

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 121: Sight of the Blind (4)

Rowan hurried toward the swirling yellow portal, he hopes that it would be the familiar Teleportation Station the prince was familiar with.

The earthquake increased and Rowan had to begin jumping across the gaps on the ground, and tried to steady himself with each footstep he was making as he landed, time was of the essence.

Reaching the portal, he looked around for the raised Teleportation Dais by the side that controls the portal. He silently hoped that the controls still worked, and was glad that the dais still had a silvery glow around it.

The controls were also similar to others he knew, and he was lucky that it was still powered on. As activating the Teleportation Dais requires the ability to harness and manipulate Aether.

The Teleportation Dais were used as prearranged locations for teleportation, and it could also be used as a control method to teleport into specific random locations as needed as far as there was a teleportation station at the other end.

The most important part was that It could also teleport to random locations without any receiving teleportation stations, but it was a risky move.

Without any receiving station, he could find himself teleported into the ground, or maybe into space or a dozen other mishaps of randomly sending himself into the void, using a device that folded and rearranged space like a cloth.

Rowan did not understand all the specifics of teleportation, it was among some of his studies in alchemy, but he never went beyond the basics and only knew how to control and manipulate an active Teleportation Dais.

He intended to use the third feature to leave the Nexus, which was teleporting to a random location, else if he goes through the portal, it was most likely that he would be sent to the headquarters of his enemies, at his current level of power, that was a death sentence, or even a worse fate.

Now, how was he to find a location far enough from the Nexus and away from the reach of his family?

Rowan tapped on the surface of the Teleportation Dais, and like a hologram from his previous life, glowing symbols and a large map floated above the Dais, it was voice and touch sensitive.

"Show me the present location." The glowing map reversed and zoomed out, before the image began to rapidly shift and he saw his location. It was on an island in the middle of nowhere. There were no visible landmarks thousands of miles around him.

Rowan shook his head in chagrin, this was not what he should be concentrating on checking first.

"What is the maximum distance for a random teleportation into the void?"

The Teleportation Dais began to hum as numbers began to arrange themselves before him one at a time.

"You cannot run far enough." The voice behind him was Lamia. Rowan closed his eyes in frustration and turned towards her, hiding every frustration inside his heart. He made sure he was blocking her sight with his body.

Standing behind him was Lamia's champion, he was bleeding profusely, his yellow blood creating a small pool around his leg.

The sight before him was bizarre and made him frown. Rowan looked down at the chest of the Champion where he had torn it apart, and held it open with his two hands, inside that gory cavity was a face made from the internal organs of the Champion.

The mouth was made up of the intestine, the tongue was the liver, and various organs that Rowan could not recognize molded the rest of the face, a beating heart rested on her forehead and Rowan saw the champion had ripped out two eyes from his face to create eyes for Lamia.

The grisly internal organs came together to create the face of the Abomination Core. Rowan had made a mistake thinking she would not reach below in a short while, and forgot that Abomination Cores were notorious for utilising pawns, while keeping themselves far from danger.

Rowan looked at the eyes of Lamia, although peering at those eyes covered with blood deeply disturbed him, he did not show it. It would be like showing your back to a predator, that would be an invitation for her to attack if he showed vulnerability. "I thought we were both prisoners, I expected your encouragement, as we both tried to escape, not your criticism, Lamia. Or were all your previous words you spoke in the lake lies?"

"Nothing of such." The face of Lamia smiled, "I am here to help you, if you require said help, and looking at your current state. It's clear you desperately require my help."

"In what way can you help me?" Rowan tensed up as he steadied himself, the earthquakes and the collapse had not stopped, and they were at a knife's edge.

"It is simple really, it is impossible for you to survive out there without any backing or knowledge of the World of gods. Join me, and together we would not only survive, but we shall bring down all the gods."

"What if I want to do that on my own?" Rowan gestured to the crumbling Nexus. "I have brought this place down, and broken your chains, surely you would not stop me from leaving, are you so quickly forgetting our common enemy? These arguments between us would only lead to their benefit."

Lamia paused for a second, "I am aware of our enemies, child of the stars, even more deeply than you do. Yet, you have repeatedly surprised me with your actions, and I did not expect you to come this far... I did not expect you to survive the descent of a god's Anima relatively unscathed. By all rights, I should let you leave."

"You talk about letting me leave Lamia, as if you were capable of stopping me." Rowan growled, this conversation was heading in a direction that would not favor Rowan, he knew how vulnerable he was at the moment.

"Tsk... Tsk... let's not quickly be hasty with our judgment, Rowan Kuranos, I don't need to stop you, only destroy the portal behind you."

