

# **The Primordial Record**

## **- Chapter 127: The fall (Final)**

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength :110/ 3170

Agility :107/ 3089

Constitution : 550/4948

Spirit :585.8

Class: None

Title: Plane walker, Chaos Blood

Aspect : Spatial Sight (Tier 3)

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Vortex (Level 10— Mortal State Completed)

Bash (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Dash (Level 10— Mortal State Completed)  
Smash (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Combo Attack (Level 10— Mortal State Completed)

Flesh Light — Level 2

Bone Fire — Level 2

Passive : Decipher language (complete), Ice–Fire soul (level 6)

Records:

FIVE [CHAOS BLOOD]- level 2 [11,180/15,000]

REAVER – level 0 [0/5000]

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [5/5]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One – 865,225,788/1,000,000,000

Engine Two – 1,897,645/1,000,000,000

Engine Three–458,001,876/1,000,000,000

Engine Four – 1,767,665/1,000,000,000

Engine Five – 0/1,000,000,000

Rift Rule: Absolute Body [Locked]

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Path Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Condemned: Flesh of Madness (Suppressed)

Soul Point : 80.5563

Remark: Nascent Titan

He had left the Nexus with only ten Soul Points, but now he had 80 Soul Points, and he did not think he had been asleep for an extremely long time. Remembering the screams and the monster his body brought, he knew conflicts waited ahead.

He was sure he was only out for only an hour, yet he had gathered these many points, although he was not sure whether he could assign all the blame to his curse, he was sure it was still a major part of it.

Although he was at the Legendary State, his Attributes were at the Incarnation level, and his unique constitution made his physique far superior to the normal Incarnation State Dominators.

The Attributes for each state were easy to demarcate. Mortals fall between 0–10, so the limit a mortal could raise any attributes was 10 points, anymore and their power would consume them, death or mutation was the result.

Legendary Attributes fall between 10–100, there were rumors of extreme Legendary beings with attributes as high as 150 points, but those were considered monsters and outliers. Yet, Rowan's lowest attribute—Spirit, was five times that amount.

Rift State Dominators had attributes that fall within 100–1,000 points, Dominators in this State became compelling because in addition to their stats, there was also the Mental Space they now had was able to supercharge their techniques.

Incarnation State Dominators Attributes were between 1,000–10,000. These were monsters, but Rowan had shredded through General Augustus with the help of Envy, although there were many reasons why the General was not at his peak form as he was utilizing a lesser pathway, it was an unquestionable fact that at the Legendary State Rowan's ability was at the peak of the first Circle—Incarnation.

That was even without the help of his most powerful weapons, the Ouroboros Serpents, in the Legendary State, their Attributes should be far higher than his own, as with every growth in his bloodline, their abilities grew far more than his own.

His Attributes had recovered a little. Rowan understood his recovery ability was astonishing, and with sufficient time, his body would naturally cleanse itself of this curse, but it would seem that to a creature that had an extremely long lifespan like him, he was always lacking a lot of it.

Yet, what surprised him was the Energy value of the first Ouroboros Serpent, it had far surpassed the rest of the Serpents and had nearly completed the one billion energy value required to make the first world engine.

The Third Ouroboros Serpent Energy value was to be expected, as it had almost eaten everything inside the Nexus, and except for small remnants, the Nexus had been picked clean.

What did the first serpent eat? A quick memory search revealed the reason. It was inside the lake! Rowan had sent this Serpent to eat the bones blazing with energy, especially a single corpse that was at the very bottom.

He had done it, without putting much thought into it, he only wanted to deprive Lamia of any advantages those bones might give her, as he did not forget that she might be his enemy, turns out he had been right on all counts.

But, he had picked the jackpot and Rowan was sure that only that single corpse was responsible for ninety-nine percent of the Energy gathered by the first serpent, whatever that being was before, it must have been truly powerful, for its corpse alone had nearly completed the Minor Chaos Engine.

If Lamia could hold such a corpse with her, then he would need to reconsider the threat she poses, and scale her up to the same level of danger his father and the Order of the Broken Eyes possess.

