clash was silent.

Where they met, the intersection should have simply been a point. But it wasn't. It was a wound. A place where two dimensions refused to stay where they belonged.

Eos eyes shone when he saw this tear... it appeared that he had succeeded.

Chapter 2096 The Duplicity of Memory

A fracture had appeared in the lowest layer of the lattice that bound Existence, and it appeared on the spot where the first dimension met the second. A place where length touched width and refused to become anything higher.

Normally, this fracture would never exist, not inside Existence because something had taken out this rule from it, but only at the very edge of Existence could Eos be able to make this happen.

He looked at the fracture, and something about its nature seemed to call to him, and Eos knew that this call was the feeling of standing before the precipice of the unknown, and for someone like him whom much of the secrets of Existence, this call was a fatal lure.

Eos reached out and touched the fracture. The moment his finger made contact, the line bent. This bend was a conceptual curve in Existence as infinite straightness folded inward, wrapping around the 2D plane like a thread being sewn through cloth.

The plane rippled as the lines of the fracture thickened. Eos could suddenly feel a pull on the energy levels within his body, and it soon subsided, but this alone caused him to nearly go wide-eyed with shock.

There was one thing Eos knew kept him heads and shoulders above everyone else, and that was his energy stores. He had not seen anything that could compete with him in this area; perhaps Enoch at his prime and Hundun may have similar energy stores, but he could never tell.

For him to feel a strain on his energy stores meant that even a thousand Primordials linking their energy pools together would be strained to handle the power needs to open this fracture. Automatically, this cut out most of the inhabitants of Existence from ever accessing the mysteries beyond Existence.

Sometimes it was just the length of the stick that mattered.

Suddenly, the fracture began to deepen when it had taken its full of his energy, becoming neither line nor plane but a road.

This road stretched upward, not in space, but in meaning, piercing through the third dimension, the fourth, the fifth, and continuing to accelerate through every layer of reality with terrifying speed.

More energy was drawn from his body in ridiculous amounts, and Eos laughed with annoyance when he noted that if this was him before he began consuming the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, he would have had to stop this experiment because he would have been almost sucked dry.

As of now, he no longer feared a drain like this because he was already hundreds of times stronger than his previous self, and that was him even underselling his present abilities.

Soon, the drain of his energy stopped, and Eos began to feel another sort of pull, but this one was a gentle yet irresistible invitation.

This invitation was the knowledge that this road did not lead to anywhere inside existence. It led out.

He hesitated for only a heartbeat, then he stepped onto it.

The moment his foot touched the newly formed path, all of Existence vanished; his Ten Thousand Origin Realms could barely be felt, Limbo, the Shattered Cradle, the Corrupted Scar where the Ancient Primordials dwelled, and everything he had known for many billions of years, all of it simply fell away as though they had never been more than a dream.

In fact, for a moment, it was almost as if everything that he had experienced up to this point was a dream, and only now was he waking up from it.

This sensation was very dangerous, and Eos had to take a few seconds to marshal his thoughts before he moved ahead.

However, even as he walked, there was no sensation of movement, no wind, no light. Only the road beneath his feet and the growing certainty that he was leaving everything behind.

He was going beyond the ninth dimension, and this was a place where common sense should have told him that even Primordials were not meant to know, or even see. He was still an eighth-dimensional being; what right did he have to walk on this path?

However, Eos knew that this thought was wrong; unlike the Primordials and everyone else inside Existence, Eos was complete. His ascension began from the first dimension

upwards, and whatever was stolen from everyone inside of Existence was not missing from his body.

It was a wonder that, because of his desire to be freed from the bloodline of Primordial Chaos, he stumbled on the path that would change his destiny in such a drastic manner.

If there was any reason, he should never stop fighting. Eos would remember this moment because it showed him the fruits of never surrendering to fate.

The road underneath his feet was made of the first and second dimensions fused into something that should not exist. It had no width he could measure, yet he could walk it. It had no length he could comprehend, yet it carried him forward.

With every step, higher dimensions unfolded around him like petals of an impossible flower, and looking around with the eyes of a child, Eos began to learn everything anew as he saw the other side of the mirror, and he was able to look at the dimensions in a way that he was sure few had ever seen.