Rowan shook his head in annoyance, "Then how would that help you? You will be stranded here with me, waiting for the iron boots of our captors to fall on our throats. Your words Lamia, are not making any sense, to stop me from escaping, you would rather condemn us all?"

The Champion's weird bone mask suddenly snapped open, and Rowan gave a little start, he recognized this man, from afar it was easy to mistake his features, but as he was close to him, Rowan could recognize the placid face of the Champion. He was just a boy when he saw him last. Regolf, a hardworking lad of ten or twelve, he had a beautiful laugh.

Rowan frowned a little, he should never forget he was talking to a monster. The mouth of Lamia Champion opened and darkness began to pour out of it.

"I can walk the Shadow world Rowan Kuranos, unlike you, I can now leave this place at any time I want. My jail cell has been knocked down, and I'm free."

"Then you should leave Lamia, you're not my enemy, and if I leave this place, there is no reason for me to hunt you or your kin. We are on the same side in this problem."

Lamia face bent to the side, as if she was in deep thought, when she moved, the internal organs of her Champion swished around in a manner that made Rowan cringe,

"I wish I could do what you asked, Rowan Kuranos, I truly do. Yet, you have shown me your potential, and I would wager, that it exceeds even the gods themselves. I cannot trust a power such as yours outside my control, I will forever sleep with an eye open!"

"You have shone too brightly to be ignored, and I'm not foolish enough to let you leave this place without placing my leash on you because I know after this juncture, I will never get the opportunity. Forgive me for what I must do, but I have a war to fight, and you shall be the tip of my spear."

## **Chapter 122: Sight of the Blind (final)**

Rowan laughed, "I thought you first offered partnership, Lamia, but now I see you for what you truly are. You wish to replace the chains I took off with yours? What makes you think I would let you?"

"Forgive me, Rowan Kuranos. Some conclusions are set in stone. I cannot give up this present opportunity before me."

"Keep your words inside your heart, Lamia. I can never forgive you for wishing to enslave me. I will fight you until the last."

Lamia sighed, and she blinked her eyes, and the rumbling of the collapsing Nexus stilled, as the Light behind Rowan went out. He did not need to turn to know the Portal behind him had been deactivated.

Lamia smiled, "I can control Aether... you, however, cannot. Not yet, at least. Now, would you come willingly, or do I have to break you to keep you?"

Rowan's face changed, many expressions passing through his countenance, as he was assailed by pure panic, he raised his Axe and charged at Lamia's champion with a cry of despair.

He attacked like a storm, using every single bit of Attributes allowed to him. Envy let out shrill metallic cries as Rowan swung the weapon like a whirlwind.

Lamia's Champion was faster and stronger, he elegantly dodged every single blow directed at him, his long white hair flowing around him like mist, creating enchanting lines in the air, and Lamia eyes were opened with glee as she watched Rowan's struggles.

"Give up Rowan Kuranos." Lamia crooned, "Your path to salvation is gone, every moment you waste is assuredly the closer the hands of death comes to you."

"Fu"k you Lamia, I shall kill you and all of your sisters!" Rowan growled and increased the motions of his Axe.

Lamia countenance changed, and the air turned frosty, "Fine. I shall tear you apart slowly, until you beg me for the leash. I would flay every single inch of your flesh with a thousand small cuts, I shall breed your descendants and make them consume your liver for all eternity, and you would beg me for salvation."

"Bring it, Abomination!" Rowan gestures with his hand.

The Champion suddenly made a deep growl like a beast and forcefully dragged his hands apart, the hands that were holding his chest open. The motion nearly tore every single piece of flesh from his torso, and he dumped the steaming pile of flesh on the floor.

Lamia eyes lit up, as a thoroughly demented look came over her features, Rowan suddenly had a thought that this creature was insane. She may have crafted a careful persona for herself to communicate to the outside world, but as she became excited, the cracks began to show in her masks, "My champion. Make him scream for me."

A long seven feet black bone sword emerged from the palm of his hand, the sword resembled a katana, and it was clearly longer than its wielder, Rowan did not bother to reflect on where he took out such a weapon.

Rowan roared and charged, leading with his Axe, the Champion smoothly dodged his charge and Rowan nearly stumbled, he looked down at his chest and saw it was riddled with dozens of stab wounds, although they did not bleed, they brought an intense stinging pain.

He could not even follow the movements of the Champion, his Spatial Sight felt like it was glitching, for when the Champion moved he appeared in multiple places at once; Rowan knew it was not a doppelgänger skill, he was just moving so damn fast that Rowan could not follow his actions.

The wounds on his torso struggled to close up, as Lamia looked on and laughed aloud, "Yes... yes... more... more... tear him apart slowly, I want to taste his blood... make him bleed!!!"

