

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 131: Archimedes (4)

Rowan did not know how to describe his feelings accurately, to find himself in the endless immensity of space from the small prison of the Nexus almost felt like an illusion.

The universe before him was like a painting, and the heavenly bodies it held were precious memories that had been carefully drawn on its canvas.

Sometimes it was impossible to describe a sensation thoroughly alien to you, whatever he was feeling presently, he had never felt it before. And he found something new about himself at this time... That he was beginning to love this feeling.

The prospect of being in one place, then another in a blink of an eye was a concept that would never get old to him. Life for him had turned into a series of picture books, and anytime he blinked, a new page was turned and he appeared somewhere new.

Every blink was a new world, and he wanted to keep his eyes open long enough, so he doesn't miss anything because they went by so fast.

It was at this time that he began to feel something besides fear, anger, remorse, and a need for revenge. His life recently has been characterized by nothing else but negativity. Monstrous events after another occurred on a regular basis, and he was sure he was already partly insane.

Sitting on this table and seeing creation arrayed in front of him in this manner brought out a sense of purpose inside him that he feared he had been lacking all this time. Of course, he needed to take his revenge, he wanted to escape that invisible chain wrapped around him, but...

He wanted to be here!

The thought was like lightning in his brain, if he was capable of crossing planets or other realms with any of his abilities, he would do so. It was impossible not to not want to feel the vastness of the universe, sitting here and seeing just a small corner of it.

He wanted to walk across all of creation. He wished to explore all the sights, he yearned to taste the finest of food and wine, he desired love, connection, family, simply put, more than everything, he did not want to just exist, he wanted to live. Truly experience life and all the joy and sorrow that comes with it.

With an extremely long lifespan, what was better to do with it, than to spend it in that manner. His desires caused him to raise a hand towards the stars, and he found himself as if he were grasping at all the worlds in front of him, he clenched his hand into a fist, it appeared as if he was taking hold of all of creation in his grasp.

That desire was echoed by the Legendary Skill he had—World Engine. The desire to collect and convert worlds.

He found himself laughing, and even though the voice coming from his mouth was not his own, he did not find it disconcerting. He was an Emphyrean, and he would see far stranger sights and perform far stranger deeds.

At this time, maybe Rowan did not fully understand it, but he had come to fully accept his existence, and he did not just want to survive, he wanted to thrive!

What sort of sights would he see? He was extremely determined to pursue this goal. Anyone who stood against him, he would crush!!!

At the end of the day. I'm just trying to become a tourist. How disappointing Rowan.

"Now, isn't this an interesting sight?" A calm male voice broke him out of his reverie. The language spoken was Medan. Obviously, this language should be used outside Trion as well, although it was said the language was created by God King Golgoth, somehow Rowan doubted it.

Rowan swept his senses across the table, and was unsurprised to see that the four "statues" had reanimated. The one who resembled a kind old wizard had a smile on his face and all the gems and knick-knacks he had on his long flowing white beard glittered. He wore a flowing blue robe that had various magical runes embedded in it.

Rowan glimpsed a staff that rested by his side, and hovering on top of the staff was a cube that slowly rotated and occasionally gave out various colors of light.

The female turned out to be a beautiful woman, with eyes that glowed the white of moonlight, she had cupped her chin in her palm and was looking at him in great interest. Her hair was also white, and she wore a robe that was darker than night.

The robe seemed to merge with the darkness, which sometimes made it appear as if her head was floating in darkness.

The voice that drew Rowan away from his contemplation came from the third man who was sitting at the center of the semicircle, he appeared regal and had a commanding presence like an Emperor. His crown blazed with a golden flame, and it reminded Rowan of a dream he once had, he filed that thought for later.

The most surprising, however, was the "Demon". His skin was red, and his eyes sparkled like gemstones, at this moment he was looking at him with dumbfounded amazement.

Rowan's movements were still very sluggish, as if he was still getting used to this body, he sat down more comfortably on his chair that resembled a Throne, that Rowan discovered was hovering above the ground, "Hi, everyone!"

Wow, you are such a smooth operator Rowan, I mean of all ways to introduce yourself to beings who might wipe you out of existence with just a blink of their eyes... you chose that?

A loud sound reverberated around the hall, like the blare from a trumpet. It was long, and it seemed to continue for an eternity before it stopped.

A genderless voice suddenly proclaimed, "Congratulations, Ohrox, Prince of Destruction, for your successful resurrection, and your rekindling of your Infernal Spark. The scourge of creation has risen, let all of creation tremble."

The empty, almost robotic way the voice spoke made Rowan feel a weird disquietness, if a corpse had ever spoken, this is what it would sound like.

Was this voice talking about him? Was the identity of this demon's body Ohrox? If that was the case, he could detect no other souls or spirits here with him inside, he could tell because he was a Soul Reaver. This body was empty.

What sort of identity did he just manage to steal?

"How's that possible?" The Demon gasped, "I can see you here with me, but it's still hard for me to believe it. Ohrox, I watched Tiberius render your Physical form to nothingness, and he took your bones to build his throne. Volgim crushed your Infernal Spark inside the God Forge, and Golgoth shattered your Origin Treasure. How can you still be alive? Apart from your castle, your Abyssal level had been seized millennia ago."

Wow. This person had really been placed inside the blender, wasn't he? Is this what it took to kill a Demon Prince? This Demon seemed to know the identity of this body closely, I must be careful with everything I'm saying.

Even as Rowan's thought flew about, he softly spoke, "Yet, here I am."

The genderless voice sounded once more. "The Origin Treasure of the Prince of Destruction has taken root inside a Divine Mental Space, and a new Prince of Destruction has been born."

Rowan's mind seized on the phrase "New Prince of Destruction." Was this body a title, and not just a singular identity? If so, he might have a chance.

"Is that the reason I cannot see any trace of Karma on him? He has no affiliation or thrones, no armies or worlds, he is... empty!" The man with the flowing white beard spoke, and he stroked that glorious beard.

Rowan was determined if he survives in the future to grow a beard like that someday.

## Chapter 132: Archimedes (5)

"Ohrox has always been lucky, if his Origin Treasure had found a Pathless Divine Mental Space and his Infernal Spark is being reignited, then this is a cause for celebration." The woman spoke, "It's not often, if at all we receive such satisfactory news, my dear Ohrox, you must come find me at Terminus, I shall prepare a feast worthy of your eminence."

