

The Primordial Record

#Chapter 11: Divine Fodder - Read The Primordial Record

Chapter 11: Divine Fodder

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Steisa, momma warned you not to run down the mountains road, you're going to hurt yourself" a young boy called out to his little sister, who merrily skipped along.

"you can't catch me..... you can't catch me," she giggled and turned to him, gesturing that he should come closer, the young man of thirteen gave a low groan of frustration, his name was Regolf and his little sister was a handful of worries, she was carefree and very playful, and she had become even more uninhibited since their mother fell sick, and she was smart enough to know that Regolf would never punish her for little misdeeds, so she gleefully took advantage.

On his shoulders were piles of firewood, neatly wrapped with fronds, winter was arriving earlier than usual this year, and he wished to stock up on firewood.

He was a hardworking lad, and by this time of the year he should have gathered enough wood to last the short winter, but since their mother fell sick, he always had to keep the fire burning, or she gets... strange.

He adjusted the wood that was digging into his shoulders and called out to his sister, a tone of frustration coloring his voice, it had not been easy for him recently and the strain was beginning to build up.

"Come back here this instant or no more crushed candy for you!" The statement jolted Steisa and pouting she walked slowly to her brother and looked at him with doe eyes.

"Oh.... no you don't, this won't work today," Regolf sniffed and looked away from that soul-sucking gaze, "Be good Steisa, the roads are full of stones and bumps, you may fall and injure yourself."

In a crestfallen manner, Steisa mumbled, "I won't run anymore Regolf, will you still bring candy for me." she tugged at his shirt pitifully, it was akin to tugging at the young man's heart stings, he quickly relented, and her face lit up, " Yay.... Regolf is the best brother in the world!"

The young boy felt his shoulders straighten and he walked more confidently, the happiness of his sister was an affirmation of his handwork and it brought him fulfillment. The joyous laughter of the girl and the quiet reply of her brother followed the duo as they headed towards home.

Rowan swallowed any rebuttal he had, he was not feeling any signs of weakness, his healing seemed not only to affect his body, but he suspected it also healed his mind.

But his legs were now short, and he needed all the time he could get, of course, he could run, but he thought that was a stupid idea, Maeve was strong and his lab was on the next floor above him, she would be faster.

He was in his last moments after all, for he had already died twice! If Maeve had not returned when she did, he would be dead.

Ultimately, he had been very careless, and the presence of the Primordial Record and his healing factor had given him a safety blanket, and he became dismissive of the danger surrounding him.

He knew his curiosity and thirst for the supernatural was a weakness, and he told himself that being more careful was not only the smart choice, but it would be the difference between life and death.

Dying had been a weird experience, but he at least understood his healing factor better. Killing him would be difficult, for he healed very fast, the Soul Seizer Record he viewed influenced him to kill himself, and he spent a long time slicing through his brain.

It was one of the most horrifying moments in his life, to see his body move without his will. The influence the Record had on him was weak, but the problem was that he had no means to defend himself. If he did, he did not know how.

Every knowledge of magic that Rowan knew did not help him at all, as his body was moving to the will of those...Monsters.

He shuddered slightly, pushing the memory away from his mind presently, he did not trust that he had fully recovered from their influence.

With a mental flex, Rowan called up the Primordial Record

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength: 0.2

Agility: 0.2

Constitution: 3.5

Spirit: 1.5

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Skill: (None)

Passive: Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 2)

Records:

Scion Of Light - level 0 [0/5]

Scion Of Darkness – level 0 [0/5]

Ouroboros – level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Seizer - level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point: 0.0000

Remark: Divine Fodder

He was down to the last year, and since the primordial record did not elaborate on the precise time he was going to die, he had no awareness if he had only days or months to live, he could only feel a shroud of death hanging over him, and he could trust that instinct, after all, he was a Scion Of Darkness.