Even though he was aware in some manner about this truths, it was an enlightening experience for him to see it with his own eyes.

The third dimension that he knew as space was represented as depth; this was what bloomed into being, giving the road substance.

Time, the fourth dimension, flowed along the edges of this road like liquid mercury, showing him every possible future of the road itself.

The fifth dimension, he knew as space-time, became probability here, and it branched the road into infinite forks, each one a different version of the path, and yet all those paths converged into one singular path in front of him.

Eos paused for a moment, a whisper of a truth teased the edge of his mind, but after waiting for a while and not picking up the reason he had stopped, he continued on, knowing that the answer would come to him when the time was right.

The sixth dimension of Memory became Parallel Realities here, as the road reflected mirrored surfaces on either side, reflecting countless versions of Eos walking the same road, and all of these were memories of himself that were never born, and yet still appeared with him here.

Eos paused here, as he realized a great truth that nearly made him curse. The third to the fifth dimensions were closely related to what he knew and understood about the higher dimension.

However, the sixth dimension was so drastically different that he had to stretch to find the connection he had with them. The sixth dimension was not Memory; it was Parallel Realities!

Someone had changed the meaning of this dimension, and for so long, everyone had followed this change, including him and the New Primordials.

Then a thought occurred to Eos, Elgorath, Primordial Memory... there is something wrong with him.

He was the Primordial that was responsible for this dimension, and so he must have felt it, even if this truth was hidden from him. This could only mean that Primordial Memory was not as weak as he once thought, since in many ways, the entirety of Existence had been serving him from the beginning!

Chapter 2097 The Real Face of The Higher Dimensions

Eos had always wondered why the Ancient Primordials chose their Origin Force, then he learned they did not have any option, and this was the power that they gained from consuming a Reality for the first time.

Still, the Ancient Primordials had the option to pick any Origin Force from the many Origin Forces inside Existence, so why did they choose Soul, Life, Memory, Demon, Light, Time, and Chaos?

This selection always seemed so random to him that he just saw it as a personal decision, but now, it seemed he had to recheck everything he knew about the Ancient Primordials.

At least at this point, he now knew one of the hidden secrets of the Ancient Primordials. Primordial Memory was not just a Primordial; he was something that was also similar to a Reality, but different.

Right now, Eos wanted to turn back and send words of caution back to his Origin Realms, but he pushed aside those thoughts, which would do nothing but reveal his hand.

For the moment, whatever games were being played, he had seen the edges of it, and now he could only keep going forward until everything was revealed or until he had seen enough.

Eos began walking forward, and he saw the seventh dimension. He paused, and anger began to bloom in his eyes. The seventh dimension was not the dimension of Fate, but Consciousness.

The road whispered in his mind, the thoughts of every being that had ever existed echoing along the path. It may be called consciousness, but another name for it is Soul, for what is consciousness but the Soul?

“Nyxara, you sneaky bitch, so the sixth and seventh dimension has a problem, and you must know of this truth.”

However, the method of Elgorath at the sixth dimension was different from Nyxara.

Elgorath was Primordial Memory, and to all higher-dimensional immortals, the sixth dimension was the dimension of Memory, and they had not fully questioned why this was the case, as there had been no indicator that Primordial Memory had any power over this dimension.

In the same way, Primordial Time had no power over the individual stream of time under the control of every higher-dimensional immortal.

However, they were wrong because the true nature of the sixth dimension was called Parallel Realities. In some way, every immortal was harnessing the power of parallel realities when they reached the sixth dimension, but they did not know this truth.

Instead, they had only been using a small portion of what the sixth dimension was capable of.

Eos’s eyes gleamed when he suddenly realized the use of Primordial Memory... his purpose was to deceive the heavens and the earth!

There were a near infinite number of sixth-dimensional immortals inside Existence, and yet all of them believed that the dimension they controlled was of Memory, not Parallel Realities, because in many ways, Memory existed inside these Realities.

If the sixth dimension were an entire ocean, then everyone inside Existence, including Eos, had only been standing on the beach and dipping their toes at the edges of the water and never knew how deep their dimensional powers went.

What if the Ancient Primordials were not just sent to destroy every Reality inside Existence for the sake of the resurrection of Enoch, what if it was to hide a great secret that should not be known?