"Back away, Crow!" The demon sternly said, "You would rather feast on him than prepare him a feast."

"hahaha... I am not a mindless mongrel... I prefer eating knowledge, not flesh, unlike your kin." The woman smiled.

The Demon actually growled, "Little crow, if I remembered correctly your descendants are having a trial inside my gardens, why don't we put them to the test and see their true taste?"

"Those low breeds have as much connection with me, as an ant to a mountain." the woman tapped the table, the sound coming from her unconscious motions were like thunder strikes, "But I accept your challenge, what shall be the..."

"Enough!" The regal man with the crown hammered the table, "Cease your endless bickering. This is a glorious moment, where a lost member of our Covenant returns, we should all come together in welcoming him and protecting the fragment of his Infernal Spark until he recovers. I shall accept no other words but meaningful statements in this hallowed hall."

"If that is the case." The demon bared his teeth, "Don't let the damn crow play with the fate of a weakened Prince of the Abyss!"

"Oh, I'm sure she has nothing but goodwill, Kohron, Prince of Strife." The regal man smiled and turned to the woman, "don't you, Fiona Shadowsoul."

"Of course Arlushan." She touched her chest, "His awakening is the closest to a miracle as I've ever witnessed, and we shall all protect his emerging Infernal Spark until we have another potent pillar for the Covenant once more."

The genderless voice chimed once more, "Ohrox Prince of Destruction, on his awakening has destroyed a third of the planet Jarkarr, dubbed JR-AG311. A resource rich planet with a Class-B rating."

"The planet is protected heavily from outside interference and has successfully quelled the advancements of the Covenant 593 times in the past seven centuries."

"This result is stellar, and the right to claim the planet has been allocated to the Prince of Destruction. Consensus should be placed on how many Elura fragments are to be allocated to his Eminence."

The hall was silent for a while before boisterous laughter broke the stillness, "I have always looked up to you Ohrox, and you did not shame the names of the Princes of the Abyss. See this, you skinny Crow! This is what you and your dusty books can never accomplish! This is a Prince of the Abyss!"

The Demon's wings began to blaze, and his laughter echoed far into space, and Rowan's eyes nearly twitched when he saw that space was tearing apart around the laughing mouth of the Demon.

Rowan had been silent all these while as he observed these powerful beings, he did not take their banter at face value, if he underestimated any of these creatures, he was surely going to die. There was no doubt about that.

He had nearly been killed because he just glimpsed a goddess, he could not even imagine how destructive they could become if they began actively hunting him. Although this Demonic body his Spirit inhabited seemed to protect his Spirit from any foreign influence, he would not bet his life on it.

Especially at this moment when he was implicating someone else, his mind had been running at a thousand miles a second to understand the implications of their words, and he could infer some certain things.

Rowan would be careful, but he must not be too careful, according to them, he had resurrected, and he was expected to be a blank slate because his Soul and Origin Treasure were destroyed.

He had a certain leeway in his speech and movements, and he could certainly ask some questions that he could not before, or this might be a trap for him, as always, the safest option was to be quiet and listen closely, speak only when spoken to, and only say what was necessary.

It would seem that the Flesh of Madness had caused a more disastrous result than he had ever expected, he had already destroyed a third of the planet with what he had considered a minor hindrance that should be solved in a month even if he did not make

any move, the passive gathering of Soul Points would be enough to push him to the Peak of Legendary at that time.

"This is indeed great news," The regal man who Rowan now knew was named Arlushan spoke, "Yet, we must send a representative to verify these claims, such a drastic change in a protected resource planet needs to be verified. Of course, the full remuneration would be allocated to the Prince of Destruction."

"Tsk... who are you to question the findings of the Oracle, Arlushan." The Demon Khoron said, "There is no need for any verification from your court or any of your towers as I do not trust their discretion, at this time no one knows the act was committed by the Prince of Destruction, and it should remain that way."

"I propose an immediate payment for his feats with the highest amounts of Elura fragments possible for such a deed and anyone who dares question the valiance of a Prince of the Abyss, shall taste my fury!"

"You have placed credible points before the table, Khoron." The old man with the flowing white beard said, "It is impossible to question the judgment of the Oracle, and although I find it difficult to understand how a weakened Ohrox would destroy a third of Jarkarr so quickly and efficiently."

"I do know the valor of the Prince of Destruction, and I support your proposal for immediate compensation, taking that planet would send ripples all around the battlefields. He would need all the help he can get, for his quick recovery, if I understand it correctly."

Khoron sneered, "You understand nothing about us." He looked towards Rowan and nodded his head, a show of solidarity, Rowan supposed.

Rowan returned the gesture and the demon smiled back at him, and it struck Rowan that except for his scaly red skin and his large bat wings, the demon was extraordinarily handsome, maybe this was a trait all divine being shared.

Rowan also turned and nodded towards the old man, who inclined his head slightly to the left, as the smile remained ever present on his face.

Arlushan sighed, "I suppose it would be a moot point now to argue this point, but I do hope that the Prince of Destruction would temper his fury on this resource world, for it would be an important source of income to himself and the Covenant. The Astrarium Devotees require massive amounts of that particular resource that the planet holds, and they would be a great ally."

Rowan glanced at Arlushan, who was gazing deeply at him, "I will consider your advice."

Arlushan paused for a while, perhaps he was displeased with Rowan's answer, but Rowan knew acting any more submissive was a recipe for disaster. His arrogance was to be expected.

Arlushan suddenly spoke, "Spectacular! I remembered your towering might 960,000 years ago on the battlefield, and I would not forget that you planted twelve pillars into Trion, a record that was barely matched by me."

"That was because he was killed halfway during the war, or he would have left you far behind." Khoron snickered.

"I suppose there is truth in what you say. Now where are our manners? Even if the memory of the prince returns as his Infernal Spark reignites, we should not fail to properly introduce ourselves."

## **Chapter 133: Archimedes (6)**

Arlushan next words came out like he was performing a ritual, and since the Medan language had a flowing rhythm to it, it was almost as if he were chanting an old forgotten dirge about the gods and devils of bygone eras.

Yet, these gods and devils were here with him, and in a freak occurrence he was one of them.

"I am Arlushan Endirius, 7 Star Arch mage of the House of Endirius. I am the leader of Covenant. To my left is Khoron, Prince of Strife, a ruler of the 67th level of the Great Abyss."

