

The Primordial Record

Chapter 2101 The Core of The Matter

Eos did not know the reason, but when he returned to his throne, he fell into a deep sleep.

This sleep was a healing sleep that eased the great stress that his consciousness and body had experienced when he stepped outside of Existence.

In his sleep, the aura that was stolen from him began to quietly return. The ignorant were fearless, and sometimes not knowing the whole truth could be a blessing.

The concept of Immortality was fleeting, and it was directly held in the hands of the painter, but if Eos was aware of this concept, he would have created a thread that linked him and this tenth-dimensional being.

Eos' state at this moment was so incredibly fragile that if he were aware of this change, this would instantly give the painter the power to touch him.

The painter controlled the power of End, but End was not one of its concepts, but a borrowed one. Immortality, on the other hand, was a tenth-dimensional concept, since it represented the ultimate state of a lifeform. A state that could exist even at the end of all things. There could only be one painter, since he was the one with the power of Immortality. Everything else, no matter how powerful, was a part of the painting, and they could be erased at any time.

However, there was a rule that guided all concepts, and that was that although only a single individual could master the deeper layers of a concept, others could also claim that concept, but they would not be able to gain a deeper understanding and control of that concept; they would only stay on the base level.

This was the reason the Ancient Primordials could create so many Primordial-level monsters, and why Eos wanted to erase the Ancient system of Primordial advancement, because in that system, there could only ever be 10,008 Primordials with total control over their Origin.

Eos did not know the reason he had gained the aura of immortality, but if he was aware that he had and knew the core of this concept, he would know it was because the owner of the concept must have ascended to a higher level, thereby freeing the base layer for anyone who had the potential of immortality to gain this power.

This was the core of the entire battle laid out at a glance. Countless quadrillions of Cosmic Eras ago, in a time so distant that it no longer had a name and when the concept of time was not even stable, the Painter ascended into a deeper layer of his concept.

The Painter had sat on the Throne of All Things before even Existence existed, and as a perfect being that existed above all, nothing could shake its position, and yet as the Painter became even stronger and more perfect after an inestimable amount of time, it left a space for lower creatures to ascend to its vaunted position.

The tenth dimension would be polluted, but if the painter cut all roads of ascension to the level, and forcefully kept everyone in the ninth-dimensional level, while refining its power over all there was, then the Painter would fulfill a single purpose that was the linchpin of its existence, and that was to master the Eleventh Dimension of Origin!

Eos did not know the true face of the battle that he was about to enter, but he was slowly getting to that point.

The board had been set, and there could only be convergence.

While it was true that Eos did not understand the nature of the Painter or the true scale of this battle, he was perceptive enough to notice that the painting of Existence was growing.

End was a force of erasure, and for that reason, it could not grow; it was the basis for the ending of the first Existence, and so although its depth could be deepened as it erased newer Existence, its form was fixed.

If Existence kept expanding in the way it was doing, then the most useful tool in the hands of the Painter which could effectively curtail the ascension of all lifeforms inside Origin, would lose its effectiveness.

Eos had been able to see all of this at a glance, and although he was not aware of the Painter's goal, he was intuitive enough to know that the most important thing he could do was to preserve Existence until the point where the power of End was no longer a threat.

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Eos slept for a thousand years, and when he woke up, he looked up into the heavens, and he frowned as he saw the ongoing war happening in the skies.

His children were already giving their all, so as a father, it was only right that he reduced their burden. The feeling of age had dissipated from his body, and Eos imagined that whatever he had lost must be returning and that his fears were baseless.

Nyxara had been pestering him for so long about the deaths of her siblings that he thought it was the right time to satisfy her desires.

His mind reached back to all that he had seen in the tenth dimension.

There was still so much that he needed to learn, but he knew he had overstayed his welcome.

His greatest suspicion had been confirmed, he had learned about the true face of the higher dimensions, and he understood now why End had visited the Origin Realms... Why the Golem had spared the Beast... and why the Ancient Primordials were a necessary component of this whole messed-up situation.

Everything was preparation for the painter to seize control of Origin.

To Eos, this was the obvious reason. He knew that there must be more to this matter, but he was perceptive enough to see the core of the matter.

Yet, this matter made him consider all that he knew of the past.

The Luminous were the most powerful beings inside Existence, and yet they had seemed content not to interfere with the Painter, and why was that?

Perhaps it was not because they were passive, and the powers of Origin caused them to become too separate from everything, because, unlike everyone else, they must have been able to peer past the ninth dimension and see the painter.

Eos was well aware that the Luminous had a Garden of Eden where they were safe from every ending there ever was.

It meant they had found a way to exist outside the painting, and that could only happen if the Painter had allowed it.

Chapter 2102 Picking Targets

Eos did not know what happened with the Luminous in the past, but there was a source where he could gain all of that information, and at the moment, the bait he had pushed out into Existence, the Beast of Final Rest, had not drawn the attention of that big fish, and he could only wait and apply pressure in a different way.

One reason the Beast had not settled down was that it was being chased by Nyxara, and so, following the character of the Temple of End, they would be determined not to interfere unless it was necessary.

Shifting his attention to the side, Rowan caught the strings of memories beside his throne that were waiting for his attention. Even though he had been away for just twenty-one thousand years, there were already a lot of messages waiting for him.

Most of them were concerned with the state of the war, which was rapidly heating up, and this was mostly happening because of the threat from Nyxara, and Eos had finally had enough.

Tracing her string of memory, he tugged upon it and spoke to her, “Your plan is a go... we are killing Elgorath.”

He was not surprised that it did not take her long to reply, “Just him, the agreement was to kill them all at once.”

Eos smiled, “Except you would agree to play a greater role in the fight, then we can kill more, but did you not forget that for the last hundred million years, all of you have been rapidly growing in strength? The Primordials we made those agreements for in the past are no longer the Primordials of today.”

Nyxara’s anger could be felt through the memory strings, “And would you say you are not the same? You may fool the others, Eos, with your pitiful attempt to remain under the radar while sitting on your precious stone, but I know you, Eos. I built you from my image, and I know you are not the same as you were.”

Eos shrugged, “I do not care what you think I have accumulated. We all hold weapons behind us, but you were the one who convinced me to work together with you on your acts of betrayal. I will not be sacrificing my power to suit your needs. We all get what we want from this deal, and if you want more, you have to place more on the table.”

“I want more deaths than just one Eos, and I am willing to assist you once against anyone you point me towards.”

Eos smiled, “That is not enough. Your help is not needed for any of my plans, when my greatest need is how to stand against you as you grow stronger.”

There was silence for a while, and yet Eos did not speak, as he knew that Nyxara was wise enough to understand what he meant, and before long she replied through gritted teeth, “You have implanted Mercy into my heart, and now you ask for more?”

“I do not know what you think I have Nyxara, but no matter how much you try to hide it, there is no way I have not realized that every one of your siblings that dies empowers you... Your needs are just too great, and you no longer hide them from me. Either you are getting desperate, or you know the benefits you are gaining are so great that you no longer care to hide your hunger any longer. Still, you have not heard my terms yet?”

After a while of extended silence that stretched for hours, Nyxara finally replied, “What are your terms?”

Eos pretended as if he was deep in thought, but he already knew what he wanted even before the conversation began. Truthfully, he did not even think he would get this far; he

had expected that Nyxara would reject him at first, and another one to two million years of negotiation would go by before he would get what he wanted.

“Do not push it, Eos,” Nuxara growled, “You have the upper hand now, but you will not always have it.”

Eos smiled, not bothering to hide his deception from her, from this old monster; any action other than this would only invite mockery.

“I want you to unlock the first layer of Mercy in your heart. There are four layers to it. Unlock a single one, and we can kill two Primordials, unlock a second layer, and we will kill three, unlock everything, and we will kill them all.”

The silence that came after his words was so total that for a moment, Eos thought that Nyxara had left. This silence continued for months until a sigh emerged from the memory link,

“You know that this plan of yours... this attempt to change who I am would not work. You have to know, and yet, why do you choose to stick to this path? I tortured this damn thing for sixty-three million Cosmic Eras. Why would you ever think that something that I despise to this extent would reach any core of my being and change who I am?”

Eos shrugged, “I don’t, but I can only hope that this open secret may cause me surprise one day.” he chuckled with a note of sadness in his voice, “You have no idea what it is to be me, Nyxara, to know that despite all of your powers and your plans, that there is still so much that can go wrong at any time and everything that I know and love would be instantly gone. The chance is slim, but if there is a slight possibility in the future that I fail and I perish, then there would still be a home left for my children. and the only assurance I have is the slim hope in the fact that there would be a small mercy in your heart.”

Nyxara replied darkly, “One reason that I hate how much you have learned from me is that I no longer know when you lie. Congratulations, Eos, I accept your restriction, but I shall unlock only the first layer, and the Primordial we would be killing is up to me.”

Eos eyes lit up; of course, he was lying. There was no way he would leave the fate of his children on Nyxara’s mercy; he was playing a longer game, and he did not know when she was going to catch up.

“Who do you want to kill besides Elgorath?”

Nyxara growled, “My dear fucking brother, Xyris.”

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Chapter 2103 I have The Bait

Like the great betrayer that she was, Nyxara began to feed him the plans of her siblings; all of this was in order to choose the right location for an ambush.

Eos was surprised to learn that the Ancient Primordials were content with waiting and watching as he created New Primordials because they believed Eos was planning to depend on using their collective Origin Force as a weapon against them, in the sense that the more Origin Force was rooted in Eos's Origin Land, the broader his foundation became.

This insight into his power structure and plans was shocking, but they were still underestimating him to a ridiculous degree. Of course, the addition of so many Origin Force seeds inside his Origin Land was a plus, but his true growth was coming from the Primordial Record.

He did not want the Origin Forces inside the Record; what he wanted was the Essence, and although this Essence was corrupted by the power of End, his serpents were the perfect filters. Their scales would hold the power of End, only allowing the purest essence of Origin to enter their bellies.

If he finished consuming all the Origin Essence inside the Primordial Record, the serpents would shed their skin, and this would be like creating an extremely powerful weapon that Eos would not wield, but simply dispose of because he did not want to be corrupted by this power.

Even the pure Origin Essence in the bellies of the serpents was not kept; they were being used as fuel to power their endless growth, and this growth was reflected in his Origin Land, which was continuously exploding in size.

One great thing about the Origin Ouroboros Serpents was that the bigger they became, the more they could eat, and so as time went on, Eos's growth was not slowing down; it was becoming faster.

Eos may not know of anyone else who could enjoy their strength growing faster as they became stronger, but he knew that this was because he was swallowing the foundation of Existence that had been taken by the Ancient Primordials.

He also knew that Nyxara telling him about the knowledge of the Primordials was also to probe his foundation. She must be suspicious of his secret plans, but because she did not know the full breadth of Eos's knowledge, she had made a mistake about his capabilities, and there was no way that Eos would correct that mistake.

This was the same way the Ancient Primordials had toyed with him for many years until he discovered the truth, and Eos was not a person who did not learn his lessons after it had been branded into his soul.

Still, with the actions of the Ancient Primordials wishing to stand back as they elevate their power and watch Eos's own decline, was the right plan, but because they built this plan on the wrong premise, they were only destined to fail in the future. It was errant foolishness to believe they were growing stronger at a faster rate than he was.

Eos was very willing to let this happen, but Nyxara was not, and she would become fully suspicious if he allowed the Ancient Primordial's excellent growth to continue.

This became a problem for their plans because the best way to get to the Primordials would be on the field of battle, where Eos himself would have to emerge to resist them, or they would slaughter all of his Primordials, but with them not willing to leave their nest for the time being, the plan would have to be changed.

"We need bait, and it has to be precious enough to draw out Elgorath and Xyris?" Eos muttered, sending this thought to Nyxara, "What can draw these two away from the rest?"

Nyxara replied after a while, "I will give you a response soon."

Eos nodded his understanding and placed this string of memory connecting him to Nyxara aside. He had two pressing concerns at the moment. The Fifth generation of Primordials was about to be born, and he needed to integrate the new understanding he had of the higher dimensions into the foundation of the Origin Realms in such a smooth manner that it would be almost undetectable.

It was a shame that he could not bring this technique out in the open, because that would be like announcing that he had peered beyond the borders of Existence and seen the tenth dimension.

The best he could do was to silently patch the loopholes in the foundation of all life inside his Origin Realms while disguising the fact from everyone else.

They would all believe they were cultivating the sixth dimension of memory, not knowing that their foundations had been changed to Parallel Realities. Even though they had this new foundation, he was going to be locking away these new skills from them. The enemy could not know he had repaired this loophole because Eos was playing the long game.

He knew that in the future, if the true power of his Origin Realm was released and he began to win the war, that was when the true strike of his enemies would emerge, and they would try to finally bring him to his knees by exploiting that weakness, but that weakness would no longer exist and therefore the action they made would be the greatest way for him to know the true face behind this great deception.

It was said that the hunter who shouts before he shoots his bow would always return home with an empty hand.

By sheer luck, Eos had gained access to his Proto-Dimensions, and he had kept this secret for so long, and now it had become the door that he used to peer into Existence's greatest secrets.

With the solidification of this plan, Eos knew that he could no longer keep Death alive, as it was the only being in Existence that might begin to understand the value of this secret, since it was given a technique that used the power of this dimension.

If the Beast were to truly understand what Eos held in his hands, then it would realize the power he was hiding. The only reason the Beast had not yet figured out that Eos had once shown it his first and second-dimensional realm was that the technique that was given to it was cryptic.

It was clear that the Temple of End wanted to hide the secret to the tenth dimension from the Beast, and so the technique they gave him was very complicated.

However, it may take a while, but with the mental abilities of these old monsters, Death may soon figure out that it was wielding the combined power of the first and second dimensions, and if it realizes this, then it won't be long before it recalls the realms that Eos had shown it when he was ignorant of his true potential.

Death would have to die, and there may be other opportunities here as well. Was he not looking for the chance to kill Elgorath and Xyris, and also searching for the right prey to draw their attention?

Eos sat back on his stone throne as a beginning of a plan began to form inside his head, and when he had perfected it to what he needed, he contacted Nyxara,

"I have the bait."

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Chapter 2104 Would You Take This Chance?

Through the memory thread that connected him with Nyxara, Eos could almost feel the gluttonous desire from Nyxara as she responded to his words,

"Are you going to be using your children as bait? I did not expect that from you."

Eos scoffed, "You wish. No, in this situation, I have something better. We use the Beast of Final Rest as bait."

“That has occurred to me,” Nyxara sighed, “But whatever methods that Beast employs are beyond me; I cannot pursue it into the layers of Existence that it moves through. Even though it is broken and leaking Origin Force from its near-dissipation.”

“Well, it is a good thing that I have been in contact with the Beast,” Eos replied and waited for Nyxara’s swears of anger to pass, before he continued, “I will contact it. Promise it salvation, a place to hide while it recovers. The deer is arrogant enough to believe I would rather use it than kill it.”

“And why are you not,” Nyxara said, “Using it rather than killing it?”

Eos smiled, and although there was no reason to, he chose to answer her question, “The Beast is my enemy, and removing it from the board serves me better than keeping it by my side. I cannot trust it, and that is the same for the Beast. I only have one chance to invite the Beast, and I am choosing to use the opportunity to kill it.”

“You could have made it your ally. A cooperation born from necessity.” Nyxara countered.

“And when it is done, what’s next?” Eos pointed out, “I am allying with you in this matter, but you are still my enemy, and after this is over, we will return to kill each other. I cannot trust the Beast enough to bring it into my service.”

After a while, Nyxara sent her agreement, “Okay, how do we play this?”

“The Beast is wounded, and when it does not expect it, I will attack and bring it to the verge of true death.” He sensed Nyxara trying to speak, but he settled her confusion with his next words, “I understand how to break the Beast Nyxara, and will hurt it in just the right amounts that its dying emanations flood Limbo like blood in water. Now this is where your part is important... To prevent that Golem from returning, you have to be at the right position to absorb all the karma from the dying emanations of the Beast, and you shall channel small portions of it in a way to draw Elgorath and Xyris.”

Nyxara hummed in agreement, “Holding all of that karma would be difficult, and getting Elgorath and Xyris to pursue the dying Beast alone is the easy part. They would not want to share with others.”

“Okay then, if that is the case, the matter is settled. Prepare yourself, I will begin setting the stage. In a hundred thousand years, it shall be ready.”

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With the upcoming plan, Eos became extremely busy, and one of the things that took up most of his attention was remaking the foundation of all his Reflections.

Because his main body was the Origin Land, remaking his foundation would take time just because of his sheer size.

The good thing was that with his understanding of Origin, the minute part of him had its own sentience, and it could follow instructions even without him supervising it.

He was also working on reshaping the foundations of all the Primordials and the Origin Realms, and for the next eighty thousand years, his head was buried in this task.

Eos had given Nyxara a time frame of a hundred thousand years just because he wanted all of this time for reshaping his foundation and not for setting a trap for Death. That part was rather easy because he already had a place like that ready.

As he worked, his mind could not help but think about the plan, and he found it odd that Nyxara had not even questioned him about picking Elgorath as one of the Primordials to die.

It was a small detail, but Eos made it a habit to always look at the smallest details because inside them was the devil's deceit.

He knew that Elgorath and Nyxara had a problem, and it was not a normal kind of problem. However, he did not know if these Primordials were also aware of this problem or if they were just pawns.

Whatever would happen in the coming future was bound to be interesting, and Eos needed to be ready for any changes.

It was time for him to poke the hand hidden in the darkness to see what would poke back.

In the last ten thousand years before the appointed date, Eos began focusing on the trap he would use for Death.

What sort of realm would the Beast find comfortable to hide and rest?

A million possibilities went through his mind and Eos paused at one of the options, and then he smiled... this one would do.

Years passed, and the day approached that would spark the war to end all wars, and Eos was speaking to his Primordials. He had been with them for months as they travelled through the Origin Realms and discussed all the challenges they were facing alongside the oncoming war.

Serene Ascension was not failing to remind him that the three Primordials he had sent to the future would be returning any day now, and advised Eos not to make any great changes to the war effort before they returned.

He was sitting in a gathering with nearly a thousand Primordials, and Telmus was beside him, showing him a stunning combination attack formation he had created that would get more powerful the more Primordials were added to it.

This was his response to their weakness against top-level threats like the Ancient Primordials, and Eos was amazed at the ingenuity in his designs. Excusing himself for a moment, while telling Telmus that he would be back after a while to continue their discussion, Eos moved outside the hall, and he vanished, reappearing far from the Origin Realms.

He turned to look behind him and saw that Limbo had further shrunken, and now, even with the barrier he had placed over the Origin Realms, the New Primordials were able to perceive it, like a heavy cloud covering the entirety of the Origin Realms.

This was what happened when all of the evil that was spread all over Existence began to contract.

What was amazing was that Existence for the first time in a long time now felt... clean.

Because of the coming war, End was gathering all of Limbo to surround the Origin Realms, and it had removed its hold on the rest of Existence. This gave Existence a chance to breathe clean air for the first time in forever, and Eos could begin to glimpse what Existence might have been without the madness of the Ancient Primordials.

Sighing in reflection, he sent a stream of thought to Death that was perfectly tailored to the Beast's wounded pride.

"I have thought about your words, Death, and so I offer sanctuary and recovery. A chance to walk End's road from a position of strength instead of flight. Would you take this chance?"

Chapter 2105 Greed Winning Over Reason

Eos's words carried the power of his Will, and so it brought with it all the information the Beast would need to know about the sanctuary that Eos was offering.

It was a world built from the essence of his Origin Realms, which was hidden in its shadow. This was a space that only Eos knew of, and if it could hide here, no one would be able to find it until it revealed itself or the Origin Realms were destroyed.

The Beast knew that the Origin Realms would not be easily destroyed even if they were conquered, and so it was greatly assured of this realm's safety.

In addition to this, there were the words Eos had said about its interaction with End. Only a fool would not see that the Beast had lost most of its Dominion, and soon it would not be able to stand at all in the stage of Existence, and if it does not want to be devoured, it either serves a higher power, or becomes the Avatar of End.

However, in its present state, it would not be able to bargain for any suitable benefit in this arrangement, and the chance to recover to pick any choice that suits his needs was almost too good to believe.

The Beast answered Eos almost immediately. Its shattered form coalesced in front of him like a ragged shadow, tendrils trailing like torn intestines from its body, and one cracked eye glowing with desperate suspicion.

Even after this time, the Beast had not been able to heal, and the taints of the Ancient Primordials still lingered in its flesh.

The once mighty ruler of death was now a pitiful thing, barely holding itself together, its leaking essence painted the void behind it in slow, black spirals. Death was powerful, but its nature also worked against it, as the way it healed was to cut off, and if it still had its domain, it could have all the resources needed to heal itself back again, but without this option, and with the constant harassment from the Ancient Primordials, it could not gather any Essence for Existence for its use.

It also did not help that Limbo was shrinking, as a lot of power that Death consumed came from the corrupted essence of End and Existence, and it was extremely barren, with barely any deathly essence for it to consume.

Looking at Eos, who seemed to be in perfect shape with eyes glowing with impossible vitality, the Beast shook.

“You expect me to trust you?” it rasped, and Eos could hear the deep tiredness in that voice. The Beast was under far more pressure than he had anticipated, which was a good thing. Manipulating it would be easier.

Eos opened his hands wide, ensuring that the suspicious corona that was currently circling him was dismissed. After he lost this corona when the Painter attempted to point at him, he no longer saw this light as something simple, and was determined to hide it until he fully understood what it does.

“Trust is unnecessary.” Eos slowly spoke, making sure he was looking deep into the one eye of the Beast so it could see his intent clearly, “Survival, however, is not. The Ancient Primordials hunt you, and the Golem sent by the Temple of End, does it not only watches as you dance on the edge of damnation. You are wise enough to understand what this means. The Temple has given you to the power of End, but they want you to be broken so your power is restricted. Tell me if you think I am wrong?”

The Beast hesitated, its cracked eye narrowed. It would be a fool if it did not see the obvious connection between the Temple of End and the power of End.

Perhaps the Temple had sensed its growing strength, and they knew they would not be able to control it for long, and knowing Lumen, Death knew that it had been sold out to End.

It was a painful reminder that in this realm, there were no eternal friends, just eternal benefits. It was good enough that the Temple had not sent the Golem to restrain and bring it to End, but knowing Lumen, it would prefer seeing the broken form of Death come to the Temple to beg for help, only to be rejected.

Truthfully, Death was about to do this, even when it knew that it had most likely been betrayed, but desperation would make a man dying of thirst to drink poison, and Death was a billion times more desperate than any mortal could ever be.

The silky words of Eos entered its ears as Death felt space shifting, and beside Eos appeared the realm of darkness he had created for it, and Eos gestured towards the realm,

“Inside this place, you may rest, heal, then take your road. The only payment I want is for you to ensure part of your consciousness remains alive after you fuse with End, and to remember the favor I gave to you on this day, and it is my payment for sparing my children if I fail.”

The Beast cocked its head far too much to the side, “Are you so sure that I would follow the path of End, Eos?”

Eos smiled, “Where else would you go? All I know is that this is the best option for me to be able to gain anything from a losing hand. You know me Death, I make plans for everything, for my victories and losses. If I do not call you here and grant you sanctuary, you would soon fall into the hands of End, but if I can give you the strength you need to stand toe to toe with that power, then something might change.”

The Beast shivered; it could hear the truth in the mouth of Eos, and it was indeed going to be picking the path of End, but it knew that in its present state, it would be nothing but a shell just because it was coming to End to flee its doom.

In the height of its power, End had to come to it to request its aid, promising him power beyond measure, and now if it went to End in its present state, it would be lucky to be taken as prey.

Eos was many things, but he was a realist, and he must surely understand the magnificence that was inherent in the body of Death, and knew when to bow to the situation.

It knew that Eos wanted to use its hands to destroy the Ancient Primordials, and Death would give Eos this grace. For one, the Ancient Primordials were now its blood enemies, and after it was done with them, it would go for the Temple and destroy it.

The power that End offers was ridiculous, and Death would take it, and all of Existence would tremble, and Eos would be allowed to live as its slave.

Greed won over reason, and the Beast drifted closer to the edge of the opening to the realm where it would find rest.

It sent tendrils probing the edges like a starving animal sniffing bait, and took several hours checking the depths of the realm with all the information that Eos gave him until he was satisfied.

Chapter 2106 Realization And Horror

Death was satisfied with the place that Eos had made for it, although the realm was missing the essential essence of Death, but that was not a great problem. With the usage of the technique given to it by the Temple, Death would be able to regain back all it had lost and more.

The Beast would have been suspicious if it had seen Essence of Death lying around because it knew that these essences would only come from the Ancient Primordials, and would have clued it in that Eos may not be doing this alone.

Being so close to its salvation, the Beast decided to pause and think about this situation for a moment. For one, it was already beaten, and Eos would find it better to kill it than to trap it, but if Eos killed it, then he would still have to face other enemies, including the Ancient Primordials that were growing extremely powerful.

But with the help of the Great Death, Eos could be sure that the Ancient Primordials would be eradicated under its fury. If it were Eos, then this would be the option that it would pick.

“You picked the right choice, Eos. Your help to me in my time of need would not be forgotten. Do not worry, I do not forget these moments, and I shall repay them in full.”

Raising its broken head up, it drifted elegantly through the door to its realm of rest, but the moment it crossed the outer membrane and looked around in satisfaction, already thinking of raising an altar to begin summoning the fiends of death to this realm that it would make into its new domain, Eos struck.

There was no warning or any grand speech, just the edge of Destroyer’s blade falling on its neck, as Eos sliced downward. On the edge of the blade, Eos had coated it with part of the enlightenment he had gained by seeing the weight of the Tenth Dimension’s glimpse.

He had imbued this weight with the power of his Proto-Dimensions, causing the edge of the Destroyer to glow with a blinding silver light which resembled the color of the road beyond all roads.

The edge of his Destroyer was matchless, and it sliced through the flesh of Death, driving straight into the Beast's core, and the impact of this devastating cut was silent, but the effect... apocalyptic.

The Beast screamed, a sound that would have torn fractures across the ten thousand Origin Realms, but Eos had made sure that the outer membrane of this realm was covered extremely well by countless runes of defense made from the pure Origin Essence of his New Primordials.

Death convulsed after its screams became choked in its throat, thrashing wildly as the insight inside the Destroyer rewrote its very nature.

Where the silver light touched, the Beast's stolen Deaths began to unravel in reverse. Harvested extinctions that had made it strong now turned toxic, devouring it from within. The Beast's shadow-body began to collapse inward, shrinking, cracking, and leaking torrents of raw Origin Force into the void that was hungrily devoured by the realm around it.

This move that Eos made did not come out of nowhere, but he had perfectly imitated the moves used by the Golems against the Ancient Primordials, and as it turned out, his first test was a rather stunning success.

There were many things about that battle that did not make sense, including the ease with which the Golem was able to reverse the powers of the Ancient Primordials and use them against them, or how it could attack without any trace.

The shocked and dying Beast must have realized that Eos had just used the same moves that the Golem had used, and something inside Death broke, because from all indications, Eos was also working with the Temple of End.

Great fury erupted in its dying core as it howled with a fractured voice, "TRAITOR! You promised sanctuary!"

Eos's face was calm, but there was an almost sorrowful light in his eyes. "I promised you would live long enough to serve a purpose. This is your purpose."

He stepped forward and drove both hands into the Beast's fracturing core. The unfiltered light of his Origin Land that had become purer after it was tempered by the insight he had gained after perfectly refining his core poured into the wound, causing the Beast's body to convulse violently.

"Stop... please stop... do not kill me, I can be of use to the Temple. I can stand at your door as its guardian, looking no further beyond my station. Please stop killing me."

Eos was silent as he continued purging the core of the Beast. The challenge he had here was not in killing the Beast; it was doing it in such a way that its death would not be felt by the Temple of End.

Death, as he had learned, was not just an entity born by the Existence; it had become tampered with when it decided to serve the Temple of End for more power. Of course, that power came with restraints; there were the obvious ones and the hidden ones, and Eos would have never been able to understand what these restraints were if he had not moved outside of Existence and seen the true nature of Existence and of the higher dimensions.

Inside the body of the Beast were countless locks, made with not just the power of the first and second Proto-Dimensions, but with the Parallel Realities power of the sixth dimension.

Death had so many hidden chains inside it that this Beast could as well be the pet of the Temple of End, and yet it did not understand this. Eos, using his Will as a scalpel, began to cut out all of these locks from the Beast.

Because the essence of Death was so powerful that even if he cut out these locks, those pieces would not die anytime soon unless he destroyed them, and so if he could cleanly remove all the restrictions inside the body of the Beast, the Temple would not know of its fate.

The Beast had been crying for freedom all of its life, but at the moment of its death, it began to truly sense what that freedom was like, and it was not a fool as it quickly realized what was happening.

If Eos was a part of the Temple, there was no reason it should be removing all of these restrictions, and if Eos had the power to remove these restrictions, it meant that somehow this child that was born not too long ago had been able to discover the hidden secret of the Temple that made it a dominant force above all creation.

Realization and horror flooded the eyes of the Beast as it looked at Eos, who was slowly dismantling it into pieces.

How could this have happened? When did everything begin to go wrong?

Even in its fear and horror came a slight bit of hope, and Death felt great regret that when Eos was weak, he had not allied with him and damned the Temple. It knew that this power that Eos was using would never be released by the Temple, and that meant that alone, he had figured it out for himself.

Chapter 2107 You Did Not Consider My Appetites

The Beast was an ancient monster, and it was able to decipher certain clues with the limited information presented to it. Knowing that Eos would not want to allow his secrets be known to others, Death finally acknowledged that it would not be leaving here alive.

There was a reason it feared the Temple of End, far more than it feared Eos or the Ancient Primordials, and that was because they were capable of wielding powers beyond what anyone with Origin was capable of, and if they wanted, they could erase an entity in its entirety.

For so long, Death had been feeding on the past Deaths, and he knew that this technique he was using was a small taste of what the Temple was capable of. In essence, all of these past Deaths had a slim chance of resurrection, but with this technique, they had finally been wiped out and used to feed its growth and hunger.

Now, the same thing was happening to it, and this brought panic and fear. The entire dissolution of its being for an entity that had lived beyond all things was a fear that was hard to acknowledge, and with the surging strength of a being that was on the brink of death, the Beast fought back with everything it had, and there was a surprising amount of strength left in its body.

Even when it was dying, the Beast had preserved a large amount of his strength in case it was unexpectedly betrayed by Eos. The amount of power it had kept back should have been enough to battle against one of the Ancient Primordials on equal footing, and it should have been enough to hold back Eos and escape, but the attack from Eos was beyond anything the Beast could have expected, and yet, it still fought back as hard as it could.

Tendrils lashed out, slicing across Eos's shoulders and chest, carving deep, burning gashes that wept golden blood. One tendril speared through his thigh, pinning him momentarily. Pain lanced through Eos like white fire, but he did not flinch. He twisted his hands deeper, forcing the Beast's own finality back upon itself.

The Beast's screams became wet, gurgling pleas. Its form shrank from nebula-sized horror to a thrashing mass the size of a dying star, then smaller still, until it resembled a small black deer whose fur was slowly molting into ash, and eyes cracking like glass and weeping the red blood of a mortal.

Eos leaned in close, voice low and brutal.

"I warned you of their appetite, and you did not listen, a shame that you did not consider my own. This entire fucking game has gone too far. The lives inside Existence matter to me, and I shall wipe all of you away from the board, one by one."

With a final surge, he flooded the Beast with the light of his Origin Land that effectively crippled it at the core; it was not enough to kill it, but enough to leave it on the razor's edge of dissipation.

The Beast collapsed, twitching, leaking Origin Force in great, pulsing waves that spread across the realm like blood in water. Its final cry echoed outward, a dying emanation so potent that every higher being in existence would have felt it as a physical blow, but Eos gathered that cry and held it in his hand.

The trap was set, and he was about to send a part of this cry to Nyxara for her to draw in her prey when he turned to the Beast that resembled a helpless deer, and he broke off a piece of his destroyer, and then drove the shard of the blade through the top of the Beast's head so it burst out from under its neck, effectively nailing shut the mouth of the Beast.

He had shown the Beast too much of his secrets, and when the real trap was sprung, he was not going to allow the Beast to bleat out any secret.

Maybe once he had been willing to work with Nyxara to gather all that was left of the Ancient Origin Force, but now that he understood that he had been deceived on two of the dimensions that he knew about, he was no longer willing to wait.

The Painter was tightening their hold over Existence, and whether the Ancient Primordials knew it or not, they were essential to the Painter's plot. It was time to begin taking them out of the board.

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Far away, in the Shattered Cradle, Nyxara, who sat on a throne of the souls of screaming Primordials, blinked. Inside one of her domains was the death cries of the Beast of Final Rest.

She paused for a moment as she analyzed the cries of the Beast, surprise, and a bit of annoyance in her eyes.

Eos had been able to do what the six of them combined could not, and despite the fact that their situation was different from his own, it painted a stark picture about the state of the Ancient Primordials; they were falling.

From the moment that Existence began to expand outside all known boundaries and the birth of the fifth layer of Space, the inevitable fall of the Ancient Primordials had been set in motion, and Nyxara could see that... and she hated it.

They had spent so long in madness, waiting for the day when everything would change, and now that they were free, now that it was their turn to rule all of Existence, it was becoming broken.

“Well, no more...” Nyxara swore to herself. The truth was that after she digested all the scattered forces of Origin inside her body and those of Light, the fusion of these two Origins had pushed her might to ridiculous levels.

She did not need the death of two Primordials to push her beyond the limit; she only needed one, and once that was done, she would slaughter everything in sight, including Eos.

Nyxara wanted ultimate power, but she was not foolish. With the expansion of Existence, the fragile control that the Primordial had over Existence was slipping away, and it was hubris to think they still had this situation under control.

The fact that Eos could threaten them with the Origin Realms and they ran back like little mice to their burrows was more than enough evidence to show that they had no proper way to respond to the changes that were happening.

Chapter 2108 Hidden Traces

Chapter 2108 Hidden Traces

With all of these in mind, Nyxara understood that the only way they were going to win... that she was going to win, was by using a blitzkrieg strategy.

The Ancient Primordial of Souls would quickly kill everything before it had the chance to create any new and unexpected variation in this battle.

Nyxara believed that their greatest threat did not come from the Temple of End or Enoch, but Eos.

He may not show it, but Nyxara had killed many people, and she knew when she saw a lack of fear. Eos no longer feared the Ancient Primordials.

If this were someone else, then she would believe that this was caused by foolishness, but this was Eos, a being that had been carefully designed to break the curse of Enoch himself... there was nothing simple about him, and if he was showing no fear, it meant he had confidence and his greatest confidence came from time... it came from the knowledge that it given enough time he would grow stronger than everyone.

Nyxara could no longer deny this fact, even if the rest of her siblings were hiding from the truth. Eos's Incarnation Rowan had fought with all of them and created the Origin Realms, and that was one fucking Incarnation.

Rumors from hidden sources have described that Eos had created thousands of these Incarnations, and they were hidden all around his Origin Realms. If only one Incarnation

could be such a headache, what would thousands be capable of? What would their main body be capable of, if given enough time?

She stood up from her throne and vanished without telling any of the others the reason why she left, but she knew of their nature and did not try to hide from them.

Originally, she was meant to lure out Elgorath and Xyris alone, and if she had made the right preparation, this would have been very possible, but she lied, of course... she would be making sure that all the Primordials followed her. It was time to kill Eos.

Using threads of her own soul woven with stolen fragments of the Beast's essence, she created false echoes, which were the dying whispers that carried the unmistakable signature of the Beast's Origin Force.

These echoes she scattered like bait across the paths Elgorath and Xyris were most likely to sense.

For her plans to work, Eos must first see these two, but unknown to him, she would spread the same lure a bit later to draw out the rest.

By the time she had what she needed, they would be drawn to the site of slaughter, and there she could finish off everyone at once.

This plan was delicate, and many things could go wrong, but Eos had delivered a nearly dead Beast to her hands. If she killed and absorbed the Origin Core of Death, then all of the Death Origin she had been storing inside her would finally have roots, and she would be able to fuse with them.

Eos had sent her glimpses of the realm he had created to hold Death, and it was in the shadows of the Origin Realms... a bold but foolish choice.

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The Ancient Primordials watched Nyxara leave. Recently, she had been making such trips more frequently, and they knew she had been hunting Death across the dimensions.

All of them had been doing the same thing, but they were much more secretive about the matter. If there was one thing the last battle had taught them, it was that the division between them could no longer be easily fixed or ignored any longer.

They were all subtly feeling the threat of weakness, and this created fear inside their hearts. This fear was leading to a desire for power, and they would not mind suppressing others to get this power. The death of Asteroath was fresh in their memories, and it was a dividing force that could not be erased.

Once they were seven, once they were perfect, and now the unity that bound them was over, and the only thing left was who would be the strongest when the dust settled.

Elgorath was the first Ancient Primordial to hear the screams of the dying Beast from the probes it had scattered all over Existence.

His eyes shone with a peculiar light. Had Nyxara been able to find the Beast? That did not make any sense.

Primordial Memory sat on his throne and beat the side of it for a while, and then he sent his senses to the Origin Realms, using the hidden eyes he had inside the realm, and he saw Eos walking around with his New Primordials, and Elgorath sneered.

“The fool, one day, all of this facade would be torn open. I wonder what your expression would be when you see the truth.”

The Primordial of Memory was deep in his golden mausoleum, surrounded by archives of every atrocity ever committed, as he took apart the screams of the Beast’s final agony.

There was something extremely wrong with these settings, because it could also sense that the Beast was relatively unhurt as he checked the hidden connection he had with the Beast.

He thought of summoning the Golem, but he placed this thought aside, and he chuckled inside him, “Has she finally gone mad and cannot hold back her hunger any longer? How interesting... it would seem that this bet has been won by me. Still, why don’t I see what trap Nyxara wants to use in consuming me, and if it is good enough, perhaps I shall let her kill me... hahahahaha.”

His golden wings flared as his eyes widened with ravenous hunger and foul delights. Elgorath looked around and thought to enhance the atmosphere, and so he sent hidden pulses to unknown locations, some of them to the other Ancient Primordials who were unaware of his actions.

With a flicker, he vanished, following the hidden traces that Nyxara had left behind.

After he had left, it did not take long for Xyris to discover this peculiarity. He was floating in his temporal labyrinth of hourglasses and frozen moments, and he felt the echo of a heartbeat that signified the ending of a powerful entity.

Time itself rippled with the Beast’s dying pulse, and he saw potential futures where he claimed the power of the Beast and others he did not.

Chapter 2109 You Dare To Command Me?

Every Primordial had hidden secrets as they were growing stronger, and one of Xyris's greatest secrets was that he believed he was now glimpsing the future.

Xyris could not be sure if these visions were accurate because every Primordial's knowledge of the lower dimension was almost perfect, and with this ability, they could predict the future in almost immaculate detail.

However, these futures would change when other ninth dimensional being interfered, and the Primordials did not care about lower-dimensional immortals as they did not matter.

Still, these latest visions of the future were short, and they were extremely peculiar, and Xyris could not wait to entirely fuse his Origin in order to know if he was truly seeing the future or if something else was going on here.

The dying cries of this powerful ninth-dimensional being caused the visions he could see to ripple into madness. He saw futures where he died by his sister's hand and the other by Eos, and yet, there was one future that seemed improbable but was pushing the other futures aside... one where he was the winner.

In that future, he had grown unstoppable, and even if he did not want to, his purple wings creaked with excitement. Like Elgorath, Xyris vanished from his throne, and a long moment passed before Xylos, Vorthas, and Eldrithor jerked as they felt all of Existence shaking.

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Eos had called this realm that he created, the Hollow. For something that was not expected to last, he had poured a surprising amount of resources into it, and yet he wondered if it would be enough.

All he knew was that the changes that would happen on this day would be monumental, and while the war had been slowly growing hotter these past few million years, today, it was going to explode in its intensity.

Eos would have wanted this day to happen a billion years from now, or even two billion... there was so much for him to do, and it never seemed to be enough time to do it. He looked around him one last time, seeing the field that he had created to shed the blood of tyrants.

The Hollow had been carved from the underbelly of the Origin Realm, and it seemingly hung in the fragile balance between existence and unmaking, but this fragility was a lie and a trap, one that would bite back if the opponents underestimated it.

The air of this space was thick and laced with the metallic tang of leaking Origin Force and the faint, acrid stink of dissolution. This smell came from the Beast that was fading in despair. In this Hollow, hope felt like a lie, because it knew that it would be dying on this

day, one way or another, and it could do nothing against this fate, except to lie down and wait for it.

Eos stood at the center of the Hollow, and he would have wished to be setting traps and formations, but those would only startle the prey, and the only thing he needed was his trusted blade that hung by his side.

On the surface, this blade still hummed with the same power that the Ancient Primordials would recognize, but Eos knew that this was now a tool of refusal, a thing that declared “no” to existence itself when they were in his hand.

Eos looked at these hands of his that were stained red from the Beast’s blood. He had been seeing this peculiarity for a while when he fought, but now he had realized that there must be something about his acceptance of mortality that brought unexpected benefits when he fought ancient monsters like this.

Beings like Death and the Ancient Primordials saw mortals as beings that was less than dust, but Eos did not forsake his mortal origin and saw it as a strength that none of them deserved, and so before he killed any of these arrogant beings, he would break them down until they could taste what it was like to be mortal, and his Will was so strong that as the Beast was dominated, it could not help but to become a mortal creature... a frightened deer who could hear its heart slaing beating towards its end.

Eos looked at it for a moment, as if analyzing its dying form, and then he looked sharply to the left, where the space of the Hollow rippled, and Nyxara arrived like a storm wrapped in silk.

She materialized from the shadows, her form had grown more terrible since their pact, and Eos realized that she was no longer hiding what she was.

Nyxara was even taller, and she felt like a blade that had been unsheathed and waiting to be bathed in blood. Her skin was veined with pulsing black and silver, and her eyes burned with the insatiable fire of one who had tasted true power and wanted more of it. Eos was reminded of the painting and how Nyxara resembled a flame that would burn everything down.

Behind her were four wings that flapped with each step she took, and the instant she fully materialized, her gaze fixed on the Beast’s dying form, and raw hunger twisted her features, which was so raw that it represented the primal need for consumption.

“The Beast,” she breathed, voice laced with greed. “Its Origin leaks like a burst river, such a waste. Give it to me, Eos. Let me drink it dry. With its finality fused to my wings, I will be unbreakable. We will end the others together, Elgorath, Xyris, all of them. But the Beast... the Beast is mine.”

Eos did not move. His prismatic eyes met hers without flinching.

“No.”

She had begun walking towards the Beast as she was talking, and his refusal hit her like a brick to the face, and she paused, as her wings flared, casting out a burst of corrupted light that made the hollow’s shadows writhe.

“We had a pact, Eos. You bait, and I claim, there is no problem there, but this — this is power we both need; you may not be able to resist my siblings, and that is a risk I cannot take. Give it to me, or I take it.”

Eos’s hand tightened on the hilt of his Destroyer. “You forgot the plan in your crazed hunger, Nyxara. The Beast’s death draws Elgorath and Xyris. Its fucking Origin is the lure, not your feast. You still want their blood, don’t you, Nyxara?”

Nyxara stepped closer, her golden wing pulsing with the corrupted light of the unknown Origin Force that she gained from the fusion of Light and Soul, and Eos could not help but assess this light with a grim look.

The Primordial of Soul growled, “I want all of it, Eos. The Beast is dying. Give me its life, and I will wait for your ambush to succeed, and you shall gain the deaths of my siblings, but deny me this, and our pact ends here.”

Eos replied to her hunger with a cool tone, not allowing the waves of power that were erupting from Nyxara to shake his heart. “Hide now, the echoes you carelessly left behind you have flown faster than they should, and Elgorath and Xyris will soon be here. You get their blood, and I get their end, that is the deal.”

Nyxara’s face twisted with rage. “You dare command me?”

Chapter 2110 In Another Life... I Would Have Served You

Nyxara may have been expecting a different response from Eos, but what he did shocked her. He simply raised the Destroyer, which had a peculiar silver light running across its edges that gave Nyxara pause, and he spoke slowly. “Hide, or die with them.”

For a long, tense moment, she held his gaze, and only her trembling wings were a sign that she was barely containing her fury. Then, with a snarl that echoed like tearing souls, she folded her wings and melted into the shadows of the Hollow. Her presence vanished as she used soul-threads to weave her presence into invisibility, and even though Eos could no longer sense her presence, he could still feel her hunger like a coiled serpent waiting to strike on the back of his neck.

He smiled inside his head and knew that it was time to truly test how much Nyxara could hold back before she broke, and he slowly turned to the Beast.

The eyes of the deer met his own, and they were pleading and broken, and Eos walked up to it and knelt before he placed a hand on its brow very gently, and a small whimper emerged from the Beast, but it could not make any more sound.

“You were a monster,” he whispered to the frightened creature. “But monsters have their uses.”

He continued patting the head of Death, and slowly the Beast relaxed, because it could see in Eos’s eyes that there was no pleasure in its ending; in fact, the Beast could see pain inside them.

Inside the Origin Realms, Eos had not banished the concept of Death because he knew of its importance as a state of transition for mortals, pushing them to reach for something that was higher than themselves.

The fear in the eyes of the Beast vanished, and a thought echoed in the air, “In another life... I think, I would have served you.”

Eos did not acknowledge this message; the time for regret was past, but he would keep the Beast’s final words. With a swift, merciless motion, Eos drove the Destroyer into the Beast’s chest.

The blade pierced clean through fur, flesh, and the core of harvested endings. The Beast’s body arched in silent agony, since its mouth was nailed shut by the earlier shard of the Destroyer; no scream could escape.

Its form convulsed, leaking Origin Force, exploding outward in a shockwave that cracked the hollow’s walls. Black and red blood sprayed in arcs, splattering Eos’s face and chest. The silver light from the Destroyer flooded into the wound, refusing the Beast’s existence, unraveling its stolen Deaths from the inside out.

The Beast thrashed as its antlers scraped stone, and its hooves kicked furrows in the ground. One final sigh emerged from its dying form as the pain of unraveling swept through its massive consciousness in such great floods that no mortal could comprehend. This pain caused a storm of Origin that swept through the entirety of the Hollow, hiding it in darkness as a frozen rain and green fires began to fall from the heavens of the Hollow.

A crack echoed across space as the Beast’s eye dimmed and its body slumped, leaking power in great, pulsing waves that spread across the Hollow. It was a dying emanation so potent it would feel like a cosmic wound to every higher being, but Eos had already gathered the cry in his hand like coiled smoke of glass, and he crushed it.

The trap was sprung, and there was no need to attract the attention of beings that should not be here. The death of the Beast had signified a new chapter in this war, and he knew at this point that the Agreement between him and Nyxara was over, as the Ancient Primordial would do everything in her power to ensure that she killed him.

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Elgorath arrived with golden wings blazing like a comet of forgotten suns. He materialized in the hollow with a flicker, as the essence of memory pulled him through paths only he could recall.

His form was like a towering giant of golden frameworks, etched with every atrocity ever committed, eyes like molten suns that burned with ravenous delight.

The mighty explosion of power that rippled out from the Beast did not spread outside the Hollow, but inside here, it was potent, and so much leaking Origin power made his golden wings flare wider.

However, inside his eyes was confusion because although he could see that the dying emanations of the Beast, the arrangement inside of it was still in place and had not been disrupted. ‘What is happening here?’

He paused and turned to the side a moment before Xyris appeared with purple wings beating erratically as he stepped out of a frozen moment.

His body was a skeletal frame of purple bones wrapped in translucent flesh, eyes like hourglasses leaking sand. He felt the death of the Beast, and his wings quickened as time rippled around him as he glimpsed futures where he claimed its ending.

He barely glanced at Elgorath before he rasped, “The Beast’s time unravels,” Xyris’s voice oddly echoing in reverse inside this space. “Its Origin, we take it. Now.”

Elgorath looked at the nearly crazed Xyris, and he smiled, and they advanced together through the mighty storm conjured by the death of the Beast. Elgorath’s golden threads extended through the storm like hungry roots, and Xyris froze the moment in front of them to quicken their movement through the storm. Xyris could imagine Nyxara already feasting on the core of the Beast, and he buried, and Elgorath wore the same desperate emotion on his face, but deep inside him was a deep puzzlement as he checked and checked again, but there was no change in the restrictions.

Then they saw Eos standing over the shrunken form of the Beast that resembled a small deer, with Destroyer in hand, and red and black blood covering his hands and chest, presenting a haunting vision as the butcher of Death itself.

Elgorath halted, his golden eyes narrowing. “You.”

Xyris's purple wings stilled. "Eos? What game is this? The Beast's cry led us here, and you stand over it and not our sister, where is Nyxara?"

Eos lifted the Destroyer, as the pale silver light along its bloodied edge brightened.

"No game," he said softly. "Only the end."

And without any warning, Eos attacked.

Chapter 2111 Past Trauma

One moment, Eos had been standing over the dead body of the Beast, and the next, he was standing between the two Primordials. Time seemed to be slowing down as his movements had been so fast that even the Ancient Primordials had not begun to adjust to it.

The eyes of Elogorath were slowly turning to the left, even as the mighty power of Memory was beginning to rise from his core, when Eos's Destroyer swung in a silver arc that cut through the countless essence shields of memory that surrounded the Ancient Primordial. Every Primordial had a passive defense that was linked to their Origin Essence, and it was one of their most important defenses against unexpected attacks.

With the weight of power held by every Ancient Primordial, they would have been able to withstand any surprise attacks against them and leisurely counterattack when they were ready due to the impossible number of essence shields around their bodies; however, Eos's Destroyer was not just any weapon.

The blade had cut through all of these shields with no issue and then connected with Elgorath's golden body, which was made out of a framework of memories, and the impact was cataclysmic.

Golden shards exploded outward like shrapnel, each one a fragment of stolen recollection that screamed with madness and pain as it flew into the distance, where the energy of the Destroyer continued to ravage these memories until they were reduced to ash.

Elgorath roared, but even this sound was slow in comparison to the speed that Eos was experiencing as he saw the sound wave that contained the sorrow of every life that Elgorath had come across, and there were a lot.

Even when there was no way this sound should have reached him, Eos watched as the sound wave vanished and moulded around his body, and the voices of countless dead alongside their most painful memories poured into his mind.

'The sneaky bastard,' Eos thought, 'He is using the power of Parallel Realities to push this madness into my mind.'

Eos stumbled back, and with an impossible burst of his will that sent out ripples of force that shook the entirety of the Hollow, he shattered the memories over his body, and he looked at Elgorath while pretending to be shocked that he was hit by that attack.

Elgorath also staggered back, while looking down with anger at the gash across his chest, which was leaking golden light like molten metal. Eos's attack had been vicious, and if he had not unconsciously burned a dozen Origin Force of Memory to hold back the blade, the first swing would have cut straight to his core.

"You dare strike me?" he bellowed, with a voice layered with a trillion forgotten agonies. Elgorath, whom Eos knew as someone who was more laidback, seemed to have changed at this moment as he placed his hands together and then slowly separated them to reveal a ring of gold that was filled with weaponized memories, at least that was what it looked like on the surface.

Eos, who was almost done perfecting his understanding of the sixth dimension, could see that this so-called weaponized memories were pulled from parallel realities where he had suffered great defeats and met impossible injustice. There were countless visions of Eos's own betrayals, and his children dying in flames, with the Origin Realms shattering into pieces.

With a grunt of anger, Elgorath released the golden ring, which sent shockwaves of golden light all around the Hollow and vanished before appearing before Eos.

Eos could see that the path of the Golden Light was going through the second dimension, and he could avoid it, but that would reveal his hand. 'This is going to hurt.' The weaponized memories slammed into Eos like physical blows, cracking ribs and tearing flesh and pushing him back for miles. Golden blood sprayed from Eos's mouth as he coughed, leaving his lungs burning with phantom fire. There was no way memories could have hurt him this deeply; his body had simply been deceived by the close relationship it had with the other Eos from the other parallel realities, but if he was not aware of this, he would have been stunned by the power behind Elgorath's attack.

Primordial Memory laughed when he saw the state of Eos, and the apprehension in his heart upon seeing the dead body of the Beast, while the restrictions inside it that were still intact began to slightly wane.

Something had happened here that he did not fully understand, but Eos had been drawn into it as well as Nyxara. If he were to guess, then Enoch wanted to reveal himself; that stupid bastard did not know what was waiting for him.

Eos pressed forward despite his injuries, his body already nearly back to perfect condition in the blink of an eye, and Elgorath had to suppress the sigh of irritation in his heart as he had to pretend that this fight had any meaning.

He had been surprised at Eos's charge at first, because while moving through three-dimensional space, the speed he was exhibiting was ridiculous.

Elgorath was a bit jealous of the sheer power and talent that it would take to be able to make your body adapt to the third dimension in such a profound manner that Elgorath knew he could not keep up.

This was ridiculous when everything was placed into the picture. Nyxara was correct, Eos was a problem, and their underestimation of his potential at every turn would come to bite them in the back. When would the order be given so he could kill this bastard and not watch him grow stronger every day?

Keeping his irritation in check, Elgorath could not stop his cry of pain as the blade of Eos sliced through his left wing. In the moment he had been distracted, Eos had moved behind him and taken off one of his wings.

'Bastard, are you worthy to touch my Light?!' Elgorath screamed inside of him as he detonated the wings that had been sheared away.

Each feather exploded into bursts of recalled horror that lacerated Eos's arms and face, even when he pulled back. Elgorath had cheekily surrounded Eos with them using the second dimension, and while he was grimacing in pain outwardly, inside his heart, he was laughing with glee as Eos's skin was peeled back in bloody strips, exposing muscle and bone beneath.

Elgorath wanted to sneer in disdain, but then he looked at Rowan who was holding up both of his hands, and they were empty, his eyes were beginning to widen in realization when pain suddenly lanced through him like white-hot wires, the blade of Eos that had cut through his left wings was buried in his back, and its presence had been masked by the pain.

Eos had inserted the blade so cleanly into his body that it had cut through all of Elgorath's defenses and sliced deep into his muscle and bone and he had not felt anything, but now this blade as if it had a mind of its own, which it surely did, twisted itself deeper into his body, exploding his flesh and crushing his bones, before sending out a blast of power that nearly tore Elgorath in two as his left hand and much of his upper torso was vaporised.

Elgorath fell to his knees, screaming, as he remembered the deaths he had been forced to experience in the hands of Eos before, and whatever arrogance in his body vanished. "You have a rather interesting technique, Elgorath. What was that?" Hearing Eos's calm voice, a chill flooded the heart of Elgorath.

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Chapter 2112 A Piece of Truth (1)

Eos was never meant to become Eos; his Destiny was to be Rowan, a being that was small and manageable. He was made to exist in the glorified cage that he had been placed upon, to be the king among the ants... and yet there was a small problem: this king was not satisfied with his kingdom.

In the grand scheme of things, this would not be a problem; every king possessed great hunger, and they always wanted more... the problem now arises when the king was too talented for his own good.

With access to the Parallel Realities of the sixth-dimensional level, Elgorath was more aware than anyone how dangerous Eos could be if he became aware of a problem and focused on solving that problem.

And of all the Eos and Rowans in all the Parallel Realities, none of them was as troublesome as this one.

Most of the setbacks the Ancient Primordials had faced were from problems that they did not consider to be problems in the first place. Why would a mortal question his bloodline or hold back on gaining certain abilities just because of a slight suspicion?

How many people could be granted access to seemingly an infinite amount of power, but just drop it to the side, just so they could keep evolving for the chance to gain greater potential?

There had been many traps laid down along the way as Eos was developing, and in some Realities, Eos never left the Nexus, others, he remained a god; in many, he was a glorified Empyrean who died with his universe; and for the few that managed to leave the third-dimensional realm, most of them did not exceed the fourth dimensional level.

They were content with their talent of seemingly infinite growth, and if they saw any challenges, they would hide until their opponents perished or they would wait until their passive abilities had pushed their powers into ridiculous heights and would return.

The Primordial Record was never meant to be a path to unlimited bloodline refinement, but few Eos in different Realities took this path, and of all of them, only this one in front of him had taken it to this height.

Now, Elgorath could not say what this abomination had become, not after Eos cleansed his body of all their influence and even removed the Primordial Record from it, making it impossible for them to understand what was happening inside his body.

If anyone else had spoken about the techniques Elgorath had just used, he would have brushed it aside and shifted the truth to his supreme control over the dimension of memory, but this was Eos, and this stubborn bastard had been able to figure out far greater truths from smaller clues.

Elgorath's mind flashed with the memory of the instructions given to him after he had failed again and again to leash this stubborn version of Eos.

Now that they were getting closer to the endgame, no failure could be permitted, especially if they were to come from him. Several of his brethren had suffered the fate of dissolution after failing their task, and if the knowledge of the Proto-Dimensions were to leak because of his actions, then the fate he was bound to suffer would be quite terrible.

Still, with everything he knew about Eos, just the fact that he had mentioned that he noticed something strange about his attacks was more than enough proof that this bastard had seen something wrong, and he would not stop until he found it.

'No... I won't die because of a fucking experiment, my fate would not become black because of this... this mongrel!'

Elgorath glanced up at Eos, and he saw the light of curiosity gleaming in the abomination's eyes, and then, Eos... winked. Elgorath lost it.

It did not matter that this may be a way for Eos to find information; Elgorath knew that those above him killed first, then ask questions later... he may already be doomed, but not if he broke this mongrel here.

Elgorath screamed, and the sound was extremely barbaric and guttural; his voice shook the hollow's walls, and there was no one here who would believe that this voice could have come from anything born of this Existence.

His body had nearly been shattered in two, but glowing flesh made form consensed memories burst out from his massive wounds, and Elgorath was healed back to his peak. As if in a fit of madness, Elgorath combusted all of his Origin Force.

His body blurred across the distance, so quickly that no one here could see how he moved. Even Eos seemed to be unaware of Elgorath's movement as Primordial Memory grabbed Eos's arm with one golden-clawed hand and squeezed.

Any other time with Eos' durability, Elgorath had no qualifications for matching strength with him, and the only ones among the Primordials would have to be Xylos, Primordial Demon, but by combusting all of his Origin Force, the power inside of Elgorath could hardly be measured.

The bones of Eos's arm snapped like dry twigs, and it went limp, the destroyer nearly falling from his grip. An injury like this was almost useless to Eos, but Elgorath had flooded his broken limbs with the Origin of memory, and the memories he poured into his arm were like poison.

Golden blood gushed from the crushed limb, splattering Elgorath's face in hot sprays, and the Primordial of Memory laughed like a mad calamity that it was as he drove his free

hand into Eos's side with such great force that his clawed hand pierced his invulnerable flesh and ripped through organs.

Eos felt countless of his internal organs being destroyed inside him as his internals were flooded with burning memories of destruction, and he gasped as blood poured out from his mouth, and even his vision went a bit blurry.

For a moment, the entirety of the Hollow was filled with silence as no one expected this to happen, not even Nyxara watching in the distance could have expected Elgorath to burst out with so much power without warning.

With his arms still buried in Eos's guts, he called out to the stunned Primordial Time, "Strike when you can, brother, before he recovers. Today we rid Existence of this plague."

Primordial Time had been frozen with shock, and upon hearing Elgorath's words, he responded without thinking. Whipping up his core so it rotated at speeds nearing infinity, Xyris sent out a wave of frozen time to surround Eos's wound, trapping the pain and the injury in an eternal loop.

Eos's side burned endlessly, the tear repeating itself in slow motion, as his muscles and internal organs shredded themselves over and over. Xyris followed this attack with a temporal flash that should age even a Primordial's flesh forward in a burst, leaving skin wrinkled, muscles atrophied, and bones brittle in an instant.

However, Eos seemed to be resistant to this manipulation of time, as only the weight of the years enhanced by the frozen area of time around his wound caused him to fall to one knee with blood pouring from his mouth in thick, clotted streams.

Elgorath's grimace of anger was slowly leaving his face, as, despite all of this damage, the eyes of Eos were calm and steady. It was not as if he was not in danger, but now he was so familiar with the concept of death and destruction that he could not be phased by any of this.

A burst of power erupted from his core that pushed back Elgorath and held back the power of Xyris for a brief moment, and that was all he needed as he held out his hand and his Destroyer appeared in it, and then he swung it in a wide arc.

Chapter 2113 A Piece of Truth (2)

Eos had been holding himself back so that Elgorath would reveal hints about his powers, and he had expected that he would have to bleed and suffer a lot of pain before he could drag out the battle to the extent where he would be able to push Elgorath to the limits.

The purpose of this battle, after learning the truth about the dimension, was not to feed Nyxara any of the Origins of the Ancient Primordials; it never was... it was to check how much he could push against this mysterious force that was deceiving all of Existence.

As it turned out, he did not have to do much. Elgorath had begun using the power of Parallel Realities in front of him, and also moving through the Proto-Dimensions so he could attack.

Even if Eos was not aware of the Proto-dimensions and the true power of the sixth dimensions, with his experience in battle and his understanding of how all the dimensions were supposed to work, he would have quickly known that something here was wrong.

Seeing there was no more need to push Elgorath, Eos was about to unveil his full might when he detected, using the Archai he had hidden across Existence, that the last three Ancient Primordials were on their way.

So, as it turned out, Nyxara was planning to betray him. Most likely, she only needed one or two extra Origin Force from her siblings before she felt she would become strong enough. It was a good thing he did not give in to her demands and gave her the core of Death, or she would become much harder to manage.

The approach of the last three Primordials changed everything, and Eos thought about the situation extremely quickly. Could he kill all the Ancient Primordials? The answer was no, not because he was not strong enough, but because he expected outside interference to take charge before he could do enough damage.

He had only gotten away with killing the Beast because, for all intents and purposes, the Beast would not be dead in the eyes of those who placed those restrictions inside of it.

This meant he had a slim chance to take advantage of this knowledge before it was revealed to his enemies, and so, knowing that he could not kill all the Ancient Primordials here, there were two of them here that must die: Elgorath and Nyxara.

Nyxara and Elgorath had different scales of danger, with Elgorath being the most troublesome at the moment, but Nyxara was undoubtedly the greatest source of danger in the whole mess.

Elgorath's purpose was to lock down the sixth dimension, preventing everyone else from accessing it, and Nyxara was much more diabolical; she locked down the seventh dimension of Fate, which should have been called the dimension of consciousness or the dimension of the soul... and even though both of these two situations might appear the same, it was very different.

For one, Elgorath was the Primordial of Memory, not the Primordial of Parallel Realities, and he acted as a sort of conduit that pushed away anyone who wanted to touch the Parallel Dimension, preventing them from only skimming on the surface of that river...