The only thing that could save him now from dying was unironically death itself, his Record, Soul Seizer made him a sort of Grim Reaper, he could collect souls and use them to fuel his Records, pushing him onto the Paths Of Dominion, he had to transcend his mortal flesh and become a Legendary to get more lifespan

Chapter 12: The Demon Wolf

There were three towers and four turrets in Rowan's manor, the largest of them housed his lab, Maeve unlocked the door to this lab with a huge ornate key, the door must have been at least five inches thick and made from thick wood and metal, it must weigh at least three tons, though Maeve pushed it effortlessly with a single hand.

The lab was silent, and the air was dry, Rowan kept it this way, many of the ingredients he used for potions and alchemy experiments got spoiled if left in a damp environment.

Rowan remembered a passage he read previously. The laboratory of a Noble is a wonderland where miraculous cures and pseudoscientific abominations are spawned from the minds of geniuses in varying degrees of madness and torture.

This could aptly describe this laboratory, moonlight poured through two huge ornate windows, shining its glow on various alchemical equipment, the lab was mostly filled with beakers and huge transparent tanks, where floating in liquid solutions were various unidentified specimens, and the walls held mounted shelves that contained various tools of the trade.

This laboratory was Rowan's pride and joy and represented one of his greatest achievements, he had schemed and saved and slowly gathered materials from various parts of the kingdom to aid him in his journey of discovery and enlightenment.

He needed that aid at this very moment, he was pressed for time, and the only solution to his plight would be found here.

This occurred to him when he saw the uses of Soul Seizer, his fading lifespan, and the knowledge that he would get to live if he could become a Legendary.

Rowan wasn't very knowledgeable about the Paths of Dominion, this was knowledge that was highly restricted. But he knew that the next step was to become a Legendary on any Path a Dominator decides to take.

If he remembered correctly, Legendary Dominators had a Lifespan of a hundred and fifty years, more than enough for him, if he could become one.

His salvation was here and Rowan was nervous, he hoped his speculations worked as he braced himself.

Maeve switched on a hand-held gas lamp and looked to him for instructions, Rowan wet his lips and spoke, "I am going to use the Warding Room, but first I need to retrieve the Heavy Runic Glove on the top shelf," Rowan smiled at Maeve in a self-deprecating manner, and gestured to his body, "I seem to have lost a lot of height recently."

Maeve brought down the gloves, they were brown with various metallic circuitry etched into the fabrics, Rowan stretched out both hands and Maeve helped in putting on the gloves, making sure the gloves were properly fitted. She looked at him, "Master, you will recover everything you lost, and more." she gestured to the gloves. "You are going to need help handling arcane ingredients, I must insist I be by your side."

Rowan tested the gloves, they were oversized but were not cumbersome, his small hands were accommodated perfectly inside the gloves; they were cool inside, "No problem Maeve, I would need your strength in what I am about to do now!"

Maeve seemed to have done this before, as she went to fetch a pair of gas masks, she donned hers after she finished placing the mask on Rowan's face, "Ready when you are, Master" her voice came in hisses like a snake.

Rowan cracked his neck, "Open the Warding Room!"

Maeve walked up to a lever, that was attached to a pulley system, placing her feet in a position she felt comfortable in, she braced herself and began to turn, deep clanking echoed through the room, as the "Warding Room "emerged from the floor.

It was a dais that held four Magitite stones cut precisely in the shape of a square, the square was four feet across on all sides, and on top of the square rested four items, which were a nine-leaf clover, a pair of shear, a mortar and pestle and finally a purple wolf with gleaming red eyes.

The wolf was held down not with straps or manacles, but with a formless force that exerted bone-breaking pressure on the wolf, it lay on its side, and its opened eye slowly turned to Rowan, and it was filled with endless malice.

This wolf was a Demon.

It was the biggest wolf he had ever seen, with his new height, if it wolf stood up, it would be at eye level with Rowan.