Rowan touched his chest. He no longer had any heartbeat, there was only a slight thrumming that emerges from his body, and you would have to listen very closely to hear it. It was the long-drawn in breath of his Serpents.

From the moment of their birth, his Ouroboros Serpents had never breathed out, they always inhaled.

He missed his babies, if he had the full range of his powers, none of those monsters born from his blood would be alive right now, they would be nothing but Energy for them.

The Ouroboros Serpents had evolved once more, with wicked long spikes that glittered like diamonds running down their spine. They slept while providing his body with sustenance to keep the Flesh of Madness in check, but he could sense their unrest and anger.

He mentally assured them that soon, they shall be free once more.

He closed his page, which was the seventh and turned to the sixth page, what he first saw remained the same. A quill and a bowl.

He did not know what bird the quill feather was from, but it was black with silvery veins that decorated it, the tip was slanted and sharp.

The bowl was an earthen bowl that had the same coloring as the quill feather, and it was currently empty.

The title of the page was as interesting as it was confusing. It read: Origin.

Rowan attempted to pick up the quill, maybe drag it out of the page, but he could not.

There was no description of its uses or purpose, and he had no time to experiment with this new function. If its use was not readily apparent to him, he would have to forfeit whatever utility it might have.

He was at war, and he needed every available weapon in his arsenal, but he did not have any clue on how to use the current page. Possibly, the fifth page would hold the process.

Rowan began to lift the page mentally, but it was stuck because it was very heavy, after straining for a while, he felt a mental chiding from and understood that he was still too weak to use more than his page at the moment.

You little tease. Rowan smirked, so it's look, but don't touch, eh.

This new find made it all the more important to move at speed. His enemies had methods to carve out pieces of , no doubt they had studied the Singularity for a long, and something about him being able to fuse with it, gave them the opening to plunder portions of and influence it.

His Aether had sufficiently recovered, and he focused on his Flesh Light Rune, he pushed Aether into the Rune, while visualizing a robe around his body. Rowan's body was immediately enveloped by red flames, before it expanded rapidly, and he lost control of it.

The ledge and a considerable amount of snow were simply melted away, and Rowan found himself in free-fall, his body bounced off against the side of the mountain and pushed him farther away from it.

## **Chapter 128: Archimedes**

He quickly scrutinized the surrounding mountain face, and seeing a particularly large crevice, used his telekinesis to push himself towards it, and landed without any issues.

He sighed a little in frustration, even though he was in a hurry, it should not mean he should be careless, he did not know how far the flash of light or the explosion carried, although it was very brief, he was out in the open.

Giving himself the mental equivalent of a slap, he turned towards the mountain walls and opened his Mental Space once more, instead of pushing tons of Aether into the Rune, he tried to hold back.

Rowan had noticed a bad habit of his, due to his unlimited stamina and essence, he never had to consider his expenditure, that would have to change for now, as he guessed control over his powers would become more necessary the stronger he becomes.

If he lacks control, he would be nothing but a rampaging cataclysm. His rate of growth was too fast, and if he did not learn proper control, the thought of the destruction he would be capable of would be nightmarish.

A small example of what he was capable of should be currently happening, he was sure if any other being had been cursed with the Flesh of Madness they would be dead by now, but he did not die, and his body had spawned monstrous creatures beyond number.

A Dominator that had developed their bodies to his level over the course of decades or centuries would have better control over their physique than he could.

If he had proper control over his body, he should be able to properly suppress the Flesh of Madness. The journey of a thousand miles begins with a step, he was willing to start the journey of proper control of his powers.

Creating a red flame on his left hand with only a part of his physical essence, even with only that minor expenditure, his body began to squirm, as if there were countless snakes under his skin.

He waited for a while, and after he was sure he had the curse under control, he began melting his way through the mountain, and in a short while, he had created a wide cave about thirty feet across, he blazed his way deeper, and after about fifty meters in depth, he stopped. This should be good enough.