However, Nyxara was the Primordial of Soul, or the Primordial of Consciousness as she should have been originally called, and Fate was just a small part of her powers.

It was as if while Elgorath was made to block out those who would touch the Parallel Realities, Nyxara was being suppressed, and the majority of her powers were stripped away from her.

With all of this in mind, perhaps the true reason she was chasing after the power of her fellow Ancient Primordials was not because of a lust for power, but a desire for completion. That weird, corrupted light that arose from the fusion of soul and light, perhaps it was not a strange and unknown force but the full truth of the real situation... that she was regaining what she had lost. Of all the Ancient Primordials, why was she so different? Her talent of Origin Fusion was not normal, but if her true form was the Primordial of Consciousness itself, which was the foundation for all seventh-dimensional immortals, then she should not even be called a Primordial but something else.

There were layers to this game that defied meaning at a glance, but he was Eulxhu, he was Truth, and one way or the other, he was going to get to the root of everything.

If Elgorath had been the Primordial of the true form of the sixth dimension, then Eos would have been more fearful of him, and so, as it was, Elgorath was now a key he would use to begin figuring out the truth.

To avoid complications, Eos decided that he was going to play with these two Primordials for the moment so he could draw out more of their abilities, and the moment the last three arrive, he would lock down the entirety of the Hollow, and the true hunt would begin.

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From the moment Eos pushed back Elgorath and Xyris and swung his blade, all of these thoughts had passed through his mind, and they were nearly instantaneous.

Originally, the force of his swing would have cut Xyris in two, which was not enough to kill the Ancient Primordial of Time, but would have held him back long enough for Elgorath to be dealt with. Eos reduced the power of his blade, sending out the force in the form of a blade light.

The blade light caught Xyris across the chest, carving a deep gash that spilled purple sand. These sands were stolen seconds leaking like blood. Eos may have reduced the power of his blows, but while the Ancient Primordials were fighting him with their Origin power alone, he was fighting them with the light of his Origin Land... Now, this power might seem simple on the surface, but it was nothing but terrible when everything was placed into consideration.

For one, the light of his Origin Land contained hundreds of Origin Forces, all of which came from every New Primordial who had rooted their Origin Force inside Eos's body.

Right now, Eos has not perfected the method to completely fuse all of these powers together because he left a large part of it open, so every new Primordial that is born, their Origin Power would be integrated into this technique.

For now, this technique was at five percent completion and already its powers were slowly becoming matchless, and Xyris was the second to taste the power of his light as he howled in pain like a dog thrown into a furnace, his voice echoing in reverse as his own time powers turned inward in a desperate attempt to purge the light of Eos away from his system.

His body aged and regressed in spasms. First, his flesh rotted, then reformed before rotting again. His purple bones cracked audibly, splintering like glass under pressure.

Elgorath, seeing the desperate situation of Xyris, charged through the second dimension and appeared behind Eos, and began to rake golden claws across Eos's back. Flesh tore in long, bloody furrows, exposing spine and ribs, causing golden blood to spray out in arcs, which painted the ground in glistening patterns.

Chapter 2114 A Piece of Truth (3)

Eos grunted with frustration inside his mind as he staggered. The pain from the injuries was a white-hot roar in his mind, and he found it interesting that this pain was not what he should feel but what the Eos from other Parallel Realities would feel, and Elgorath was forcing him to feel this pain, and mostly this was because Eos was permitting it to happen.

Still, he was also aware that Elgorath was not using the full weight of the powers of the sixth dimension, just because he did not want Eos to figure out the truth, but Eos could also play this game because he was learning certain tips and tricks about wielding the sixth dimension from watching the actions of Elgorath.

While the Ancient Primordial was carving into his back, Eos spun and drove the Destroyer into Elgorath's thigh. The blade sank deep, as his Origin light flooded the wound, Elgorath's leg buckled before the entire limb turned to golden dust.

He fell to one knee, roaring, experiencing the pain that caused Xyris to almost go mad, and he surged forward to grab Eos by the throat. Eos pulled back, but Elgorath's hand passed through the proto-dimension and caught his neck. Elgorath grinned when he saw the surprise in Eos's eyes, and he dug his claws into Eos's throat, piercing the windpipe and crushing cartilage. Blood bubbled from Eos's mouth as he seemed to be gasping for air that wouldn't come, not that anyone here needed to breathe or that there was air inside the Hollow.

Xyris, chest still leaking purple sand, saw the state of Eos that was being ravaged by Elgorath, and a part of him must have believed that Eos's powers were more devastating from a distance and not up close.

From everything going on, this appeared to be the case because Xyris had watched Eos repeatedly suffering grievous injuries from the hands of Elgorath, who was not the best close combat fighter, and pushing aside the pain of his body fighting against itself, Xyris conjured all the power of time he had access to and flung it towards Eos, causing him to freeze in place for a moment.

A moment was all he needed as he surged forward and plunged his hand into Eos's open back wound, and with quick fingers, he located Eos's ribs and wrapped his hands around them.

Eos's ribs were like pillars of eternity, incredibly hard, but Xyris conjured power from all across time, and purple light exploded out of his arms that painted half of the Hollow in a shade of purple.

Yelling with everything he had, Xyris pulled, and the ribs he was holding cracked before tearing free in a spray of bone fragments and golden mist.

Eos grunted as pain exploded through him, with his vision blackening at the edges. He was more surprised than pained that Primordial Time was able to injure him to this extent, and it did not help that Xyris was laughing, with his voice having a weird reverse cackling sound that Eos found to be very irritating.

With the stolen rib, Xyris howled as he drove them both into Eos's face, attempting to pierce his eyes and impale his entire head with them, but Eos moved back, and the ribs were slammed into his shoulders like stakes. The ribs had pierced through his muscles, and they grated against his joint.

This battle seemed very barbaric on the surface, but the true damage was not coming from the flesh that was being torn or the bones being crushed... the real damage was the poisonous Origin Force being poured inside the bodies of their opponents.

The Primordial level was the final level inside Existence, and what made the Ancient Primordial dangerous was the sheer number and power of their Origin Essence.

If you liken the power of Primordials to poisonous snakes, then if a normal snake, which is an average Primordial, attacks an enemy, the venom they could deposit in the body of their enemy may be a few dozen drops... dangerous, but their opponent may dissolve this venom with an antivenom, but for the Ancient Primordials, the amount of venom they could deposit, especially now that they had refined their powers to this extent were measured in gallons.

At this time, inside Existence, Eos was the only being at the Primordial level that was capable of withstanding the venom of the Ancient Primordial. Death, who had been equally as capable, was dead... but that did not mean he was not being damaged or was not experiencing great pain that may lead to his destruction if he was not careful.

With Xyris behind and Elgorath in front of him, Eos was almost fed up with holding back because he was discovering that he would not be able to do this for long without suffering an injury that was almost impossible to recover from.

He headbutted Elgorath, his forehead smashing into the Ancient Primordial's face with a crunch, as the golden framework of his body shattered. Elgorath's nose exploded in a burst of golden light, as the blood of memory sprayed across both their faces.

Eos twisted free, his throat still torn and bleeding, and swung the Destroyer in a motion that seemed blind but was carefully calculated. The blade caught Xyris's arm, severing it at the elbow in a fountain of purple sand and ethereal gore, and the arm fell, twitching, fingers opening and closing as if remembering the memories of clutching a portion of Eos's rib.

Xyris screamed and backed off from Eos, but his confidence had grown with his successful attack, and he sent out an impossible burst of reversed time that looped around Eos in a burst of temporal brilliance that would have been enchanting if not for their grim purpose.

Eos's wounds rewound momentarily, his flesh knitted together, and his bones mended, but Xyris's technique was not meant to heal Eos, as time was suddenly accelerated forward and the wounds that were healing tore open, causing golden blood to spray in wide arcs.

The cycle was barbaric and repeated itself almost an infinite amount of time in less than a second, causing wounds to heal, then tear apart, before healing again, and Eos's body convulsed in agony as muscles shredded themselves in the loop. He vomited golden blood, choking on it as his throat tore and healed and tore again.

All of these surface injuries were a representation of what was happening to the Origin Forces inside their bodies, and were a fair assessment of how much damage they were doing to each other.

Elgorath rose, eyes filled with rage, as he acknowledged that Eos was fighting them with the power of less than a thousand of his Primordials; how many of them would be his match if he had ten thousand Primordials under him or a million... they had truly underestimated his progress.

Half of his legs were golden dust, and were not healing as the Origin forces of Eos were still ravaging it, but it did not stop him from crawling and grabbing Eos from behind.

They could not give this bastard time to recover and had to be constantly pressing him, because the moment he was given the chance to think, none of them could equal his martial might.

It was a good thing that the rest of the Ancient Primordials were coming, but Elgorath could not help but look around, expecting the figure of Nyxara to emerge.

‘Where the fuck is that wretched bitch?’ he raged inside his heart.

Chapter 2115 A Piece of Truth (4)

Hanging on to Eos’s body, Elgorath was no longer holding back from using the powers of the second dimension, because without it, he and Xyris would not be able to do enough damage.

They were meant to be fighting at the back lines and not directly with a brute like Eos, but what made this even worse was that from a distance, they may have had a much harder time containing him, as Eos had proven many times over that although he favoured the blade, it did not mean that his mastery over spells was shallow.

Elgorath knew that there was a possibility of Eos finding out about the second dimension, the more they fought, but he believed that if he could suppress Eos, then it was possible to wipe out a portion of his memories.

Normally, something like this should not work for an immortal of Eos’s stature, but if Elgorath uses the power of the Parallel realities, he could swap memories with Eos’s other selves, and since Eos was not aware of these parallel realities, he would not be able to discern that his mind had been tampered with.

But first, he had to break this stubborn bastard down to size, and Elgorath would do this with pleasure.

Golden claws raked across Eos’s chest, peeling flesh in long strips, so that they hung like ragged banners. His ribs were exposed, showing his heaving lungs, and Eos could even feel the cold emanations from the shattered space of the hollow on his internal organs.

Pain was a constant roar now in his senses, and this pain was both barbaric and unrelenting. A part of him knew that he should not be undergoing this trial, and there were easier ways to battle, but that part of him was quickly suppressed.

A hunter who shouts before he shoots would always return home empty-handed. In order to know the full scale of the conspiracy, he needed to be in this position, and he needed all the Ancient Primordials to be here; only then would he be able to push ahead with his plans... anything else, and he was going to lose this opportunity.

Yet, his enemies, especially Elgorath was not making it easy for him, as he was not only tearing his body to pieces but also whispering corrupted memories into his ear, at least this was what he would like Eos to believe but by now, he was becoming more familiar with the operations of the sixth dimension, and Elgorath was the best teacher he could ever ask for... in the entirety of Existence, it was hard for him to be able to find a second person who would be able to reveal as much secrets of the sixth dimension than Primordial Memory.

In the alternate realities that Elgorath was showing him, Eos could see visions of a child dying countless times, and they were all him; he saw Existences crumbling, and with the power of the sixth dimension, he was forced to relive all of these visions as physical wounds.

One especially powerful memory that shattered a hundred Existence was like a slash that tore across the surface of his weakened abdomen, spilling intestines in hot loops, and another cut across his face, splitting cheek to bone.

Despite the grievous damage he was suffering, Eos was taking the time to analyze the strengths and weaknesses of the sixth dimension and could understand how much he would have suffered without having any knowledge of this power.

For a moment, the damage he was suffering exceeded the amount his body could heal, and Xyris, now with one arm and burning Origin Essence to not heal his wound but to purify Eos's power that was threatening to consume his entire flesh, roared in fury as he froze Eos's legs in time.

With them being under his domain, Xyris grinned like a demented crow and forcefully tore off a piece of his Origin and slammed it into Eos's legs, and the time freeze suddenly multiplied in power, exponentially.

No other Primordial could just rip out a piece of their Origin and use it as a weapon, but the Ancient Primordials followed a different rule, and at their core, they could never truly be called Primordials, could they? Everything they had was stolen from somewhere else.

Eos's eyes widened for a brief moment before his legs grew brittle, and then they shattered under his own weight. His knees exploded in bursts of bone and cartilage as he lost both of his feet.

Eos fell, screaming, golden blood pooling beneath him. In a fight like this, pain was expected, and the dangers of death were also expected as well, but everything was for a purpose... he had to keep reminding himself of this fact as he held back his cries of pain and crawled towards Xyris while he dragged his Destroyer behind him.

Primordial Time was a bit woozy after he cut out a piece of his Origin Core and used it against Eos, leaving him open for the vengeful slash that Eos sent towards him.

It was only at the end that he was able to regain his senses, but it was too late to dodge as the blade light from Eos traveled through the short distance instantaneously and slashed at Xyris's legs.

The blade bit deep, carving through flesh and bone in a spray of sand and gore, causing Xyris to topple to the ground while howling, as his leg aged to dust.

Eos in this fight was discovering interesting things about the pain tolerance of the Ancient Primordials, and for creatures that had spent so long dealing pain on others, it was funny that they were not so used to pain themselves.

Seeing Xyris howl in pain, Eos grinned like a madman, his golden blood, and that of Xyris and Elgorath covered his face, painting a horrifying picture.

Elgorath came up behind him and kicked him in the ribs, his reinforced boots shattering more bones and puncturing the lung. Eos coughed blood in thick ropes, as he was nearly drowning in his own fluids. There was so much foreign Origin Essence inside his body that his regeneration could only maintain Eos's life and not rapidly reverse the destruction being inflicted upon it, but hearing the screams of Xyris that sounded like a stuck pig, Eos could not help but laugh despite the pain he was experiencing.

"You think this is funny?" Elgorath said as he knelt beside Eos, "I will make you regret challenging us." And with that, he drove his claws into Eos's eyes, tearing his beautiful prismatic eyes to pieces, as silver light exploded from within Eos's skull.

Chapter 2116 A Piece of Truth (4)

This move from Elgorath was not the finisher that he thought it would be. Xyris was still howling from the pain of Eos's Origin power ravaging his body, and when Elgorath scratched out Eos's eyes, the power of his Origin burst out from within his head with so much intensity that all the power of memories in Elgorath's fingers were washed away and his sight was instantly restored in a flash of silver fire that scorched Elgorath's hands to golden char.

Elgorath staggered back in shock as he looked at his hand that was slowly transforming to glass under the relentless encroachment of Eos's powers, but this distraction was dangerous when fighting someone like Eos, who grabbed Elgorath's throat.

He applied force on his thumbs, and they dug deeper into Elgorath's throat, crushing his windpipe with a wet snap. Elgorath gurgled as blood bubbled from his mouth, and his eyes grew crazy with anger and fear. Like an animal, he lunged forward despite his head nearly falling off and bit into Eos's shoulder, and began moving his head from left to right like a shark, causing his teeth to tear the muscles on Eos's shoulders into bloody chunks.

Xyris, who had been screaming in pain and acting as if he could not move, unexpectedly crawled forward while picking up the rib of Eos that had been thrown to the ground from Elgorath's savagery.

With his one arm, he quickly crawled behind Eos, who was trying to tear the maddened Elgorath away from his body, and he stabbed Eos in the back with his own severed rib. The bone punched through various organs inside Eos' body, and Xyris twisted the bone, causing a dull grinding sound to emerge that would set the teeth on edge.

It was important to note that while this fight seemed incredibly primal and barbaric, this was simply because of the perception of the combatants. Anyone else who would view this battle from the side would simply see enormous clouds of power that stretched for infinity that were colliding and tearing themselves apart.

If this fight had been happening outside the Hollow, then a lot of it would have been destroyed in the clash, and if there were Realities along the way of the battle, then they would have been destroyed. When the elephant fights, it is indeed the grass that suffers.

From the beginning of the fight, the Ancient Primordials had been burning dozens of Origin Force every second just to maintain themselves at a level where they could even hurt Eos.

Unlike them, Eos did not have any Origin Essence barriers over his flesh. It made sense because even till this moment, the madman refused to reach the ninth-dimensional level.

However, he had a passive shield on his flesh that was hard to tear through, and even then, his flesh and bones were impossibly durable and thick, and only with fighting at their peak could they tear through his flesh.

Elgorath could feel his hands cramping when that should be impossible, and he thoroughly hated himself for falling in this situation where he could be shattered at a moment's notice because of one act of carelessness.

Nyxara, who was hiding in the distance, watched this fight in stunned silence. The battle had grown red hot in a manner that was not expected in the least. She could easily trace this to Elgorath, who had attacked Eos with unbridled savagery, and Eos had responded in kind, causing her to rethink all the interactions she had with him. Whatever was coming, she had to be ready, Nyxara thought to herself while ignoring the painful sensation in her heart as Mercy shook.

The fight continued in earnest and one crazy fact that Elgorath picked upon was that despite all the damage they had poured upon the body of Eos, his regeneration still surpassed their own. Xyris had barely healed a single leg, but Eos was already standing, both of his legs healing to more than forty percent, and before long, he would be fully healed.

Xyris twisted the rib again and stabbed Eos several times, trying to reach his heart. Eos roared from the pain of being impaled, and he headbutted Elgorath again, smashing his mad face to pulp. Golden blood sprayed, mixing with Eos's own.

He pulled the Destroyer free and swung blindly, and the blade caught Xyris across the face, splitting jaw in a fountain of purple sand and teeth. Xyris's scream was wet, garbled, as his tongue lolled from the wound.

"Myy fascceh..." the Primordial of Time screamed as Elgorath, whose face was also ruined, grabbed Eos's arm and twisted, causing the bone to snap with a crack like thunder.

Eos's scream was raw, almost animal-like, but unlike the Primordials here, he did not run from pain but embraced it.

He dropped the Destroyer, but kicked it toward him with his still healing leg, causing his bones to grind together painfully, but this motion was enough to shift the blade towards his other hand, and he snatched it up and drove it into Elgorath's chest, tearing his heart in two and slightly nicking his Origin Core.

Elgorath coughed, his eyes wide with panic, and he stepped back, pulling his body away from the Destroyer's blade that was greedily drinking the essence of the Primordial, and as the blade left his body, golden light exploded from the wound, sending out a shockwave of memories flooding out in a torrent that burned Eos's skin like acid.

This explosion was as if a trillion trillion gigantic supernovae had gone off at once, and even Nyxara in the distance flinched when the flood of painful memories washed through her position.

The walls of the Hollow could no longer contain the reverberations of this fight as the entire Ten Thousand Origin Realms above trembled, causing the New Primordials to look around in shock.

Deep in the center of the explosion, Xyris, jaw hanging, saw that Eos, who had received the majority of the blast, was stunned by it, and he screamed in pain, carving out another piece of his Origin and freezing Eos's heart in time.

Eos's powerful heart stopped mid-beat, causing his chest to seize in agony. He gasped as he could no longer pull power from his core into the rest of his body.

"Fuck this game," he grunted and pulled upon more power from his core, and his frozen heart shattered the barrier of time, causing Xyris to be knocked back by the backlash as Eos's heart stuttered back to life, but still in that short moment, the damage was done, as his arrhythmia pounding in his ears like war drums, since his heart was still filled with the essence of time.

“Is that the best you can do?” he growled as he reached for his Destroyer.

Chapter 2117 A Piece of Truth (Final)

What followed next was one of the bloodiest and most barbaric battles that Eos had ever endured in his life. There were many ways that this fight could have been fought, but Eos believed that it needed to be this way.

To take pain and give back pain a thousand times in return. For so long, a pressing weight on his chest had been growing with no way to find relief, and now in this fight, he was holding back the part of his mind that understood strategy or the bigger picture... he just wanted to brawl out his pain.

Every punch he threw was on the face of one of the people who sat down in their vaunted thrones and planned the death and destruction of countless lives... This may not be the painter, but they were all its tools, and Eos would break them.

The three rolled in the blood-soaked ground. The sight was barbaric and bloody, as their limbs were tangled and gore filled the earth. If the first sentient immortal beings to exist had fought, then it would be like this.

Claws raked flesh, teeth tore skin, bones broke, organs spilled, and golden blood mixed with golden light and purple sand in a slick, steaming mess. This blood represented an impossible amount of Origin Force clashing and corroding against each other, and a single drop of blood from this battle would have poisoned an entire Origin Realm to ash.

Screams echoed across the Hollow, guttural, primal, each one a testament to pain that would break lesser beings. Elgorath's claws found Eos's throat again, tearing deeper and shredding his windpipe. He did not wait to fully recover from his core being clipped by Eos's Destroyer, as he could not wait to tear off Eos's head.

Choking and drowning in his own blood, Eos slammed the Destroyer into Elgorath's eye, nearly cutting his head in two. The orb burst in a spray of golden jelly, and Elgorath howled, blinded on one side, no longer knowing the meaning of holding back. Elgorath just poured all of the Origin Force that he had harvested from Death into his arms and began punching Eos in the gut.

The power behind those blows was so great that his fist was sinking into Eos's stomach, tearing large open wounds, and crushing his internal organs to mush.

Xyris was still tangled with Eos and Elgorath, and he grabbed the only piece of Eos body that he could reach, which was his newly healed leg. Eos was rapidly healing, but although he had regained his legs, they were not fully healed to one hundred percent.

Copying his brother, Xyris poured all of the essence of death into Eos's legs. Xyris had harvested a greater amount of Death than Elgorath, and if they had been lucky to gain the core of Death, then he would have profited more greatly than any of the others except Nyxara... now that the Beast was dead, then there was no reason to hold on to its useless essence.

The leg he was holding on to was aged to the bone as flesh sloughed off in rotten sheets, exposing a femur that cracked under pressure. Eos screamed at the unexpected pain, but he rolled, pinning Xyris, and stabbed the destroyer into his shoulder, shattering bone and nearly decapitating the Primordial as purple sand sprayed like arterial blood, before a punch from Elgorath stopped him from pushing down his blade.

Years passed by in a moment as the fight raged on, powerful shockwaves that would level Realities erupted from the battle, and the Hollow had long become a slaughterhouse. Walls were slick with gore, and the ground had transformed into a mire of blood and viscera. The Beast's corpse lay forgotten, leaking quietly amid the carnage, its dull eyes overlooking the carnage,

It seemed like a million years had passed, and finally, Eos, blinded by blood, broken in a thousand places, rose on shattered legs. Elgorath and Xyris lay in pools of their own ruin, gasping, twitching, but not dead.

To kill an Ancient Primordial seemed to be harder than even killing Death. Although Eos had been holding back his full might, he had been fighting long enough to realize that although the Ancient Primordials were burning their Origin Force to keep up with him, this Origin Force was not vanishing, but was returning in an odd manner.

This would have perplexed him a while ago, but with his increasing knowledge over the Proto-Dimensions, he understood what was happening, and he almost swore aloud... they were cheating, well, End was cheating.

Like everything that was fully destroyed, when an Origin Force was destroyed, it went to End, a force of profound erasure that still held all endings inside its vault.

The Ancient Primordials had been fighting carelessly since they gained sentience and recovered from their madness. Like children used to wielding the greatest power in Existence, they did not care about techniques or conserving their strength, and their only answer to a wall that would not break was to hit it harder until it crumbled.

In their first fight with Death, they had been burning their Origin Force, and in every fight after that, they had continued burning their Origin Force, of course they had a lot of Origin Force to burn but it was not infinite, and logically, their powers should have been shrinking, but instead over the years, it had been gradually been rising.

In this battle, Eos had finally realized the truth... End was returning back the destroyed Origin back to the Ancient Primordials. This ensured that no matter how much they fought, they would not easily be crushed.

Looking at this from this position, Eos realized that the fall of Asteroath was planned by those behind the scenes. He may not know the full details of that fight, but if the Origin Forces of the Ancient Primordials were always returning, then Death would not be able to easily suppress Asteroath before it was interrupted by the others.

Someone had dictated it was time for Primordial Light to fall, and he no longer enjoyed the benefit of having a limitless Origin Force.

All of this meant that if Eos wanted to kill Elgorath on this day, he must be very sneaky.

His body was slowly healing and he raised his Destroyer, and then with no indication, he began releasing all the seals he had inside his body, and silver flame covered his Destroyer and slowly climbed over his arm, covering his entire body, and Eos became a being that seemed to be made from silver fire, and behind him, a magnificent pair of wings began to rise.

In the distance, the Hollow shook as the last of the Ancient Primordials arrived.

Chapter 2118 The War At The Dawn of Ending (1)

The Hollow shuddered as three powerful presences entered it, and the sight that awaited them shook them to the core.

A being of silver flame whose aura was steadily rising stood with a blade of fire, not far from him was the broken body of Death, and at his feet were the broken bodies of Elgorath and Xyris.

Eos had stood and fought with the Ancient Primordials in the most primal way possible, using just his blade and his fist, and he had stood champion over them.

The Primordial of Memory was a crumpled heap of golden wreckage, chest carved open, golden light leaking in fitful spurts like a dying sun. His wings were tattered rags, feathers scattering in the hollow's stale wind that held the last cries of shattered Origin Forces, each one carrying a fragment of forgotten agony that whispered as it dissolved.

Xyris was worse: his purple body twisted in temporal loops, flesh rotting and reforming in grotesque cycles, one arm severed and leaking sand, his jaw hanging loose in a perpetual scream. They twitched, alive, but broken, their Origins ebbing like blood from mortal wounds.

The only problem was that they were recovering, slowly but surely, their dissipated Origin was returning to their bodies; unless Eos knew how to silence them with finality, the Ancient Primordials could not die!

He could kill them, of course... their life was tied to their core, and destroying it with a single powerful blow would erase them from Existence, and then he would claim their Origin. He had already done the same thing with Death, but only he knew that Primordial Memory was something else, and he could not just kill him without triggering certain changes.

Eos had already calculated what this change would cost him and his wars with all of Existence, and he was ready to pay them.

He looked up, and like Nyxara, Elgorath, and Xyris, the Ancient Primordials were breaking the shackles of their previous form and were becoming more distinct, but Eos saw this as their corruption just getting increasingly deeper.

Vorthas, Primordial Life, had green wings filled with a tangled mass of tumors and carnivorous vines, and on his body was a hulking armor made from an amalgam of bark and pulsing flesh. Beside him was Xylos, Primordial Demon whose black wings continuously shed feathers that hatched into swarms of abyssal horrors mid-flight. The first demon had still maintained his half-peeled face that he had suffered under the strike of the Golem, and he looked at Eos and grinned, and from the exposed bone and decaying flesh, ichor and demonic essence poured out in foul clouds that followed behind him for trillions of light-years.

He landed lightly, exuding grace that was extremely unnatural, and the ground of the Hollow trembled as parasites crawling across the ground like living shadows emerged from his body in relentless waves.

Eldrithor, Primordial Chaos, floated behind them, his wily eyes looking around the Hollow. His body was a swirling storm of improbability, his form looping through states of dragon, locust swarm, and laughing giant before settling into his storm-winged self.

When he noticed the broken body of his siblings, he smirked, and when he saw the body of Death, he began to laugh. His mad cackle echoed through the Hollow, unraveling small pockets of reality as he finally touched down.

The three Primordials spread out, their wings were flared, and their eyes were locked on Eos. For a moment, a weird thought passed through Eos's head. He thought that they looked like peacocks, and he frowned; he loved peacocks, and associating them with these foul beings was wrong.

The very space of the Hollow thickened with their combined power, and Eos thought about his plan for one last time, and then he unveiled the true might of his glory.

Ⓔ

They had traveled through the arteries of time, Fury, Circe, Victorious Genesis, along the ten thousand Old Ones who were their anchor, pulling them back to the present.

It was amazing that they had been able to preserve the lives of all the Old Ones during this impossible journey. They had seen sights that would drive lesser Primordials to madness, and they had survived it all.

At this point they were all at the peak of the Primordial level, and of the ten thousand Old Ones that followed them on this trip, a full twenty three of them were on the verge of reaching the Primordial level... which was a result that always left the three Primordials in shock, but then, thinking about everything they had experienced and seen as they travelled through time, it was amazing that not even more of them had not become Primordial Candidates.

The three Primordials had protected the minds of the Old Ones as much as possible, else more of them would be Primordial Candidates, but the price for this would be more of them dying.

In any other situation, this would have been a fair exchange, and any Old One here would gladly take the risk for the chance of becoming Primordial Candidates, but their task was to serve as anchors to the present.

All three Primordials were now extremely familiar with the movements of time, and they knew they were nearing the present. With everything they had seen, scenes of battle that shook the mind, the losses and the sacrifices they had witnessed, they believed they had seen everything, but they had never seen anything like this.

They were traveling through what they called the stream of time, and they were beginning to recognize that this variation of time strictly belonged to Chronomancer Prime, that odd individual they had met along the way.

However, the stream of time in front of them was not a river...it was a wound.

Victorious Genesis was the one to first notice this change, and he mouthed, "What the fuck is that?"

Fury, the Primordial of Resurrection, had been chatting and laughing with Circe, the Primordial of Endless Kindling, when he saw the face of Victorious Genesis, and he turned around, asking, "Oh, someone now had a dirty mouth," but then his gaze turned towards the distance, and he went silent.

Circe followed their gaze, and she stood still. A moment passed, and then she whispered, "This is wrong."

Victorious Genesis reached into the river of time and touched its purple waters, and a grim look passed through his eyes, and he took back his hand, "Time is not flowing, it is screaming. Something bad is happening."

Circe suddenly gasped, "I think... I think they are fighting each other. Eos and the Ancient Primordials, this is the point, this is where he dies."

Chapter 2119 The War At The Dawn of Ending (2)

Victorious Genesis, Circe, and Fury were coming from the future, and they had seen various events that all pointed to one moment where everything seemed to have gone wrong.

Most of the wars and the calamities they had seen as they returned through the river of time made no sense. People they had expected to die were living, and those who could live had died.

They had long stopped trying to understand what was happening, because nothing made sense anymore, and they only tried to record everything to the best of their ability, knowing that a more superior mind was needed to analyze the madness they were witnessing.

Still, everything that went wrong pointed to one period in Existence that stretched for approximately a billion years, where Eos had been ambushed from without and within, and even under the excessive opposition, he had performed many shocking acts that had broken Existence as they knew it.

One of those signs of breakage was that there seemed to be multiple versions of different immortals living inside Existence. The three Primordials had noticed this odd fact when some of the familiar people they met along their journey had been very different from what they knew, and time could not be responsible for that change.

For example, Fury had met a version of himself that was not a Primordial even in the future and had fused his bloodline to those of dragons and phoenixes, and this was one of the least drastic changes they saw.

A shocking shockwave erupted in the distance that took all of them, placing their energy together, including burning their Origin to resist this power, and what was most interesting was that this shockwave was coming from the past and erupting into the future.

Fury turned to Victorious Ascension with shock in his eyes. That force that swept past them was quite simple; it was just pure force, clean and precise, and they could sense the power of Eos from that force.

Victorious Genesis mutely nodded in shock at this truth, “Damn...” he whispered, “Did Eos just punch someone so hard that the shockwave from that blow travelled from the present into the damned future?!”

This... this was the power of the layer beyond the fourth that they chased, but was it all there was to it? Somehow, Victorious Genesis did not believe that even if he had access to the fifth or even tenth layer of his Origin, he would be capable of ever throwing a punch like that.

Another shockwave resounded through Existence, and the river of time began to shatter. For a long moment, the only thing the Primordials could do was to fight for their survival, even though they were so far away from this battle that they were not even in the same time it was being fought!

It was hard to make a Primordial feel fear, but the shockwave erupting from that distant battle was beyond anything they had ever felt before.

They knew that beyond the Ancient Primordials, there were other presences that Eos could not tell them about, because the very knowledge of their names was enough for them to go insane.

From the emanations from this distant battle, they knew that Eos was not just fighting the Ancient Primordial, but this unknown power as well.

“We need to survive this battle... more than anything, Eos needs to know who struck the blow that brought him down.”

Circe, in an act of bravery, began to burn everything she had to stabilize their anchors to the present. After all this time, she had come to realize that it was almost impossible for her to die, and she took advantage of this.

Millions of years passed as they fought through the shockwaves of the distant battle, which began to slowly subside. It was no longer as frequent, but the blows seemed to be deeper and held a hint of pain, rage, and bitterness.

However, the timelines had been shattered, and the river of time had become a knot of thorns. Every moment that had ever been or would ever be was tangled together, bleeding into each other. Past and future writhed in agony. Cause and effect had become cannibals, devouring each other in loops of impossible paradox. Dimensions that had not yet been born cast shadows over Realities that had died billions of cosmic eras ago. The screams of the not-yet-conceived echoed through the halls of the long-dead.

It was madness, everything was madness, and at the center of this maelstrom, there was a silver light.

Circe did not know the reason she began to cry when she saw this light at first and then she understood that what she was looking at was a light that they all knew.

It was light that remembered being dark. It was illumination that carried within it the blueprint of its own extinction. It was Eos, and he burned as bright as the first dawn.

His figure was so massive that it had transcended space, time, and all dimensions, and so in the far future, his figure blazed from the past. He was like the original fracture in the perfect void, the moment when nothing became something, and regretted it instantly, because it knew there would never be anything like him again... The creation of Eos and his fall caused all Existence that had been or would ever be to weep at their loss.

For a long moment, the three Primordials were stuck in awe at just seeing him like this. And they realized that the face of Eos they had always been seeing was the smallest part of him... he was something that was extremely glorious, and yet, he made himself small to be among them and called them his children.

“Remember this sight,” Fury whispered, “There will never be anything like this again.”

With all of their mental strength, they began to record everything that they were seeing.

Eos stood alone, surrounded by silver fires, and he was beautiful in the way that supernovae are beautiful when you are standing at their heart. He was terrible in the way that the death of a universe is terrible when you are the one who must witness it. The Primordials could see his form, but they could not see all of it, almost as if his form was not a form, but a process, an ongoing catastrophe of becoming, a scream of existence that had been echoing since before time had a name.

Before him were massive shadows, some living, many dead. Among the dead were Ancient Primordials and beings of equal power and even greater.

However, there were six massive shadows that made the dead Ancient Primordials at Eos's feet look like a passing thought.

“What the fuck are those?” Victorious Genesis mouth was so wide that they could swallow a star.

One of the greatest gifts of being a Primordial was the ability to obtain knowledge from the very dimensions themselves, and slowly the Primordials began to piece out the presence that stood before Eos.

They had no names, because names are for things that can be distinguished from other things, and these beings were not things. They were the predicates upon which thing-ness

itself depended. The head of Victorious Genesis exploded, and soon the others followed, but they slowly returned to life as they began to do the impossible once more, and they collected the true names and faces of the hidden ones.

Perhaps millions of years passed, or perhaps it was just a moment, but they got the name of the first being, and it was called,

«ḪŪR-UM BA-ḪAR-UM, QA-DAM KŪL-MU ZU-UM.

SĪ-LAḪ... SĪ-LAḪ-UM... pat-ḫu KŪL-RA ḪUL-LU-UM ZI-IG,

ḫar-šū KŪL-UM-MU ba-ni.»

“The One Who Was Before the First Word, whose silence was the canvas upon which all sound would eventually be painted.”

This was not the first time that the Primordials had come across true names, but it was the first time they understood what the power of those names carried.

They knew that Eos had written something about true names and their power, and said that one of the greatest markers that divided them from him was the fact that he knew his true name.

Circe had the blurry memory of proclaiming Eos true name in the past, and she knew that much of the changes that had happened to her ever since were the fact that she was able to touch Eos true name in the past.

The work was not over; there were still five more names they had to remember so they could bring it to the past before the battle began.

With the experience of proclaiming true names, Circe led the rest two in breaking through the boundaries of what was known and unknown.

The knowledge of the second name came much quicker than the first, and the Primordials quickly recorded them into their bodies, and the strain of holding two true names of powers of this stature began to break their bodies.

«QA-DUM BA-ḪŪR-UM, SHA-KAL-VŪD...

ḪŪL-UM QA-DAM BA-NIŠ-TU.

ḪAR-MU... ḪAR-MU-UM...

KŪL-RA ZU-UM ba-ḫam ša-ḫul,

ZI-IG KŪL-UM-MU te-raḫ ba-ni endu-um.»

“The One Who Remembers the Shape of the Void, whose memory predated existence and therefore held within it the terrible knowledge of how everything would end.”

Then the third name...

«QA-DUM BA-MI-ZAH... SHA-QAL NA-PŠA-TIM.

KIL-LA-UM la ba-ar-zu, la KAS-PU...

H̄A-RA-MU...

ZI-IG KŪL-RA ba-niš-tu te-bu,

ša-ra-aḥ u la-ša-ra-aḥ ba-ḥur-ru.»

“The One Who Weighs the Worth of Souls, whose scales were not made of metal but of moral gravity, bending the very fabric of right and wrong around its judgments.”

BRICKTRADER

Chapter 2120 The War At The Dawn of Ending (3)

Everything they were learning did not seem like knowledge that a Primordial was supposed to know, and yet, it seemed to them that this was the crowning point of their travels to the farthest reaches of time... almost as if the knowledge they were acquiring here was the reason they were born in the first place.

Memorizing three of the true names for these unfathomable beings was beyond what any of them could presently handle, but they had been working together for an impossible length of time, and their cooperation had gone beyond what any Primordial group in the past had been able to grasp, and now they could fuse their Origin into a state where the sum of its parts was greater than they could ever anticipate.

This was the unknown path that these three Primordials had found to breach the fifth layer of their Origin, but they were always unconsciously rejecting this path. If they were to follow this path to the end, the three Primordials would ultimately fuse to become one individual, and a new Origin Force would be born that would lead straight to its fifth layer.

Even though it was not spoken aloud, they all knew that they would all strive to work on their Origin Force, hoping to push it towards the fifth layer, but if the war begins, then the three of them would push any individuality aside, and fuse together to create the

second fifth layer Origin Entity... only a power like this would be able to help Eos fight for Existence.

Now, in order for them to be able to record the names of these individuals, they unhesitatingly began a preliminary fusion of their Origin Forces. It was not a permanent step, but what any of them could not do apart, they would be able to accomplish together.

Their bodies fused together in a flash of prismatic light, but the true complex fusion of Origin was a process that was mostly silent and obscure, and while this fusion did not create a single central shape, as the three Primordials now resembled a mass of glowing ooze, their consciousness had multiplied almost exponentially in strength and they were able to peer through the weight of the massive presence in front of them to understand their nature.

It was weird that these three Primordials never remembered what it was like when they fused together after they had separated, and the memory only returned when they performed a fusion. Almost as if the secrets of the fifth layer of Origin were hidden away from them in their unaltered state.

Nevertheless, with the power gained from this half-fusion, the true name of the fourth presence was recorded, «QA-DUM BA-ŠA-KIN... GAN-ZU ŠA LA IŠ-ŠA-KAN.

GAN-UM la e-pe-ri... la ti-ti...

ba-ḥu-lu-um QA-BU-UM-ḥūšu ša la i-ba-šu.

ḤŪL-UM-MU te-nu-uh

ZI-IG KŪL-RA.»

“The One Who Tends the Garden of Unborn Possibilities, whose garden was not planted in soil but in the fertile darkness of what-might-never-be.”

They were able to hold the fourth name inside them with relative ease, and they pushed for the fifth name, which grudgingly gave up its secrets to their gaze.

«QA-DUM BA-ŠA-ME'-UM... ŠA ŠI-GI ŠA MA-WU-TU KŪK-KA-BU.

UZ-NU-UM la ḥa-ša-šu... la er-še-ti...

ba-ḥu-lu-um QA-LA-MU kosmiku-šīlah.

ḤŪL-UM ra-ḥi-mu ba-ḥar-ra.»

“The One Who Listens to the Screams of Dead Stars, whose ears were made of cosmic silence and whose compassion had long since been burned away by the cries it had absorbed.”

Five names were pushing the boundaries of what they could hold by their temporary fusion, and there was a chance they might become permanently fused as one if they continued to record more of these names, but they took the plunge after a brief moment of hesitation, and slowly but surely, the sixth and final true name fell into their possession.

«QA-DUM BA-ḤATAM... ŠA DA-LA-PU ENU AḤAR-RU.

PĀ-NU-UM la i-tu-ru ša la i-ba-šu.»

“The One Who Will Close the Last Eye, whose face was turned away from all that was, toward all that would never be again.”

Names in their normal state already had power, and True Names were even more so. Coupled with them being able to fuse their Origin Force and recognize the names of these six unknown entities in front of them, they were finally able to peer into the core of this conflict, and they began to glimpse what was happening in this fight.

In their perception, they could see that Eos stood alone, while these six, even though they were far away from him relatively speaking, their combined aura had already encircled Eos, trapping him in a cage, where even time had been discarded, and as it was, the seven of them existed in the spaces between moments, and in the cracks between atoms... if not for the perception of their fusion, these Primordials would not be able to understand this dimension of battle.

Unknown to them, they were seeing the effects of both the Proto-Dimensions and the tenth dimension in play at the same time.

They might not understand all the complexities in front of them at a glance, most of their consciousness was stuck with trying to hold on to the memory of the true names they had stolen, but what they knew was that these seven were battling, and to the best of their ability, it was like they were looking at the very concepts of Existence arguing with itself about whether it deserved to continue.

Eos had stood against these six for a long time, and finally he had collapsed to his knees, and they gathered around him and began to judge him... their voices were beyond meaning, but the fused Primordials could catch a small fragment of meaning from their words.

“...You were a mistake.... The void was perfect.... You brought suffering into perfection....”

More of the judgment fell upon Eos, and something in him seemed to have broken down, and it seemed that he had lost the battle, but his silver light suddenly brightened, and he

slowly pushed himself to his feet even while the power of the six unknown beings continued to rise against him.

All Existence began to shake and crack, and when it seemed that Eos was at the verge of victory, a black light emerged from behind him and plunged a hand into his chest, ripping out his burning heart.

Eos did not seem surprised by this betrayal, and even under the chaotic rampage of the fracturing state of Existence, the fused Primordials heard his final words as they collapsed around him, and his words were strange.

“You will close my eye. But you cannot close what my eye has seen.”

Their final sight was to see Eos beginning to expand into an orb of silver flames that swallowed all of Existence, and they were snapped into the present.

TEN THOUSAND ORIGIN REALM (Present Day)

At the start of this experiment, nearly thirty million years ago, Prime had been a healthy bloodline avatar of the Grand Creator Eos, and his powers seemed invincible to Serene Ascension, who could not see any limits to his powers.

Having a direct channel to Eos powers gave Prime the sort of abilities that Primordials would dream to have, and among these abilities was his high infinite energy stores.

On his own, Prime could channel an incredible amount of power and had nearly endless stores of power to pull from his infinite incarnations of time, but if he chose to connect himself to Eos to draw out power from his father, then he would be virtually unstoppable in terms of energy capacity.

However, with the character of Prime, he would rather kill himself than leech out any of Eos's energy, even though Eos would not see sharing his energy with his bloodline avatars to be an issue; he had the greatest storehouse of energy in Existence as he knew it, and his baselines would only grow when he reached the ninth-dimensional level.

Prime's pride would not allow him to become a dependent, and so this led to the present situation where Prime, who once had the appearance of a handsome young man with the endlessness of time in his eyes, had shrunk in the pale shadow of a man.

His right eyes still glowed with purple light; however, his left eyes were a void that resembled a spinning black hole as it sucked in everything around him and into a location deep in his eyes.

This black hole was draining all of Prime's strength, and he had been fighting to keep up with the drain.

What the three Primordials cast into the future would not know was that anytime they fused, their combined weight of existence that had touched the fifth layer of an unknown Origin Force was so heavy that Prime, who had still not found his fifth layer, had to endure all of that stain.

And as if that was not bad enough, they also began collecting the true names of those unknown beings in the future whose weight could not even be calculated, and Prime, being the foundation of the road they were walking on, was being crushed to death.

There may be a second chapter today, but I cannot be sure. BRICKTRADER

Chapter 2121 The War At The Dawn of Ending (4)

Prime was in great danger, but he was not focused on this, although a large part of his consciousness was fighting to keep the flame of his life alive; what was left was discovering the hidden fragments of information that were streaming into his mind.

The Primordials had travelled into the future, using the power of Prime, and although this was a dimension that Prime could not touch, he still had the potential of reaching it, and it was on this wave of potential that the Primordials sailed to reach places that even Prime could not discern at this time.

Only a crazy mind like that of Serene Ascension would be able to think of a plan like this because it would be like asking a baby to lift a fifty-kilogram weight using their potential as an adult... but in the affairs of the higher dimension, impossible only meant not yet discovered.

For these millions of years, Prime had begun to gain the benefits of this project when his Incarnations from the future began streaming a part of their experience to him in the present.

The Primordials that had been sent into the future had met familiar faces, but these people they met had no way to connect to a present that had effectively ended, since in their perception, the future was the present, and trying to reach the past was useless, at most, they were delving into Memory and not the true past, however, the Primordials were moving through the potential of Prime himself, and that meant that anytime they came in contact with a part of him in the future, Prime in the present was able to sense it and began to slowly drag that part of himself from the future to the present.

Prime's intuition was telling him that the moment he could completely fuse with his Incarnation from the future, he would not only gain an accurate picture of what was to come, the path to the fifth layer of time would be open, and if that were to succeed, he

would be the true master of time, and Primordial Time himself would be eradicated with a single thought.

This process of merging with the future was not fast or easy. The streams of information he was getting were thinner than the thread from a spider's web, and what he needed to acquire in full from the other side was the size of universes; with the current speed of information transference, it would take quadrillions of years until he fully gained all of this knowledge from the future.

However, the closer to the present that the three Primordials came, the faster the flow of information became, and Prime would have been happy with this, but the cost of maintaining the connection with the future was multiplying nearly exponentially.

Serene Ascension stood by his side, wringing his hands with apprehension at the present state of Prime, "Master, I have made my calculation a million times by now, and the earliest they would return would be in a thousand years, and you will not be able to survive a century at the rate your essence is being devoured... You need the help of the Grand Creator, or you will shatter!"

Prime grunted, "Don't worry about me, disciple, I can hold until the end of time itself, hahaha..." Prime chuckled before he began to cough, his face squeezing in pain from the strain as his body was nearly made mortal since all of his energy had been funneled into keeping the portal in his left eye active.

"This is foolish, even for you, master," Serene Ascension began moving around, his fear and apprehension in his eyes, "At least let me contribute my essence to you; it can help a bit."

Prime rolled his single right eye, "Even if you give me everything you have, it would barely last me a week, and your energy should be focused on other things... tell me what is happening, I keep feeling a vibration through the fabrics of Existence."

Serene Ascension shrugged, "New information has not reached me, but I suspect it has to be related to the Ancient Primordials and the overall war. You should not be too focused on that master; your health is the most important here, since I believe that the key to the entire war lies in your hand, and you are being careless."

Prime chuckled, "Ah, disciple, instead of worrying about my safety, I will feel better if you pick up a blade and kill some of those abominations polluting the space above the realm. That sight ought to give me enough inspiration to hold on." Shifting his position so he could become a bit more comfortable, Prime closed his one eye to become a bit more comfortable through the impossible drain in his body.

Serene Ascension sighed and muttered, "I cannot hold a weapon... not yet."

Prime slowly opened his single eye and looked at Serene Ascension, which resembled a blue jelly in the shape of a man. Inside this jelly were dozens of light balls flowing through it, which were all the Origin Force that this brilliant Primordial had mastered.

“Why can you not hold a weapon, my disciple?”

Serene Ascension suddenly smiled widely, exposing blue jelly-like teeth, “Oh, don’t tell me you have not figured it out by this time, master.”

Prime frowned and looked at his disciple, and he grunted, “Who are you?”

Serene Ascension sighed and looked up before squeezing his brows as if he had a headache, “When did you begin to suspect me?”

“That was not the question I asked you,” Prime growled weakly, “Who are you?”

“You know who I am... master, or should I say that part of you in the future knows me, and that part is trying to tell you the truth, but you are still too weak, why don’t you connect to your main body, you shall have all the power that you need, and the truth would be laid bare before you... Come on, master, you may never get the chance to know the truth after this moment.”

“Oh, why is that?” Prime sneered and slowly came to his feet.

Serene Ascension stared at him, his eyes no longer holding any deference, and had gone cold, “Because you will force me to hold a weapon, Chronomance Prime, and when I do, all of the Origin Realms shall fall.”

Chapter 2122 The War At The Dawn of Ending (5)

In the timeless expanse that bridged the fractured epochs of Existence, the consciousness of Enoch stirred like a storm awakening from slumber.

Locked in the depths of time with one of the most annoying creations in Existence, the consciousness had finally been freed to rise from its cage.

The arrival of Rowan was the key to its freedom, and he had obtained that key when he tasted the first drop of Rowan’s blood, however due to his greed, Enoch had wanted more, because he saw a clear path outside the restraint of the Great Hand, but he had failed, and the arrangements he had left behind in Existence had nearly been destroyed, and so he could only follow the path laid in front of him once again, and rise so he could end all of it.

Rowan saw the shape of a boy, but his sight had been blinded from the start, and he could not see the true form of Enoch's consciousness that resembled a vast, luminous nebula of will and memory.

He was the architect of the Cradle, the original creator whose curse had birthed the Primordials and set the canvas of Limbo ablaze. For eons, Enoch had slumbered in the past, his essence scattered across the ruins of forgotten realities, waiting for the threads of fate to weave a path forward. Now, as the painting neared its chaotic completion, those threads pulled taut, and Enoch's grip was firm; he was tired of his endless slumber.

The ascension began in the depths of the Ninth Dimension, which was the true location of the Cradle, which was a realm of causality's tangled knots where all lives filtered through End to find their final resting place and where every choice branched into infinities of regret.

Enoch knew that the Cradle should not exist; End should have been a force of true erasure, but the Great Hand wielded End like a well honed tool and its weapon, and every ending was packed into the Cradle, including Enoch who should have died under the drain of wielding so much power of Origin and using his essence as the brush and the paint.

There was a time he believed that he could duplicate the power of the Great Hand... he was wrong. He did not just lack the power needed, but he lacked access to something more important... and Enoch would regain that lack on his return.

Enoch's consciousness coalesced from the ether, drawing fragments of itself from the echoes of extinct realities. Wisps of golden light, veined with the light of the Tenth's Dimension, swirled together like rivers merging into an ocean.

The pull was inexorable, a call from the present, where the core of Origin was beginning to reach past the threshold of no return, where even Death itself had fallen, and his lost children raged in battle.

As it ascended, Enoch felt the layers of dimensions peel away like shedding skins. From the first dimension to the sixth, where the annoying parallel existences bombarded him with visions of what-might-have-beens... His victories, his fall, the Cradle unbroken, Limbo blooming with uncorrupted life.

As it ascended, Enoch felt the layers of dimensions peel away like shedding skins. From the first dimension to the sixth, where the annoying parallel existences bombarded him with visions of what-might-have-beens... His victories, his fall, the Cradle unbroken, Limbo blooming with uncorrupted life.

He refused them, his will a blade that severed the branches. He paused for a moment when the parallel existences showed him alternate Enoches, tyrants who had never cursed their creations, martyrs who had sacrificed themselves at the dawn.

Enoch was surprised that the Great Hand had fully unveiled the power of the sixth dimension before him, because he knew that this present Existence lacked this power, and so without holding back, he began to absorb the regrets, pain and fear of his alternate selves, killing them all before they even understood what was happening, and as Enoch fed, he grew denser, heavier. He spent a while absorbing all the powers of the sixth dimension that had begun to bloom in this fragile Existence until there was none left... With the present expanding nature of Existence, it would take a while for the power of Parallel Realities to return, but by then, it would be too late.

Enoch had the intuition that his act at the moment must have doomed one of his cursed children who was in battle, but he did not care; his competition had never been with them, but with something greater... he was just here to take back all that had been stolen from him.

Ascending past the sixth, he reached the seventh... consciousness, and he was flooded with the thoughts of every being in existence, from the innocent dreams of children sleeping in the Origin Realm, to the ravenous schemes of the Ancient Primordials and Eos's weary resolve. He drank them in, his nebula-self swelling with the weight of collective minds.

He would have collected more, but the vast presence of the true form of Nyxara held him back. She was still in the depths of slumber, and if Enoch wanted to regain his true strength, he would need a body that could challenge that great thief.

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Upward, or outward, for direction meant nothing here, through the Eighth dimension, where causality looped into knots. Enoch untied them with a thought, rewriting the chains that bound past to present, and his memories that should not exist anymore, reasserted themselves with a solidity that made Existence tremble.

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The Ninth assaulted him with laws unbound, where physics twisted into madness, gravity becoming song, and time folded into origami. He navigated them like a sailor through storms, his essence a ship forged from the Cradle's original blueprint.

His ascent should have shaken all of Existence, but Enoch had grown wiser, and he did not make any sound even as he reached the threshold.

Before he left his prison, he glanced at Rowan before he closed the gate. If Rowan had no access to the tenth dimension, he would never escape, and the Lumina growing inside his heart would be Enoch's hidden weapon.

The present loomed like a shattered mirror before his sight, reflecting the chaos of the ongoing war. Enoch's consciousness pierced it, emerging into the Hollow where Eos had sprung his trap. But Enoch did not manifest there. If he were him from before, he would have announced himself and revealed his light, but he did not have a body, and that child Eos was so dangerous that there was a chance that his consciousness might be seriously injured if he manifested himself inside the Hollow.

His destination was deeper, heading for the vessel that he had prepared for more than a hundred million years at this point.

It waited in a hidden fold of Existence, a chamber Eos had never known existed, woven from the Tenth Dimension's threads and the nascent pulse of Enoch's severed consciousness. What was not mentioned was that Eos and the Ancient Primordials had been searching for the Abomination all these while, and the Archai had been slowly combing through Existence to find the vessel of Enoch, and given a few hundred million years, there was a great possibility that the Archai could have found this body and the chance for Enoch to rise would have been greatly destabilized, but that path has now been blocked with the full return of Enoch's consciousness.

The vessel was no mere body. It was an abomination of endless evolution. Its colossal form, born from the fusion of every failed incarnation of Enoch that had transformed into Realities, and stained with the power of End, was a thing of beauty and horror.

Chapter 2123 The War At The Dawn of Ending (6)

More than a hundred million years ago, when the Abomination with a sliver of Enoch's consciousness had fought against Eos, it had fled to hide from its enemies, knowing that with the present state of Existence, it would be nearly impossible for Enoch to gain a suitable body for his consciousness if he were to return.

The body of Eos had always been his goal. After the foolish destruction of Hundun, Enoch needed a suitable vessel for his consciousness, and this Abomination was the key.

During its previous battle, the direction of the Abomination's evolution was to resist the powers of its opponents, as it grew stronger and faster to resist Eos's speed and strength; however, after it escaped, the direction for its evolution changed... it was to become the perfect vessel for Enoch.

Without access to the supreme form of Eos, Enoch had to build his own from scratch, and it was a good thing he was able to acquire some portion of Enoch's unique structure from drinking the blood of Rowan. He did not have access to the original, but even if he did, there was nothing Enoch would be able to do about it because the base material he was using would not be able to replicate the complicated structure of Eos's form.

Still, it did not matter that he did not get his hand on Eos's body template, as he still had the advantage of creating a body with no weakness, and he could push part of its to levels that would shatter the future potential of the body, but this did not matter, because this body was created for this war alone, and its wellbeing for the future was not calculated into the position.

Enoch's consciousness descended over his shell, and its new form towered like a mountain of living obsidian, veined with pulsing golden light and shadowed with the Tenth's silver.

Its shape shifted constantly, one moment a humanoid titan with wings of starlight, the next a writhing mass of tentacles and eyes that saw through dimensions, then a sleek predator with claws that could rend reality.

Its skin rippled with scales of adaptive armor, and muscles coiled with infinite potential. This body had been made to evolve against any threat, absorb any power, and become anything needed to survive.

When necessary, this chain locking this body's potential could be pushed even higher in the face of unknown circumstances.

Enoch's consciousness hovered before it, resembling a luminous cloud that dwarfed the vessel yet felt drawn to it like a moth to flame.

"My vessel," Enoch thought, his voice a resonance that shook the walls of Existence itself, "An abomination, yes. But one of my making. You shall be the key to breaking the curse I wrought."

He confirmed that it was exactly how he designed it. Forged from Rowan's battle-hardened essence, infused with the unbreakable will of the Luminous, tempered by the power of End and the light of the tenth dimension.

This perfect receptacle of his will was capable of even holding the will of the Great Hand for a moment without shattering.

Feeling a sensation of impatience that he knew was not coming from him, Enoch began his fusion, and all of Existence began to shake.

The moment the fusion began, every great power inside Existence felt it, but they were too tied in their battle to easily interrupt this fusion.

However, this was not the only danger to him; scattered across Existence were the arrangements made by Eos and the Ancient Primordials, and Enoch could already feel them rushing towards his position like flies scenting the rot from a corpse.

A single wave from his consciousness sent multiple parallel dimensions to surround his position, and he focused back on his fusion as the arrangements sent against him were swamped into an endless parallel reality, and even if this would not hold them forever, there was nothing left that could stop his fusion.

Enoch's consciousness slowly flowed into the vessel. From a visual standpoint, it could be observed that the golden wisps of his consciousness were seeping into the obsidian skin.

The vessel stirred, eyes opening, thousands of them, glowing with the light of End, and the essence of something deeper. Then his consciousness touched the part of him that was left inside the vessel, and the fusion ignited with a roar that sent a strange light that rippled throughout all of Existence, causing all things to stand still as a fear they had all forgotten began to return.

That irrational fear in the heart of everyone that they could not explain away, no matter how knowledgeable or older they became... It was on this day that everyone in Existence knew that their fears were not irrational, and in the depths of their being, they recognized the light of their creator... and this light screamed that it hated them.

The light brightened and also dimmed at the same time as his ancient will merged with the abomination's endless potential, and for the first time in a long time, Enoch began to grin as pain lanced through him.

He was giving birth to himself, and he was feeling both physical and existential pain, as his scattered essence compressed into form.

The vessel's muscles bulged, adapting, evolving to contain his might. From his back, wings sprouted, vast, feathered in starlight and shadow, beating once and sending shockwaves that made Existence tremble.

Enoch's fusion deepened. His consciousness flooded the vessel's core as the abomination's heart began beating with the rhythm of his own original design, which was the perfect representation of Enoch's base template as a Luminous.

Its Evolution surged as skin hardened to unbreakable diamond-veins, eyes multiplied to see through every dimension, and claws extended to rend the canvas of Existence itself. He felt the last of the Abomination consciousness fade away, leaving only him, Enoch, behind, and the supreme body gave one last roar of defiance before its will vanished.

Suddenly, the vast body of the Abomination shrank, leaving behind a man with glorious white wings that burned with blue flame. He had long white hair, and his eyes were the most brilliant shade of blue in Existence.

With his bare feet, Enoch walked upon the flesh of Existence again.

“Weep, for all that you know is now lost... the maker has returned.”

Chapter 2124 The War At The Dawn of Ending (7)

All of the Ancient Primordials had arrived inside the Hollow, and Eos knew that he would not be able to deceive Elgorath for long. Primordial Memory had been here long enough to fully confirm the dissipation of Death’s Origin Essence, and although he was still sensing that the restrictions inside of Death still remained, he would soon understand that the only reason these restrictions remained was that someone who was capable of manipulating the proto-dimension on a profound level had taken them out.

Eos did not know if Elgorath would suspect Nyxara of doing such a thing, but he could only guess at their relationship. Still, it did not matter, not if he killed Elgorath and took him apart to understand who this Primordial really was.

There was a strange game that was being played here, and either all the Ancient Primordials were in on it or not, or some of them were no longer who they were before.

Eos did not think this was strange. Even among the greatest of his children, there were impostors, and understanding the nature of Existence, he knew that the Painter saw all life inside Existence as tools, and he should not be surprised if the Ancient Primordials were tools as well.

Eos was about to make his move when he sensed it... like the cold hand of a corpse touching your back at night... Enoch was here.

His presence meant the circle was complete; the stage may shift, but the main players were here, as the Primogenitor of this madness had returned.

That meant many things to Eos, but what it truly meant for him was that he could stop holding back.

If Enoch had returned then most of his hidden plans would be easily discerned by him, and he could not outmaneuver the destroyer of Existence as he could do to the Ancient Primordials, chiefly because, he was sure that Enoch, End and the Painter had a much closer relationship than any of the Ancient Primordials, except Nyxara and Elgorath... these two were the most suspicious.

Eos was not the only one to sense the return of Enoch; all the Ancient Primordials were also aware of his presence being etched into the fabrics of Existence, and Nyxara no

longer hid herself. Her body was pushed into reality, and she looked up with anger and regret in her eyes.

She had been so close to getting all she wanted before his return, and now, due to the stubbornness and trickery of Eos, she was too late.

“Ah, there you are, sister,” Xyris called out, slowly picking up his broken body from the ground, “You have felt it as well; he has returned, so do you know what it means?”

Nyxara looked at the broken body of Xyris. The thoughts in her mind were unknown, and she looked at Eos, and she smiled, “We drop all our hidden grievances, and we take down this abomination. He holds the power we all need, and we can keep it away from Enoch’s hand.”

Elograth looked over at Nyxara with puzzlement in his eyes, “Tell me, sister, who was the one who killed the Beast?”

Nyxara sighed, “Did the two of you not see him standing over its cooling corpse? Why do you ask such nonsensical questions, Elgorath? At this time, your games are not needed.”

A sudden laughter from Eos made all the Ancient Primordials turn towards him, “Oh, there is a reason he asks these questions, Nyxara... it is because of this.”

While speaking, Eos had brought out wriggling restrictions that resembled tiny black serpents that hissed and spat, but no matter how they struggled, they could not escape his hand. These were the restrictions planted inside the body of Death, which would alert the Temple of End if it was alive or dead.

Eos had ripped it out of the body of the Beast before he killed it, and with the lingering power of the Origin of Death around the restrictions, it would take a long time for it to decay, and the true status of Death would be finally confirmed.

When Eos brought out these restrictions, he observed that Elgorath instantly went pale, and the rest of the Ancient Primordials looked confused.

At their level of power, they could sense the distortion inside Eos’s palm, but they could not see the Proto-Dimensions. Nyxara was frowning deeply, and there seemed to be flashes of pain in her eyes, and Eldrithor’s eyes were glowing as he kept looking deeper at what was in Eos’s hand... it seemed among all the Ancient Primordials, Eldrithor possessed hidden insight that the rest may lack.

Elgorath whispered, “How could you have access to this power?”

And with that statement, the rest of the Ancient Primordials turned towards him, confusion in their bodies.

“Did you have fun when you were fighting me and running through the proto-dimension like a rat, Elgorath?” Eos teased him, and he crushed the restriction in his hands, causing a frightening shockwave and a high shriek that even the Primordials who were not aware of what he held could hear.

Elgorath flinched, and fear filled his eyes, and he screamed in anger, “You fucking worm, how dare you touch the dimensions of your creators?!”