The next series of encounters were tragic, as the Champion dodged and weaved around Rowan, dancing around his attacks, and within half a minute, Rowan's body was riddled with hundreds of stab wounds. He had a wicked gash that had sliced off his ears and part of his nose, he was missing an eye and basically had his neck hanging by strands of gristle.

Rowan struggled to pick his head and placed it back on his neck, as Lamia looked on in amusement.

His breathing became labored, but his mouth was set in a stubborn line, he kept his gaze fixed on the Abomination, his expression was one of intense anger and sorrow.

Lamia laughter echoes around the chamber as it began to crash around them, the Dais for the teleportation controls began to tilt, and with the materials it was made of, once it crashed it would shatter like glass.

Rowan's eyes were not even on that precarious development as it was fixed on Lamia's Champion, and the guarded look inside the eyes of Lamia began to slowly ease up.

She was still waiting for Rowan's last move, as she knew his only path to salvation was the Teleportation Dais. She could have easily destroyed it, but she loved playing with his hopes, as she watched those flickering flames die.

Suddenly, Rowan went faster than he had been moving before, it was clear he had been holding back on his strength and speed and although the Champion dodged his charge, Rowan was able to seize the long white hair trailing behind him.

Rowan grinned, "Got you... slippery bastard." Then he gasped and stepped back as the hand he was holding the hair with fell from his shoulders, although the grip on the white hair never relaxed for a single moment.

Lamia wanted to laugh, when she noticed two red and green mables roll towards the feet of the champion, her eyes scrutinized them in apparent surprise, and they widened before a deafening explosion like a volcano eruption covered her.

Rowan ran towards the falling dais, his mind calculating that he had two seconds before it touched the ground, shattering to pieces. He hurriedly called on his Spatial Sight and zipped it towards the teleportation circle, and the weird occurrence in his mental space happened once more.

A flickering yellow portal appeared in front of him, it was vibrating, clearly not stable, but Rowan ignored the risk, he was willing to take his chances, and with a yell, he jumped into the flickering portal and disappeared, the next moment the teleportation dais hit the ground and shattered to a thousand pieces.

Just as soon as, an angered shriek came from the flames erupting inside the Warding Room. The flames were pressed down to nothingness in the next second, and Lamia's Champion walked towards the shattered Remnants of the Teleportation Dais.

Lamia cried in anger, even as she was laughing, "Do you think for an instant, that you could flee from my hands, Rowan Kuranos?"

The champion pushed his hands inside the mouth of Lamia, which appeared as if he was fishing inside his guts, and brought out a yellow crystal.

If Rowan were here, he would notice that the crystal was similar to the massive yellow crystal he had seen inside the mansion that led him to the Red Moon world.

She muttered an incantation and the yellow crystal lit up, and as if time were reversing, the broken dais began to rise and reassemble itself.

The price paid for this astonishing feat was that the yellow crystal began to crumble, when the dais was repaired and another yellow portal appeared in front of her, the crystal collapsed to dust.

Lamia grinned, "Your spatial markers are still fresh Rowan Kuranos, you are not going to escape your leash!"

The Abomination Champion began walking towards the portal before it stopped as a massive shadow began appearing behind it, turning, it stepped back in shock and Lamia jaws nearly fell from her mouth.

An unearthly howl came from a growing monstrosity, and the shockwave that erupted from that scream destroyed the entire room, shattering the teleportation dais and sending the Abomination Champion flying.

A massive golden centipede that was more than a thousand feet long and was still growing erupted from Rowan's discarded limb.

## **Chapter 123: The Color of Sunrise**

The General did not hide the fact that he had possessed the body of the soldier, Alec Rhines, he saw no need to. His orders would be obeyed more quickly and efficiently if they knew who he was.

In his extremely weakened state, all of these soldiers were his most precious resources, and in his eyes they were just extra lives, but with each death, his bloodline identity gets more diluted, and he would likely fail his resurrection if he did this one more time.

With the destruction of the Nexus, he became aware after a while that Rowan should have left, else he knew he would be dead by now. Not foolish enough to look the gift horse in the mouth, he proceeded to gather the soldiers and any remnants inside the Nexus, and he came upon a startling find.

At this time, he had finished gathering all the people left inside the Nexus, and was busy examining the remnants of the shedding left behind by Rowan Dragons.

When Rowan came back from the Red Moon World, he had carried all the first Shedding of his Serpents the moment they broke through to the Legendary State, he



discarded the rest behind in his room because they were cumbersome to carry around, and they had little importance to him.

Yet, these were diamonds to Augustus, for he had never seen anything like this.

He had moved with everyone away from the core of the collapsed region of the Nexus, until they were just outside the unstable region, there were low rumblings behind them, as the earth settled, and Augustus was still amazed that everyone inside the manor survived without any major injury.