He could experiment with his powers without being too flashy with it. Not attracting attention was a priority. Before freeing himself from the curse, he must be low-key.

Rowan scrutinized the cave he had just made. The red flames had melted the rocks smoothly, and the cave looked like the insides of a ceramic bowl. He was not concerned if the air circulation down here was bad, for he was sure his flames did not need oxygen to burn.

Rowan sat down cross-legged and entered his Mental Space, deciding properly to understand its properties, before making reckless attempts.

He did not know how the Mental Space of others would resemble, but he was sure he was the only one who had a giant blank face. The face resembled a gray petrified stone, and if his Mental Space was supposed to be the size of a small pool, the Petrified face had stretched the Mental Space until it was the size of a lake.

His body must be doing many things to keep his mental and physical state in one piece, else he did not know how he was even surviving.

He looked around the Mental Space, where he could see his various Ability Runes floating around, and he only needed to think about the particular ability and it would glow.

The Ability Rune for Flesh Light resembled a bloody beating heart that had been cut in half by the middle. It rotated slowly inside his mental space and exuded a low heat.

To activate the Ability Rune with his Aether, he just gave a mental command, and the Aether would be attracted to the rune and would fuse with it. This operation was automatic as long as he willed it.

The second part of was managing the ability outputs. After releasing the flames he intended to shape it into the pattern he desired, in this case just a usable robe would do the trick.

After trying multiple times to restrict the ability runes from drawing excess Aether beyond what he could control, he ended up failing.

In all the experiments he had been making, he had been releasing flames from his entire body. The flames had created a deeper cave into the mountain, and he had already melted his way downward for more than twenty meters.

He paused, this was going nowhere. Even if he could succeed, it was taking too much time, perhaps it would be wise to look at it from another angle.

Instead of trying to manipulate his Aether, why not try it with his Spirit first. He should shape his Spirit to be able to transport just the right amount of Aether to the Ability Rune, instead of using the default method of activating the Ability Rune.

Rowan wanted to move a bit of Aether towards it, and found it to be more difficult than he anticipated. His plan was to pick a single grain of snow-white Aether and fuse it to the Ability Rune, with that, he could properly judge how much power the Aether granted to it.

He looked at the Golden fog that represented his Spirit, and decided to move it, and to his surprise, it was not particularly difficult to get a reaction out of it. It was similar to moving a limb you did not know you had, but his control over the golden fog was abysmal.

Baby steps. He encouraged himself, maybe he was missing an important component of controlling Aether that he was not aware of, but he was making progress, and that was all that really mattered.

It did not take long, for him to be able to gather the golden fog in the shape of a fist, this operation brought him a great deal of discomfort, as his head felt like it was about to

explode, but when Rowan analyzed that the side effects were physical, he ignored them. He was confident that he could heal from any physical condition.

He began to manipulate the golden hand slowly, it was sluggish and behaved as if he was trying to catch smoke with his bare hands.

His eyes opened when he noticed that night had passed and a new day had dawned. If he were to follow the normal time conversions from his previous life, then the nights here were forty hours long, if it was the same for daylight, then a full day on this planet was 80 hours long.

He wondered how the time on his Primordial Record was calculated because it had given him 33,000 years of lifespan, maybe its calculations of time used a method he could not comprehend yet.

Ignoring the outside world, he entered his Mental Space and continued experimenting with the golden fog, when he thought he was ready enough, he controlled the golden hand to collect the Aether around it and deliver it to the Ability Rune.

But he failed when instead of picking one, he shifted more than a hundred, and another eruption of flame exploded from his body in a circular wave, melting through another five feet of rock, his body dropped to the lower ground, but he was too focused to care.

He began experimenting with putting less will into his commands of his Spirit, and after tens of tries, he could only reduce the grains to fifty, but that was still too powerful for him to control.

He knew he had to make the process to be more efficient and streamlined, but he realized he was being held back by his Spirit Attribute.

After trying and failing to pick up the right amount of Aether dozens of times, he shifted his attention to the spatial bracelet.