“My creators? Interesting...” Eos stroked his chin, “It would seem that I overestimated your wisdom, Elgorath. Even now, you are still not realizing what is about to happen.”

A thousand thoughts went through Elgorath’s mind in this brief moment, and his eyes began to widen with realization. He had barely been able to hold back Eos with the assistance of Xyris when he was using the power of the Proto-Dimensions, but that was even when this bastard was holding back and pretending that he could not access the Proto-Dimensions and allowing himself to be hurt.

This could only mean that from the beginning, Eos was already aware of his understanding of the Proto-Dimensions, and the bastard had even hinted at it earlier in the fight, causing him to panic and fight like a madman. He had always been playing to the tune of Eos, and this knowledge made Elgorath want to vomit his guts in anger.

Xylos grabbed Elgorath by his shoulders, squeezing painfully, “What is going on here, brother?” his voice was sickly sweet, but the rage and hatred in them was visible.

They would be fools not to know that Elgorath and Eos were on a level that they did not understand; they had been left behind, and Elgorath seemed to be the key to the whole thing.

Turning toward his brother, Elgorath seemed a bit panicked, and then the fear vanished from his eyes as he seemed to come to a realization, and then he sneered, “I was not your brother, you pathetic wretch, the fool died long ago as he consumed the memories of Realities. He saw what should not be seen, and he perished... If you know what is good for you, continue your role like you were always meant to do, and you shall live to enjoy the fruits of this Existence, else, I am sure there are many others that would want to wear your putrid skin.”

Chapter 2125 What Did You Think I Was Doing All This Years

It was as if a spell of silence had been poured over the entire Hollow as Xylos froze and the rest of the Ancient Primordials gaped at Elgorath.

Nyxara was rapidly sending furious messages to Eos, demanding answers, but Eos ignored her... she had long broken their Agreement, and only her shameless nature still allowed her to pretend as if they were still working on the same side.

She could potentially be worse than Elgorath, and the only reason Eos had not acted with more force was that he did not want to startle the prey in front of him; it was always the better option to divide and conquer.

The Primordial of Memory shrugged off Xylos's hand on his shoulder, and he looked at Eos with a crazed look, "If you believe that the knowledge of the Proto-Dimensions would be enough to kill me, then you are so wrong, little worm, you do not know who you speak to, if you did, you would be—"

"You are a Luminious," Eos spoke dryly. "The greatest lie in Existence was the lie that the Luminious were gone, and Enoch is the last of your kind. But the story had never changed, you all would rather remain in the dark and observe Existence, but now that Existence would soon become so much bigger than any of you can understand or control, now you are returning, but it is too late because I am here, and I am no longer blind to the truth."

Elgorath blinked, "What—"

"It was not that hard to figure out when certain truths came to light, of course, you all have to be commended, for a while I was truly in the dark." Eos pointed out while sneaking a glance at the shocked Ancient Primordials beside Elgorath, "Lumen told a very pleasant story about the end of the Luminious, but the more I knew about Existence, the less the stories began to make sense. There were too many details that did not add up..."

A weird glow emerged from Elgorath's eyes. "What detail did not add up?"

Eos looked at him and smiled cheekily, "I will not tell you. Something tells me you are a dog on a leash, and you are looking for ways to blame away your failures. Yet, you should not be worried about who holds your leash; you should be preparing for your last moments."

Elgorath was under severe stress, but the final words from Eos made him burst into laughter, "You mongrel, if you know what I am, why are you not on your knees and worshipping my light? Do you believe that because you fight these pathetic clowns beside me that you are my match? If I choose to leave this place, how can you stop me?"

"True, it would be hard to stop you," Eos tapped his chin as if in thought, then he snapped his fingers, and manifested the Singularity that was at the center of this entire conflict, "Unless you want to leave without the Primordial Record. I don't know about you, Elgorath, but I am sure that when you are broken for your failures, we all shall hear your screams all the way from here."

A collective gasp of greed erupted inside the hollow from all the Ancient Primordials here. All of the Ancient Origins of Existence, had been gathered inside the pages of this Singularity, and all of this power was right there in front of them for the taking, and with the return of Enoch and the knowledge that he was not the last of their kind walking across Existence, the Primordial Record could not be any more desired than at this moment.

“Or would you rather run when this prize is laid in front of you, but I will not be surprised if you did, afterall, the Luminious are the greatest cowards to walk through Existence,” Eos smirked, while he ran his fingers over the cover of the Primordial Record, causing the aura of ten thousand Ancient Origin forces to ripple from it like black smoke.

Elgorath looked at the Primordial Record in Eos’s hands, and he sighed, “You cannot win this, and as much as you think you know of the truth, you have only scratched the surface of it. You will die, Eos. Your birth and power are nothing but an experiment for us to utilize the power of Origin, and now, you have overstayed your welcome, and the things that you hold as precious are nothing but– What are you doing?!”

The Primordial Memory had screamed in shock as Eos had opened the page of the Primordial Record, and drawn out the concept of wind, and then he crushed it to dust.

“Ah, that felt good,” Eos sighed, “I could never separate End from the deepest part of it, and the answer had always been to just crush it and remake it from scratch.”

It took a moment for the full weight of what Eos had just done to sink in, and the Ancient Primordials, including Elgorath, nearly went crazy.

What Eos had done would seem normal, especially in a gathering like this. He had simply brought out a Single Origin of wind, and he crushed it. This was not a problem because the Primordial Record had hundreds of thousands, maybe millions of Origin Force for Wind within its pages, and it would not have mattered if Eos had crushed a thousand; there were many more left, and all of that power could not just be erased; it would inevitably return.

However, they had all noticed something alarming and peculiar. The Primordial Record blazed with the powers of all the Ancient Origin of Existence, and when Eos crushed the Origin of Wind, the presence of that Origin had suddenly vanished from inside it, leaving a void that could be felt like the sudden absence of a tooth in the mouth.

“What did you do, Eos?” Nyxara growled in rage and disbelief, and her words were echoed by the rest of the Ancient Primordials.

“Where is the Origin of Wind?”

Eos smiled and said, “Wait for it.... There!”

Far above them, a new sound arose in the air, like the wind screaming its freedom as it was reborn anew. One of Eos's Incarnation buried in the depths of one of the Origin Realms had begun his Ascension to become the Primordial of Wind.

Eos dismissively brought out another Origin Force, and this one blazed like the sun, "Do you know that there are still copies of your Origin Forces left inside the Primordial Record?"

Saying this, he crushed the Origin of Light, and not too long after, Existence seemed to shift as another Primordial began to arise, this one being the Primordial of Light.

"How are you doing this?" Elgorath whispered in shock. "What happened to all of the Origin Essence inside the Singularity?"

His questions were very relevant. An Origin Force alone was potential, but paired with Origin Essence, the true powers of the ninth dimension were able to shine through. With the amount of Origin Essence inside the Primordial Records acting like shields that nurtured the Origin Force inside it, not even Elgorath would be able to shatter the Origin Force without taking a long time to dissipate the Essence.

Eos smiled, "What did you think I was doing all these years?"

Chapter 2126 Anyone Who Crosses This Line Shall Die

The Ancient Primordial reeled back from the shock of what they had just witnessed. There was so much here that could not be discerned at just a glance, and the implications of what Eos had done and was doing had not fully settled into their stunned mind.

Eos, on the other hand, fully understood what he was doing from the moment he confirmed that Elgorath was a Luminous and not a Primordial.

Lumen had told him many secrets of the past, but whether it was by accident or they did not know how closely Eos's connection was with his Incarnation, he was able to collect a bit of information from his Incarnation that was missing and was being imprisoned beside the consciousness of Enoch.

Eos had not gained much information from this merger, only brief memories of the ranting of Enoch, but they had filled in some gaps in his memories.

One of the rants by Enoch was about the attitude of the Luminous in the past, when they tried to push the inhabitants of Existence away from the path of End. At that time, Eos had believed that this was the truth, and it was also confirmed by Lumen.

There had been no reason to doubt the words of the wings or Enoch, but one thing stuck with him, and it was when Enoch had told Rowan that the Luminious began to walk among the lesser beings in Existence, so they could learn from them, and soon they were stained by the chaotic nature of life, and they purged all of that emotion into the flames that gave Enoch life, cursing him with their fears and ambitions.

There were truths here, but the best lies were also presented as truths.

Eos had picked on the fact that the Luminious were able to change their shapes, because their true form were so bright, beautiful, and perfect that they would not be able to walk among the lesser races without drawing attention.

If that was the case, then it meant that if the Luminious did not perish during the destruction of the last Existence, then they still remained, but some of them had the capacity to change their shapes to stay among those they referred to as the lesser races.

It was possible that the Luminious had been destroyed; in fact, from what he could understand from the few moments that he met Enoch, he had truly believed that he was the last of the Luminious; however, something could be true and also be false.

Eos had seen the tenth dimension; he had not just seen it, he had briefly entered it, and he saw the true face of Existence. He saw Existence as a painting, and the force of Erasure upon that painting as End. There was also a hand with a brush, and Eos called that hand the Painter.

What was the one thing he knew about Existence and the Luminious? It was that every time Existence ended, the Luminious remained. However, the force of erasure was so strong that the only reason the Luminious could have survived was that they lived outside the painting.

Enoch was the youngest of the Luminious; he was the one who could be easily deceived because, for one, he had never witnessed the end of Existence before. He had not seen everything that he knew vanish, and so there was no way for him to understand the true inheritance of his people.

He was a bullet, primed to be the hand of End, and he shattered all of Existence, and so when he finally left his hiding place and saw a new Existence without any Luminious remaining, Enoch believed that he had killed them.

To ensure that he would not realize the truth, his last connection with the Luminious, which were his wings, a unique characteristic of the Luminious, was torn from his body... he was somehow deceived that before Existence could become what it truly was, he needed to shed his wings.

Now, Eos knew that story was bullshit... Existence was a painting, and Origin as Eos could understand it was that paintbrush. However, the hand holding that paintbrush could not

seem to control what the paintbrush was painting, and it used its power of Erasure to clean everything being painted.

Everyone knew what happened next, Enoch went beyond the boundaries that had been set up for him, and he pushed far past what the Painter wanted, and as so, the painting had spilled past its boundaries, and to halt its progress, experiments were made to bring the painting back into its previous order, and that experiments led to the birth of lifeforms inside Existence that was too powerful for the present state of Existence to ever create.

Lifeforms like the Primordials and Eos, who all held the bloodlines of beings who had transcended the painting.

The Primordial Record was the tool that was to be used to reverse the expansion of Existence, however, it was only a stop gap and it could not fully reverse this trend, not unless someone was to absorb all of the power inside the Singularity and pull back the expansion of Existence from the inside, thereby eliminating the force that was pushing upon the fabrics of Existence, and causing it to expand beyond limit.

This part of the truth was known by Eos; it was easily shared with him by both Lumen and Enoch, because they expected that Eos would strive to gain all this power from the Primordial for two things: either to ensure that the expansion of Existence did not stop, or to gain leverage.

They had all believed that Eos needed to consume the Origin Force inside the Primordial Record to gain access to the Origin Essence inside of it... that was the logical direction, but Eos had taken a different step.

He created Incarnations, all of which had studied every single Origin Force inside the Primordial Record, and then he began eating the Origin Essence. This was a path to power that was uniquely his own, and he had schemed to gain enough time for his plans to reach fruition.

Eos kept reaching into the Primordial Record and reaching for the Origin Forces inside and crushing them, while simultaneously, the Incarnations he had placed inside the Origin Realms began to push for the level of Primordials.

Due to the nature of the Origin Realms, the Ancient Primordials could not just destroy it to kill the Incarnations reaching for the level of Primordial, because they would push the expansion of Existence further... the only solution to that problem was to stop the man in front of them.

All of these thoughts and similar variants of them passed through the minds of the Ancient Primordials here. They may not have understood everything that was going on with Elgorath, but one thing they knew was that they could not allow Eos to succeed.

“Release all your armies,” Elgorath roared, “Crush the Origin Realms... We cannot let all of his Incarnation reach the Primordial level, or we are doomed!”

It was then that another realization passed through the minds of the Ancient Primordials... Even though Eos was an Old One, the source of his strength came from all the roots of the Origin Forces seeded inside his Origin Land... if his Incarnations all reach the Primordial Level, his powers would multiply, and if possible, he may use the opportunity to push his main body to the ninth dimensional level, but unknown to them, if Eos knew what they were thinking, he would consider that they were still looking down at his plans a little too much.

Six primordial forces blasted towards Eos, and he sneered. Behind him appeared his throne of stone, and, as if he were not being attacked, he sat comfortably upon it and, with a gesture, a single line of light appeared before his throne.

“Anyone who crosses this line shall die.”

Chapter 2127 The Lie of Your Form

The six Ancient Primordials paused for a moment, and when they saw that in that moment, Eos had crushed hundreds of Origin Forces as he was no longer going slow. Whatever warning he gave them was seen as trickery to hold them back as they rushed towards him, the entirety of the Hollow shaking from the combined weight of their fury, especially Elgorath and Nyxara, whose aura was something exceeding the limits of a Primordial.

They crossed the line, and Eos sighed, and in that moment, he set aside the status of the Grand Creator and the father of multitude, and he shook away the shackles of his flesh since there was no longer any need to pretend any longer.

On the page of his Primordial Record, the Singularity had a peculiar name for Eos present state. It was called The Lie of His Form, suggesting that the body that everyone knows was a lie, a facade made by Eos to hide what he truly was. He was something old... something new... and something that has never been seen before would be seen again.

The six Primordials had barely crossed the line he had drawn when they were blasted back as Eos tore off The Lie of His Form, and what remained was the truth.

Hundreds of millions of years ago, Eos had just been a young Omniversal Titan and had not reached his full potential, but feeding upon the essence of nearly every Origin Force in Existence had pushed him to the peak of this level.

On his throne was not a man but a shifting mass of prismatic shadows that ate light, with too many joints folded into angles that shouldn't exist, and where his face should be was nothing. Just a suggestion of features, like a dream's afterimage burned into the air.

Then all of that chaos reassembled itself into a being made up of countless streams of light in the shape of a man, with vast wings that hovered behind him and a crown. This being sat on his throne like a king, with one hand folded under his chin as if to support his head as he looked down at the Primordials, like a ruler looking down on ants.

His crown blazed above him, a halo of broken dimensions, each shard a window to all the crimes committed against Existence. In one shard, a Reality burned, in another, a pantheon screamed, in a third, a single child watched its parents die for the ten-millionth time. All of the countless sins against all life that had ever been were reflected on his crown, and Eos was to be the judge, the jury, and the executioner.

And in every shard, Eos saw himself reflected back, but the Reflections never matched. Each showed a different monster wearing his shape.

“They’re coming,” whispered the voices in his blood. They were the dead divinities, immortals, and the countless gods and mortals he had slain, their whispers now a hive mind nesting in his veins. “Six of them... two Eternals... All of them, falling into the abyss that is your hunger. They are fools... they should be bowing before your glory, and yet they resist the inevitable. They shall suffer and die.”

“I know,” Eos said.

His voice was no longer a voice, and it was a good thing that it was only the Ancient Primordials who were here to hear him, else even his Primordial Children would have been injured by his voice that resembled a chorus of dying dimensions, each word a little closer to silence. When he spoke, the operation of Existence at the edge of hearing simply stopped, like a song interrupted mid-note, and the sky above the Hollow, if it could be called sky, split open, but instead of seeing the ten thousand realms above, what could be seen were vast scales, each one large enough to carry a Reality upon it.

In the last few moments as the Ancient Primordials fully entered the Hollow, Eos had slowly surrounded the entirety of it with the body of his Origin Ourorboros.

In the beginning, when Eos had gained this form after his evolution, he did not understand what was happening to him and thought that his consciousness was not able to fully encapsulate what it was to become an Omniversal Titan.

Only recently did he understand that his body was already bridging the gap that had been created inside Existence, and he was accessing Parallel Realities, but he did not understand only because the necessary tool needed for him to understand had been taken away from the painting by End, and now that Eos knew the truth, he did not need to change the Painting, he could just link with the Parallel parts of himself that his vast body had unconsciously dragged to his side hundreds of millions of years ago.

Eos existed in many parallel realities, but his body here was the central body, the one with the most power that was so vast it drew upon all of himself spread across the Parallel Realities, and they were fused into his crown and his wings, to serve him forever.

If not for the fact that the Parallel Realities were always expanding, Elgorath would not have much to attack him with, and if the Ancient Primordial or the Luminious wearing his skin had tried to attack Eos with more power from the Parallel Realities, he would find there was no more weakness to exploit.

Eos had left a few weaknesses behind to draw in the prey, and now that he no longer had to lie about who he was, he had collected back every weakness.

This form of Eos sitting on a throne of stone was so impactful that all the Ancient Primordial froze, they could hear the whispers from his crown, and a part of them knew that this was the Truth! They should be bowing and begging for mercy before the might of Omniversal Titan... the Eclipsed Creator himself, and yet they still thought of resisting?

A powerful scream that shook the Hollow suddenly burst out from Elgorath; it was not a cry that could emerge from any being born inside this present Existence because it contained the scream of every being that had been forgotten, every god whose name had faded from the last worshiper's tongue, every love that had died unmourned. This was the cry of a Luminious who had seen countless Existences being born and destroyed, and he remembered the memories of all of them. At this moment, Elgorath released a level of power that dwarfed all of Ancient Primordials combined, and this sound hit Eos like a physical force, slamming into his chest, causing Existence to shatter around him and sending him hurtling backwards through several dimensional layers, even before his body was pushed back several miles.

The sound of his body shattering Existence was haunting, and then he flexed his wings, and the heavy pushing force on his body was negated, causing him to begin slowing down as shockwaves of pure force blasted from his back. The Wings of the Omniverse had unfolded, and when they shattered the force of memory around him, they circled him before raising up above him, almost like a cobra raising its hood.

His wings caused Existence itself to peel open, revealing what lay beneath, as each feather was a Reality dying in slow motion, and they tug upon the fabrics of Existence until it was stretched to breaking.

Finally, the impossible blast against him from Elgorath dissipated, and Eos stopped.

Chapter 2128 The Forge of Shattered Realm

Beneath and before Eos, multiple dimensional spaces were shattered from the sheer force of his deceleration. He hung in the void, chest heaving, although he had no chest, no

lungs, no need to breathe; the gesture was habit, a memory of mortality that Eos refused to kill, and with a quiet chuckle, Eos looked up.

“How foolish... foolish... foolish...” His crown whispered, “You shall die screaming.”

Elgorath that was previously Primordial Memory was now just Memory, because his memories had exceeded the concept of this Existence, and he was already standing before Eos, as he had pursued him after unleashing his first strike, but only as he stood close to Eos did the full magnificence of this being before him enter his sight, and even a Luminious like him nearly froze.

Then, with a roar, Elgorath tore off the lie that he had also worn for a long time as he limited himself to the level of an Ancient Primordial.

What appeared before Eos was an infinite library, but the library was screaming. Every book was a throat, every shelf was a ribcage, every page was a tongue, and every tongue was screaming the names of the forgotten dead.

“YOU,” Memory said, and his voice was every conversation that had ever been forgotten, “ARE NOT SUPPOSED TO EXIST!”

With that roar of anger, the Luminious lunged at Eos, carrying a weight that defied Existence itself. The body of the Luminious carried the accumulated gravity of all conscious experience across the many Existences there have ever been, pressing down on Eos’s form. Ten billion billion dead Realities filled with memory, of identity, of being remembered, all focused on a single point.

This move was so ridiculous that, except for Nyxara, no one else inside Existence would survive it, and Eos’s body compressed under the power of a Luminious.

It was unknown how many Immortals in all of Existence would claim that they had fought against a Luminious, but in this current Existence, Eos was the first being who was receiving the full strike of power from a Luminious.

Under the compression of this power, his prismatic shadows flattened, and with a resounding crack, his too-many joints snapped. His suggestion of a face warped until it was almost a real face, and this face was screaming in real agony; however, the sound of that cry was extremely strange, as if a trillion trillion voices were screaming at the same time.

Some of the screams were mocking, some held real agony, and others almost seemed disinterested.

“YOU ARE NOTHING!” Primordial Memory roared. “YOU ARE A CORRUPTION! A GLITCH! AN ERROR IN THE COSMIC ARCHIVE! AND ERRORS MUST BE—”

Eos punched.

In his life, Eos had thrown many punches, but this was the first time he was using his body in this manner. This punch carried the Will of an Omniversal Titan, and his fist was still human-shaped, because some lies were too useful to abandon, and it slammed into the face of the library. However, the moment the fist touched the face, it wasn't a fist anymore; it had transformed into the Gate of A Thousand Eyes, and every eye looked at Memory, causing damage that went before the physical.

Memory screamed.

The Gate of A Thousand Eyes was one of the unique abilities that Eos had developed from his innate nature, and it was a portal of un-making, born from all the deaths he had seen and participated, and Eos had seen a lot, and participated in a lot, and this power was a window into the place where things went when they stopped being true.

When a thousand eyes looked at Memory, they didn't just see it, they witnessed it, and in the witnessing, they made it real, made it finite... made Memory killable.

Eos had been watching all the Ancient Primordials, learning their powers and weaknesses, and over the years, he had already gained the weapons he needed for all of them.

Memory was a Luminous and killing him may be complicated, but Eos had already gained everything he needed to kill true immortals with a simple plan: what can I use to kill myself?

With the unique understanding he had over Memory that Eos had been accumulating from the beginning, using the arrogance of the Ancient Primordials and painful experiences, he would be killing a Luminous today!

"What—what are you DOING?" Memory shrieked, his form rippling as parts of it began to fade. "You're making me real! You're giving me limits! I am not a damned mongrel, I am not a fucking Primordial... S TOP THIS! We are Eternals Eos. Why would you betray your roots?"

"Because," Eos growled, pulling himself forward through the crushing weight of memory, "you can't kill what has no limits, but you can destroy what has them. I do not care for your arrogance or your root, I just want you to die."

Eos reached into his chest and pulled, and from it the Enochian Crucible emerged, the Forge of Shattered Realms.

Over the many billions of years that he practiced in areas of still-time, he began to change and master all the techniques he had gained through his ascension and evolution. He changed what he found meaningless to him, and enhanced what he wanted... slowly, over the years, his powers multiplied almost exponentially, but in the eyes of everyone, Eos

was just an Old One; only he understood the ridiculous potential of the Omniversal Titan and all the abilities he had accumulated from a mortal to this moment.

The Forge of Shattered Realms that he summoned from his chest was a part of his true self. His ribs opened like furnace doors, and inside, Existence itself was being melted down and recast.

He grabbed Memory by his throat, or rather, he grabbed the concept of its throat, the place where its identity condensed into something tangible, and he shoved it into the Crucible.

Memory fought. Fear and regret in his being as he was pulled towards the crucible of unmaking.

He flailed with the weight of everything that had ever been known, and struck with the force of every forgotten god's last thought. Memory bit with the teeth of every erased civilization, and these attacks landed on Eos's body with so much power that the truth beneath the lie was revealed, and each blow tore something loose from him.

Chapter 2129 Killing Memory

As Memory fought to escape the hold of Eos with all his might, chunks of Eos's prismatic flesh were ripped away, screaming as they died. Even diminished under the light of the Crucible, Memory was a Luminous, and his strength was the peak of what Existence knew for a very long time.

The only problem was that Eos was too big and he regenerated a little too quickly to be decimated by this effort, not even when a cluster of his too-many joints shattered, spraying golden ichor that tore into Existence, and resounded into the distance of space and time.

Even still, it was not enough. Memory was screaming and fighting, calling for the aid of the other Ancient Primordials, but they seemed to all be frozen in place at the spectacle before them. It was as if everything they knew before was a lie, and now they were seeing the real face of Existence.

It was not so long ago that they had Eos under their thumb, and they could manipulate him to do anything they wanted. He was a child born with a blind fold, and his mind had been broken time and time again. Despite his overwhelming talent, they had the assurance inside them that Eos would never exceed a certain limit.

As it turned out, they were all fools, and they were the real pawns in the game, and the evidence for this was screaming for their help before it was devoured by an abomination that defied meaning.

The truth was that Memory could have given Eos a much greater fight than this, but a moment before, Enoch was born, and in an act of profound hunger and selfishness, he had consumed all the unique essence of the sixth dimension all over Existence to power the reclamation of his new body.

With Eos omniversal physique, he could grab all of his echoes that were spread all over the parallel realities, but there were many more out there, and Memory as a Luminous would have been able to wield all of that strength, but Enoch had taken it all.

Eos remained silent as Memory raged; the strength in his arms was enough to crack Existence in two, and it was all of that strength that was pulling Memory towards his death.

“Stop Eos, you do not want to kill me.. I know many things, secrets that you would need. Trust me, I can serve under your banner; you would need my strength for what is to come for you. The Great Hand, you will need me to fight against him!”

Finally, Eos paused, and the suggestion of his face cracked, and for a moment, something real peeked through, something vast and hungry and ancient.

“Your time has come to an end, Memory, and your memories would serve me a thousand times better than you ever could.”

“YOU WILL NOT CONSUME ME!” Memory howled. “I AM ETERNAL! I AM THE RECORD OF ALL THAT WAS! WITHOUT ME, NOTHING IS REMEMBERED! WITHOUT ME, YOU—”

“You’ll be part of me,” Eos snarled. “And through me, you’ll be remembered forever.”

With a final pull that crushed whatever resistance that Memory had over Existence, Eos pushed him through the gate and the Crucible closed.

There was a very brief moment of silence when the spell that EOs seemed to have conjured over this space was slowly breaking, and then Memory screamed.

In his cries, everyone heard the fact that Memory was not screaming for just a moment, or an hour, no, inside the Crucible, he had been screaming for eternities.

Memory screamed as his infinite libraries burned, and his countless books were digested. He screamed as every forgotten divinity, immortal, and mortal ever housed in his memories was released into Eos’s blood, where they joined the chorus of dead divinities, causing the crown hovering over Eos’s head to brighten and expand.

Countless eternities passed in a moment, and when the screaming stopped, Eos cracked his neck, even though there was no need for that action, and he looked towards the Ancient Primordials and smiled, billions of fangs of light shining in his mouth, “Delicious.”

Although the battle may have looked effortless on Eos's part, he was bleeding from a thousand wounds. His prismatic form was tattered, with chunks missing where Memory's attacks had landed. His too-many joints were broken, hanging at angles that even he couldn't justify. The suggestion of his face was gone entirely, replaced by the truth, a void where features should be, a hole in the world shaped like a person.

The blows of Memory were heavy, and his touch lingered on Eos's body, carrying a taint that was so pure, it was almost above the concept of Origin itself, and Eos knew that if he had hesitated in his actions and given this Luminous the chance to regain his footing, there was a great possibility that he would have died here.

However, he would take a wound like this a thousand times again because in his blood, a new voice whispered.

"I remember," the voice said. "I remember everything. And through you, I will never be forgotten."

Eos spat golden-black ichor onto the void; it sizzled where it landed, burning holes in the dimensional fabric. He hugged himself for a moment as if he was cold, and then he screamed as light and pure force burst out of his body.

For all the eternities that Memory had spent screaming and dying, the pressure of containing the death of a Luminous was tearing Eos apart. Memory was a being that should never die, was not made to die, as the concept of death was not written in any part of its code, but Eos was able to deceive this code, and that happened because Memory had brought himself into the painting.

Outside the painting, his immortal nature meant there was nothing that Eos would be able to do against Memory, but inside Existence, then they were all bound by the same rules, and victory would come to the swift and the strong.

The explosion was sudden, and the Ancient Primordials could not even defend against it as they were thrown into the distance, and the Hollow was shredded to nothing.

Faintly in the distance could be heard the pained cries of the Ouroboros Serpents as they endured the blast of power erupting from Eos's body.

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

Chapter 2130 Completing The Truth

It took a while for the explosion to vanish, and when it did, it revealed the broken body of Eos lying on the shattered spaces of the dimensions. He had nearly been torn in two, and his vast body was slowly healing, but this would take a while. Eos had just contained an

infinite energy exploding with nearly zero leakage, because it would have torn through the body of his Ouroboros and rendered his trap useless.

This had cost him a lot, but he only needed to recover, and the benefit he would gain from fully digesting the memories of Memory, a Luminous, would be so massive that it would change the entire dynamic of Existence.

However, he was not alone, and to his surprise, the first being to attack him was not Nyxara, but Eldrithor, Primordial Chaos.

Like a sneaky assassin, Primordial Chaos did not move through space and time; he unbecame the space between them, so that one moment, the vast body of Eos was resting on healing dimensional fabric that was slowly becoming solid, and the next, there was no dimension, and what was left was only infinite chaos.

Every direction was every direction, every moment was every moment, every possibility existed simultaneously with its opposite, and the contradiction was a physical force, tearing at Eos's form from every angle at once.

In his present form, Eos should have been able to easily shrug off an attack of this level, but he was broken and needed to recover, and if Primordial Chaos had not attacked this quickly and given him a few more moments to gather himself, then Eos would have been able to predict and avoid this attack.

"You are defined," Chaos whispered, a note of glee and maybe disbelief in his voice. These last few moments had shaken them all to the core, and if not for the madness inside Eldrithor's soul that made him attack even when everything inside him was telling him to flee, this moment would not have come to pass. "Definition is limitation, limitation is death. I am the eternal maybe that precedes all certainty. I am the maybe that eats certainty for breakfast. And you, Eos, are my meal! hahahaha..."

Primordial Chaos laughed in glee and began burning his Origin Force, shattering his core, as he increased the power of chaos surrounding the broken body of Eos.

The mask of faces appeared over the void that was Eos' face, and the mask began screaming in pain, causing massive shockwaves that tore through the body of Chaos and caused his wings to release a vast amount of feathers as they were torn from their roots.

Primordial Chaos felt like a man trying to hold back a tornado, and he began to scream as he poured all of his energy into holding down Eos.

And it was working... There were visible signs that the power of Chaos was unmaking EOs, as the vast wounds in his prismatic body that had been healing were not being torn aside, and even deeper, all of his identities, the memories of all he had been and who he was, were being called into question, dissolving into the infinite, maybe.

Eos could feel himself becoming uncertain, like the kind of thing that might exist and might not, and Existence couldn't be bothered to decide.

Eldrithor was almost going insane from the strain of holding down Eos, but anytime he saw the body of this magnificent being slowly being pulled apart, he reached for more inside him and pulled.

His madness was so great that the shockwaves of shattering all of his chaotic origin were preventing the rest of the Ancient Primordials from coming near this location. He would be the one to kill Eos, and the greatest winner in this entire conflict would be Eldrithor, Chaos himself.

He could almost imagine himself sitting on the throne of glory, looking above all of Existence, and he would gleefully transform everything into chaos, and his dominion would not be shared by anyone or anything... There would only be one master, and the rest would be slaves.

In the midst of his exaltation, he heard a quiet chuckle from below him. The chuckle was filled with pain, and Primordial Chaos looked down at Eos, and he saw his glowing face filled with a thousand masks staring at him.

"You're right," Eos gasped, his voice flickering in and out of existence. "I am defined. I am limited... I am real."

Chaos rippled with satisfaction. Was this monster acknowledging the fact that he had lost? Was it possible that just by pushing ahead, he was the one who took the prize?

The masks of Eos, looking at Eldrithor, smiled, and he said, "But you made a mistake."

Eos reached into himself, or rather, into the space where himself used to be, and activated the Will of Truth. The 8th Level of this Will had been completed, billions of years ago, and for so long, there was no way he could push it to the ninth dimensional level. Eos had chosen to take the Ancient Path of Primordials, but he was the first being who pushed for the new path when he gained the Will of Truth, but he had never being able to push this Will to the ninth-dimensional level, and this was one of the primary reasons why Eos had not pushed for the level of Primordial because the Will of Truth was the core of who he was and he had not been able to get this Will to the ninth dimensional level, suggesting that there was a great truth that he was not recognizing.

It was when he saw the nature of Existence and knew of the true face of the dimensions, and the Painter behind it all, and with this knowledge, the last of the shackles began to break open.

However, there was still one last shackles holding him back that he could not recognize until Primordial Chaos went crazy and tried to tear him to pieces, and it was in the harsh

condition that Eos recognized the truth that he was, the truth that he existed, and the truth that he mattered, despite all evidence to the contrary.

Chaos was the window into his soul, as maybe met certainty, and from the depths of that chaos, true certainty in the truth about who he was, and in this moment, Eos reached the ninth-dimensional level of the Will of the Truth.

Anyone else would have taken a moment to luxuriate in this impossible achievement, but Eos blasted out his Will of Truth from his core, and he used this power to define Primordial Chaos.

And he did this not with a wave of power, but with his damned fist.

He wrapped his Will around his fist and punched the infinite maybe.

Chapter 2131 You Are Running Out of Room To Run

The explosion of force after the death of Memory had destroyed the Hollow, and the space that was left behind was a chaotic mash of dimensional space highlighted by the massive glowing scales of the Origin Ouroboros.

Without the Ouroboros Serpents blocking this space from the entirety of Existence, then the death of Memory should have sent ripples that would cause changes that not even Eos would have expected, but he knew that this control he had over the battle would not last forever.

Before the Hollow was sealed by his Origin Ouroboros, the Ancient Primordials had sent an alert to all of their armies, and they would be descending on the Origin Realms soon. He could not do anything to stop them because he had a greater battle here that would greatly decide the path of this conflict.

At the moment, more of his Incarnations were reaching the ninth-dimensional level as the previous Ancient Origin Force inside the pages of the Primordial Record was crushed. Eos did not need to use his hands to crush the Origin Force from the Primordial Record; he only did that to emphasise what he was about to do and draw the attention of the Ancient Primordials.

His children were in danger, the entirety of Existence was at stake, and at the moment, the only thing Eos knew he should be doing was throwing a punch with everything he had.

The punch thrown with the power of Truth that gave certainty to the contradiction that was Primordial Chaos landed on the face of the Primordial.

Primordial Chaos screamed, his face transforming into that of an ancient man with rotten teeth on the verge of death, and because the Ancient Primordials were larger than Realities, the face was a thing of horror.

Eos's fist, by landing, had defined the space it occupied. He had made that space real and given it limits, and that space was Eldrithor's face.

The look of horror and realization on the face of Primordial Chaos was priceless. Hundreds of millions of years ago, Eos had done something similar to his Incarnation inside Eosah's Reality, and the sting of that moment had not truly left his heart, creating a heart demon that had plagued Eldrithor all of these years.

One of the reasons he had leapt forward when he saw Eos in a vulnerable state was because of this fear in his heart that needed to be settled, else he would not be able to move under the oppression emerging from Eos's new body.

"You can't...you CAN'T—" Primordial Chaos howled, his form solidifying around Eos's fist. "I am CHAOS! I am the UNDEFINED! I am the—"

"You're here," Eos growled. "And 'here' is a place. And places have rules. Or have you forgotten so soon the promise I made to your Incarnation as I pursued him across Oblivion? Let me remind you again."

He pulled his fist back and punched again.

And again...

And again...

The shockwaves of Primordial Chaos madness had pushed back and held back the rest of his siblings, but it would not hold them back for long, especially as he was now being assaulted.

Eos knew that he had a few moments to make every moment count before he was ambushed by the rest, and Eos was going to make every moment count.

He had just gained the Will of Truth at the ninth-dimensional level, meaning that as all of his Incarnations were pushing towards the level of Primordial, his main body here could finally evolve to the Primordial level.

However, Eos was not like other Primordials who would gain their tribulation just from understanding the ninth level of a concept, for him it went much deeper than that, and he would not be satisfied by just this; he would need to gain all the first four layers of the Origin of Truth before he would even think about pushing towards the Primordial level.

It was a good thing then that the body of Primordial Chaos was the best whetstone for him to refine the Will of Truth.

Each punch defined more of Primordial Chaos. Each impact made real another chunk of his being.

The infinite maybe was shrinking, collapsing inward as Eos's fists, each one now a Gate of the Thousand Eyes, each eye witnessing Chaos into existence, pounded him into submission.

The old man who was Primordial Chaos screamed in fear and madness, and he exploded into a million contradictory things at once. In the blink of an eye, Primordial Chaos became fire and ice, life and death, beginning and ending, all simultaneously.

The contradiction of his being lashed out at Eos, tearing into his defined form with the force of every paradox that had ever existed, trying to dig into wounds that had not yet closed while simultaneously attempting to flee and survive long enough for the rest of the Ancient Primordials to come to his rescue.

However, Eos was not going to let go of his prey when he had them in the place that he wanted, even if it required sacrifice.

Allowing the defenses of his left hand to become porous, the essence of Primordial Chaos flooded it, and Eldrithor that might have escaped his grasp found a greater part of his essence being drawn into Eos's hand.

A loud droning noise that sounded like a meteor tearing through the atmosphere began to rise from Eos's left hand as more of Primordial Chaos's essence poured into it, and Eldrithor looked up at the faceless mask of Eos, and he screamed, "You are insane!" The droning sound reached a peak, and Eos's left arm ceased to exist, when a massive contradictory explosion made it appear as if the hand was present and yet not present, and Existence itself, unable to resolve the paradox, simply removed it from the equation.

Golden ichor sprayed from the stump of Eos's shoulder, but the scream of pain did not emerge from him, but from Primordial Chaos that had been incredibly weakened by the vast amount of power that had vanished alongside Eos's arm.

Eos had sacrificed an arm to rapidly weaken Primordial Chaos, and he had never stopped his attack for a single moment as he relentlessly punched with his remaining arm.

"You are—" PUNCH "—running out—" PUNCH "—of room—" PUNCH "—to run!"

Chapter 2132 I Am Just Getting Started

There were many ways for him to refine his knowledge of the Origin of Truth, but the brutal beat down of Primordial Chaos was necessary in Eos's mind; the countless screaming souls and memories in his crown demanded blood and pain, and Eos would give them in full.

This was not even acknowledging Eos's pain that needed to be vented, and he could not help it; he had come to love the sound of these creatures begging for their life at the end.

Primordial Chaos was small now. The infinite maybe of his form had been reduced to a sphere the size of a planet, then a moon, then a mountain, then a house, then a man.

At this level, he was only a pathetic remnant of his past glory. With his connection to the Ouroboros Serpents, he could feel their scales becoming saturated with the power of End.

Every action that was happening here, without the scales of the Ouroboros Serpents acting like a gigantic lightning rod grounding the power of End, then Eos would not have been able to kill Memory or be on his way to nearly kill Primordial Chaos.

End was a force of dissolution, and if Eos wanted to kill Memory without the understanding of its laws, the Luminous would have shaken off his attempt like a bad cold, only the fact that the sheer energy of destruction and ending that was emerging from the catastrophic destruction of these nigh eternal beings was being siphoned to the scales of the Ouroboros.

Of all his bloodlines, only these serpents would be able to bear the weight of carrying all of this destruction on their scales, and he could only encourage them to hold on for as long as possible, so he could wipe out the plague that had afflicted Existence for so long.

Eos grabbed the diminished form of Primordial Chaos with his remaining hand.

"You want to be undefined? To be eternal chaos on an Existence that craved the emergence of order and peace," he snarled. "Fine. I'll define you as mine. It should be a fitting end for someone like you."

He shoved Primordial Chaos into his chest, in the Maw That Crafts. And there, in the furnace of his being, he shaped it using his Will of Truth that had reached the Fourth Layer.

He did not consume Eldrithor; the Ancient Primordials were too foul for something like that, but many forget that one of his greatest talents was that he was a Maker, and Primordial Chaos was being forged in the heat of Eos's being.

Eldrithor screamed as he was forced into form after form. First a sword, then a universe, then a thought, then a god, then a child's drawing, then a mathematical equation, then a song, then a death, then a birth—then—

The Ancient Primordial had broken through the shockwaves of the clash when they saw the remnant of the clash, and they halted, shock filling their bodies.

Eos stood, still broken, but Primordial Chaos was no more.

Eos's strange body of light shuddered, and he straightened, and it was possible at this moment to see inside his body as seven seeds, blazing with light, arranged themselves across Eos's body as they were planted in his Origin Land.

The Ancient Primordials did not feel the death of Primordial Chaos, and that was what made it worse, because Eos had done something insane; he did not kill Primordial Chaos in the traditional sense, he just transformed him, and this transformation was so vast and complete that he had killed Eldrithor in a way that was more terrible and more complete than anything that they could have ever imagined.

This was the first time Eos had used the Will of Truth in this manner, and the first thing he did with it was transforming an Ancient Primordial into seeds of power that had never existed before as Eos created a new truth... There had never been a Primordial Chaos, there had never been Eldrithor... just this seed of potential that he had claimed to become one of the foundations of his Origin Land.

His crown shone with a purple light that shook the surrounding dimensional spaces as a new voice joined the chorus of voices emerging from Eos's crown,

"I am possibility," it whispered. "I am maybe. I am choice. And through you, my Maker and Creator, I am real."

Eos looked at where his left arm used to be, and it was already growing back as the seed of the chaotic energy that ravaged his body, both from Memory and Primordial Chaos were being drawn into the seven seeds roving through his body, as their task was to erase anything that did not align with the harmony of Eos's divine form.

The stump bulged, and from it emerged a new arm that was better and stronger than his previous arm, and this change was rippling across his body as he incorporated the transformed Chaos's essence into the core of his Will of Truth.

In this way, his Will of Truth had evolved, and this arm was the physical representation of that change, as the arm was a question that could not be answered since it both existed and didn't, and Existence had to accept this truth.

Eos flexed his new fingers, and they flickered in and out of certainty. In a way, this was similar to what Nyxara wanted to do to the rest of her siblings, but Eos was not assimilating Origin Force; he was transforming it to complement his own Origin Force.

"Oh, this shit is becoming ridiculous," Eos whispered in admiration and shock, not fully expecting that a fully leveled Will of Truth could be able to achieve something like this,

and he did not know what to fully expect going forward, and this unknown factor was enticing on a deep level.

The four remaining Ancient Primordials stared at Eos, and there was silence for a moment as they looked at what he had become. A weird light flashed across Nyxara's eyes, but all of that was hidden under a wall of rage so terrible that it shook the surrounding space.

"You are changing," Xyris, Primordial Time observed. "You have consumed our brother, and with this act of madness, your fate would be terrible, Eos."

"Be concerned with yourself," Eos said. "I'm just getting started."

Chapter 2133 Opening The Gates of Doom

The blackened scar in Limbo pulsed like an infected wound that was on the verge of explosion as the unholy labors of the six corrupted Ancient Primordials continued. Even without their presence, the creation and expansion of their unholy armies continued without ceasing, as the scar, the location of their cursed birthplace, was filled with the Wills of all the Ancient Primordials, and these creatures were born knowing nothing but pain and death and the desire to inflict that pain on all life.

The problem was that at this point in time, Existence was seemingly empty, and the only place in it that was filled with life was the Origin Realms.

And in the minds of these foul creatures, the Origin Realms blazed like the sun, and they could feel its light stabbing into their senses like a hot knife drilling into the brain, causing them anguish, anger, and a profound desire to consume that light.

All of this was deliberately designed by the Ancient Primordials to breed an attitude of untold hatred towards the Origin Realms and all of its denizens, and only their adamantite grip caused the growing army to remain inside the blackened scar.

Then, like a hammer struck directly to their brains, the order to attack the source of their pain and hunger arrived without warning, and chaos began to ripple across their ranks.

The sky above the blackened scar was filled with sickly green auroras writhing above the agitated hosts like dying nerves as the emotions of desolation arising from their endless number were beginning to tear Existence apart.

The ever-expanding armies, each a grotesque mockery of creation, forged from stolen essence, devoured hope, and the bitter dregs of End, coalesced into a single, apocalyptic host under the call of their master, and space itself recoiled, and reality frayed at the seams as trillions upon trillions of monstrosities gathered under their masters' command.

The sky that had protected Existence from this army was broken in two with a loud crash that resounded all over Existence and caused the armies of the Origin Realms to go on alert. For a hundred million years, they had been preparing for this day.

If the arrangement had gone in the direction of the Agreement made, then they should have had at least three billion years to prepare, but they all knew that this Agreement was just a paper that could not cover the flames of greed and maliciousness from the Ancient Primordials, and a hundred million years was even more time than some of their projections had given them.

For a moment, the expansion of Existence slowed down, as if it were observing the conflict that was about to occur that would decide its fate.

Nyxara's Soulwraiths formed the vanguard of this unholy host. They resembled an endless sea of translucent black mist that swallowed light.

Their faceless vortices churned with the echoes of every betrayal ever suffered, their silent presence a suffocating weight that would make even the hardened guardians of the Origin Realms falter. They were the first outside the gates, and they began to transform into black mist, causing their presence to vanish as behind them slithered and scuttled Xylos's Abyssal Brood.

These were writhing carpets of wolf-sized insectile horrors, their venom-dripping mandibles promising visions of infinite treachery.

When they merged into Brood Titans, the ground itself screamed as colossal amalgamations of screaming mouths and burrowing corruption rose like living mountains of despair.

Eldrithor's Paradox Behemoths defied sight and sanity. One moment a towering six-armed colossus wielding weapons of fractured fate, the next a locust swarm that had always been a swarm, their forms looping through states of victory and defeat, fire and ice, existence and oblivion. Their laughter was cruel and recursive, and it echoed across the scar, unraveling logic wherever it touched.

Soldiers in distant realms would suddenly forget their oaths, their weapons turning inward, their own deaths replaying in endless, agonizing cycles.

Xyris's Chronophages coiled like rivers of rusting brass and shattered glass, serpentine bodies segmented by mountain-sized hourglasses filled with stolen lifespans. Their maws of spinning clock-hands sliced not flesh but chronology itself, aging warriors to dust in heartbeats, trapping immortals in eternal infancy, or forcing fatal wounds to rewind and replay forever.

The largest among them, the Eternal Loops, could erect temporal prisons across entire battlefields, grinding armies between forward and backward time until nothing remained but paradoxes of birth, agony, and death.

Elgorath's Memorivores drifted as golden specters, their translucent threads pulsing with the worst recollections of existence, the first murder, the final scream of a Reality, even Asteroath's bewildered last words.

Their mirror-eyes forced victims to confront every shame, every sin, paralyzing body and mind until the soul hollowed out and the creature fed.

The mightiest of them had evolved into Eidolon Legions, armies of golden ghosts wearing the faces of the betrayed, compelling entire civilizations to relive their own atrocities until self-destruction was inevitable.

At the edges of the gathering storm, if one could really find an edge to this endless army, were Vorthas's Necroflores that were erupting in verdant blasphemy.

Forests of fused bone and screaming skin, leaves of living flesh that wailed in the wind, blood-dripping fruit that birthed tumors and grotesque overgrowth.

From these cursed groves marched the Verdant Reavers, hulking plant-beasts with thorny-vine veins and skull-crowned heads, spreading spores that transformed earth into living rot.

The greatest became World-Eaters, ambulatory jungles that uprooted themselves to devour landscapes, birthing endless cycles of corrupted life.

This army was a reflection of their creator, as the Soulwraiths whispered surrender, the Brood burrowed into hope, the Paradox Behemoths shattered reason, the Chronophages erased futures, the Memorivores weaponized guilt, and the Necroflores turned existence's greatest gift into its cruellest curse.

As the corrupted auroras above flared brighter, the host began its inexorable march toward the borders of Limbo, toward the shimmering veils that separated their scar from the luminous expanse of the ten thousand Origin Realms. ⑤

The battle to decide the fate of all things began with a suddenness that was unexpected. At this time, there were always at least a few hundred billion combatants fighting in the space above the Origin Realms.

Chapter 2134 None Shall Pass

Most of them were hosts from the Ancient Primordial's armies, but some of them came from the Temple of End, and those were usually the ones that had to be looked out for

because they had unexpected abilities that needed to be properly suppressed before things went out of hand.

With the birth of the fourth generation of Primordials, the number of Primordials in the Origin Realms had neared eight hundred, and that meant that at every moment, there were at least fifty Primordials in the space above the Origin Realms, defending it at all times from Primordial-level threats that roamed the heavens.

The fifth generation of Primordials was on the verge of being born, as they had all gone into seclusion for their final retreat, and because their number was around ten thousand, it meant the fifth generation would be the generation where Primordials would take charge of all the Origin Spaces of the ten thousand Origin Realms, and would mark the shift in the number of Primordials inside them.

It was expected that the sixth generation of Primordials would number in the hundreds of thousands, and at that time, they would be the ones to attack and no longer defend. But would the enemy give the Origin Realms the chance to accumulate power to such an extent before they attacked with their entire army?

Telmus, the Primordial of Defiant Ascension, knew that the enemy would not wait, and for a hundred million years, he had been preparing his blade for this day.

He was standing high above the Origin Realms, and below him, the endless battle raged, but Telmus had his eyes closed, and anything that mistakenly drifted towards him, whether they were in the levels of Primordials, would not last a single second before an invisible slash tore them in two.

For a while now, Telmus had been pushing for the fifth level of Defiant Ascension, and he felt like he was close to it, yet that slight gap between the fourth and the fifth level of Defiant Ascension was wider than a great chasm.

He was missing something essential, and there was no one who would be able to aid him but himself. The advantages and disadvantages of the New Path of Primordials were stark; without great personal talent and greater luck, you would never be able to see the higher levels of your Origin.

When Eos shattered the first Ancient Origin inside the Hollow, leading to the ascension of one of his Incarnation situated in one of the Origin Realms, Telmus opened his eyes as he sensed the Tribulation that was beginning to arise around the Incarnation below, and in the blink of an eye, across the entire Origin Realms, hundreds of Eos's Incarnation began to reach the Primordial level, and Telmus knew that the time had come.

He sighed; it seemed that the period for the gentle contemplation of his Origin was over, and now it was a time for war.

If Eos had begun to make this step, it was a sign that the end of the war had started, and the job of Telmus and all the Primordials was to keep the Origin Realms safe because the entirety of Existence depended on the safety of these realms.

“So, it begins,” he muttered to himself, and it did not take long before he felt and heard the crack that resounded across Existence as the gate that led to the blackened scar, the home of the Ancient Primordial, tore open, and their denizens in all of their endless numbers began to emerge.

The distance separating the Origin Realms from the Blackened Scar would take an eternity to cross using conventional means, but nothing of the Ancient Primordials was conventional, and they had many Primordial-level creatures in their armies, numbering in the millions! It would not take a lot for them to tear through space-time and create a passage linking their home to the Origin Realms.

Telmus looked at the armies battling below and then to the ten thousand Origin Realms, each a colossal domain pulsing with the lifeblood of countless universes, realities, and sentient beings, and stood as the last bulwarks against the encroaching power of dissolution.

Eos had told Telmus of the Origin of all life inside the Origin Realms, and it was not hard for a Primordial like him to figure out the karma linking the past lives of those that were being born in the Origin Realms to the present, and he had seen some of his friends and enemies of the past being reborn in the present, but they would never know of their past, not unless they reach the level of Primordial.

The space beside Telmus rippled, and an Archai stepped through. Telmus regarded the ethereal warriors of light and causality that usually patrolled the boundaries of Existence, its form shifting like liquid starfire, and was ever ready to enforce the will of Eos.

“Speak,” Telmus said to the Archai, and it nodded at Primordial, “Lord Eos battles with the Ancient Primordials, and they would not interfere with this war as long as he remains standing, and so you are free to unveil your light Telmus, do not let them conquer more than half the Origin Realms, else everything would be too late?”

“Half?” Telmus sneered, “Let me see them take even one!”

“Be careful, warrior,” the Archai gestured towards the distance, showing Telmus the endless immensity that was about to fall on the Origin Realms. “The armies created by the Ancient Primordials are not mere soldiers; they were infinite hordes of entropy incarnate, each creature a perversion designed to devour not just bodies, but souls, memories, time, logic, and life itself.”

As the Archai spoke, it showed Telmus all the information they had been gathering in secret about the army, the Soulwraiths, Abyssal Brood, Paradox Behemoths, Chronophages, Memorivores, and Necroflores numbered beyond reckoning, their ranks

swelling eternally from the devoured remnants of sacrificed realms, and the Ancient Primordial's endless hunger.

“Let them come, Archai, like their masters, they shall all fall,”

Telmus stretched forth his hand, and his spear manifested upon it, and with a single thrust, the battlefield below suddenly went silent, and the billions of corrupted creatures battling below suddenly collapsed. Only a few Primordial entities still clung to life, but they were losing their Origin Essence with no way to stop the leakage, and it was only a matter of time before they perished.

With a mournful howl, fifty Primordial-level creatures chose to detonate their essence, causing fifty bright supernovae to shine over the entirety of the Origin Realms and reveal a long dark scar that had suddenly appeared overhead, where the heartbeats of a host of monsters could be heard through it.

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Chapter 2135 The Bombardment

The massive crack in Existence had appeared silently, and if not for the move from Telmus, it would have been too late to discover it. The Archai looked at the wound in Existence and nodded towards Telmus, “I have other matters to handle... be safe, Defiant Ascension.”

Telmus barely acknowledged the entity that had vanished as he began sending rapid-fire instructions to the Primordials all around the Origin Realms to prepare for the relentless assault that was about to fall on their heads.

“RRRIIPPP... CRACK... BOOM!!!!”

The invasion began with a cataclysmic roar that echoed through every layer of Existence, as the boundaries of Limbo surrounding the Origin Realms tore open like festering wounds, spilling forth a darkness so profound it blotted out the celestial lights of a thousand Origin Realms in an instant. There were fifty Primordials here, although most of them were still base-level Primordials; there were some among them that had reached the first and second layer. When the wave of darkness swept across the Origin Realms, fifty lights rose up against it, and massive shields of light and air shone from their bodies, impacting against this wave of darkness, and it was their effort that prevented this darkness from covering all of the Origin Realms, not all of them.

“LUB DUBdub... LUBDUBdub...”

The heartbeat from an army that could be called infinite resounded through eternity, and the fifty Primordials glowing in the darkness only had the light of their fellows to remind them they were not alone in the dark.

Apocalyptic sounds shook the surrounding space as the heavens themselves seemed to crack, as if the very fabric of Existence was screaming in protest.

Then, for a moment, there was a blissful silence, and then, countless beings, trillions upon trillions, infinite in their corrupted multiplicity, descended like a living storm of oblivion. Their numbers were so vast that they cascaded downward in a tidal wave of shadows, chitin, gears, golden threads, and verdant rot that filled the infinite expanse from horizon to horizon, from the highest ethereal planes to the deepest abyssal voids.

Each of the fifty Primordials could barely tear through the tens of millions of targets in front of them before the army of ruin covered them and swept past them. The target of this host was the ten thousand Origin Realm, and for the first time since the battle began, the endless armies of the Ancient Primordial were now showing how quantity could become quality.

The resistance against them could as well be nonexistent as they swept past the Primordials, descending towards the first Origin Realm in their path.

Telmus, who was above it all, saw the scale of this impossible army, and his breath caught in his throat for a moment, and he smiled. It was rare for him to feel fear, but at this moment, he did.

This fear was not for his safety, but the fear of failure, and the knowledge that before this war was over, perhaps he would not see any of the people he had come to know as family and friend anymore. Especially after the fact that he was sure that a woman who had been born inside the Origin Realms a thousand years ago was the reincarnation of his wife.

Because the ten thousand Origin Realms revolved around the central Origin Realm, the Prime Axis, there was no first Origin Realm that was at the forefront, and depending on the time of attack, any of the Origin Realms would be the first to receive the brunt of the attack.

And on this day, the first Origin Realm to face this calamity was ruled by Primordial Aetheron, the Primordial of Spatial Harmony, a Third Generation Primordial.

The initial assault swept past the fifty Primordials, and in a moment, seven of them had perished, alongside the billions of lower-dimensional immortals fighting in the heavens.

They struck the first Origin Realm with the force of a collapsing Reality. A powerful golden shield that covered the entirety of the Origin Realm flared to life, and a screech that shook lower-dimensional immortals to death erupted from the point of contact, where trillions of ravenous immortal creatures struck the shield.

Existence cracked as the shield glowed white hot as it screamed in protest, and it would have shattered if not for the rest of the ten thousand Origin Realms beginning to pour their vitality into the shield, as a web of complex formation began to arise all across the Origin Realms, interconnecting and reinforcing the shields.

The foundations of the Origin Realms were stable beyond reason, and as the first creation from the fifth layer of Space, for a hundred million years, this foundation had been growing.

Deep in the core of every Origin Realm, Eos had placed his Incarnation, and in all of this time, the Incarnation had not just sat there and waited for this war; they had been enhancing the core of these realms, and now that they were undergoing Tribulation, they had to step back a bit and allow their preparation to take center stage.

Aetheron, the Primordial of Spatial Harmony, stood a few miles underneath the glowing shield, watching trillions of abhorrent creatures slamming against the shield. Trillions of them were dying every second, but their sacrifice was causing the shields to compress inward.

He looked down at the realm that he had ruled for almost eighty million years, and his heart grew heavy. His realm was a labyrinth of floating continents, each a nexus of interconnected dimensional clusters where gravity danced to the whims of thought. At the moment, the bridge that spanned across the entire Origin Realms was glowing as it had long attained sentience and was now a Primordial, the Primordial of Woven Fate.

It was with her assistance and power that the shields across the entire Origin Realms could be fused together in order to enhance the defenses, although there were also thirty Primordials with similar Origin Powers who were aiding her to enhance the connective defenses of the Origin Realms.

From the glowing light of her Origin, billions of enlightened beings, ascended mortals, star-forged guardians, reality-weavers, from Supreme immortals that were on the verge of the fourth dimension, and the higher-dimensional immortals from the fourth to the eighth dimension.

Among them were the occasional Primordials, but their figures flittered past so quickly that they could barely be seen.

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Chapter 2136 A Sharp Change

All of these defenders began to move towards their assigned space for the defense of this realm in the moments the shields went down.

Yes, the shields would not last forever, and the fact that they had held on for so long was a testament to how much preparation and genius went into their creation.

Hundreds of thousands of Primordial-level beings had smashed themselves to death against this shield, and before they died, they made sure that they detonated their Origin Core.

It was as if they no longer cared about their life or death, even though any Primordial-level being on the side of the enemy was fiercely intelligent, but the call of the Ancient Primordials could not be resisted.

“BOOM... BOOM... BOOM...”

Relentless detonation shook all of Existence, and the fifty Primordials who were unlucky to be outside when the host had descended had all been killed, all except Telmus, whose figure could not be discerned.

In the depths of the Prime Axis, the Mountain of Ascension trembled and turned red hot as the light of Eos’s Origin Land shone upon it, and the fifty dead Primordials were resurrected from the molten earth of the mountain.

As Primordials, as long as Eos was still alive and could maintain the essence and soul energy required, every dead Primordial could be infinitely resurrected, but this would only happen if they were not killed by a blow so powerful that it could reach into the Origin Land of Eos and shatter their core.

This would have been possible if they were facing the Ancient Primordials, but thankfully, on the battlefield, none of the Ancient Primordials were present, and they could battle without fear for as long as they could, or as long as Eos could endure.

The Primordials were lucky that they had the potential to fight forever; the unlucky ones were the countless who had not touched Origin and were struck outside the shield when the war began.

If they were lucky to be killed by a lower-dimensional horror, their Soul Origin was safe inside the Origin Realms, but if they were killed by a Primordial-level attack, even their Soul Origin would be shattered and sent to End.

Regretfully, the number of Primordials attacking the Origin Realms was so vast in number that the echoes of their screams tore the lower-dimensional immortals to pieces before they could even understand how they died.

They were lucky in the sense that they died quickly, as the focus of the armies was breaking the Origin Realms defenses, or they would suffer scars that would affect even their Soul Origin.

The crash on the shield continued, and the defenses of the Realm of Aetheron were being continuously upgraded, as the first Realm in the sight of the army, a maniacal relentlessness was in the heart of the horde... and this endless bombardment continued for three years!

The number of the dead whose bodies had been crushed against the shield was uncountable, and after so much time had passed, the first of the fifth generation of Primordials began to have his Tribulation.

A wave of enthusiasm began to wash across the entirety of the Origin Realms as they could feel the waves of many Primordial-level beings arising all throughout the Origin Realms; some of them belonged to the Incarnation of Eos, and an increasing amount was coming from the fifth generation of Primordials who were now undergoing Tribulation.

For a moment, a sort of confidence began to rise in the hearts of the inhabitants of the Origin Realms. Their shields were strong; they had held for three years, and they would hold for another hundred, and while the enemies were bashing their skulls against it, the base of their strength was ever on the rise.

With the birth of each new Primordial, their strength could be added to the shield, and in this manner, it was possible to hold back the endless hordes outside their gates forever.

This war would certainly be long and intense, but the possibility of victory could be seen ahead, and for this possibility, they would endure and fight to the last.

It would seem as if this war would follow the script as the inhabitants had believed because another decade went by, and the enemy could not breach the shields, and two hundred new Primordials had been born, pushing the number of Primordials inside the Origin Realms to reach a thousand.

Was there the possibility that this war could proceed in this manner? Could their walls stand against the might of infinity?

Years went by under the unceasing reverberation of explosions, and as much as the hearts of all were rising in hope, they only had to look across Limbo to see that the tear that led to the Blackened Scar was widening, and the endless host emerging from it was still nearly infinite in number.

The Blackened Scar seemed like an infinite realm filled with infinite monstrosities, and as more emerged, there was always more behind them.

Another decade passed, and this relentless relentless bombardment was pouring down on the Origin Realm was nearing the third decade, and then everything changed.

From the beginning of the bombardment, the endless horde had been focused on a single point, acting like a drill that wanted to tear through a single spot on a shield, hoping for a single crack upon it that would be the source for them to breach.

Technically, this was one of the most efficient ways to shatter a shield, as the strain of maintaining a single spot of defense would be greater than attacking the entirety of the Origin Realms... however, this was only an issue if the attacker had limited numbers!

For so long, the attitude of the horde had been one of relentless bombardment, but in the third decade, precisely in the moment when the first of Eos Incarnation completed his Ascension to the realm of Primordial and became the Primordial of Light, the infinite horde began to spread itself and began covering the entirety of the ten thousand Origin Realms.

Telmus, who was watching all of this happen from a height, felt as if he was looking at a small seed being covered by a horde of insects. The ten thousand Origin Realms, whose lights had been shining across Existence, were covered in its entirety, and every spot on the shield grew red hot as a bombardment that was exponentially greater than everything that had taken place before erupted.

In fact, in a single picosecond, the amount of energy released was equal to the total amount of energy released in the thirty years of bombardment.

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Chapter 2137 The Blade Light

Chapter 2137 The Blade Light

Existence at this moment was like a vast sheet of glass that a dozen mountains had been dropped upon, and it shattered as an infinite host of horrors slammed against the shields of the Origin Realm.

It was unknown whether in the history of all the Existences that had ever been up to this moment, there had ever been a sight like this one, as concentric waves of force rippled out from the endless points of impacts and radiated out into the rest of Existence.

