

The Primordial Record

Chapter 1081: Soul Flame

Deep down Rowan knew the only reason he was considering this matter this deeply was because of the present state of his consciousness.

If his consciousness had been complete, and his dimensional body fully realized then even the plight of countless trillions of mortals holding a mutated version of his bloodline would not even draw less than a smidgen of concern from him. Even though Rowan had never tampered with soul origin and so he understood that everyone he had killed still had many more reincarnations to look forward to, it was without a doubt that he had killed uncountable trillions in his life with no single hesitation.

The blood he had spilled in his lifetime could quench a trillion stars.

Yet the things he saw above the threshold had shaken him, the games being played with Ascendancy and Calamity by a higher power, and his understanding that no matter the sacrifices made in this battle, whether it be mere mortals or immortal Ascendants, it was all useless.

Millions of years of war and suffering and in the end, they were all forsaken, all of them one part of a long line of suffering that stretched deep into antiquity. Rowan had seen the souls locked in this realm, every cycle was one of endless suffering, in this cycle it was Ascendancy and Calamity, and after this cycle, a new one would begin.

In such a realm, his decision should be relatively easy, knowing that no matter what he did for these people, they would still be caught in the crossfire, yet despite all this, Rowan found that he could not go ahead and condemn these people.

He hated this realm, he hated the fact that it had taken his children from him and he wanted to rob this realm of every single shred of control and dominance that it had cultivated from time immemorial... He wanted to be more.

What was the point of all this power if he was like everyone else? Should his power not give him the freedom to become what he wanted? Could he not break the cycle of endless suffering where the worth of life was only determined by the power they controlled?

He paused, 'why am I thinking of such a thing at this time? Life is meaningless, death is meaningless, and only the truth at the end of all things is worth pursuing. Yet despite all of this, why do I no longer care for ultimate truth and power? Why do I care about these mortals? Have I fallen to such an extent? Why is my heart in pain?'

Free of his all-consuming strength and responsibilities, Rowan discovered that he had regained a small measure of the soul that he had lost.

This realization shook him to the core. He should not be able to change any longer, his spirit was too powerful, greater than what most immortals could ever fathom, change for him was so difficult that it should have been impossible, even Rowan did not believe he could change, his nature had become fixed, how was it that...

He brought his old and withered hands to his eyes and on his finger was a wisp of silver fire- Soul Flame. An ability he had lost since the moment he evolved his second bloodline from Soul Reaver to become the Avatar of Eve.

... he now had a soul.

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Rowan felt a slight stir in the breeze a few minutes before a young boy, seven years of age and carrying a large basket came up to his side, the child dropped the basket with an exaggerated groan and fished out a large blue loaf of bread that had mold growing on it, he diligently scraped away as much of the mold as he could and then presented the loaf to Rowan with a smile,

"Old Father, please have some food, you have remained in this position for weeks, do not give up on life, there are many things to look out for and many delicacies to taste, I heard that in distant continents there are warm bread that are soft like clouds, can you imagine such a thing? If you give up hope, then you may never see or even touch such a thing."

Rowan had been sitting at the entrance of a mine that led into the earth, this mine that stretched for miles was one of the cracks between the scales of the fallen Ouroboros Serpents, and those cracks led deep into the earth where essence-rich ore that could strengthen the body and enriched the souls could be found.

Valuable resources like this should make every Blood Bound powerful and were made to be more beneficial to their bodies than a normal Explorer who could only use the soul-enriching portion of the ore and dispose of the rest, but the Blood Bound could not enjoy these resources, instead, they were used as slaves to mine.

Of course, such a treatment would lead to resentment, and from this resentment a resistance group was born that sought to free the Blood Bound from their plight, and according to rumors their headquarters could be found deep inside the earth.

Coincidentally these resistance groups were the small section of the Blood Bound that Rowan was finding hard to trace, something was shielding them from his sight and that was intriguing. Anything that could block his bloodline connection was not simple.

Rowan had been pursuing the trail of the resistance for a while now because some of the things they were doing should not be possible with the resources available to them. There was no Ascendant among their rank, and yet they could survive for this long and even hide from his bloodline resonance. Intriguing indeed.

He smiled at the child and took the moldy bread, eating it in three quick bites and leaving the child staring at him in awe at how quickly he could devour the loaf. The young boy had been coming to find him daily and never failed to give him food, in all that time Rowan never spoke to the child.

The reason for this was because the soul of the boy was quite sensitive, it was the reason the child unconsciously came close to Rowan, the deep resonance he felt with him confused and interested the child, so much so that if Rowan had spoken to this child, his bloodline would erupt and something new and fantastic would be born inside of him.

The child waited for a moment, his eyes wide, hoping that today would be the day that Rowan spoke to him, but as always Rowan remained silent. He became a bit downcast but it lasted for only a brief moment before he smiled and struggled to lift his heavy basket back to his head where he was going to be sharing its content with the miners below,

"I will come again tomorrow and bring another loaf for you. Do not give up Old Father, we still need your wisdom."

With those cheery words, the boy began descending into the mines, but something was different today because Rowan was following him, for a while the child was unaware of Rowan's presence because his tread was lighter than a feather, but his sensitive soul made him turn around and he almost jumped out of his skin when he saw Rowan a few feet behind him, he had been descending for more than twenty minutes over rough terrains and yet he had neither felt or heard anything,

"Old Father, is something wrong, why are you descending into the earth with me, it is quite dangerous here and you need to be quick of foot to escape the beasts inside the darkness."

Chapter 1082: The Pack

Rowan did not reply to the child, he simply touched his shoulder and shifted the boy back to the surface a few hundred miles away, the target he had been pursuing for the past few months had finally stopped moving and he could solve this intriguing mystery, plus the dangers in this place was about to erupt, and the child would be caught in the crossfire if he was anywhere near this place.

Descending deeper into the earth, Rowan took the form of the child, and not long after he began to hear the sound of industrial activities—the sound of metal against unyielding stone. All this while he had been walking down crudely carved staircases hewn into the extremely hard rocks, and the passageway had been tight making it the perfect reason why the slight body of the child was necessary to enter into this place.

The tight passageway soon opened up into a series of rather expansive caverns where hundreds of miners with large pickaxes swinging away at the rocks, and despite their gaunt frames that showed clear signs of the harsh living conditions they were being subjected to, each time they swung their pickaxes, it released a loud clap and a large explosion of dust, this showed the great strength inside the bodies of every blood Bound, yet they could hardly cut through a few inches of rock.

They had no supervisors for they all worked to survive under the heels of the Ascendant. Tied around their waist were small satchels where any piece of essence-rich ore was found would be deposited until the end of their week-long shifts.