Its eye-catching purple fur resembled a poisoned flower. Its purpose was not only to draw your eyes but to keep you transfixed as it killed you.

He remembered that the wolf was poisonous, and a single bite if left untreated would lead to rapid necrosis, like a spider, the Demonic Wolf preferred eating prey that had been ?????????????????? by his poison.

Rowan ignored the gaze of the wolf and turned to assess the shears, it was a gleaming silver all through from tip to handle, they were most likely made of Mythrill, and on the blades was written a symbol in the shape of a corkscrew, Rowan easily interpreted that symbol, it meant "Six." Not bothering to infer the meaning, Rowan picked it up by its handle.

The gloves began to emit an acrid green smoke, that was poisonous and smelled like rotten flesh, the Heavy Runic Glove served two purposes, one was as a key to access the Magitite Stone, without the glove, anything placed on the Stone would be placed under a formless pressure that could range from a minor pull to bone crushing pressure.

The second purpose was also as important, it was to help Rowan, a mortal, although he had a Noble bloodline, to be able to touch a Divine Weapon.

The shear, of course, was a Divine Weapon, although it was a low-level armament. There were many divisions of Divine Weapons based on their capabilities and usage, but he did not know them.

A surge of warmth flowed into the gloves, but it was suppressed, the inlaid circuitry shone with a blue glow and the gloves became cool again, Rowan turned to the Demon and opened the shears, he adjusted it in the other to fit the opening over the neck.

The Demon opened its lupine jaws and struggled to speak in a wheezing voice that felt like fingernails running through a board. Rowan knew the Demon could speak, when it was purchased, there was a spike driven through its jaws. For a minor Demon, he was told it was quite cunning, and it was unknown why this Demon refused to advance given its intellect.

" Mortal, why do you seek to destroy my flesh, I have neither harmed thee nor any of your kin."

Maeve replied to the demon with a sneer, "Demon, your life has been bought and bargained for, you have taken the lives of countless innocent, and killing you would not tip the scale an iota in your mercy, even if you are killed a thousand times over!"

The Demonic Wolf spoke, his eyes still trained on Rowan, "Yet, I harmed none of yours, my business was done far from your shores, would you not reconsider setting me free? I can serve you for the rest of your mortal life."

Rowan fitted the shears properly against the demon's neck, surprised at the Demon's offer, for its gaze was still filled with malice. Even if its demeanor changes, he would be a fool to accept its proposal. "Your bargain is rejected Demon, I can smell the blood on your breath and I have seen the souls you have torn asunder over the centuries. You have taken pleasure in killing others, why fight against it when the blade now rests on your neck" Rowan looked at the demon, during the purchase he had seen images and vivid descriptions of the carnage this demon had committed, "You squeezed every last shred of pain you could collect before you killed your victims. You do not deserve to live"

The Demon glared at Rowan, fury now competing with the malice in its eyes, " Do what you will mortal."

Chapter 13: First Kill

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He began to steadily apply pressure, sweat was beginning to pour down his brows behind the gas mask, and he had to rapidly blink to stop them entering his eyes, his strength Stat was just too weak.

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Around the neck of the purple wolf, a faint cold mist encircled it, and slowly the chill began to penetrate it, causing the flesh to squeeze and crackle beneath the blades.

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The fur became stiff and soon turned to purple dust, and the shears bit into the Demon's neck, the blood that flowed was black, and was thick like tar, it did not freeze like Rowan expected but flowed and pooled on the Magitite Stone.

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Rowan knew his strength had reached the limit, so he beckoned Maeve with his head, knowing what she was to do, she stood behind Rowan and wrapped her hands around his, and began to apply pressure, the blades began to bite deeper, cutting through the muscle, it stopped at the spine.

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Rowan frowned and gestured for Maeve to apply more pressure, Maeve paused, she would rather not apply more pressure that could surpass the stress limit of the Heavy Runic Gloves, she was a little confused why her master did not allow her to personally kill the cursed creature, nevertheless her duty was to obey him in all things.