## **Chapter 129: Archimedes (2)**

Rowan removed the spatial bracelet from his wrist and turned it over, it was about eight inches long, and even with all the abuse he had gone through the past few days, it was still flawless.

He had been spurting out intense amounts of flames from all over his body, and their destructive capabilities were not to be underestimated, yet the bracelet had survived all that without any hint of damage, the only heat from the bracelet was from his own body.



He had an intuition that this bracelet was not ordinary. The first time he had inspected it, he had seen a symbol, most likely representing its creator — Mist Tower.

He knew of no major organization in Trion with this name. To create something like this Spatial bracelet must require enormous effort and capability, it was most likely that this bracelet was not made anywhere near Trion.

Rowan had first used his Spirit to try to break open the Spatial bracelet before, but he failed, now that he had access to his Mental Space, it should make it more manageable, since he could visualize and manipulate his Spirit, he should do a better job than previously.

Rowan closed his eyes and maneuvered the golden fog representing his Spirit to take the shape of a hand, and he directed it towards the bracelet.

Rowan opened his eyes, his Spirit had manifested itself outside his body, and to his surprise, it was invisible, unlike when he could see the colors inside his Mental Space.

However, when he began zooming in with his Spatial Sight, the colors began to reveal itself, and he could see a faint golden hand wrapped around the bracelet. Urging his Spirit, he began moving the golden hand across the entire bracelet.

A sizzling sound started emerging from the bracelet and Rowan could see many microscopic sparks of another Spirit Essence, which was red, slowly being worn away. The sparks hit the floor and began transforming the floor into blood.

Rowan deliberated on this phenomenon for a while, for it would appear that spirits also had their own attributes and in large doses they could transform reality. The ground below him had been truly transformed to blood.

He decided to hover above the ground, as he was not fond of skinny-dipping into a growing pool of blood. If this Spatial bracelet belonged to General Augustus, whose bloodline controlled the Pathway of Flesh, it was not too surprising that his Spirit would create lakes of blood.

His Spirit was not yet capable of altering reality, but it was still outstanding that he could wear out the General's Spirit inside the bracelet, maybe the reason was related to the attribute of his Spirit.

As long as there was visible progress, he would continue. Rowan kept at it until his Spirit was exhausted, and waited for another five seconds, and it was refilled back to its maximum.

Unlike Aether, his Spirit could be rapidly replenished at an astonishing rate, as his second Omnipotent bloodline pushed its recovery rate to be hundreds of times faster.

For most Dominators, except taking specialized pills, they would have to take between days to even months to replenish their Spirit Essence.

Rowan analyzes the speed at which he broke down the Spirit barrier on the bracelet, and using the 80 hours a day of this world as his benchmark, he should be done in a week.

It was not a particularly long time for him, and for the moment he was safe. He had stayed in this mountain for two days without any outside interference, and judging by the width of this mountain, and how far down his Spatial Sight had traveled, the mountain should be at least 20,000 meters tall, and his cave should be close to the middle of the mountain.

He was not in the best conditions, and he had lost Envy. It was important to his survival if he could find clothes or weapons inside this Spatial bracelet, so, using a week to unlock it was not a bad investment.

Rowan was also passively collecting about 100 soul points daily, and at the end of the week, he should have enough to evolve his bloodline a bit forward and suppress more of the curse.

He should be more powerful by then, and he would have more options for his next step.

Deciding on this course of action, he climbed to the mouth of his cave and sealed it shut by blasting Bone Fire towards the cave ceiling. The green flame was more explosive, and after two blasts aided by Aether, he was sealed shut inside the mountain.

Thus, Rowan settled into hours of scraping away at the Spatial Bracelet, while simultaneously training his Spiritual Essence control and investigating every Ability Rune inside his Mental Space and lastly investigating the elements of this curse.

His ability to split his mind was working at full speed, and he made progress and three days went by, and Rowan realized he would have to change the time he would break open the bracelet from a week to four days!