The full scope of the Nexus was revealed. They were on an island that was not surrounded by water, but by a sea of green swirling sand. Occasionally, considerable shapes would break through the sand and fall back into it, as if they were swimming inside the ocean.

Augustus felt a presence sweep over him and everyone else here and nearly cried out in shock when he saw the head of a massive golden centipede that was thousands of feet long, it seemed to look deeply at the island, before it sank back into the sea of green sands.

Everyone else let out the breath they had all been holding, and a few of the townspeople had already fainted, with some of them frothing in the mouth.

"Um... General... Sir...?" One of the soldiers mumbled at Augustus, the presence of the General and the events of the last few days had shaken them, they were low-level Dominators and never expected to be near something of this scale for their entire service life.

"What is it?" Augustus replied, the irritation clear in his tone, as he looked up from examining the shed scales of the Dragons.

"Well... we were wondering... seeing that we're in the middle of nowhere with no communication to the base or to the family, if we could..."

"Transportation would be here shortly, now shut up and return to your position. Keep an eye on these folks, would you? Each one of their heads is worth ten of yours. Okay?"

"Um... yes sir."

"Where is the arrogant bit\*h when you need her." Augustus muttered to himself.

"Are you referring to me? You sniveling little sh\*t scrape! Oh, I like your new face, by the way, so you have discarded that useless body of yours for something better?" The pleasant voice of a young woman entered his ears.

"Where are you Absomet, hurry, else you may regret if I get killed."



"No Augustus, I would pay good money to watch you get killed. Look behind you."

Augustus frowned and turned around, looking at the horizon, and at first, he saw nothing.

Then a wave of darkness that covered the entire sky began to emerge from the distance.

It was always easy to forget how massive this Rune Ship was, in a few seconds, half the sky was covered by her immensity, and by this time everyone here had become aware of her presence and cries of awe rang out.

Absomet settled overhead and to the observers on the ground, she covered the entire sky. Massive lines of shimmering runes flickered all over her structure, and the most mind breaking aspect about this ship was that, even with her dimension, she was entirely silent.

"Hmm... is this a remnant of a Nexus? With such a scale? Augustus, my dear boy, you have a lot to answer for."

A blue light beamed down and collected everyone on the island, Absomet paused for a while as she scanned the island, another blue light beamed on the island and penetrated deeply into the ground.

When the beam was retracting, it carried a single figure.

Maeve.

Her fingers shook a little.

©

The air over a small mountain rippled, and a purplish line came to be drawn in space, it was a rip in space, and a black scythe was withdrawn from that cut. A hooded figure walked through, and his robes were smoking, inside that cut in space was a scene of devastation.

Another figure came out of the tear in space, it was the Third prince, and he promptly collapsed to the ground, his body was riddled with bone – deep wounds, and he had an extremely weary look on his face.

"Quickly, close the tear before the Bane of Destruction comes through!" The Third prince gasped. Inside that tear, it was possible to see a gigantic figure made of flames and darkness, it had a flaming pitchfork and had seven flaming horns, it was feasting on the collapsing world.

They had underestimated the Origin Treasure used by Augustus, its sealing capabilities were potent, and they had to thoroughly destroy the Mirage World until its foundation in order to escape it.

They were shocked to discover that, If they had decided to wait it out, it would have taken months for the sealing power to wear off, and casually destroying the Mirage world would hardly weaken the sealing power of the Origin Treasure.

So, they had to destroy the foundation of the Mirage World, a simple enough thing to do, after all, it was not a complete world and its rules were malleable. But this brings about a unique threat that results from the destruction of any plane of existence, no matter how minor the plane turns out to be.

Destruction Banes.

These enigmatic creatures feed on the destructive forces that are produced when a world's foundation is destroyed. They are attracted from the void and are not particularly picky eaters, as they would consume everything in sight before leaving.

Also, they were unlucky to attract a tier one Destruction Bane. These categories of Banes were the major eaters of Major planes or powerful Minor planes during their destruction.

They had to struggle for their life, even as they hurried to escape, and they survived by the skin of their teeth.

The tear in space slowly healed up, shutting out the roars of the Destruction Bane, and the two breathed a sigh of relief. The hooded figure kept his scythe and suddenly violently convulsed.

Multiple cracking sounds came out from his body and his black cloak turned to ash, deep wounds began appearing all over his body, yet he did not seem particularly concerned about that, his eyes appeared glazed over, and he was muttering gibberish.

The Third prince held a peculiar smile on his face as he watched this display, and he took several pills to heal his wounds why he waited, from the scent of those pills, they appeared to be honey flavored. The Third prince ate them with relish, smacking his lips.

The figure who had his cloak shattered to pieces slowly stood up, and his wounds slowly closed up, something had gone really wrong.