The Ancient Primordials had chosen every Origin, not by chance, but it must be because of need. Elgorath’s presence alone meant he had eliminated any chance for any Primordials of Memory to be born, because if there ever was a new Primordial of Memory, then they may begin to see some discrepancies in their Origin Force.

Using the knowledge of this road, Eos planned to go through every single dimension to uproot the problems within it. He had always known that there was a problem with the power every immortal cultivated, but for so long, he had no idea where to start.

He could not say there should no longer be any higher dimensional immortal, this would only leave his children in danger, and so he could only use his body as the foundation of the higher dimension, hoping that on the day that any unexpected backlash happened, he would be there to bear it, and now he had begun to see the edges of that grand scheme.

However, Eos believed he may have seen the purpose of Elgorath, but Nyxara's case was different. She was the Primordial of Consciouness, but she called herself by another name, the Primordial of Soul, and the seventh dimension she controlled was twisted to become the dimension of Fate.

It was almost as if she was trying to hide, or there may be something else here that he had not fully figured out.

If the stories were correct, Enoch found the seven siblings as mortals, and their presence was a curse on their homeworld. Shunned and hated, if not for Enoch giving them the power of his flesh, they would have been killed.

Now, Eos began to look at this memory in another light... why did he dismiss the mortal forms of the Primordials as not important? Well, it was because he heard this story from Lumen, and the wings of Enoch disregarded mortals as nothing but tools, or was this what he had been led to believe?

Was the answer staring at him in the face, but he was sidetracked by the elevation of the Primordials, so he did not bother to question how seven random mortals could possess so much power that their presence was twisting the fabrics of Existence.

Yet, Eos recalled all of his interactions with the Ancient Primordials, and while they were incredibly cruel and evil, they were also fiercely intelligent, and he had not once detected the hints that they knew of this secret about themselves.

What if the Ancient Primordials were pawns, but not just the pawns of Enoch, but of someone else? Fuck, what if Enoch was still a pawn?!

Eos needed the truth, and he could no longer depend on what he had gained from Enoch and his wings, Lumen. He needed to see it for himself.

Placing aside his new discoveries, Eos continued on the path, and he discovered that the eighth dimension known as Destiny was not Destiny, but Causality.

The road showed him paths that were twisted into knots, revealing to him how every choice in creation had led to this exact moment.

There was a clear relation with Destiny, but the eighth dimension was much deeper than everyone had been led to believe.

More than anything, Eos became glad that he had not pushed for the ninth dimension before he discovered this place, or he would have greatly harmed his foundation without realizing that he had left holes in his defenses.

He could imagine that Elgorath may easily slip through the cracks of his memories and attack him, because he would only be defending against Memory, and he would have no idea that in countless Parallel Realities, his body was left undefended. He would have died in grievance not knowing how he perished.

The same could be said for Nyxara, who should be the one who controlled all the seventh dimension, and yet, without this knowledge, Eos would not know the connection he had with her, and she could take him down.

Could Xyris do the same with Time? So many questions in his heart, but he could only keep walking forward.

Chapter 2098 The Tenth Dimension!

Even though his heart was heavy, Eos did not stop moving forward. New discoveries did not only have to be good news, and Eos knew he was crawling from a place of disadvantage, all to find the truth in the end.

He had not forgotten the throne he had seen when he gained the Will of Truth, and in many ways, all the struggles and the trials he had undergone in his life, they were all for the sake of finding this throne of truth... to finally know all the secrets that had been hidden from him and all of Existence.

At the end of this path, Eos did not know what he would find, but he knew one thing: they were not ready for him, none of them were.

His feet continued to carry him across this road until he reached the ninth dimension, and Eos paused here for a long time as he soaked in the true face of the ninth dimension.

The ninth dimension was a realm of all possible laws, and Eos saw that he had been correct and also wrong about the way he was cultivating his new Primordials, but he was mostly on the right path, since none of the New Primordials would be able to master so many Origins, but if they persevered, they could master other concepts alongside their original concept.

This was a power that was supposed to be left for the Luminious and their descendants, like him and the Ancient Primordials, but normally, this was the power that a Primordial-

level being should have. Eos wondered if he corrected the lower dimensions, if it would become easier for Primordials to reach their perfect state.