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Maeve stood behind Rowan and felt how frail he was. The laws of power were harsh, and her heart ached at the suffering he must have endured. She did not ask him what happened, knowing he would tell her in his time. What she could do was to support him, but she needed clarifications from him, she would loathe to add to his suffering,

"Are you sure master, It is remarkable enough you can withstand the amount of force I am placing on your hands. I can hear the bones in your hands cracking, anymore and they would be crushed!"

Rowan lips were fixed in a stubborn snarl, "Continue Maeve, you can stop when I tell you to."

"By your will... master."

Clearly displeased Maeve began to apply more pressure incrementally, Rowan locked his jaws, his bones were beginning to pulverize, and the pain was shocking and intense, but he had eyes only for the Demon.

The shear began to cut through the bones, and with a final wet snap, the head was sliced off. Through all these the Demon did not make a sound, its eyes just stared at Rowan, and he could have sworn its eyes held amusement.

Rowan left it to its foul pleasures. He had no desires to understand what was happening inside the head of this creature.

"Step back Maeve, and whatever happens next, do not interrupt me!" Rowan gingerly removed the gloves from his hands, setting it aside, he placed his hands on the stomach of the demon.

His eyes were closed in concentration. Maeve watched with concern, and she clasped and unclasped her hand, she was ready for any unexpected events.

Rowan called up the Primordial Record, and scrolled to Soul Seizer, and he activated the Record.

When Rowan first opened the Primordial Record, a set of instructions were embedded deep into his consciousness and when he needed them, they floated back into his mind.

The knowledge of how to utilize Records is one of them. Rowan had placed his hopes on Activating the Two Omnipotent Records he had.

Soul Seizer was the obvious choice. He needed to harvest souls to upgrade his Records to get more lifespan.

Omnipotent Records were powerful, and he hoped his healing factor would bear the strain of even Activating the Record. Well, he was going to find out now.

Rowan felt a piercing pain all through his body, his eyes snapped open in shock as his torso folded in half just underneath his chest as if a giant picked and folded him, the back of his head touching his buttocks, his mouth was opened in a silent scream, for his lungs were squished inside his chest.

He slowly collapsed on the floor, Maeve wanted to step forward, but she remembered the instructions Rowan gave her, and also his frightening healing abilities. She gritted her teeth and stood fast, her anxiety rising with every breath.

From Roman's back a row of bones pierced through, they were clearly his ribs, and also a part of his spine popped out, his neck twisted like a snake, with a sickening crack his bones were pulled away from his body in a gory spray of blood and floated in the air, in a while new bones were regrown and the macabre event continued, Rowan laid on the floor, a low moan now and then the only indication that he was fully awake, and experiencing all the pain.

The bones that were stained with his blood, began to reassemble in the air, it slowly formed in the shape of a ring, with seven elongated spikes that resembled horns surrounding the ring of bone, Arcane symbols were burned into the bones, and they pulsed with Rowan breathing. They pulsed red, akin to the glow of embers.

Rowan, in his pain, remembered words he felt he heard in a distant dream,

" I thought I was a man...." Rowan found himself repeating the words, as he rose from the ground, the ring of bones rotated and floated behind him, creating a grim majestic figure that inspired awe and horror from anyone who beheld the sight," But I am nothing but chars and cinders!"

Maeve found herself kneeling, tears streaked down her face, she bowed and placed her face on the floor. At that moment this picture could be of a mortal worshiping her god.

This was the Level zero of Soul Seizer, it was called, Jaws Of Dagon!



On the Continent of Khoranth, deep inside the dark mountains where the light of the sun has not shone since the dawn of this world, there lay a series of mountain range that covered the horizon, and a particular mountain stood out, unlike the other mountains rooted in this forsaken land of despair, this mountain rooted itself in a field of bones. The bones were of all creatures that have ever walked on this world, and some that had not.