He manifested a large Rune stone that was similar to the Rune Stone seized by the General inside the Nexus, and he began bringing various charts and reports out of it, with each report he read through his expression becoming darker.

The shape of his mouth that was set in grim lines, his long blond hair and green eyes that focused in panicked concentration, and the overall features of his face were a splitting copy of Rowan.

## **Chapter 124: The Color of Sunrise (final) End of Volume One**

"This is a disaster, my Nexus is gone! How is this possible? A few hours ago, everything was going fine. What happened inside my Nexus?!"

The clone of Rowan screamed, his eyes suddenly widened, and he turned and looked at the remnants of the tear in space behind him, before he growled, "Augustus!"

Pointing a shaking finger at the Third prince, he screamed out, with saliva flying out of his mouth, "This... this is all your fault, why did you allow him access inside the Nexus, he must have planted a Trojan Horse inside my Nexus! You've ruined my centuries-long work! Your mindless interference has led to these disastrous results, and all the blame for this will fall on your shoulders!"

The Third prince ignored him and looked to the skies, it was a bright sunny day that was slowly approaching twilight. He seemed to be searching for something inside the clouds and when it appeared that he had seen what he was searching for, he gave a small laugh.

A bird made from molten magma shot down from the clouds blazing a trail of flames, it called out in delight and slowly alighted on his outstretched hand. He fondly scratched the head of the molten bird, who crinkled its eyes in pleasure.

"You... are you even listening to me? We have a disaster on our hands, and the Order would sacrifice you for this blunder! I hope you understand that. I will not cover up your mistakes and wrong judgment in this matter. Likewise, I will also suffer for these transgressions." The irate clone of Rowan shouted at the Third prince, who still kept his cool and was looking at him in amusement.

The Third prince was focused on grooming the molten bird in his hand, the bird shook its beautiful feathers that resembled red and blue flames, while he spoke to the distressed clone, "Oh... I think you have more troubles than that waiting for you. Far more than a shattered Nexus. Tend to your body first, it's... Broken."

"What do you mean by that... I am..." The clone stopped and fell on a single knee and began vomiting huge amounts of blood.

From his eyes, nose, and ears, blood began to pour out, and he soon turned to a man covered by blood.

"What is happening?" From out of his chest, a white replica of emerged, it was another two pages of , and the strings bounding it were slowly beginning to fade.

The effects of Rowan breaking his Sigils were far-reaching, as had begun retrieving back pieces of itself, and this process could not be stopped.

He was deeply horrified, but with his long years of experience, he was eventually able to calm himself, and slowly breathe deeply. With his panic being channeled towards the solution, he began organizing himself.

With his powerful constitution, he dispelled the blood covering him and stood up, his face was covered in lines of concentration and madness.

"The Nexus is broken, and the subjects have escaped." The clone looked at the Third Prince, "They would not have gone far, Lamia is the most dangerous as far as I know, paired with Augustus they must have seized control of the Singularity inside the Nexus. We need to go and find their traces and hunt them down before the trail gets cold."

"If Lamia is able to get out, the balance on this world would be slowly broken, and we will all lose any benefit to be had. She is still weak and Augustus would not have the capabilities to properly restrain her."

"If that's truly the case, then we are too late." The Third prince said.

The eyes of the clone fixed on the Third prince, after critically assessing his behavior in the last few moments, he began stepping back, "Why do you say we are too late? The Nexus crumbled an hour ago. There is still enough time left. We did kill the main body of Augustus, I can confirm that fact, we only need to hunt down their remnant and salvage what we can."

"Augustus attracted the Rune Weapon of the God of War to the Nexus. Absomet is there as we speak."

The clone paused and cocked his head to the side like a bird, "So, I should rightly assume that you have eyes inside the Nexus that I was not aware of?"

"Your assumption... " The Third prince smiled, "Is quite correct."

"How's that possible, I have never allowed access to outside surveillance by you or anyone else. Everything inside was shuttled between this Runestone and the one with Boris, you never had access to any live feeds, and I never gave that permission."

"Yeah, you didn't. But I did it anyway, it was not that particularly difficult to do, you just could not find it, although it was right there in front of you, all these while."

The clone looked at the Third prince, then his eyes strayed towards the bird he was holding, "What is that thing you are holding?"

"This? It's my pet. I got it a long time ago." The Third prince rubbed his face on the belly of the bird, making it croon in pleasure.

"That's a Red finch, they became extinct two million years ago, they cannot be found in any plane millions of light years around Trion."

"As I said, I got it a long time ago."

"No, that's impossible, even the gods..." The clone had been stepping back slowly all this while, and now he stopped with a helpless look on his face, "I have always wondered why you should... Who are you?"