Arlushan gestured toward his right with a wave of his hand, "This is Fiona Shadowsoul 5 Star Arch mage Matriarch of the Circle of Twilight and Ulremazz Igorin 5 Star Arch mage of the Arcanist Union."

With every mention of their name, Rowan noticed that the surrounding space was subtly changed, it was as if speaking their names changed the surrounding reality, and molded it to their image. He could perhaps only see this because he was inhabiting the body of this demon.

When Arlushan spoke his name, especially when he mentioned Endirius, Rowan saw a world of fire. No, not a world. A Star, burning so bright it cast all the shadows from the corner of the Cosmos, and Rowan knew in this place there was no night! Inside this sun was a massive tower that seemed to have no beginning or end.

When Khoron name was spoken, Rowan saw an endless labyrinth, where Demons and Devils that numbered in the hundreds of billions battled for an eternity, from colossal Basilisks to shrieking Imps, this labyrinth was a maze of madness.

For Fiona Shadowsoul, it revealed to him a world that was being carried by a gigantic white crow, around the head of this crow were five moons, and the world the crow carried was a massive world that pulsed with power.

Ulremazz Igorin was the most peculiar, it only revealed to him a wooden hut by the side of a river, where a young girl in a straw hat was fishing, there was nothing spectacular about this image, that was until Rowan looked into the River and instead of seeing fishes he saw souls.

This immediately raised Rowan hackles, it was impossible to not think about the Primordial Keepers whenever any aspect of Souls came up, and anyone that touches that aspect was inevitably in the sights of the Keepers. Rowan kept the name of the Arcanist Union in mind.

"We are Covenant. A group tasked by the Supreme World of the Magus and the Supreme World of the Abyss to obstruct the Ascension of Trion to a Supreme World."

Rowan head pecked up at that statement, "Obstruction?" He said, his voice was low and gravely.

"Yes, Golgoth the so-called God king of Trion has embarked on a new path that threatens to destabilize the balance of the Universe. The rise of Trion in the last million years has been unprecedented, and if they are not eradicated at their infancy, there would be a war to threaten all of creation."

"If Trion is allowed Ascension to a Supreme World, there are..."

The voice of Arlushan was interrupted by a loud shout that echoed from the depths of the void, "Mmmmaaasssstttteeeeeerrrrr!!!"

A green lightning bolt, that pierced through the void and was travelling faster than the speed of light, zipped across space into the arms of Rowan and began rubbing itself all over him.

It was a black cat with wings of lightning who was flitting around Rowan so fast that it was throwing dozens of thick lightning bolts all around the hall. They must pack quite a punch for they melted considerable lines of molten craters all around the hall, but those scars faded away quickly and when the bolts neared any of the seated people here they simply vanished, or we're diverted, absorbed or eaten.

Fiona Shadowsoul cleaned the side of her mouth and delicately burped.



"Control your familiar Ohrox, else it would be barred from the Covenant." Arlushan said quietly, but he was grinning.

The black cat stopped long enough to pause at Rowan's face and sniffed, its face changed from excitement to puzzlement, and it began sniffing more deeply. It cocked its head from side to side as it rapidly circled Rowan before returning to his face and peered deeply into his eyes.

Rowan's stomach dropped, if this was the familiar of the previous Prince of Destruction, would it detect something wrong with him? Rowan knew he was very lucky not to be detected by those seated here because his Status as a Transmigrator was similar to a newly born soul because his Soul had no ties to anything inside this Universe, and he had no affiliations to anyone.

Rowan knew he was able to escape their initial scrutiny only with this, and he had no doubt there would be more tests in the future, was the next one here?

The puzzlement from the black cat became replaced by excitement that was so palpable, the black cat turned to a living embodiment of lightning, that flooded the entire hall, but the lightning did not touch Rowan but encircled him instead, like a cocoon.

"Master, your ever devoted familiar Archimedes is here to serve. Please bound me to your side once more, Master."

A glowing lightning crystal emerged from the head of the lightning cat Archimedes, and with his senses Rowan, could see the annoyance at Archimedes for her abrupt appearance in the faces of these godlike beings turning to shock.

Rowan was quiet for a while, he understood the concept of familiars, they were magical creatures that were soul bound to a single individual, and they acted as the shadow and an integral part of that individual just like another limb.

Although he had first believed that Familiars were low-level creatures who were associated with weak mortals, there was nothing weak about this lightning cat.

But, according to what he knew, familiars were supposed to perish at the death of their bounded companion, so that begs the question, if this was the previous familiar of the Demon Prince, why would it still be alive even after the death of its contractor?

"You do not have to be wary of her loyalty Ohrox," Khoron the Demon Prince said, "The Lightning Kirin, Archimedes has seven lives, after she lost her first to your death, she has been waging an unending war against the gods of Trion without any aid, she has already lost five of her lives and she is down to her last, without your resurrection, she would not have lasted another millennia, as she has been dealing death to all that harmed you."

Rowan looked at the little lightning cat, it had retracted all the surrounding lightning, except for its wings, she was fluffy and cute and was trembling a little.

Rowan current body was still weak, but he gently raised his hand and caressed the head of the little cat, who opened her eyes and seeing Rowan, she began to cry, while trying to grit her teeth.

"Why did you take all those risks for me, Archimedes?" Rowan gently said.

Archimedes sniffled between her words, "you... were... alone master, I was not by your side, and I wanted to... needed to... make it right, for you are... my master."

Rowan pushed back the crystal into her head, "Then come find me in Jarkarr, I would make you my right hand once more."

"Would you master? Am I worthy to be the contract of your esteemed new body?"

Rowan nodded at her and smiled, somehow he was aware that this lightning Kirin was aware of his Empyrean body, beast with special bloodline were more linked to the fundamental forces of creation than most, and she would be a valuable source of information.

## **Chapter 134: Archimedes (final)**

"Yay... then I've to be going master, the trip would take a year, but I would hurry as fast as I can." Archimedes pumped her claws in celebration, and she turned and bared her teeth to the rest of the Covenant, "Be wary of your dealing with them master, they refused to fall with you on that day, and all ran with their tails between their legs as you alone faced the might of all the gods of Trion."

"I don't think sending us all to our death in an endless series of mindless death should be the way we avenge your master Archimedes." Ulremazz said as he massaged his brows.

"It should be your honor." The lightning Kirin sniffed and looked away in disdain, and Ulremazz chuckled wryly.