Wails of pain and sorrow surrounded the fields of bone, and the air bled pus, the clouds were yellow and diseased. Indistinct shapes roam the dark lands, and their laughter resembled the cries of infants.

The color of the mountain was pale as maggots, and it shivered and squirmed in a sickening manner like a Corpse riddled with countless vermin, the mountain was filled with pale fleshy sacks that trembled and pulsed, and one of the sacks became very lively, it began to vibrate intensely.

The silhouette of a figure pressed against that fleshy sack, the figure was that of a wolf, there was a sound of biting and tearing and slowly a tear was made on the sack, a rheumy red eyes looked through the opening, and suddenly the eyes were filled with panic, "What is happening? This is not right, Lord..." Its cries were cut off midway, and the mountain fell into silence.



Rowan felt a faint pulsation beneath his hand, like the final beats of a dying heart, and with an ephemeral sounds waves of purple mist, in the vague form of a wolf, was drawn into his body. The mist circled his body and was rapidly drawn into the hovering ring of bones, and it was absorbed, in a short while, an invisible aura poured into Rowan, and he cried out in pleasure.

Chapter 14: New Path

Rowan felt his mind becoming clear, and waves of orgasmic pleasure flowed through every inch of his body because presently what he seized was the source of creation, the first fire, the beating heart of the universe, call it by any name, what he just absorbed was endless potential!

Rowan called up the Primordial Record, and scrolled down until he could see how much the soul he just seized was worth, his eyes held a wisp of expectation, this would determine if he could live or die.

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength : 0.2

Agility : 0.2

Constitution : 3.5

Spirit : 2.5

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Skill: (None)

Passive : Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 2)

Records:

Scion Of Light - level 0 [0/5]

Scion Of Darkness – level 0 [0/5]

Ouroboros – level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Seizer - level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point : 25.0749

Remark : Divine Fodder

Roman's breath stilled for a while, and he smiled. He unconsciously released the breath he had been holding, and the ring of bone shrank and flew around him, until it formed a bracelet on his left wrist.

The Soul Seizer Record effect was both active and passive, it could draw the souls of the fallen around him without any directive from him, but if he needed to collect the souls of special creatures that for all purposes could be called Immortal, he needed to call up on the full might of the Record, and this was just at level zero. If he continued to upgrade Soul Seizer using plundered souls, who knew what height it might reach.

Rowan looked through the Primordial Record again, and out of curiosity, clicked on the Remark: Divine Fodder

Divine Fodder: From the dawn of creation, no single entity has been blessed with your Providence. Your existence is impossible. You held out your mortal hands and collected the Sun. Any being of great power that captures you and strips you of your Record. Shall ascend to the Heavens with One Step!

Well, this was.... Interesting, it would seem that his transmigration and the Primordial Record appearing inside of him was more than just a chance occurrence If his existence was impossible!

He would choose not to believe it happened by chance, it seemed the wiser option.

Beings of great power, was a peculiar word choice. Rowan was Nobility, and this not only meant he had access to information and resources most people did not, it also meant he had within him the capabilities to be a Dominator.

The doors to the Paths Of Dominion, were all but shut for normal folks, the exact reasons were unknown.

There was, however, the known fact about Nobility. Rowan heard the tale from his mother, he had forgotten it, for it was just a story she told him when he was young.

For an unknown reason, knowledge about the origins of Nobles was suppressed. Rowan scrapped through his new memories and the story came to his mind.

It was said that when the God King Golgoth conquered the world of Trion, and put countless races to the sword, he slew seven gods and bestowed their hearts to his seven brothers and sisters and from there on the clans of Nobility were born.

To be a Noble meant you were born from the blood of a god, your bloodline could be traced to one of the brethren of the God King, who were all powerful gods in their own right.

The reason Golgoth became the God King was that he did the impossible, he fashioned a Path that could lead to godhood for a mortal.