"I've been called many things, and this is the truth as I've ever said it to anyone... I have forgotten even my name."

The Third prince sighed, "This venture of yours is promising, I have given you your opportunity, but I'm solely disappointed in its execution. I will be taking over your pages now, I would use it better than you ever could."

The clone shook his head in denial, his mind racing with dazzling speed as he tried to analyze the changes in the Third prince, but he had a guess, and it brought a bone chilling dread to his core.

"The Order would never let you get away with this... they shall..." The voice of the clone was cut short, and he collapsed into ashes. This was a Third Circle Dominator whose might would crush a minor plane, but he was killed off without even a chance to even blink.

The Third prince gestured towards the floating pages, and they drifted towards him, "Let me handle the business with the Order."

The skies changed color from day to night, and every plant and animal mutated into madness in a ten thousand-mile radius and various nightmarish creatures turned the surroundings to hell.

The Anima of the goddess descended, and she came in fury, the heavens and the earth could not bear the depths of her fury, and they all wailed in pain. Unlike events happening inside the Mirage world, this descent would leave a scar on the world for millennia.

The goddess comes to put an end to everything.

The Third Prince dismissed her Anima with a wave of his hand, leaving a furious scream echoing into eternity.

The skies returned to twilight, and the Third prince smiled, "I have always loved the sunrise." The movements of the heavens changed, and a new dawn descended on the world.

This event shook all of Trion, and the gods were roused awake.

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End of volume one.

This journey with you, my dear reader had been a wonderful and fulfilling one for me. I have many remarkable reviews and comments that give me the encouragement and support to always write daily.

Volume one was slow, and there are many reasons for that. I left many hints and opened many plot threads that would be slowly unraveled in the future.

Volume two will be on a much grander scale, as Rowan is out of his prison, the many worlds where this bloody tale would unfold are about to be swept wide open, and I hope you enjoy the many epic battles and characters I have coming in the horizon. You can ask any questions in the comment and I would try to answer each one of them.

Thank you, guys, for sticking with me through this journey.

## **Chapter 125: The Fall**

This world was named JR-AG311, but the indigenous people called it Jarkarr. It was a Minor World that was ruled over by the Major World Trion.

This was a world of Ice, and was rich with one essential resource that was the cause of the conflicts ravaging this world in the past two thousand years of its discovery — Blue Iron.

Unlike what the name would suggest, Blue Iron was not a metallic ore, it was a flower. Before a brilliant Alchemist found that extracts from this flower could be used as battlefield stimulants that could even affect Second Circle Dominators, the flower was used for recreational activities.

As a stimulant, it could allow a Dominator to rapidly burn through the energy and essence inside his body while doubling or even tripling their combat capabilities. Its side

effects could be quickly recovered from, which made Blue Iron one of the most important war resources of Trion.

Since this plant could only be grown on this planet due to a unique set of circumstances that were difficult to replicate, Jarkarr became the only source of this merchandise.

This Minor World was governed by the Merchant Association—A vast trading house that oversaw many resource rich worlds for Trion. The Merchant Association here had developed their own armies and gathered powerful Dominators and creatures from many other worlds, to protect the source of their vast wealth.

As with everything involving massive profits, there would inevitably be conflicts, and for the last forty years an open battle had commenced on this world, after it had spilled over by the incessant betrayals and hidden confrontation over the centuries by forces within the Merchant Association.

The Merchant Association was owned by one of the seven Noble families—The Boreas Family. They controlled the Pathway of Storms, and although they were mainly responsible for the economic aspects of Trion, there was a reason they were known as Storm callers. The dominators of the Boreas family were quite terrifying.

Internal conflicts within the family had spilled out into the many worlds they governed, and Jarkarr was especially affected by it, coupled with rumors that parts of the unending battle in Trion had spilled over into Jarkarr, left this a world at its edge.

The world was going through one of the most perilous periods in its history, and hundreds of thousands had died as a result of the conflict, and it was getting worse. This world was at the brink.

Yet as the people of Jarkarr settled in for a brand-new day, one filled with many unknowns, the skies lit up, as numerous streaks of fire blazed across the skies, a teleportation portal had opened far up in the atmosphere, and Rowan fell to this world.

His descent brought calamity.

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The moment Rowan stepped through the Teleportation portal, it flickered, for Rowan was inexperienced at utilizing Aether. The jarring sensation of space folding around him and squeezing tighter than a constrictor was not particularly comfortable, but he could still endure it.

Comparing it to the mental torture he once had when going through the yellow crystal, then this was a walk in the park, inside his mental space, there was a steady stream of Aether wrapped around the purple Spatial Sight Rune that transformed everything about the utility of this particular skill.



Yes, Rowan was wielding Aether!