You could not imagine the sound or the sight of this moment, and even the heart of a god would be shaken to death upon seeing this moment.

While the host created by the Primordials was vast, they were not supposed to be truly infinite, for that to happen, they needed much more than a hundred million years to accomplish this, but there was another sneaky hand in the background manipulating events.

Originally, the Ancient Primordials were bad creators, and although they had the potential to create such monstrosities, they should have failed in this task a lot of times before they succeeded, and yet every one of their creations came to life, and expanded quite fast.

End had ensured that every time they made anything that should have been rejected by Origin and sent into End as waste and unfit to leave, End rejected them, and they remained inside Existence, polluting it and shattering the fragile balance that existed within it.

For instance, every creature created by the Ancient Primordials could endlessly multiply, creating countless offspring. And yet, all of these creatures were ridiculously powerful, and they should not be able to expand so drastically in an exponential manner, and Origin would have rejected such a design because it would break the fragile balance of life within as no species in Existence would be able to contend against such an invasive species, but Origin had long been silenced and suppressed and there was only one location left where it still ruled, and it was now under peril.

The shields groaned under the strain of infinity poured upon them, and it did not help that this infinity was hungry and malevolent. Those inside the Origin Realms trembled as the heavens and the earth were covered by blackness and glowing red light, and they knew that if the shields collapsed, the weight of infinity would pour on their heads.

And yet, despite this fear, they maintained a disciplined pace as they proceeded with their task. From the moment they were born, they knew that this day would come, and if the heavens were to collapse, there would be those who would hold it up, and if those who held up the heavens fell, then they would fight to the last, honoring their home and their place of birth.

Countless lives, from mortals to immortals, their fate hung in the balance, and they could only occasionally glance up at the sky to the massive shield spanning the entirety of the heavens and the earth, groaning in pain as it held back the wrath of all endings.

Moments passed, then seconds, then hours... and miraculously, the shield was holding, far past when it should not, and a wave of awe and fearful expectation was arising in the heart of everyone inside the Origin Realm that perhaps the shield could hold... then a cry emerged from the Origin Realm of Serene Ascension, and a blade of light shining with a fierce white color rose from the Realm.

The appearance of this blade sent shockwaves that swept across the realm. This wave was so devastating that it crushed countless dimensional clusters and killed trillions, and that was just from the shockwave that appeared around it as it tore towards the heavens.

Immediately, the attention of the Primordials in the Origin Realm was drawn to this blade of light, including the Incarnations of Eos, since seven hundred of them had already conquered their tribulations and were now Primordials.

The possibility of betrayal was always at the forefront of Eos's thoughts, but he knew that at this point, it was nearly impossible for him to avoid it, and that was because of the state of Nyxara.

Eos had recognized that Nyxara was like Elgorath; she was special and was most likely a Luminous, but she had done something to her mind, and the path of her that should recognize her Luminous heritage had been so fully suppressed that even she was not aware of it.

This could be the same for any of his children under him. The Luminous were not just the strongest beings in Existence; they were also the most cunning, and they were apparently truly immortal. They could infiltrate his ranks from the start, and he would never know unless they revealed themselves, and so Eos knew that this battle was not only from foes from outside, there were also many hidden dangers within, and one of them had shown its hand.

The blade light tore through the air, and thousands of Primordial light rose up against it, but the light tore through them all, and although it dimmed a little bit, the force of nearly two thousand Primordials, including seven hundred of Eos Incarnation, was not enough to hold back the blade light.

Dozens of Primordials near the blade light fought through the shockwave of the ascending blade, sacrificing themselves to stand in front of the blade, but it was useless; their bodies were shattered, and of the dozen that stood before the light of that blade, only two survived to be resurrected in the Mountain of Ascension.

The power of this blade had been enough to tear through the barriers of Eos's Origin Land and destroy the Origin of the Primordials inside it.

Rowan, now the Primordial of Light, was the fastest of the Incarnation, and his body blurred through the distance, pursuing the blade light. In his perception, the entirety of Existence went still, and the only thing moving was him and the blade light.

It was at this point that he saw that what he took for a blade light was incomprehensibly dense and complex, almost as if he was looking at a weapon and not a wave of light. On the side of the blade light, as if engraved with a bloody blade, was the screaming face of Prime... it was as if someone had torn off his face and used it as a blade.

Chapter 2138 Tearing A Hole

Rowan poured almost a hundred percent of his Origin into his right hand, as his body tore through space, slowly reaching out towards the blade with his hand, aware that the barrier above was only a few miles away.

A few miles was near instant with the speed of Rowan and this blade light, but to him, this instant was stretched to hours... years.

“Reach.... Reach.... Reach!!” he screamed inside of him, and finally, at the moment the tip of his finger touched underneath the blade light, the edge of the blade touched the shield.

Rowan, Primordial Light barely heard the beginning of a massive blast and an explosion of light before he blacked out for a moment, but a few moments later, he regained his consciousness and found himself buried deep inside one of the Origin Realms.

For a Primordial to black out meant that their Origin had been severely damaged, and if this were any other Primordial, they would have perished, but he was able to hold the fragments of his shattered Origin together and stopped it from slipping into the cold hands of End.

Rowan was able to watch what had happened a moment before through the consciousness he shared with the other Incarnations. A massive sun was shining above; it was the result of the blade detonating as it touched the shield... he had failed.

For an area that stretched for more than a billion light-years, a massive hole had been made in the barrier, and Rowan could only stagger to his feet and find his way from the lower dimensions of this Origin Realm to outside, where a major war awaited him.

Although Rowan may have failed to stop the blade from reaching the shield, his actions ensured that the blade light that would have sliced the entirety of the shield in two was only able to tear a relatively small hole through it.

Rowan emerged to the highest dimension of the Origin Realms, and he looked above him at the blazing light.

The combination of his power and the strange force within the blade had created a sun that was so hot it would vaporize Primordial-level beings, and it was the only thing stopping the flood of abominations from entering the Origin Realms.

However, this grace period was short as the horde poured themselves into the furnace, and as more of them perished, the heat from the sub began to diminish.

In a few hours, it would vanish, and they would have free rein to enter the Origin Realms. However, as terrifying as that would be, it was nothing to the hidden dangers inside the Origin Realms... the blade light had emerged from the Origin Realm of Serene Ascension, and Rowan, alongside the other Incarnation, began to gather around the realm.

Before the descent of the horde above, they had to take care of this threat, or more disruptions could be caused.

As the Incarnations headed towards the Realm of Serene Ascension, the Primordials began to shift their defenses towards the area of the breach.

Battle lines were drawn, and still, they did not anticipate how quickly the sun above would fall.

One moment it was blazing with a white light that was slowly growing dim, but then it suddenly turned red, and at its center, multiple massive beings the size of universes pushed through.

Many of them perished, but their death only accelerated the end of the sun. What was descending from above were the foul children of Eldrithor, Primordial Chaos.

They were his Paradox Behemoths, and every one of them had reached the Primordial level, and they were the few among the hosts that could tear through this sun. They resembled six-armed colossi, and they had weapons that were made of “what might have been.” Every single swing severed probability, causing reality itself to fork. In this manner, they were able to tear through the power of the sun, although a lot of them had perished for their efforts.

With a final roar of defiance, these Paradox Behemoths collapsed to dust and ash, but behind them came an endless swarm of horror.

However, something spectacular happened as the flood of abomination crossed through the barrier and entered the Origin Realm. The lifeforce of most of them was instantly extinguished, and from a ravenous horde whose howls could be heard for as far as you could travel, there was silence as they began to collapse into ash.

It was as if there was an invisible grinder in the air that was turning their bodies into ash as they crossed the line, and except for the Primordial level beings among them who could only roar in defiance as they were severely weakened, any of the Ancient Primordial’s horde that breached the gap through the shield of the Origin Realm collapsed into dust.

The Origin Realm had nurtured a lot of life, but it was primarily created to become a field of war, and while the horde were outside the shield they could not feel the domain that covered the entire realm, but the moment they entered the sphere of that domain, the clash of Origin and End inside their bodies was enough to turn them to ash.

The Origin Realms were already powerful when they were created, and as more life was born inside them, especially the Primordials, the powers of each realm increased.

Origin grew stronger with life, and End grew stronger with Death. In the last hundred million years, life had proliferated across the entire Origin Realm, and Eos had helped it along by scouring all of Existence and rescuing as many Soul Origins as he could, ensuring they were resurrected inside the Origin Realms.

This action might have revealed a loophole that was used by his enemies to invade the Origin Realm, but Eos could only drink this particular poison to cure this thirst. If he wanted the strength of his Origin Realms to grow, he needed more life inside of them.

The weakened, corrupted Primordial creatures were snipped to death by the Primordials of the Origin Realms, but the problem was that each death by these corrupted Primordials released a vast cloud of miasma that was the purest Essence of End.

For a while, this Essence of screaming in pain, showing a trillion faces as the air of the Origin Realms boiled it to nothing, but with more deaths, the power of the Essence of End began to increase, and a small space was being carved in front of the barrier that was pushing against the influence of the Origin Realms.

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The Primordial Record

Chapter 2139 The Chains of End

The Primordial Record

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Chapter 2139 The Chains of End

A Necroflores, one of the corrupted children of Vorthas, the Primordial of life, roared in anguish as its body, which was a mixture of trees and flesh, fell under the bombardments of hundreds of Primordials.

Its vast branches that resembled interlocking arms trembled as large pieces of it were shattered under a rain of light so sharp they could tear through realities, and its massive eyes opened wide in shock and anger as it was inevitably ground to pieces... its death was particularly painful and horrible when the nature of how a Primordial perceived time and felt pain was placed into the picture.

To an average immortal, it took a few seconds for this Necroflores to perish, but in its perception, it was being butchered over Eons, and all of its physical wounds were a representation of foreign Origin Forces entering its core and stripping it to pieces.

At the moment, the defenders of the Origin Realms were left to the Primordials alone as they blasted every Primordial Abomination that fell through the cracks.

Thousands of Primordial abominations fell in the next few moments, Soulwraiths, Chronophages, Memorivores, Necroflores, all at the Primordial level, were crushed under

the weight of the Origin Realms, and the relentless bombardment from the Primordials within, their screams of anguish and anger resounding through space and time.

However, the attacking Primordials of the Origin Realm did not feel any sense of victory from killing so many Primordials due to the fact that a black crystal was growing in the air, absorbing the deaths of all the dead Primordial abominations.

And yet, it was not as if they could stop. While these Primordial-level beings might be weakened, it did not mean they were useless, as they could slaughter any number of Old Ones and lower-dimensional immortals, and except for another Primordial, the most the inhabitants of the Origin Realms would be able to do was to seal them.

Hours passed, and the bombardment continued, and the black crystal was now the size of a moon.

“No, we really cannot continue like this. Do not prioritize killing these beasts; we need to suppress them.”

The message rippled across the Primordial defenders, but not all of them stopped attacking. With the present state of the abomination, it did not take a lot to kill them, and a single Primordial could mow down hundreds.

Telmus, who had not made a move all this time, was noting the Primordials who did not stop attacking. While the others were struggling to restrain the Primordial level abominations entering the Origin Realms, about twelve of the Primordials were not doing this.

In fact, they were attacking some of the abominations that were already restrained, and when this weird behaviour was brought to their attention, they argued that the Primordial-level abomination must be killed; leaving them alive meant unknown risks.

On the surface, their arguments made sense, but only thinking a little bit deeper would one realize that feeding this growing black crystal that was filled with the power of End was many times worse than killing these creatures.

Seeing that they were going to be opposed for their decisions, these twelve Primordials stopped killing the abominations, but it seemed that their actions happened a bit too late.

“VHROOSSSHHH!!!”

The crystal that had doubled in size suddenly cracked, and a blast of darkness erupted from it that washed over the Origin Realm of Spatial Harmony, Aetheron’s Realm. In a weird coincidence, the crack in the shattered shield had fallen over this realm, and in this moment, darkness covered the entirety of it.

There was a loud sizzling noise as if water had been poured in hot oil, as the wave of darkness began suppressing and canceling out the power of Origin in this realm.

This was not the only effect of this explosion of darkness, as hidden inside the exploded crystals were chains of darkness forged with the power of End itself.

These chains were undetectable to the senses, and when the crystal exploded, the chains weaved through the darkness, eerily seeking out each Primordial defender and slamming into them, pushing them into the earth and suppressing them.

A moment of silence swept past the realm as suddenly a thousand Primordials, each of them shining with colors that defied imagination, were chained to the earth.

These chains were unnatural, and they could slip past the detection of the Primordials only because they were forged from the essence of the Proto-Dimensions.

To keep the secrets safe from the unknown enemies in their midst, Eos had not disclosed the presence of the Proto-Dimensions to the Primordials. He knew there were clear risks to doing something like this, but at the moment, he could not reveal his hand, even when he knew there would be a price paid for this ignorance.

Telmus, who was watching this battle, had his eyes widen in shock as he could barely glimpse... something flying through the darkness to disable each Primordial. He had to stop himself from descending because he was well aware that his task was not yet done, even though he could see the white hair of his daughter suppressed underneath the chains of End.

This imprisonment would not last, as the Primordials were all on their way to freeing themselves, but it had left a gap open in the defenses, and the horde alongside the Primordial level abominations were now free to take advantage.

In that instant, roars of unconcealed greed and the lust for blood erupted as the horde, who could not enter the Origin Realm without transforming to ash, could now survive the entry. They were still weakened by half, but that was a great improvement from the fact that a moment ago, they had all turned to ash.

However, their cries of glee turned to screams of pain and death as the defenses placed on the battlefield began to explode into life when the ground cracked open and machines the size of galaxies emerged.

These machines were a nexus of compressed space-time that could fold invaders into non-existence. Trillions of invaders barely reached the clouds when their bodies were squeezed and folded into nothing.

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Chapter 2140 The Guardians of The Primordials

It was almost a comical sight to see the vast horde screaming down from the heavens, only to see their bodies halt in place before they were squeezed into a thin spiral and then even that spiral vanished, and even some of the primordial level abominations did not survive this process, after all, this was a weapon made to kill Primordials, and killing all these trillions of small fries alongside them was nothing.

But the hordes were relentless, and their numbers could not be counted. These mighty machines began to break down underneath the strain of repeatedly compressing space-time to its smallest point and extinguishing it.

Power from the core of the realm was pumped into it, but even the divine alloys used in their creation could not withstand the strain, and one by one they were slowly collapsing... and this was not all.

Running the machines were Old Ones and lower-dimensional immortals, but at the moment, some of them began making mistakes, causing the machines they were operating to begin failing, and before long, half of these gigantic machines became floating wreckage, leaving the heavy burdens for the rest to bear.

They could not hold out for long before they collapsed. In the short time that these machines were in operation, they had killed countless abominations, and while they were successful, another massive crystal was growing above, drinking in the deaths of every abomination, and although it was a third of the size of the first, it still cracked open and exploded.

“VHROOSSSHHH!!!”

Another wave of darkness erupted from it, further suppressing the power of Origin on the Realm and causing the strength of the abominations to rise. Their bloodlusted roar left space and time trembling, as trillions of abominations broke past the cloud layer, and then they could now fully see the defenders of the Origin Realms.

Leading the charge were Nyxara's Soulwraiths, billions of them materializing from the rifts like ghosts born of nightmare. Each seven-foot silhouette of translucent black mist glided silently, with its vortex-maws swirling with the harvested screams of murdered realities. “Soulwraiths!” A General who was an Old One screamed, as he bravely led the charge into the sky, followed by billions of fellow warriors, all clad in armor of pure causality. They knew that they needed to hold back the horde long enough for the Primordials to recover, and even when they understood that this action would most likely lead to their death, none of them turned back.

Warriors with tears streaming down their eyes raised up blades of light and shadow and hurled themselves into the sky to cut down their end. It was worth noting that this battle was to be fought in total darkness, and only the light of the armor worn by the defenders lit up the way.

Billions met trillions, and the air turned into a grinder of death and destruction. The weapons and the armor of the defenders were the greatest in Existence, forged by Primordial Crafters. They enhanced the survivability and power of every single warrior on the battlefield, and something amazing happened... the smaller party was holding back the tide.

For a hundred million years, the Primordial had guarded and protected them. For the Primordials, a hundred million years might seem like a small period, barely a blink of an eye, but for everyone here, they had lived lives that stretched for millions of years, loved, laughed and cried... some of them here were even as young as ten thousand years, and for lesser immortals like them, this stretch of time was long enough for them to live and enjoy the peace and prosperity granted to them by the Primordials and the Grand Creator.

No one here fought with regret, and for those who cried, it was only for what they were leaving behind, and they were not strong enough to defend their home and return to it... But their families would know that they were here, and they were the guardians of the Primordials.

What glory it was to die like this.

Many of them were dying, but it did not stop the fact that they were still holding them back, and giving the Primordials a chance to escape from their bindings.

There were many hundreds of billions of defenders spread across the realm, but due to the darkness and the effect of the repeated blasts from the strange End Crystal, many of the defenders could not rush over in time, leaving only a few billion directly below the crack in the heavens as they shielded the Primordials struggling to break their bindings.

And yet, despite their bravery, the enemy had Primordials that were free, and they entered the fray, and the losses began to rise, as they tore apart the defenders, millions at a time.

One Primordial-level Soulwraith latched onto a guardian named Lirael, an Old One who had once been a galaxy's collective consciousness, she was now extremely close to the level of a Primordial Candidate, and perhaps in a million years, she would have crossed that mark, making her one of the first of the sixth generation of Primordials, but that chance would never come again

The Soulwraith forced her mind through the path of Karma to return to her previous existence before she reincarnated into the Origin Realms.

In all her past lives, she had been a galactic consciousness, and she inevitably met the disaster that fell on all life as the Ancient Primordials plundered all of Existence.

She was made to relive every betrayal that led to the fall of her home stars, the extinction of species she had nurtured, and the hollow longing of lovers separated by cosmic distances.

Lirael's form flickered, her light dimming as existential dread choked her essence. She forgot how to breathe the ether of existence, her body unraveling like wet thread.

The Soulwraith drank her fragments, growing taller, its misty form reshaping into a twisted parody of Lirael herself, eyes hollow, mouth a perpetual scream.

This same thing was happening across the ranks of defenders, as multiplied by billions, this horror spread like a plague. Guardians collapsed in droves, their defenses crumbling as dread paralyzed entire legions.

However, their great sacrifices were not a waste, as Aetheron, under the assistance of his Origin Realm, broke the shackles binding him, screaming in rage and pain because most of the dead belonged to his bloodline.

His brilliant body exploded into a colossal figure of swirling nebulae and infinite horizons, and he roared in defiance and pain.

Chapter 2141 Kill Me As Hard As You Can

Every life in the Origin Realms had grown to have a sense of responsibility, and the Primordials knew that without the sacrifices of so many people, who ensured that their cultivation path was as smooth as possible, they would not be able to reach this point.

No time in history had there ever been a place like this, where it was highly possible for someone to see the path to the level of Primordial so clearly. The secrets and deceptions about the paths of power were wiped away, and those that were not given were only because there were enemies within their ranks.

Aetheron was extremely angry and in pain; he had seen everything that had happened since the final war began, including the betrayals that had arisen within their ranks. The shields would have gone down in the future, but that should have required millions of years of constant barrage, and now this trap that could lay every Primordial low was unexpected.

Eos's Incarnations had left to deal with whatever had released that blade light that shattered the shields above, and they that should have held down the fort and protected those weaker had become the ones who needed protection.

A million years ago, he had sat down not far from here and listened to Eos speak about the tribulations that were to come. He had said there would come a time when everything would come crashing down, and it was at that moment that they needed to rise, because only in their hearts was there true strength.

All of the noble guardians had fallen to the last man; none of them had flinched as they threw themselves into the infinite maws of the abominations that were falling from the heavens above, and Aetheron laughed and cried at the same time before he burned his Origin Core.

He was on the third layer of the Origin of Spatial Harmony, and he expected that in another hundred million years, he would reach the fourth.

As a mortal, he was a scholar who ventured deep into the universe, disregarding dangers to look for knowledge and in his search for the truths of the past and the future, he came across one central personality that had guided the course of creation, and it was the Grand Creator himself, a being who took on many forms and yet still held a single core objective... protecting the weak and ensuring the continuation of life.

His search for the truth caused his cultivation to soar, and soon he became immortal, and on the verge of reaching the fourth-dimensional level, he came upon the most profound truths, which were the origin of reality and all that he knew.

Aetheron discovered the vastness of Existence, and he knew that the Origin Realms were born from the power of Space, in a profound sacrifice that gave life the chance to go on. Without this act, then there was a great chance that Existence would have ended.

It was from that moment that Aetheron decided to pursue the power of Space, and he was not the only one; however, he was among the most successful, quickly rising to the ranks of Primordial and becoming the Primordial of Spatial Harmony and linking with an Origin Realm.

All of these memories briefly flashed through his mind as the endless horde descended upon his realm. A brief glance at his Primordial brothers and sisters revealed that they would not be able to break out of their chains in enough time, and Aetheron decided that he would give them this time, even if it killed him.

With a roar that was heard all over his realm, Aetheron expanded his consciousness around the invaders, pushing his mind to a limit that it should never reach. His mind covered trillions... quadrillions, and even more.

“Leave my world!” he roared, and his Origin exploded from his core, and everywhere his mind touched, space was expanded into infinity.

The infinite horde streaming out of the Blackened Scar fell into an area of infinite space, and if they wanted to reach the Origin Realm, they would have to travel through forever

to get to it... at least, if Aetheron was strong enough to hold all of this infinity and maintain it for long.

Aetheron closed his eyes, his body slowly collapsing into golden light, but instead of his power falling, it was growing as space continued to expand.

Inside the spatial cage he had created, uncountable trillions roared in anger, and tens of thousands of Primordial-level abominations tore through the constraint of time. Most of them, especially the Soulwraiths, were unbounded by the physical laws and could phase through dimensions as if it were nothing... however, Aetheron kept expanding space, making sure that their movements felt as if they were running through mud, and the road ahead was endlessly extending.

A single Primordial held back infinity, and he was not even at the peak of his potential, still at the third layer of Spatial Harmony.

Suddenly, Aetheron began to laugh. His skin was cracked, and golden light was shining through, appearing as if at any moment he would collapse, but he was not... he had just discovered that the barrier that was stopping him from reaching the fourth layer of his Origin was loosening and if he could hold on for long enough, he would not only give time for the Primordials to recover, he would also become much stronger.

Then he heard a sigh beside him, and he turned to see Myrra, the Primordial of Exiled Light. She had somehow freed herself of her chains and was standing with her hands folded behind her back as she watched the space in front of Aetheron being stretched to infinity under his Will.

“That child did wonders in the creation of Primordials like you,” she whispered to herself, but Aetheron was able to hear her clearly. His eyes grew stern as he asked, “Who are you?”

Myrra turned towards him, a bit of sadness in her eyes, “If I could, I would not take this path, but his Will must come to pass.”

Saying this, she brought out a blade that was blacker than night and began walking towards Aetheron, pointing it in front of her. If she continued moving, the blade would pierce through Aetheron’s head.

The Primordial of Spatial Harmony could have run at this moment, or detonated his core. Doing this would give him the chance to resurrect in the Mountain of Ascension, but if he were to die by this blade, even the core of his Origin inside of Eos would shatter.

However, if he did this, the defenses would collapse. Every second he fought for was important, and he would hold on as long as possible.

Aetheron could not fight back, not when he was holding infinity, and he simply smiled at Myrra, “Kill me as hard as you can, for I will take forever to die.”

Myrra, the Primordial of Exiled Light, stopped, and then she smiled, but there was no humor in her eyes, only endless madness that sent chills down the spine.

“Ah, you are all like your creator, stubborn to the end. Let me see how hard it is to saw off your head, and trust me, I shall take it slow.”

Chapter 2142 Silence

Aetheron only focused his gaze on her, no hint of fear in his eyes, only mockery.

“You must be the ancient enemies of life and Origin that the Grand Creator warned us about.” He spat at her, his golden blood hovering before her face, before the shield of Origin Essence covering her body burned it to ash. “Seeing you here and now, and how unimpressive you are in real life, only able to slither in the shadows, I now see what he did not tell us... You all are pathetic wretches.”

Aetheron turned his face away from her, even though the blade of End was now a few feet away from his face, and he screamed at the Primordials that were suppressed on the ground. Most of them had broken free to the extent that they could now see what was happening, and the anger and rage on their faces were palpable.

He looked at these faces filled with the same determination and anger as he was, and he laughed, “I know that there are those among you who are not of us, and yet you still pretend that you are. Know that you are despised and are not worthy to be called Primordials! Get the fuck out of our ranks and stab us in the front, it is the least you can do to regain any honor you have, if there is any shred left inside you, all that is.”

Aetheron grimaced in pain as the blade of End finally arrived, and it effortlessly pierced through the Origin barrier around him and sank into his left eye. Myrra continued walking and pushing the blade until it burst out of the back of his skull.

“Get the fuck out of our ranks!” Aetheron kept screaming, even though his head was slowly rotting; he did not release his hold over infinity, nor did he try to run from his death. “Do you have no pride, no honor, no fucking dignity!”

“Why would we need all of those baseless mortal traits that you pitifully assume?” Myrra sneered, a faint red light glowing in her eyes. “Do you know how many Existences I have seen turn to dust? Can you comprehend the immensity of my Existence? Who are you to order the likes of us to obey your words?”

“Because you are in our world, you pitiful whore,” Aetheron snapped, “You can take over our bodies forcefully and pretend to be us, and so the least you can do is play your part

right. Do you not see the truth, your very bodies hate you... They hate the dishonor of your presence. They hate the fact that you are strong, but your heart is weak. Can you fight like us? Can you fucking die like us? At your passing, who would remember your name?!"

Myrra bared her teeth, "You know nothing, child, and when your Existence comes to an inevitable end, not even the barest hint of your memory or anything that has taken place here would remain."

"And still..." Aethron smiled in victory, nearly half of his body had already collapsed, "... you hide like rats before our light. Even if I die today, and you live forever, you shall never forget us."

Myrra sneered and pulled back her blade, ready to cut off Aethron's head, since his Origin seemed to be particularly resistant against the force of End.

This was most likely because of his connection with the Origin Realm below. Aethron could pull on almost an ungodly amount of essence, and this was one reason he could hold back the entire horde of the Ancient Primordials by himself.

It was not that he had suddenly grown stronger beyond reason because of his determination; it was because he had an entire Origin Realm feeding him strength.

"I will not remember you," Myrra sneered.

"But I will," A calm voice sounded behind her, and Myrra twisted around, swinging her blade that tore through space and time, but she was too late as a blade that seemed to be made of stars pierced her chest and nailed her to space.

"We all will." Eva, the Primordial of Revelation, appeared; behind her were a hundred Archai, and they were connected to her by webs of light. Myrra's eyes opened in shock before she was covered by a wave of blades (A)

Rowan, Primordial Light... Rowan, Primordial Memory... Rowan, Primordial Darkness.... All 750 Primordials who had reached the peak of the fourth level flew towards the Realm of Serene Ascension.

With their speed, they crossed the distance nearly instantaneously. The other Primordials could not feel it, but every Incarnation of Eos could feel something terrible emerging from the realm of Serene Ascension.

Eos had suspected Serene Ascension, but not deeply, and if he was aware of Nyxara's true state early enough, he would have looked again at some of the New Primordials more deeply. Still, he knew he could not perfectly avoid all danger, and this war would be tragic until it either won or lost.

They landed on the Origin Realm, and all Incarnation went pale as they instantly noticed that all life on the Origin Realm was gone!

From the ninth-dimensional level, each Origin Realm may appear like a massive sphere resembling a planet, but each Origin Realm could be seen as a mini-existence.

The amount of life on each Origin Realm was so massive it almost defied numbers, but in such a short time, all of that life had been wiped out, leaving only a single massive structure that pierced through the core of the Realm of Serene Ascension into the heavens above.

The Primordial of Serene Ascension now displayed the true meaning of his Origin, and this entire realm represented this fact, as he had claimed mastery over tranquil transcendence, the quiet unraveling of strife into perfect stillness. In his realm, there was no life, only silence.

All Incarnations shared Eos's sight and memory to a limited extent, and they now realized that the massive Golem who had fought against the Ancient Primordials must have come from here... The Primordial of Serene Ascension was the Luminous... Silence.

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Chapter 2143 The Tower of Luminous Silence

The Incarnations of Eos stared at the single, impossible tower rising from the boundary where reality seemed to have thinned to a dream.

Its surface was seamless pearl-white marble shot through with veins of liquid calm; each block was larger than universes, yet the whole structure tapered upward with impossible elegance, vanishing into a crown of soft, perpetual twilight.

This tower had suddenly appeared in this realm, and it was apparent it was built by hands that exceeded the scope of Primordials.

The greatest weakness of Eos and his Origin Realms was presented in full at this time. The Luminous, a race of beings that he believed to be extinct, had quietly infiltrated his domain.

However, there was nothing he could do against this breach in security; he could only work to the best of his abilities.

At this time, more of the Incarnations were reaching the level of Primordials, and more of them were reaching this place. The horde from the Blackened Scar was dangerous; they

had the potential to destroy the Origin Realms, but this conflict went beyond the armies of the Ancient Primordials and reached areas that the Primordials could not yet fathom.

They were concerned about the state of the war, but what was more important to them was the evil growing in their domain. In a short while, 3,540 Ancient Primordials, all of Eos's Incarnations, landed before the tower, and glancing at each other, the Incarnations knew that this would have to be enough.

An unknown power was watching everything happening as the massive doors at the tower's base yawned open like the mouth of enlightenment itself, inviting yet lethal.

A faint breeze blew out of the doorway, and the Incarnations crossed the threshold; the doorway behind them vanished, and it was as if they had been transported to a different and unknown dimension.

The interior of this tower resembled a void filled with distant stars, but at its center were stairways with a helical structure that ascended endlessly into the distance.

Each stair was so vast a single Reality could be placed upon it, and alongside each stair were corridors, galleries, and chambers that spiraled ever upward in defiance of geometry. There was an air around this tower that suggested that this was not a new structure, but was something that was older than this Existence, perhaps many Existences.

The Incarnations surged upwards, and as they walked upon each staircase, gravity shifted with each rotation they made; walls became floors, ceilings became horizons. It was as if every stair they walked upon were showing them sights of Existences beyond their own.

There was a potent danger here due to the vastness of each staircase; it was very possible for the Incarnations to become lost inside any of the staircases or be delayed.

Whatever was happening at the top, they needed to stop it, and yet they were travelling past distances that would take an average Primordial to lose hope. An average Primordial would need nearly a million years to cross a single staircase, but with so many Incarnations sharing their mind and power, they were able to cross each staircase in almost a second.

This was the reason why the Incarnations had to be the ones to deal with this problem, as none of the New Primordials at this time was able to handle this task.

They were making good time, but the stairs in front of them were so far ahead, and it was unknown what the fate of the Origin Realms they had left behind was, because the moment the doors to the tower vanished, their connection with the outside world, even to Eos himself, was cut off.

They were making good time, but the stairs in front of them were so far ahead, and it was unknown what the fate of the Origin Realms they had left behind was, because the moment the doors to the tower vanished, their connection with the outside world, even to Eos himself, was cut off.

In their experience, there was only one reason that would happen, and that was they were in a place that was so distant it was impossible for the mind of Eos to touch them, and that meant this tower was situated outside of Existence.

Maybe there was a physical tower in the Origin Realm, but that tower was just a small portion of its entire self, like a doorway into the true tower that was not found inside Existence.

From the Will of Silence they had detected before entering the tower, they expected that the Golem that had fought the Ancient Primordials should be an enemy that they would be expecting, but this did not trouble the Incarnation.

One reason the Ancient Primordials had been so helpless against the Golem was that it had been utilizing the Proto-Dimensions; it could inflict punishing blows against them when they could not trace or detect its attacks, but every Incarnation here had remade their foundation with the true essence of Existence, and their Origin was perfect.

This was the reason it was taking so long for the Incarnations to reach the Primordial level, otherwise with the consciousness power of each Incarnation here, reaching the Primordial level was as easy as taking a step. So in essence, what each Primordial had done was recultivate from a mortal to a Primordial in a short period to avoid all shortcomings; the gates to the end of all things had opened, and the final war was ongoing.

They could not have done this process before now because Eos was afraid that if they reshaped their foundation before the war, it might trigger certain abnormalities that would reveal their hand, and so they had to wait until the war had begun before they began recultivating their power.

Only Eos would have the confidence to do something like this, and still, he fell short; only a third of his Incarnation was here to face this threat, but it would have to be enough. The main body had killed the Luminous Memory, then having thousands of his Incarnation fighting Luminous Silence would have to do.

They kept their eyes peeled, and yet the first waves of enemies that fell upon them were unexpected. Primordial Light was at the fore; his light was so bright it covered the rest of the Incarnations, and so from afar it was almost as if a gigantic sun the size of a universe was rising through the tower.

The enemies appeared unexpectedly beside each incarnation, and they were the ghostly duplicates of each of them.

Primordial Light had an instant to recognize the danger, and he exploded his Origin into a colossal supernova that excluded every Incarnation and pushed back their duplicates.

The duplicates bent their head in an eerie manner, and in silence, they attacked; their movements, powers, and tactics were eerily similar to every Incarnation here.

They fought without rage, draining momentum with every parried blow, turning fury into meditative exhaustion. However, if they were facing a normal Primordial, this would have led to an unknown outcome, but these were the Incarnations of Eos himself, and he had not held back in their creation, as their bodies were perfectly made to suit their Origin.

A normal Immortal would have to slowly change their bodies, Will, and mindset as they developed towards Origin, but every one of the Incarnations here was designed to be the perfect carrier of the Origin Force that was unique to them.

These duplicates were Echoes of Silence; it could copy them to an extent, but not the core of who they were. One on One, none of these duplicates were equal to the Incarnations, and yet they did not need to win, only delay as much as possible.

The Incarnations here knew this, and without saying a word, they chose opponents that they directly countered. Primordial Light sought out the duplicate of Primordial Darkness, Primordial Flame fought Primordial Water, and in a stunning act of martial might, strategy, and raw power, the Incarnations tore their duplicates apart in seconds.

There were barely any injuries, and brushing off this hindrance, they surged ahead, knowing that they were finally getting somewhere.

However, the attacks did not end; more and more of their duplicates began to appear, the higher they went, until each Incarnation was fighting ten duplicates of themselves.

The battles were tense and horrifying at the same time. Each of these duplicates held Primordial-level strength, and it meant that killing them was not fast or easy, but every Rowan here was making this act of insane butchery to resemble something closer to an art form.

Spears of light, darkness, flames, earth, and all sorts of ancient Primordial forces lit up thousands of these staircases. If this battle were being fought outside this tower, the brilliance of it would have lit up the entirety of Existence.

Each impact of these Primordial Forces birthed Big Bangs so powerful and profound that trillions of universes were being born and crushed in every moment. This was what the clash between ancient Primordial forces looked like.

The first injury soon happened, but that was all there was to it, as the Incarnations succeeded in cleansing all the duplicates, and a section of the tower began to collapse as

all the power inside them had been drained in this short skirmish, where the Incarnation had nearly killed a million duplicates.

The only chapter I will be able to post today, I am under the weather.

BRICKTRADER

Chapter 2144 The Procelain Sentinels

The Incarnations tore through these duplicates with ease, but what they noticed was that their Origin Essence was being drained far more rapidly than it should be happening.

Every duplicate they killed stole a portion of their essence. The recovery rate for every Incarnation was great, but they had to really use a lot of power to destroy the Origin Core of each duplicate, and with the number killed, it was beginning to add up.

The Incarnations glanced at each other and wordlessly made a decision. No matter what they faced ahead, half of them would not be fighting until they had recovered to one hundred percent, and when they were fresh, they would rotate.

Also, there would be a core of fifty Primordials that would never fight. In the case that Incarnations begin to die, then there would need to be a core that would remain until the end to finish it all.

It was unknown what they would be meeting until this war was over, but sacrifices and losses were expected.

They continued pushing higher up the tower until a new enemy appeared before them.

It was a porcelain sentinel with perfect poise; it had six arms holding blades of frozen time. These blades could cut through anything, and as the Incarnations neared this being, its faceless helm rose up and looked at them.

“You are not the first to reach this layer of the endless tower, and your bodies would be made into sentinels to guide it forever.”

“Good to know,” Primordial Slaughter said, and he attacked the sentinel.

He wielded a spear and a short blade, and in a second, they clashed trillions of times, and suddenly, the clash ended with one of the blades of the sentinel piercing Primordial Slaughter.

The creature made of black stone pushed his head closer to the Incarnation, “I told you, your bodies would be left in this place to...”

A white line appeared over its head that ran down from its head, and it split in two in the midst of its speech.

The combat that had just happened was shared between the minds of all the Incarnations, and they were astonished at the combat capability of this sentinel.

It was a good thing that they were able to snatch a lot of its memories before its destruction, and what they learned was grim.

This tower did not belong to Luminious Silence, but it was one of the greatest treasures of the Luminious race.

It was not known who built it or when it was built; all that was known was that this tower was connected to all Existence that had ever been or ever will be.

The sentinel they had just fought was a warrior not from this Existence or of this time. He was the greatest Primordial who had ever lived during his Existence and at the end of his Existence, he and all of the top Primordials were drawn into it.

Everyone from his Existence fell to their duplicates below, and he was the only one who reached this level. He fell to the sentinels from previous Existences whose bodies had turned to black stone and were made to guide this area of the tower for all eternity.

The incarnations paused, not because they were afraid of death, but the manner in which they fell was important, because that detail was supremely important to Eos, and while inside this tower, they were locked away from him.

And yet, this did not change their mission; they had to stop Luminious Silence, and if possible, destroy this tower. From the memory of the sentinel, they saw that their target was no longer far away from them, and there was one more barrier they would need to conquer before reaching the peak of the tower controlled by Luminious Silence.

This tower was endless, and after the portion controlled by Luminious Silence was exceeded, there were greater layers above controlled by other unknown Luminious and things that were yet unknown.

However, the portion of the tower that could enter this Existence belonged to Luminious Silence alone, and so the Incarnations did not have to fear that they would be battling with all the forces of the Luminious.

With Primordial Slaughter leading the way, the Incarnations began to come across more sentinels, and although they met them one by one, the danger did not decrease.

The sentinel that injured Primordial Slaughter was the weakest, and every sentinel they met from this point forward was stronger than the last. There was a weird law guiding

the battle where only one Incarnation could fight one sentinel, making their advantage of numbers invalid.

Primordial Slaughter led the charge, and after killing a hundred and fifty sentinels, he fell. Perhaps if he had been given more time to rest after each battle and recover from the wound from the sentinels, he would have been able to fight several hundred more duels, but they did not have the time for that.

And even more brutal and pragmatic, one of them needed to die to conform if the power of this tower was enough to breach Eos's arrangement that he had placed inside each of the Incarnations.

They observed the body of Primordial Slaughter fade away, and the core of his essence vanished from the tower, causing a sigh of relief to ripple among them.

They had suspected that the tower would not be able to interfere with Eos's arrangements, but they needed to be sure. For one, although each of the Incarnations was Primordial with its own Origin Core, meaning that every one of them was unique, Eos was still the central tree, and they were the branches. The core of their Origin remained with him, and if Eos was dead, then any one of them that fell here would become sentinels, but as long as Eos was alive, they could not be shackled to this tower.

With this worry out of their mind, the next Primordial to step up became Primordial Blood. With the connection between each Incarnation, the entirety of the experience gained by Primordial Slaughter during his battle was imprinted and mastered by every Incarnation here.

Eos, and hence Rowan, were supreme warriors beyond what could be found in most Existences, but there were geniuses who had existed in the past and the future whose talents defied meaning, and the higher the Incarnations climbed, they saw more of these geniuses, and the difficulty of the battle increased.

Not all sentinels used blades; some had mastered crafts so strange and unknown that it took several Incarnations to win, and before long, a hundred Incarnations had fallen, reducing their number from 3,540 to 3,440.

Chapter 2145 Tempering The Foundation

However, all of these sacrifices were not in vain. Eos and Rowan had reached a soft peak in their techniques and abilities. While it was true that they were always growing stronger and smarter, that rate of growth depended a lot on the external factors around them.

One of the greatest reasons it was hard for Eos to reach the level of Primordials was that it was hard for him to find true external pressure that could temper him.

The Ancient Primordials were not good candidates because, apart from their endless strength and malevolence, they had nothing new to teach Eos.

Their strength only came from their bloodline and the vast amount of Origin Force inside their bodies, and they wielded this strength like a brute. Still, Eos knew that the Ancient Primordials were never given a chance to entirely master their powers.

If they had not been beset by madness, and if the last sixty-five million cosmic eras had been one where they were allowed to fully develop their abilities, then there was no way he would be their match, and they would have been the perfect whetstone for Eos to refine his strength and reach the Primordial level; however, he was not that lucky.

And so, like a gigantic fish in a small pond, Eos could not truly grow stronger because he had reached the limit of the pond. Even as an eighth-dimensional being, Existence could no longer give him any inspiration any longer, and only until he saw what was outside Existence and fought with Luminous Memory, that the shackles over his growth had begun to loosen.

Now this fight with the sentinels, while dangerous, was everything that Eos and Rowan needed at this point.

The Incarnation of Eos, Primordial Space had been able to reach the fifth layer of Origin because of the pressure he had faced battling all of the Ancient Primordials while undergoing tribulation at the same time, and since it was the first time Rowan had experienced a battle of that level, he was able to push himself to limits that was beyond anything anyone had seen inside of Existence.

From this pressure, he created the Origin Realms and became the first being in Existence to push Origin to a higher state than before.

It was a shame that after that battle, the pressure that the Ancient Primordials could give to Eos could not reach this point, and so he resigned himself to slowly cultivate all the way to the fifth layer of all of his Origin.

However, the battle with the sentinels was changing all of this.

Every sentinel they fought was a supreme genius in their Existence, and they had perhaps billions upon billions of cosmic eras to refine their abilities and techniques to the apex before their Existence ended.

They may not have seen the fifth layer of Origin, but that was only because Existence was being deliberately limited, not because they were not able to.

Enoch, in his madness, had broken the boundaries of Existence, giving Eos the chance to be able to peer into a layer of power that no one before him had, but that did not mean his foundations were perfect.

Every sentinel here had been able to push what he knew about Origin far beyond what was possible, and for the fifty Incarnations who remained at the core of the group, there were subtle signs that they were on the verge of a breakthrough, but they kept all of these changes hidden.

If possible, Luminous Silence would not have unleashed the sentinels to stop the Incarnations; just climbing a single staircase alone would take millions of years for an average Primordial. For those who had entered the tower in the past, progress was measured in billions of years and not seconds like the Incarnations were achieving.

Although there was no Primordial Space here, the knowledge that Incarnation had gathered was enough to give every single Incarnation here the ability to understand space in a manner that exceeded an average Primordial.

It should be noted that Eos could recreate an Incarnation with the Origin of Space, but they would not be able to survive past a few picoseconds before they collapse, as their bodies would not be able to handle the strain of carrying an Origin of this power.

And so, the infinity of the tower could not delay these Incarnations, and even when the duplicates were triggered, it hardly stopped these Incarnations, not even when Luminous Silence cheated and brought multiple duplicates numbering in the dozens when there was only ever to be at most three.

The section of the tower he controlled had basically been bled of power, and it would take a while to gather all of those again to beef up its defenses.

Luminous Silence wanted to delay Eos and his Incarnations, and the best weapon he had in his arsenal was the sentinels. Unlike the duplicates that could be ambushed, the sentinels could only be fought one-on-one.

This ensured that the Incarnations could not use their numbers to blast through the trials, but unknown to Luminous Silence, this was the greatest mistake that could have been made in this war up to this point.

If Luminous Memory were here, since the plan was to meet up with Luminous Silence when the war began, he would have quickly stopped the action of Luminous Silence, but unfortunately, he was dead.

What Luminous Memory discovered about Eos was that there was no true way to measure the potential of this being, and although it was hard to admit, the best way to kill Eos was to slowly poison him from a distance and watch him bleed to death over a long period of time.

He had been barely given any valuable resources, and yet he had reached this point. How much more would he be able to grow if he were given the chance to gain more experience from the best that had ever lived?

Luminous Silence had always been arrogant, believing that the peak of Existence had always been the Luminous, and even Eos could only reach this point because he had the bloodline of the Luminous inside of him, and all of his achievements were tied to his bloodline.

That was his gravest mistake, because the moment the last of the sentinels fell, another fifty of Eos's Incarnation also perished, bringing their number to 3,390.

This was a far lower number of deaths than Luminous Silence would have wanted, but there was still one great trap left ahead that had a high chance to kill all of the Incarnations; however, what the Luminous would not have known was that quietly, three of Eos's Incarnation had seen the path to the fifth layer of their Origin!

Chapter 2146 The Pendulum

If there was a pendulum, and on one side was Eos, the Origin Realms and all of his interests, and in the other side was the Painter and all of their forces, then an observer would discover a that the side of the Painter was firmly pressed to the ground, and Eos's side was raised in the air... signifying that at the moment, the weight of the Painter's forces were so heavy, that there was no way Eos could ever beat them.

Eos might have had the greatest potential ever recorded, but his greatest weakness was always the short amount of time that he had to work with, and the only reason he even deserved a pendulum against the greatest force in and outside Existence was the fact that he had made discoveries that pushed the envelop of Existence forward, and that was reaching the fifth layer of the Origin of Space.

Still, Existence and what lay outside of Existence were infinite, and it was not shocking that there was truly a pendulum that measured the power of End against the power of Origin inside of Existence, and that pendulum was located inside the Temple of End.

At the moment, Lumen, the wings of Enoch, was watching over the entirety of Existence, but due to certain constraints caused by the power of the Origin Realms, it could not truly peer into all the small details and could only receive second-hand information.

The powers of the Origin Realms were so unexpectedly potent that they had to break their rules and send Luminous into it just so they could stay ahead of this conflict.

However, Lumen was not too concerned about these small details when it could monitor the overall state of the war using this pendulum, and at this moment, the chance for them winning was nearly a hundred percent.

From the moment it was torn from the back of Enoch, Lumen was no longer attached to an individual Luminous and so it became a sort of repository for the power of the Luminous and the Great One preferred to work through it than any of the others, due to

the fact that for the average Luminious, touching the mind of the Great One usually lead to... insanity.

Enoch had been the most suitable vessel to receive the mind of the Great One, but even the special Luminious that had been prepared from birth to be able to hold the power of End inside of him still fell short, but at least it gave birth to Lumen, who could withstand the gaze of the Great One without going... mostly insane.

Its gaze had been fixed on the pendulum, and the moment Eos had killed Death and Luminious Memory, the scale began to tilt.

At first, it was almost unnoticable, but Lumen was a being that would be able to fit a trillion realities on the head of a pin, it could notice even the smallest of abnormalities, but soon the tilting of the scale was no longer small, and if Eos held one percent dominance, and the Geat one, ninety-nine percent, this had now become a case where Eos's fate had gained 5% and the GReat One had been reduced to 95%

Lumen had responded almost instantaneously, and Enoch had been resurrected, and the war against the Origin Realms was placed into overdrive, with the Luminious already inside of it, given the authority to use their abilities to take over the Origin Realms.

Slowly, the scales began to tilt back to the side of the Great One, and whatever advantage Eos had gained began to vanish, and soon he was back to one percent; however, this state did not last long when three of Eos's Incarnations saw the path to the fifth layer of their Origin.

Lumen, of course, could not tell that this was what had happened, but the pendulum began to tilt once more, and in the blink of an eye, it had transformed to a state where Eos had won ten percent of the scales! "Whatever plans you have, they will fail." Lumen growled in anger and angrily sent a directive to Enoch, "I don't know what you are waiting for, but you need to be attacking in this instant!"

Of course, Enoch did not respond; he was still in the midst of perfecting his awakening because he intended the battle to be short.

The time he spent watching Rowan had shown him a side of Eos that he did not overlook, and he did not intend to give Eos the chance to resist, and so to truly do this, then he would have to be truly ready for anything.

But the screams of Lumen interrupted him, "Enoch, take charge of the Origin Realms at this instant or you shall be stripped of your resurrection and condemned to End, and this time, it shall be final."

The 3,390 Incarnations hurried up the tower, crossing multiple Existences, and they were making good time. The battle against the sentinels may have killed some of them, but it also gave every Incarnation here a chance to regain their Origin Essence and digest the gains from this battle.

Their formation changed, and those who had seen the path to the fifth layer of their Origin and those who were nearly there were pushed to the center; they would not participate in any battle if possible.

And as time went on, more of the Incarnations began to see the path to the fifth layer of their Origin. Primordial Space opened the door to this layer by a crack, and with each of the Incarnations seeing the path and sharing their experience with the rest, the process became increasingly easier, even though it should not have been.

Eos's aberrant nature that gave him the ability to claim the unclaimable was becoming more obscene the stronger he became, and what was happening here was a result of this.

Originally, just because one of his Incarnations was able to reach the fifth layer of Origin, the fact was that the Origin of Space was vastly different from the Origin of Time or any of the 10,008 Ancient Origins, and the path to reach the fifth layer of space was nothing like reaching the fifth layer of light or the fifth layer of slaughter.

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

Chapter 2147 The Bloodline of Black Zenith

The intelligence of Eos was accumulative and extremely perfect, and that meant that in the instant he understood the first layer of a problem, all the other associative problems that involved that layer became easier to understand.

It was as if he had learnt a single language; the process of learning that language alone was enough to push his understanding of every other language up to the halfway mark.

In this manner he was making ridiculous progress, and this was the true reason the truth had been hidden from him for so long, but his enemies were too many, and in wars, even in immortal wars like this, the fog of war still applied, and this gap in information had caused the Incarnations of Eos to begin breaking the boundaries of Existence.

Primordial Beast, one of Eos's incarnations and the personification of the Origin of beasts, was on the outer edge of the ascending Primordials when he stumbled and fell to his knees.

Slowly turning his head in surprise, Primordial Beast transformed into dust.

From the dust of his body, a formless presence arose, and it screamed before vanishing.

The Incarnation did not mourn the loss of their brother, even in death; he had given them enough information before he fell.

What killed him was called the Whispers of the Apex. This was the representation of the power of the Luminious. While Primordials and other lifeforms inside of Existence had access to the power of Origin, the Luminious had something else... It was called Lumina and Abhimha.

Before now, Eos had a limited understanding of this power beyond their names, and the only hint they had of their power was related to the unique bloodline they had gained from Enoch, called the Bloodline of Black Zenith.

Without reaching the ninth-dimensional level, it was hard for Eos to decipher the power of this bloodline, but he had been slowly chipping away at it as time went by, and then discovered some of the capabilities of the Luminious hidden in their bloodline.

The first thing he understood about the Luminious was that their names and their appearances were a lie.

They were beautiful and illuminating, but their core was anything but that. The Luminious Bloodline had a mysterious description in the Primordial Record. It said: You are no longer a being, you are a living blasphemy, a warp-spawned anomaly that gnaws at the edges of Existence. Your blood is a gateway, your voice is a cosmic suicide note, and your mind is a hive of dead divinities whispering in the dark.

Over time, Eos had begun to understand what this passage meant after staring at it for millions of years, and not until he knew of the presence of the Painter that everything fit together.

This passage had always confused him when he read the words, an anomaly that gnawed at the edge of Existence.

At that time, Eos had not even understood what Existence fully meant, and he had thought that Enoch was the final obstacle and the root of all evil that plagued Existence.

Yet this passage had been telling him something much deeper.

Eos now knew about End, and the Painter, and this passage tied everything together.

The bloodline of Black Zenith was the core of the Luminious Bloodline, and it was purely the power of End.

However, nothing could truly withstand this bloodline, and it had to be balanced by Lumina and Anhimha, or maybe something else as well.

Eos had not yet figured out what could have given the Luminious the power to hold this bloodline, because from his calculations, this power should rot them from the inside in less than a century.

However, at the moment, what was important here was the abilities the Luminious was able to gain by having this bloodline.

And Eos believed that while the Luminious were stuck at the fourth layer of the concept that they had mastered, they were not powering their concept with Origin Essence but Lumina and the ridiculous power of their bloodline that was End incarnate.

The death of Primordial Beast had finally confirmed the theory that Eos had made millions of years ago.

Primordial Beast had died when all of his motion, intent, Will and life force had been silenced. To silence the Incarnation of Eos, then using the power of End, a price must be paid, and that formless presence was the price paid by Luminious Silence, although at this point, it was unknown if this price was debilitating or something that was effortless for him.

With this knowledge, every Incarnation here knew that the only way forward would be through this danger.

They could not fight this formless presence, not until they got to the source; they could only try as much to resist, and if that failed, to occupy this power for as long as possible, giving the others the chance to move ahead.

If these Incarnations had not been connected and were essentially a single being, then even with all the information they had, there would have been delays in the decision making process, however, they were united in will and body and they immediately began moving ahead, and this time they did not hold back... all of them began burning their Origin to gain greater speed.

This move must have surprised and alarmed Luminious Silence as the attacks on the Incarnation suddenly increased, and the climb became one of sheer attrition.

In less than a minute, two hundred Incantions were dead, shattered into prismatic dust that reflected the infinity of this tower.

The climb ahead seemed infinite, and yet, every passing minute, an Incarnation would stop and then slowly sit cross-legged and battle the force of Silence, powered by the power of Lumina inside their bodies for as long as they could.

They knew they could not win, but every second they bought was a victory, and it also meant that they were understanding the power of Luminious Silence as well, because the

Incarnations were taking longer and longer to die, and Luminous Silence only seemed to be capable of killing only three of them at a time.

However, what Luminous Silence could not have known was that the pressure he was giving to these Incarnations was unprecedented, and as time passed, the number of Incarnations that had seen the fifth layer of their Origin had reached one hundred!

Chapter 2148 The Transcendent Layer

The journey through this eternal tower was tragic as more and more Incarnations sat on its stairs and fought the silence until the end of their lives.

It was impossible for Luminous Silence not to notice that these Incarnations were becoming increasingly harder to kill, and he could tell that they were adapting to the power of Lumina.

This was ridiculous when it was considered that the power of Lumina was like comparing Will to Intent. It was a complete evolution of power, and despite the fact that Origin had equal potential with Lumina, from the beginning of Existence, this power had been suppressed.

In fact, in some ways, Lumina was a copy of Origin; it was the answer to the Great One's desire for the control of Origin. Placing Intent before Will was useless, and so Origin before Lumina should have been an instantaneous crush.

Luminous Silence was focused on other matters and could not fully channel his strength towards the Incarnations, but that should not have mattered. An ant was not supposed to be able to delay the storm, even if the storm was a small one; it was still a storm, and an ant was still an ant.

Luminous Silence was so close to getting what he came for, but the Incarnations were too close to reaching him, and he had a premonition that he did not want them near him.

With a roar of irritation that resounded throughout the tower, Luminous Silence turned his gaze fully upon the ascending Incarnations.

Above the Incarnations, a pale, beautiful face appeared, crowned with a circlet that held countless trillions of screaming, silent heads.

These heads were the gods, divinities, and monsters harvested from all Existences by Luminous Silence.

The face looked down on these ascending Primordials, and it muttered a single word,

“Fall!”

From the mouth came a storm of silence, invisible to the naked eye, but carried such intense power of Lumina that it took visible shape, resembling a white fog moving at speeds that would make light seem like the crawling of a snail.

This power pushed a wave of silence ahead that pressed down on the Incarnations, halting their progress.

The wave of fog washed towards the Incarnation, and they knew if it touched them, they would all perish.

A decision made by the Incarnations was instantaneous, and Primordial Light pushed himself to stand in front of all the Incarnations.

Someone would have to stand in front of it all to take the weight of this attack, and Primordial Light, one of the first Incarnations to glimpse the fifth layer of Light, was supposed to be at the center to be safe until the end, but battle was a dynamic affair, and nothing was set in stone.

Ascending to the fifth layer of Origin was relatively easy once the path had been laid out, but the process of this ascension was where the trouble lay.

The descending white fog transformed into a white blade, and Primordial Light raised his hand up towards it, as if he was going to stop it alone with just a single palm.

Above, the gigantic face of Luminous Silence saw this, and it smirked. How could an ant stop a storm?

Inside the Origin Core of Primordial Light that resembled the brightest sun in all Existence, and inside this core, something drastic began to happen.

The first layer of Light was the Radiant Layer, the light that reveals. This layer granted the Primordial the simple but profound power of seeing and being seen.

There had been many beings who craved to master the power of Light, who wanted to stand radiant before all of Existence, and yet most of them did not know that light should illuminate themselves as well as the world.

For a Primordial to reach the first layer of Light, they needed to understand this layer, and it did not take Eos long to understand this.

Eva, daughter of Old Light, wanted a light that revealed, but she did not want the opposite, because she was also the Lady of Shadows, and so she wanted a part of her always hidden. This was the only reason she did not become Primordial Light... she had spent too long in the shadows.

The second layer of Light was the Essence Layer, the illumination that animates. This layer was granted to the Primordial who understood that light had the power to heal or sicken, extend life or hasten death, or perceive the true vitality of any being. To touch this light is to touch the essence of life itself.

All the Incarnations here worked together to achieve a common goal, and the Essence Layer of Primordial Light had greatly eased the healing and recovery of the Incarnations here in this ascent.

The third layer of Light was the Intellect Layer, the illumination that comprehends. It grants insights, accelerates learning, illuminates hidden connections, or blinds minds with too much truth. This is the light of the scholar, the mystic, the artist at the moment of creation, and for Eos, understanding this layer was extremely simple.

When Primordial Light was killed by the Beast of Final Rest, Death, it had been one of Eos's favorite pastimes to explore the deeper layer of light.

As he did, the perversion of the Ancient Primordial on such a fundamental piece of Existence hurt when he realized how much Asteroath had defaced this Origin.

Nothing Eos regretted more than the fact that he was not the one to kill Asteroath, but with this legacy, he would do so much more.

The fourth layer of light was the Essential layer, the illumination that defines. Mastering this last layer was to master clarity and to perceive absolute truth.

Primordial Light would be able to strip illusions from any being or object, or to gaze into the essential nature of existence.

For a long time, Eos could not see a level beyond this layer, but the depths of Origin for him were almost limitless, and even in these four layers, he saw new wonders every day.

However, he could not see beyond this existence, and he had been slowly searching for the fifth layer of Origin for light, and he found it today.

The fifth layer of Light was called the Transcendent Layer, the Uncreated radiance. In the depths of this layer was the first light, and this was the layer that the Incarnation, Rowan, reached towards.

Chapter 2149 The Silver Flame

Rowan took a step into it, and the total understanding of this layer became his. He touched this layer of light, and his entire Origin Core underwent transubstantiation.

This meant that Rowan ceased to become a wielder of light and to become light, in the most fundamental sense.

For him now, this is the end of all journeys into radiance, and the beginning of something that has no name.

Inside the core of his Origin, where there should be nothing but light, Rowan saw a spot that was almost solid, and immediately, he felt an ache in his soul that almost made him doubt himself.

He slowly walked towards this unknown inside his core, and he heard music, and breathing, and as he came closer, this unknown resolved itself into a flame... a burning silver flame.

Rowan gasped and muttered, "It cannot be."

There were a few things that caused him to feel overwhelmed, and seeing this silver flame inside of his Origin Core at the fifth layer of Light caused him to doubt his sight for a moment.

Rowan reached for the flame, and his smallest finger shook a tiny amount. He touched the silver flame, and before his eyes, it transformed into a sleeping boy, with bright white hair, red cheeks and lips, and even while sleeping, the child pushed his face closer to Rowan's hand.

Rowan gasped, "I understand... I cannot die until it is done."

At the moment, his Origin Core shuddered, flexed, and expanded until it filled up his entire body.

The body of Primordial Light shattered and was replaced by his Origin Core, but this happened so fast that no one here was aware of this transformation, although all of the Incarnations could tell what had just happened because of the connection they all shared.

What just happened was that the body of an Incarnation was too weak to hold the fifth layer of Origin, and so at the moment Primordial Light passed through the doorway of the fifth layer of Origin, his body was gone, and this Origin Force and Essence would begin to disperse.

It meant he barely had a short time to keep his Origin together, and originally Rowan was going to slow down Luminous Silence as much as possible, allowing the rest of the Incarnation to move on, but he could no longer die.

He had too much to protect.

Primordial Space created the Origin Realms when he reached the fifth layer, which was a miracle, but it would not happen every time; there was a possibility that this miracle would happen or it would not happen.

Lost, one of the first of his children, had returned to him after he had given his all to grant Rowan victory. Origin had given him a blessing, and who was he to spit in the face of such a blessing?

No child should have to die before their father, and Rowan would not allow this to happen... not again.

The transformation to reach the fifth layer was instantaneous; his life was coming to an end, and the blade of Luminous Silence was descending upon them. Waves of silence blasted towards the Incarnation, and Primordial Light released a radiance from his body that carved through this silence like it was nothing.

This wave of light blasted out from his body, and the staircase that he stood upon, which was as large as Existence, began to transform. Each stair that was illuminated by his light revealed new horrors disguised as beauty.

The power of Luminous Silence had transformed this layer of their eternal tower into a space of horror where his twisted ideals about creation were unleashed; however, these things were not meant to see the light, and as they were exposed, they shrieked in silence before collapsing to ash.

The blade of Luminous Silence reached Primordial Light and slammed into his upraised palm.

For one eternal instant, he felt the temptation: the relief of simply letting go, of dimming his blaze into a gentle night-light for dreaming universes. The Lumina of Luminous Silence was meant to lay Primordials to their eternal rest, a blade against the quest for true eternal life.

The staircase around his legs exploded, creating shockwaves that blasted the Incarnations around him back, and if this were a thousand realities, it would have shattered to ash from the shock alone.

Primordial Light palm was pushed back, the blade pressing down upon him with all the power of eternal extinction, and he roared, and it sounded like the cry of a trillion Big Bangs.

“Not enough!”

Primordial Light grabbed the blade, and it cut through half of his hand, but this body was just pure Origin Essence that had evolved.

From that cut came a light that flooded through the entire blade, transforming it into light, and this light exploded with a radiance that was like every sunrise that had ever scorched Existences. This light revolved around itself until it became a single beam of light that fell into the hand of Primordial Light, and he glanced at it for a moment, then, pulling on the power of his second layer, the Essence layer that had the power to animate, the beam of light he held transformed into a spear that had a phoenix of light circling around its shaft.

The gigantic face of Luminious Silence was at first confused, and then realization entered his eyes, and he opened his mouth to speak when Primordial Light took a step forward and threw the spear.

There was no travel time between when the spear left his hand and when it touched its target. If it had happened, it would have happened so fast that no one here could have seen it.

The Spear made from the transcendental power of light slammed into the right eye of Luminious Silence, and a great scream burst out of his mouth, and the face instantly vanished.