It was a tough job, and about twenty percent of every miner that entered the earth never returned, this number was worse for the vanguards who pushed deeper into the ground to block the unrelenting waves of Calamity erupting from the earth so the miners could have a relative safety window for them to work.

The arrival of the child caused a slight stir among their number as they wearily dropped their tools and trudged over to the smiling boy who began distributing the moldy bread to the miners, his endless cheer and bright personality made these gruff men and women smile even if they did not want to. Of the hundreds of miners here, they could only receive a single loaf, but with their powerful bodies, it was enough to sustain them.

Across the many caverns, a similar scene was taking place, and the young boy watched all of these with a slight smile on the side of his lips. It had been a long time since Rowan felt such pleasure from such a minimal task.

"Young Po... You should head back to the surface, the grunts holding back the tide of calamities below would soon be returning for a shift change, and you know you don't want to be here when that happens, they have taken too long already."

A woman with a kind smile rubbed the head of the child with fondness, the boy started before he smiled at her and unexpectedly collapsed into dust making the woman scream in fright. ®

Rowan appeared another thirteen miles deep into the earth before a group of Blood Bounds battling abominations. He had left the miners behind because the danger he had been expecting had unexpectedly gained momentum and he had not quickly caught it because of the barrier blocking his perception underground.

The sounds and sight of a battle were a familiar sight to him and what was happening ahead was analyzed and a conclusion gained in an instant, the vanguards here were all about to die.

All of the Blood Bounds were at least at the Legend Rank and there were at least a thousand of them in battle with multiple Deific Ranks Explorer among them, they were a cut above the Explorers on every other continent in the realm but despite all that, they were in danger for their enemies were endless and more powerful than any other Calamities in the realm.

These Calamities took the shape of gigantic multi-headed snakes, with the more powerful Calamity Beasts among their number having many more heads, some of them had up to eleven heads and were Deific Ranked Calamities.

These beasts possessed long fangs that were extremely poisonous, with toughened scales and enhanced strength, in addition, their bodies generated a great amount of heat that could melt metal after a short while.

The Blood Bounds, despite their advanced rankings, had poor equipment, their armor, if any at all, was decrepit, it was a good thing that their scales were natural armor, and their weapons, although kept in good condition, were not suited for the degree of battle they were constantly undergoing.

Their moves were fast and precise, favoring strength over elaborate techniques like a normal Ascendants would, and when their weapons were shattered just like many of them were now facing, they resorted to using their fingers as claws, tearing off the heads of the serpents in a brutal fashion while releasing haunting battle cries.

Rowan noticed that despite their high ranking, their techniques were so poor that none of them had Natal Treasures. It was a testament to how many Calamities they had killed throughout their lives that pushed them to such a high ranking. The Ascendants were not going to be giving the Blood Bound any opportunity to get strong when they could be easily replaced in a few years.

The Calamities were erupting from flaming vents beneath the earth like maggots out of a corpse in seemingly endless numbers, their bright silver eyes flashing with a coldness that was different from the normal Calamity Beasts, and they also fought in silence, using their entire body that was nothing but a long string of muscles to batter the lines of the Blood Bound.

These beasts possessed a cunning not known among Calamity Beasts and they did not seem to feed on their dead, also they were pack hunters, choosing to sacrifice themselves in order to draw out any unlucky Blood Bound deeper into their ranks so they could be slaughtered.

If these beasts were to be found in other continents then the mortal population there would be quickly driven to extinction, and despite all the disadvantages suffered by the Blood Bounds, they alone kept the mortal population of this realm safe, but if the present situation did not change, that might not be the case for long.

Perhaps it was the presence of the resistance group deep in the mines that agitated these Calamities for the defenders here were about to be overrun. The fact that he could not tell what was happening deep in the earth and the present state of these Calamities must be connected.

The Blood Bounds had been fighting for hours, and during normal times the tides of Calamities would be diminished after a few waves, giving the defenders time to retreat and refresh themselves, although this would create a situation where a few hundred Calamities would go ahead towards the surface, but they could be easily cleared away with not much problems. Individually none of these beasts were a match for a Blood Bound, their strength lying in their number and pack mentality.

Chapter 1083: Kill! Kill! Kill!

These beasts were dangerous, yet predictable, but today turned out to be different.

The Calamities did not stop pouring out from the ground in ever-increasing numbers even after hours of fighting, and although this group was an elite army forged from many years of battle, they had begun to lose some of their members to the fangs of the Calamities, and with growing pressure and fatigue in their minds and bodies, it was only a matter of time until they would all fall, a single mistake and a domino effect would spiral among their group and their extinction would be a foregone conclusion.

Rowan assessed this group of Blood Bound, currently, there were almost tens of thousands of similar groups scattered across hundreds of miles of terrain battling against an endless tide of Calamity Beasts rising from beneath the earth.

These seemingly endless mines were spread across the entire continent, but this outbreak was focused primarily around this area in a region that was a few hundred miles in circumference.

The death toll among the Blood Bounds was in the thousands but in a short moment as the weight of the endless assaults crossed a threshold, this number would reach hundreds of thousands and then millions. In a battle like this, there were no survivors.

If the Calamities were free to break out of the earth with no resistance, then the death toll would quickly rise to tens of millions even hundreds of millions in a short time and that was the least of the damages that could occur.

This breakout would scatter the delicate balance created around the entire continent, and the Blood Bounds keeping the other mines in check would be overrun by the sudden enemies bearing down upon them from above, and it would not be long before this continent would be buried under an endless tide of Calamities.

The Ascendants would not care, they would wait a while and clear the surface of the continent before bringing back a new batch of mortals to take over the land, this would cause them losses in the short term, a millennium or two would go by before things return to normal, but what was such a short time to an immortal?

Rowan knew that this would not be the first time such a thing had happened, and he did not know whether to laugh or cry when he figured out that the Ascendants were unerringly doing the same thing that this World's Will was doing to them, but on a much greater scale.

It made him think about the nature of reality, and how those at the top treated those at the bottom, while not knowing that there was a higher power treating them in the same way.

"Someone must break this chain... End this endless circle of despair."

Whatever activities the Resistance was up to, they had decided to sacrifice millions of their people to the jaws of death, and this was against their known operational parameters, from what Rowan could infer, members of the Resistance were the oldest of the Blood Bounds and supposedly the wisest. How could they condemn their people to death, or did they no longer see any hope of survival?

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Previously Rowan would have simply walked past all these people, his focus alone would be on his curiosity about what could hide the resistance from him, and not about the reason for the actions of the Resistance or the potential death of billions.

His new and unfamiliar soul throbbed with pain and he sighed in exasperation and snapped his fingers before heading deeper into the earth, he wanted to be done with this mystery.