The squeezing sensation suddenly got worse, and his bones began to bend with the strain, most of his flesh had been torn apart, yet the pressure from the spatial movement compressed them tightly to his body, else he would be nothing but bones at this point. Rowan had long become numb to pain of this level.

His Spatial Sight could only capture rapidly flashing lights and an awareness that he was moving through a tremendous distance within the barest fraction of a second. He pushed his Sight back into his body, anymore, and he feared he would lose himself.

He tried to tuck himself into a ball, and it seemed to reduce the strain and as sudden as it began, the absurdity of this teleportation stopped.

It was like moving at a thousand miles per hour and suddenly halting at once without any deceleration.

This abrupt motion made Rowan's body crack open like an egg, and his flesh and blood was sprayed across the skies of this world. Envy was wrenched from his hand, but Rowan was still in shock, as fatigue and pain dulled his mind. And he could barely follow the path of the Axe.

The blood and pieces of flesh that fell from him began to transform into numerous monsters of all shapes and sizes, some of them were the size of hills while others were small as ants, and they formed a swarm, his body bumped across and through them as he fell.

He could dimly notice passing through the jaws of a Dragon like creature, who snapped at him, and barely missed, and unlike inside the temple, these were not turning to ashes after a few seconds, they were still active and Rowan saw many with wings began turning to other directions.

The fall had spread his blood all over the sky, and in a few short moments, the entirety of the atmosphere was filled with monsters.

He would rather not announce his presence to this planet in this manner, and he hoped the fall would kill most of these creatures or their lifespan was still short, else only an apocalypse waited for those below, for the energy he was sensing from them was palpable.

By chance, Rowan's fall made him drift a little from the pack of howling monstrosities and the last thing he saw before he blacked out was a massive mountain that was going to catch his fall.

He sighed and squeezed himself into a ball, wondering how much would this hurt? He barely heard the sound of impact.

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Rowan did not know for how long he was out, he thought he might have heard countless screams while he was unconscious, but when he awoke, he was fully healed, and discovered he had been embedded deep into a mountainside, and somehow he knew the screams he heard were not a mirage.

Around his body were concentric waves that showed signs that the rocks must have melted and cooled. He stood up without any impediment and rubbed his face, pushing his long blond hair behind him.

He could see the light of the moon down inside the pit, he must be at least fifty meters deep into the mountain, and walking up to the wall of the mini cave he made, he began to climb out.

Even with his current strength, rocks were no impediment to him, and his fingers and toes easily found purchase in the rock as he propelled himself out of the hole, and after twenty seconds, his hands reached the surface of the mountain, and he pulled himself out.

Immediately he knew he was someplace different, and not different by a minor distance for that matter, for above him, he could see three moons, one of them was especially large; Rowan was lost in awe for a while, as he looked at the skies of a brand-new world.

Trion only had a single moon the last time he checked, and although when he used the Teleportation Dais to escape the Nexus, he chose a lucky direction which was to be his right side, the reason for that was he had given up his left hand to escape.

He had set the teleportation distance to the maximum limit it could tolerate, so he should not be so surprised that it took him to another world, everything inside the Nexus was top of the line, it should be expected that their teleportation device should also be one too.

Although traveling to another world entirely seemed like too much of a stretch to him, it might be the lucky break he needed to gather himself and forge his path.

He did not think he was unreachable from the grasp of his enemies just yet, he might never be unless he killed them all, but with enough distance, he had a little time, and he did not intend to waste a single second of it.

## **Chapter 126: The Fall (2)**

The mountain he found himself was incredibly lofty, but he had no problem breathing the thin air up here, although the air felt different somehow, as if it were missing a vital component, he chose to investigate those findings later.

He had two basic objectives, gathering Soul points and materials with dense energy. With Soul points, he would quickly evolve to the peak of Legendary and with energy, he could finally activate his Legendary Ability, and he could begin changing the chessboard. Moreover, with his enhanced physique, he may finally rid himself of this curse.

Above that basic need was to first find a valid source of information, in this brand-new world, details of him must be sparse or nonexistent, so he could move about with some freedom.

He left both Augustus and Lamia alive, also his father and the Order of the Broken Eye, who was controlled by a goddess no doubt would be hunting him at this very moment.

He was only at ease a bit when he saw that with distance, the Sigils had faded to nothingness, although they still bound, they no longer emanated past the covers of the Black Book.

Rowan was ecstatic at this development, he may have a limited time of freedom before he was attacked once more.

Looking down at himself, the only piece of covering he had been the spatial bracelet he kept on his wrist. This thing was quite durable, and he had an idea of how to break it open to reveal its contents. He needed to be able to keep his valuables secure, but first he should reconnaissance, and understand his surroundings.