Saying another heartfelt goodbye to Rowan, the Archimedes transformed into enormous bolts of lightning and streaked far into space, her destination, Jarkarr.

"I have always wondered..." said Fiona Shadowsoul, "How a Demon of Destruction such as you Ohrox would have the loyalty of a Lightning Kirin. None in my Coven had succeeded."

"And they never will." Khoron sneered, "Face the facts, Crow, no matter how you want to paint the facade over your powers. You are a death dealer, your lot is by the grave with the lost and the departed and the Lightning Kirin is a creature of light and valor of bravery and bloodlust. You can never have her."

"Every time you speak, I'm reminded that in the Abyss, even a flea with the brain size of a needle head can become a god." Fiona Shadowsoul shot back.

"Yet, you are envious of an accomplishment that so many of us easily achieve, while your entire Coven languish in jealousy." Khoron smirked, "I wonder what that makes of you?"

Arlushan tapped the table, "Let's return to the reason we assembled here. The matter of the glorious resurrection of one of our own, and his gradual reinstatement into his Throne. In addition to the Elura Fragments to be given to him, we must also allocate Worlds, armies, resources..."

Rowan discovered everything around him was slowly turning gray, like the monochrome television of his previous life.

Arlushan and everyone else at the table turned to him, and Rowan noticed that their eyes glowed in an alien manner, and for the briefest of a moment, he understood that what he was seeing was just a shell used by these creatures, their names had revealed a small part of their nature, but whatever they were.

It was vast and old and extremely horrifying.

"Of course, it must be strenuous for you to activated your Origin Treasure for so long. When you have not reignited your Infernal Spark. Rest well Ohrox, Prince of Destruction, as we shall manage the details of your affair in a satisfactory manner."

Rowan closed his eyes and felt his consciousness zipped across the Cosmos into his body, and he eyes snapped open.

He spent the next two minutes holding his head as a piercing pain from a long overdrawn Spirit nearly tore his mind apart.

When he came to, Rowan was silent. Whatever damages done to him by over drawing his Spirit had been healed, and his mind was fully alert.

He buckled the Spatial bracelet on his right wrist and used his Spirit to collect pieces of tactical gear, but he took only a fitting underwear and an armored trouser that looked and felt like silk. It was black with many two pockets each by the side. The shoes were black heavy boots and Rowan instantly fell in love with them.

Rowan did not sweat or did he have any discernible body odor, so he wore the underwear and trousers without any discomfort, leaving his upper body bare. His feet slid into the boots, and he nearly groaned in pleasure. Something about keeping your foot embraced inside a warm enclosure always brought comfort.

He retrieved wine and a considerable slab of seasoned meat. Breaking a small pile of wood from the crates used to store other odds and ends, he easily made a fire, the wood was dry and quickly caught the flame, and they gave out a fragrant smoke similar to Apple wood.

Rowan used his Telekinetic ability to slowly rotate the meat over the open flame, and the flames soon began to sizzle, and the fat began to melt.

He kept his mind blank and chose to let his subconscious mull over the events that had just transpired, and his eyes had a glazed look.

The wines was still chilled, as it would seem that the Spatial bracelet, kept items in the same condition that they were placed in. This should be a very useful feature for him.

He waited until the meat was well cooked and fragrant, and he stamped out the fire, he made his way to outside the mountain, to see a new day breaking.

He sat and watched the sun rise as he feasted on the meat and drank his wine. It was hard to imagine under this rising sun that a third of life on this planet had been destroyed because of his curse.

How many people would have died just to justify that amount of death? Rowan finished the last drop of the wine and took another, and broke it open.

The chillness on his tongue transformed to a blazing heat inside his chest, and his mind wandered corridors best left untouched.

What was happening on this planet was not of his will. But that did not mean he had no part in the blame.

Since the monsters used his body as a source of nutrition to grow, then he would collect all that belongs to him.

Rowan had seen too many death and destruction in such a short while that he no longer knew how to process grief.

He could only try to correct the wrongs he would come across and live his life in a manner that would make him sleep at night without wondering about the nature of his heart.

But as he could no longer sleep, he had to drown his pains in other ways.

In a short while, he was left with a long bone, most likely coming from the thigh of an animal, it was very hard and Rowan swung it around to feel its weight.

Holding his wine in his left hand, he simply stepped off the mountain and dropped like a rock. His hair flared up behind him as he shot past the patchy cloud.

He subtly guides his fall away from the mountain, and soon he could see signs of civilization to the North, and he guided himself towards the west where he could see signs of conflicts.

He would gather information and Soul points as he made his way North, he soon began to see the battle that was clearly happening below him.

A giant golden wolf had gathered tens of thousands of the native species of wolflike creatures on this planet. The beast had created a massive army that ranged from wolf's the size of small dogs to the size of elephants.

They were tearing through a town whose resistance that was formed by its militia had been broken to pieces, and the beasts were beginning to tear this place apart, flames and screams rose up in equal measure as a familiar dance of violence took place below him.

I will take back what is mine!

He began adding momentum to his fall, pushing himself ever faster. Rowan started directing his fall towards the wolf, his speed was now so fast, his passage left a shrill whistle in the air, and he called up his Flesh Light and red flame surrounded him, before that too was covered by a green flame when he summoned Bone Fire.

By now, he was beginning to notice that his presence had been detected, but he did not care, he would be surprised if he was not seen, for he resembled a falling green sun.

He broke the sound barrier a moment before he reached the golden wolf, who fearlessly leaped at him.

Rowan smiled, just as they clashed.

## **Chapter 135: The Town**

Rowan's Strength, Agility and his main weapons were gone or severely suppressed, without these, his combat ability had dropped to the bottom, but he still had his Spirit. He had awakened Aether, and he had his flames and his other Ability runes. They would have to be enough.

The golden wolf was as tall as twenty feet, a single storey building, and its head was the size of a cow, with many dagger – sharp teeth. Its golden fur rippled with the wind as it lifted from the ground and fearlessly attacked the falling Rowan.

Rowan and the golden wolf collided with the sound of a large thunderclap, that silenced the entire chaotic battle.

Rowan shoved the bone into the open mouth of the wolf, which was not a hard thing to do, as the head of the golden wolf was as large as his body.

He tried to edge to the side, as the green flame around him acted like an explosive that shoved his body to the side, while the red flames poured into the open mouth of the golden wolf.

But his speed was too fast, and he clipped the side of the wolf's snout, and at the speed they came together, every motion carried a devastating force.