Luminious Silence could have been terribly wounded if his main body were here, but the face could be seen as an Incarnation, and so to prevent any damage from occurring to his main body, he simply dismissed it.

“We need to hurry,” Primordial Light muttered, “I don’t have much time.”

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Chapter 2150 The Book, The Cube, And The Blade

Primordial Light spread out his radiance, enveloping the three thousand Incarnations left, and he blasted into the distance, tearing past infinities as if they were still points on a map.

They were leaving many of their brethren behind, but this was not a reason to despair. Each of the Incarnation here knew the reason for their birth, and it was not to live for long, but to shine as brightly as possible before they died.

All of them were born to fall, but the manner by which they were to fall was not to be random, but must be one of purpose. All of them were part of Eos, and yet still distinct, and that was what made their sacrifices both noble and horrifying at the same time.

Perhaps there would be one Incarnation that would refuse the fate of death and choose to walk their own path. The possibility was always there as Eos had not locked down the consciousness of any Incarnation, but for now, not a single one had chosen to take a step back.

The host of Incarnation pushed through the eternal tower, carried by the radiance of Primordial Light. Twenty percent of his body was gone, and it was only a matter of time before all of him was gone. In this short moment, all of the Incarnations were focused on finding ways to extend the life of Primordial Light, since they were no longer pushing through the tower and were essentially being carried.

Luminous Silence, on the other hand, has now fully realized the reason Eos was taken as a source of great danger by the Temple of End and Lumen.

He had been in the Origin Realms for a hundred million years, and a faint sense of disdain was beginning to grow inside his heart at the way this realm was being operated by Eos.

To him, Eos had been very lucky when one of his Incarnations had reached the fifth level of space and created a spectacular realm like the Origin Realm, and yet after this great advantage, what did Eos do with it? He squandered it!

The potential for the Origin Realms was endless, and if Eos had made it into a machine of war, where everything was dedicated to the expansion and growth of power, then there should have been millions of Primordials born here instead of thousands.

With the war coming, it was madness that Eos had been focusing on giving the lifeform inside here peace and prosperity. It was as if he knew he was going to lose, and so in the short time that he had left, he wanted to give his followers comfort, how foolish.

What angered Luminous Silence even more than the soft method Eos used on the inhabitant was Eos's lackadaisical approach to cultivation.

The Luminous had existed for eternities beyond counting, and they had partaken in countless experiments over these eternities, pursuing mad projects and whatever whims that they desired. They had created miracles and monstrosities, and some of their creation had been so terrifying that they were either destroyed or suppressed before their full potential could be reached.

It was for this reason that the Luminous had begun actively weakening Existences, taking away valuable laws and concepts from them before they could come into full operation.

And still, despite all of the miracles and monsters that they have created, they were all flawed in some manner, and none could approach the power and the perfection of the Luminous bloodline.

This particular Existence was a strange one from the start, as a series of unknown changes happened that shattered the plans of the Luminious and, in the process, created a freak like Eos.

Every newly born Existence was unique, and this uniqueness was an opportunity for the Luminious to discover new and fascinating discoveries that could boost their understanding of Origin.

One of the unique aspects of this Existence was the birth of an Origin being alongside it, Hundun.

This was not the first time the Luminious had seen such a thing. It was rare, but some Existences were born with beings like Hundun, and they had to be quickly killed off because of their power and ridiculous talent.

Luminious Silence was not the oldest of the Luminious, but there were records of monstrous beings so powerful, born with the birth of Existence, that had to be cast out into the deep unknown outside all that was known.

They could not be killed, and so they were starved of all forms of energy and consciousness, and left frozen in places that even the Luminious could not find, and Hundun had the potential of becoming a being like that.

To nip this problem in the bud, the youngest Luminious, known to the inhabitants of Existence as Enoch, but whose true name was Luminious Transformation, tasked with a great and unknown purpose, was given permission to kill Hundun before his birth.

It was unknown whether it was the method used by Luminious Transformation to kill Hundun, his peculiar powers of endless change, or Hundun's unique and unknown abilities, but a peculiar force was born within Existence; that force was called a Singularity.

In all Parallel Realities of this present Existence, Singularities were only born on this one, and although it did not possess any massive powers that could affect the entirety of Existence, this force had a unique effect on its users that was not fully understood.

Manipulating the inhabitants of Existence was a simple affair, and with the aid of their puppets, the Ancient Primordials, the Singularities born inside this Existence were harvested and brought to the Temple of End, where various experiments were made on them.

Originally, there should have been millions of Singularities, and if this Existence had been made to live its full lifespan, who knew what sort of miracles and monstrosities would have been born from it, but all of those potentialities were ruthlessly suppressed and cut short, and most of the Singularities were destroyed.

In all of their Experiments, there were three Singularities that stood out: a book, a cube, and a blade. Luminous Silence was not too aware of the situation of the cube and the blade, because they were taken outside of Existence, but one was left behind to be further sturdied, and it was the book that would later be known as the Primordial Record.

Chapter 2151 The Greed of Luminous Silence

The Primordial Record was unlike other Singularities that perished alongside its host. This Singularity seemed to have an endless nature that none of its kind shared, and no matter the sort of host that was given to it, the Singularity tried as much as it could to change their fate, but it always failed.

However, its failures were not useless. The Hosts that were permitted to fuse with the Primordial Record were not just hosts that were born in this present Existence, but many Existences from the past.

The Luminous had been gathering the best bloodlines from different Existences; some possessed peculiar characteristics, while others were just plain special, and due to the fact that they wanted to understand the full capability of this new discovery, and especially for a special Singularity like the Primordial Record, the Luminous had gone all out, and delivered countless species to the Primordial Record to fuse with, hoping to understand its unique abilities.

With all of these failures, the Primordial Record began to gather bloodlines that were extremely powerful, but due to the interference of the Luminous and the overall chaotic nature of its many hosts, the bloodlines inside of it were fractured into pieces and could not be remade into something that was whole.

If these bloodlines could be recreated whole, then the power of the Primordial Record would be too dangerous to be kept inside Existence, and as it was, there were many among the Luminous who believed the Primordial Record should not be rated beside the other two Supreme Singularities, the Cube and the Blade.

Existence had been broken from the beginning, and the Singularity could not reach its full potential. The Primordial Record was powerful, unique, but useless without a suitable host, and that host turned out to be born not too long ago, the product of the endless experiments being done by the Luminous on the inhabitants of every Existence that was born.

Unlike the greatest monstrosities that were known and feared by the Luminous, Eos had not shown much promise from the beginning.

He was a small piece of Hundun that had been cast into the expanding Existence, and taken as one of the small experiments that could be done with the Primordial Record before this Existence was destroyed.

Among the many Existences in the past, this Existence showed little promise, there was no grand aberration, or surprise energy mutation, and because the actions of Luminous Transformation was too radical, this Existence was not to be given time to develop else it would shatter the boundaries laid in place and the Luminous would no longer be able to control the rise and fall of Origin.

Normally, the lifespan of an Existence was calculated in many trillions of Cosmic Eras, and yet this Existence was barely 800 million Cosmic Eras. This number was so ridiculously short that it was almost laughable to call this the lifespan of an Existence, and this would certainly go on record for being the Existence with the shortest lifespan.

With all this in mind, Eos was born at the end of a doomed Existence. An Existence that was expanding outside its boundaries, and perhaps the birth of Eos should not have been taken as a simple affair, but the child had truly not shown any spectacular talent.

However, all of this had changed the moment Eos and the Primordial Record were placed together, for the final round of experiments before this Existence was washed clean and a new one created in the far future.

Together, Eos grew wings and began evolving rapidly, piecing together broken pieces of himself and moving in directions that were wholly unexpected.

It wasn't until recently, as Luminous Silence was studying the Bloodline Avatar of Eos, Chronomancer Prime, that he understood one of the reasons for Eos's special nature, and it turned out to be the broken bloodlines inside the Primordial Record.

The Primordial Record was seen as a failed Singularity, and it was now being used for its peculiar ability to store Primordial Essence and Force. Origin power still irritated the Luminous because they could not be fully assimilated by this power due to their nature, and so the Primordial Record was used as a storehouse... This was how low the Primordial Record had fallen in the eyes of the Luminous, and bonding it with Eos was just seen as one final experiment before everything was wrapped up.

It turned out that although all of the bloodlines inside the Primordial Record from multiple Existences had been broken into pieces, the Singularity had created a peculiar method of harvesting those broken shards of power, and that was using the actions and the Willpower of its host to create new and unique bloodlines from the fallen.

However, until recently, when Eos broke the few monitoring tools that were placed inside the Primordial Record, they had always thought that Eos was following the proper path of evolution and ascension that any user of the Primordial Record would enjoy.

In fact, Eos was seen as a failure for a Host due to how little of the Singularity's power he could access, and his evolution was rather lackluster.

However, although Eos was not evolving into a greater threat in an instant, he was gaining something much worse, and that was endless potential. There was a reason why one of his random Incarnations could reach the fifth layer of Origin or why he could be so hard to kill, and the simple answer was that Eos could become anything given enough time and resources.

The Singularity had created a miracle, a being whose potential was so great that there was no theoretical limit to his growth

The Primordial Record had been hiding the truth right in front of them the entire time, and the Luminious were far too arrogant to see it.

Luminious Silence had seen glimpses of this endless potential in the bloodline Avatar, Prime, and he had felt great greed. Clearly, Eos must not have realized the true purpose of his talents, and did not know the treasure he was. If he did, he would not have delayed his growth by caring for those around him and just focus on growing as strong as possible.

Eos was supposed to be the spoil of Luminious Transformation, as the youngest Luminious, the next ten Existences to be born would primarily fall under his control, and this was to help Luminious Transformation gather all the resources he needed to add his dominion to the Endless Tower.

Luminious Silence was meant to be an observer and a helper, but he saw the endless potential of Eos's bloodline, and he craved that power. He could not just claim it; instead, he needed a way to collect it without causing any issues with Luminious Transformation, and Eos's lazy nature was a way to do so.

To Luminious Silence, Eos had endless potential, and inside a broken Existence like this one, it would be impossible for Eos to ever fulfill that potential.

Becoming Serene Ascension inside the Origin Realm was rather simple; if Eos had been more strict with all lifeforms inside these realms, Luminious Silence would never have been able to become a part of it, and from that moment, displaying a small part of his talent was enough to draw the attention of Eos and his bloodline Avatar.

However, to get to the Bloodline Avatar was rather tricky; he would need to entice Prime, and what better way to entice this being than to provide answers to a problem that even Luminious Silence did not fully understand.

Chapter 2152 You Lose

The Luminious had long hypothesized that there were greater layers beyond the fourth layer of Origin, but this had never been confirmed.

The power of Lumina shared a common foundation with Origin, and as much as the Luminious hated to admit it, Lumina seemed to feed on the consciousness of Origin to acknowledge itself, and if there were only two layers to Origin, then there would only be two layers to Lumina.

Perhaps if they were more talented, they could push the power of Lumina to stand outside the domain of Origin. This power certainly had the potential for this, but the strength of their bloodline was so powerful that they could not separate the power of Lumina from their bloodline.

The bloodline of Black Zenith was like a storm, and Lumina was the lightning inside of it. No matter how the lightning tried to tear itself free from the storm, it could not travel far before it was dragged back into it.

So, they could only copy the mysteries of Origin and apply them to Lumina, meaning that essentially, the Luminious did not even understand their own legacy.

However, Luminious Silence did not know that in the depths of End, an Incarnation of Eos, under the influence of Luminious Transformation, Enoch, had touched Lumina.

Enoch was too young and did not understand the mysteries of Lumina, seeing it as just a special power to show the supremacy of the Luminious.

However, he did not know that for so long, Lumina was tied to mimic the effect of Origin due to the overwhelming power of their bloodline, but for the first time since the beginning of all Existences, someone had gained the power of Lumina, and they were not burdened by the overwhelming nature of the Bloodline of Black Zenith.

Of course, due to the fog of war and the Luminious nature of acting on their own, none of the Luminious except for Enoch knew of this change, and he did not know the significance.

However, Existence was ending, and so many paths were converging. Secrets were being revealed, and unexpected changes were coming.

Luminious Silence knew nothing of this; all he was concerned with millions of years ago inside the Origin Realms was that he had been focused on gaining the power of Eos, and the path to gain that power was with his bloodline Avatar, Prime.

Using the desire for Prime to find the fifth layer of Time, the mysterious path of the Future, Luminious Silence had found some old research about Time from the archives of the Luminious.

He did not take the best research theories, only the ramblings of a mad creature dead many Existences ago, that theorized some crazy research about the nature of time.

All he knew about this process was that it was extremely energy-intensive, and Prime would have to request the aid of Eos, and when he did this, the trap, Luminious Silence, that had been embedded inside the technique would activate.

As he suspected, Prime and Eos were too ignorant about the nature of time, and they began to run the experiment.

If everything had gone as Luminious Silence had expected, Prime would have been dragged into a storm of time and possibilities, the Primordials he sent on this journey would have been pushed into broken Parallel Dimensions where nothing made sense.

This would shatter the consciousness of the Primordials inside of Prime's river of time and place him under the control of Luminious Silence.

However, to the anger and endless curiosity of Luminious Silence, they had succeeded. Somehow, this technique had worked, whether it was due to the endless potential of Eos and Prime, who seemed capable of turning trash to treasure.

Luminious Silence had watched with endless fascination as Prime began to journey towards the fifth layer of Time.

As much as Luminious Silence wanted to stop Prime from reaching the fifth layer of time, he knew that he needed this bloodline avatar to be weakened for the trap to work, and so he had to agonizingly watch as the blundering fool acquired a power that the Luminious could only dream of.

Everything was going as planned, although Prime detected his malice, but it was already too late, and even if Prime refused to merge with Eos, he would have no choice after his consciousness faded.

And then, out of nowhere, the end war began.

Luminious Silence had expected the pathetic defenses to crumble in no time, especially when he could not sense Eos anywhere inside the Origin Realms, but soon he realized that Eos was not present, and so too were their pawns, the Ancient Primordials, not present as well, and that meant that the defenses were not going to break.

As ridiculous as it might sound, Luminious Silence had gone over the defenses plan for the shielding of the Origin Realms, to prove his genius as Serene Ascension and to draw the gaze of Prime, he had been one of the designers of the shields, and he knew that it would be impossible for the armies of the Ancient Primordials, no matter how vast to break it down.

He made his move and revealed the portion of the Eternal Tower that had been sunk into the core of the Origin Realm of Serene Ascension.

The plan was to absorb the entire Origin Realms into the Eternal Tower, and with this power, he should be able to push his position to be among the top three in the entirety of the Eternal Tower.

There were 108 Luminious that had been created by the Great One, all children of his noble blood, and the Eternal Tower was a way for them to preserve and accumulate their strength over the endless ages.

This tower took different forms and had many functions, and for the Luminious, this tower was home. It was the single most powerful structure in all Existences, and for the Luminious, it served as the only reliable method to rank their status and power.

Luminious Silence was ranked 75th, but there was a time when it was ranked much higher at 19th. A series of unfortunate decisions and bad luck had slowly eroded his ranks over the endless eternities, and if he succeeded in what he wanted to do, it was not impossible for him to push to the top ten position.

He did not aspire for first, second, or third position because the most ancient and most powerful of the Luminious had taken that position, but it always irked him that Luminious Transformation, even as a child, had been given the ninth position at birth, and there were rumors that he was expected to compete for the first position in the Eternal Tower.

And so, from the moment that Luminious Silence struck the shield to the eruption of Primordial Light inside the Eternal Tower, it had not been very long.

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Prime lay spread-eagled on the ground, with spikes of silence containing the agony of dying realities driven into all of his limbs, his heart, and his forehead.

At the moment, he had been skinned, revealing the intricate nature of his internal organs that resembled a fusion between man and machine, as there were many living cogs and gears inside his body made from crystalline substance that rotated in motions that would drag an Old One to madness if they tried to look at it for more than a few moments.

His left eye resembled a black hole that was continuously draining all of his vitality, but despite all of the torture, Prime still kept his cool, and he did not make any sound.

There was an option for him to stop this process, to give up on bringing the children of his father from the future, and cut off his path to the fifth layer of time.

If he did this, it was possible for him to escape, but Prime knew he would not take this step, and Luminious Silence knew it as well, and so he was not even tied up, and

Luminous Silence had been torturing him for what seemed like an eternity, to see if Prime would try to run.

“The chain that binds you so tightly to my butchering table is your convictions, and oh, how I would love to see into your mind when everything you hold on to has shattered. Ah, what am I saying? I can see into you anytime I want.”

This was the first thing that Luminous Silence had said to Prime before he began skinning him.

Above his left eye, a complex formation had been created that acted as a clamp over the eye, sealing the process for completion.

Originally, the Primordials sent into the future should have returned, but with this clamp, a barrier had been placed over this process, and without them returning, Prime could not complete the final step.

A moment ago, Luminous Silence had forged a new spike of silence and was slowly bringing it to Prime’s right eye.

If he were stabbed through that eye, he would go blind and lose all his senses, except his ability to feel pain.

Luminous Silence had gone through every piece of Prime’s body, and he had described in detail how he was going to make that happen.

The spike was an inch away from his eye when the head of Luminous Silence was thrown back as if he had been hit by an invisible punch, and he cried out in pain, irritation, and profound disbelief.

And in the next moment, Prime felt the vibration of light in a way that he had never sensed before, and he smiled.

His skinless face slowly turned towards Luminous Silence, and he said, “You lose.”

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Chapter 2153 Shattering The Golem

Luminous Silence looked down at Prime for a moment with eyes that seemed to pierce through all existence, and he sneered.

“Where do you think this is? Or do you believe those broken offshoots of your father can shake this place? You have no idea what you’re all dealing with.”

The spikes of silence he was about to drive into Prime's eyes transformed into a blade, and with a single smooth motion, he bent down and sliced off the head of Prime.

Holding the head by the hair, he began to walk towards a gate he had readied for his escape.

Luminous Silence had lived long enough to know when the tables were beginning to turn, and he would not be foolish to fish for his food in a pond filled with sharks.

Eos was an uncontrollable factor that could not be properly managed by him, and so he was cutting his losses. With what he would gain from Prime alone, it would take him a long time to digest these benefits. Besides, with what he had seen displayed by the Incarnations of Eos, Luminous Transformation would not have such a great time destroying Eos, and there was a chance that he could return to fish for benefits.

But for now, he would leave and watch this battle from a much safer location, let the others deal with this trouble.

The gate was the body of his Golem shaped into a form that could take him to a hidden location outside of Existence.

Even with his powers, it was uncomfortable for Luminous Silence to remain outside of Existence when he was not inside the Eternal Tower, and there were several Luminous who were foolish enough to stay for long outside Existence, and now their massive frozen bodies floated outside Existence, as their pleas for salvation could be heard ringing through the endless nothing where the Great One dwelled.

They would not die, but they would also not be able to move, and many of the Luminous had been in this state for a long time, and one of the only reasons they were not rescued was due to the competition between the Luminous as they sought to overtake the others on the Eternal Tower.

His body flowed towards the gate while he was muttering in irritation; however, a few light years before his body that was made of compacted silence, a bolt of light, brighter than anything that had ever been seen inside this Existence, slammed into the gate.

The golem made from stone that could resist the power of the Ancient Primordial crumbled before the power of this light that heated the stone until it evaporated, leaving a silent scream that left scars in this unique space inside the Eternal Tower.

Luminous Silence was pushed back, and he covered his eyes from the glow emerging from the explosion that had just melted the gate of silence.

The light did not last for long before it diminished, and standing in front of Luminous Silence were three thousand Primordials.

Their appearances were varied, following the Origin they controlled, but their appearance was closely related to Eos, giving each of the Primordials here a grace and strength that few Primordials who had ever lived in all Existences could match.

In front of them was Primordial Light, and half of his body was gone, his right hand and left leg were missing, and specks of light were endlessly drifting away from his body and rising into the heavens, where they tore a hole through space and vanished someone else.

Despite this dissipation of his Essence, there was no air of weakness surrounding Primordial Light; in fact, it was the opposite, because the less of him that there was, the greater power he had over what was left.

He was like a child holding a hammer bigger than his body, and the more weight that was taken off that hammer, the easier it was for him to wield it.

Primordial Light pointed his hand at Luminous Silence, and he did not say a word. At this point, it was useless; what he did was just to attack.

He fired a beam of light from his palm, and at the moment the light emerged from it, it drew the essence of the other Incarnations, enhancing their powers and merging it with this beam of light, before it vanished and reappeared in front of Luminous Silence, who hastily brought up his defenses, but it was too late.

The light had transformed into something that was closer to a black metallic spear, and it tore through the defenses of Luminous Silence and slammed through his right shoulder, tearing off the arm holding the head of Prime.

Luminous Silence roared in anguish and anger, as the head of Prime was wrapped by the remnants of the force from the spear, reappearing in the midst of the Incarnations.

The head glanced around in amazement before looking towards Luminous Silence, “I told you that you lose.”

Primordial Light looked at Prime, and waves of power and information flowed through Prime towards every Incarnation here, and they understood everything that had happened.

He gestured towards Prime, and a silver flame covered by a thick cover of light flowed into the head of Prime, and the head of Prime, which had shrunk to half of its size, began to rapidly inflate as energy beyond anything that had flowed through Prime filled him to the brim.

Using the Essence layer of Light that was supercharged by the fifth transcendental layer, Prime was filled with all the energy that he would ever need, and in a moment, his body had regrown back to its previous form, before it exceeded it.

The body of Prime exploded with a vast purple light beam that tore into the sky as he roared with exhilaration.

If Eos were here, he would have been shocked by this display of emotions from Prime. From the first time he knew this child, he had always been one to handle himself in a proper fashion.

The time spent under Luminious Silence must have placed a heavy burden on his heart, and now that he was free of it, Prime had broken his previously stoic character to celebrate.

He could understand the fate that was in store for him; if Luminious Silence had been able to escape with him, there would have been a great possibility that he would not have been able to return to Existence anymore.

Grabbing onto the unknown spell formation on his face that was blocking the Primordials inside his River of Time from returning, Prime tried to pull it off, but it was useless... and understanding that Luminious Silence had woven his essence into the core of his body, Prime sent this knowledge to the Incarnations.

“Unless he dies, I will not be free.”

Chapter 2154 Battle of Concepts

In front of them, Luminious Silence suddenly burst into laughter.

“All of these eternities of life, and this is the first time I have felt true pain...” All this time, he had been staring at his arm that had been cut off, and then he slowly turned towards the Incarnations, “I was going to leave this conflict for you all to wallow in it, but now, I shall make you all suffer for this. You lowly creature, you shall know true power!”

The Incarnations glanced at each other and pushed Prime back. They had cut off Luminious Silence’s arm, but that did not give them any assurance of victory.

It was because they could feel it... the endless wave of power emerging from Luminious Silence. They knew that this was the power of Lumina, and beneath that power was something deep and dark, a bloodline so corrupt and virulent that being near Luminious Silence was causing the passive Origin barrier around their skin to quiver and smoke.

An average Primordial would not last long before this Luminious, and they only had a moment to prepare before the power they were feeling inside the body of Luminious Silence exploded.

Luminous Silence looked at the Incarnation, and his fleshy body, belonging to Serene Ascension, began to decay and fall off. “You think you know the meaning of horror and fear? You shall find it in the immensity of silence.”

The shell that he wore vanished, and his true Luminous form, which was no form, simply expanded.

A whisper reached the ears of everyone here, “I am the silence before the word.”

He transformed into a sphere of absolute, negationless tranquility that swelled from the unseen core of existences from all the past. His size was so immense that in an instant it swept past the Incarnations, and Prime that had fled far into the distance turned to see that a massive sphere of silence had devoured the entire space, and all the Incarnations were gone. This sphere of silence was so massive that the entirety of Existence would fit inside of it thirty times, and it was still slowly expanding.

It was as if the Luminous Silence that they had been talking to was just a small shell, and now his true form was forcing itself into existence.

Within this sphere of silence, the Incarnations were covered by a dome of light, but despite the protection from Primordial Light, they began to unravel.

The complex nature of their Origin, its definitions, was smoothed into the singular state of ‘is.’

Without the shared memory of Eos that gave every Incarnation a firm base of self-understanding, then at this instant, all the Incarnations would have perished, because this silence targeted the core of who they were, and that true core was Eos.

Every Incarnation here was a concept of eternity, yet they faced the end of conceptualization itself, and they were frightened and amazed that if not for their shared core, they would have collapsed into silence.

Primordial Light took command, its voice a clarion call that was also a weapon, striking the core of each Incarnation and pushing them from the lethargy of being enveloped by silence. “He is the silence before the word! If that is the case, we must drown him in meaning! We must define him until he can no longer exist!”

Before they reached this place, they were refining the methods they would be using for their battles, and so they instantly responded to the present situation as they divided themselves into ten groups, each with one hundred Incarnations.

Each group specialized in dealing with thirty million eventualities that were associated with various facets of Existence.

For example, one group was focused on physical combat, while another was focused on energy-based combat, another on mental combat, and another on conceptual combat...

And due to the nature of the Incarnations, they could easily swap members across all the groups, making the combination that could be created with their Origin Forces to become endless.

A coalition of a hundred Primordials dealing with Conceptual combat, led by Primordial Name and Primordial Echo, formed a concentric ring and began to weave a cage of wordage around their group.

At first, this cage seemed to be purely for defense, because as soon as it was completed, the silence permeating the bodies of the Incarnations were shattered, but they handed the control of the cage to Primordial Light and he poured his transcendental Origin into it, and the cage expanded until it surrounded the expanding silence with a recursive mantra: "Luminous Silence is the stillness that exists because it is not Light, not Darkness, not Flame, not Stone..."

Where silence would turn everything to null, this mantra was an attempt to define him by what he was not, creating a spherical boundary of negation.

The expanding body of silence touched the cage of meaning, and it recoiled as the conceptual mantra of the Incarnations sought to define his negation.

The core of this manta lies in the fact that a thing defined by negation is still defined by that which it negates.

In essence, the act of Luminious Silence trying to negate them was giving their existence meaning.

Luminious Silence understood what they were trying to do, and while it was an extremely smart way to fight him on a conceptual level, they were not the first beings to try this.

Many Existences ago, a particularly powerful Shaman from a dead Existence had tried to kill Luminious Silence in this manner, and that incident had scared him because he could not believe that an Old One would be so wise and in tune with the laws of Existence that he could target the weakness of a Luminious.

He had learned from that encounter, and now, when the cage descended, his silence leaked through the cracks in their logic.

Luminious Silence did not shatter the cage; he rendered its premise irrelevant.

The hundred Primordials that were in charge of conceptual battles found their own natures inverted.

The First Syllable became a sound that could never be uttered again, collapsing into a singularity of pure potential, as the mantra was split into an infinite, meaningless array of conjunctions. This backlash slammed into the group, and they were un-created, their concepts retroactively erased from the fabric of Existence itself.

A hundred Incarnations were gone in an instant, accompanied by the laughter of Luminous Silence.

Chapter 2155 A Crazy Plan

The loss of one hundred Incarnations was painful, but it was expected.

Luminous Silence was a tricky opponent. If he were using a physical body to confront the Incarnations, then he would have a tough battle on his hands.

The abilities of Luminous Silence were profound, but they could not be properly expressed against a being that had reached the fifth layer of Origin.

Any other Luminous would have seen a Primordial at the fifth layer of Origin as a challenge to their omnipotence and would have challenged him without holding back... but Luminous Silence was a different beast, and he would use his greatest advantage against the Incarnations to win.

He had discovered that without a firm control over the fifth layer of light, the Incarnation was burning out and could not match him in his present state, and he was determined to keep it that way.

If the Incarnations could bind his concept, forcing him to take a physical body, then they would get the chance to fight him in a relatively equal position; if not, even the core of their identity would fade away.

And yet the Incarnations must win this battle, because the deaths of the last hundred Incarnations were not normal, and like Prime, their core was buried under the power of Silence.

If Luminous Silence were not killed, then the one hundred Incarnations that had just perished would be locked in his dimension of silence, and they would not be able to return to Eos. Obviously, that would be devastating to his plans.

There were always risks to battle, and in this battle, the risks were many times greater, but that did not mean that the Incarnations were going to run or stop.

A new group was formed, but now, it was no longer a group of a hundred; they were in the thousands.

The last attack had been able to kill all one hundred Incarnations because there were not enough of them.

A thousand was the right amount, it did not mean they were safe, it would just give them enough buffer for then to be able to be able to respond.

This battle was being kept on the conceptual level by Luminous Silence, and he had to be dragged down from his throne, and the Incarnations, above all things, were fighters.

The first true blow was struck by Primordial Darkness. He understood that while Light sought to define, Darkness sought to embrace.

Borrowing the power of his thousand group, he unleashed his powers of darkness, borrowing the cage created by Primordial Light.

He did not try to cage Silence, which had proven to be quite useless; instead, he did something much crazier... to merge with it.

This merger was to be a fusion with Darkness and Silence in order to become something new and therefore break out Luminous Silence from his present state.

The Incarnations understood that while the conceptual state of Silence was a problem, it also gave them tools they would be able to use against him, and Primordial Darkness had not hesitated to be the first to make this move.

“We are the deepest secret,” Primordial Darkness whispered, transforming his core to a tendril of pure, unobserved mystery coiling around the Eternal Being. “Let me be your cloak. Let us become the ultimate unknown.”

It was a bold plan, crazy, but bold, and for a moment, it worked. Luminous Silence paused as his nature began to change.

Luminous Silence had never allowed himself to remain in such a conceptual state for a long amount of time, because nothing could threaten him to the extent that he took this form for long.

This new fusion threw him off, as he could almost feel a new path of growth that he was sure that no Luminous had ever taken before.

He recognized a kindred nature. But Primordial Darkness’s nature was to hide, and in hiding, Silence, it would claim ownership.

‘This... this is a parasitic unity!’ Luminous Silence screamed inside of himself as he sensed the deception, ‘Like their Creator, none of them are free from rot and the desire to look beyond their station. The gift of power given to you, how dare you turn it against your creators?’

Luminous Silence pulled himself away from that fusion and clarified himself.

He rejected the cloak, and in doing so, he defined Darkness not as an equal partner, but as a mere shadow cast by his own ineffable light.

Due to the fact that Primordial Darkness fused his core into a Luminous as powerful as Silence, this absolute rejection was devastating.

The rejection was absolute, and Primordial Darkness, the concept of Mystery itself, was rendered a mere footnote, a byproduct.

His form shattered into a billion fragments that became the first shadows, scattered and meaningless. However, unlike the first hundred that fell under Luminous Silence, the death of Primordial Darkness was total, and his shattered origin returned to Eos, but it was unknown if he would be able to piece it back together.

The loss of Primordial Darkness was painful, especially when he had already opened a path to the fifth layer of his Origin.

It had been decided among themselves that the only reveal of the fifth layer of Origin would be done by Primordial Light alone.

The fact that Eos's Incarnation was able to reach the fifth layer of Origin in both space and light was terrifying. Twice could be acknowledged as the fact that he was a supreme genius rarely seen in Existences, but if Luminous Silence truly understood that at the moment, 635 Incarnations had seen the path to the fifth layer.

It was a shame that the first hundred Incarnations that fell had not touched the fifth layer of their Origin, or they would not be suppressed by Silence even in death.

Still, the loss of Primordial Death had shown the Incarnations that this method of fighting Luminous Silence was a dangerous game; they would need to take more risks and do something crazy.

Primordial Light realized their direct approach was futile, and a new decision was made among the Incarnations.

It was easy to forget that communication between the Incarnations was so quick that it was beyond instant.

Primordial Earth, Primordial Spiral, Primordial Shape, and Primordial Number were chosen as the foremost strategists among the Incarnations.

"Direct confrontation is conceptual suicide," The Primordial Number intoned, his voice a cold, precise equation. "He resolves complexity with an ease that our consciousness cannot match. We must meet simplicity with complexity so vast, so self-contradictory,

that his very nature is forced to engage it as a paradox, not a problem. Only in this manner can we break him out from his conceptual form.”

A plan was formed, one requiring terrible sacrifice.

Six hundred Primordials volunteered, those of duality, contradiction, and process, with Primordial Number anchoring himself at the center of a forming mandala.

Around him were Primordial Spiral and Primordial Shape, who began weaving a complex rune with their origin around Primordial Number.

Primordial Number would offer a concept of infinite, unrealized potential with no actuality, and Primordial Shape would then give it form by imposing a catastrophic loss upon it, creating a “thing” defined by what it could never be.

This was to be the creation of a Formation that would defy the ages.... A Formation for a group of Primordials to fight a Luminous.

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

Chapter 2156 The Battle of Concepts

This crazy process was to be repeated at an exponentially accelerating rate, with each iteration being overseen by Primordial Number, who set a limit, like a terminus, forcing each new fractal layer to be both an expression of the last and its absolute end.

To do what they were doing, it required each Primordial here to not just have a complete understanding of their Origin, but also the Origin of all the other Primordial.

This process could not be repeated by any Primordial or group of Primordials because that would require them to not only understand their Origin, but those of six hundred fellow Primordials.

With such a barrier, it was normal for such a formation to have never been created before... The lowest barrier for its creation was just too abnormal.

The Incarnation was weaving a conceptual abyss, an infinite regress of defined and yet unrealized forms.

Essentially, this formation was to be a paradox machine that generated a new, self-contradictory law of reality with every infinitesimal fraction of a moment.

Eos had created various tactics that he believed could help him in the upcoming battles ahead.

He did not know the entirety of his enemies' abilities, but he could theorize about them and seek to find solutions to whatever forms that danger would take.

Many of the tactics he created for battle were powerful, but it was a shame that most of them could not be shared with his children because they were incapable of handling such powers.

This formation he created in the past took advantage of the unique advantages of his Incarnations.

Six hundred Primordials poured their very essence into this construct, their forms thinning, becoming conduits.

This formation was meant to harness the powers of all ten thousand and eight Incarnations, but they were not complete, and so it had to be changed from a killing formation to a trapping formation.

The formation would not trap Luminous Silence's body, but for his attention. They would present him with a riddle so profound, a complexity so entangled, that he would have to engage with it to resolve it. And in that moment of focus, they would strike.

Eos had taken a long time to decipher the core of this formation, and if this could hold even him back for long, then even a Luminous would have a problem figuring out how it worked.

Luminous Silence observed this formation being created while being amazed by the speed at which the Primordials were making their move. With his long life, was there anything he had not seen? Eos could surprise him, but that was because that being was a freak. On the matter of conceptual formations, he had learned a lot, even if he had not really focused on learning it.

If you had a mind with a perfect memory, after countless eternities, you would become a supreme genius at every topic.

Luminous Silence did not fully understand this formation, but he understood their tactic at a conceptual level, and he could not help but find it to be elegant. Although it appeared to be desperate, Luminous Silence knew that if he did not take this formation with the seriousness it deserved, then he deserved his downfall.

From the vast immensity of his conceptual form, Luminous Silence moved with precision as he extended a single, focused filament of his being, a line of absolute quiet, directly at Primordial Spiral, whom he thought was the anchor of the entire construct.

He cut through many of the obstructions in his sight and went for the core of this formation. Perhaps this action would lead to the destruction of this portion of his body,

but it should be enough to wipe out this formation, giving him access to hundreds of their core and crushing them all into oblivion.

The filament was quicker than thought as it wrapped around the Primordial, and he excluded him from the formation, thereby creating a gap in its operation.

With this action, Luminous Silence had introduced a single point of absolute zero within the infinite regress.

It was a rather fascinating and profound way to destroy this formation as the captured primordial was indeed the visible core of the formation on the surface, and so the unbroken iterative motion that should continuously be growing, found itself at a point where iteration was meaningless.

The entire formation froze, resembling a perfect, static spiral.

This freeze was so sudden, it was as if a car moving at the speed of light suddenly rammed into an unbreakable wall because the space in front of them no longer existed.

The entire formation was dependent on its motion, and without this missing Primordial, the paradox collapsed in on itself, and the six hundred Primordials who had woven themselves into its fabric were caught in the detonation of their own unmade riddle.

Their forms shattered into a blizzard of semi-coherent concepts, fragments of potential, echoes of loss, and broken numbers that rained across the battlefield.

Another six hundred were gone in an instant.

But the gambit was not a total failure; the formation, even in its collapse, had served its purpose. It had forced Luminous Silence to act with specific intent rather than general expansion.

In other words, the act of Luminous Silence materializing and reaching out with a portion of his body was the entire point. Luminous Silence was ready to sacrifice this small portion of himself to stop this formation because he believed the Primordials wanted to trap him, but the Incarnations were not here to trap Luminous Silence; they wanted to kill him.

After the successive clash they had with this Luminous, they knew that he was someone who would run from a fight; the opportunity presented itself, and this made their plans also difficult to execute.

The trap would have to be visible, and there needed to be sacrifices made, and the only advantage they had over this being was the fact that, innately, Luminous Silence was a selfish creature and would not understand how someone would give up their life for another.

It was the simplest of concepts, but this was the core of their entire plan.

In that moment of focused action, Luminous Silence had revealed a limit: that is, he could only resolve so much complexity so quickly.

The remaining Primordials saw it. He was not infinite in his application, only in his potential, even though this potential was so vast it was almost hard to differentiate between the former and the latter.

Primordial Light, having watched two thousand of his kin fall, underwent a transformation. He had been furiously mastering the concept of light at the transcendental level, using the new way he saw reality to upgrade all of his previous layers, and now he unleashed all of that growth in the form of a force for revelation.

Eva had followed this path, and Primordial Light drew inspiration from the Lady of Shadows, transforming his light to become a weapon of absolute exposure.

At this point, Primordial Light felt something aiding this process, as if reality was shifting to adjust to this plan he was about to make, and what he would not know was that Eos, his main body had not just pushed the concept of Truth to the ninth dimension, transforming it into an Origin Concept, but he had also reached its fourth layer, and even though they were separate, a part of that power had just influenced his decision making process.

Chapter 2157 To Taint Silence

The core of Truth had always been there inside every part of Eos, even his Incarnations, because this was his Central Will, and despite the fact that with his talent, he had access to every Will in Existence, they were not his Central Will, and when he made that upgrade, the ripple effect touched all of his Incarnations.

“I think I am beginning to understand the powers of a Luminous. This creature before us is a form of singularity,” Primordial Light declared to the remaining host of fourteen hundred through their shared link. “We cannot out-complex him. We cannot out-darken him. We must break him on the anvil of definition itself. We will give him so many true names, so many undeniable identities, that his singular nature will be forced to encompass contradictions he cannot hold. I will need all of your help to make this possible.”

The remaining Incarnations rallied to a final, brutal tactic, which would be to burn the concept of Silence from Existence.

With the weaving of his Origin core complete, Primordial Light that was left with just half his body, suddenly expanded into a colossus, his massive hand reaching out for silence,

and burning like a sun in the center of his palm was a beam of revelation, and this light was screaming an absolute truth.

“You are the First Light! The source from which I was fractured! You are the progenitor of revelation!” What this beam of light was screaming was a lie, but it was a lie with the weight of a primordial concept behind it. It was a definition forced upon an undefinable entity.

In the battle of concepts, Luminous Silence may have experience, but Primordial Light had power, and although he could not fully make use of this power that was quickly slipping out of his hands, he could try, and sometimes, that was all that mattered.

The beam of light struck the massive sphere of Silence, and the entire sphere trembled and shook as if it were a large drop of water placed inside a frying pan.

Luminous Silence recoiled, and an unexpected gasp emerged from the sphere of silence.

The name and declaration stuck like a burning brand on the edge of his being. For the first time, he was partially defined by something other than silence.

If anything else inside Existence or outside of it had tried such an attack, it would have been so useless that Luminous Silence would not have bothered to respond, but Primordial Light was working with the fifth layer of Origin, and this power exceeded Luminous Silence’s understanding.

It was a shame that, compared to the overall volume of Luminous Silence, Primordial Light was just too small. He was not only fighting against the concept of Silence itself, but the Luminous also had the advantage of Lumina and his bloodline.

However, for now, Luminous Silence was almost stunned in place as the rest of the Incarnation, seeing the success of Luminous Light, followed his path.

Seeing this, a tide of Primordials followed. Primordial Fire placed his hands on the back of the massive Primordial Light and channeled his flames through his body, so it reflected on the massive sphere of silence as he roared, “You are the Eternal Combustion! The heat at the heart of all things!”

However, Primordial Fire did not stop here. Trying to fight a Luminous was extremely dangerous, and there was no room for half measures. Even as he poured this truth into the sphere of silence, he immolated himself, causing his essence to become a corona of definition around the Eternal Being.

Primordial Light had opened the road to Luminous Silence’s defenses because, as long as Luminous Silence could not shake off the truth that Primordial Light had just poured into his concept, there was a road for others to follow.

Primordial Flame was essentially sacrificing himself so that he could infect the conceptual body of Luminous Silence like a virus.

Primordial Ice followed behind, “You are the ultimate Loss! The silence that was before the first flame!” He dissolved himself into a stream of moisture that wormed into the cracks Light had made.

The massive sphere of silence began to vibrate with increasing intensity. It was impossible to pin a color on the sphere; even Prime, who was watching the battle from afar, saw Luminous Silence as a sphere of nothing.

However, that nothing was now being stained by the colors of the Incarnation.

Primordial Song drove himself into the light, screaming, “You are the Thing Unmade! The potential that can never be realized!” and he shattered against Luminous Silence, forcing the concept of unfulfilled potential into his being.

A weird scream emerged from Luminous Silence as Primordial Number followed the path opened by the others and dug himself deep into the body of Luminous Silence, as he whispered, “Your beginning. Your end. You are bound.”

Hundreds of Primordials followed, each sacrificing their existence to force a single, contradictory definition upon the Eternal Being.

They were not attacking his form, none of them was strong enough to do that, except he chose to emerge from his conceptual state, what they were doing was attacking his nature.

The Incarnations were committing conceptual suicide to create a paradox within the heart of Silence.

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Luminous Silence would never believe in a thousand lifetimes that he would ever face a situation like this one.

He had never had any concern that at any point in his life, he would be dying to a lower lifeform or even dying in general.

The Luminous were forbidden from killing themselves, as their numbers were too small, and although there had been executions in the past, this had only happened once to a traitor who had sought to free Existence from the grasp of the Luminous.

Despite his extreme carefulness, or what other Luminous would call timidity, Luminous Silence had never truly taken the threats from the Incarnation quite seriously. Even if

their main body, Eos, was here, Luminous Silence would not be afraid of him, knowing that it was impossible for him to die.

However, there were many ways to kill, and Luminous Silence had just discovered that with the heart to sacrifice for the greater good, then it was indeed very possible to change the core of who he was.

What was interesting about this was that an immortal of his stature had a firm concept of what they were, because they were indeed that concept itself, and when Silence believed that it was no longer silence, it was light or sound or fire, then that was death.

“Damned maggots! How dare you seek to taint me?!”

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

Chapter 2158 Kill Nine To Save Ten

Luminous Silence began to fight back with a ferocity born of existential threat. No Luminous as far as he knew had ever had to struggle for their life; however, the moment he thought about this, his core shuddered, and he knew that in the past, this was most likely not the truth, but it had changed.

Another Luminous had fought for his life, and that Luminous had lost. There was no indicator yet that a Luminous had fallen, but inside him, Luminous Silence knew this to be the truth, and his mind zipped over to Eos and Luminous Memory, who should be fighting him.

“No... No! I cannot fall here, this cannot happen!”

Primordial Light still had his body and was not fully dissipated, and so Luminous Silence had to maintain his conceptual form, but it did not mean that he was helpless.

“Maggots! I shall kill you all.”

His silence, which he once wielded like a passive field, became a blade, and he turned that blade against himself and began to cut.

With the fear of death, Luminous Silence threw away his careful nature, aware that it was this lack of desire for conflict that had brought him to the position where his concept was being threatened.

He screamed in pain as he scoured the attacking Primordials from inside his body.

The Primordials were like worms under his skin, biting and drilling into his flesh, and although he was hurting himself, he was also destroying them.

A gesture unmade a dozen. A thought resolved a hundred into base abstraction.

His body began to expand as he exploded several parts of himself, causing explosions so powerful that it could have wiped all of Existence.

Luminous Silence had never felt pain like this, but he was almost rabid with the fear of death, and he did not hold himself back.

He killed Primordial Fire with a thought that fire was merely a temporary state of matter.

Then he unmade Primordial Ice and continued shattering his body, killing more Primordials with every move he made.

The Eternal Tower trembled as four hundred Primordials fell in the first wave of his counter-attack, and as the attacks heated up, another three hundred. But for each one he killed, two or three had already landed their definition. They were like hornets, each sting injecting a thread of definition into his pure, silent flesh.

He was being named.

This was the true trap and the horror that was left behind.

You see, destroying a Primordial was to erase their Origin, but somehow, every Primordial killed by Luminous Silence did not entirely perish, because portions of their Origin remained behind.

It was as if he had crushed the snake, but the venom still remained inside his veins.

His mind had always been pure, Luminous Silence knew his purpose from the moment of his birth, and had never been afraid that who he was could be corrupted... The thought never even occurred to him.

It was like a mountain thinking that one day it could transform into an ocean... Madness.

Yet now, his vast mind was in a state of confusion. In parts of himself he was the First Light, in another part he was the Eternal Combustion, then the Ultimate Loss, then the Thing Unmade, then the Bounded Infinite, then the Sorrowful Echo....

He contained all the layers of concepts for hundreds of Origin, and his mind was being torn apart at the seams.

Hundreds of contradictory, absolute definitions hammered into his singular being, and Luminous Silence was going insane.

His form, which had no form, began to crack. Silence, by its nature, is one, yet now its definition is many. The sphere of silence quivered as Luminous Silence was becoming many things.

Across the entire sphere, a lattice of fissures, glowing with the stolen concepts of his victims, spread across his expanse. He was being torn apart from the inside by the very act of being described.

“Am I being shattered?”

The frustrating thing about this affair was that if he had ever expected something like this to happen to him, he would have set up defenses in place that would rapidly suppress such acts from happening. This was the basic defensive path for most long-lived lifeforms inside Existence.

However, why would a Luminous ever try to create internal defenses inside their bodies? They had no predators; nothing could kill the eternal, since they were the ones who made the weapons, and they made sure that nothing could ever hurt them.

As he tore through his body, digging into the parts infested with the concepts of the Primordials, Luminous Silence suddenly understood that he could not win by simply surviving.

The thing was that he was being defined, but that did not mean he was going to perish; just the version of himself that was known would cease to exist, but what else was that but death? Would he even be a Luminous again at the end if he accepted all these shattered concepts into his form?

To survive with these definitions would be to become something else, a mad eternal of a thousand contradictory faces.

Perhaps this was the plan of Eos, that crazy abomination. Maybe in this manner, he would be able to gain the power of a Luminous from corrupting silence.

‘No, I cannot allow this to happen. This is not how it ends... Oh Great One, give me strength.’

Luminous Silence chose to make a final, catastrophic choice at this moment.

For one who did not understand the meaning of sacrifice until this moment, he chose to end the paradox that was tearing his mind apart by not resolving it, but by annihilating the vessel that contained it.

He was already doing this, but all of his wounds were on the surface; he wanted to preserve as much of himself as possible, but the more he delayed, the deeper the rot... He

had no experience fighting in this manner, and he feared that none of the Luminious was ready for opponents like these, who disregarded the status quo.

“You think you have won, maggots? You have no idea what I am capable of!”

With this cry, Luminious Silence turned his silence inward; he was going to silence himself.

It was an act of killing nine parts of himself to save the tenth.

Chapter 2159 Light Without Shadows Is Blindness

Luminous Silence hesitated for the barest moment, but his eyes travelled, and he saw the face of Primordial Light. He saw that this Primordial, who had just achieved one of the greatest accomplishments in all of history, was quietly fading away, but there was no panic in his eyes.

At this moment, this Incarnation was standing on the same level with his main body, some might even argue that he was standing higher than his main body, and there was a chance for this Incarnation not to fade, for example, with his control over Origin, this Incarnation could have seized the bodies of every Incarnations in this place and this would have given him enough time to be able to logically escape the Eternal Tower.

This is what Luminious Silence would have done if he had half the chance, and yet, faced with all the power that anyone would ever need, this Incarnation had protected the rest and pursued him, just for the sake of a main body whose objective may be different from his own.

Luminious Silence had killed enough of these Incarnations to discover that Eos had not instituted any sort of control mechanisms inside their bodies; everything they were doing was by personal choice, and that did not make any sense to him.

However, looking at the calm eyes of Primordial Light, he understood that this was the reason this being could reach the height of Existence, and why such weak lesser beings were able to bring him down to this level.

They had read him like a book, not because they were smarter or stronger, but because they were bolder and more willing to sacrifice.

Perhaps the best lesson to learn was the one taught by the enemy, because Luminious Silence would have never made this move if he had not seen the calm gaze of Primordial Light.

He would be performing an act of ultimate self-immolation where he would stop being Silence, and become the Act of Silencing.

Screaming in pain that Luminous Silence never wanted to feel again in his life, he began to silence massive portions of himself, and the vast orb of silence was drastically shrinking as a result.

The only reason he could continue destroying his form was that he could feel that the definitions that had been forced upon him, Light, Loss, Flame, Number... began to scream as they were denied expression.

They were concepts being forcibly muted within their own host, like trees that were no longer rooted in soil and were being left to die.

Hearing the screams of the dying Primordials as they also got to experience his pain, Luminous Silence began to laugh, even as he continuously sliced off massive portions of his body. "You have climbed so far, children of abomination. Lay down your fire. I will hold you until the screaming stops."

The destruction of a body as vast and powerful as Luminous Silence caused this entire layer of the Eternal Tower to erupt. Existence was shattered as causality was broken to pieces.

Time became a splintered loop as space folded into knots. The remaining Primordials, now barely four hundred, were caught in the shockwave of his self-inflicted apotheosis.

If there was one thing Eos knew how to do, then that would be his ability to preserve his life in the midst of destruction. His Incarnations had absorbed these traits, but even they could not survive the destruction of the body of Luminous Silence.

They were being torn apart, and with the chaos surrounding this space, they could not capitalize on their advantages.

The fact that Luminous Silence still had the presence of mind to be shattering his body meant that if he succeeded, although he would be much weakened, they would never get this chance again, since Primordial Light was on the verge of perishing.

Primordial Light looked at the chaos surrounding him. He had not lived for a long time, and he still had much he wanted to see.

To preserve their presence from the enemy as much as possible, Primordial Light had not really walked across the Origin Realms and had not seen as much of Existence as he would have loved to.

Death did not scare him, only the fact that he was leaving so many things behind for his main body to resolve.

It was not fair, but so many like him had experienced the same fate, and they could only give their all to see that Existence became a place that was worth living and not the plaything of these monsters.

Primordial Light recalled a memory that took place between Eos and Eva. Due to the massive size of Eos's memories, no Incarnation could perfectly hold them all, and so Eos gave them memories that would be useful to their Origin.

He remembered that Eva had been sitting by a pool of darkness as she wove radiance and shadow into different clothing items. This was one of the passions of the Lady of Shadows, now the Primordial of Revelations.

She made all of these powerful items, and she sent them into the void where they would drift across Origin Realms, waiting for the lucky ones to find them. Anyone who finds any of her clothing were blessed for life due to the incredible amount of power imbued inside all of them.

The Incarnation had remembered how Eva, who should have been a being of light so pure that no darkness should be near her, always seemed so comfortable with it, and he could not help but ask,

"Eva... you have been with me all through these long ages, and you have grown to become something truly remarkable. Yet when I offered you the pure mantle, to become Primordial Light in truth, you kept this." He gestured with one hand toward the living darkness that pooled at her feet and danced along her arms. "Why? Of all the Primordials that would exist from this point forward, you are the only one I permitted to gain the power of the Ancient Primordials."

Eva, the Primordial of Revelation, turned her head to Eos. Her eyes were calm, but there was a faint touch of amusement in their depths that he recognized. She brought up her hand where a single shadow tendril curled affectionately around her wrist like a loyal pet before she answered.

In this memory, she was talking to Eos, but she seemed to be looking through Eos's eyes directly to Primordial Light,

"Because light without shadow is just another form of blindness, Eos."

Chapter 2160 The Ultimate Paradox

She leaned back slightly, letting wings of shadows rise behind her that settled her form in a way that it appeared as if she was resting on darkness.

"Old Light, my father, believes the answer to everything is more burning... brighter... hotter. Until nothing remains that can hide or resist. He thinks serenity is the enemy

because it dims his light. But I have died, Eos, and I have been brought back from death by your hand, and death gave me the chance to walk in places where pure light casts no contrast. Where everything is revealed, and therefore nothing truly is. Pure illumination flattens the world. It turns mysteries into facts, fears into ash, beauty into mere visibility. There is no depth without darkness. No choice without the possibility of concealment.” She paused and looked at him, “No intimacy without something that must be gently uncovered.”

Eos heard something in her voice, and he looked at Eva more deeply, and then he smiled, “For that alone, you became the Primordial of Revelations?”

Eva smiled and shook her head, “No, there is more. I could have taken the mantle when you gave it to me and become the next searing sovereign, shedding every shadow like dead skin. But what would that make me? Another echo of relentless blaze, climbing towers only to burn them down, never learning why the quiet calls to some. The path of the New Primordials is the correct decision, as I believe that only you should carry the mantle of Existence, and the ancient path cannot be controlled by anyone else.”

She brought up both hands, on the left was darkness and on the right was light, “I see this darkness as a necessary counterweight to light, because without it, I don’t think I will be able to guard the places light refuses to look at. I remember the stories that only thrive in half-light, the secrets, the doubts, the tender uncertainties that make existence worth the fight. Without me, my father’s fire would eventually consume everything, including itself, until only sterile, perfect brightness remains.”

Rowan listened, his prismatic eyes softening at the edges, “You became revelations to preserve the intensity of my light.”

Eva cocked her head to the side as if she was assessing his words, “Hmm, but there is something else,” she said, lowering her voice until it was barely louder than the breathing of an ant. “When I died, there in the deepest shadows, I found something that the pure light has never touched: the freedom to choose illumination rather than be born into it. Every time I wield shadow against this facade of Existence that we fight against, I am not rejecting light... I am choosing it, but that choice is on my own terms. I think it keeps me honest. It keeps me... me.”

She reached out a delicate thread of living darkness that extended from her fingertip to brush lightly against Rowan’s hand.

Rowan let out a slow breath, the sound like galaxies settling after a collision. A small, rare smile tugged at the corner of his mouth.

“I think I understand now,” he murmured, and this understanding was echoed by Primordial Light. It was funny that even as the most powerful Primordial of Light that had ever existed, he still found a way to learn from a being who refused the power of light.

He knew what he needed to do now, and he sent a final message into the void, perhaps it would be heard by Eos, or perhaps it would not.

The message resembled a butterfly, and it vanished into the void as Primordial Light made the final sacrifice to ensure their victory. Seeing that Luminous Silence was tearing itself apart to deny its definitions, Rowan did the one thing it had never done... he surrendered his nature as the revealer.

Eva had left the mantle of the Lady of Shadows behind, and he had just taken it to become the keeper of secrets, and it was in this darkness that he found the secret of the true name of Luminous Silence.

«ŠĪ-LAḤ...ŠĪ-LAḤ-UM BA-ḤAR-RU...KŪL-RA ba-nu.»

This was the name that was whispered by his creator to become Luminous Silence, and Luminous Silence was almost shocked by the depths and the power of this name, knowing that there were mysteries that had subtly exceeded the ninth dimensional level inside this name.

And yet the fact remains that reaching the fifth layer of Origin had granted Primordial Light the power that exceeded the ninth-dimensional level.

He wished he had more time to explore the mysteries behind this name, but he would have to leave it for his main body to discover. He did not need to understand everything about the name for him to know how to break it.

Primordial Light gathered every definition that had been forced upon Luminous Silence, which had been sliced off from the main sphere of silence, and he sealed them within his own collapsing form.

All of these strands of definition infected the name of Luminous Silence, transforming it into something that it was not.

“I will not let you win,” Primordial Light whispered as his form began to blaze with the stolen, contradictory names, accelerating his demise, but this step was necessary even if it killed his light faster. “I will become the vault! I will become the definition!”

If Primordial Light had just unleashed this definition towards the sphere of silence, then the Luminous would simply slice off that part of himself with this corruption, and so he had to ensure that this change was being accelerated inside his body, hiding the true killing blow away from the senses of Luminous Silence, who was luxuriating on the fact that he was nearly victorious.

Primordial Light looked at Luminous Silence, and his conceptual form was no longer as massive as before after cutting away nearly seventy percent of his form.

The Luminous was nearly free, and Primordial Light turned around and looked into the distance at Prime, who was watching this entire battle with shock in his gaze, 'Ah, this is the reason I fight, for the existence of miracles like this. An entire new lifeform, born from my blood... my children... my pride.'

He turned away to watch his enemy, waiting... and his chance arrived. Luminous Silence had cut away the surface of himself, and for a brief moment, his core was exposed, and Primordial Light did not miss that moment.

He hurled himself into the epicenter of his inward-turning silence. His body was now an ultimate paradox, becoming the concept of Revelation plunging itself into the heart of Absolute Silence.

The collision led to the collapse of this layer of the Eternal Tower.

Chapter 2161 Tear Silence Apart

Luminous Silence, already fracturing under the weight of hundreds of definitions, was now impaled by the very concept of Revelation carrying them. With his own hands, he had torn apart a greater portion of his body, although as a Luminous, he was eternal, and it would only take time, and he would recover... but it was a shame that he was fighting against a being who had slowly developed to become a supreme predator.

Primordial Light, in his final moments, made the silence, meant to negate, forced to witness the definitions it was trying to destroy.

An eraser forced to become the thing it was erasing. A thing forced to be both the killer and the victim.

The contradiction was absolute.

Luminous Silence's conceptual form was still massive even after seventy percent of it was destroyed. However, this contradiction at his core was the final stroke, and the sphere detonated. This explosion did not release much energy, because it was releasing a force greater than energy, and that was concepts.

It was an explosion of meaning on a scale that could be barely comprehended.

From the very beginning of Existence when Luminous Silence was born, every concept he had ever touched, every Primordial he had unmade, every definition he had been forced to bear, erupted outward. Primordial Light, in his last act, did not know the significance of what he had done, but he had taken apart a Luminous in a way that it was never meant to be, and then the shattering of this layer of the Eternal Tower was the least of the repercussions that were going to happen.

The Origin of the slain Incarnations burst out of the exploding silence, and they were not the only things that escaped.

Inside Luminous Silence were a host of unknown powers gathered from countless Existences in the past, and with his shattering, they began to escape their tomb of silence.

And in the heart of the detonation, Primordial Light did not survive. He was obliterated. But his final act gave form to the chaos.

He became the enduring memory of the definitions, the reason why the new state of silence would persevere, utterly weakening this Luminous.

The massive sphere of Luminous Silence contracted, and from it a figure was spat out... It was Luminous Silence.

He was now incredibly weak and could no longer take his conceptual form; in fact, if not for his perverse bloodline that gave him an impossible amount of vitality, he would be dead a billion times over.

He resembled an extremely handsome man with pale hair and skin, and his wings were shriveled and twisted, and they dragged on the ground behind him.

His body was covered in pale green slime as if he had just been born from the womb, which was not far from the truth.

Luminous Silence had preserved his life by essentially giving birth to himself again. He took the smallest uncorrupted parts of silence and pushed them out of his dying conceptual body, but the taint still remained inside this body, and he was reborn, fragile and weak.

He looked up in panic and saw that he was surrounded by what was left of the Incarnations; there were about three hundred of them, and they had been watching him in silence.

Luminous Silence looked at them and laughed, "You bastards have no idea what... unphfm..."

Whatever he was about to say was blocked when one of the Incarnation seized him by the head, covering his entire face.

He felt another hand grab his right hand, then his left, and soon his legs were also grabbed, making it so that he was lifted from the ground and stretched out.

Luminous Silence groaned in pain as his fragile wings were grabbed, and then pressure was applied to his body as he was slowly being torn apart.

“Ugh... Stop....”

Cracks and tearing sounds were erupting from his body as his body was being dissected at the core. It may appear on the surface that his body was being pulled apart, but every particle in his body was being taken apart.

His scream could not even emerge from his chest, and he was torn apart, but he was not still dead, not yet...

Ⓐ

ORIGIN REALM – ORIGIN REALM OF SPATIAL HARMONY

The chains of End shattered around the remaining Primordials chained to the earth as Eva’s strike reverberated through the fabric of the Origin Realm.

Myrra’s body convulsed, the black ichor of her corrupted essence spraying across the infinite expanse, each drop sizzling against the light of the Archai webs that bound her. There was disbelief in her face, and she screamed in fury, her form flickering between the elegant figure of a Primordial and something far older and more terrible than anything that could be found inside Existence.

The shape that appeared below Myrra was a writhing mass of geometric shadows that whispered in languages older than this Existence, and you could glimpse vast wings bigger than the entirety of the Origin Realms.

“You think your little light can hold me?” Myrra’s voice fractured into a chorus of dissonant tones, each word peeling layers of reality like rotting skin. “I have unmade Existences before your Grand Creator learned to crawl!”

Eva did not flinch as she looked at this being that would cause even the Ancient Primordials to falter. She just glanced at the blade still holding Myrra up in space, and she smiled, and the blade of stars pulsed, driving deeper into Myrra’s chest, and behind her, the hundred Archai tightened their threads of light.

The webs constricted, squeezing Myrra’s form until cracks of blinding white light appeared along her shadowy flesh. “You forget where you stand,” Eva said, her voice calm, almost pitying. “This is not your hunting ground. This is our home, and we have been waiting.”

Below, Aetheron’s body had nearly dissolved into golden mist, yet his laugh echoed across the realm, weak but triumphant. “Told you,” he rasped, his remaining eye fixed on the struggling traitor. “Pathetic.”

Myrra snarled and detonated a portion of her own essence. The blast was silent, as it was a sphere of absolute negation that swallowed light, sound, and causality. This blast was so

powerful that it would have erased hundreds of the Primordials here, but three Archai moved forward and absorbed the blast from Myrra, and they dissolved instantly, their threads of light snapping like overstretched wires.

Eva staggered, her blade wavering, and in that heartbeat of weakness, Myrra tore herself free, leaving a chunk of her shadow-core impaled on Eva's weapon.

Chapter 2162 The Time For The Fall Is Here

Eos had created this weapon in secret, and Eva was the only Primordial inside the Origin Realm that could use this weapon. This weapon gave Eva access to hundreds of his Archai, and these were one of his most powerful creations because they were a part of his body.