With the hearts of the slain gods, he created an undying legacy and bestowed it to his brethren. That action shifted the course of power for all eternity.

And so, the balance was broken, the seven brethren could raise countless mortal descendants, and they would have a path to power. They forged seven Pathways of Dominion. These Pathways were a way to harness and grow the power of a gods' bloodline.

The other gods fled, for Golgoth and his brethren suddenly had an army of mortals with powers close to the gods, they called themselves Nobles and Dominion was their birthright.

Even though it was highly discouraged, there had been mixing of the bloodlines over the millennia, most ended up as failures and defects, for powerful bloodlines do not coexist. The first Seven Pathways could only develop specific bloodlines—Those of the seven gods themselves.

The ingenuity of men was endless, and many lesser Pathways were created for the various bloodlines that resulted from the intermingling of bloodlines, most were not powerful, but they gave power to those that did not have the direct bloodline of the

Seven. But none of the Pathways could ever be as powerful as the first seven, for they were forged with the hearts of fallen gods.

A Noble of the Kuran family may have a deep bloodline and be born in the Legendary State. But if they do not utilize the Pathway specific to their bloodline, they would not grow. They would be stuck in the Legendary State and vice-versa, without a bloodline, even with a powerful Pathway, you could not harness supernatural powers.

So what this meant was that Rowan had the bloodline of a god, one of the seven brothers or sisters of the Godking, and the Pathway was a way to develop that bloodline.

Rowan realized the power of the Primordial Record, it contained valuable bloodlines that had inestimable power, Scion Of Light and Darkness were among the peak bloodlines in Trion. He could develop these bloodlines without utilizing a Pathway, and they could coexist inside his body.

His growth would be unfathomable. He did not need to search for any Pathways that would suit his bloodline. He could grow any bloodlines he acquired.

Rowan took a while to temper his excitement. There was no way to anticipate the limits of the powers he could acquire.

On the paths of Dominion, there were various stages you could ascend to, changing your mortal shell to be able to accept and use more esoteric abilities and even extend your life span, to his knowledge, there were four stages of growth, Or the Four States Of Change.

It began as a mortal, you had to train your body to the peak of human capabilities, reinforcing your physique with tonics and potions in order to be able to accept a bloodline. Almost every mortal who took this step failed, the lucky few that succeeded never went beyond the Second State Of Change.

To most Nobles, the Mortal State was a walk in the park, their bloodlines made advancing to a Legendary straightforward. There were even rumors of Nobles with deep bloodline who were born as Legendary or even higher.

The second State Of Change was the Bind State, also known as the Legendary state, this was the utmost pinnacle for mortals without Noble blood, then the Rift State and Finally the Incarnation State.

Rowan had a delicate choice to make, when he accessed the Soul Seizer Record, he went mad and killed himself twice. That event would shape the decisions he was about to make.

Rowan remembered the moment he nearly perished and those responsible. The Primordial Keepers.

They were beings that had transcended material existence, they resided outside the universe, and they managed an important part of the universe—Souls.

Rowan did not understand how he acquired the bloodline of the Primordial Keepers, if he were to guess, it would be his act of Transmigration. He had seen hints of this in the Primordial Record.

Soul Seizer, encroached into their domain, and for that, he was sentenced to oblivion. The only reason he was not dead was the barrier granted by the Primordial Record, it acted as a great filter, for without it, his mind could not comprehend the forces that dwelled in his body, and also that their influence were unable to extend into the material universe in an invasive manner without shattering the very fabrics of the universe.

Yet only their malicious intent was enough to turn him into a gibbering idiot, this was even with the barrier of the Primordial Record, without the timely aid of Maeve, he would have killed himself.

Even still they had succeeded, their tampering had driven him to the edge, and it would take a miracle for him to survive, for it was impossible for any living being to practice an Omnipotent Record, but unknown to the keepers, however, he had another Omnipotent Record.