He was deliberating on this when the road unexpectedly ended. There was not a wall or a gate in front of him; the path just suddenly ended, and Eos felt his heart slow down because he knew that beyond this was what he greatly suspected was the tenth dimension!

Suddenly, his heart that had been still began to beat fast, and a sensation that he had long discarded in the past emerged inside of him... it was fear.

The scale of the deception that Eos was suspecting was so grand, so in-depth in scope, that it eclipsed anything he could imagine before now. The entirety of Existence and all of its powers had been dancing in the hands of someone unknown, and if he stepped past this point, he would find them.

Was he ready for this? Could he ever be ready?

Eos smiled, knowing that the fear in his heart came not because of what was ahead, no matter the monstrosity in front of him, he would proudly face them all, and he would crush them... no, his fear came from the fact that he may find something that he may not be able to solve, that was beyond his power... he feared failure.

He feared not being able to make a difference when the time counted, and before he took another step, he wondered if he should go back and enhance his strength and those of his children before he took this next step.

The thought made sense, and it was deeply tantalizing, but Eos could not help but push it to the side. He could never be fully ready for this, and it would not matter how much he prepared for a dimension that was greater than anything he knew; he would always fall short.

But it did not mean that he could not fight.

Eos walked forward until he stood at the very edge, toes inches from the place where existence itself ceased to be a meaningful concept, and peering ahead made his eyes begin to burn.

The road behind him still glowed faintly, and they were the only tether keeping him anchored to anything real. Before him stretched... nothing.

But it was a nothing that contained everything.

He glimpsed it, but this sight did not come from his eyes as they had already burned away the moment he crossed the ninth threshold. He glimpsed it with the raw core of his being, the part of him that had held an unshakeable will and purpose.

Eyes were useless here, and the only thing that mattered was Will itself, and in this manner... Eos saw the tenth dimension.

If any of his children were to ask him what the tenth dimension was, he would tell them that the tenth dimension was not necessarily a place; it was the outside. And he would leave them to contemplate what this meant, because this comprehension was different for everyone, and what he saw was not what another person beside him would see.

For him, the tenth dimension existed beyond all frameworks of space, time, probability, law, or thought. It was the canvas upon which every possible and impossible existence had been painted, and then erased, repainted, erased again in infinite cycles.

For so long, the birth and destruction of Existence was seen as a tragedy that exceeded the comprehension of even Primordials. Existence seemed too big, too complex, and too infinite to be anything but forever, but here, in the tenth dimension, he could see how everything he knew could be seen as trivial and meaningless... Like a brushstroke that had been erased, repainted, and erased again, many times.

Without the tethers to the Existence behind him, Eos would have been lost in the infinity of Existence. He closed his eyes and began to recall the voices and prayers of his children that he could hear at the depths of his soul. He drew strength from them and kept his mind in place, and he looked deeper into the tenth dimension.

Eos saw the true shape of Existence, and it was not like the sanctuary where all beings were born as he knew it; what he was was a single brushstroke on an infinite wall.

Inside that brushstroke, he saw Limbo as a tiny stain. The Shattered Cradle has a crack no wider than a hair. The Beast of Final Rest and its realm is a single drop of spilled ink trying desperately to become the entire painting.

He saw the six Ancient Primordials, tiny, writhing things, still believing they could devour the whole picture.

He saw himself.

Chapter 2099 The Painter

Chapter 2099 The Painter

Eos saw every version of him that had ever existed across all possible realities. Most had failed. Most had watched their children and families die. Most had been devoured by the Primordials, or corrupted by End, or simply faded when the last light went out. But one version, the one standing here, on the edge of the Tenth, had done something none of the others had.

He had looked beyond what none of the others had dared to search for.

It was not as if he had not lost anyone; he had lost as much as they had, but he had never stopped looking for the truth. Most of the other selves had not acquired the Will of Truth, and even the few that did, inevitably left it to the side as they pursued power.

They had forgotten that the power that they pursued had been tainted from the beginning, and in their hubris, they did not check again and again to be assured that the power they thought they controlled was just a sham.

He did not know why he was able to see his other selves when he could not do the same for the rest, but he thought it must be because he was here outside the ninth dimension and looking in.

Basically, he was looking at multiple Existences standing side by side, but his perception was still too weak, and he could only observe himself.