One of the biggest weakness for Primordials were not their Origin Essence or Force, in fact, every New Primordial were uniquely powerful, and Eos believed that every of the New Primordials he had created could match the Ancient Primordials or even their hidden enemies, the Luminious, however, the weakness they faced was power.

Even as an eighth-dimensional Old One, Eos could crush any Primordial, and one of the reasons he could do this was the weight of his existence and the raw power that his impossibly massive foundation could emit.

The Ancient Primordials were this powerful because of this, but Eos did not know how to change this dynamic because every Primordial came from this Existence, and this Existence had a limit.

It was as if, no matter how much he tried, he could not forge metal out of snow. The materials of Existence were weak, and Eos was able to escape this trap because of his Singularity, the Primordial Record.

If Existence continued to expand, the New Primordials would become more powerful, and then it would not be a problem for them to confront greater enemies, but for now, they were incredibly restricted in what they could do.

Eos believed it was one of the reasons why none of the New Primordials had been able to reach the fifth level of Origin, despite the fact that many of them were what he would consider to be supreme geniuses that could equal him in many ways.

His Incarnations could not reach the fifth level of Origin without breaking to pieces and vanishing, just because the material of their bodies, although it came from him, was just a minor fragment of who he was, and for the New Primordials, he could believe that their Origin was instinctively rebelling against reaching a higher state because it would instantly kill them.

Eos's Incarnation was many times more durable than the average Primordial, and he could barely survive for more than ten minutes when he reached the fifth layer of Origin; an average Primordial would not even survive a single picosecond.

Knowing this, Eos crafted several weapons that could bond with his Archai, and if any of the New Primordials wielded them, they would be able to borrow the power of that bond and use it to power their techniques.

The blade of light that had pinned Myrra to the sky, making her to leave a part of herself behind just to escape was using the concept of Revelations from Eva, but the only difference was that she was not just powering this blow with her essence, but she was also drawing upon the power of her Origin Realm and the strength of a hundred Archai, which was the maximum her body could control, or she would have collected more.

With a loud whooshing sound, reality behind Eva shattered, and the three Archai that had just been eliminated returned in a burst of light. The Archai were beings of mystery, singular, yet connected. Eos had placed the potential of endlessness inside of them, and so, unless every Archai was killed at the same time, the dead ones would always return.

Even Eos had not expected this outcome when he created them, but that was the miracle of freewill and the endless potential of Eos's blood.

Eva sent out another burst of light towards Myrra, but she flew too quickly, and in the blink of an eye, she was before the breach in the shield, her form unraveling and reweaving as she went.

Her Primordial body was been shattered, and it did not matter how much she tried to remake it, the sting of Revelation's light was not one that she was able to ignore, and Myrra needed her connected to the Origin Realm, else her Luminous Form would be banished from Existence and she could only return to the Temple of End or the Eternal Tower.

Myrra looked towards the endless waves of creatures flooding into the Origin Realms, and she stretched her hands towards them. To preserve her breaking Primordial Form, she was going to pull the vitality from the endless armies and the entirety of this Origin Realm if she had to.

"After her," Eva commanded, but before the Archai could move, the sky above the Origin Realm of Spatial Harmony changed.

The black crystal, the third one, still growing from the endless deaths, pulsed once, twice, and then split with a wet, organic tearing sound. From its core emerged a hand.

Colossal, bone-white. Each finger the size of a mountain range, tipped with claws that dripped with the distilled agony of a billion dying timelines. The hand grasped the edges of the breach and pulled.

The shield screamed as the entirety of the Origin Realms groaned. And through the widening gap, a face began to press itself into existence.

It had no features, only a smooth, porcelain surface that reflected everything and nothing. But where its eyes should have been, two spiral galaxies of pure End churned, drinking the light of the ten thousand Origin Realms. This was no mere abomination... This was something extremely old, and everything in Existence recognized this power even if they did not know how they did.

They could feel it deep in their blood. In the past, someone had touched the essence of all life inside Existence, and now that presence that had been banished for more than sixty-five million Cosmic Eras had returned.

Enoch, Luminious Transformation, had returned.

“By the Mountain...” Aetheron whispered, his voice barely a breath.

Eva’s composure cracked for the first time. “All defenders fall back to the second perimeter. Now!” She turned to the Archai. “Send word to Telmus. Tell him the time for the fall has arrived.”

Chapter 2163 This Is My Home

Chapter 2163 This Is My Home

Eva was not the only one given a special weapon, Telmus was also given one as well, and it gave him the ability to control another hundred Archai. This meant that, through the Archai, Eva and Telmus could communicate instantaneously.

During the planning before this battle, Eos had told them of the secret enemy whom he had also suspected had taken root in the Origin Realms, the Luminious, the hidden hand behind the Ancient Primordials.

And above them was the one that was mostly responsible for the fate of Existence, Enoch, the First Creator, a mad Luminious whose actions had led to the unceasing expansion of Existence, and who was banished for this act, and now that he had returned, his sole purpose would be to wipe out all life left inside Existence. In this age, the only place left with life was the Origin Realms.

The hand of this being clenched, and the breach tore wider, sending intense shockwaves that pushed Myrra into the distance with a scream, and it was a good thing that Eva had called for a retreat, else many Primordials would have fallen.

Through the gap, the defenders could now see the Blackened Scar as an eye of absolute darkness staring directly into the heart of the Origin Realms. It was from it that the endless hordes were emerging.

There was also another detail that sent a wave of fear through the hearts of every Primordial. The massive hand overhead that had shattered the shields was connected to the massive body of Enoch, and his second hand had stretched across Existence and rested on the Blackend Scar.

Enoch's body was so massive that it was as if the entirety of Existence could barely fit him, and this was centered on the fact that most of the beings here could not even see his true form, only a small part of him.

And the face without features smiled as it noticed thousands of spots of light flying towards him.

"Eos, you send pests against me?" a voice speaking a language so ancient that none here could understand it, and yet its meaning came to them all the same, "Where are my cursed children? Let them return the gift I gave them."

These lights were the Incarnations of Eos who had assumed the remnants of the Ancient Primordial system; they numbered 6,320, and they were all Primordials.

Eva and the Primordials watched them fly past as they were evacuating to the next Origin Realm. The creation of these Incarnations was for times like these, when they met a challenge they were not able to withstand.

Much of the shields around the Origin Realms had shattered, and they needed to defend their home against an infinite tide of bodies.

The hand had not shattered the entirety of the shields of the Origin Realm, only stretched it out, so a total of seventeen Origin Realms now lacked the shield to cover them from the infinite horde above.

From defending a single realm, they had to defend seventeen, but with Eva here and the other hidden preparation they had made, they would be able to hold on, just as long as these Incarnations were able to hold back the First Creator, Enoch.

The seventeen Origin Realms blazed like dying stars as defensive options began to light up all over them in readiness for the infinite horde descending upon them.

With the lessons learned from defending the Realm of Spatial Harmony, every Primordial here knew not to delay a moment in their preparation. In the midst of all the bleakness of war, four hundred new Primordials from the fifth generation who were still undergoing their tribulations completed the process of becoming Primordials, and the defenses of the Origin Realm were bolstered as there were now close to 1,500 New Primordials.

This gave them hope, but there was that invisible anger that, among the Primordials, there may be hidden traitors like Myrra who would choose to destabilize the defenses of the Realm.

Where once a single shield had held, now the sky over a dozen worlds was torn open, and through the wounds poured the abominations of the Ancient Primordials in numbers that defied comprehension.

This war would never have reached this state without the traitors within, but knowing the intricate mindset of the Grand Creator after the many tales of his deeds and stories had reached the minds of the Primordials, they knew that he would have made a plan for this, and they only had to concentrate on what they needed to do and leave the rest.

The traitors would be found, and they would suffer all the pains that could be inflicted on the body and the soul.

Eva stood at the nexus of the retreating forces, her blade of stars held high. Behind her, the Archai had multiplied, no longer a hundred, but three hundred, their threads of light weaving a lattice that stretched across the void between the seventeen realms. Each thread was a conduit of Eos's essence, a lifeline connecting the defenders to a power far beyond their own.

She could not control all three hundred Archai, but there was no reason to; each of them was fiercely intelligent, and when needed, they could follow the lead of Primordial Revelations.

"Formation Delta," she commanded, her voice cutting through the chaos like a razor. "Primordials of the First and Second Layers to the forward bastions. Third Layer and above, anchor the rear. The Old Ones and lower immortals are to be shielded at all costs. We cannot afford to lose more of them."

Around her, the Primordials moved with the precision of a machine honed over a hundred million years. Thousands of them, some still bleeding from their shattered chains, others bearing wounds that would have killed lesser beings, took their positions. The light of their Origins blazed across the darkness, like a constellation of defiance against the swallowing void.

With the mental alacrity of a Primordial, every newly born Primordial was fully aware of the plan for the defenses, and they moved into the position given by Primordial Revelations.

They all knew that Eva was the General of the Grand Creator who had followed him from the beginning, but she was usually extremely lowkey and did not show off this side of her, not until she struck down Myrra and took the lead.

Aetheron was the last to leave his realm, even after everyone had left. His body had reformed from the golden mist, but he was diminished as his Origin Core was cracked, and his power was a flicker of what it had been.

Yet he stood at the edge of his dying world, watching the face without features press further through the breach.

With the remnant of his energy, he was pulling trillions of life from the lower portions of his Origin Realm and sending them to others. He would not be able to save everyone; he would barely save ten percent, but he could not stand by and watch as they were consumed by the horde.

“You should have retreated,” Eva said, appearing beside him, the light of the Archai surrounded her like a cloak of living light.

Aetheron smiled, and there was no bitterness in it. “This was my home. I wanted to see it one last time.”

Chapter 2164 Battling The First Creator (1)

Below the two Primordials, the Origin Realm of Spatial Harmony was already drowning. The Necroflores had taken root in their floating continents, their forests of bone and screaming flesh spreading like cancer. The Chronophages coiled through their dimensional clusters, aging stars to cold death in seconds, reducing civilizations to dust before they could even cry out. And everywhere, everywhere, the Soulwraiths drifted, drinking the memories of a realm that had been peaceful for a hundred million years.

With every moment that passes, trillions are dying. This number was hard for a mortal mind to comprehend, as the scale of it was too vast for them to fully know its significance, but a Primordial was able to comprehend every single life that was passing away, and the pain of it was breaking their hearts.

“You will rebuild it,” Eva said. “When this is over. Everything that is taken away from us would be returned a thousand times over.”

Aetheron’s laugh was soft. “You always see the path forward, don’t you, Revelation? Even when there is none.”

Before Eva could respond, the void above them shifted.

The Incarnations of Eos had reached Enoch.

The 6,320 Incarnations moved as one, their forms blurring through the layers of reality with a speed that made the Primordials below seem frozen. They were all equal as they were all fragments of Eos, and in this moment, they were united by a will that could forge Existence itself.

At the moment, they were all at the fourth layer of their Ancient Origin, and they could not access the memories of the Incarnations inside the Eternal Tower; otherwise, some of them would have begun to touch the door to the fifth layer of their Origin.

However, they were still connected to Eos, and some of the changes happening to the Incarnations inside the Eternal Tower were beginning to reach Eos, especially the change within Primordial Light.

Reaching the fifth layer of Light enabled the vast gulf that separated Existence and the Eternal Tower to be shrunk, and part of his experience flowed into Eos, and this experience was sent to the Incarnations now attacking Enoch.

At their head flew Rowan, the Primordial of Lightning. His body was a spear of radiance that cut through the darkness of the breach, and behind him, the other Incarnations followed in a formation that was both a weapon and a shield.

Enoch watched them come in silence. His face without features turned toward the approaching lights, and the spiral galaxies of End that served as his eyes began to spin faster.

The hand that gripped the breach tightened, and from the Blackened Scar behind him, something else began to emerge, a shoulder, vast enough to eclipse a million Realities, followed by the suggestion of a torso that seemed to contain within it the architecture of a forgotten Existences.

Myrra, whose form was struggling to maintain its integrity, was shattered to pieces under the weight of Luminous Transformation's arrival, and she could only scream in shock and anger as she was banished from Existence.

From his birth, Enoch was always special, and he was destined for power beyond what most Luminous could comprehend. This existence was originally meant for him; all other Luminous here were scavengers trying to reap where they did not sow.

"Six thousand," Enoch mused, his ancient language resonating through the bones of every living thing in the seventeen realms. "He sends six thousand fragments to face me. Either your creator has grown arrogant, or he has grown desperate. Did my cursed children break him, or is he breaking them?"

Rowan did not answer with words. He answered with lightning, as he drew in a deep breath, and every single lightning bolt in all of the Origin Realms converged around his

body, even the lightning bolts that existed in the past covered him, and all of that power gathered around his right hand, and the entirety of the Origin Realms trembled.

The Primordial of Lightning accelerated, his body folding through dimensions, and in the space between heartbeats, he struck Enoch's hand with the force of a supernova. The impact was both physical and conceptual.

There was a reason why Primordial Lightning was chosen to be the face of this resistance, because it was one of the closest powers of Destruction that Eos controlled.

At the moment, Primordial Lightning controlled four layers of lightning; the first layer was the Storm Layer, the bolt that falls. This was the lightning of storms, hurricanes, and the wrathful sky.

It gave the Primordial raw, untamed lightning power; it was the fury of nature made manifest, and Rowan had power over it all.

The second layer was the Spark Layer, the lightning of life. This was the initial spark that ignited Existence itself, and to become the Primordial of Lightning was to control the spark that gave life to all things.

There had been many Primordials of Lightning in the past, but none of them had been able to reach the second layer of this Origin, not because they were not intelligent enough to decipher the mysteries of this layer, but because Existence did not find them worthy.

The third layer was the Woven Layer, the lightning of connection. This was the power to trace the Origin of all things using the spark inside of them, the Primordial of Lightning who had reached the third layer could not be hidden from, and they could send down bolts of punishment from any corner of Existence to chase down their target, and they could reach, across all dimensions, space, time, memory, fate and destiny.

And the fourth and final layer of lightning was the Sovereign Layer, the lightning of Will, and this was a power that was supposed to be the peak of lightning, as it gave the Primordial the ability to imbue lightning with Will, and this slight distinction changed everything.

When Primordial Lightning struck Enoch's hand, he was not just using his powers, but the entirety of the Origin Realms itself and all of its occupants. It was a blow that said you do not belong here with the authority of a law of existence... such a blow could only come from Primordial Lightning.

Enoch's fingers trembled. A crack appeared along the bone-white surface, and a light so pure and so old that it seemed to be the original light, the first photon that had ever escaped the lips of a creator burst out from this crack... this light was the light of Lumina, and as amazing as it was, the blow from Primordial Light had injured Enoch, but there

was no avenue for celebration, when the sheer size of this being was placed into the equation.

“You carry his blood,” Enoch said, and there was something in his voice that might have been recognition. “I remember this light. It was mine, once.”

The other Incarnations were not just watching Primordial Lightning fight alone; he was the first to strike, but the others followed behind him, and six thousand blades of Origin Essence, each tuned to a different frequency of existence, carved into Enoch’s hand. The impossible power of Origin continued to flow past his wrist and the emerging contours of his shoulder.

Space screamed and time fractured, as the breach shuddered, and for a moment, Enoch was being pushed back.

Chapter 2165 Anticipation For The End

It was almost impossible to understand the Will and the power behind the Incarnations, because Enoch’s weight of Existence was so ridiculous that it was almost impossible to calculate, and to an outside observer, it would appear as if a group of ants were pushing against a mountain, and that mountain... moved.

“Haha haha... I thought my return would hold little surprise, but I was wrong... good.”

Enoch, who had seemed amused by the attacks of the Incarnations, even though their attacks were slightly injuring him, began to move.

His hand released the breach and swept across the void of Existence, and the motion was so vast and absolute, that it seemed to encompass all directions at once. Nothing his size should move this quickly, and even though immortals could break the laws of Existence, there was always a limit, but Enoch seemed to have limitless strength and Will, and his motions were faster than what some of the Incarnations could even see.

Six hundred Incarnations vanished in an instant as they were unmade under the power of Enoch’s hand, their existence wiped from the timeline as if they had never been. Killing an Incarnation of Eos was hard, but Enoch had made it seem incredibly easy.

All Incarnation here felt the loss as a hole in their own being, as the sudden absence where six hundred fragments of Eos’s greater self had caused a brief disruption of their pooled consciousness.

“Fragments,” Enoch said, his featureless face turning toward the remaining Incarnations. “That is all you are. Pieces of a being who was too afraid to become whole. Did he tell you that you could defeat me? Did he promise you victory?”

Primordial Lightning gathered his essence once more and formed his spear of lightning, and this time, he drew upon the power of the Archai that were linked to him through Eva and Telmus. The Incarnations inside the Eternal Tower had to fight without the connection with the Archai, because they were cut out from Eos due to the power of the tower, but there was no reason why the Incarnations here should not draw from the unlimited oceans of power inside Eos, and the Archai were the key to access that power.

Normally, every Incarnation should have direct access to Eos's Origin Land where they could draw as much power as they wanted, but due to the fact that they were going into intense danger and the possibility of death was ridiculously high, Eos could not risk the backlash of their death traveling through the shared connection and impacting the Origin Land.

And so the Archai were used as the connecting point between Eos and the Incarnations, so if they were killed, the power of their attackers would not bleed through to Eos.

Three hundred threads of Eos's essence fed into his spear, and it blazed with a radiance that outshone the ten thousand Origin Realms combined.

"He promised us nothing," Primordial Lightning said. "He gave us everything we needed to fight."

He struck again, and this time, the blow was not aimed at Enoch's hand, but at the breach where Enoch's body was slowly emerging from.

The lightning spear, empowered by the collective will of every Incarnation that still stood, carved into the edges of the tear between the Blackened Scar and the Origin Realms, and the entirety of Existence screamed.

When Primordial Lightning first attacked, it was only with the collective Will of the Incarnation and this attack that was made contained Eos's essence and that was the final touch that could give this blow enough power to sweep across such a vast region.

If their Will was the flame, then Eos's essence was the fuel that could make this flame burn bright enough that it would be seen all over Existence.

The infinite horde that had been pouring through began to falter, their connection to their source severed by the closing wound, countless trillions of them perished just from the shockwave of this single impossible strike, and the horde pouring into the Origin Realms reduced from a flood to a trickle.

Enoch's laughter was soft, and terrible.

"You think that will stop me? Child, I am the breach. I am the wound that never heals. I am the return of all that was cast out, and I will not be sealed by six thousand ghosts of a coward."

His other hand emerged from the Blackened Scar, as more of his body began to emerge.

Sixty-five million Cosmic Eras ago, he had created the Ancient Primordials on that spot, and therefore left a permanent mark for him to be able to breach into Existence with his true form.

The last time Enoch walked through Existence, he had used End as nothing but fuel, but after all the time he had spent imprisoned, he had learned to adapt and control this power better, and with the knowledge he had gained in this exile, nothing would stop him.

The end of all things has come.

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Telmus stood at the peak of the Mountain, his spear planted before him, his eyes fixed on the battle unfolding in the void. Around him, the Mountain trembled, its red-hot surface pulsing with the heartbeat of Eos's Origin Land, which lay somewhere beneath it, in dimensions that no Primordial could reach.

His long white hair was like a storm behind him, and even though he thought he knew what was about to come, somehow he knew that his imagination and his knowledge was not enough.

The Primordials who had died in the first wave had been resurrected. They stood behind Telmus now, their forms still flickering with the rawness of their return, their hands gripping weapons that had been forged in the fires of Eos's own forge.

"The Incarnations are buying us time," Telmus said, his voice carrying to the Primordials behind him. "Time to organize, prepare and strike back."

One of the resurrected Primordials, a being of crystalline geometries named Seraphis, stepped forward. "The shields of seventeen realms have fallen, the horde is endless, and now that this monstrous being has returned, what preparation can overcome this?"

Telmus turned to face them, and in his eyes, they saw something they had not expected, not fear or desperation, but anticipation.

Chapter 2166 I Have Done Everything

Every Primordial here was not afraid of death, nor did they welcome it. They saw the battle as a necessity, but they all knew the stakes that were involved and the kind of monsters that would be participating inside it, however, none of them had this anticipation they were seeing in Telmus's eyes.

“Eos knew this day would come,” Telmus said. “He has been preparing for it since the first Primordial was born. The shields were never meant to hold forever. The battles we have fought were never meant to be won by strength alone.”

He raised his spear, and the hundred Archai bound to him flared with light.

“Every death and sacrifice. Every moment the horde spent battering against our walls, it was all feeding something. Something that has been growing in the heart of the Prime Axis for a hundred million years.”

Below them, the Mountain of Ascension began to crack.

From the fissures, light emerged that had been sleeping since the first moment of this Existence. It was the light of ten thousand Origin Realms, each one a universe unto itself, each one pulsing with the accumulated life, hope, and defiance of every being that had ever called them home.

“The fifth generation,” Telmus said, his voice rising above the growing roar of the breaking Mountain. “The Primordials of the sixth generation. The Incarnations. The Archai. The Old Ones. The mortals who have never seen the stars but dream of them anyway. All of them, all of us, we are not the weapon.”

He planted his spear, and the Mountain shattered.

“BOOOMMM!!!”

From its ruins rose a figure of light so vast, so incomprehensible, that the Primordials who witnessed it forgot to breathe. It had no form that could be named, no shape that could be held in memory. It was the sum of every life that had ever existed in the Origin Realms, woven together by a will that had been preparing for this moment since before the first Ancient Primordial had drawn breath.

“We are the fuel,” Telmus whispered.

The figure of light opened its eyes, and in them, the Primordials saw themselves, not as they were, but as they could be.

And it spoke with a voice that was ten thousand voices, a voice that had been gathering strength for a hundred million years, a voice that had been forged in the fires of a war that had not yet been won but would be, because it had to be.

“Now,” the voice said, “we fight.”

Few knew this truth about Eos, but Eva and a few of his children, but Eos was not just one being, but two distinct beings that had been fused to become one, but these beings could exist in different forms if they chose to.

In the beginning, when Eos was Rowan, he had lost his soul, and then he regained it as he grew stronger, but that split had created something unique, a being who could live without its soul.

From the moment Eos regained his soul, his flesh and soul were no longer strictly connected, and they could follow their own individual path.

In this manner, his flesh and soul grew until they became dimensional flesh and dimensional soul. At this stage, his dimensional soul was more powerful than his dimensional flesh, and it was at this moment that Eos realized that he had been looking for a hidden weapon, something to equalize the scale for so long, and yet he was overlooking what was right there in front of his eyes.

Acknowledging the potential of his dimensional soul, Eos began using it less and less, and then slowly killed off any of his enemies who knew of this secret.

In this manner, the matter of the dimensional soul slowly faded away, and this was helped by the fact that Eos evolved his dimensional flesh once more into that of the Omniversal Titan, a body so powerful that it seemed to have integrated the power of the flesh and soul into one because it was capable of wielding powers that should strictly demand the presence of a soul.

There were certain tangible rules that bound Existence, and one of them was that certain powers, when they reached a certain level, required the presence of a soul to wield.

A rock could not animate itself; it required a soul, nor could a god wield their divine powers without a soul, and most of all, the power of Origin could not be mastered without a soul.

However, with the sheer impossibility of being an Omniversal Titan, Eos was able to wield the power of Origin and contain Origin inside his Origin Land, but there was one specific drawback about this entire affair, and that was he could not become a Primordial.

Oh, there were many things holding him back, such as the foundations of Existence that was missing and other issues like his Will of Truth that was stuck in the eighth dimensional state, however, Eos did not truly know if he could reach the Primordial level if he tried, simply because for a long time, his soul had been separate from his body.

His Incarnations could easily reach the Primordial level because Eos had such great control over souls that he was able to create new souls for the Incarnation; they would not be able to reach the level of Primordial.

Yet, it needed to be asked, where was his soul, or what was it doing after all the years that had passed?

The answer was simple: his soul had been searching for answers and walking fresh paths in order to find new ways to reach the height of power.

This path would be outside the purview of the Primordial Record and everyone else. Perhaps his enemies may know a bit about his fleshy body, but no one knew about his soul, and in all of these years, the height of power that his soul had reached was unknown.

Ⓔ

The light that erupted from the shattered mountain surged upward, passing through the broken shields and the infinite horde, and impacting against the breach that Enoch had torn in the fabric of Existence. And behind it, colored by its passage, the ten thousand Origin Realms blazed with a light that had never been seen before; it was the burning light of creation, and the warm light of a billion trillion hearts beating as one.

In the void, Enoch's featureless face turned toward the approaching light, and for the first time, the spiral galaxies of his eyes stopped.

"What have you done?" he whispered.

And somewhere, in the depths of Existence, where the battle against the Ancient Primordials raged on a level that no mortal could comprehend, Eos smiled.

"Everything," he said. "I have done everything."

Chapter 2167 I Am The Master of Transformation

THE HOLLOW.

With the death of two Ancient Primordials in such a drastic manner, the silence that followed Eos's words was like the silence of Existence itself holding its breath, watching to see what would emerge from the wreckage of everything it had known.

Dying was what everything else did, not the Ancient Primordials. They were here from the beginning, and they would remain when everything ended... How could they fall here? How could they be killed... by him?!

A howl as if emerging from a dying animal emerged from Xyris, the Ancient Primordial of Time as he moved forward and backward at the same time.

His Primordial body stretched until it became a serpentine horror of rusting brass and shattered glass that coiled into itself like a serpent.

The hourglasses embedded in his flesh that had always been hidden because it was a direct window to his core began to spin backward as he attempted to reverse time around Eos, to undo the transformations and unmake the deaths the deaths that had just occurred.

Xyris, in an act of sacrifice that was alien to the minds of most Ancient Primordial, here attempted to pull Memory and Chaos back from the abyss they had fallen into.

Eos watched him with the thousand eyes that now bloomed across his crown, each one a window into a different truth.

Of all the Ancient Primordials, Xyris had always seemed special to him because he was the one who held on to his sanity the most, even if holding on brought him nothing but pain and madness.

Eos knew of the mental anguish that the Incarnation of Xyris had endured inside Eosah's Reality, and now he saw that the roots of that anguish was not fake like many things he had been shown, but Eos did not feel any pity for this creature, instead there was more of anger at the cowardice of the Primordial.

At this moment, he knew that Xyris was not attempting to bring back his brothers because he cared for their lives; he was only doing this because the loss of his siblings hurt him personally.

In a manner, he saw his siblings as his property, and trying to get them back was a selfish instinct to always keep close the things that he was familiar with.

Xyris did not care if all of Existence burned, as long as his brothers were with him, then he was satisfied.

"You think time can undo what I have made?" Eos's voice was no longer a voice, but everyone here could hear him. Even though the sound that came out of his lips was the sound of reality being rewritten, each word a new law imposed on existence. "Time is a river, Xyris. I have become the ocean. You cannot turn back what flows into me."

He reached out with his new arm, the arm that existed and did not exist.

Inside Eosah's Reality, he had hidden what he was becoming, and now his true body no longer hides its nature, and his arm that was a question that Existence could not answer grasped at the screaming Primordial who was attempting to reverse time around his body.

Xyris's form, which should have been untouchable, as it existed in every moment simultaneously, and could slip between seconds like a fish between stones, was held by Eos, bypassing all of his Primordial defenses.

The fight between Eos, Xyris, and Memory was not a waste. He had suffered grievous injuries wearing his fleshy skin, but he had learned how to take apart Xyris's defenses in an instant.

Perhaps if the Ancient Primordial had waited for another few billion years and properly refined his strength, then this would be a challenge for Eos, but the hunger of Nyxara was their downfall, and Eos would always give more rope to a foolish enemy in order for them to hang themselves.

"You—" Xyris's voice cracked across a thousand timelines at once, each one a scream in a different key, "—you are not possible. You cannot hold what exists in all moments. I am every when. I am—"

"You're here," Eos whispered. "And 'here' is a place. And places have now."

Eos could feel small points across his body where his essence was being drawn by the Archai to fuel the war that would have most likely broken out in the Origin Realms above, and he thought they were taking too little, making him a bit irritated.... What was the use of infinite essence if the conduits for his power could only take tiny sips?

'This is how you do it.' He whispered in his head as he poured power into the hand that held Xyris, and he squeezed even as he pulled.

The core of a Primordial was so complex that even Eos admitted that it would take a very long time for him to fully decipher its mysteries.

But as it was with everything in life, it was many times easier to create than to destroy, and when you have one of the strongest fists in all of Existence, then destruction comes easy.

Xyris came apart like a clock struck by lightning. The hourglasses embedded in his flesh shattered, and the stolen lifespans within them poured out in a waterfall of years, a trillion lifetimes, a billion deaths, a million births, all of them spilling into the void and being drawn inexorably toward Eos's open chest.

"NO!" Xyris's scream was the sound of a universe being born and dying in the same instant. "You cannot consume time! Time consumes ALL! I am the measure! I am the boundary! Without me, existence cannot last!"

Eos's chest opened wider, and the Maw That Crafts revealed itself as something far more terrible than what had just crafted the essence of Chaos or Memory into itself.

It was a moment of pure becoming, a singularity of transformation that took everything that was and made it something else.

This was not strange when you consider that the Omniversal Titan had duplicated lots of its abilities from glimpsing the bloodline of Black Zenith and consuming the memory imprint of Enoch.

In many ways, Eos had stolen a portion of the Origin of Transformation from Enoch, and the maw in his body was almost the answer that Enoch would have used to unravel his cursed children.

“Time doesn’t consume,” Eos said, and there was something almost gentle in his voice. “Time transforms. And I am transformation’s master now.”

Perhaps Eos knew the ramifications of his words, or maybe he did not, however, it was always a foolish bet to go against him, after all, every word he spoke came from a place of deep contemplation and calculation.

Xyris’s form collapsed inward, his serpentine body folding into itself like a dying star. The brass and glass that had composed him melted into something new that had never existed before in any Existence under the transformation light of Eos.

From the Maw, a silver seed emerged. It was the color of frozen moments and endless possibility, and it pulsed with a rhythm that was not quite a heartbeat or a clock, having a unique charm of a thing that has never existed before, and Eos could feel the power of Origin cheering all around him.

Chapter 2168 Breaking The Chains of Memory

Eos’s actions in these last few moments had done more for upgrading and empowering Origin than all the Primordials combined in the last thousand Existences.

However, they could not be blamed; the only reason Eos could reach this point was that he had used lots of the tools of the enemy.

His existence was always inevitable, and now that he was here, Origin itself rejoiced.

“I am duration,” the seed whispered. “I am the space between heartbeats. I am the pause before the storm. And through you, Maker, I am eternal.”

Eos closed his chest, and the silver seed joined the others, orbiting his core in patterns that were beginning to form something, a constellation, perhaps, or a cage, or a crown.

These changes happening inside him were both new and expected, but whatever will be... will be, Eos was ready for this final battle.

He had killed three of them now. Memory, Chaos, and Time.

Two Ancient Primordials and one who wore their skin, who had terrorized Existence for longer than any living thing inside Existence at this point could remember.

Three beings who had thought themselves eternal, untouchable, necessary.

And before the judgement of Eos, they had been wrong. They had believed that their might was supreme, and now, not even their memory was left.

Eos slowly rose up, his body was still healing, but his powers were increasing.

New understanding, insights and countless new transformations were happening inside him, and only a mind like his own could hold all of these changes without flinching and still ready himself for battle at the same time.

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Vorthas, Primordial Life, stood at the edge of the devastation, his verdant form flickering between states of existence. Life was always closest to death, and in these last few moments, death had descended so quickly upon them that he was still a bit stunned.

The forests of bone and screaming skin that composed his body were wilting, the blood-dripping fruits that hung from his branches shriveling as he watched his brothers fall.

He had always imagined that the final battle between the Ancient Primordials and Eos would be epic, the clash would shake all of Existence as the New Primordials and the denizens of the Temple of End, watch the Ancient Primordials take back their throne.

The event would be bloody, and maybe one or two of them would perish, but at the end, they would be the ones left standing, and all of Existence would be bowing at their feet.

This was how it was meant to be... this was their Destiny! Why... What is happening?

Vorthas had created the Necroflores, he had turned existence's greatest gift into its cruelest curse, and he was one of the individuals who delighted in death above all, and yet, this Primordial... was trembling. His body, which had always seemed so solid and real, was beginning to show cracks. Through them, something else could be seen that was not flesh or essence, but a void where something should have been.

He turned to look at Xylos, and he saw that same shock and loss in his form, but everything changed when he looked at Nyxara.

Something about his sister was different. Nyxara had always been cold and calculating, but now, the look in her eyes was different, it was almost wistful.

If Vorthas could notice this, then Eos could as well. He had seen a change happen inside Nyxara the moment he had killed Memory, or was it when Memory had revealed himself to be a Luminious?

With all of the evidence stacked against them, Eos had long realized that like Memory, Nyxara was not an Ancient Primordial, she just wore their skin... but unlike Memory, Nyxara seemed to have lost the memories of her Luminious side.

However, Eos was beginning to understand that perhaps killing Memory may have been the final lock to unleash whatever being that was inside Nyxara.

It was as if the essence of Memory as a Luminious was to ensure that Nyxara never awakened.

If Eos was not wrong, Luminious Memory's purpose inside Existence was not just to ensure that the inhabitants of Existence did not know the true face of the sixth dimension, it was also to chain the memories of Nyxara.

It was always a weird point of interest for Eos when he remembered that the Primordials had done something similar to Nyxara when they placed her inside Oblivion.

The answers were always there right in the open, but without knowing the right questions to ask, this answer would never be known.

'Why did they always try to imprison the mind of Nyxara in every Incarnation that she had?'

Well, whatever the reason, that shackle had dropped from her body, as Eos could see it in the way her form flickered, and the unknown matter that composed her being whispered to her in frequencies that even he could barely perceive. She was not afraid of dying here, nor was she angry that Eos had killed three Primordials and had not given her their Origin as they had previously agreed, she almost seemed to be waiting.

"You're not like them," Eos said, his thousand eyes fixed on her. "You were never like them, were you?"

Nyxara's form rippled, for a moment, something almost like a face appeared in the void where her features should have been, a suggestion of eyes, a hint of a mouth, an expression that might have been a smile.

"No," she said, and her voice was different now. It was not the voice of a Primordial. It was something older, something that had been waiting in the darkness since before the first Existence was born. "I was never like them."

Xylos and Vorthas turned to look at her, and in their eyes, Eos saw the same realization dawning.

“You...” Vorthas’s voice cracked. “You knew. All this time, you knew what he was becoming. You knew what would happen. And you let it.”

Nyxara’s almost-face turned toward him, and the smile that had been forming there widened into something that was not quite sane.

“Of course I knew,” she said. “I made it happen. Did you think it was coincidence that Eos was born? That he found the Primordial Record? That he survived your little games and grew stronger with each one?” Her laugh was the sound of galaxies collapsing. “I chose him. I chose him because he was the only one who could do this. The only one who could kill you all and free me.”

She turned back to Eos, and for a moment, just a moment, something almost like affection flickered in her not-eyes.

Chapter 2169 Make Music From Screams

Eos did not like the way she was looking at him; there was a sort of unknown perversion in her gaze that even he found to be sickening.

“Who are you?” He asked, and his question was echoed by the silence of Xylos and Vorthas, the last two Ancient Primordials.

Nyxara cocked her head to the side, and she knocked the side of her head repeatedly, “That is the question, isn’t it? Who am I? Tell you what, I will answer this question when you complete the purpose for which you were born... I think that is fair, don’t you?”

“What purpose is that?” Eos growled.

Nyxara cocked her head to the side as if in puzzlement, “Don’t you understand by now? Hmm, have you not wondered why I broke our Agreement, Eos? Why did I give you time to prepare, and I waited?” She gestured at the devastation around them. “Because I wanted to see this. I wanted to see them fall. I wanted to see what you would become when you stopped pretending to be their pawn.”

She pointed to herself, “And that includes this delightful shell. To tell you the truth, it delighted me to no end that you were able to place mercy in her heart... her torture was the primer that woke me up, but I need more than that. I need you to become what you were created to become.”

Eos’s thousand eyes narrowed. “And what did you think I would become?”

Nyxara's almost-face shifted, and for a moment, Eos saw something that made even his transformed heart skip a beat.

She looked proud.

"I thought you would become the end of them," she said. "And you have. Three of them are dead. The others are nothing. And now..." she spread her arms wide, "...now you have to decide what comes next."

"What comes next is killing you all."

"Oh, I do not doubt that, Eos. Kill us all, and I will remember who I am. You will free me from this damned prison, and even though you don't want it, what choice do you have? Hahahahahaha..."

Eos frowned, still trying to understand what was happening with Nyxara. Was it possible that the Luminous was not a single united body, or was there something else happening here?

Inside him, the memories of Memory was slowly being taken apart, but this entity had lived for so long that even for Eos, it would take at least a few million years to decipher the entire thing, and he was rapidly using his instincts to slip across vast layers of memories in order to go to the beginning, where he would find his answers.

At this moment, Xylos, the Primordial Demon, suddenly attacked.

With everything that had happened, Eos had a faint sense of expectation that the Ancient Primordial would attack Nyxara, but the Primordial Demon focused on him, and at the moment, it was undoubtedly irritating.

Perhaps it was fear and desperation, or it was the realization that he had been a puppet in a game he had never understood, and the fury of that understanding drove him to do something that was, by any measure, insane.

He attacked Eos with everything he had.

And for an Ancient Primordial... that was a lot.

Primordial Demon was not weak; his martial might was king inside of Existence due to his personal talent that did not just draw upon the power of Demon.

He was among the few that Eos believed could shake Existence if given time, but at the moment, against what Eos had become, he was a candle in a supernova.

"You think I fear you? Any of you?" Xylos roared, his form expanding, becoming a demonic tide that consumed all things. "I am DEMON! I am the force that cannot be

denied! I am the hand that grows in the cracks of your destruction, the blade that breaks your foundations, the...”

Eos reached out with his new arm, the arm that was a question, that existed and did not exist... and touched him.

And in that touch, Xylos understood.

He understood what Eos had become, something that had never existed before. He was not the Creator as those in the Origin Realms knew him to be, or a Destroyer that the Ancient Primordials feared he would become; he was something that could not be named, something that took the raw materials of existence and made them new.

In the mind of Primordial Demon, he remembered the moment that he and all of his siblings had been free from their curse, and they had looked down at Eos, who was shaken and broken.

They had wielded the power of knowledge and foresight against him, and in that moment, Xylos could have killed him, but he disdained raising his hand against the weak.

He had looked at Eos, and he had only seen someone broken, but that was a lie; he did not truly see Eos; he only saw what he wanted to see, and now it was too late to change the past.

“You are not my end,” Eos said, and his voice was not cruel. It was simply true. “You are a corruption of order and a perversion. You should not even exist, Xylos, for all your powers, you have only taken and consumed, and have made nothing new.”

The hand of Eos seized Xylos by his face, and his palm covered his entire head, “You are the rot, and have lived far past your time. This battle is now beyond you.”

Xylos screamed as his form began to change. He was grieved away from his demonic form to that of bones and screaming flesh.

This body of his began to shake and then, like a flower... it bloomed.

It was a horrifying sight to see a body of flesh made to spread out like this, and Xylos nearly went mad with pain, causing his flesh to scream in a much louder tone that escaped the boundaries of the Hollow and touched Existence.

If anyone were to pause what they were doing, at this moment, they would hear the screams of the Primordial Demon.

“Your voice is distasteful,” Eos frowned, and then light poured from Eos’s hand, and the screaming flesh of Xylos became silent, and then began to sing.

Eos had always loved music, although since he had been living for a while without his soul, he was able to push aside his craving to make and listen to music, but now that he could feel the heat of his soul rising above, he made the flesh of Xylos sing a song of growth, renewal, and hope.

It was a cheesy selection in a grim battlefield like this one... but this was his battlefield, and he would play whatever damned song he pleased.

“You cannot—” Xylos’s voice was fading, being replaced by something softer, “I am what I was made to be. I am—”

“You are what you choose to be,” Eos said. “And I am taking that choice back from you.”

He pulled his hand back, and from Xylos’s chest a sapling emerged, and it was not the seed he had harvested from the previous Primordials.

Chapter 2170 A Garden

Chapter 2170 A Garden

This sapling rapidly grew to a tree no taller than a mortal child, its leaves the color of dawn, its roots reaching into the fabric of Existence and drawing from it, nourishment.

It was the first true life that had been born in this Existence using the power of Origin untainted by End, and Eos had created it from the flesh of a Primordial Demon. For a moment, the eyes of the Demon were transfixed by what grew out of his chest, as bizarre as it looked, he could see that the transformation made to his body was almost natural; it was as if this was what he had always meant to be... a small tree.

If millions of cosmic eras ago, his destiny had not been changed by the Luminous, he might have been this tree, slowly growing and connecting to all life around him.

It was the first time in his entire life that Xylos had seen beauty and peace, and he recognized it.

He always knew of these concepts, but he did not understand them... could not figure out what beauty meant or what it would feel like to be content and at peace... he only knew power and the desire to pursue more of it.

At the end, it was almost as if his greatest enemy had given him the best gift he had ever received in his life.

Xylos’s body collapsed around the tree, his corrupted form dissolving into ash that rained down on the sapling like fertilizer. And as he faded, his voice came one last time in a whisper.

“Thank you,” it said. “Thank you for—”

Then he was gone.

Eos watched Primordial Demon turn to ash for a moment before he turned back to the sapling that was pulsing in his hand.

From the bottom of the little tree, the root began to spread, but Eos stopped it from spreading into Existence. Just because he could create a miracle from the Primordial Demon’s body did not mean he could maintain it across Existence forever.

Instead, he bent the roots with his Will to enter his body where they began to spread across it, causing the seeds inside his chest to gravitate towards the tree.

Its branches began to spread out as it reached toward the heavens of his Origin Land, and golden leaves began to spread across it, and from those leaves came a cleansing rain that began to generate an ocean of pure Origin Essence.

Eos reached into himself and caught a drop on his new arm, and where it touched, the question that was his arm became something a little more certain and real.

This rain was not just Origin Essence; it represented one of the core parts of himself that was being expressed in the purest state possible.

It was like the cry of a child, or the surprised gasp of a blind boy who suddenly gained his sight and sees the light of the rising sun for the first time, and finally understands what that warmth that touched his skin in the morning truly meant.

“That was beautiful,” a voice said behind him.

The voice was eerily familiar, coming from someone who he once thought was his family.

Eos turned around to see Primordial Life wearing the form of Old Man Seed.

He had not joined Xylos in attacking him, nor did he run; instead, he seemed to be waiting.

Eos gestured at the body worn by Primordial Life, “You would wear a body of a so-called lower lifeform. This body is weak; it was made with materials from Eosah’s Reality, and that Reality is far more broken than this Existence. Are you sure that you want to face me wearing something like that? Also, do not forget its history... You can spare yourself unnecessary pain if you do not anger me at this moment.”

Primordial Life suddenly grinned, “I have always liked this body, but never thought I would get to wear it. A shame, now that I do...” he bent his waist back and forth and stretched his arms, “... I think I have fallen in love with it.”

Eos cocked his head to the side, surprised at the actions of Primordial Life.

“You killed my brother,” Vorthas said, and his voice was not angry or afraid, as if everything that had happened here was not related to him. Eos almost thought that he sounded almost... curious. “You took what he was and made it something new. Can you do that to me?”

Eos turned to face him. The thousand eyes in his crown focused on Vorthas, and in each one, the Primordial saw a different reflection of himself. A creator. A destroyer. A gardener. A gravedigger.

In this moment, he understood that Vorthas, as the Primordial of Life, was more in tune with life than any of the Ancient Primordials, and he knew that his life was about to end.

With this knowledge, Vorthas chose not to run or fight; instead, he set down his burden and wanted to face the end with dignity.

Did he deserve a dignifying end? No, but at the moment, Eos was not here to judge, only make the slate clean, and in many ways, he could see that the Ancient Primordials were like him, but their only sins were the fact that they had weak minds and weaker convictions.

Primordial Life, at the end of his life, chose to have a spine, and Eos respected this.

“What would you become?” Eos asked. “If I gave you the choice?”

Vorthas was silent for a long moment. His form rippled until it showed the verdant rot that had consumed so much in the cracks growing on his skin.

Inside him, something else was visible. Something that had been buried in him since the moment of his creation.

“I don’t know,” he said finally. “I don’t know what I would be without the hunger. Without the need to consume. Without the...” He stopped. His voice cracked. “Without the pain.”

Eos’s new arm reached out, and this time, when he touched Vorthas, he did not transform; he waited a moment as if he wanted to be sure that he was making the right choice.

“You were made to consume,” Eos said. “To destroy. To end. That is what your creator wanted. But you are more than what you were made to be. You always were. You just never had a choice.”

Vorthas’s form shuddered. The cracks in his skin widened, and from them, light began to emerge.

Eos's eyes widened a bit because this light was not the light of his transformation; it was softer, as if it had been waiting in the darkness of Vorthas's being since the moment of his birth.

"I remember," Vorthas whispered. "I remember what it was like. Before the hunger. Before the need. When I first became Primordial Life, I remember the first life I ever made. A single flower. Growing in the dark. I watched it bloom, and I—" His voice broke. "I was happy."

The light from his cracks intensified, and Eos did not have to transform him. Vorthas was doing it himself.

The verdant rot that had composed his body began to peel away, revealing what had been underneath all along. Not a monster. Not a destroyer. Something that had been waiting to be born since the first seed was planted in the first soil.

He was a garden.

Chapter 2171 To Be Remebered

After living for so long, Eos knew that beauty could sometimes be found in the oddest of places, and this garden was not what he was expecting to find during his battle with the Ancient Primordials.

Even he, as a Grand Creator, had never seen a garden like this.

In it, flowers of every color bloomed, each one a different life, a different possibility, a different choice. Trees grew from branches, each one a different world, a different Existence, a different kind of hope.

"I remember," Vorthas said, and his voice was like a song. "I remember what it was like to create. Not just to consume everything, but to create. Five seconds as Primordial Life, that was all the time I had to know this feeling before it was taken away from me... thank you, Eos, for giving me the courage to find it again."

His form slowly dissolved into light, and from that light, a world emerged that hung over the garden like a green sun.

It was a world of green and growing things. Where life did not consume, but nourished.

A world where the first flower still bloomed in the first soil, and where that flower was still being watched by something that had been waiting for this moment.

Eos watched the world bloom in the void, and for a moment, just a moment, he allowed himself to feel something that was not fury or hunger or the cold certainty of a warrior who had accepted that death and destruction were the only ways to end this endless conflict.

He allowed himself to feel joy.

Primordial Life may have just gotten five seconds to be a Primordial of Life before he was overtaken by madness, but in that short time, he had dreamed of creating a place like this.

It was easy to disregard the dreams and fears of his enemies, but Eos was not like that... even the greatest of evils can sometimes have beautiful dreams.

This garden, created by Vorthas, was fragile. It was like a child learning to walk for the first time; there was passion behind it and the desire to grow strong and fast, but it was not enough.

The only reason Primordial Life had the confidence to create something like this was that it knew that Eos was here.

Like a child that would run knowing that the strong hand of their father was there to catch them when they fell, Vorthas was not scared to make his first real creation because he knew that Eos was there to ensure that it lived.

Stretching one of his hands, Eos gathered the garden and the budding world, and he placed them inside his Origin Land.

This event had not taken a long time, but when he looked up, Nyxara was gone.

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TEN THOUSAND ORIGIN REALMS.

The soul of Eos that rose from the shattered Mountain stood before the breach above the ten thousand Origin Realms, and only his existence changed the entire situation. His presence was simply so vast that Enoch, who had unmade Realities with a thought, found himself pausing.

Enoch knew that Eos had gained some of the powers of the Luminious, and yet that was not supposed to translate to whatever this soul had just become.

“Everything... I have done everything.”

Those words seemed so simple, but there were countless mysteries inside them that caused the spiral galaxies of End that served as his eyes to flicker.

He seemed to be recalibrating everything he knew about Eos as he attempted to comprehend what stood before him. It was with a deep sense of astonishment that Enoch realized that he did not fully understand what the soul of Eos had become.

Not too long ago, he had found amusement in twisting the mind of Rowan, the Incarnation that had found his way into his prison, and through their interaction, Enoch had understood the baseline of Eos's knowledge, and noticing how much he was lacking, Enoch began to bury seeds of lies and half-truths to twist the mind of the Incarnation.

And yet, here he was, and he had become the one who was ignorant.

For sixty-five million Cosmic Eras, Enoch had watched Existence from his prison beyond the veil.

He had seen civilizations rise and fall and had orchestrated and witnessed the birth of the Ancient Primordials and the slaughter they had unleashed on all Existence.

Enoch had seen the fall of the Old Ones, and the slow, grinding expansion of an Existence that had no purpose except to grow... he had seen everything.

But he had never seen this.

Yet, as he watched, he saw that the soul of Eos was not hiding its nature; in fact, there was no attempt to shield his light from Existence. It was as if he was announcing himself to all there was so they could be aware of his presence.

Enoch began to scrutinize the soul of Eos. Was it a weapon? But mostly, no, there was no direction for ending life inside his light.

Then was this soul a shield? The answer was yes, but mostly, also no; nothing about this figure of light was hiding its nature, and this did not seem like it was meant to protect.

What was it then?

The truth of the answer came to Enoch with such a suddenness that he nearly flinched.

This soul... It was a mirror.

Enoch's featureless face tilted, and in the surface of the soul's light, he saw himself.

The image he saw was him as a young Liminious, a creator and a dreamer of such hope and beauty that he had burned his body and soul just so that the endlessness of the void he could see was filled with potential. Enoch had told Rowan many lies, but for lies to work on a consciousness as powerful as Rowan's, there needed to be hints of the truths; it was these undeniable foundations that lies were forged upon.

Beside that image of him as a creator, was his present state, now as a creature of End and transformation.

Enoch saw the truth of who he was... and he hated it.

It was always easy to lie to yourself about the truth of your objective because most of us could not see our true selves reflected back at us... and even for immortals as powerful as Enoch, he could not see the height of his cowardice and hatred until it was placed side by side.

Except with a mirror or the eyes of others, it was impossible to know your true reflection, and for Enoch, this was the first time he was seeing his true reflection.

There was an invitation here by this soul... if he could lay down his purpose, he would be able to see the core of who he was underneath the unending hunger.

It was this invitation that caused Enoch's hate and rage to grow.

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Enoch was not the only one being affected by this light; inside the vastness of the soul's presence, the Primordials who had stood on the Mountain felt themselves pulled into something they could not name. It was as if they were being remembered.

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

Chapter 2172 To Sacrifice Everything

Mira, the crystalline Primordial of Fire and Mystery, found herself standing on a world she had left behind a billion years ago. The sky was the color of amethyst, and the twin moons were rising, and somewhere in the distance, a young girl was laughing at the gentle words of a man who stood beside her.

She had been that girl, once. Before the wars, before the loss, before she had become something that could no longer remember what it felt like to run through fields of singing grass with the wind in her hair and the voice of the boy you loved whispering in your ears.

And in this light, this distant memory no longer seems as distant, as she felt a warm hand on her shoulder, and even the faint smell of the man she loved... it was almost as if she could turn around and see him, but she was too scared to do this.

'I am with you always, even in death.'

“How...” she whispered, and the memory faded, but not completely. It left behind something she had thought lost forever...warmth.

Around her, other Primordials were experiencing the same thing. Warriors who had forgotten why they fought were remembering the faces of those they had protected.

Strategists who had reduced armies to numbers were feeling the weight of each life they had spent. Beings who had become gods were remembering what it was like to be human.

And in that remembering, they found something they had been searching for since the first day of the war... purpose.

A purpose that the vast presence of Enoch had stolen from them.

They all knew that this battle, their struggles, was not a waste.

In this moment, they were the true heirs of Existence; they were its dreams and its aspirations.

There was a mortal saying that men are the dreams of the universe, but now, they all understood that they all were the dreams of Existence, they were its soul.

Eos had done something crazy... while Enoch had expended his body to expand Existence... Eos had sacrificed his soul to give Existence one.

From the beginning, he had always been looking for a way to level the playing field.

His enemies were too old and powerful; they had too many advantages, and he had so little, or perhaps that was what they wanted him to think.

Eos had sat and decided that the only way to move forward was to create something new, but the only problem was that his enemies were too old, and what he saw as new was nothing before them, because before him, there would have surely been another genius in the past who would have thought of his idea.

It was not as if Eos did not believe in his ingenuity or his potential for new creation, but he needed a lot of time for him to be able to achieve such a feat.

And so the more he thought about this, the more he realized that the only way forward was to use the strengths of his enemies against them.

What did he know about the Luminious? They were ruthless, cunning, and incredibly destructive.

They saw all of Existence as a playground, and they broke it again and again just to harvest whatever benefits they could from it.

With all of that in mind, Eos realized that the one thing he had found that they were missing, the only weakness they had was their lack of compassion.

In many cases, this could not even be considered a weakness. Who would show compassion to an enemy or an ant?

The Luminous saw all life as ants and only their bloodline was supreme, and so, Eos understood that the one thing they would not understand was the ability for such worthless creatures to sacrifice power for the sake of others.

No Luminous had ever given their life for another, and they would not know what it meant to be able to do such a thing.

They would never imagine that Eos would be able to sacrifice his soul to give Existence life.

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The light of Eos's soul was the light of Origin's Soul, and it was still young and unformed.

Most of its knowledge came from Eos, and for the moment, it was only moving via instincts.

This light reached up and touched the breach that Enoch had torn all the way from the Blackened Scar to the Origin Realms, and this tear seemed to recoil from the light.

Existence itself was banishing Enoch from it.

The countless horde that was emerging from the Blackened Scar felt and saw the light of Existence's soul, and they began to change.

Born with the only purpose to kill and destroy, this was the first time that any of these creatures had ever felt warmth.

The Soulwraiths that had been pouring through the breach paused in their advance, their faceless forms turning toward the light.

For the first time in their existence, they were not hungry; instead, they felt something that even their creators could not have imagined: they felt... curiosity. The Chronophages slowed, their clockwork bodies ticking to a halt as the light washed over them. The stolen moments they had consumed began to leak from their forms.

They no longer saw the screams and agonies of those they had consumed; now they were seeing stories, births, deaths, first kisses, and last words.

All the moments that made a life worth living, spilling into the void like stars being born.

And the Memorivores, the golden specters who fed on guilt and shame, found themselves remembering things that had never happened to them.

Acts of kindness, moments of grace, sacrifices made without expectation of reward. They did not know what to do with these memories because they had never been designed to hold them.

But they held them anyway.

The Ancient Primordials may have created these monsters, but the truth was that these were all the reflections of Enoch's Will, and he felt all these transformations like a slap in his face.

Enoch watched his armies hesitate, and the spiral galaxies of End in his eyes began to spin faster with fury.

"Do you think this changes anything?" His voice cracked across the void, and the Soulwraiths that had paused screamed, their forms twisting back into shapes of hunger and despair. The Chronophages' stolen moments burst from them like bile, and the Memorivores shattered the memories they had just begun to cherish, grinding them back into guilt and shame.

"You think your light can undo what I have made?"

Enoch's hands, still gripping the edges of the breach, began to pull so that he would anchor himself and plant his feet in the fabric of Existence.

"I am not your enemy, child of Eos. I am your end."

And with those words, Enoch pushed himself into Existence.

Chapter 2173 I Do Not Care

THE HOLLOW.

When the Ancient Primordials were dying, he had begun to sense the transformation around Nyxara, but he had questions that he needed answers to, and he consciously left her for last, and the interesting thing was that Eos had felt her leave the moment he raised his head up, as if Nyxara was playing games with her.

What sort of being was this that he felt was unlike a Primordial or a Luminious? Inside his consciousness, Eos was struggling to parse through the memories of Memory, but it was just too much, and he was aware that some answers may come too late... the only thing he could do at this time was to respond to the situation at hand, and hope for a breakthrough quickly enough.

Eos closed his eyes, although Nyxara had vanished, he was not afraid that she would escape; he had not forged this Hollow because he had nothing better to do.

His serpents had surrounded this entire place, effectively cutting it off from Existence, and if Nyxara wanted to escape, she would have to tear through the bodies of the serpents.

For a being of her power, it was possible to do this, but it would not be quick. His serpents were many things, but not having a thick body was not one of them, even if she was a Luminious; the bodies of his Ouroboros were not easily cut through.

He had not felt anything infiltrating through the bodies of his serpents, and that meant that Nyxara was still here with him, and the only reason she went invisible was that she required time... time to fully become.

The only problem here was that Eos did not want to give her more time. Nyxara had made a mistake. Before she vanished, she should have removed the Will of Mercy from her heart.

She had suppressed this Will, and yet, Eos had tampered with this Will before he gave it to her, and even though he could not see her traces, he could track the Will of Mercy through the paths in between space and time where Nyxara was hiding.

Eos opened his eyes, and his crown lit up, and his eyes fixed directly on Nyxara, and she must have detected his gaze because she began to move.

“You think you can escape?” Eos’s voice followed her across the void, through the layers of reality she was tearing through, into the spaces between spaces where even light could not reach, but even in this place, the bodies of his serpents were there, and she could not move through them.

He was not up to one hundred percent, but it should be enough. Eos crouched a bit, and...

“Boom!”... his body exploded after her.

Nyxara did not answer his taunt as she fled from him. She was moving faster than anything that had ever existed in this Existence. Her form was composed of stolen souls that fueled her endless malice, pulsing like a supernova, and, like a serpent shedding her skin, she began to unravel her body as she fled, shedding pieces of herself to slow Eos.

But Eos was faster, with his control over light and the power of speed; even Nyxara could not compare with him when he was fully focused on moving.

His arm reached through the layers of reality that Nyxara was tearing through and grasped. On his palm was his understanding of the essence of the soul, and with the

heretical nature of Eos, even if he was not the Primordial of Soul, he was able to understand all four layers of Soul as well.

Now this was where things got wicked. Nyxara, despite being a Primordial of souls, did not have a higher understanding of the soul than Eos, but before now, she had all the advantages due to the fact that the Origin of Soul was under her control, and this Origin fueled her power.

However, with Eos's understanding of the soul and the present power of his body, he had enough weight to forcefully bridge the gap between the power that Origin had given her and suppress her authority over souls.

There was also the fact that at this point, with so many Ancient Primordials dead, and the fact that right about this moment, his greatest secret that he had given Existence a soul had just emerged, the control that Nyxara had over her Origin of soul was slipping, and although she was shedding parts of her body to slow him down, the truth was that she had no choice but to do this as every Soul Origin she held was like a weight around her neck.

In his sight, Eos could see that she was constantly shedding soul origins, and in the core of Nyxara, he saw a pale light that was definitely not origin, and this light was growing the more soul origins that she was shedding.

However, this was not all; beside that pale light was another light orb, and it was shrinking.

Eos recognized this light, and he frowned. It was the core of Nyxara's soul origin, and he instinctively knew that he did not want this core to fade because it was the only thing that was keeping Nyxara as she was.

His hand, holding all the understanding of Soul Origin, reached out, and he called upon this light. Alone, he would not be able to achieve this, but the power of Existence was behind him, and although it had not fully awakened, it could still instinctively follow Eos's will, and with a sharp click that only he could hear, he touched the part of her that was real.

"You..." Nyxara's voice cracked across a thousand frequencies at once, "...you cannot hold me. I am not like the others. I was never like the others. I am..."

"You are what you choose to be," Eos said. "And I don't care for it."

His grip tightened, and Nyxara's form began to crack; the two lights that were fused with each other began to slowly separate, as arcs of lightning so powerful that they could shatter realities exploded from her core.

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

Chapter 2174 You Have A Choice

Chapter 2174 You Have A Choice

The Soul Origins that were still clustered around her core were screaming in what could be pain or pleasure as they were being ripped from her, as the lightning blasting out from her core was tearing them away, causing them to spill into the void like blood from a wound.

The countless stolen souls that had made her, the countless deaths, the endless betrayals, the eternal hunger, were being stripped from her, layer by layer, truth by truth.

Eos had not forgotten that at the core of each Ancient Primordial was something that was not necessarily evil, but they had been given this path of endless hunger, and their fate was sealed.

As Eos drew out the Soul Origin from the unknown light inside her, tearing that fusion apart, the Soul Origin began to scream.

Looking closer, Eos noticed countless tendrils from the pale light that had sunk into the Origin of Soul like foot-length maggots infesting a wound, and as he pulled, those tendrils were dragged out of the Origin.

“NO!” Nyxara’s scream was the sound of a Reality being unmade. “You cannot take this from me! This is what I AM! This is what I have always BEEN! Without the hunger, without the need, without the—”

She suddenly stopped as the last layer of her being had been stripped away, and beneath it, there was something that Eos had not expected.

There was a child.

A girl, no older than a mortal child, with hair the color of starlight and eyes that held the memory of a thousand gardens blooming in the dark.

She was curled in on herself, trembling, her hands pressed over her ears as if trying to block out a sound that had been screaming in her head since the beginning of time.

“I didn’t want to,” she whispered. “I never wanted to. They made me. They made me.”

Eos’s grip loosened, a bit in shock because he had not expected that the child that had existed sixty-five million years ago was still wrapped in the core of Soul’s Origin after all this time.

The thousand eyes in his crown focused on the child, and in each one, he saw the same thing... a being who had been shaped by forces she could not control, who had become something she never chose to be, and who had suffered for longer than anyone in Existence could imagine.

“Who are you?” Eos asked, with suspicion in his eyes, as the child looked up at him, and in her eyes, he saw something that made even his transformed heart ache... and inside his heart, Eos felt fear.

There was no reason why he should be feeling such emotions like this from just looking at a child, almost as if he was being forced to feel all of this.

Eos had been forced to think and feel many things in his life, and he had become capable of separating emotions and thoughts that were not his own.

At his present level, he considered it impossible for anyone to influence his thoughts, but now what he was feeling for this girl was so natural, it was almost as if he was the one feeling this way, but Eos knew himself, and he could not just fall for the pain of someone who was his enemy so easily.

There was no suspicion in his heart, and even now, this thought of his that was detecting that something was wrong was quietly fading away in the background.

Eos squeezed his hand tighter and held on to that part of him that was skeptical, and then he decided to play this game and know where all of it led. The girl had not answered his first question, and he asked her, “Who made you?”

“Him,” she said after a moment. “The one who returned... Can you not hear his voice like madness in your ears? The one who made us all, and pushed me to become this person. He needed us to be hungry, so very hungry, I have forgotten what it means to ever be satisfied. He needed us to consume; every single moment of our lives is one where we MUST feed. He needed us to be the end.”

She reached out, and her small, fragile hand touched Eos’s arm. Eos idly noted that where she had touched the light of his new form began to fade, taking back his human form.

However, a large part of his mind was not aware of this transformation; it was almost as if it were natural. After all, the battle had been won, and if he kept his form, he might drive this innocent girl to madness, and he needed to be a little more kind.