The single snap of his fingers was not heard but it was quickly felt as every single Calamity Beast pouring out of the earth became lackluster. They simply slithered out of the flaming vents and looked around stupidly.

The Vanguard's were astonished at first at the actions of the beasts before a quick call for retreat and regrouping was made, and after a few more minutes and more beasts kept pouring out of the earth while still moving around with no aggression or purpose, the Vanguard's decided to attack because there would no longer be such a great opportunity again to massacre these beasts.

The Calamity Beasts on this continent were strange, they were not spawned from the mist instead they emerged from deep beneath the earth, this made some of the Blood Bound believe that their number although may be massive that there was a chance it was finite.

It was this hope that carried them through the long millennia, that one day, the actions of their forebears and their actions would mean that this continent would become the first that would be freed from the claws of Calamity.

A wordless message went across the majority of the Vanguard, and even though they had been battling for hours and needed to recuperate, they chose to attack, perhaps their sacrifice could be the difference between a million years of sorrow ahead for their descendants or a few thousand.

The first Vanguard that slayed a docile Calamity Beast nearly went into shock when a wave of golden light emerged from the slain beast and entered his flesh. He retreated in panic but went still when an enormous wave of power and vitality flooded his body.

The tiredness and the wounds he had accumulated for hours began to vanish, and before his astonished gaze, his left arm that he had lost to the Calamity years ago that refused to heal because of the dormant poison of the beasts he was fighting began to itch and a new limb was slowly being regrown.

Similar events were happening as the thousands of Vanguard's that struck the first blows were covered by a wave of golden light.

"What is happening?" "My arms... my eyes..."

"I think... I think I just became stronger, not my Aura, but my flesh, and my scales are stronger."

"Could it be that finally our bloodline is no longer cursed, we don't have to be the dogs of the Ascendant or the food for calamity?"

"I don't know what is happening, or why we are benefiting from it, but I know one thing we should be doing at this moment. Killing!"

The eyes of every vanguard lit up as something denied from them since birth was activated, and they charged against the confused Calamity Beasts.

"Kill! Kill! Kill!"

Chapter 1084: Tribulation?

Rowan could feel the fierce wave of energy arising behind him and he smiled. The breath of his bloodline was rising, and even though this path would cause him countless complications in the future, he just could not find the strength to care. This realm had fucked with him for long enough.

With that snap of his finger, he knew he had made a choice about his path going forward. It was war, it would always be war, but on his terms this time, not following the games of the past. Damn them all, he had his fill!

By some miracle he had regained his soul, he did not yet understand how, but he had gotten a second chance and Rowan was not going to waste it.

He had lost and had been broken, but from the ashes, something no one would ever expect had arisen. His speed of descent increased.

He went deeper into the ground, passing millions of mutated Calamity serpents with corrupted strands of his bloodline, and with his touch they all rushed above to be slaughtered. He was taking what was his from those that have stolen it. This bastardized version of his serpents was no longer permitted to exist.

Rowan had decided to make these lost children his own, and that meant cleansing their bodies of every sign of Ascendancy, fully making them the children of the Primordial Ouroboros, to make that possible, he had decided to make this entire continent, which was the bodies of the Avatar of the Primordial Ouroboros to become their food.

His presence in this continent would act as a great filter, and as every Blood Bound kills the Calamity serpents he would use the Aura in the bodies of the Calamities as fuel to refine the Ouroboros Bloodline inside their serpent bodies and deliver them into the body of his children.

With more of his bloodline entering their bodies, it would not be long before its tyrannical nature consumed every bit of Ascendancy Aura in their bodies. They would be Blood Bound no longer but Children of the Ouroboros, and by that time they would be able to see his face.

Rowan suddenly halted his descent, there was nothing in front of him but rocks, it would appear that he had come to the end of his journey, but Rowan was not looking at the rocks, which were nothing but a mirage, but through it. Inside the mirage was a massive space, not a cavern or an underground valley, but an entire stretch of empty space where you could fit in multiple planets and even a star if he wanted.

This space appeared utterly alien to this realm, for there were massive trees growing within the space with roots that pierced into nothingness, making the entire bottom portion of the space appear like a jungle that stretched for millions of miles.

Hovering above the forest was a single massive object, a silver bracelet the size of a star. A lost memory he had forgotten slammed into his consciousness like a brick wall and Rowan flinched, for the method the memory appeared was strange as if he had fulfilled a series of requirements before he gained access to it. Rowan understood that if he had not gained a soul he would never have gained this memory, for it was buried inside his newly birthed soul. He saw a man, at least thirteen feet tall, with long white hair and a beard, and his eyes were completely white as if he was blind. He was heavily muscled, wearing white wraps around his body that did not hide his godlike physique. In the lines of his face, Rowan saw similarities in his features that reminded him of his own.

"Old Man Seed!"

Rowan saw himself the moment he entered the Green and Black Star, his body had been squeezed into a beam of light by the old man, but before he did that he had slipped a bangle around Rowan's wrist.

"This bangle contains a portal to a shared pool of resources from Elura and me for you to actualize your Supreme Circle. Because the tribulation you are expected to be receiving for every Circle you activate increases in intensity, then it means that technically no one should survive past the third tribulation... technically. You have broken all concepts of the common sensibilities that I know, so I will no longer judge you with it."

Tribultion! Tribulation! Tribulation!!!

These words resounded in his head and his soul and Rowan nearly collapsed. With a force of willpower, he held himself in place, weathering the storm in his consciousness and opening his mind to the intuition and realization screaming at him.

When he did the truth came to him and he held his head in pain and began to laugh. For nearly ten minutes he laughed like a lunatic before he suddenly stopped and his eyes went cold. Suddenly many things became clear to Rowan and he shuddered.

He had no way of confirming if this was the truth but he knew his character and how daring he could be.

His death, the state of his body when he entered this realm, his lost children who died a final death, and the mighty enemies he had faced inside this realm of madness... if this hypothesis turned out to be the case, then many of the questions plaguing him would be resolved.

Rowan was undergoing Tribulation! Not just tribulation for one of his Supreme Circle, but for all nine at once!

It was sheer madness, but there must have been a trigger that he was missing that made him decide to unleash his entire Tribulation the moment he entered this realm.

He could confirm some of his hypotheses if he retrieved this bracelet. The treasures that were meant for his Tribulation would not be simple, and would perhaps be the things that could push the scales more towards his favor.

His body penetrated the mirage, and he could see dozens of confused Blood Bounds who should be members of the Resistance, they were watching in shock as the Calamities rushed out of the multiple vents in the earth in a sluggish manner and headed towards the surface, they must not have known what was currently happening on the surface, but they must have seen the state of these creatures were not normal.