Rowan emerged as the losing party of that clash, his body nearly folding in half, as he dodged the large claws from the golden wolf with the slightest of margins, his body was sent crashing to the ground.

The ground did not serve as any form of obstruction to him as his body plowed through the floor, leaving a trench for hundreds of meters before his body was bounced by a long metal tubing inside the ground. He slammed into the side of a building that resembled a factory with a loud bang.

Rowan's body tore through the entire structure, before his momentum was arrested, and he slid for another fifteen feet before he stopped.

Rowan was a little dizzy as he slowly stood up, he hurriedly scanned his clothes and boots and seeing them in great condition, he smiled, he had wrapped them in a field of Telekinesis during the descent and clash, and it was nice to see that the force diverting properties of the Telekinesis field he cooked up worked well enough.

He had no method to counter such a large amount of force with his fledgling Telekinesis ability, but he could divert them to the closest surface he was touching, like the ground or the building he slammed into, reducing the amount of force that reached his body.

This was a new application of his abilities that he was excited about, and he would strive to refine it, until he hoped, one day, he might be able to divert a hundred percent of the force exerted on his body.

The building he crashed through collapsed with a loud rumble, he had been flung deep into the broken town, which resembled an industrial complex of some sort.

He had landed before a group of bedraggled individuals that carried heavy wounds and were trying to flee, there might have been less than fifty left; they were all males, most were young with only three that should be in their fifties.

Rowan looked around him, at the surprised faces that looked at him as if he were either a freak or a messiah, he had gotten used to such looks and not minding those faces, he glanced ahead at the golden wolf that had slammed back to the ground in the midst of its armies.

It landed on its back with a furious snarl and hurriedly returned to its feet. Their eyes met across the distance, and it snapped at him, Rowan smirked and brought up his hand that previously held the bone and showed his empty palm to the wolf.

Rowan knew this creature had cunning for he could see awareness inside its red eyes that were set deep into its skull, most likely a defensive adaptation to protect its fragile orb, but it just made the wolf appear incredibly malevolent.

Those sinister eyes narrowed in contemplation and Rowan smiled as he snapped his finger, and another loud rumble echoed on the battlefield.

This time it was coming from the stomach of the giant wolf. It howled loudly as blood and large pieces of its viscera were explosively shot out of its mouth, and it began bleeding from all the orifices in its body. It shook and nearly fell to the ground.

Yet, this was only the start, the stomach of the golden wolf began to expand, and its desperate howl began to increase in intensity, as it seemed to be sending out a message.

The horde of wolves attacking the nearly destroyed town began to retreat towards the golden wolf, and it began to snap at them as it consumed their flesh.

They fearlessly crowded around it, serving as a wall of flesh to protect it. Whatever it was trying to achieve by consuming the wolves was still too late, as the reaction occurring inside the stomach of the wolf reached a breaking point and it exploded.

The explosion was like a red rose blooming inside a field of black and gray. It expanded in a circle as it consumed thousands of wolves around the golden wolf, who had called the majority of its army to his side.

Their dying howls were like a symphony of pain being stretched out for an uncomfortably long time, as Flesh Light vaporized them until the bones, which only lasted a few seconds before it too was consumed, and this dastardly flame made sure to preserve their lives until the last moment.

Rowan himself winced from the sound of ten thousand wolves howling to their deaths.

Flesh Light was a powerful tool against creatures of flesh and blood, it tended to melt them down into gooey soup as it fed on their blood for sustenance.

The bloom of heat emerging from that inferno made Rowan take a step back, while the rest of the people who still lived ran back in shock and pain from the dreadful heat.

Rowan hoped that the sounds from the flames would not tear apart the sanity of some of these folks, but he doubted it. The forces he was currently able to control were not too suitable for the eyes or ears of mortals. Rowan stood alone, and the flames colored his eyes scarlet.

The howl of the golden wolf continued for a while inside the depth of that conflagration before it stopped, most of the wolflike creatures had already hurtled towards the golden wolf before the Flesh Light exploded and only a small amount were left barely in their hundreds, while more than half the town had turned to ash due to the heat from the flames.

As if freed from a spell, the remaining wolves began to flee, and Rowan searched for the spot where most of them were clustered together, and he activated the Ability Rune for Bone Fire.

Aether freely poured into the Ability Rune that resembled a green bamboo, and he straightened his right hand, the air in front of him shivered as if it was a battered wife anticipating the inevitable blow from the abusive husband.

He was nearly pushed back when a pillar of flame that was about half the size of half his body shot out from his hand like a cannon.

The green flames sliced through everything in its path and reached the spots with the greatest clusters of wolflike creatures and began tearing its way through them.

Rowan began moving his hands steadily to the left, as the flame left a trail of devastation along its path. Anything it touches would be melted through and a second later, it would explode.

After making a 90° sweep through everything in front of him, Rowan let the flames die out, shaking his hand as if discarding a phantom flamethrower. The wine he held in his left hand still had a quarter of its content left, and it was a very fine wine.

## **Chapter 136: The Town (2)**

He pushed the jar to his lips, and his face squeezed a little in dissatisfaction. The wine was no longer cold, but boiling hot due to the intense flames he had been throwing all around him.



The heat must have diluted its alcohol contents for he did not feel the pleasant snap on his tongue, he threw the empty jug aside, of course, he still drank every drop, he would never look down on free stuff.

With all the weapons inside his Spatial bracelet, he had nearly picked another weapon, but an idea occurred to him, and he chose to use the bones to contend with the golden wolf.

It was because he wanted to reduce its wariness against his weapon of choice, as he knew the golden wolf might not necessarily swallow a metallic weapon, for he needed it to swallow, for his plans to work at its maximum effect.

This detail was important because he had placed the Flesh Light Crystal that was created by gathering the Spirit of the General when he was refining the Spatial bracelet.

He had investigated it, and saw that the crystal covering it could be easily shattered by pressure or heat, and it contained a frightening amount of the red flames that had been compressed.

He had placed the Crystal inside the bone and when they clashed he had pushed it into the mouth of the wolf, who had promptly swallowed it, Rowan had followed with a burst of Flesh Light down its throat to also prime the crystal, and the results were... devastating to say the least.

The red flames began to die down with supernatural quickness, as Flesh Light, as the name might suggest, fed on flesh and there was nothing left. Rowan saw three gleaming spots inside the ruins that were left behind and nearly grinned, it would seem that he also had extra bonuses on top of the souls that had begun streaming into him.