The fear inside of Eos was growing, but he stopped it from emerging and allowed his body to take back his human shape and all of its weaknesses.

“Please,” she whispered. “Make it stop. Make the hunger stop. I don’t want to be hungry anymore... I never wanted to be hungry. I just wanted to grow, but he would not allow

me. I have been hungry for so long that I do not know what to do. Please free me from this eternal torment.”

Eos could feel a surge of pain at the thought of the suffering that this child had endured.

How much more could that bastard Enoch take from Existence before he was satisfied? He saw innocence and corrupted it, and now, it was up to him to clean up the mess that that monster had left behind, and he would not fail her.

He had all the powers of Origin; he may not have understood his full might, but he was slowly getting to the point where nothing would be able to stand against him, and it was the right time for him to correct one of the greatest sins of the past and give this child peace once again.

Eos was silent for a long moment, then he reached into his chest, pushing past the barrier of his skin into the Maw That Crafts, and from it, he drew out a seed.

This act of drawing out this seed seemed to have cost him, as he went a bit pale, but this seed was a bit special, as it contained his endless potential.

It was from this seed that he created the Archai, and he slowly placed the seed in the hands of the child whose eyes were filled with hope.

The girl gasped as where it touched her, the hunger that had defined her existence began to fade away like a nightmare that could not survive the light of morning.

“What is it?” the child asked, wonder in her voice.

“It’s a choice,” Eos said, and he smiled.

Chapter 2175 Creation Against End

TEN THOUSAND ORIGIN REALMS

The breach tore open with a sound that was not only echoed through space, but time as well.

Enoch was like a massive unborn baby a hundred times bigger than his mother, and this description could not be far from the truth because in many ways, Enoch was bigger than Existence, and he was forcing his way into it.

“RIIIPPP....”

The sound of this shocking act was the least damaging thing he was doing to Existence, and it did not take him long for the breach to reach a level that could no longer be fixed.

A scream echoed across Existence at this rending, as the Blackened Scar, which had been a wound in the fabric of Existence, became a door, and through that door, Enoch forced his way through.

His form was not what the Primordials had expected, as they had seen his hands that were vast enough to crush the entire Origin Realms in a single motion.

They had also seen the suggestion of his face, smooth and featureless, with spiral galaxies of End for eyes, and yet this was not all of Enoch, and even now, as he was fully revealed, most of them could not see all of him, and only Eos, the Soul of Existence, could see him.

Still, everyone here agreed on one thing: the figure of Enoch... was wrong.

He was something that should never have been allowed to exist.

Enoch was special, unlike the other Luminious, whose power of Lumina was able to suppress the corruptive influence of their bloodline to an extent; Enoch was not born with that filter.

From the moment of his birth, the metaphysical and spiritual block that all Luminious had was missing from his body, and so he had uninterrupted access to the bloodline and the voice of the Great One.

It was no wonder that despite his strength, Enoch still went insane and shattered the plans of the Great One. It was truly difficult to direct madness.

The sixty-five million cosmic eras he had spent in the domain of End had given Enoch the chance to recover from his madness to an extent, but the taint of End had twisted his Luminious form into something heretical that had neither been seen before.

At the beginning, with the aid of the Abomination flesh he left behind, Enoch had crafted a perfect Luminious body, but it did not last long under the poison of End flowing through his veins, and like the Abomination, he also began to mutate.

Enoch's body was now a cathedral of suffering. Each limb had compressed and transformed into bones of dead Existences, his torso became a cage of fused timelines that had been bent and broken until they screamed in frequencies that shattered the minds of lesser immortals. These screams reached the end of time, and if Fury, Circe, or Victorious Genesis were here, they would have noted that these cries were eerily similar to the sound of the insects eating at everything at the end of time.

He no longer had a skin, just the flayed membrane of realities he had devoured, stretched thin over a form that had no right to move, to breathe, or to be.

And his face, where his face should have been, there was only absence. It was a smooth, porcelain void where features should have been, but the absence was hungry, and where it looked, life withered.

Enoch had been beautiful once, Eos had seen his memories, and it was hard to find another Luminious who was more beautiful than him, but after all this time, that beauty had been consumed by something far older and far more terrible.

It was the certainty in the heart of Enoch that he was the only thing that mattered. The only thing that should ever matter.

Enoch did not even see the Luminious as his equal, and if not for the desire to keep him ignorant at the beginning, Enoch had truly believed that he had wiped out all the Luminious.

The massive form of Enoch took a step forward, and he looked up and saw the endless immensity of Existence, and he drew in a deep breath, and for a moment, the endless expansion of Existence stalled as if the pressure of Enoch's breathing was holding it down.

Then his swirling gaze turned towards the soul of Existence.

"You created them," Enoch said, and his voice was like realities grinding against each other and the last breath of a billion dying Primordials. "You looked at the void and saw potential. You looked at nothing and decided it should be something. And you thought..." His formless face twisted, cracking in patterns that spelled agony in languages older than existence, "...you thought you were worthy."

He began to walk toward the figure of light, and with each step, the void around him died. The echoes of a hundred dead Existences rose up around him, not as trophies. Worlds he had crushed. Civilizations he had unmade. Lives he had ended before they could become something he could not control.

"I was the first," Enoch continued. "I was the only. I looked into the void, and I made it something; I breathed life into dust and called it creation, I forged light from darkness and called it beauty. And what did my creations do? They grew and changed. They became something I did not make, something I did not authorize, and in their growth, they stole everything from me."

The sheer Aura from Enoch seemed to freeze all of Existence, and even the soul of Existence could not move under this endless weight.

Something truly diabolical was happening with Enoch's body at the moment.

You see, the body of the Abomination he seized was made to endlessly evolve and adapt to whatever pressure was exerted upon it.

And now with the full Will and madness of Enoch inside this shell, his body had to continuously evolve to keep up with his growing adaptation to End, else it would collapse to dust.

This meant that Enoch was growing stronger with every moment that was passing, and this strength seemed to have no ceiling.

He reached out, and his hand, a claw of compressed bone and stolen essence, closed around the figure of light.

“You think I hate you because you threaten me? Because you might unmake what I have built?” Enoch did not wait for a reply as he laughed. “No. I hate you because you dare. You dare to create what I created... You dare to call yourself a creator when you are nothing but a thief! You stole from me, stole my light, my fire, my purpose...and you used it to make something I hate.”

The soul of Existence had been unleashed prematurely, but there was no helping it, Eos had to make a move before everything collapsed around him.

If he had a billion years or three billion years, as he had first negotiated, instead of a hundred million years, then the fusion between his soul and Existence would be complete, but for now, there was still a large part of this fusion that was still left to go.

Nevertheless, a hundred million years was enough to accumulate power, and the soul of Existence pulsed, pushing back against Enoch’s grip, and for a moment, the two forces were balanced.

Chapter 2176 The Promise That Must Be Kept

The light of ten thousand Origin Realms, backed by the growing power of Existence, he was grasping against the weight of a hundred dead Existences. It was a clash of creation against envy... Hope against hate.

“I made the Ancient Primordials to wipe everything from the board,” Enoch said, and he grinned, exposing blackened fangs the size of Realities. “I filled them with hunger and rage and the desperate need to consume everything that was built. And when they failed, I came myself. Because I will not let you surpass me, I will not let you create what I could not, I will not let you win.”

On one hand, the soul of Existence was multitasking, conducting a grueling fusion while fighting against the power of Enoch that was endlessly growing. It was inevitable that he was going to lose.

Enoch's hand tightened, and the light of the soul of Existence dimmed as if it were being drowned in the weight of a hatred that had been accumulating for longer than Existence itself had existed.

"You want to know why I made myself into this form and allowed End to shape my path?" Enoch leaned closer, and the void where his face should have been pressed against the light of this soul like a lover seeking warmth. "Because I would rather see everything burn than see anyone else hold what I held. I would rather be the destroyer of a thousand Existences than share a single moment of creation with something that is not me."

The soul of Existence was silent as he fought, his light pulsing weakly, and Enoch's laughter was the only thing that surrounded him.

His light was beginning to fade because, at the moment, most of the strength he was fighting with came from the ten thousand Origin Realms, and he had barely fused with two percent of Existence.

He should not be fighting alone; his flesh should be here, and only together was there any hope of standing against Enoch, but the soul was alone, and his light was fading.

Enoch smiled at his dying struggles, "Please," he said, his words a promise. "Do not make me destroy you quickly. I have waited so long to feel something new. Something that has not been crushed and remade and crushed again. You are the most beautiful thing I have ever seen, and I am going to savor your death."

Ⓔ

Eva had been fighting for what felt like years. After Enoch had ripped his way out of the Blackened Scar, the armies of the Ancient Primordials went mad, and any hint of thought in their consciousness was gone, leaving only the desire to consume and destroy.

Their numbers were infinite, and they poured into the Origin Realms with the force of an unchecked flood, consuming everything in their path, even themselves.

This sort of madness was not one that could be understood or contained, and if not for the Incarnations of Eos, the entire Origin Realms would have been destroyed in a moment.

They were buried deep inside the endless horde of monsters, and although they were killing trillions, more of these creatures had swept past them and were pushing deeper into the Origin Realms.

The second perimeter was holding, barely, but the horde was endless, and the Primordials were tiring, even though they were facing about two percent of the total number of monsters pouring from the Blackened Scar. However, Incarnations began to die, and this number was increasing from two percent all the way to ten percent, causing the pressure on the defenders to endlessly rise.

Every time they pushed the enemy back, more came. Every time they sealed a breach, another opened. It was a war of attrition, and attrition favored the infinite.

They were going to lose, and then in the distance a mocking laughter of disbelief came from Enoch, and Eva did not know what that laughter signified, but a moment later she knew when a bright but calm light reached the Origin Realms from the distance.

Even as he battled Enoch, the soul of Existence had seen the plight of his children, and he did not hesitate to send a portion of his power to give them strength.

Enoch would never understand why he did it, but the soul knew that this battle was being fought for all life in Existence, and allowing them to die when he could aid them meant he had lost.

To Eva and all the Primordials here, the light that washed through them carried strength they could not imagine.

It tapped into that layer of their soul that saw the potential in everything, and it pushed that potential to the fore.

Multiple Primordials began to ascend up their layers, and for a moment, Eva froze in place as the light touched a part of her core that she thought was lost to her forever.

Eva was the daughter of light, and so he had a closer relation to light than any Primordial here and for her, this light did not only give strength and enlightenment, it was also the light of the first sunrise, a mother's smile, a child's first laugh, and a lover's last breath, and the quiet moment before sleep when the world seems perfect and complete.

And in that light, Eva saw him.

This figure that she could not call a man or a god, but something stranger and more wonderful than anything she had ever imagined.

He was the soul of Eos, the part of the Grand Creator that had been searching for answers since before the first New Primordial was born, and he had found them.

He had found her.

Not Eva, specifically, but everything she represented. Every life that had been lived in the Origin Realms. Every love that had been cherished. Every sacrifice that had been made. He had found them all, and he had made them a promise.

A promise that this Existence would not end, that the cycle would be broken, and the suffering would stop.

Eva wept as she took up her arms to fight, her mind going back to the conversation she had with Eos that seemed so distant now.

Chapter 2177 A Truth Worth Recording (1)

Eva was there when Eos was speaking with his Singularity, and now the full measure of that moment came into stark light. He was not just talking to the Primordial Record but to all of them.

“Please,” Eos had whispered, “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.”

But even as she wept and fought, feeling the power of the light that was slowly enhancing her understanding of her Origin, pushing her ever closer to reach the fifth layer of Revelations, she also felt the darkness pressing against that light. Felt Enoch’s hatred, his envy, his need to destroy everything that was not him. And in that feeling, she understood something that the Primordials had forgotten in their long war against the dar

They were not fighting to survive. They were fighting because the alternative was unthinkable.

Another memory of that day returned to her as they found the place where she was born, preserved after countless years, and Eos had shown her this miracle.

“End’s arithmetic cannot account for this. 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.”

Eva could feel her core beginning to crack, but she held back her ascendance because she realized that if she pushed forward too quickly, her body would not be enough to contain this power, and she would shatter instantly. No matter how much it hurt, she had to wait for her body to slowly grow more powerful.

The expansion of the universe was the key, and this light gave Eva the possibility of growth.

Without this light from the soul of Existence, it would have taken millions or even billions of cosmic eras for Existence to expand to the extent where Eva’s Primordial body would be able to handle the fifth layer of Revelations, but under this light, that period had been

shortened to almost nothing, at least, as long as the soul could last against the power of Enoch.

As more cracks radiated from her core, more memories of that day slammed into her consciousness.

She had asked Eos, “What if I cannot bear to see you fall, clinging to this love?” and he had looked at her and replied without mincing any words.

“Then perhaps, 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 had chuckled then with a bit of sadness, “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.”

And Eos’ reply would stay with her forever,

“Then we fall together. And that, too, will be a truth worth recording.”

THE HOLLOW.

Eos had ripped a portion of his potential and presented it to the child, and even though she had hesitated to take it at first, she did and held it in her small hands, and her eyes became filled with wonder.

Everyone had potential, but their potential was limited; Eos’s potential was different, whether by design or a very lucky mutation. He had infinite potential, and so even this piece of him, devoid of his core, contained more potential for change and power than anyone had ever had access to before.

Eos was a culmination of countless years of experimentation by the Luminious to create aberrations, and although he did not start as someone very powerful, he grew up to become something extremely unique.

He may not have been the most powerful creation of the Luminious, but he certainly had the potential to become the most powerful being that ever existed.

The child looked at the seed in her hands, and for a moment, Eos saw something in her eyes that he thought even the child had not expected to feel.

Inside the potential she held, the child saw herself as she could have been outside the machinations of Enoch.

Like her siblings, she was special, and her hands were made to grow and create. Countless gardens and fields filled with beauty and food emerged from her hands; gods and countless civilizations called her mother.

“I want to be new,” she whispered. “I want to be something that has never been... I want to grow.”

The child closed her eyes, and the seed in her hands began to bloom.

However, what was important was that there was a deep struggle inside her eyes as she did this, almost as if her body was following a script that she did not want to follow.

Her body began to slowly collapse as a deep look of fury filled the eyes that turned towards Eos, who was still smiling.

Eos mouthed, “Two can play the game.”

The look of fury in those eyes vanished as the girl dissolved into light, and that light exploded into a garden.

As the garden expanded, it drew the pale light hovering above and buried it in its new soil.

“You were meant to be a mother of worlds, Nyxara. This should be a fitting end for you.”

Eos watched the garden begin to dramatically expand as it grew past him. Its source of energy was the unknown pale light that Nyxara had been transforming into.

Eos had faced something extremely dangerous these last few moments, and only his unique ability to discern truth from falsehood had saved his life.

Of all the Wills that he could have picked for his core that gave him the opportunity of great power, Eos had selected the Will of Truth because he truly believed that this was the only path forward in a world of endless lies and deception, and once again, his choice was proven right.

Nyxara was not a Primordial, at least the thing inside her was not; she was a Luminous, but one that had been bound under certain sets of rules that were strange, but Eos now understood why something like this could happen, because he had always had the answer all along, and the answer was End.

One of the first rules Eos had learned about this power was that it was capable of almost everything, but it asked a price in return.

Chapter 2178 A Truth Worth Recording (2)

Nyxara had asked something from End, a task that must have been so ridiculously potent that the price of it was the loss of her memories and everything she was, and Eos thought he knew what she had asked for.

You see, while Luminious Memory had blocked the true sixth dimension from Existence, Parallel Realities, Nyxara wanted something more; she wanted to become the seventh Dimension itself, not as a Primordial, but as something more potent.

The seventh dimension was not the dimension of Fate, but the dimension of Consciousness, which was another name for soul, the true face of the seventh dimension was the Dimension of Soul, and originally, an immortal that had reached the seventh dimension should have total control over their Soul Origin, meaning they were truly free from the shackles of Existence, and should be able to pull themselves away from the river of time and space of this Existence, achieving true immortality, but Nyxara had placed herself over this gap to stop it.

The price she had paid was brutal, a total loss of memories, but she had also manipulated this result, placing the burden of this price all across her siblings, and they became her beasts of burden as well as her shackles.

With the death of Asteroath, Primordial Light, the first of her shackles was broken, and the truth of her past began to reveal itself as her memories slowly awakened. It was in this moment that she contacted Eos, because more than anything, she wanted to regain her memories and seize the power of the Dimension of Soul.

The more things changed, the more they stayed the same.

The Ancient Primordials were creatures of endless hunger who could not create but consume. They looked for Realities, and they consumed them, draining them of their essence and Origin, and now Eos was just seeing it being repeated, but on a much larger scale.

The Luminious were not harvesting Realities; instead, they were harvesting Existences!

He had learned that there had been many Existences before this one, and they had all been destroyed, and now he understood that this destruction was what came last; before that would be plunder.

There was a time when Enoch and his machinations seemed so obtuse and alien to Eos, but now he just saw them for what they were... thieves who wanted to raid the sinking ship for what they desired before it was lost.

However, he did not know if there had been any Luminious like Nyxara before that wanted to steal an entire dimension from Existence.

Eos knew that the painter wanted to assume the power over Origin, and he now saw one of the ways that would happen.

If Nyxara were able to fully claim the dimension of soul from Existence, then the path of Primordials would be cut forever.

If this Existence ends, and a new one begins, then Origin would no longer be as strong, as the highest dimension that would be available to all life would be the sixth dimension, the seventh, eighth, and ninth would be gone forever.

The eighth and ninth dimensions would remain, but without the seventh dimension, it would be impossible for any immortal to cross the threshold.

Since Origin power was a power of creation, and it grew the more Primordials were born, which could innovate and teach Origin new things, the power of Origin would not grow and would slowly diminish.

Primordial Memory had deceived Existence that the sixth dimension was the dimension of Memory, and so it would only be a matter of time before the sixth dimension vanished as well, and the highest would be the fourth and the fifth, Space and Time.

Eos could see how this could be a bit difficult because they were one of the fundamental dimensions of Existence, but like Memory, it could be changed and altered. The new lifeforms and immortals in the new Existence would be lied to, and they would not understand the true face of the fourth and fifth dimensions.

When this happened, it was only a matter of time before there was no longer any higher-dimensional immortal ever again, and it would no longer matter the sort of world-shaking genius that was born, as their path would be cut forever.

This was a terrifying plot that had been slowly made and perfected after countless years, and it just so happened that Eos had been born in the perfect moment where he could rise up and stop it.

If he were born in a previous Existence, he would not have been able to gather the power he had or see a Luminious like Enoch being born; if he were born after this Existence, then everything would be too late.

It was as if with the birth of Enoch, the Luminious, who would herald the change of the uncontrollable collapse of Origin, Eos was also born to counter it.

But this battle was far from over, and there was a great possibility that he would still lose and witness the destruction of Origin.

Eos had begun to realize something important as he went through all the details of what had transpired with the help of the Will of Truth, but there were parts still missing, and he thought he knew how to find the answers to those.

After Primordial Life had killed himself, the last shackles over the memories of Nyxara had been lifted, and she was on her way to absorb what Eos believed was the entire seventh dimension of Existence when he stopped her.

The core of the Origin of Soul was the final key that Nyxara needed, and with the Will of Truth and the backing of his endless might, Eos was able to perfectly mimic the power of Soul Origin.

One of the traits of Origin was completeness. There could not be two Origins of the Soul, and when Eos mimicked the Origin of Soul, he forced the Origin that was being drained by Nyxara to return to him, where he merged it with the fake mimicry.

However, what happened next showed Eos the true shape of Nyxara, as the child that he took began to slowly twist Eos's perception.

This was not the power of the soul; this was something different and was most likely the power of the Luminious, and it seemed the power was to change reality itself.

Chapter 2179 A Truth Worth Recording (3)

The Will of Truth was the only thing that kept Eos safe from the power of this Luminious.

With Eos present power, it was impossible for someone to twist his mind, and so the fact that he could pity this girl and willingly cut out a part of his Origin meant that Reality itself had changed around him to make him always feel for this child.

This was a unique power that his Will of Truth saved him from, and this gave him the chance to retaliate.

This Luminious, wearing the skin of Nyxara, not only wanted to consume the seventh dimension, but she also wanted to collect parts of the greatest creation of this present Existence, Eos himself.

Cutting off a piece of his Origin and giving it to Nyxara had undoubtedly weakened him, but Eos had also placed a trap inside his core.

Looking at the expanding garden that would soon cover the entirety of the Hollow, Eos smiled in satisfaction.

However, it was not long before a disturbance drew him to the center of the garden where the child had exploded.

The ground bulged, and from it a new girl was born again with hair the color of starlight, and in her hands, she held the pale light that Eos suspected was the true form of the Luminious.

He sighed. He should have known; it was never going to be easy.

The girl slowly opened her eyes and looked at Eos, and in those eyes, he did not see any familiar emotion, just surprise and a bit of fear.

Then there was a flicker, and that fear was gone, replaced by old knowledge.

Eos knew that a moment before, this girl had been born a blank slate, but the mind of the Luminious had just taken over her body.

He blinked as he suddenly felt pain in his chest, and looking down, he saw the girl smiling up at him with her hand closed around his heart.

One moment she had been lying on the ground, and the next her hand was inside his body.

Eos did not know anyone faster than him, and even if they were, it was impossible for his senses not to have detected them, and so the only reason this could happen was if this girl was able to somehow deceive Existence itself that she was not lying on the ground but standing before him.

“That is a nifty trick.” Eos gasped, “How do you do it?”

The girl smiled, “You think this is anything? Wait until you see me do this.”

Eos gasped in shock as the hand that had encircled his heart was suddenly grabbing more than his physical form; it also grabbed his core.

It was not the first time that Eos had fallen under attacks that transformed his body back to flesh and blood; it was one of the few attacks that worked on him, and so he had long found ways to defend himself against attacks like this.

In essence, whenever he is transformed into flesh, his consciousness enters a state in which his flesh becomes a meat suit, and no matter the kind of damage he suffers, it no longer affects the core of who he is.

However, this power of the Luminious was changing rules and Existence seemingly at her whim, making it so that he had never taken any step to shield his consciousness from his flesh.

“You fool,” she whispered, and the sound traveled to his ears where it echoed repeatedly, “fool...fool...fool.”

As the voice echoed, it began to change. First, it sounded like a girl, then it grew a bit deeper and more majestic until it sounded like the voice of a woman that he had never heard before. “Did you think it would be that easy? Did you think I would let you win?”

Eos looked down at the child, and he noticed that the garden was gone. All of the energy that was inside the light, which fed the growth of the garden, had been taken back and reversed.

Existence seemed to flicker, and the pain in Eos’s chest multiplied exponentially as the child was no longer present and in her place was the true Nyxara, her form whole again, but also different.

Her skin now looked like a lighter shade of shadows, and her eyes blazed like the sun. A moment before, Eos was looking down at her; now she was taller than he, and she was looking down on him.

A small smirk was at the side of her mouth, and she was about to speak when she noted that Eos was beginning to smile.

“I never thought it would be easy, but I know there is one thing I can always count on, and it would be your greed.”

Nyxara looked at Eos in surprise before she glanced down at her body when she noticed something that had not been there before.

She was wounded.

It was not a physical wound because there was nothing of flesh about Nyxara; this wound was worse because it had done something to her that could not be undone. The girl had taken a part of his core, and that was a good thing for Nyxara; stealing a portion of Eos’s core was a great source of power.

However, the present core of Eos was not just potential; inside that core was Eos’ belief about his path for the future.

Like he had told Eva, he now totally followed the path of Origin and no longer that of End, and his core no longer held any corruption of End inside of it.

This sort of core was poison to the Luminous as it had planted something in her that was not hunger and not the endless, screaming want that had defined her existence.

It had planted doubt and the possibility of living for more than one’s own interest.

“What have you done to me?” Nyxara shrieked as she stepped back, her hand emerging from Eos’s chest with a wet sucking sound.

Eos grimaced in pain and shrugged, “Frankly, I thought you would see this coming, and did not expect that it would work so easily. You gave me this idea when I placed the Will of Mercy in your heart; this is the same, only exponentially worse. Your nature seems to distort reality, but I place truth inside you. So, are you willing to spit out the part of me you have taken, or do you believe you can change it before it changes you?”

Nyxara screamed, and her body began to crack. The body of the child rose out of her chest, screaming, but it was being held back by her skin.

“Free me... free me...” the child was screaming as it began clawing outward as if she was trying to rip her way out of Nyxara’s body.

Eos’s eyes tightened a bit as he watched this horrific sight. It would seem that the child had always existed, and it had long been buried and consumed by the Luminious, and when she had eaten a part of his potential, the infection of truth was causing a split between these two entities, the Primordial of Soul and the Luminious.

Without the Origin of Soul inside her, Nyxara could not consume the seventh dimension, and this was problematic for the Luminious as she shrieked in rage, her hands began pressing against the face of the girl, pushing her back into her body.

She was struggling to push back the child inside of her when a loud crack echoed through the Hollow. Nyxara did not notice the cause, not until she began to fall on her back did she see that Eos had appeared before her and had slammed one of his fists into her stomach, seized her core, and was beginning to squeeze.

“You cannot kill me,” Nyxara hissed, but her voice cracked on the words. “I am the hunger that consumes all things, and I cannot be stopped. I am Luminious Veil, and everything will be...”

Eos did not even look at her while maintaining pressure on the elusive core in his palm; he focused on the girl struggling to tear her way out of Luminious Veil.

He always had a close relationship with the Origin of Soul, and he could communicate with her.

“You’re a child who was hurt a long time ago,” Eos said very gently, all his words carrying truth that touched the core of himself inside the Origin of Soul. “You’re a child who was told she had to be hungry, and to consume, and to be the end...and you believed it. You believed it because you had no choice. But you have a choice now. You always had a choice.”

Nyxara screeched, “Stop it, you do not know who I am, I am Luminious Veil, I have been here when the Great One breathed life into Existence and my Will is his own, you have no right to change what I am.”

“I do not change anything, I only bring out only what was there. The truth always remains the truth, and you are not fighting against me but yourself.”

“You think I don’t know that?” Nyxara screamed in anger and loss, “You think I don’t see what I could have been? What I should have been? I see it every time I close my eyes. I see the garden I could have grown. The worlds I could have nurtured. The lives I could have loved.”

Chapter 2180 A Truth Worth Recording (4)

Eos paused, it was a strange thing to see the mind of an immortal being as powerful as Luminous Veil being torn to pieces in front of him, but Eos could not stop, if he allowed her to consume the Origin of Soul, then Existence as they knew it was lost, and any immortal lower than the sixth dimension would not reach any higher.

He began to push his arms deeper into the body of Nyxara so he could grab the child inside her, when Nyxara suddenly stopped screaming, bent her body, and grinned in front of his face like a ghoul,

“You don’t need to do that, Eos.” She slammed her palm into his chest, and he was forced back a few miles. “I will do it myself.”

She reached into her body and grabbed the child, pulling her out by the neck and began to choke her.

In the center of the girl’s forehead was a green, revolving seed spreading waves of power through the choking child’s body. This was the core of Eos, and Nyxara had not just ripped out the Origin of Soul from her body but also his core, which had been corrupting her.

With a forceful squeeze, she snapped the neck of the child, but that was not enough to kill the Origin of Soul as it continued struggling.

“Look at it,” she whispered, and Eos found that her voice was filled with wonder as she focused on the lines of truth that were running through the body of the child. “Look at what you made. Look at how it grows. It’s beautiful, Eos. It’s the most beautiful thing I have ever seen. How could such a small and pathetic creature like you make such a thing?”

She brought the child to her face and continued inspecting her for a moment, a deep look of fascination on her face. “I am Veil itself, I change Existence at my whims, this is the first time I have seen a concept that is so close to mine yet antithetical to it.”

Luminous Veil, Nyxara looked up at Eos, a long black tongue emerging from her mouth to lick the face of the child as if she was tasting her essence, and then she closed her eyes and savored it, before sighing.

“I could have grown this,” she whispered. “I could have been the gardener. I could have made worlds instead of ending them. I could have loved? Hahahaha, this is so pleasant, and I have never had anything connect so deeply to my core. Eos, are you sure you do not want to merge with me? I can take you away from all the chaos.”

Eos remained silent, and Luminous Veil shook her head, seemingly in disappointment, before she glanced back at the child. “What a waste, I could have made something wonderful from you. It would seem that I have just lost this bet.”

The aura around Luminous Veil suddenly expanded, and from her hand around the neck of the child, a thin smoky shadow began to pour into the body of the child through her mouth, and the child began to scream even though her neck was broken.

The broken neck of the child suddenly bent backward, and the back of the child’s head touched her spine. She looked at Eos.

One of her eyes held the color of truth, and the other eye was the color of the veil.

The eyes of the child fell on Eos, and she began to speak slowly, but the voice from her was strange, as if the Origin of Soul had become corrupted by the Luminous.

“You took this from me,” the child snarled, “You took what I could have been and made it yours. This infection growing in me is your fault after you stole my choice away from me, Eos. You stole the only thing that could have saved me from her. Now I die, and you are the cause.”

The power around Luminous Veil’s hand grew until it crushed the child and his core alongside her, and Eos felt something in him die.

He also felt the Origin of Soul die as well, finally freeing all of the Ancient Origin, but he was not in the mood to celebrate due to the awful void he was feeling inside him, which he was well aware was not normal.

What remained of the Origin of Soul and his core was just a blob of essence that was slowly dissipating after being deeply corrupted by the veil.

“Now,” Luminous Veil whispered, and her voice was soft, almost tender. “Now you know what it feels like to truly die, you now know what I have felt since the beginning of time whenever an Existence ends. The loss of something that could have been, the death of something that never was, the hunger that comes when you realize you will never be what you could have been. Why could I not take this Soul Origin for myself and never feel this ache anymore?”

Eos cocked his head to the side, a touch of anger showing in his eyes, ‘Was this Luminous trying to justify the reason she was going to consume the seventh dimension?’

She released the remnants of the child and tossed it aside like trash.

“You cannot kill me, Eos,” Luminious Veil said, and she was already fading, her form dissolving into the void, the direction of her path moving towards the ten thousand Origin Realms above, where Enoch was waiting. “And you cannot save me from what is to come. You cannot save anyone. I envy you, Eos, for being more than you were made to be. You were supposed to be the herald of the end of all things, but the end is here, and now I take your position.”

“What do you mean by that?” Eos asked, knowing that something had just changed, and he may have just missed one important part of the puzzle.

The fading voice of Luminious Veil replied, “Did you forget that I am a part of Enoch?”

Chapter 2181 A Truth Worth Recording (5)

The final words from Nyxara hung in the void like a curse, and Eos dread.

He was not surprised when Luminious Veil’s fading form dissolved into the fabric of Existence, her path a wound in reality that bled darkness into the light.

The body of the serpents should have held her, but she followed that pierced through Existence itself, thoroughly avoiding the barrier of flesh he had placed over the Hollow.

He was now realizing how lucky he was to have killed Memory due to the Luminious underestimating him, but Luminious Veil did not make the same mistake.

Eos watched her go, his hand still outstretched, the remnants of the corrupted Soul Origin dissipating in front of him like smoke.

“She was always part of him,” Eos whispered, the realization settling into his bones like frost. “The Luminious are not separate beings. They are fragments. Pieces of a whole that was shattered at the beginning of everything.”

Eos gasped as this ultimate truth was like a magnet drawing upon relevant truths that were scattered inside the impossibly vast landscape of Luminious Memory’s soul.

The memory of Memory, the fragments he had consumed, began to rearrange themselves in his consciousness. Not random data, but a pattern. A grand design that blew him away.

He had been wrong about the bloodline of Black Zenith; the Luminious were not a race, well, technically they were, but they could not be strictly defined by this rule.

They were more like a single being that had been broken apart by the power of End, scattered across the void between Existences, each fragment developing its own consciousness, its own hunger, its own need.

Without End, all of the Luminious would be fused together as one, but End was both their leash and their reason for existence.

It was a weird symbiotic relationship that made Eos rethink what he knew about the Painter, or the Great One, as the Luminious called this unknown being.

What was happening to Existence was just one of the changes that was shattering the fragility of all life; beyond that was something else that was beginning to happen, which was causing a disruption in the plans of the Luminious.

In the beginning, the Luminious had been shattered into pieces to grow, but now they were being brought back together.

After countless Existences, they were beginning to reunite, and this act of unity was creating a ripple effect that was sending chaotic reverberations all throughout the many Existences.

This was because only the consciousness of one Luminious would remain after all of them had been reunited.

There were three core Luminious, and Enoch was the last of the three core Luminious to be born. Nyxara was the second, and the first was still unknown, even to a Luminious like Memory.

To be the one whose consciousness would remain after the union was over, all three core Luminious made an Agreement; they were given specific goals and targets, and the one who lost would have to sacrifice their power to the one who won.

Nyxara, Luminious Veil, was the first core fragment to return to him.

“They’re going to fuse,” Eos said, and the words tasted like ash in his mouth. “If they fuse, they become something that can consume everything.”

What would happen when all the luminous beings become one? Would they become something else?

Eos knew that the Luminious was trying to consume Existence, but that was only looking at it on the surface; what they were really going after was Origin, the fundamental foundation of Existence.

The Great One, Eos, now believed that it wanted to consume Existence and the power of Origin, but the power of the Painter was so great that Eos was not sure they could reach

into Existence and claim that power because Origin and End were like matter and antimatter.

If the Great One wanted to possess Origin, then they needed to do something drastic, and that was to shatter a part of themselves into small pieces, the Luminious.

Yet these pieces were still so virulent and antithetical to Origin that, to balance all this out, Lumina was created to serve as a bridge to Existence and to allow the Luminious to walk inside it.

Now that a vital core of the Great One, Enoch, could walk inside Existence, it was only a matter of time before everything fell into his palm.

Eos looked down at his chest, at the wound where Nyxara had torn out his core. He was diminished. Weakened, but not broken... not yet.

He was about to leave, but something made him stop, and he looked at the remnants of the fading Origin of Soul.

It would only take him a moment to recreate an Incarnation to become the new Primordial Soul, and his core was healing, and yet, there was something different.

Eos closed his eyes and thought about this feeling of the void in his core, and he shook his head and smiled in annoyance, "That cheeky bitch stole a part of my core."

Cracking his neck, he held up his hand, and he called for the Origin Ouroboros, "The end war is here, and your strength is needed, my children."

A mighty hiss reverberated through the Hollow, and it began to shatter, showing visions of vast scales, each one the size of a Reality. ®

TEN THOUSAND ORIGIN REALMS

The soul of Existence fought against the crushing weight of Enoch, but the word 'fighting' was too grand; he was barely surviving.

He could feel Enoch growing stronger with every moment, and this was different from anything he had ever experienced before. Enoch was growing too fast, much too quickly, for the soul to adapt.

There was also the fact that he was not yet adapting when he was still fusing with Existence, and also keeping the defenses of the Origin Realms still alive by giving the Primordials that were battling to keep his dream alive, space to grow.

"Even at the end, you still fight for them, do you not see that it is hopeless? What can you do against the might of everlasting change?"

Chapter 2182 A Truth Worth Recording (6)

The soul of Existence did not answer. At this moment, he did not know if he even had the strength to reply if he wanted to. All he knew was that it was a miracle that he had lasted this long, and the possibility of enduring for any moment longer was bleak.

Yet, despite all this, Eos never knew how to back down, and his spine that did not break was what gave Existence the chance to last against a power that did not stop growing.

“I admire your spirit, Eos. It is something of the likes that I may never see again, but even with all your tenacity and power, the experiment that is Existence is over, and the creator wants it to end.”

Suddenly, Enoch stopped squeezing, and he pushed the soul of Existence back, and he laughed, “You have impressed me with your tenacity, Eos, and for that I shall reward you by giving you more despair.”

The soul of Existence gasped in relief, and he took several steps back, his radiance shedding on the horde of beasts, and their ferocity decreased as he gave these mindless hordes a mind of their own.

Of all his Incarnations fighting against the horde to give the Origin Realms a chance, most were dead, and there were only three left alive.

If they had been fighting to protect themselves, then it would be hard for any of these Incarnations to die, but what they were doing was much harder; they were fighting to protect the Origin Realms, and that meant dragging as much danger to themselves without holding back.

His actions gave them reprieve, but this was only for a short time. Eos felt it, a dark presence tearing through Existence, and he staggered back before he braced himself and looked to the side, wariness in his eyes.

Enoch’s laughter echoed across the void as he felt her approach, and his vast body, which was like a cathedral of suffering, began to change.

His massive body froze, and his chest opened up, and a smaller being walked out that resembled Enoch when he was not fully corrupted by End; however, he had no wings on his back, only two stumps that were bleeding, causing blood to pour down his body and create a platform that he stood upon.

He looked into the distance, and he smiled,

“You know, I felt you die,” Enoch said. “I felt you fail, and that did not give me much joy because I had hoped to break you by myself; that child had deprived me of something pleasant once again.”

Luminous Veil emerged from the darkness like a shadow given form, her body still flickering with the wounds Eos had inflicted.

Although she had seemingly escaped without any issue, that was not the entire truth, especially after she stole a part of his potential. This would be dangerous to any other Luminous, but for her, it was exceptionally dangerous due to the fact that truth was the opposite of her nature.

“I did not fall,” she said after she frowned. “I returned to you, for the settlement of the beginning and the end.”

The vast body of Enoch moved, and his featureless face tilted, and in the nothing that was his eyes, Luminous Veil saw herself reflected as she was now, broken and humiliated.

The smaller, perfect body of Enoch smiled, his bright blue eyes and white hair radiating a sort of grace that was impossible to describe.

“You brought me a gift,” Enoch said. “The wound in your body, is that what poisons you? This tiny truth is the only variable that broke your plans. How fascinating.” His monstrous body reached out, and his claw of compressed bone and stolen essence closed around her form. “You brought me the only thing that could make me whole. I had a small taste of this potential inside his Incarnation in my prison, and I want more.”

Nyxara grinned, “Be careful that this does not poison you.”

She did not resist his hand. This was the fate that she had been running from the beginning of time, since the first Existence was breathed into being, and the Great One had shattered them and scattered them across the void.

With the truth inside of her, she discovered that she was tired.

Tired of the hunger, of the need, of the endless, screaming want that had defined her existence for so long.

“Take it,” she whispered. “Take all of it. Take it and end me.”

The perfect form of Enoch looked at her one last time, and he smiled before he turned his back to her, and he was absorbed into the greater monstrous body.

A whisper came from Nyxara, “I wonder if we have ever been alive.”

Enoch's grip tightened, and Luminious Veil's form began to dissolve, and she became a part of Enoch.

Nyxara, the Primordial of Soul, the Luminious Veil, one of the three core Luminious had lost her place in Existence and become part of the whole.

Enoch's body shuddered as Luminious Veil's essence poured into him.

The cathedral of suffering that was his body began to bloom with wounds. End was not a power of healing, and with so much End being poured into his body, his massive form began to tear apart.

Although he was being bombarded by a lot of End, he was also being infused by her Lumina and part of Eos's potential.

Lumina was different from Origin, as every Luminious had a fixed amount of it. However, Lumina produced a force called Abhimha, and most of the time, when a Luminious was using the power of Lumina, what they were really using was the power of Abhimha.

At their death or in times like this, when a fusion occurs, all of their Lumina is passed in. This was what was happening to Enoch and was giving him the means of consuming so much power of End.

Wounds filled his body; however, each wound did not just bleed, it was a door, and through each door, something was beginning to emerge.

What was emerging were fragments.

Luminious Veil had consumed many other Luminious in the past; their bodies had been shattered and placed inside her Veil, not truly destroyed, just preserved.

These Luminious had been waiting in the darkness between Existences, and with the fusion, they who felt the call of the core, and were drawn to this moment like moths to a flame.

The first to emerge was a being of pure sound, its form a symphony of screams that had been playing since the first Existence ended.

Its name was Luminious Echo, and it had been hiding in the spaces between heartbeats, waiting for a voice to call it home.

Chapter 2183 One Last Push

Chapter 2183 One Last Push

All of Existence began to fracture as the first Luminious stepped into it, but it was not over, and it was only the beginning.

Luminious Veil had lived many times longer than Enoch, Luminious Transformation, and in that time, she had made many Agreements with powerful Luminious, and up to this moment, she had won all of them.

To delay the moment that fusion would occur in order to obtain as many Luminious as possible, she had not consumed the Luminious she had won over; she only killed their spirit, making them empty vessels of power.

If she had consumed all this power, Luminious Veil would have gone insane at best and perished at worst.

She was not like Luminious Transformation, who seemed capable of absorbing so much power of End without losing himself.

The difference between the three core Luminious and the others was the simple fact that their bodies could hold much more End than any of the others.

However, Luminious Transformation vastly exceeded the capacity of Luminious Veil, and he was not leaving the pieces of the Luminious in the void between Existences; instead, he was calling them to him.

The second Luminious entered Existence, and it was a being of frozen light, its form a glacier of moments that had never happened, possibilities that had been stillborn, futures that had been murdered.

His name was Luminious Stillness, and he had been waiting in the silence after the last sound, patient and hungry.

The third to be drawn into Existence was a being of burning absence, her form a fire that consumed without heat, a hunger that could never be satisfied.

Her name was Luminious Emptiness, and she had been feeding on the void between Existences, growing fat on the nothing that remained after everything ended.

The entirety of Existence began to crumble, and when it seemed as if it was about to be destroyed by the force entering inside of it, it was somehow converted into a force of expansion.

This would not have happened with the previous Existence, but now, with a budding soul growing inside of it, certain changes could be made to protect the lives that were in it.

All of these changes could not have escaped the sight of Enoch, but he did not seem to care; no matter how much expansion would help existence if all life inside of it were killed and all of its Origin conquered.

It was not as if he was even focused on Existence at the moment. Enoch knew that there was nothing that could stop him, and so he was more concerned with feeding his appetite.

The fourth Luminous to be drawn into Existence was a being of tangled time, his form a knot of moments that had been looped and twisted until they could not be unraveled.

His name was Luminous Paradox, and he had been hiding in the contradictions that End could not resolve, safe in the certainty of uncertainty.

Finally, there was the last Luminous, and he was a being of weeping stone, his form was a statue of grief that had been carved from the tears of a million dead Existences, and was one of the oldest Luminous. His name was Luminous Sorrow, and he had been waiting for this moment since the first life was born and the first death followed.

Five Luminous who had been placed in the darkness, waiting for the moment when the core would call them home.

And Enoch was hungry.

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Inside the Eternal Tower, Chronomancer Prime sat cross-legged, surrounded by the last Incarnations of Eos, all three hundred of them, and they were all pouring their strength into him as he struggled to shatter the binding curse placed upon his eye by Luminous Silence.

It would have been easier if Luminous Silence had been killed, but a moment back, when very Incarnation was tearing his concept to pieces, they all felt a surge of danger approaching, and they stopped killing Luminous Silence; they only shattered him into three hundred pieces, and those pieces were placed inside the heart of each Incarnation.

This was essentially a stopgap to delay the recovery of Luminous Silence, as the surge of danger they had felt before they tried to kill Luminous Silence only meant that the Incarnations were too weak to carry the Karma of Luminous Silence's death, and the only way forward was to give this karma to their main body.

What would be the consequence of killing a Luminous? The Incarnations did not know this answer, although they could guess, but whatever those consequences were, they knew Luminous Silence could not die by their hand, especially inside this place, the Eternal Tower.

However, splitting Luminous Silence apart was not useless; they were able to begin studying the structure of a Luminous, and they were able to pull out the hundreds of Incarnations that were buried under the cloak of silence.

The only Incarnation that was not helping Chronomancer Prime free itself of this barrier of Silence was Primordial Path, who had been sent to find a way to leave the Tower, and he soon came back with good and bad news.

With the effortless means of communication behind the Incarnations, they knew everything about what Primordial Path had found out, and they did not need to share it with Prime because he paused what he was doing and opened his one eye that was now red and filled with purple lightning due to running his power on overdrive for what felt like forever now.

“You have found the way to leave this place, right?” The Incarnations nodded as one, which was an odd thing to see, knowing that while they were all connected, each of them was a unique individual, and yet the ties that bind them were so strong due to their common roots that all of them were just mirrors of Eos.

“But there is bad news,” Prime whispered, and then he chuckled, “I think I know what it is, that bastard Silence was digging into me for a while, but a part of me was able to see inside of him, and there are things I now know to be the truth.”

He sighed, and he brought his hand up and circled the construct of silence on his left eye, gripping it tight. He inhaled and exhaled forcefully, “One last push, there is only one chain left.”

Chapter 2184 Think Of It As Giving Birth

In silence, the Incarnations poured energy into him, and Prime began to scream as he forcefully began pulling out the construct from his eyes.

Trillions of runes were pulsing from his two hands and traveling through his fingers into the construct as Prime attacked it with everything he had and everything the Incarnations had to give him.

Every Incarnation here had seen the door to the fifth layer of their Origin, and this meant they had enhanced their essence and energy even though they did not push their way to the fifth layer.

Nevertheless, it made the energy they were pouring into Prime extremely powerful and dense, giving him the strength to be able to enhance his body and knowledge.

With a scream that shook this layer of the Eternal Tower, Prime pulled out everything he had and pulled the construct out of his eye.

The construct extended for more than fifteen feet into his head, wet and slimy, and it was screaming, although there was no sound.

Coiling like a snake, the construct attempted to strike back at Prime, in order to bore back into his head, and he was too weak to block it, but it was a good thing that he was not alone, and the Incarnations froze this construct in the air, its slimy proboscis an inch from his eye.

Prime chuckled and watched with hate as the construct was compressed by the Incarnation and kept aside; all of this would be material for Eos to investigate when the time was right.

From the void in his left eye, a sudden blast of power blasted out of it, and Prime groaned as he braced himself. The pressure of the future had been building behind his head for a long time, and now that the path was open, blasts of power were shooting out of his head, carrying arcs of pale purple lightning that shot out for millions of light-years as multiple shockwaves erupted from his eye, and Prime could no longer hold back his scream of pain.

The hands of the Incarnation pressed down on his shoulder to stop him from shaking himself to death and controlling the pressure inside his head.

What was happening inside Prime was that his entire Origin had been shredded into a million times a second. He held control over the four layers of time, but the fifth layer of time was being pushed through his body.

It was as if he were a six-inch snake being forced to swallow an entire planet. His Origin was stretched and destroyed, and only his incredible regeneration, boosted by every Incarnation here, was keeping him alive.

“Think of it as if you are giving birth,” Primordial Laughter whispered in Prime’s ears, and Prime stopped screaming for a moment and shouted, “Fuck You!!! Ahhhh... this hurt.”

Primordial Laughter and the rest of the Incarnation rolled their eyes. Prime had always held himself in a dignified manner, and they were glad that he was beginning to emerge from his shell; however, it was a shame that he had to suffer so much for him to reach this place that should have naturally come to him after a while.

The words from Primordial Laughter distracted Prime a bit from the pain, and he endured for hours until a small purple orb flew out of his eye, and Prime collapsed to the ground, utterly spent.

After a while, his recovery ability gave him back his missing eye, and he looked at that purple orb that had expanded to the size of a sun. Prime called it back to him, and it drifted back to him, settling on his palm.

He was holding the future on the palm of his hand.

It was easy for him to separate the Primordials and the Old Ones, who were wrapped in the power of Time, placing them in the distance, and he began to ready himself for absorbing the power of the future.

The Primordials and the Old Ones were all sitting cross-legged, and their eyes were closed. Their bodies had not yet realigned with the present time stream, and it would take a while for them to awaken, but their part was done, and it was time for Prime to finish what they started.

Before now, the plan for the absorption of the future had become solidified. Even if Prime was given access to the future, which was the fifth layer of time, he would still be too weak to take advantage of it.

Except for Eos, whose body was powerful enough to hold the fifth layer of Origin, Prime, his bloodline Avatar could hold on for a while, but he was still too weak to hold this power for long, not unless he merged back with Eos.

However, the Incarnations here had other plans, and that was to give Prime all of their essence, giving him the capability to be one of the first fully functional beings who could control the fifth layer of Time!

When Luminous Silence saw that Primordial Light controlled the fifth layer of Light, he was surprised that he had not killed the other Incarnations and took their essence to bolster his flesh, and this was the same concept they wanted to use with Prime.

One of the purposes they were created was to gather all of the Ancient Origins, thereby creating a link with Eos, and if they succeeded in that, then the next step would be for them to die; it was the quickest way for Eos to go to the next step.

Every Origin had to have one owner, and if that owner died, then someone else would be able to claim it, but Eos had found a way to cheat the system, so no one else in Existence would be able to gain the power of the Ancient Primordials.

Since he was both a “Reality” and also an “Individual,” every Incarnation that he created that became a Primordial would plant their Origin Core inside the Origin Land.

It was as if his land was the earth, and the Origin was a seed; if that seed is watered and given proper sunlight, it would grow to become a massive tree. However, if the tree dies, then there is nothing left; someone else would be able to plant another tree in the same spot.

The Incarnation had planted solid trees of Origin inside his Origin Land, and if they died, this tree should have collapsed, but this did not happen because they were a part of the land, a part of Eos, and their death did not destroy the tree they planted; it just gave Eos control over it.

Using this method, Eos had ensured that he alone would control all of the Ancient Origins of Existence.

Now that Prime had the fifth layer of Time with him, the Incarnations began to break the final barrier to the fifth layer of their Origin.

If they were going to die, they had to ensure that they gave Prime the greatest essence possible.

Prime, who was about to absorb the future, saw what the Incarnations were about to do. He paused and bowed to them, understanding the sacrifice they were about to make on his behalf. Strengthening his spirit, he drove the future into his heart.

Chapter 2185 The Fate of Your Brother

Kronos, Kairos, Aevum, and Aeon... these were the four layers of Time that Chronomancer Prime had mastered.

However, unlike most Primordials that conquered their Origin Layers to gain mastery over it, Prime had taken a different route as he gave life to all of his Origin Layers, imitating the creation prowess of his father.

This distinction had aided him in defending against the assault of Luminous Silence for a long time because, unlike most Primordials who would have been helpless against the corruptive power of the Luminous, his Origin Layers could actively defend themselves; they could even flee and hide from the gaze of the Luminous.

Even when Luminous Silence threatened to break his mind, Prime was not too worried that he would be dominated because if his Origin Layers saw that he could no longer hold on, they could erase themselves, and this was something that no Primordial could claim to have.

Reaching the fourth layer of Time had been easy for Prime, due to the fact that he was the bloodline Avatar of the Great Eos, and he even made the process to be much harder when he animated his origin layers, but the fifth dimension of time was not so easily breached.

The instant he merged with this orb, everything the Primordials had seen and experienced rushed into his mind, even those they were not aware of.

Prime began to hyperventilate, as cracks began to fill his skin, he would have shattered to pieces in the next few seconds if not for the Incarnations around him suddenly blazing with light as they reached the fifth layer of their Origin, and instead of trying to preserve their life, they poured all of their essence into Prime.

One by one, they all faded away until there was no one left with Prime, but his body was now billions of times stronger than it was before, and this strength was only growing.

It was at this moment that Prime truly understood the power of Eos's flesh and spirit, which enabled him to perform so many of these miracles without flinching or showing signs of the power needed to hold all of this weight.

His Origin began to grow, and without the fear that his body would be torn to pieces, he could fully focus on what he needed to do, and the more that Prime learned about the future, he soon began to realize that the Future was not the fifth layer of Time; that was just a small part of it.

For any other Primordial, reaching the fifth layer of their Origin would be enough, but Prime had to go a step further to give this layer of Origin a life of its own.

It was not easy, but after doing this four times, Prime knew that the best time for it would be the moment that he began building the layer.

"Prove that you are the son of Eos, and all the Incarnations who gave their priceless life so you could thrive." Prime muttered to himself as he began walking in a path that not even his omnipotent father had tread upon.

At the first four layers, getting an Origin Layer that had a life of its own was certainly special, but nothing that was earth-shaking; however, all of this was thrown on its head when this power reached the fifth layer.

The foundation that Prime had built was being realized as all of the paths began to converge, to create something truly remarkable.

The first four Layers of Time, wearing either beautiful heavy armor or robes that seemed to extend for eternity, surrounded a pulsing layer of light that was slowly growing while they were chanting.

It was nearly impossible to describe the sheer complexity involved in the creation of the fifth layer, especially with the addition of the fact that he was creating an entirely new lifeform.

That was right, each of his Origin Layers was a new lifeform, and if they wanted, they could create a race after themselves or even evolve. There was even the possibility that each of his layers may be able to cultivate their powers, and Prime may have unlocked a new sort of cultivation with unlimited potential.

A collective cry emerged from his body as his fifth layer was born, and it screamed to life,

"I am Aeternitas, the Absolute Layer of Time. I am Timelessness."

Knowledge flooded the consciousness of Prime as he knew that with the Absolute Layer of Time, the past, present, and future exist simultaneously as a single perfect motionless whole.

Prime could imagine what he could do with this power, and it was a scary thought.

He could feel his flesh beginning to transform, and now, if there was not someone with the power to strike him with so much force that it could reach the past, present, and future at the same time, then it was impossible to hurt him.

And this was when he did nothing.

Prime was beginning to communicate with all the Layers of his Origin when three panicked consciousnesses swept past him, and he opened his eyes to see the three Primordials that he sent into the future flying towards him with panic in their eyes.

“We need to warn Eos; there are powerful beings, Luminious, that are going to be attacking him.”

Circe, who was leading them, was sent to Prime, and after a while of frantic communication between them, the only way they could settle down was because Prime had repeatedly assured them that the moment they saw the future, it affected it, and now it had changed.

“What do you mean it’s changed?” Victorious Genesis roared.

“It means everything you saw had been subtly tweaked; granted, these changes may not be major, but even the slightest difference would cause a ripple effect that would drastically change the present.”

“I don’t care, we are in the present, so we need to return and fight for our home.” Fury slowly spoke.

“Of course,” Prime nodded, “But I think your talents would be needed elsewhere. Have you ever wondered where your brother Vraegar had gone?”

Chapter 2186 I Am Here

TEN THOUSAND ORIGIN REALMS.

It was a good thing that the soul of Existence had suppressed the hunger of the horde, because with every new Luminious that entered Existence, the breach above the Origin Realms tore open wider than it had ever been, wider than Existence itself could bear. And the soul of Existence was working overtime to increase the expansion of Existence, slowing down its integration with Existence, but even though this was disadvantageous to

him, it was not all bad news, as an increased expansion meant that the power of Origin was growing as well, and the barrier over the higher layers of Origin was loosened.

All across the Origin Realms, multiple Primordials stuck at the peak of their layer began to see the path forward. Although there was not enough time for them to reach it, the promise of advancement after such a long time with no hope gave them renewed strength of the possibilities ahead if they could hold on to their hope in victory.

But the enemy in front of them... it was stealing all that hope.

The ten thousand realms shuddered, their shields cracking, and their defenders screaming as the weight of what was emerging pressed down on them like a mountain.

More Incarnations perished as they kept the Origin Realms safe, as Enoch's form began to expand and become.

One of his greatest weaknesses had been his flesh. He wanted to build it from Eos's body, but he had to make do with just the bodies of Realities that he had tainted before he was imprisoned inside End.

Essentially, he had been here with his soul, and now he had finally gained what he needed to evolve. Enoch was not holding back and used the body of Luminous Veil as the base for his growth. At this moment, it was unknown if that body would be better for him than trying to build a new body from the base of Eos's flesh.

At this moment, it was unknown if that body would be better for him than trying to build a new body from the base of Eos's flesh.

The cathedral of suffering that was his body opened its doors, and through them poured the fragments, Echo, Stillness, Emptiness, Paradox, Sorrow, each one a different flavor of the same hunger, each one a different face of the same end.

They did not resist. They had been waiting for this moment since the beginning of time, since the Great One had shattered them and scattered them across the void, and they had fallen under the power of Nyxara.

Enoch's form absorbed them one by one, each fusion adding a new layer to his being, a new dimension to his hunger, and a new certainty to his purpose.

With Echo, his voice became the sound of every scream that had ever been silenced, every word that had never been spoken, every truth that had been buried in the dark.

With Stillness, his movement became the absence of motion, the freeze before the fall, the moment between the heartbeat and death.

With Emptiness, his hunger became absolute, a void that could not be filled, a need that could not be satisfied, a want that had no end.

With Paradox, his form became impossible, existing and not existing, beginning and ending, here and there and everywhere.

With Sorrow, his purpose became clear: he would cause grief. The grief of a creator who had lost everything. The grief of a father who had watched his children die. The grief of a being who had been alone for longer than Existence had existed.

10:30

And at the center of it all, the core, Enoch himself, became something that had never existed before in this Existence or any other.

He was becoming the Luminous Whole.

The being that the Great One had shattered at the beginning of everything. The being that had been waiting to be reborn since the first End swallowed the first Existence. The being that would end all things and make them new.

There was just one more part of himself that was missing.

In the future that had changed, something different had happened, and Eos had been fighting all five of these Luminous; now, all of these Luminous had been absorbed by Enoch.

That means only one thing had happened. Nyxara, Luminous Veil, had won in that future. She must have consumed the seventh layer of Origin and absorbed the powers of Enoch.

While she would not have his ability to seemingly endlessly absorb End, she was able to link with all of these bodies and gave them life, and whatever the effect of that war, it had led to the end of all things.

Now that the future had changed, and something else had taken its place, it was unknown if this future was even worse.

Still, what could be worse than the death of Eos, the Origin Realms, and the end of all things?

Enoch opened his eyes, all of them...

The thousand eyes that had been scattered across the fragments, the million eyes that had been sleeping in the darkness, the billion eyes that had been watching since the beginning of time, and he saw... Everything.

He saw the ten thousand Origin Realms, each one a vast Reality teeming with life. He saw the New Primordials fighting and dying and being reborn.

What a fascinating thing to watch, as Eos was bypassing the power of End and placing the life and death of the Primordials in a constant loop, avoiding the ultimate silencer and holding up this entire Era by himself.

He saw the Incarnations of Eos burning themselves to ash to hold back his armies and his will. He saw the soul of Existence, still fighting, still hoping, still refusing to end.

Then a billion eyes turned to a spot in Existence, and he saw Eos.

The flesh.... The truth.... The lie.

Standing at the edge of the Hollow, his body still healing, his crow blooming with flowers, and his arms still reaching toward the breach.

“You’re too late,” Enoch said. “I am whole. I am complete. I am the end that your creator feared. And you...” He reached out, and his hand was like the void that waited after the last light, “...you are mine.”

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Eos tore into Existence and looked at the immensity of the being that Enoch had become, and for a moment, he allowed himself to feel fear.

This fear was not of death or failure, but the fragile sense that he may have made a mistake, and perhaps he had waited too long, that he had lost

It was impossible not to feel this sort of fear at the moment, and he allowed himself to feel it, just so he would truly understand the price for failure, and then he pushed this fear aside.

Turning his back to Enoch, Eos looked at his Origin Realms, and he smiled, “By all that is precious, my children and all their works are beautiful.”

He closed his eyes, and he reached for his soul.

The soul of Existence, the light that had been fighting Enoch alone, the light that had been holding back the end, the light that had been dying, felt the call and answered.

“I am here,” the soul said as it released a golden strand of light that touched his fingertips. “I have always been here. I will always be here. I am you, and you are me, and together we are Existence.”

Eos’s body began to change.

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

Chapter 2187 The Constellation of Existence

It was nearly impossible for Eos to truly determine if his plans were ever going to work the way he wanted, especially when he was dealing with Existence and his present form that had exceeded the ninth-dimensional level.

He had discovered during the fusion with his soul that Existence was a tenth-dimensional space.

If there were no threats against Existence and his soul had all the time needed to fuse with it, then he would have automatically grown to become a tenth-dimensional Existence.

However, there was something wrong with the tenth-dimensional level of Existence, and that was because it was not complete.

There was no rule or law of the tenth dimension binding Existence in the same way that the third dimension had space and the fourth dimension had time.

There was an essential portion of it that was missing, almost as if a part of Existence had been taken from it, but even though this was a tragedy, it also gave Eos the opportunity to fuse with Existence because he suspected that Existence may have the potential to be greater than the tenth dimension it had been reduced to.

Nevertheless, with his soul not fully fused with Existence and his body now entering the mix, there was no true way to predict what would happen next, and with the presence of Enoch behind him, there was no chance for experimentation and slow progress.

Whatever was going to happen was unknown, and his transformation would be decided by everything he had prepared for it until this moment.

The soul of Existence was infinite, and yet it was able to quickly vanish inside the body of Eos, a testament to its higher-dimensional properties where infinity could be seemingly held inside finitude.

With the soul of Existence inside his body, it unlocked something deep within him and also unlocked something new.

It unlocked his potential.

If transformation involved change, then his potential was the fuel for that change, and for so long, there was no direction for that potential to head towards.

Eos had to slowly figure out how to move forward, and not until he fused with his soul did that potential become fully activated.

He became the fusion of truths. Not just one truth, all of them.

The truth of his flesh, which had been forged in the fires of a hundred million years of war.

The truth of his soul, which had been growing in the heart of Existence since the first Primordial was born.

The truth of his Will, which had been seeking answers since before the beginning of his life.

And the truth of his Origin Land, his children, and every action he had taken up till this moment.

All of these led to a profound change in the core of his being that sent ripples across all of Existence, even reaching outside of it, and inside the core of his being, Eos felt his Origin Land transforming, making way for the core of who he was going to be.

He thought about it for a moment, and he chose his core to be a tree. For him, a tree represented many things, and most of them were good. From his first bloodline, to his mother, his life experiences, and who he wished to become in the future... Eos saw the core of his being to be a tree.

The tree grew tall and brought forth many branches, and those branches bloomed, and because he was who he was, what those branches brought forth were not flowers or leaves, but worlds, each of them similar to the ten thousand Origin Realms.

Each world was a different truth, a different possibility, a different choice. And at the bottom of the massive tree was a throne made out of roots.

This throne was familiar, as he had seen it before, so long ago that the memories of it almost felt so distant and out of reach.

It was the Throne of Truth, and upon its creation, it emerged into Existence before Eos, and he began to walk towards it.

His Archai in the Origin Realms were drawn to this throne, and they lined up on each side of it, and they all went on one knee, and they raised both of their hands, in worship of his grace.

He walked past them, and they rose to their feet, and reaching the throne, he sat upon it, and instantly another new connection was created, leading to the next step of

transformation, and his crown, the crown of broken dimensions, shattered realities, and of all that had been lost, began to bloom.

There were no more eyes or scenes of madness; what emerged from his new crowns were stars. Stars that were new, bright, and powerful, and these stars released so much light that even the Primordials watching this transformation had to shade their eyes because there was a great chance that they would have gone blind.

A mortal was not supposed to look upon the face of a god, and for the Primordials, they were not supposed to look upon the face of Eos.