Looking at these Blood Bounds he could immediately spot the difference between them and those on the surface. They appeared in great state unlike the starving masses above, their bodies were covered with beautiful glowing armor, and unlike the rest of the Blood Bounds, they had fully embraced the heritage of the Explorers because they had completed Natal treasures.

Rowan frowned, he understood what it meant to have a technique that could create Natal Treasures in the bodies of Explorers and he knew that to create such techniques for the Blood Bound would not be simple due to the nature of their bodies, and nothing less than a high- rank Ascendancy technique would be able to affect their bodies.

Either a great genius had arisen in the ranks of the Resistance in the past that was able to decipher a higher level technique, or the Resistance served the Ascendants. Rowan did not think that this technique might have been stolen because he knew there was resonance among similar Ascendancy techniques and if it had been stolen, the Resistance would have been long wiped out.

Chapter 1085: Your Primogenitor Comes To Your Door

Rowan did not rush to any conclusion because the truth would soon be revealed to him. What was he going to discover when he penetrated the ranks of the resistance, would it be a talented child who created a powerful technique to uplift their race or a group of traitors who had condemned the rest of their kind to extinction just to remain a slave to the Ascendants?

All the Blood Bound here were at the Deific Rank, the terrifying growth rate of their bloodline displaying its strength. He appeared beside one of them and stuck his finger into the brain of the Blood Bound.

Unaware of Rowan's presence or even what was happening to him, the Blood Bound was watching the movements of the Calamity with fascination.

Rowan closed his eyes and delved into the mind of this man as he attempted to touch his soul. The past three years were not in vain as he had been practicing with his consciousness, and gaining his soul gave him new abilities that he had not even begun to explore.

No longer needing to kill to touch a soul, Rowan delved into the mind of this man, from the moment of his conception when the spark of his soul came alit to this present moment where he stood here and watched the Calamities surged ahead to exterminate his race.

Rowan learned much, but not enough. Although at the Deific Rank, these Blood Bounds were simply grunts. With the talents of the Blood Bounds that made them acquire power easily, seniority and authority came with age not power, and only the truly older members of the Resistance knew what was happening.

To confirm if he could gain more information, Rowan took the time to read through the souls of everyone here until he was satisfied that he could learn anything more.

However, what he had learned from the soul of this Blood Bound made Rowan truly furious. These Resistance members did not regard themselves as Blood Bounds but called themselves Blood Slaves.

They saw their bloodline as a curse and only bringing their nature closer to Ascendancy would allow them to rid themselves of this curse. In the past, it was not always like this, but something had changed.

In the beginning, the Resistance did what they were created for, they fought against the Explorers and sought to create a better society for every one of their so-called cursed bloodlines, but a new ideology was born that began to twist their purpose. They fell into despair, not valuing their resistance, seeing it as a futile action against an enemy they could never beat, and they decided to embrace their nature as slaves, for power and better conditions.

In return, they made sure the Blood Bounds in the surface never rebelled. Their unique position as the Resistance meant that hotblooded youth and wise adults who wished to fight against their oppressors would come to them, and they could easily get rid of them.

Instead of being the defenders of their people, they became their oppressors, and what was worse was that they took the form of Shepherds when they were wolves. They became ticks infesting the bodies of the Blood Bound, slowly bleeding them dry, and their actions that were disturbing the surface and leading to the extermination of every Blood Bound on the surface were met with indifference, some of them were even excited, for they hated the Blood Bounds even more than the Ascendants.

"If my blood is a curse to you all, then return it to me."

The unexpected voice of Rowan that resounded inside this space startled all the Blood Slaves, and before they could acknowledge what was happening, Rowan grabbed the air in front of him, and the seventy Blood Slaves froze and their skin, muscles, blood, and internal organs were ripped out from them.

For a brief moment, the Ascendent Aura inside their body still took its previous shape, and someone unaware would think seventy Ascendants with bodies of smoke and Aura had just appeared underground, but in another second their Ascendant Aura collapsed with a shrill

scream.

"This is what you serve and it cannot hold you up for a second when your bloodline is taken from you."

Rowan squeezed his hand refining his bloodline into a clump of golden fire that he sent upwards before he faced the space beyond. Inside the souls of the Blood Slaves, he had learned that a majority of the Blood Slaves were within this space, alongside another mysterious entity.

Before Rowan crossed into the space created by his Bracelet, he stretched both of his hands to the side and grabbed the air. For a few seconds, there was nothing, and then a flood of golden fire emerged from both directions and flowed over his palms before he released them to the surface.

Rowan paused and looked at his arms, in that few seconds he had killed more than a million Blood Slaves, and unlike when he butchered people in the past, he did not feel indifference, instead it was a weird mixture of emotion, that included satisfaction, guilt, shame and many other complex emotions that was hard to place into words.

Overall he still felt anger and indignation that his glorious bloodline had been brought low to such a state.

This batch of watchers he had just killed was just one of the many lookouts that surrounded this space. Although it was very expansive inside, the space outside only covered a few hundred miles in circumference.

Rowan touched the barrier that separated this space from the outside world and allowed himself to be drawn into it when he felt a strong suction force from within.

Almost immediately he felt an alien power surge into his dimension and a part of himself stirred from slumber and down his back and arms, tattoos of leaves and a massive tree were embossed on his spine. The endless jungle below began to stir as if a furious wind was blowing through them.

A dull rumble inside his mind was his only alert before he saw the massive bracelet vibrate as a shockwave that carried intense green lightning erupted from it. The wave of lightning was

so fierce it could fry multiple worlds to ashes, but they swept by him without harming him the lightning seemed to go out of its way to avoid him.

Rowan turned back and watched the wave of lightning impacted the barrier. This caused another round of shockwaves to erupt from the barrier that spread outward agitating the erupting serpent Calamities, which soon settled down into their stupid match to the surface. There were many ways he could play out what was going to happen next, he could silently dispatch all the Blood Slaves that he had discovered were trying to break into his bracelet, or he could announce himself and punish those who had forsaken his bloodline. Rowan's body burst into a golden fire that was so bright it reached every corner of this space and beyond. His golden light pierced through the earth until it spread to every corner of the continent and beyond, and everyone who held his bloodline, no matter where they were, saw him.

"Your Primogenitor comes to your door and yet I am unannounced. All those that are Bound, and all those that are Slaves, attend me."

The space ahead of him rippled and every single Blood Bound no matter where they could be found in the realm was sent into this space.

Chapter 1086: The First Blood Slave

Rowan scrutinized the tens of billions of his lost children, at this moment all of them were frozen in place, he was not manipulating time, he had only sped his perception to such a high level that a second of time could as well be an hour.