These past three days of intense contemplation about his abilities had borne fruit, and his control over Aether and his Spirit Essence had increased. He could now safely gather forty specks of snow-white Aether.

The Spiritual Essence golden hand was now firmer, and it could last longer, and after all these times contemplating on his Ability Runes, Rowan finally decided on a path he could use in developing and understanding Aether which was through his Berserker Ability Runes.

Unlike his other Ability Runes, Berserker came with a detailed explanation on how to properly exert Aether in each move set, the Runes had been separated, and he could

practice with each of them, thereby increasing his proficiency in using his spiritual abilities.

Seeing such clear progress, Rowan doubled down on his efforts, and he quickly reached the 80 percent mark in breaking open the Spatial bracelet. Deciding to pause all other activities, he focused solely on breaking through the bracelet.

His multiple streams of thoughts all aligned to crack a single puzzle...

The floor below him had turned into a pool of blood, and he frowned at the stench it gave off, he split his thoughts, so he could send a small ball of red flame towards the blood pool.

The flame dropped and Rowan was surprised when it hovered over the pool of blood, and slowly the blood began to rise in many tiny streams and fed the red flame which slowly began to brighten.

In a while, all the blood was consumed, leaving behind a flame that did not give out much light but resumed a red gem, Rowan noticed this new state of his flame and filed it away for later investigation. The ruby-like flames actively attracted all the blood that transformed from the floor, and Rowan left it to its own device.

Focusing back to the breaking the Spirit the General left behind, he continued making steady progress

18 percent left...

15 percent left...

11 percent left...

6 percent left...

1 percent left...

With a snap, the last of the Spirit embedded in the Spatial bracelet was dispersed, and Rowan smiled in exultation. He pushed his Spirit inside the bracelet, and he saw a purple space that was a hundred meters wide and two hundred meters long, it was about the size of two football stadiums.

About half the space was empty, and it appeared to lack gravity or air, as various materials floated about. Rowan Spirit swept through the entirety, and he understood everything inside.

Most of it were filled with weapons of all shapes and sizes, some were made from bones and other exotic materials, he even saw a sword that was emanating flames, a

bow that had an icy arrow appear and disappear around its strings and many other strange weapons.

## **Chapter 130: Archimedes (3)**

There were dozens of large wooden crates containing wine stored in large silver jars and an abundant store of food and provision, including meat, vegetables and other ingredients, and they were still fresh.

After seeing a dozen sets of armor and tactical gear that he could easily wear as clothes, his mind was eased.

He did not need armor, as he doubted he would ever see any material that could withstand his ever-increasing strength, but Rowan feared that he had been going for far too long without clothes, he would rather not get used to the sensation of being naked most of the time, though many would say it was a small price to pay for his rapid increase in power, he was still a reasonable decent individual who still prefers having his dignity.

His musing was drawn to a persistent glow of an object stashed at the end of the crate, it had been pulling his gaze for a while as he scanned through the bracelet, but he wanted to be thorough in his search, so he left it for last.

After he was sure that there were no other hidden objects or unknown defenses inside the bracelet, he focused on the elephant in the room.

It was a glowing white metal in the shape of a tower, it resembled a mechanical advanced tower that had been miniaturized. Rowan felt that this must be a cutting-edge Alchemical Tool, as he had never seen anything of this sort before, and the energy it gave off was palpable.

Whatever this tool was, it still appeared incomplete, as part of the tower was broken or even missing. To his shock, he found out that the blank face in his mind was responding to that tower.

A sense of attraction appeared between them and Rowan rapidly withdrew his Spirit from the bracelet, but it was too late as he saw the broken white tower appear on his hand before eerily vanishing.

Suddenly, he felt a sensation inside his head as if it were being stuffed full of coarse sand and Rowan held his head and squeezed, the pain he could handle, but the sensation of having his mind feel like it was being squeezed and stretched was disconcerting, but it slowly faded and he regained his composure.

He scanned through his body and seeing no abnormalities, turned towards his Mental Space, and immediately noticed the new addition. The white tower had rooted itself in the center of the blank gray face.