This was also a truth that had been lost from Existence, as he realized that the Beast of Final Rest did not just reach into the past, but he also reached across these other parallel existences.

The thought of something like this was so stunning that Eos could not even comprehend it for a few moments. He shifted his perception to search for the Beast, and he found it and also the road that the Beast had been offered. It was a corrupted thread leading deeper into the Tenth, toward a throne made of every ending that had ever been refused.

The Beast was already crawling along that thread, broken and leaking, but growing stronger with every desperate inch, and the Beast would have been much stronger than it was if not for the interference of Eos, who planted the seed of the truth inside its heart.

However, behind the Beast, he saw Nyxara's hunger, which resembled a black flame that would eventually consume the entire painting if left unchecked. This flame was pursuing the Beast, and it was pushing it towards only one direction... End.

Now Eos was able to observe the true form of End, and yet its form was still vague, but if he had not gained the experience of observing Existence from its smallest state to its largest, then he would not have been able to figure out what he was looking at.

The truth was that End was not a force as he had first believed, nor was it a being with malicious intention born from the madness of a tortured god; this was what a lower-dimensional being would interpret End as, but here, he saw End as what it was... it was the blank space between every brushstroke.

It was the perfect, patient emptiness that waited for the painter to finish. End was not coming to destroy existence. End was the reason existence had been allowed to begin in the first place, so that it could one day be completed and set aside.

Existence had been erased and repainted many times, and End was that eraser. Without its touch, then there would be no new Existence, and the old would rot away for all eternity. A fate that was many times worse than death.

Yet all of this called attention to a single fact: if there was a painting, then there must be a painter. The painting of Existence did not come from nothing; there was a design here, and everything that happened inside Existence was a reflection of the intention of the painter.

Fate and Destiny were a lie; it had always been stolen from everyone inside Existence, and it was done in order to suppress the hunger of those who would have fought for their freedom.

How could a man fight to escape his cage when he did not even know he was in a cage? There was no Fate nor Destiny, only what the painter allowed to roam inside his painting... Destiny was the errant brushstrokes that were not entirely under the control of the painter.

Knowledge as power, and these words could not be any more important in this moment, because as soon as Eos realized there could be a painter, he saw the brush, and the hand that held it.

He could not see beyond the hand, because whatever dwelled there could not be seen. There was a fundamental gap between his existence and that of the unknown painter, as if it were like a character in a book trying to understand the makeup of its author.

Yet in this uncertainty, Eos glimpsed a very small part of the final equation.

Whoever this painter was, they were not satisfied with their creation, and it was not because the creation in itself was bad, but because the painter had no control over what they were painting.

The only power it had was the power to erase what came before as they sought to make something that was close to their unknown ideal. Existence after Existence had been erased because they did not fit the narrative, and over time, this painter had become so adept at the act of erasure that it seemed to have forgotten its purpose in the first place.

Eos saw that under the hands of this painter, the Ten Thousand Origin Lands were not a sanctuary for the last seed of creation; they were the variable it could not control.

Eos gasped when he finally realized that the brush he was looking at was the physical representation of Origin itself, and Origin, in essence, was chaos, and this hand wanted to control this chaos and reshape it into its image.

Time was meaningless here, and this painter was infinitely patient, and as Eos was gaping in astonishment, he suddenly realized that one of the fingers from that brush had shifted, and it was slowly rising, and pointing towards him.

Chapter 2100 What Was Stolen

Chapter 2100 What Was Stolen

The only thing that saved him here was due to the experience he had gained from fighting opponents that were vastly more powerful than him over the course of eons, from a mortal to a higher-dimensional immortal.

Eos allowed himself to fade back into the painting, and he could do this very quickly just because the road he had just walked, which was the fusion of first and second dimensions, was the only path that allowed any being inside Existence to step outside the painting long enough to understand the true face of Existence.

Eos staggered backward along the road. The moment he retreated, the Tenth Dimension folded away like a book snapping shut.

The ninth, eighth, seventh... all collapsed back into lower layers until he stood once more on the grounds of Existence above the Ten Thousand Origin Realms, where a great battle that involved primordial level combatants was raging, but no one saw his figure, and everything and everyone just seemed to slide around him without their knowledge.