He was making a bold move, but dragging the entire Blood bound from this realm into a single location would draw immediate attention that he did need at this time, but when he was done with everything he wanted about their situation, their lives would have changed, but on the surface, only a single second would have gone by.

This would mean that for an instant all the Blood Bound would vanish and be returned a beat later, it would draw suspicion and scrutiny, but that was the best he was capable of doing for now. In another world, a group of people disappearing for a second would be a cause for alarm, but in this realm, this matter would fade in little to no time, there were too many pressing things to focus on.

Frozen alongside the Blood Bounds were the Blood Slaves, who numbered in the hundreds of thousands, all of them looked to be in their prime but the air of age hung around them like a cloak, the youngest here should be at least two thousand years old.

It was always amazing how such a small group could influence the lives of so many given the right circumstances.

It was a harsh reminder of how trust could be twisted to the advantage of those with nefarious intentions.

Rowan's anger that was simmering below the surface began to bubble, this group of people had truly exploited the Blood Bounds for so long. Everyone hated traitors, especially the ones who came to you with a smiling face, but with daggers hidden under their tongue.

However, he knew of all this, what he was looking for was the source; the point where it all changed, where these lost children went from protecting their people to suppressing and exploiting them, and even coming to luxuriate in their cruelty.

With a gesture, all the Blood Slaves appeared before him, and Rowan's right hand began to contort, bending unnaturally, before exploding into thousands of long strings made of flesh as fine as a spider's thread that shot forward and pierced through the eyes of thousands of the Blood Slaves, and he touched their soul and began to read them.

If he wanted the real truth, this was the place to find it.

Rowan's eyes were closed as he focused on his task, and behind him space silently parted with no single indication and something massive came through. It silently regarded Rowan with cold, calculating eyes, and patiently waited.

Memories of the lives of the Blood Slaves flooded into Rowan's consciousness and his heart went cold when he saw the atrocities committed by these slaves. They had developed a sick method of gaining pleasure, acts so depraved that cannibalism and even the eating of children were among the least of their crimes.

These were acts that were closer to the sick pleasures of the gods of Trion, the only difference was that these Blood Slaves had not yet had the time to refine their sick desires to the height of those cruel gods.

He understood battle, understood the pleasure of seeing your skills, no matter how nasty, working for you in the way you intend, he understood standing over the body of your broken enemies and knowing that if you were less skilled or less powerful, it would be you on the ground.

Rowan understood matching wits and guile against scary opponents and matching and exceeding them. He understood standing against perfection that had been refined for endless years and coming out on top... he understood challenges because for him that was what made life worth living.

What he could not understand or accept was glorifying the torture of the helpless. It went far beyond his bottom line.

The Blood Slaves had gained an appetite for cruelty in their short and pathetic lives, and every one of them here had only reached this position because they had been the ones who enjoyed these acts the most, anyone of them who had become appalled at the way they treated their kind had been slaughtered in brutal fashion that made the rest not even think of considering doing the same.

Rowan broke past numerous memories of atrocities, looking for the root of the madness and he found it. Jerediah, the first Blood Slave, was born three hundred thousand years ago, this strange man went out into the wilds, into depths unknown and when he returned he became the first Blood Bound to become an Ascendant.

He returned to the Resistance a hero, but the fruits he brought with him were poison. He spoke of immortality and power, but such powers came with a price, one that would change the lives of everyone who ever touched it.

With this dream of immortality and escaping the bounds of their bloodline, Jerediah began to twist the cause of the Resistance, and he slowly took out the pillars that had held the Resistance to their ideals, corrupting the rest and giving them the moniker of slaves.

Jerediah had promised them that like him, they would all be Ascendants, but for so long, none of them could reach this position, and dissent had begun to brew inside the ranks of the Blood Slaves.

After years of living like ravenous beasts that fed on the despair of others, any trait of honor and nobility was gone from their minds and the only thing they pursued was power. Jerediah kept them in check with the promise of great power, but after so long he had not yet delivered on his promise, and the Resistance was on the edge of splintering into many small factions until Jerediah came to them and said he would be delivering them his long-held back

promise.

A treasure that contained all the power they needed to become Ascendants and more, but the price of unlocking that treasure might mean the death of every Blood bound in the continent. He did not need to ask twice, the lives of those above were meaningless in the pursuit of power, all the Blood Slaves agreed to follow their messiah to unlock the secrets of immortality and power, and that had led them to the bracelet of Rowan.

'Well, this is so familiar, for a long period in my life have I not been living like these Blood Slaves?... Well, not like them, but the end results turned out to be the same. Even though I don't go out of my way to enjoy them, I have committed numerous atrocities and I always seem to have a justification for them.'

'I say to myself, this is a reality where the strong eat the weak, but I can choose to live above my baser instincts. Fighting against the heavens is a goal worth pursuing but not if it is built on a foundation of corpses. At least this is what I would love to think, but is it ever that

simple?'

The memories of the Blood Slaves had given him the perspective he needed to balance the growing wave of compassion that having a soul was bringing him. He could be compassionate but he could not be weak.

Chapter 1087: Reaffirming His Will

Rowan was no longer alone and his responsibilities were greater than anyone else he knew. He had killed countless innocents in the past in the pursuit of his goals, in the future he might kill countless more, and although he had felt a slight disturbance in his mindset when he did those acts, as a soulless entity, they did not bother him that much, existence could as well be food for him, and when he discovered the truth behind Soul Origin... When he knew that everyone he killed would be reincarnated in the future, he became much more liberal in his handling of death, as he saw life and death as both sides of the same coin.

How could the mortals, even the immortals, ever understand that everything they knew was simply a phase in a long line of reincarnation that stretched from time immemorial. Except for the Primordials and other entities at their level, everything and everyone was purposeless.

Standing at a certain height rendered all the games of existence worthless. Life was meaningless alongside death, everything was simply energy that was transferred from one point to another.

He stood on the shoulders of giants and he looked down and discovered that nothing mattered but attaining his goals.

Rowan had long believed in this, and in his memories were countless scenes about the lives he had taken.

A mother holding her child as she watched the world turn to fire....

A man celebrating his wedding to the love of his life, only for his world to end under the casual swipe of Rowan's palm...

He was a cosmic storm, a cataclysm that had swept through an entire universe, and he was still young with time left to commit more atrocities.

He ended lives on a scale that was unimaginable to mortals, to all of reality, between the Blood Slaves and him, he would be perceived as the worse option. Combined, no matter how long the Blood Slaves would live, they could not near a single percent of the devastation he had caused. Who was he to weigh his atrocities against the likes of others and consider them wanting?

He killed his enemies and in the process of growing powerful he ended the lives of countless trillions, how could he be angry over the likes of the Blood Slaves who did the same, but in a more perverse manner?