Inside the Mental Space in his head, he scrutinized all the Ability Runes inside of it, and focused on his Spatial Sight.

The goddess's descent had left him with a curse, and well, as a boon of a sort, for he knew that without the massive blank face inside his mental space that had stretched it open, thus giving him access to manipulate his Spirit, hence Aether, he would never have escaped the Nexus.

Even if he was still at the peak of his power, with Lamia's ability to control Aether, she would have forced him to make a deal in order to use the portal and Rowan would either have to accept or battle with her, and none of those options were especially pleasing to him.

The next great leap in the evolution of bloodlines, inside the First Great Circle, was when a Dominator created their Mental Space as they crossed into the Rift state.

The ability to visualize and manipulate your Ability Runes were just a single part of it, the Mental Space could collect and Store Aether, in accordance to the Spirit capacity of the Dominator.

So, a Dominator with a hundred points in Spirit would have far more stores of Aether than one with fifty points in spirit, although having more or less stores of Aether did not matter on how well you manipulated it, but that was an issue faced by Incarnation State Dominators who actively wielded Aether without the use of Ability Runes.

His Spatial Sight was an ability that was entirely dependent on his Spirit, and in conjunction with the field of energy his enormous vitality gave off, he could manipulate his surroundings in a limited manner, with the addition of Aether into the mix, that ability skyrocketed.

Although his Vitality was weak as it was holding back the Curse of The Flesh of Madness, it was still far more powerful than most and Rowan suspected that the reason he did not die from his crash was because he had wrapped himself inside a field of telekinesis, yet he was grateful that he teleported in the atmosphere but not in the center of the planet.

He had noticed this force field ability earlier, and disregarded it at that time as he was only able to pick up small objects, but with Aether boosting it, it became far more powerful and versatile.

With a single thought, he began to hover a few inches above the ground, for the moment he could not lift much more, but no doubt, with training and persistence, he would soon be able to fly.

He was also able to wield his Spatial Sight more effectively using Aether, and although he was just brute forcing the process, it still worked effectively.

Inside his Mental Space were all of his Ability Runes, and at the bottom of his mental space was a golden fog that attracted a white grainy material that resembled snow around it, he knew this white substance was Aether. They swirled around his Spirit like a tornado, but the rotation was slow.

His Spatial Sight Rune trembled as he touched it with his Spirit, this movement began to attract the Aether gathered around the golden fog that embodied his Spirit; they rushed into the Ability Rune like fireflies attracted to a blaze.

He had noticed this phenomenon back inside the Nexus when he first activated his Bone Fire as he was about to escape, he noticed Aether pouring into that Rune, and he was shocked because the first time he looked through his Mental Space, he had not seen any signs of Aether, but as he watched as more Aether began to grow inside his Mental Space, he knew the process took time to be activated, and then it became a permanent operation.

Yet, this gift came with its drawbacks, roughly eighty percent of all the Aether he generated was being lost inside the massive blank face, leaving him with a measly twenty percent to work with.

The reason he spoke to Lamia for so long, and even made the act of desperately fighting a losing battle with her, was for him to gather enough Aether to power up the Teleportation Dais.

That familiar feeling came over him as he activated his Spatial Sight Rune, and his vision expanded. He slowly brought his sight down the mountain, and after going for roughly two thousand meters down, he stopped because he had exhausted his Store of Aether, and without it, his Sight Zipped back to fifty meters around him.

The difference between using Abilities powered by Aether and without was like night and day. This should be the reason Augustus and the Champion left him in the dust during their fights, and without the full scope of his powers, the Champion of Lamia had mercilessly thrashed him.

Withdrawing his mind from that line of thought, he scrutinized all he had seen as his Sight had flashed down the mountain. The mountain was bare of any life and as he could see clouds below him from this particular elevation, then that meant he must be very high up.

He hardly remembered any particular details of his surroundings when he was falling, but he knew he was surrounded by monsters borne from his blood.

He was going to descend the mountain, but first he should wait for the five minutes it would take for his Aether to sufficiently recover, and he would attempt to create clothes using his flames.

Rowan saw that the Three Faced Abomination created a very convincing robe from it, and he had always wondered if he could do the same, he was extremely tired of going naked after every battle he fought, also he could attempt to break through the spatial bracelet around his wrist.

Seeing a ledge a hundred feet below him, Rowan judged the distance and jumped down, landing on one knee, he disturbed the surrounding snow, making them fly out in a plume. Rowan sat down cross-legged and closed his eyes.

With his Spatial Sight, he did not greatly need his eyes and as he waited for his Aether to refill, he called up , it was time to check the details of the new pages he had.

But, his attention was drawn to a little detail he missed when he was going through inside the Nexus.