He saw parts of the missing tower being replaced by pieces of the blank gray face inside his mental Space, and the tower was being rebuilt. Rowan noticed that the blank face began to shrink as pieces of itself repaired the tower, until it was completed.

At this time, the blank face had reduced by more than half its previous size, and Rowan's mind began to slowly ease off on the persistent headache he had disregarded owing to his high pain tolerance.

Rowan waited for a while for any other new reactions and, seeing none, split his mind into two, he kept watch inside his Mental Space and with the other split mind, he took a portion of his Spirit and entered the Spatial bracelet once more, he had seen some books and notes inside of it.

He wanted to gather any clue about what it was that had just planted itself inside his Mental Space. The books inside turned out to be useless, it were just records kept about soldiers' upkeep and a record containing thousands of names. Rowan discarded the books and looked at the white tower inside his mental space.

With the gray material from the face fusing with the white tower seamlessly, it was now complete and was gleaming bright inside his mental space, Rowan also noticed it was building energy slowly and he became concerned.

There was no way he would allow something like this to exist inside him without knowing what it was. Gritting his teeth, Rowan sent a strand of his Spirit over to the tower and as he got close to it, the blank face and the white tower vibrated, and his entire Spirit was sucked into the white tower.

Rowan's Spirit felt as if it had been folded countless times and shot towards the depths of the universe, as he felt an intense sensation of speed even exceeding what he felt when he used the teleportation portal.

His Spirit suddenly saw a giant demon statue that was as large as a planet, and he uncontrollably found himself driven into the forehead of the demon, and everything went black.

He awoke to find himself sitting on a high table inside a grand hall, with four other figures beside him. Rowan froze and did not make any movement, for the power he felt coming from those seated figures was similar to that from the goddess.

They were all motionless and did not even acknowledge his presence, their seating positions were in a semicircle position, and he was seated at the end of this table.

Rowan stayed still for a few seconds and, still seeing no movement from the four other figures, he let himself relax slightly and began checking himself.

The first thing he noticed was that he was not in his body but a strange body that was demonlike in appearance, it was similar to the figure of the giant demon that his Spirit had just entered. This body appeared to be gaining color even as he watched, changing from a dull monotone to a richer color.

This figure had black scales covering his body with two horns jutting out of his forehead, on his body were gleaming silver tattoos and when Rowan tried to move, he could not. He could barely even blink.

The only thing he could do was to check his surroundings and the figures beside him that emanated vast powers that were comparable to gods.

His sight zoomed across the table towards the sitting figures and saw that three of them were similar to humans, two were male and a single female, the last resembled him and appeared to be a demon also, and his skin appeared to have scales, and he had two enormous bat wings behind him that were folded and draped around his body like a cloak.

Interestingly enough, they all resembled gray statues. Looking closer, he discovered that they were indeed statues.

He began examining their individual features, of the three human looking figures, the first male appeared to be old with a flowing beard, there were many odd materials entangled in his beard, as Rowan noticed beads and flowers and other odd items. Rowan did not know why the statue reminded him of a wise old wizard.

The second man looked young and even though he was a statue, Rowan still felt a blazing heat from the statue, he was wearing a crown and his face was stern.

The last female felt like a pond and had a milky white glow around her that reminded him of the glow from the moon, and the fourth demon statue just emanated pure brutality.

It would appear that on this table, he was the only one who was not petrified, yet he was sure that it wouldn't last, as not long ago, he was indeed a statue as he remembered this body regaining its flesh when his Spirit entered inside.

He looked down across the table and what he saw made his jaw nearly fall from his mouth.

The sight was so astonishing, he felt he could gaze at this scenery forever.

The hall where the five of them sat appears to dwell inside the void of space, and before them were hundreds of planets, and other heavenly bodies like moons and suns.

Among all this expansive beauty was a single glorious planet that shone brighter than the rest, it was so massive that it left him in awe.

Dwarfing everything around it and emanating glorious waves of power.

Rowan knew what he was looking at without any prompt—Trion.