As soon as he asked himself his question he understood the answer to it. It was because he knew that existence did not end here with him, and the Blood Slaves did not. They took it without considering if what they collected was a finite resource.

Of course, this was not the entire justification for his actions, inside him were the memories of all the lives he had taken, and in the past, he had decided that he was a monster, but he was not going to be a hypocritical monster. That in the end, all the lives he had taken would not go unanswered.

Rowan had sworn to himself that when it was all over, he would call back the souls of everyone he had killed and he would face their judgment, for the truth was that he might feel deep consternation about slaughtering the innocent, but could not stop, even if the weight of the blood in his hands would crush this newly birthed soul.

He opened his palm and the silver flame of his soul still burned bright, but Rowan thought that perhaps he saw the beginning of impurities within... the weight of all the lives he was going to be ending.

In the battles he fought, casualties among the innocent were expected, he could do everything he could to prevent that outcome, but he would fail.

He chuckled, 'For a moment there I thought I was about to arise from the ashes of depravity, to become a shiny beacon of light and peace, but who am I kidding, with it without a soul, I am a monster, but it does not mean all I do must be monstrous, or that I will not have people I will protect. I am a being of many sides, both a creator and a destroyer.'

His dormant dimension pulsed and Rowan nodded in acknowledgment. He knew that if he was with his complete body, the reaffirmation of his Will over existence would have pushed him to the fourth-dimensional level and a new state in his existence, but the primer had already been set, he only needed to ascend when the right moment presented itself.

Rowan did not know what would happen when a living dimension like himself reached a higher level. In the third-dimensional state, he had to swallow the Will of a universe to complete the process, what would it be like if he became a fourth dimension?

Knowing that these were matters that he would have to comprehend when he had his complete body he left them all aside, focusing on the present.

Reality was hell for the weak, and he was privileged to be among the few who could become truly strong. Among their number, he was in a unique position because he understood what it was like to be weak.

No matter what he wanted, the truth was that if he was not strong enough to attain it, then in the end, no amount of compassion would change anything. There was no one else like him that he could leave this burden to.

Rowan would love to light a fire in the hearts of all, let his example be a beacon to the next generation about what it took to live a life that was worth living outside the pursuit of power, but that was a childish concept, before the endless weight of time and space, what was compassion or pity? Only power would sustain you through the dark.

To win, he must be willing to get his hands dirty, because no one else could become as powerful as him. This was not hubris, this was a fact.

Rowan would accept all the sins he had done, he would lie, he would steal and he would destroy, and when it was all over, when he arose from the ashes of the final battle, then he would recreate reality in his image, and when he saw that all of existence were fit to rule themselves in a fair and just manner, then he would call for judgment. His own.

'No one can bear this burden but me.'

Rowan sighed and opened his eyes.

"You seemed to have made a serious decision," a familiar voice spoke behind him, "Oh, how time flies, and we of the Blood do naught but walk down the path laid out for us. Do you remember the last time we spoke, brother? I told you we shall meet again in places you did

not expect."

Rowan turned around and smiled as he looked at the familiar figure behind him, "How could I not remember you, Labaletai, what took you so long."

"Me? Hahaha... I've been here for ages, I should be the one asking you that question. What took you so long?"

Rowan shrugged, "Died a couple of times, didn't stick, but delayed me long enough for you to brag here."

"Oh..." the Chaos Door said, "In that case, I guess that is a good enough reason. Now it's time for you to take the hot potatoes you have dropped on my lap for so long."

Chapter 1088: Bloodline Gate

Rowan cocked his head, he was silent for a brief moment before he replied, "Hold on to those for a moment longer, the time I need them would not be for long."

The Chaos Door looked at Rowan suspiciously, there were many things that had happened in this realm that made him reconsider their previous bargain, perhaps he might gain more than he already had.

His green eyes glinting with cunning, Labaletai stretched his head from the door, his neck elongating until his head came to stop by Rowan's side, he wanted to say something but he hesitated, memories of what Rowan had done to him in the past bringing up new pains, this creature was a terrifying monster, but still he might just be vulnerable, the Chaos Door decided he needed to test the waters first, and he looked at the billions of Blood Bound and muttered to himself, knowing Rowan would still hear him,

"You have been in this world for less than a million years and already you have spread your bloodline so widely? Jeez... here I thought I was the horny one. You never even gave them a name, they are just slaves, damn Rowan, I am cold, but even this is too much for me."

"You have no idea," Rowan smiled, his voice was incredibly cold, "Tell me Labaletai, how long have you been working with these Blood Slaves."

The Chaos Door coughed, suddenly thinking that he was playing a very dangerous game and his life and death hung on every word he said, "Who says I have been working with them? I was simply observing them, they are quite fascinating, these groups of mortals that hold a trace of your blood, there is great chaos inside of them."

Rowan's eyes shifted to the side, his gaze fixed on the eyes of Labaletai, and when the Chaos Door peered into the eyes of this mortal body of Rowan that resembled a black void filled with millions of golden stars that appeared to be in a constant state of birth and renewal, the Chaos Door shivered, before coughing and looking to the side,

"You told me that in the near future, you would be expecting my presence inside Doom Star, and after taking great pains to enter this fucked up realm, I never expected to be kept waiting for nearly a million years, I heard of the battle you fought against the Will of this realm, and if you did not leave traces behind I will never have believed that anyone except a Primordial would draw the attention of such a realm, but I guess you are

you...hehe," the Chaos door chuckled nervously before continuing his speech under the relentless gaze of Rowan,

"And so I searched for your traces, I knew someone like you must always have a plan, and these were all I could find, these Blood Bounds, so I... interacted with them, I made no moves against your interest, I just spoke to them about some few things."

The Chaos Door looked at Rowan who remained silent, and to his horror he could not look away from Rowan's eyes, his body shook intensely, but he was helpless, even knowing that this body before him here was mortal, and was perhaps just a pawn Rowan was using while his real self hidden from this realm's eye, he could not move, finally, Rowan looked away, and the Chaos Door internally sighed with relief.

Rowan's voice made him panic once more,

"If this is the case, then for your sake I hope I don't find anything more. I have been tested enough in this realm and my tolerance for the inane should not be tested. Now, be silent, let me work. I have only a few seconds here lest I draw the attention of this realm's Will."

The head of the Chaos Door shrank back until it was flush against its frame, and even his size was reduced until it was as small as a book.

Among the frozen group of Blood Slaves, Rowan's eyes tracked a nondescript man, he was average in every instance, his armor was not shabby or great, just serviceable, his bearing had no hint of authority, and if he entered a crowd, he would be lost inside of it, but it was this average man that created the Blood Slaves, Jerediah.