However, this blinding light slowly dimmed, not because it could not get brighter; it could become even brighter if Eos deemed it necessary, but Eos had never been one to distance himself from his children, and if his light was too bright, he would ultimately be alone, and this fight would be about him, and not them.

Each star in his crown was a life that had been lived in the Origin Realms and all across Existence, and because the true memory of Existence extended to the very beginning, to the first Existence, each star represented all of the life that had ever lived from the very first Existence.

Eos closed his eyes to appreciate these changes, as each star was a love that had been cherished, a hope that had been dreamed, and the core of every soul.

And together, they formed a constellation that had never existed before.

The constellation of Existence.

A grand silence fell upon all of Existence as the fusion was complete. It was the silence of a Reality holding its breath, watching to see what would emerge from the wreckage of everything it had known.

Eos sat on his throne of truth, and for a long moment, nothing happened.

Then he opened his eyes.

Chapter 2188 The Primordial of Primordials

Eos opened his eyes, and they were not the eyes of the man who had entered the Hollow and killed off all the Ancient Primordials, and they were not the eyes of the Omniversal Titan who had torn Luminous Memory apart and warred against all the greatest principalities and powers holding Existence hostage.

This was not the eyes of a warrior, a father, or a lover... His eyes were the eyes of Origin itself.

“Ah,” Eos breathed, and the sound was like the first note of the first song, the first heartbeat of the first living thing. “I understand now.”

The countless worlds on the tree in the core of his being began to sing.

Their song was a resonance that touched every particle of Existence, every soul that had ever been born, every hope that had ever been cherished in the dark.

The ten thousand Origin Realms felt it first, as they were the closest to Eos. The Primordials who had been fighting for so long, who had been dying and being reborn, who had been holding back the tide of annihilation with nothing but their wills and their love for a world that had given them everything, they felt the song in their bones, in their blood, in the deepest chambers of their hearts.

And some of them began to weep from the sudden, overwhelming recognition that they had never been alone. That every sacrifice they had made, every drop of blood they had spilled, every moment of fear and doubt and desperate, screaming hope, it had all been seen. It had all been held. It had all been woven into something that was only now beginning to reveal itself.

For so many mortals, gods, immortals, and even the Primordial, there was always a sense that life was utterly meaningless, but with the presence of Eos, who was now merged with Existence, they understood that their lives mattered to the greatest force in Existence; even mortals could feel the love of Eos.

For a moment, Eos allowed the force of his presence to sweep through Existence, and he finally thought that it was time for him to become a Primordial.

He pushed this power of growth that he had been holding back for so long into his crown, so it erupted like light towards it. This was the light of his endless potential, taking the next step forward in what Eos was about to become.

The light was refracted into colors, and these colors transformed into truths, and each truth was a different Origin Force, which were all the different facets of existence.

There were ten thousand and eight of these Origin Force, and Eos had painfully gathered all of them.

These ten thousand Origin Forces had been scattered across Existence since the beginning of time, and the Ancient Primordials had gathered them all into the Primordial Record. After the battle in the Hollow, he had regained every stolen Origin Force.

Although this meant there would be no more being with the power to wield the Ancient Origin Forces, Eos had given them something even better: the chance to become something that was unique only to you, and walk your path to the end.

Due to the corruption of the Ancient Primordials, the Origin Forces of Existence had been corrupted by the power of End, but Eos had cleansed this corruption by the deaths of all his Incarnations, who had performed the insane tasks of pushing so many of the Origin Forces to the fifth layer.

Eos stretched out his hand and called the Origin Forces to him, and because the core of all of these Origin was in his Origin Realms, they flowed towards him before he even began to speak.

“I see you,” he said, and each word from him was a different promise. “I have always seen you. You were never lost. You were never forgotten. You were waiting.”

The Origin Forces answered him, and they came to him not as children returning to a father who had been searching for them since the beginning of time.

The Origin of Light blazed through his veins, and where it passed, the wounds Memory had left behind began to heal. Eos could not help but smile when he saw Lost sleeping in the core of light, sucking his thumb.

The Origin of Time wove itself into his bones, and where it passed, the fractures Xyris had created began to knit. The Origin of Chaos, wild and impossible and beautiful, poured into his heart, and where it passed, the doubt that had been planted there began to bloom into the possibility of endlessness.

As all of this was taking place, his Singularity, the Primordial Record, floated out of him, and waves of power erupted from its pages as it erased everything that had been recorded inside of it, becoming something fresh and new to announce the birth of a new being without equal.

Eos looked at the Singularity, and he called out to it, “My friend, give me my Title.”

The Primordial Record shuddered, and on its first page, a word appeared: “Here stands Eos, the Primordial of Primordials. The first... the last... the only.”

Eos smiled, and he accepted this title for his Primordial form, and his body exploded into a constellation of ten thousand lights, each one a different Origin Force, each one a different truth. And at the center of the constellation, where his heart should have been, there was a tree with countless worlds growing on its endless branches.

At this moment, in the Origin Realms or the Blackened Scar, in every corner of Existence, every thing, whether living or non living, all things great and small, turned to one direction and they bowed and worshipped Eos.

Evan was on her knees, and she was shaking under the sheer presence that Eos was radiating, her mind under profound shock from what was happening,

“He’s doing it,” she whispered, and her voice was not just filled with awe but also terror. “He’s actually doing it.”

Beside her, Telmus was on one knee, but he was slowly coming to his feet. The presence of Eos did not compel anyone to worship him, but just being aware of him was enough to push anyone to fall to their knees because there was no way to interpret a power of this level.

“I knew,” Temus said with a voice that was rough with emotion. “I knew he had something planned. I knew he wasn’t going to let us fight alone. But this...” he shook his head, and for the first time since the war began, tears streamed down his face, “...I never imagined this.”

“You are crying.” Staff whispered by his side.

Telmus sniffed, and he ignored her.

Chapter 2189 The Origin Tree

Above the Primordials of the Origin Realms, the breach that Enoch had torn in the fabric of Existence began to crack under the power of Eos’s pressure as he reached the ninth-dimensional level and became the Primordial of Promordials

Enoch was becoming the Luminous Whole, and the being that he was becoming was not complete; there was still one more piece missing.

A moment before now, that did not matter, but Enoch had felt the song of Eos’s transformation, and for the first time since the fusion, he felt something that was not hunger or certainty or the cold satisfaction of a purpose fulfilled.

He felt fear.

This fear did not come from his mind; Enoch’s consciousness had become too corrupted by the power of End to feel such a thing any longer. Instead, this fear came from End itself, like darkness meeting light and knowing that this power was enough to erase it.

From the dawn of time, End had always been the one erasing Origin because of the disadvantages imposed upon Existence by the Great One.

It had feasted on Origin for countless eternities, and there was a great chance that in the future, all of Origin would fall under its power, but that had just changed.

For all the powers of End, there was one thing it was missing, and that was the power for self-growth.

It grew from consuming and not innovating, and if there was nothing for End to consume, it would grow stagnant, and in the far future, the fate of End was to consume itself.

However, all things were supposed to be balanced in creation, as Origin and End appeared at the same time, and the original design was for Origin to give up a part of itself to End every now and then to maintain the balance.

This was necessary because Origin was a power of unchecked and chaotic creation, and if there was nothing to erase the malignancy and rot that may arise when a power it created went out of bounds, then in time Origin would be destroyed.

However, this balance was quickly shattered, and instead of feeding from the corrupted fruits of Origin, the Great One claimed the power of End, suppressed Origin, and began to slowly feed it to End.

The power of End grew and also did its appetite, but the intrinsic nature of Origin and End were the same, and the only reason End was able to suppress Origin for so long was because End had a master and Origin did not.

However, when Eos reached the ninth dimensional level and fused with Existence, End itself understood that even it was wrong about their nature.

You see for so long, End believed that they were the same, Origin and End, but now it was realizing that it may have been mistaken.

Perhaps End was not created to be equal to Origin, but was just supposed to be its helper, a glorified waste dump, but after eating fat on the flesh and bones of Origin, End had convinced itself of its supremacy.

Still, even broken and suppressed, reduced to the proto tenth-dimensional state, the light of Existence was pushing back the corruption of End, and in a clash, End knew that it would be burned away.

“What are you doing?” Enoch’s voice cracked across the void. “You cannot... this is not possible... You are breaking the rules!”

Eos opened his eyes, all of them, the ten thousand lights of his crown, the million roots of his tree, the billion truths that composed his being, and he smiled.

“There are no rules,” he said. “There never were. Only choices. And I choose to grow.”

With these words, a shockwave burst out of him, and he stood from his throne, and behind him, Existence cracked, and the massive tree that was his core rose behind him.

As it appeared, it began to consume Existence and expand. With the soul of Existence now residing inside Eos, the Existence that was around them was no longer needed; it had long

been tainted by the power of End, and as if he was sifting wheat from chaff, the root of the massive tree plunged into Existence and began to drain all of its Origin.

From this point forward, all of Existence would be the tree, and the tree would be Existence.

More branches erupted from the tree, birthing countless new worlds, and even the ten thousand Origin Realms, having served their purpose, began to drift towards the tree behind him... the Origin Tree.

The Luminious were afraid that Existence was expanding and had placed various roadblocks in place to end it, including those that Eos could never anticipate. Because of this, he was no longer interested in following the script.

Did they think he would fight a rigged game?

He had been outside of Existence and had seen the image of the Painter, the so-called Great One, and he saw that Existence in its present state was just a painting, one that could be erased at any time.... A painting whose colors were muted and suppressed.

What he needed was the core of that painting, which he had been doing when he collected all of its Origin, and now that he had all of that, in addition to the soul of Existence itself, Eos created a new Existence, the Origin Tree.

To him, Origin was like a tree, and if the trunk of the tree was rotten, then the branch or its seed could be collected and planted on fertile soil, to grow a new, stronger tree free of the rot that condemned the previous one.

Still, Eos had to fight for this Existence and pretend that he needed it to survive whatever was to come, but everything he had seen had shown him that Existence had become far too broken to ever be salvaged again.

The Origin Realms would not have survived being added to the Origin Tree if not for the preparations he had made before now, as the Archai rose up to properly merge them with the vast branches rising through Existence that were beginning to shatter.

In the end, it was not the Luminious that ended Existence, it had gone out on its own terms, seeking a rebirth instead of an extension to its life.

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Chapter 2190 The End of Hope

It almost felt unfair that Existence was ending in such a manner, and that all of its life forms should be mourning the passing of the torch, but there was nothing to mourn about these changes, and everything to celebrate.

From this point forward, Eos had escaped the painting; by not stretching it out, he remade it.

As Existence shattered, it was possible to see the strange void between Existences, and now it was no longer empty as the light and song of the growing Origin Tree swept across the darkness.

This void was never supposed to be black and empty. The light of Origin should have filled it up, but the Great One preferred the shadows, and this shadow had been broken, and the light of Origin was beginning to spread.

However, much of the old Existence still remained, and it would take a while before it was completely destroyed. Enoch could no longer hold back his fear, and he attacked, his massive body crossing the shattering Existence to crush Eos and his growing Origin Tree.

Eos raised his right hand, and around his wrist were what looked like six golden and black bangles. He gestured towards the charging Enoch, causing the bangles to fly out of his wrist and transform to the massive form of his Origin Ouroboros mid-flight.

It was a good thing that Existence was on its way to destruction, and there were no more Realities inside of it because the massive bodies of the Origin Ouroboros would have crushed nearly all life inside of it.

Their size was nearly impossible to measure as only the top of their bodies emerged from the breaking dimension of space-time, making it impossible for their true size to be determined. It was eerily possible that Existence, as it was, could no longer contain the serpents; they had simply grown too big!

Perhaps if the old Existence had been given the time to expand for many billions of Cosmic Eras, then it would have been able to comfortably contain beasts of this size, but for now, it was much too small.

The serpents and Enoch slammed into each other. Enoch had the weight of a hundred dead Existences behind him, making each step he took to be the death of a trillion Realities, and his breath was the silence after the last scream, and each of his thoughts was the end of a possibility that had never been born.

But what did it mean to these serpents whose endless hunger that had been satisfied from feeding on Origin had been cut off, and the only source of energy was moving towards them? Enoch may be the most powerful being in the collapsing Existence, but to these serpents, he was nothing but food.

Their bodies shattered Existence, moving through the void and out of it as their scales had to anchor into the fabric of non-existence, just for their weight to be borne.

Their maws opened so wide that the ten thousand Origin Realm would fit inside it with space to spare, and the fangs of the serpents would make a primordial shark tremble in shame.

Everything seemed to freeze when their scaly bodies slammed into Enoch, and they began to tear into him, pouring oceans of venom into his body, while wrapping him under their coils, and shifting their weight away from Existence and placing them upon the body of Enoch.

In that instant, their golden black bodies became even more solid as a weight that could crush everything radiated from them; even Primordials would be crushed to nothing trying to come close to the serpents from the aura of their weight alone, and Enoch's speed was slowed to a crawl.

"Do you think this changes anything?" Enoch roared, "You think your little garden can stop me? I have consumed Existences. I have unmade Origin Avatars. I am the end that your creator feared. And you and your children..." multiple arms burst out of his body and wrapped around the throats of the serpents, pulling them away from his body, "...are nothing."

More hands appeared around Enoch to push back the serpents, but their weight was not something that could be extinguished, as it was an intrinsic part of them. Enoch grunted in anger, knowing that he would have to kill these serpents if he wanted to reach Eos and stop him from destroying Existence in this manner.

"I am not nothing," Eos said, and his voice was soft, as if he was not worried about Enoch reaching him. "I am what you could have been. If you had chosen differently, hoped differently."

Enoch's grip tightened, and from his core, the power of End began to flow without restraint, creating a gauntlet of End around each of his arms, and this gauntlet began releasing a vast amount of End into the bodies of the serpent, causing them to roar in pain as they began to wither. However, this only brought out the tyranny buried in the bones of the serpents, and they attacked more cruelly, as they all struck Enoch's face, attempting to tear his head off his body.

"You all are not worthy!" Enoch roared, and his entire body erupted like a supernova. The power of End tore through the bodies of the serpents, and they roared in anguish as their bodies glowed a sickening black color before they exploded.

The blast was so powerful that it shattered all of Enoch's arms, and it destroyed all the scales of the serpents as well as their heads, leaving their massive bodies to retract into the void, as their necks spewed out massive amounts of Origin Essence.

Enoch watched them vanish, and he smirked, recreating multiple new arms and walking towards Eos.

“Hope?” Enoch’s laugh was the sound of an Existence being unmade. “Hope is weakness. Hope is the reason I was shattered. Hope is the reason I was born alone. Hope is the reason I am becoming the end of all things.”

He stopped before Eos and pressed his face closer to his own.

“I will show you what hope really is,” Enoch whispered. “Hope is the hunger that consumes all things. Hope is the need that can never be satisfied. Hope is the end that comes for everything, eventually.”

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Chapter 2191 The Screaming Void

The words of Enoch were not just words; they carried power that made even the void outside of Existence scream.

Every word he spoke was defining what Existence would be, and this scream was of the fundamental concepts of creation floating across the void like little motes of dust screaming, as they were being torn apart and stitched back together in patterns that were nothing but madness.

Eos sat upon his throne of truth, the Origin Tree rising behind him like a spine made of worlds, and Enoch stood before him was a cathedral of suffering that had begun to bloom with wounds that wept darkness.

If the core of his being was not truth, then the words of Enoch alone would have been enough to corrupt him and whatever he wanted to create.

The screaming void pressed against the shrinking Existence, and they could not enter. To a lesser immortal, what was happening here would resemble a battle of domains, but it was something far deeper than this.

For a long moment, neither moved. Then Eos raised his hand, and the ten thousand lights of his crown began to spin.

“I have seen what you are,” Eos said, and his voice resonated with every truth that had ever been spoken. “I have seen the hunger that drives you. The loneliness that forged you. The fear that became you.”

Enoch’s featureless face tilted, and the spiral galaxies of End that were his eyes began to accelerate.

“You have seen nothing,” he replied, with vast irritation in his voice, “You have glimpsed the shadow of my shadow and called it understanding. You know nothing of what I am. What I have become.”

Then he attacked, one moment he had been talking, and the next his body tore through the distance like a violation of causality, due to the fact that his movement was shattering both the past and the future, leaving only this moment behind.

Eos would not be able to reach into the past or the future to save him as Enoch’s form folded through dimensions that had no names, through spaces between spaces that even the Luminous had feared to tread, and his hand transformed into a claw of compressed bone and stolen essence to close around Eos’s throat.

This was not a move that could be avoided because the moment it began, it had already ended, and if the target of this attack was not durable enough to bear this blow, they perished.

At the level at which they were battling, even if it appeared as if they were dodging a blow, they were not, since every blow made by either party must connect, and dodging meant shifting a part of their body from one part to another.

The Origin Tree shuddered. Worlds that had been growing on its branches flickered, their light dimming as the weight of Enoch’s presence pressed down on them.

Eos did not struggle. It appeared as if he did not want to fight as he looked at Enoch with his ten thousand eyes, and in each one, Enoch saw a different reflection of himself.

However, this look was the attack.

Using the basis of his crown, Eos reflected what Enoch could have been without the power of End, as he alone was the only one worthy enough to see the path that Origin could take for all beings.

In one Existence, Enoch was a creator, in another a dreamer, a father, a monster, a tree, a king, a beggar...

Every one of these truths was branded into the consciousness of Enoch, and he shuddered before he laughed coldly.

“You cannot kill me with your gaze,” Enoch snarled. “I am beyond such petty...”

“You are afraid,” Eos interrupted, and the words held no accusation, only truth, because Eos, when needed, could speak no lie. “You have always been afraid. From the moment the Great One shattered you, from the moment you were scattered across the void, from the moment you became the end of all things... You have been running. Running from

yourself. Running from the truth. Running from the possibility that you were wrong and the thing that you are becoming was not what you truly desired.”

Enoch’s grip tightened on Eos’s throat, and the roots of the Origin Tree began to crack.

“I was not wrong,” he hissed. “I was never wrong. The Great One created me to be the end. The Luminous were shattered so that I could become whole. Everything that has happened, every Existence that has ended, every life that has been consumed... it was all necessary. It was all designed. It was all me.”

Eos smiled, and in his smile, Enoch saw something he had not expected to see.

Pity.

“You believe that,” Eos said. “You have believed it for so long that the belief has become a cage. A prison of your own making. And you have been sitting in that prison, telling yourself that the walls are the only thing keeping you safe.”

He reached up, and his hand closed around Enoch’s wrist.

“But prisons have doors, Enoch. And doors can be opened. I see there is nothing left in you to rescue; you leave me no choice.”

He pulled, and Existence cracked.

From behind Eos, there was a roar, and Existence was shattered, and the battered form of the Ouroboros Serpents emerged, their bodies filled with cracks and blackened by the power of End.

And then that crack began to widen as their bodies bulged; it was as if there were something about to be born from the remnants of their bodies.

Enoch could not even understand how the serpents had survived when the force being exerted by Eos surged exponentially.

There was nothing supernatural about his grip; it was just sheer force that reached a level where it shattered everything.

“Your grip, Enoch,” Eos sighed, “Is a little too soft. You have spent all your life fighting weaklings; now you face an equal.”

Cracks radiated from Enoch’s hand and radiated up his body, and his cry of rage was silenced as his body exploded, blasting him out of the shrinking Existence and into the deep void.

The rage of Enoch and the calm heart of Eos radiated into the void, and their intent to do battle created a battlefield, a canvas upon which two beings who had transcended the limits of Existence were painting with the colors of creation and destruction.

Everything that came before this moment was just a prelude leading to it, and now it was all crashing down.

Eos rose from his throne, and the Origin Tree rose with him. Its roots tore through the fabric of non-existence, anchoring themselves in concepts that had no names. Its branches reached toward the darkness, and where they touched, the darkness remembered what it had been before Enoch had corrupted it, before the Luminous had poisoned it, and before the Great One had broken it.

Enoch saw these changes in the void, and he laughed before his massive form began to unravel and expand at the same time.

Each cell of his being became a Reality of hunger. Each thought became a black hole of need. Each breath became the silence after the last scream of a billion dying Existences.

“You want to see what I am?” Enoch’s voice was the frequency of annihilation, as he was the true father of oblivion. “Then see.”

Chapter 2192 The Original Sin

Chapter 2192 The Original Sin

Enoch opened his core, revealing the place where End had been nesting since the beginning of time, feeding on his essence, growing fat on his purpose.

What emerged from that core was not a thing. It was an anti-thing, a concept that could not exist, a truth that could not be spoken, a reality that had been rejected by every Existence that had ever been born.

It was the original sin.

“I looked to the side and saw my brother’s field ripe with crop and endless bounty, while I was left to toil all day with the beasts, and so I got tired of watching all the bounties of creation flow through his hands alone, and I came from behind him and tore him to pieces, and his flesh has satiated me from the dawn of time to the end of it.”

Eos froze as these words and the impression that was deeper than even memory slammed into his mind. For the first time, he had truly heard the mind of End.

This was the moment when the Great One had first looked at Origin and seen not a partner, or even a tool, but a resource. It was also the moment when End had been

twisted from a tool into a weapon. Eos thought it was a thing of great pity that End had forgotten what it was like to be itself before greed took over the core of what he was, but this should be the price of betrayal and endless hunger.

In that impression left in the void, Eos could also see the moment when the Luminious had been shattered and scattered across the void, their screams echoing through the spaces between spaces, never to be forgotten.

Eos felt the weight of that moment press down on him, and for the first time since the fusion, he understood what he was fighting.

He was fighting a freaking wound

A wound that had been festering since the beginning of time, growing larger with every Existence it consumed, growing hungrier with every life it ended. A wound that had been waiting for someone to come and heal it, and had given up waiting so long ago that it had forgotten what healing felt like.

Its master did not care. End was just a means to an end, since it did not even adopt the power of End; the Great One had just broken it apart and buried the shards in the hearts of every Luminious.

“You are not my enemy,” Eos said, and his voice was the voice of the Origin Tree, which represented the voice of every life that had ever been lived. It was Origin given a voice for the first time. “You are my brother. We were born from the same darkness, we were forged in the same fire, and we were broken by the same hand.”

He reached out, and his hand touched the core of Enoch’s being. He touched End, and he smiled sadly, “But you must be put down, and I do this not with happiness... when you perish, I shall be the only one who weeps for you.”

Enoch’s eyes widened in rage because he understood that for a moment, Eos had bypassed him and spoke to a part of his being that even he did not recognize, and with a roar that echoed from the beginning of time to its end, he attacked, and Eos also gave his own roar of battle and attacked as well.

The spot where the two collided ceased to exist

Two beings who had transcended the limits of existence, who had become something that had never been seen before in any Existence, who were more than gods, more than creators, more than anything... they met in battle, and this meeting created the first true nothingness.

The Origin Tree’s roots tore through the fabric of non-existence and spread the light of Origin through the void, where they touched, new dimensions were born. Dimensions of pure light. Dimensions of pure truth. Dimensions of pure hope.

If these dimensions were allowed to grow, they would weaken End and cleanse the darkness from the void, and Enoch responded by unmaking these dimensions as quickly as they were being created.

From his body came massive corrupted mouths that began to chant and sing in the language of End; this was an anti-song. A frequency that unwove the very concept of frequency, a vibration that canceled the possibility of vibration, a sound that was the absence of sound.

The two forces met, and the void between Existences became a place where time flowed backward and forward simultaneously, and in that place, space folded into itself like origami made of screaming, as the laws of physics were not broken, they were practically ignored, treated as suggestions that had never been particularly convincing in the first place.

A dimension like this could never exist, and the beings that were born in that moment of the clash were some of the most powerful beings that had ever lived, and yet they all collapsed in the next instant, as this was just the beginning of the fight, and nothing could stand before the power of these two.

This moment was very brief, at least in the perception of Eos and Enoch, but the truth was that in this brief moment to them, the beings inside that dimension that had shattered had lived for trillions of cosmic eras, attained great civilization, and in the end, everything perished in fire and ash.

This had happened because the powers of Enoch and Eos were so complete that everything they created as a result of their presence was complete, and so even the time stream of these doomed dimensions was complete.

Eos's crown blazed with ten thousand lights, each one a different truth, each one a different weapon. He struck with the Origin of Light, and the blow was the first sunrise, the first moment when darkness had been pushed back, the first hope that had ever been dreamed.

Enoch caught the blow with the palm of his hand, and he screamed in pain as his flesh sizzled, and remembered.

His flesh remembered what it had been like to be young, what it had been like to create without restraint and remorse, even when his body was being torn to pieces, and it showed him that at that moment, Enoch knew the meaning of love, because he gave of himself without considering the price.

"You cannot heal me," Enoch snarled, but his voice cracked on the words. "I am beyond healing. I am beyond hope. I am beyond love."

"I know..." Eos said flatly, "This is just my weapon."

Chapter 2193 The Origin Seals

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Reaching the Primordial level meant that Eos had instantly reached the peak of that level, and coupled with the fact that close to half of his Origin Force had reached the fifth layer, Eos's true power could not be easily calculated.

For the past few moments, he had been familiarizing himself with his strength, and when he thought he had gained maybe thirty percent control over his new abilities, he stopped holding back.

The first attack of remembrance was only the opening salvo, and he struck again, this time with the Origin of Time. Controlling the moment between heartbeats with his transcendental layer of time that made the concept of time as a whole seem insignificant, a purple seal appeared on his hand before it flashed and vanished, reappearing on Enoch's body, and his form filled with countless screaming mouths froze in place.

However, holding a creature as powerful as Enoch in an area of non-existent time was impossible, but that was only the surface layer of this move, as inside the power of time, Eos poured all the memory of Enoch before the hunger of End had twisted his mind.

An attack like this was two-faced. The first attacked the body and the other the consciousness.

Eos had noticed that the greatest weakness of Enoch was not his body, but his mind, and he would be making a mistake if he did not take advantage of it.

If he had attacked only the body, holding Enoch with time alone would be a battle of attrition that he would lose. At this time, most of his strength was focused on fusing with Existence.

Reaching the ninth-dimensional level helped with this process, but it was not automatic and required more of his attention than he would have liked, and so combat needed to be handled with all the cunning and ruthlessness that he could bring.

"I remember," Enoch whispered, a part of him had shattered the hold of time, but his consciousness was still buried in memory, "I remember what it was like. To be still and peaceful."

Eos pressed his advantage, and he attacked with the Origin of Chaos. On his palm, a seal appeared that was the first mutation, the first change, and the first becoming. Three separate authorities, all aligned inside a chaotic template that caused the void to twist. Enoch's eyes were slowly opening, but it was already too late.

The seal of chaos stamped above the seal of time, and Enoch's form froze again, and then his gigantic body began to shift.

He was supposed to be the singular form of End, but chaos corrupted everything, and because his body was endlessly malleable, able to become anything, a part of himself began to transform into chaotic possibilities.

These possibilities did not need to make sense, but there were nearly an infinite number of them, and Enoch's mind was scattered across these infinite places, bogged down by possibilities so vast and yet, at its core, lacked any meaning.

These two attacks alone took nearly a tenth of Eos's total essence, but that was okay, because he was spending his old essence, and at this time, something new was brewing inside his core that would represent his new essence, so he did not care how much of the old was lost.

Without the foundation of his old essence, it may take time for a new one to proliferate to the amount of his previous infinite stores of essence, but that was a setback he would just have to manage.

Driving more of his power to the fore, he struck with the Origin of Memory, and a golden seal appeared on his palm that was the first recollection.

This recollection was unique because it came not only from Origin, but from End as well.

Eos had personally killed two Luminious, Memory, and, with the aid of his Incarnations, Silence.

With their memories, he was able to push past what they knew of their past, revealing the side of End that even it did not know.

Recall that End was shattered, and each piece was placed inside a different Luminious, meaning that every Luminious had a part of End that had been separated from the whole, and each part had its own unique memories.

The seal vanished and appeared above the first two, subtly appearing as if it was creating a new word.

Enoch's spiral eyes began to slow, as the weight of these memories compounded upon his consciousness.

At this time, the seal of time, chaos, and memory had effectively frozen him in place, but this was not enough. Enoch was still too powerful, but Eos was the Primordial of Primordials, and the tools he had to control were nearly infinite.

The next seal he created was the Origin Soul Seal, and its appearance was nearly colorless; it took the form of the first bond between a creator and his children.

This was the seal where Eos poured the most power into, literally all of his infinite Essence gathered when he was an Omniversal Titan, was poured into the soul seal because it was the one he understood the most.

Every seal before then was simply to slow Enoch down enough, and Eos had the time to further perfect the seal, and he held out his hand towards Enoch, and the seal vanished only to reappear on his chest where it branded itself.

As if his body was made from ice and the seal was red-hot metal, Enoch's chest, the cage of fused timelines and suffering, began to crack.

This crack radiated to the core of End inside him, causing End to scream as a portion of it was wiped out, and the pain was so great that Enoch's consciousness, even while bogged down by the seals on his head, was able to fight towards the surface.

Still, it was not enough; the seal of soul kept melting into his core, corrupting him from the inside out.

"You cannot," Enoch gasped, but his voice was fading, being replaced by something softer. "You cannot do this. How dare you? I have destroyed too much, consumed too much, and become too much to be tied down by something as pathetic as this!"

Eos remained silent as he reached out, his hand closed around Enoch's face.

"You are not too much," Eos said. "You are enough... finite before the grace of my Origin, but you just forgot."

Chapter 2194 The Hunger Is Still Here

The seals he had placed on Enoch's head traveled from his head and covered Eos's fingers, causing it to dig into Enoch's head. Eos began to pull, and the core of End was screaming.

The Luminous had the bloodline of End, but End could not create, and so what this meant was that their bodies were forged from Origin, even though it had been distorted by the power of End.

This distortion was considered to be permanent, but Eos thought differently, and at the moment, he was pulling out the Origin from Enoch, and what that fundamentally meant was that he was trying to tear Enoch in two!

Eos saw weakness, and he was not one to take half measures. If there was a chance to drastically weaken Enoch, he was taking it before the creature of End realized what he was up to.

Like a midwife giving birth to a stubborn child who refuses to leave the womb, Eos dragged another screaming Enoch from the face of his colossal body.

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Eos dragged a pale and slimy creature with malformed wings from the face of Enoch, and he changed his grip to grab this creature by the neck, whose face, although distorted, still held the handsome feature of Enoch's Luminious form.

As he pulled, the Origin body of Enoch opened his eyes, which were blue and filled with confusion for a moment before he began to scream.

Eos could understand what this Origin Enoch was screaming; this was the scream of a being who had been seen for the first time, his true nature unclouded by the malice of End, and there was nothing to hide what he had done from reaching his consciousness.

Every life he had taken, every Realities shattered and Existence consumed, everything became imprinted in his mind, and without End to shield him from his actions, Enoch could only scream.

He was a Luminious of great power, and so the prospect of madness was not a solace for him, and he could only scream and scream while begging for death.

The cathedral of suffering that was his body was still frozen in place, and then it began to shatter. As it shattered, more memories of what Enoch was before the power of End corrupted him grew deeper.

The moment when Enoch, young and hopeful and whole, had looked at the void and seen nothing but potential. The moment when he had reached out and made the first light. The moment when he had held a newborn universe in his hands and felt something that had no name in any language that had ever been spoken... The moment when he had been happy.

Enoch stopped screaming because the pain he felt at that moment had exceeded the limits of pain, and if he were not truly a being with a great and powerful heart, anyone else would have perished. Eos acknowledged this; Enoch was dangerous even in this form.

"I remember," Enoch whispered, "I remember what it was like to create... to dream... to love."

Eos bent his head to the side, his eyes flashed, and he slowly held out his second hand, and imprinted on it was the shape of his Destroyer. If Enoch willingly took his hand, then he would perish.

“Then come home,” Eos said. “Come home and rest. The labors of eternity have weighed heavily on your soul; it is only fair that you should lay down your burdens and return to nothing... You have earned your peace.”

Enoch looked at the outstretched hand, and he knew what waited for him was true death, but the pain of living like this was just too much for him to bear. He deserved this peace; he needed rest from the endless nightmares.

He smiled, and he took Eos’s hand, and his form began to dissolve into nothing, causing a pillar of light to erupt from his flesh and push back the darkness of the void, as the Destroyer shattered all he was to nothing.

The fragments that had composed him, Echo, Stillness, Emptiness, Paradox, Sorrow, began to emerge. When Eos had dragged out the Origin form of Enoch, he had also affected these ones as well, and they did not have the hunger of End, appearing more like children returning to a father who had been waiting for them since the beginning of time.

They, too, could not stand the strain of surviving with their memories and followed Enoch into dissolution.

Echo’s form was no longer a symphony of screams but a lullaby.

“Thank you,” it whispered. “Thank you for remembering us.”

Stillness came second; his form was a gentle breeze when he had once been a glacier terror.

“We were so alone,” he said. “We were so afraid. Thank you for bringing us peace.”

Emptiness followed, appearing like a garden waiting to be planted.

“Feed us,” it whispered. “You have fed us with hope, and at the end, I am satisfied.”

Behind him was Paradox, her form now a dance of possibilities, where once she had been a knot of contradictions

“We were lost,” it said. “We were so lost.”

Sorrow came fifth, and he looked deeply at Eos, recognizing the trick that was used to destroy them, but appreciating it all the same.

“And now,” he whispered, “now we are found.”

The pillar of light began to bend towards the tree, because everything that was Origin returned to it in time. Enoch had faded until he was almost nothing, and he watched his fragments return to the Origin Tree, take root in its soil, and watched them bloom, and in that blooming, he found peace.

“Thank you,” he whispered, “Thank you for saving me.”

Eos pulled back his hand, the Destroyer glowing from the bounty of ending a being as powerful as Enoch. “You saved yourself,” Eos said. “I just helped you remember.”

Everything should be over, but Eos was not relaxed, because after the Origin Form of Enoch was vanquished, he could still sense Enoch.

It would seem that destroying his Origin Form was not enough to undo what he had become. The hunger was still there, wrapped around his core like a serpent, whispering in his ear like a lover, feeding on his essence like a parasite.

In the shattered remnants of Enoch’s colossal body, the core of End was beating furiously, and the mind of Enoch was rising from its depths.

Chapter 2195 Look At Me Brother

Eos did not think he could stop Enoch from collecting his Origin power alone; he knew that the Great One had given the Luminous another power, Lumina, and although this power, like the sheer accessibility of Origin, was still undoubtedly powerful.

Still, how could he claim to be Origin if someone as perverse as Enoch was able to utilize his power freely?

Even though he knew what he did would not kill Enoch and may end up even strengthening his enemy, it needed to be done.

If he allowed Enoch to still hold the power of Origin, then it was giving his enemy a key into his defenses that could destabilize the fight.

Defending against Enoch would require him to spend more resources to defend against his Origin powers, and even though he appeared to be very powerful at the moment, his foundation was still shaky and could be broken if the right kind of force was exerted.

Eos took a step back and readied himself for what was to come as End began to scream and transform.

The new form was like a black hole, dragging bits and pieces of unknown fragments from the entirety of the Great Void, and in the distance, a massive structure appeared, the Eternal Tower.

Just like Eos had a massive tree behind him, the Eternal Tower had appeared behind Enoch as he was slowly becoming what he was bred to be, not Luminious Transformation, but Luminious End.

This was always the plan.

Every Luminious was to converge into a single being, and although the fate of that being was unknown after the convergence, what was undoubtedly the outcome of this process was great authority.

Although Origin was a great source of power for Enoch and a potent weapon to harm Eos, now that he was freed of it, he could truly assume the power of End.

The pull from the black hole was so powerful that the pillar of origin power that was nearly fully consumed by the Origin Tree began to shatter, and pieces of it were drifting towards the black hole.

Eos frowned and reached towards the drifting essence of Origin, discovering that it held pieces of Enoch's mind that were pure and untainted.

Just because Enoch was evil, it did not mean that at one time, a part of him was not good, and all of that goodness was what was taken by him.

However, like Origin, Enoch was pulling all parts of himself to him, and if not for Eos's intervention, this part would have returned to that black hole.

Eos dragged back his hand, and the Origin Force in the center of his palm let out a pained cry, because it was like it was stuck between an unstoppable force and an immovable object.

"You will have to kill me, Eos, you cannot save me from myself," the Origin of Enoch said, "The wound is too deep, and corruption is too complete. Even though you have brought out this side of me, it does not change the fact that I am the end, Eos. I have always been the end. And the end does not choose. The end simply is. I...do not deserve to exist, not in your Origin. Kill me and end him so that in nothingness, I can have peace."

Eos nodded, and he was about to crush the Origin. Still, he became surprised when, under the strain of Enoch's pull, the Origin of Enoch gathered its strength and reforged a body of Origin that resembled Enoch's Luminious form, but this one was slightly different.

And that slight difference was everything because in his eyes was kindness and determination.

"I have spent all my life a monster; let me die on my feet."

Saying that he took just one step forward, and that step caused his body to begin to crumble.

He took another step towards Eos and held out his broken hand, as if he was reaching for the warm light of Origin and the vast tree.

“Beautiful,” he murmured, and he collapsed to his knees, his body too broken, but he pushed himself forward, and that was his final step... the Origin of Enoch vanished forever. Eos looked down at his empty hand, an unknown emotion flitting past his eyes.

The only part of Enoch that was worth saving was dead, and with his death, there was no reason to take the being that was emerging from the black hole of End as nothing more than a thing to be butchered.

Soft roars came from behind him, and Eos did not have to turn around to know that his serpents had been reborn, like butterflies emerging from their cocoons; each of his Origin Ouroboros had taken new shape.

However, their shape was chaotic as if they had not yet fully decided on the form they were going to wear.

Eos glanced at them and nodded, “There would be time to choose the forms that would be most comfortable for you, but for now...”

He gestured with his left hand, and his Destroyer rippled out from his skin, reforged with the bones of Existence and bathed in Eos’s supreme blood. The blade had become more than a weapon, and it returned to the receptacle that was its original design.

“All of you, enter my blade. It is time I kill End.”

The six Origin Behemoths behind him drifted into the glowing blade, and their chaotic bodies became etched on it like tattoos that did not stop moving.

He looked up from his blade, and Enoch was waiting for him.

The form he had taken was that of a man like Eos, but everything about him was blinding white, as if he took a white sun and forged himself from its core.

Enoch’s head was cocked to the side as if he were observing Eos, and he spread his hands wide, and his voice echoed oddly, as if there were two people speaking at once,

“Look at me, brother... Am I not the most beautiful being you have seen?”

Chapter 2196 You Think Pain Matters To Me?

Eos looked at this blinding form of Enoch, and he laughed inside him, although the feeling of disgust inside his heart was incredibly profound.

End had no idea what true light meant, not even after it had been consuming it for all these eternities. The only means it had been using to interpret Existence was the Origin of Enoch, and now that it was gone, it was proving to Eos that it was complete, and Eos saw right through this creature and its hollow shell.

“Yes, you are beautiful,” Eos said, and then he smiled, “But you would be more beautiful when you are no more.”

Inside his heart, Eos sent his will to all of Origin, to all the names of the dead that were gone but not forgotten from the dawn of time, and he told them, ‘I am your avatar, the one who carries all your hope, give me your dreams, and I shall keep them safe. Watch over me as I fight this battle, and be with me, as we conquer all our enemies.’

He straightened, and although the gesture he made could hardly be seen, one of Enoch’s widespread hands suddenly separated from his shoulder with a sound like a mountain being torn in half.

Black ichor erupted from the wound, and it was alive as it screamed and writhed in the void, trying to crawl back to the stump. Its screams did not last for long as it was rapidly dying, as each drop of the dying ichor screamed in a different frequency, each frequency a different death rattle from a different dead Existence.

Enoch staggered.

“You—” he began.

Eos did not waste his time trying to appease the vanity of Enoch as he had entered a state of battle, and in this state, it was one where he either perished, or Enoch did.

All ten thousand Ancient Origin poured into his blade, and it blazed with a radiance that shone light across countless infinities of the void, and it shamed the radiance of the form that Enoch had taken.

“This light...” Enoch gasped, a moment before a billion light-years of screaming radiance that was the Destroyer drove into Enoch’s chest.

The blade went in just below the sternum, and it came out the other side with chunks of something that might have been organs, realities, or the compressed remains of a billion

dead universes. Enoch's body arched backward, his featureless face splitting open in a wound as he howled.

Every clash of Origin and End was like the clash between matter and antimatter, and that meant that Eos was extinguishing End with his blade, but the same thing was happening to him as well, the only difference was that he was not screaming.

Ichor sprayed from the wound and splashed across Eos's face, and this ichor that was the purest source of End began to eat through his face and the light of his crown, and for a moment, his true form was visible beneath his skin, resembling a vast web of scars and healing wounds, the remnants of a hundred million years of war.

Since the battle started, Eos had not gotten time to rest or heal, and he was fighting with everything he had, making breakthroughs and pushing into new realms without holding back, and it was costing him...yet, he didn't stop.

He twisted the blade, causing Enoch's chest cavity to crack open. Ribs that were not ribs, but corrupted timelines that had been fused into bone, and possibilities that had been compressed into cartilage, snapped under the pressure. The sound was wet and final. And even though Eos had become battle-hardened after countless years of war, it was sounds like this that would haunt him for all eternity, but this was his burden to bear.

"You think this hurts?" Enoch snarled as he turned his face towards Eos, "You think pain matters to me? I have been unmade a thousand times. I have been erased from Existence. Your little blade is a..."

Eos pulled the blade upward.

It carved through Enoch's chest like a hot knife through snow, as it cut through whatever passed for organs in a body that had been forged from the death of a hundred Existences. The blade emerged at Enoch's collarbone, and the wound it left behind was a chasm that split Enoch's torso from sternum to shoulder.

Ichor poured out in waves. Enoch's body began to collapse under its own weight, the blinding white form he took flickering like a bulb that was about to go out. Eos stepped back, and he was breathing hard. His crown was dimming, the ten thousand lights flickering like candles in a storm. His arm, the one that had wielded the blade, was blackened to the elbow, the ichor eating through his skin, his muscle, and bone, and he didn't look at it.

He was already forming the next weapon from his Destroyer. While this weapon was singular in its purpose, the addition of Origin Behemoths into it only multiplied its lethality and gave it a malleability that the weapon lacked.

The Destroyer shrieked in what could either be pain or pleasure as its form took the shape of a bow, whose curve was of frozen moments, with a string of causality, and an arrow that had not yet been fired but had already struck.

Eos pulled back his hand, and he drew. The moment he did this, all the memories of every archer that had ever lived from the beginning of Existence until this moment flowed into him.

It was as if countless phantoms appeared around him, holding different bows, from those made of wood to metal, and they sank into his body.

Eos was not fighting alone; he was fighting with all of Origin... all of Existence, both living and dead.

The arrow that formed on the string was the culmination of every arrow ever fired or will ever be fired, every projectile... and wrapping around it was the sheer Will of Eos that wanted to erase the enemies in front of him to nothing.

Eos held his breath and released.

The arrow did not fly through space but through Enoch. It entered his chest and exited his back, and where it passed, it left behind an absence. This was the absence of the first of anything.

Enoch's greatest pride had been shattered, and he screamed alongside End. It was a humanlike scream, and for a moment, Eos paused.

Chapter 2197 Which Strength Did You Earn?

That single arrow consumed almost half of Eos's energy store, and while he was gasping at the pain he was experiencing from his essence being erased by End, he was also watching Enoch convulse in absolute agony as his body was shredded.

Origin and End, being erased at the same time.

It was almost funny to him that, for an entity that was responsible for most of the pain across all Existences, they did not seem to be able to handle this pain when it was given to them.

But he was not surprised. Most of the time, the ones who hurt others the most did not know what it meant to be hurt in the same manner.

Enoch screamed, and his arms, even the one that had been severed, clawed at his chest, trying to find the wound and closing it. But there was nothing to close.

The arrow had erased the moment of his beginning, and without that moment, his body was unraveling. The End that made up that part of him was gone forever.

“You dare shatter my light...” Enoch gasped, ichor bubbling from the wound that would not heal, “...I am End, and I will tear your efforts to shreds... Everything you have—”

Eos vanished from his position, and he was in front of Enoch, and he whispered, “You have not learned anything. It was better you were reborn as a mortal and struggle till you found invincibility, and now, you are mine.”

From the moment he vanished and reappeared before Enoch, the bow had transformed into a dagger of possibility. A possibility of maybe and what if.

Enoch roared in anger, and he began to move, but it was too late as Eos drove the dagger into Enoch’s throat.

The blade went in at the base of the neck, just above the collarbone, and slid through flesh that was not flesh, through muscle that was not muscle, through whatever held Enoch’s head to his body. Eos pushed until the hilt pressed against the wound and the tip of the blade emerged from the back of Enoch’s neck, dripping ichor and something else.

The thing might have been marrow, memory, or the screaming of End facing its end.

Enoch’s hands closed around Eos’s wrist; his grip was crushing, even now, with his body unraveling, his Origin form erased, and his throat impaled, he was strong, but strength like this was nothing to Eos.

He wanted to show Enoch the depths at which he had fallen, and then break the mind of this destroyer.

“Can you not see,” he whispered even as the bones of his wrist cracked, “That you are the one holding End back. I am Origin, and you are End, but you cannot even handle this crown. Everything you have was given to you. Tell me, Enoch, which of your strengths did you earn?”

Enoch screamed in anger, and this time his voice was not layered, and an eruption of power greater than any explosion ever was blasted out from his body. Eos could have made defensive actions, but he knew those were useless, and so he braced himself to endure it.

He was right, Enoch could not wield the power of End properly. He was a child given the strength to crush worlds, but did not know any basic application of the rules of reality. That part of him, the part of the creator that yearned for the wonders behind all things, was gone.

If he was given time to grow, then sure, there were many ways for Enoch to change and grow alongside End, but why would Eos give him that time?

Inside the explosion, the light in Eos's crown flickered, and the Origin Tree behind him shuddered, its branches shedding worlds like leaves in autumn.

Many budding worlds were destroyed to keep him alive, and this hurt more than he wanted. He had run out of Ether and Essence, and there was a void inside of him where something new was brewing, but without completing his fusion with Existence, that new energy could not appear... now to live and fight, he had to consume worlds.

These worlds were not like the lower-dimensional worlds; in a sense, they were all mini Existences that were rapidly growing, and in any of the worlds, there would be countless realities and dimensions.

This was what Eos was becoming; all of this was what he was fighting to preserve, and he knew that sacrifices must be made for him to prevail in the end.

The scream of the tree behind him shook the void, and Eos's eyes grew red.

"You are nothing," Enoch hissed, ichor spraying from his throat, chest, and from the wound where his arm used to be. This had been struggling to reattach itself without success, and it was slowly wilting away. "You are a child. A temporary thing. I have seen a billion of you rise. I have watched a billion of you fall. And I will watch you fall too..."

Eos headbutted him, driving his forehead, his actual forehead, the bone and flesh and light that composed his face, into the absence of Enoch's face that glowed like the sun.

The impact was the kind of thing that would shatter the previous Existence if it happened anywhere near them.

Enoch's head snapped back. The dagger in his throat twisted, and the wound widened, and ichor sprayed in a black arc that painted the void behind him.

Eos didn't stop, he could not stop, because every action he was making was born from the sacrifices of countless lives.

He pulled the dagger out and drove it in again. And again. And again.

Each strike was a different Origin, as every part of Existence needed to give itself to this final battle.

Enoch began to scream as mouths tore from all over his body, and from each mouth's hands emerged, trying to grab the knife, but each stab and sound that was caused was a different truth.

The Origin of Light carved through Enoch's cheek. The Origin of Laughter pierced his eye, the Origin of Fire seared his chest, burning through ichor and bone and whatever was underneath, and more Origin Forces rampaged in Enoch's body in a stunning act of violence that shook the void.

Chapter 2198 Ripping Out The Core

Enoch's hands fell away from Eos's wrist, and his body was a ruin. His left arm was gone, and his chest was split open from sternum to shoulder.

His throat was a ragged hole, and his face, the absence that had been so terrible and absolute, was now a map of wounds, each one weeping darkness, each one screaming.

While Eos was stabbing, Enoch had been exploding with the power of End, tearing the void to pieces, but Eos had been methodical, making sure that although he was losing one, Enoch would pay a million for each of those losses.

There was no space in his mind for anything else but to butcher Enoch in the most efficient manner possible.

At first, Enoch had been fiery, cursing and condemning Eos, but slowly his attitude began to change.

From arrogance to anger and then astonishment to wariness and from wariness to fear, and that fear was something that Enoch did not know he could feel, could not understand how he could feel it.

Eos, in many ways, was still a ninth-dimensional being, and he was in the tenth dimension. He held all the destructive powers that there could ever be. Why was it that he was the one dying?

"You cannot," Enoch whispered, and his voice was barely a voice now, as it had become broken and dying. "You cannot kill me. I am the end. I am the only end. Without me, there is no..."

Eos responded by cocking his head to the side and pausing the fall of his blade. Enoch saw that, and he shook. Perhaps he had been able to penetrate the hard head of the bastard and divert his attention for the moment.

"Let us talk as representatives of our Origin, we cannot..."

Eos closed his eyes, and then he slowly raised his right hand, and Enoch followed his rising hand with a single eye, and he nearly screamed when he saw the Origin of End manifested in Eos's palm.

However, this End was not the End that Enoch wielded; it was something that Eos had been cultivating from the first moment he took a life.

He remembered it as if it had just happened; it was when he killed a demonic wolf as a child inside the Nexus.

And then from that moment, Eos had been taking lives; some were not taken in the right manner, but his intent had never been to cause destruction, nor did he luxuriate in the life that he took; he was just trying to do all he could until he got all the answers... and now he had it.

While he was destroying End, End was also destroying him, but unlike Enoch, whose only concern was the preservation of his life, Eos's concern was the preservation of all life and not necessarily his own.

It was the reason he could stand outside of himself and see this problem from all sides.

Why should End behave in the manner that it did? And the truth was that End had become broken, and if that was the case, Eos would do what he did with Existence; instead of trying to make do with what was corrupted, he would recreate something new.

Origin by itself could not understand the forces of End, since it was pure creation, but Eos was different; he had lived without a soul, he had stood on both sides of the equation and had wielded the power of End, he was becoming Origin, but his knowledge of End did not die; they were growing.

End had been broken by the Great One to be a force that was pure corruption, and Eos chose to see End as something different.

To him, End was not destruction but completion

The end of hunger... the end of need... the end of suffering.

Not everything was meant to live forever; some things must end for something new to be born, and this was always the function of End before it was corrupted by the Great One. Eos, under the relentless bombardment of End, had finally found the truth in the midst of the endless lies.

Remember that the Origin of Truth could become any Origin, as long as there was a complete understanding of that truth.

And when Eos raised his hand, he was raising the truth of End, and Enoch could hardly even comprehend what he was seeing before he drove it into his chest.

He did not use his Destroyer, just his bare, ichor-blackened, bone-cracked hand.

Eos drove it through the wound the arrow had left, along the canyon he had carved with the Destroyer as he ravaged Enoch's flesh, and finally through the absence that was Enoch's core.

And with his hand covered with the true power of End, he grasped the core.

His fingers closed around the wellspring of End that had been feeding Enoch since the beginning of time, and he pulled.

There was this strange look of incomprehension in Enoch's eye before he screamed one of the most wretched sounds that had ever been made, which was not far from the truth due to the levels of violation he had just suffered.

Perhaps there may be higher levels of understanding in the future, but for now, Origin and End were the most powerful forces, and Eos had just driven to the core of this force and showed it the true form that it would take.

These forces were so complex that no Primordial would be able to understand it, and to shake the foundation of such a force was a violation that went beyond words.

Enoch lost control of his body, and Eos ripped out his core.

The core of End was not a thing that could be described, because you could not even see it. What Eos held was a presence that had weight and pressure, but was seemingly non-existent.

Eos held it in his hand, and he closed his eyes and allowed himself to feel what Enoch had felt with this core inside of him.

He grimaced and opened his eyes. What he had felt was loneliness and fear. A fear that was the desperate, screaming need to be the only thing that mattered.

Eos sneered, and he crushed it, and Enoch's body went limp as his source of power vanished.

His form of light that he created to mock Origin began to collapse like a mountain that had been hollowed from within.

Ichor poured from every wound. His arms, the one that had been severed and the one that was still attached, fell away. His legs buckled, and his chest caved in.

There was nothing left for this being to depend on.... And still, he did not die.

"You cannot," he whispered, and his voice was barely a breath now, wet and broken and finished. "You cannot end me. Father... Great One... save me, I have only ever been loyal to your words."

Eos looked up at the massive Eternal Tower in the distance, and there was silence, but he knew that eyes had been watching this entire battle, other Luminous who stayed inside the tower and did not raise a hand to aid their champion.

“Please... save me,” Enoch begged as he reached out towards the tower, and Eos raised his foot and brought it down.

Driving his heel into Enoch’s face.

Chapter 2199 Rest Now, Enoch

The heel of Eos came down with the sound of ending.

It was the small, quiet, honest end that came to all things. The end of a candle. The end of a breath. The end of a war that had lasted longer than any war had the right to last.

Perhaps it was a death that was a bit too mild for a creature such as Enoch, but Eos did not care to extend this war longer than he should, and as long as Enoch dies, this was all that mattered.

Enoch’s face crumpled inward, the remnants of the ichor in his veins ceased flowing, and the mouths that had torn themselves from every surface of his body fell silent, one by one.

And at the very end, his eye went dark, and they were filled with anguish, shock, and fear... it was a very mortal expression for a being that once had the power to dictate the fate of all beings inside Existence.

Eos sighed as he stood over the body of the thing that had called itself the end of all things, and he did not feel triumphant.

He felt exhausted as he carried with him the ache of a wound that had healed but would always carry the scar.

He reached down, and he closed what was left of Enoch’s eye.

“You were the first,” Eos said, and his voice carried the quiet weight of truth. “You were the most beautiful thing your creator ever made. And your creator broke you because beauty, left to grow on its own, always becomes something its maker cannot control. Origin could give birth to me because of your desire for truth. Rest now, Enoch, and if all beings forget your name... I will remember you.”

He straightened, and he whispered,

“That is not your sin... that is your tragedy.”

Eos finally looked up into the darkness of the void, and he knew that his battle was not over; in fact, it was just beginning.

The void was silent around him as the Origin Tree rose up higher behind him, its branches reaching through the broken fabric of the old Existence and into the darkness beyond it, and it began to plant Origin stars in places that had never known light. Its roots had anchored themselves in the conceptual bedrock of non-existence, and they were drinking deep, and where they drank, the dark remembered what it had been before the Great One had claimed it as his shadow.

Origin had been born in the nothingness of the void, and in that nothingness, it was beginning to bring back light.

Eos could not run from what was to come; he could not hide; he could only confront it.

In the distance, the Eternal Tower stood, and he knew they were watching him.

Eos did not hurry to attack; instead, he focused on completing his merger with Existence and gaining his new Essence. Only then would he gain the foundation of bringing this war to a conclusion.

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Eos raised his eyes to the Tower. He had all the memories of it from his Incarnation, and he knew that even inside the Origin Realms, there was a small part of the Eternal Tower inside.

With his understanding of the dimensions, he knew that what was inside his Origin Realm was a projection, and Eos had wrapped it inside a prison, because he considered this projection to be his spoil of war.

Still, seeing the Eternal Tower through the minds of his Incarnation could not replace seeing it with fresh eyes after reaching the peak of the ninth-dimensional level.

It was vast, a structure that both seemed to have no right to exist here, between Existences, outside of any reality that could give it meaning, and yet, also seemed to be the only reason that the void even existed. To wrap your mind around this sort of dissonance was troubling, but Eos was already used to such eldritch reasonings.

The Tower was built from materials that he did not fully recognize, but he did recognize that most of it was built from bones, some were of Luminous and others from creatures he could not name... it was almost as if the Tower was a gigantic spine that had been carved into this shape.

Its windows were sealed, and its doors were shut. And from within it, he could feel the presence of beings that had not raised a single hand during everything that had just happened.

They had watched, calculated, and waited.

And Eos did not know if he should find this troubling or simply annoying.

Eos had always known that Enoch was not the end of this. Enoch had been the weapon, the instrument, the hungry child sent ahead to test the defenses of something far older and far colder. And whatever lived in the Eternal Tower was not afraid of him.

The Great One... The Painter...

He took a step toward it, and the Tower's windows lit up, all of them at once, each one a different color, each color a different kind of watching. And then, from the highest window, a single light descended. The descending light was not blinding, and the only word Eos could use in describing it was... quiet, the light was quiet, and to him that made it infinitely more dangerous.

Because this light was the color of a question that had never been answered.

"You have done well," a voice said, and it came from everywhere and nowhere, "Better than the last... Better than most."

Eos stopped walking and looked at this light, not seeing any visible presence inside of it. "The last?"

"Did you think you were the first Eos?" The voice sounded almost kind. "Did you think this Existence was the first to produce someone like you? A defect that grew past what he was designed to be? Do you know how many Existences there have ever been? And not the ones whose memories I permit to remain."

The roots of the Origin Tree shifted, turning toward the Tower like the heads of animals that had scented something wrong.

"I have seen your kind before," the voice continued. "In forty-three previous Existences that I have entirely erased, something like you has risen. A being that should not be. A being that grows where it should only consume, that loves where it should only take, that insists on surviving in ways that break every rule I have written." The voice paused as if it was tasting the words it was about to say next, "And every one of them, in the end, faced me."

"And?" Eos said.

"And every one of them lost."

Eos tilted his head, and the ten thousand lights of his crown that were dim and flickering, many of them dark with the cost of what he had done, cast long shadows across the void.

“Tell me,” he said, “do you understand what you are admitting?”

Silence.

“You are admitting,” Eos said slowly, “that in forty-three Existences, something like me was born. Something you did not plan for. Something that broke the rules you wrote.” He looked up at the highest window and its questioning light. “You have written the same story forty-three times, and forty-three times, the story surprised you. And you call yourself the Great One.”

The light in the window pulsed.

“You are interesting,” the voice said. “They were all interesting. That does not change what comes next.”

“No,” Eos agreed. “But it changes who I am when I face it.”

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

Chapter 2200 We Do Not Stop Until This Is Done

TEN THOUSAND ORIGIN REALMS

The ten thousand Origin Realms had been absorbed by the Origin Tree, but that did not mean they had been fully integrated with it.

For Eos, the ten thousand Origin Realms were like a sandbox where all the experiments he was undertaking with Origin were made.

The battlefield, where so many Primordials and defenders of the Realm had perished, had now gone still.

This was not the stillness of peace; the battle had not ended, even though it seemed to have a weird pause as if the world was holding its breath waiting for the other shoe to drop.

The remnants of the armies of the Ancient Primordials had stopped. The Soulwraiths stood frozen, their faceless forms turned toward the light of the Origin Tree that was rising on the horizon of this shattered Existence like a second dawn.

Eva stood among the dead and the dying and the barely living, and she felt the change moving through her like a tide coming in after an impossibly long retreat.

The fifth layer of her Origin was right there, at the edge of her fingertips, and it had been there since the light of Eos's soul had touched her, and she had been holding it back, holding back the thing inside her that wanted to bloom, because she knew, with the certainty of a being who had been born to understand light, that the moment she let go...

She would not be who she had been. And she was terrified of that.

"You are afraid," said a voice beside her, and she turned to see Telmus, who had not cleaned his face of the tears that had tracked through the blood and ash of battle, and did not seem to care.

His blade was dark and notched. His eyes were tired and old and somehow, underneath all of that, completely unbroken. "I can always tell. Your light goes a little blue at the edges."

"I am not afraid," Eva said automatically.

Telmus looked at her.

"I am terrified," she corrected.

He nodded. "Good. Terrified means you understand what it costs. Afraid means you're going to run." He looked out at the Origin Tree on the horizon, its branches spreading across the shattering sky, its roots drinking deep from the bones of the old world. "He's not done yet."

"I know."

"And neither are we."

Eva looked at him for a long moment. Then she looked down at her hands, at the light that was pooling there, trying to get out, trying to become what it needed to be.

"If I do this," she said quietly, "I won't be the same."

"No," Telmus agreed. "You'll be more. There is still not enough space for any of us to make this step at this time, and I think it is right that you are the first of the new Primordials to reach the fifth layer. Just know that I will be right behind you."

Eva looked at him, nodded, and closed her eyes.

And she let go.

The fifth layer of her Origin did not erupt; it bloomed. That was the only word for it. Something that had been a seed since the moment she was born, since the first light had touched the first world, since the first eye had opened and seen and understood that seeing was itself a kind of creation... that seed bloomed, and what grew from it was not power, not in any way she had previously understood that word.

It was clarity.

She saw everything. Not just the present, not just the light that was bouncing and absorbing and refracting across the battlefield... she saw the truth of light, which was that it did not travel. It arrived. It had always already arrived at its destination before it began its journey. Light, in its truest form, was not movement but presence, and in the fifth layer of her Origin, Eva understood what it meant to simply be present in all places at once.

She was Revelation, but in this moment, her Origin, she expressed it like light.

She opened her eyes, and the battlefield saw her.

The Soulwraiths flinched backward. The Chronophages stuttered. The Memorivores scattered, dropping the stolen moments they had been hoarding like guilty children caught with their hands in the wrong place.

And the Primordials, the ones still standing, the ones barely standing, the ones crawling forward on broken hands and refusing to stop, raised their eyes.

And they stopped being afraid.

“Now,” Eva said, and her voice carried the certainty of every dawn that had ever broken over every world that had ever been saved by the simple act of the sun returning. “Now we finish this.”

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THE ETERNAL TOWER

The Tower's doors had never opened from the inside.

Prime stood before them now, his hands pressed flat against the surface, feeling the weight of all the time that had been compressed into the structure, and he smiled at the irony.

Every lock was ultimately a question of time. Everything that was sealed had been sealed at a specific moment, and every moment had a before and an after, and he was now the being that could reach into the space between those moments and find the hinge.

“Aeternitas,” he said softly.

The fifth layer of his Origin did not speak so much as it resonated, a wordless understanding that moved through him like a root system finding water.

He understood.

The doors of the Eternal Tower were not locked. They were simply existing in a moment that was not now. Someone had taken the moment of their opening and hidden it, buried it in the gaps between time that even the most powerful Primordials could not navigate.

But Prime was not any Primordial.

He reached into the not-now, and he found the moment of opening, and he brought it forward.

The doors opened.

Behind him, three figures stood: Fury, whose body was a held-back storm that had been waiting for permission to break; Circe, who had seen the future and returned from it carrying knowledge that had not settled yet in the way she held her hands; and Victorious Genesis, who did not speak but whose silence had the weight of something inevitable.

“We go in,” Prime said. “We find what Vraegar found. And we do not stop until this is done.”

Fury cracked his knuckles. “Finally.”

They went in.