Hearing the sound of footsteps behind him, he did not have to turn to see a sturdy man with patches of white on his beard and carrying what resembled a rifle walking to him and stopped about fifteen feet behind him, with clear hesitation in his face.

Rowan was surprised at the bravery of this man because judging by the fluctuations coming from his body, he should be a Rift State Dominator, and although Rowan was at the Legendary State and his current Attributes placed were around the levels of the Rift State, it was impossible for any Rift state Dominator to possess his level of power or wield the sort of ability that he had.

He looked at the wine jug that Rowan had just discarded, and his gaze traveled to the pure devastation in front of him and he gulped.

The man opened his mouth to speak, and he paused, clearly flustered and when he gathered himself and wanted to finally speak, Rowan interrupted him, "Step back, it's not yet over." Rowan turned to the man fully and said, "What is your name?" knowing it was one of the best methods to break the ice between strangers.

"Yurlov, my... my lord. I am the Head of the Guards—watch of the town." Rowan would not give his name, for he was just a passerby in this world.

"Good. Yurlov, tell your people to stay back, as far away from the town as possible, I will move the threat towards the mountain, but I might fail, and anyone inside this zone... " Rowan gestured to show a broad sweep of the town, "... Would die! This is important, for the threat is not over."

"Threats? My lord, can anything survive that?" The man pointed his shaking hand at what could only be called a devastated wasteland.

His Bone Fire had torn deep trenches into the earth that were dozens of feet deep, and its explosive properties had widened those wounds to gaping craters, the entire grounds were covered with pieces of flesh and fur, with Flesh Light turning half the ground in its explosive vicinity to glass.

Rowan's descent on this town was like a thousand bombs exploding at once, he had left nothing behind.

Rowan spoke softly, "You would be surprised Yurlov, now hurry and get them as far away from here as possible, it will be over soon."

"At once, my lord!" He snapped a quick salute and began shouting orders to the men behind him, Rowan saw that most of them were mortals. He saw only dozens of Legendary Dominators except Yurlov, who was in the Rift state, although their bloodlines were not related to the seven great families.

Witnessing a powerful figure that was clearly on their side and giving meaningful directives, the people began gaining a semblance of calm. Order began to emerge from the chaos, and they gathered around three long vehicles that were powered by a source Rowan did not know of and they began driving away.

Rowan shook his head and began walking towards the impact site of the Flesh Light, tabulating all the souls he had collected, he was surprised it was less than 400 points. His mind began to theorize about why this number was far lower than he expected.

The most likely cause, he guessed, was that Abominations must possess a large volume of soul inside each individual body. Because Rowan was sure, Lamia was supercharging each Abomination she made by infusing dozens of life into every single one of her spawns.

He might never know the true number of people killed and fed to Lamia, but he may have killed thousands of Abominations, but who knew how many uncountable tens of thousands were fed to her to create those.

Rowan sighed, he must have slaughtered thousands of these wolves in a brief moment, and he doubted that each of them gave him more than a tenth of a single Soul point.

Yet, he was not dissatisfied with these results, as he was excited to see the full potential of his flames when he did not have to struggle to perform precise controls every time he released them.

It suddenly occurred to Rowan that he might just be overstepping his bounds.

Think about it, to craft clothes from flames seemed insane, but Rowan wanted to achieve that milestone, the first time he had access to his Aether, without any formal training or knowledge.

Yet, his fumbling had paid off, at least he could tear apart these mobs with ease when the situation called for it, and his understanding of Aether had clearly taken a leap forward, giving him a new weapon during this moment of weakness.

Apparently, don't I have a Divine Mental Space? Is it because of the blank gray face in my Mental Space, or is it because I have two Empyrean bloodlines that have most likely elevated every aspect of my body? Rowan thought it was most likely the combination of both.

He had gathered over 800 Soul points when he combined the 300 plus points he collected over the time he spent cracking the Spatial bracelet and this battle. He was on his way to unlocking his full potential.

With his current command over Aether paired with his indomitable physique, he would far exceed his previous limits.

He was halfway towards the glowing red crystals that were left after the explosion, most likely they were similar to the crystals that stored compressed Flesh Light.

Rowan felt the ground tremble in front of him, and he paused before it exploded open, and a blur raced up to him.

Rowan had expected something like this, the Soul points he collected were too low, coupled with the knowledge that any creature spawned from his flesh could never be easily destroyed, turns out he was right on both counts.

Rowan manifested a large rectangular Tower Shield that was more than six feet tall, and had long spikes at the edges, and he proceeded to slam the Tower Shield into the ground with one smooth motion.

## **Chapter 137: The Town (3)**

When Rowan slammed the shield on the ground, the spikes penetrated the earth, giving the shield extra stability, and he set his feet and braced himself, just as he called on his Berserker Skill—Bash. The shield glowed with a golden red light, and then the blur impacted on the shield.

"BOOM!!!"

The sound was like a gong, and the middle of the shield caved in a little. The force from the impact pushed Rowan back and his leg left skid marks on the ground as the ground where they had slammed together caved in and a visible wave of force spread out from the impact site.

A large figure was thrown back more than forty feet, and it landed with a loud bang inside a half destroyed building and collapsed the entire structure.

Every technique he had seemed to be supercharged by Aether, and in battle he did not have to struggle for control over it, he could just let loose and let his foes use their bodies to soak up the impacts, while he learned on how to dole out death effectively to his enemies.

Rowan considered it a win-win.

Holding the shield with one hand, he brought out a massive Mace on the other and banged his shield twice—A sign of challenge to the golden wolf.

The rubble stirred, and a ghastly figure pushed itself out from the ruin. Flesh Light had stayed true to its name, it had melted every single bit of flesh from the golden wolf, leaving nothing but gleaming golden bones.

Rowan could see stubborn patches of the red flames on the joints of the wolf that burned away any hopes for this creature to regenerate its flesh for the moment.

What was left was a massive golden skeleton that had a slightly cracked empty eye socket as a result of their clash. The bones resembled a highly advanced robot as it prowled towards him.

Inside the empty eye socket that was bleeding red flames, as a result of the Flesh Light constantly burning the flesh inside the skull of the golden wolf, he could detect a crazed will.