It was only when you looked into the eyes of Jerediah that you could see a hint of the monster that he was inside because his eyes were empty. Like a puppet who mimicked all the forms of life yet lacked the understanding of what it was doing. Some people were born with a hole in their soul, one that no matter what they did they could not fill, Jerediah was born with a massive void, and every moment for him was torture.

Inside those eyes was a single wish, it was to bring that darkness that had been with him for so long into the world so that everyone could share in it. Finally, he would not be alone. Rowan recognized the truth of who Jerediah was by looking into his eyes. This was something he found familiar, dealing with monsters.

Rowan drew the Ascendant to him and placed him a few hundred feet away, it was possible to notice a slight stream of black smoke and Aura beginning to emerge very slowly from the eyes and fingers of Jerediah, and his skin was beginning to crack open as if he was a moth trying to break out of a cocoon.

Although an Ascendant, his unique nature as a Blood Bound meant if Jerediah wanted he could easily wear his flesh and most of the time, he stayed in this state, he gained no

pleasure in the envious eyes of others if they saw his Ascendant form, and he stayed this way so he could be as non-descriptive as possible, it was easier to drive the dagger in the back if you were not regarded as a threat.

To wear a fleshy body was also something other Ascendants could do if they wanted, but the result would always end up being unnatural and stiff, their nature as Ascendants made it difficult to take the guise of flesh for long before it collapses, unlike Jerediah who could remain in this body for centuries before he renewed it.

Time might have appeared to be standing still, but this was only Rowan's perception, the moment Rowan announced himself, Jerediah knew that something was wrong, after all, he heard the shocking words and had been wrenched from his previous position where he was trying to break into this treasure.

Although he was erupting with power to tear out his fragile mortal flesh and face whoever was against him, to Rowan, he was too slow, and so while Jerediah was unleashing his strength, Rowan pierced his brains with a single finger.

Wearing his flesh made him vulnerable to Rowan's manipulation, perhaps if he had been in his Ascendant form, it would have been harder for Rowan to detain him, as it was now, Rowan easily found the source of his power and locked it behind a Bloodline Gate.

Chapter 1089: Black Blood

Rowan slowly drew out his finger from Jerediah's brain and looked at him closely. The revelations that he had gained from the mind of this man were astounding, and even for him, it took a while to digest it all.

Even though the reaction speed of Jerediah's thoughts was pathetic in comparison to his own and the Chaos Door, the Ascendant knew that his fate was no longer his own, and yet there was no panic in his heart, the void inside his soul did not allow Jerediah to feel even this emotion. He simply waited, and he raged.

Rowan had entered the mind of Jerediah and read his soul to find out when this man had fallen, and he had led down an unexpected path because the trail that led Jerediah up to this point where he stood before Rowan was created long before he was born, he was a victim of fate.

Rowan saw that the void in the heart of Jerediah was born from his cry of resurrection after he was slaughtered by the Calamity God beneath the earth.

Nearly a million years ago when Rowan arrived in this world and fought against its Will, the battle rippled across time and space and its effects on reality although subdued by the Will of the world, remained in certain places and people.

The ancestor of Jerediah was affected by the cry of his resurrection when Rowan was reborn, at that time, Rowan's consciousness was dormant and his real nature unfiltered by his firm Will rippled out through time and space, and it was mostly harmless to all since only higher dimensional beings could sense the working of power at such a level, still, extremely talented people could pick up on those traces his angered cry left behind, and one of those people who could catch a glimpse of that cry was Jerediah's ancestor. That cry dwelled inside him and was passed down to his children and their children, and for most of them who carried this cry in their soul, it was harmless to them, it was even a source of blessing to their family during the long age of war because Calamities could sense the rage of Rowan's bloodline in that cry and they mostly fled, it was the reason the cry had existed in the bloodline of a mortal family for so long without breaking.

It continued being passed down through the ages and nothing inside these people resonated with the bleakness of Rowan's cry, nothing could resonate with that cold emptiness of his soulless heart, that is, until Jerediah.

Even without his touch this child was born bent, something in him was missing, an innate quality that made existence colorful, the ability to feel, either pain or joy, or anything at all was not made inside of him at his conception, he was born empty, every mortal's soul gave off a wide colorful stream of light, Jerediah's emitted nothing, his soul instead drank the light of others around him, making even his mother unconsciously hate the sight of him at his birth, for he could give nothing to the world but take.

It was unknown if in the future he might have learned how to grow this missing part of himself or fake it enough that he could live a relatively normal life, but his fate was decided the moment he was born and this emptiness that he possessed called to the poison inside his soul that had dwelled in his bloodline for almost seven hundred thousand years.

It fed off its emptiness and he fed from it also. A vicious cycle like a snake eating its own tail, never satisfied, the Primal nature of his Ouroboros Serpents was represented inside the body of Jerediah, but he was a mortal and could not fit into the nature of the Ouroboros Serpent, he could not control his emptiness, so he was consumed by it.

When nothing could fill him up, Jerediah thought that perhaps the only thing that could do this thing for him would be power, so he joined the Resistance, and he fought many battles against their oppressors, but the power did not fulfill his wishes, the emptiness only grew ever wider, and so Jerediah unknowingly found the one thing that could make bearing the emptiness a bit manageable, and that was hate.

The suffering of others delighted him, for in those moments he believed that they felt his emptiness and he could reach across to them. He loved to see the hope in the eyes of

others fade away to despair because sometimes, he could see flashing fleetingly across their eyes, a small portion of his emptiness, and those moments made him feel alive, and not so alone anymore.

He hated everything in existence, and he wanted everyone to feel the emptiness inside of him, but he knew of no way to do this, and Jerediah in his growing hate that was rapidly turning feral turned to the sea where he sailed far from any land, and daily he cursed the heavens and the earth, he cursed his bloodline and wished darkness upon everything that lived. His hate turned his blood black.

Jerediah tore his body open with his fingers and his black blood turned the sea to poison, and he did this for years without counting.

Despite his constitution as a Deific Explorer, the abuse he imposed on his body for the many centuries that he sailed upon the ocean weakened him to the state of death, and a shadow that had followed him for all these centuries that he thought was nothing but a figment of his imagination came to his dying form and crouched by his side.

Its cold breath that stank of endless ages of slaughter and feasting on the dead washed over the face of Jerediah, and for the first time since he was born, the emptiness in his heart shook, and retreated before a greater evil.

Jerediah opened his mouth weakly and spoke, "Are you, my god."

The shadow was silent for a long time before it replied, "I am not your god, and you can not find him because I killed him."

Jerediah eyes lit up, "Are you here to kill me too? To bring me to him so I can rest at his bosom."