The Ouroboros Record was an Omnipotent Record that gave him a bloodline that was absolute in dominion of the flesh, and the only way he could increase his lifespan was to upgrade the Ouroboros Record, just practicing the level Zero of Soul Seizer was impossible without the perverse regeneration capability and the physique granted to him by the Ouroboros Record.

Rowan knew of no bloodline that could have healed the damages that activating Soul Seizer as a mortal did to his body.

Any hope he had to gain more lifespan was via the Ouroboros Record, Scion Of Light and Darkness could not affect his lifespan, even if he cultivated them until Incarnation state.

There was no way a lesser bloodline could influence an Omnipotent bloodline. It would be consumed by it.

It could be said that the moment his mind touched Soul Seizer that his path had been laid out. He could not slowly develop other Lesser bloodlines.

Ouroboros would not allow the growth of Scion Of Darkness and Light, even though they could have been a quick Path to power.

As Rowan acknowledged that fact. Scion Of Light and Scion Of Darkness quietly faded from the Primordial Record.

His Paths just grew harder. How was he to find a thousand-soul points to become a Legendary without dying in the limited time he had?

Chapter 15: The Tolling Bell

A step at a time. That was only what he could do. If he died tomorrow or at the end of next month, it did not matter if he knew he had done his best.

Rowan called up the Primordial Record.

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength: 0.2

Agility: 0.2

Constitution: 3.5

Spirit: 2.5

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Skill: (None)

Passive: Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 2)

Records:

Ouroboros - level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Seizer - level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point: 25.0749

Remark: Divine Fodder

Rowan perceived his mind felt clearer, and his eyesight increased in scope and clarity, and he noticed that his spirit increased by an entire one point, this was just by activating Soul Seizer at level zero! This level should be the mortal state of the technique.

It should be known that even at level Zero, the Records had to be activated because at the moment they lay dormant. When he activated each Record, his physique would change accordingly, thereby preparing him to ascend to a higher state. That was the reason his spirit increased by one point.

The rush of pleasure that came from Soul Seizer receded, and Rowan noticed he was naked. When his body repeatedly destroyed itself and healed, his robes did not enjoy that same treatment.

"I have been doing this a lot lately, perhaps what I need are extra stretchy pants." Rowan scratched his hair in embarrassment his mind returning to a particular fictional green giant. Maeve could as well be reading his mind, for she bought a silk coat and attempted to cover him.

Rowan stopped her, " It's not over yet, I am still going to...Change" Rowan glanced at her and closed his eyes, he seemed to be preparing himself, "Oh. And Maeve, whatever transpired here must be kept in the utmost confidence."

"Master, I shall wipe my memories of this event." Maeve smiled.

Rowan arched an eyebrow, he contemplated for a while, " That could be for the best." He paused and said, " Maeve, there has never been anyone more loyal."

A weight seemed to drop from her shoulders, and she exclaimed, "My life is for your service, Master!"

Rowan closed his eyes, he was not aware when the mannerisms of the previous Rowan and his fused, he could not tell, and with everything on his plate right now he frankly did not care. It was a sobering thought that in a short period he was now someone new, two minds fused. The price of transmigration!

Rowan looked at the Moonlight, it was forlorn, "So the both of us died, and I am what was left."

The Moonlight spoke of change..... It comforted two lost souls.

Rowan was going to be activating the Ouroboros Record next. It had the most dominant influence in his body, and Rowan could guess it was because it was an Omnipotent bloodline that controlled the flesh.

It was easy to imagine how powerful it was, If Soul Seizer could give him the ability to harvest Souls of any bring in the material universe, what insane ability Ouroboros give

him, his regeneration was already broken as a mortal if he became a Legend what could kill him?

He called up the Ouroboros Record and activated it, and for a while, he thought nothing had happened, he suddenly had the feeling of weightlessness, and looking down he saw himself hovering over the ground, and an unknown instinct made him pull his knees to his chest, he slowly floated off the ground, and hovered five feet above the floor.