This creature was born from his body, and he understood more than anyone else the tyrannical nature of his flesh, although it would appear that the nature of his flesh had been watered down and spread across all the monsters spawned from his body, it was still not something that could be easily overlooked.

From the Attribute it had displayed, the golden wolf should be at the peak of Incarnation, and he knew it was not among the most powerful of the monsters he had glimpsed when he was falling into the planet.

The real problem was that he was sure these beasts were growing stronger, and if drastic measures were not taken, an unknown disaster with far-reaching consequences might have started up on this planet.

The wolf gave a silent cry that appeared incredibly haunting and charged, its speed was still fast despite not having any muscles or flesh to back its motions.

This was the same reason Rowan was able to move despite having his Spine severed when he was fighting the General, it was the same reason the golden wolf could still function without any many impediments to its actions.

His unique Constitution made it possible for him to still function with injuries that would otherwise impede anyone else, and even a diluted version of his body had those traits, coupled with his insane vitality and endurance, it was no wonder that this world was falling to pieces in the hands of these creatures.

Rowan knew this battle would not be easy with his current condition, but this might just be precisely what he needed to refine his abilities further.

He was too powerful for the enemies that he should safely challenge in order to grow. No, if he should rephrase that, the enemies in his power bracket were too weak to hurt him effectively, and if he attacked those far stronger than him, the risk for unknown mishaps happening was very high, since he did not know their full capabilities.

This wolf presented the best opportunity for him to learn to control Aether during battle, and it would serve as his whetstone.

His Berserker skills would be his gateway for him to properly learn to control Aether, and his eyes focused on the prowling wolf, who was smart and had learned it lesson and did not charge mindlessly at him.

As it circled him, Rowan also turned with it, making sure the shield was between the wolf and his body. He also began moving backward, so he could shift this battle away from the people as much as possible.

Even though they had moved quite some distance away, Rowan knew that with their capabilities, they would be able to cross that distance in a blink of an eye.

It would be very careless to ignore those that were vulnerable when he could save their lives by making small changes to the battle.

The wolf may have gotten impatient, as its wounds were not healing, and it was not seeing any opening from Rowan, and then it attacked, but instead of charging with the pedal to the metal as it previously did, it came close to him with a single bound that rapidly cut the distance between them to nothing and opened its massive jaws attempting to bite him in half.

Rowan used the Berserker Skill—Smash, the wolf quickly shifted its head backward and Rowan misjudged the proper angle and the amount of force that the skill would exert on his movement and the mace slammed into the ground.

The jaws of the wolf snapped forward and Rowan pressed his body lower behind the shield, seeing its prey behind a barrier, the wolf snarled and closed its jaws around the shield and dragged it back, Rowan released it as he could not compete with the strength of the wolf.

The wolf stepped back, and brought its head up and snapped the shield in two. The bite force was so strong, the top half of the shield was sent flying hundreds of feet into the air. It was clearly trying to disarm him.

Should Rowan take the time to tell the wolf that he had a hundred other shields like that?

Rowan did not waste the opening, and used his Berserker skill—Combo Attack. Fueled by Aether, the mace became a blur in his hands, knocking the head of the wolf backwards in a series of loud blows that sounded like gunshots.

Rowan noticed that with Combo Attack, each successful successive blow increased the might of the upcoming blow, and its peculiar ability to leech Spirit from the body of the opponent was overkill.

The last blow from the Combo Attack twisted the head of the wolf to the side and sent dozens of its dagger length teeth flying.

Rowan was never one to give up opportunities, and all the battles inside the Nexus has given him a keen eye for openings and taking advantage of the flow of battle.

Seeing the wolf had been knocked back, Rowan used the Berserker Skill—Dash, and he turned to a red blur as his speed increased to eight times his current max speed, and he also used Bash with the Mace, striking the lower jaw of the wolf, with the added force from his intense acceleration he tore off the jaw of the wolf.

The wolf made a weird hissing sound from the remnants of its throat and leaped backward, Rowan wanted to follow and sensed a weird movement of Aether around the wolf and he paused. Instinct made him bring out another massive Tower Shield and set it up in front of him.

Massive amounts of Aether began funneling into the wolf, causing a large commotion, as it caused a mini tornado to form around the wolf. The amount of Aether entering the body of the wolf was staggering, far more than it would need for any imaginable technique.

## Chapter 138: The Town (4)

All those Aether disappeared into its body without any single iota of its being wasted, and the wolf shuddered, just as a phantom image of a black wolf with three heads appeared on the head of the wolf.

The phantom image was packed with dense slabs of muscles, and the three headed wolf was built like a tank.

Was that an Incarnation?

He had always wondered about this next state that came after the Rift state, which was supposed to be the pinnacle of the first Circle of Dominators.

Most would never even reach this

State, and those that did were revered for their sheer power. Dominators at this level were powerhouses in their own right and could control a large portion of land.

Although his Attributes may be equal to Dominators at the Incarnation State, it did not mean he had all their skill set.

In the battle with General Augustus, he apparently did not use any of the powers of his Incarnation, most likely because he had underestimated Rowan and did not know of his quick power surge just after he killed the three-faced Abomination, or maybe there was a cost in using an Incarnation that he did not yet know because he refused to believe the General left anything to chance.

The phantom black wolf sank into the head of the wolf and a layer of black smoke began emerging from the bones of the wolf, covering its body like another flesh. It should have suppressed the effects of Flesh Light, as two pale eyes gleaming with fury grew out from its empty socket.

It created another jaw made of black smoke and crouched low to the ground, the growl from its chest beginning to vibrate the earth, sending small stones and dust flying. The surrounding began to darken as it seemed as if the presence of the wolf was draining the light out of the day.

The energy that the wolf was giving off had suddenly tripled, and a tongue made of black smoke licked its chops.

Rowan's serpentine eyes were devoid of nothing but curiosity at the new capabilities of the wolf, and he squeezed the Mace, it was slightly bent, but it was still a solid weapon, and it would still serve.

He barely saw the next charge of the wolf, as the moment his Spirit detected its movement, it was already a few feet away from him.

Rowan did not stand still or retreat, as he was already priming the skills he was about to use. He did the opposite and used Dash, while pouring Aether into the Bash Skill, making the Tower Shield he carried glow like a bloody sun.

"BOOOOM!!!!"

Another louder bang erupted from that clash, which created a mini earthquake in the vicinity.