The shadow laughed, and for anyone else, be its Ascendant or Calamity their mind would have been broken by that sound, but Jerediah was empty and madness would be a solace, and so he waited for his answer patiently while evil laughed,

"Your god is not one to rest in peace, even now in death his skin stirs across my surface like maggots, and his intestines slowly tighten a noose around my neck, but, he is dead, his remains only need to be reminded of that. Do you understand what I am saying and why I am saying it to you?"

Jerediah paused in thought, although he was mad, he was always keen of mind, and he possessed no shred of fear in his heart, and so before this thing that would make every god under the heavens run mad at its sight, Jerediah took his time to consider the question, finally, he spoke, and the figure went silent in shock.

The words spoken by Jerediah were simple, he had said; "You want to bury him, and I am to be your hand."

The shadow chuckled after a long moment of silence, "If not for my hatred of him and his poisonous nature, I would have placed his darkness alongside my own. You are a peculiar find mortal, I do not want you to be the hand, you shall be his coffin."

Chapter 1090: Corrupting Influence

The eyes of Jerediah unexpectedly snapped open. Due to the state of time-dilation they were experiencing, the force of opening his eyes so quickly shredded the top part of his face leaving his two bloody eyeballs loosely held in place by small strings of flesh and bones staring at Rowan with madness.

His mouth cracked open and he began to speak, every word shredded his face to pieces, and a red haze burned the air due to the incredible friction experienced as Jerediah's weak flesh pushed against the molecules in the air that were harder than Adamantite at this time dilation level, but the mad will in his eyes showed he was not even aware or did not care that pushing himself to such a level was destroying his flesh,

"So it's you," Jerediah rasped, his throat exploding into ribbons, "My god and Creator. Shame, I thought you would be taller."

Jerediah turned and looked at all the Blood Bound and chuckled darkly, "I don't have much time left, I have always imagined what I would say when I stood before my maker. When I was young I forced myself to pray. There has always been a god-shaped hole in my heart, waiting to be filled. I needed answers, why was I born this way, why was I cursed... so many whys it could fill an ocean... but now looking at you, I have my answer."

Rowan slowly cocked his head to the side, "What is your answer?"

Jerediah smiled and on his features, it was a thing of nightmares, "There is none, I live, I die, everything that happens or exists has no purpose, not for the weak, we don't choose our fate, it chooses us. I regret nothing, and at the end of my life, I shall be yours."

Rowan stepped back from Jerediah whose body had begun to rapidly crumble to pieces, his reaction speed was catching up to that of Rowan, shattering his flesh to nothingness, and this was no surprise, for on the day Jerediah met that shadow, it left a piece of itself inside of him. The shadow intended to bury the last of Rowan's consciousness but it would have never imagined that a piece of Rowan was now aware.

Jerediah was never an Ascendant, even that was a lie, there was no way the World Will would allow Rowan's power to become integrated with its own.

What Jerediah displayed to the Blood Slaves was nothing but borrowed power, and when he shed his skin and showed the guise of an Ascendant, it was only the piece of the shadow lurking inside him that others saw and they were deceived, thinking Jerediah now had the body of an Ascendant, and with this deceit, the Resistance had crumbled.

Inside his crumbling chest, two large red eyes were revealed, and Rowan saw the familiarity in those eyes, he knew those eyes, although the last time he saw them, they had a different shape, he could not win this fight, not against what was coming, but he did not need to fight in order to win,

"Banish him," he commanded the Chaos Door, who swallowed in hesitation before he expanded his size and, opening his mouth wide, swallowed Jerediah.

The Chaos Door grimaced, and he dry heaved multiple times on the verge of vomit, but with a force of will he forced the content he had just swallowed deep inside his body where the black light that was beginning to shine through his throat vanished, he sighed in relief before he spat out in intense disgust,

"Blargh!! That is the most disgusting thing that I have ever placed in my mouth, and I have eaten a planet made from Demon's shit! Do you know how nasty a Demon's shit is? Imagine a planet made of it after countless eons of accumulation and I have eaten that shit, yet this is a million times worse... Aarhhh, I can taste it on my soul, what the fuck did you make me eat Rowan, I will not be doing..."

The eyes of the Chaos Door began to widen and he turned his head around in shock.

The shape of the Chaos Door was distinct. It resembled an aged door flushed within an ornate frame with a greenish-black coloration as if it was wood that had been left to soak under the rain and sun for an age.

In the middle of the door was the face of the Chaos Door, Labaletai, and if he wished he could extend that face out of the door to become a head, and his head could extend forward on a neck that he could make as long as he wanted.

On the side of the door was its handle, and it resembled a hand made from bones. Normally, anyone who wants to use the service of the Chaos Door as a means of transportation would grasp the handle of the door, and if they fulfilled all the right requirements they would be permitted to twist the handle and open the door to whatever places or dimension the Chaos Door could access.

With his Avatars scattered against an unknown amount of universes and dimensions, the Chaos Door was one of the most powerful and versatile of Chaos's children and was deemed more useful than most of the Chaos Blood, which had allowed Labaletai to thrive.

At this moment, the handle of the Chaos Door was being slowly twisted to the side, as if something on the other side of the door was forcing its way through,

"Fuck... Fuck.... Fuck... I can't stop it, what the fuck did I swallow, Aarhh, it hurt."

Rowan's eyes gleamed and he seized the head of Lababletai and turned it towards him, "Kill this avatar of yours, quickly."

"What?! Are you crazy, not even talking about what that would cost to my essence, we have not completed our transaction. I was not paid enough for this shit!"

Rowan growled, "Your essence cost would not be an issue, the payment I shall give you shall be tripled. Here..."

Rowan gestured and the massive bracelet above shuddered as a massive shockwave erupted from it, the bracelet rapidly shrank and slid into Rowan's left hand. He wordlessly brought out four pieces of glowing red rock that made the eyes of Lababletai glow with greed, the Chaos Door forgot for a moment the peril he was under and stammered, nearly drooling,

"How about your deliveries, if I destroy this Avatar, it would take at least another four years before I would be able to return."

Shadows were beginning to leak out by the side of the Chaos Door and Rowan snapped, "Then I shall wait for four years until you return. Now hurry, before your Avatar is completely corrupted."

The Chaos door hesitated, looked at the treasures in the hands of Rowan, and looked back at his handle that was only a single inch from being opened and he gritted his teeth, "Hold on to my treasure!" and then he unexpectedly vanished.

Rowan waited with his eyes closed and then he sensed it, a sort of explosion that rippled across space and time, not even detectable to most immortals because it took place outside of Doom Star, and he could only sense this explosion because of his dormant dimension who felt the surge of force ripple across its dead beaches.

He sighed and cracked his neck, he had gotten rid of two hidden dangers because he had carefully played his hand.