He had entered the tenth dimension and emerged above his Origin Realms, and this had happened just because of the intent he had in his head when he was escaping.

Like this, he had just quietly discovered another power of the tenth dimension, and that was instantaneous travel.

Even with his speed that should rank among the best in all of Existence, it had taken him more than twenty thousand years to travel to the edge of Existence, and he crossed all that distance when he was returning in the blink of an eye.

It may have appeared that he had escaped without any issue from the painter, a tenth-dimensional being, as his body was unchanged. Not a single new scar. Yet he felt ancient. Older than the first painting of Existence itself.

This was not a natural state, at least for him. Before he made this journey outside of Existence, Eos could feel that his soul and mindset were becoming cleaner and more vibrant as if the weight of time was being erased from his body the older he became, but now, it seemed as if all of that progress was lost, as if something had been taken from him.

He felt old, and this was not a matter of his lifespan, even as he stood here, he could feel the number of years he would live growing nearly exponentially as his Origin Ouroboros Serpents consumed the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, but something that had always been his own which he gained by his actions over the years had just been taken away from him, and he was frustrated because he did not know what it was, and yet it seemed to be very important.

Eos looked down at his hand; it was trembling, and he squeezed his fist tight. “No matter what I lost, it was a worthy exchange,” He whispered to the void, voice hoarse with the weight of what he had seen. “I know what you are now. I have seen your hand, and from this point forward, nothing would ever remain the same. Your biggest mistake was to allow me to survive the first contact I had with you.”

Looking into the distance as if he was looking outside of Existence, and he could as well be, because when the eyes were open, it could never truly be fully closed, Eos descended into his Origin Realms, to rest and ponder on all he had just discovered.

Perhaps if Death was here, it may have recognized the part that had been stolen from Eos, or maybe it may have not, the Beast had only briefly seen it after all... the Beast had seen many sights of wonders when End showed it the vision of the future when it became its avatar, and one of those visions he had seen was the concept of Immortality, a power that had been stolen from Existence.

The Beast had been too wounded when it had met Eos, or it would have been amazed that, surrounding his body, taking the shape of a faint aurora was the aura of Immortality, and now that aura was gone.

Every being inside of Existence, even the Primordials and even Death itself, did not have the aura of Immortality, because if this Existence ended, they would not survive its end, and they would fall.

However, against all odds, Eos, not knowing the actions he had taken in the past to lead him to this point, had quietly begun developing the aura of Immortality.

Because this concept was taken away from Existence, even he could not recognize what it was, and when Serathis and others noticed this change, they did not know what it meant.

There was someone else who had a faint hint of this aura, and it was Circe, the Primordial of Endless Kindling. However, her aura of Immortality was far less developed than Eos's and seemed to be missing a certain component, because, unlike him, her aura was not growing and was dormant.

This aura inside Eos was still developing and was nascent, and if Eos had not left the painting, if he stayed outside the gaze of the painter, then there was a chance that this aura would have fully reached its completion, and he would become a true immortal, one that had escaped the binds of the painting and who would live on even if the painting was

erased over and over again. Perhaps it was a good thing he did not know this truth, or if he did, Eos would still think it was a good enough exchange. What was the use of immortality, if everything he knew and loved perished along the way?

He had seen the true face of the dimension, and it meant that he could go back and change the foundations of the Origin Realms from the ground up. Just this discovery alone would change the lives of countless trillions of his children, and he would begin to institute the power of the first and second dimensions into the technique he gave to the Origin Realms.

Eos did not know when it would happen, but he expected that if he kept perfecting the foundation of his children, then there would be surprises in the future that would shake the status quo. He had a thousand New Primordials under him, with another ten thousand expectant Primordials who would be born in the next million years. In another ten million years, maybe the number of new Primordials would reach a hundred thousand. There had never been any Existence in the past where so many powerful Primordials were born, and Eos would bet on them more than anything.

This discovery also meant that he could reshape his foundation and cleanse it of the hidden weakness that he did not know he had, and it was unknown if the exploration of the Parallel Realities, which were the domain of the sixth dimension, could lead to unknown possibilities in the future.

All in all, it would not matter if Eos had known that his immortality had just

been taken; he would not want to live if all of his children were lost. As a father, he should be buried by his children and not the other way around.