"I believe I can fly... I believe I can touch the sky..."

"What was that? Master." Maeve queried an amused look on her face she tried to hide by coughing.

"Nothing. Please just read some clothes for me." Rowan tried to hide the blush coloring his face. He suddenly felt his heart squeeze inside his chest and goosebumps covered his hands. Maeve shivered and backed away till her back touched the walls.

A low groan sounded like the chanting of a forgotten dirge, and the air split apart, a gray serpentine creature came from the Crack, it had no eyes or mouth, and it did not have any scales, but runes and mystic text that seemed to have a will of their own, ran down its frame. It kept drawing more coils of itself through the Crack.

Rowan's eyes went closed, and he seemed to be falling asleep.

Maeve was locked in place, her young lord was doing things that should be impossible, for anyone else would be afraid, but Maeve was excited. She wanted to look at the creature but her eyes began to bleed, she turned back and heaved, puking out blood and pieces of viscera.

Unconsciously her attitude to Rowan had begun to change, it began when she saw the ring of bone floating behind him, something about the nature of what she witnessed demanded devotion, and that feeling was rising again in her heart.

But her duty was also to protect her lord, so she forced her body to move, noticing that the effect on her lessened when she stopped looking at Rowan.

She turned her back to him, and placed her focus on the surroundings, every of her senses honed for danger. At the edge of her hearing, Maeve began to hear the distant tolling of the bell.

Behind her, the serpentine creature drew itself to the floating Rowan and began to coil around him, it slowly formed the rough shape of an egg, before it solidified into a single mass.

Inside the egg. the head of the creature assessed Rowan, slowly A crack appeared on its face and a cavernous maw opened, filled with needle-sharp teeth.

It suddenly struck!

?

An old priest dispersed the last of the worshippers, it was getting late. Purdue was a priest of Malakith, a dark god. He walked down the cloister, checking the windows, and making sure the doors were locked fast, he recently began this series of actions, and the nights were no longer safe.

when Purdue came to this small town at the edge of nowhere, he found it to be very much to his liking. Rowan the nobleman who governed the town of Calcutta was gentle and discerning, the people here had no bias against dark priests, as they were grateful for the healing he brought, and for the knowledge he taught. He found peace in this quiet town and knew this was where he wanted to stay till he died.

Recently he had been gathering good seeds he intended to bring to the decennial selection of knights and priests for the church.

That was before residents started going missing, fear and hysteria were beginning to sweep the town, and strange sicknesses had befallen many women in the town.

Something had been coming to the church every night, only the ward at the door was holding it back, nevertheless every night he could hear it breathing outside the door.

The great bell in the central square began to toll, and Purdue looked up, there was one last open window, and through it, the sight of the bright moon poured.

It brought a chilly light.

?

Regolf and Steisa slept far from their mother's bed, they slept by the fireside, with the yellow glow of the flames seeming to be the only light in an enclave of darkness.

Rose had not left the bed for weeks and the smell that came from her was stomach-churning, the sounds she made were worse.

Cooing and shushing sounds came from the bed, as the low voice of Rose sang a lullaby to a wrapped bundle she held at her breast, sometimes she laughed, sometimes she cried, but that wrapped bundle never left her embrace.

Steisa slept fitfully, she squeezed her brother's hand tight, Regolf had always tried to stay awake to the best of his capabilities, his eyes locked at their mother's bed, he kept logs of wood beside him, ready to stoke the fire and to feed the flames.

He slapped himself to keep him awake, he recently began to sleep during the early hours of daylight. However tonight, he was very tired, the long trek carrying firewood and the hearty meal drew the last of his wariness away from him, and he fell into the arms of sleep.

The last thought on Regolf's mind was "What does Mother eat?"

The tolling of the bell sounded over the horizon.

The noises from the bed of Rose stopped, and two pairs of glowing eyes turned to the children