Dust and rocks were sent flying and Rowan's body flew out of that clash faster than a speeding bullet, and plowed through dozens of houses and factories before tearing through what was left of the fence, and he forcefully rotated himself, and finally arrested his momentum by digging his feet into the ground, leaving long trails of destruction under his feet.

Rowan's arm holding the shield had snapped in a dozen places, his left breastbone had caved in and seven of his ribs were crushed. His boots were now trashed, and he was down to a dozen.

The pain he felt was weirdly persistent, a reminder that his insane healing factor was still not working at full capacity. The shield had been destroyed, and Rowan felt the air around him tremble as the wolf stepped through the rubble, the front part of its snout had been smashed to pieces, leaving its face pressed flat.

Even with the enhancement from its Incarnation State, Rowan's abilities fueled by Aether were still potent enough to affect him. Rowan began to guess that the quality of the Aether his Spirit was generating must be different because they increased the potency of his Ability Runes to a ridiculous amount.

Rowan cocked his head to the side, as he clinically assessed the creature before him. Most of its teeth were gone, and it was now moving with a limp, as its right shoulders had been crushed. The wolf had obviously not expected Rowan to charge and also underestimated the power behind their clash.

Rowan grinned, as his tepid blood began to slowly heat up, scanning through the Spatial bracelet, he brought out a heavy hammer. Wielding two weapons now, he



activated the Berserker Skill—Enrage. A fog of red enveloped him, and he resembled a warrior bathed in blood, and with each step, he took he left glowing red mist in the air.

He charged, although he was not fully healed as his arm and body still ached something fierce, but he trusted the tenacity of his body against all else, and the moment before the clashed he activated another Berserker Skill—Vortex.

He became a tornado of blood and destruction, as a shrill that sounded like the death knell of a thousand of men in battle emerged from the techniques Rowan had just unleashed, and the wolf gave a low growl.

Everything shattered apart when they clashed, and the remnants of the town were buried under the feet of the two unearthly creatures that battled.

The next few moments passed by in a blur, Rowan knew he had brought out eight more weapons before the wolf finally rested in quivering pieces.

The only reason he could win in a short time was that the Incarnation State of the wolf did not last for a long time, it dissipated amidst their fights, and it was all Rowan needed to finish crushing it.

His breath was short as he strained to keep the curse under check, for the wolf had left deep gouges on his ribs and his back. His body squirmed as if it contained dozens of rats trying to bite their way out of his body.

With his will, he held it all in place and did not bleed. He felt the Ouroboros Serpents stirring inside his hearts and the pieces that were left of the wolf crumbled into ash and a single golden blood drop hovered in front of him.

Rowan did not feel much connection with this blood drop, for although it was shed from his body, his true Essence had already left it, and what was left behind was just a massive source of energy.

This would be different if he were dead. Although these creatures were terrifying and maybe their limits were unknown, their threats would be exponentially more severe if Rowan had died when spawning them.

His true nature as a five-headed Ouroboros would be spread among them, and the implications of that were too terrifying to consider.

Rowan sucked the blood drop into his mouth, all the while marveling that this powerful creature emanated from a single drop of his blood, and he knew there were other creatures that the curse spawned that took a much larger portion of his flesh.

The blood drop felt a bit solid, almost like a grape. He bit into it, and it exploded into a wave of blissful energy that he directed towards the first Ouroboros Serpent, who was the closest to completing its first Legendary Skill Awakening.

He was pleased when he saw the Energy value skyrocketed by another million, and with the addition of two hundred soul points from the wolf, he just had a sizable harvest in the twenty minutes of battle. The growth in his Aether control had increased, and he was altogether happy with his progress.

Rowan looked towards the direction where the survivors were headed, it was North towards the town, he debated heading there or just pushing west, and ultimately, he turned around and headed west.

He could feel a faint pulsation inside his blood, like the breathing from a massive colossus. That was Envy. The sensation from the weapon was becoming weaker as he sensed it had been taken farther away from him.

## **Chapter 139: The Town (5)**

Rowan played around with the three Flesh Light crystals, before placing them inside the Spatial bracelet, he had collected them before he left, and although they were smaller than the first one he used, they were altogether more powerful.

He did not make too many contacts with the people of this world before leaving this planet. The issue with the Origin Treasure in his Mental Space was not necessarily a good thing for him. Too many eyes would become focused on this planet and, for the moment, this would be a hostile place to develop.

This new issue was a fresh complication in his already tangled life threads that he wishes to do away with.

His goal was to find Envy and take the next Teleportation Portal out of this planet. He did not much value the Covenant or any of their gifts or promises, sooner than most might think, he was bound to exceed that level.

He was only going to make a minimum effort to recover his weapon, if he couldn't, he would leave the planet as soon as possible. His goal was to leave the entire sphere of influence of the gods and all the wars they were fighting.

Although he sensed there was something off with his train of thought, if he were to make his survival the most important thing to him, then he was making the right choice.

Now that the battle was over, Rowan decided to wear the full tactical gear including the shirt, jacket, boots and pants, they were of high quality, but only came in black.

Rowan had not worn a shirt or jacket before the fight because he noticed that a few were missing to make a complete set. He had sighed back then, as even General Augustus also made mistakes in arranging his clothes in proper order.

Heading west, Rowan began to run. It began as a light jog that rapidly ate through the distance as he was enjoying the freeing sensation of seeing the ground blur under his feet, then he slowly began adding juice, and he started going faster.

He left the town far behind, and as he ran, he noticed the trail of wolves, and he veered slightly off their path of origin, while his curiosity wanted him to follow, he had no desire to know where they originated from.

The farther he went from the town, the more troubled he became inside his mind, and he finally paused and decided to access the actions he was about to take.

Should he not at the least check out the town and collect valuable information about what was going on? He could restock and plan his movements effectively. Get a map of the world and the locations of the most important areas of concern.

He still had plenty of spaces in his Spatial bracelet, and he could fill them up with supplies. Tossed carelessly by the side were more than a dozen crates filled with heavy gold coins that powerful Dominators only saw as dead weight as they had other means of transaction, but it was widely adopted throughout the empire as a means of valid exchange.

But, Rowan thought that the town was too small, it would most likely not have any significant information about the world, as the true world of power was often unknown by most people, also most of their stock would be low quality and would not be able to satisfy any of his needs. From his quick scan of the town, it was relatively small.

Yet, he could still collect enough information about where he was in order to avoid flying blind, a good map could be as valuable as an extra limb.

Face it. You would rather not see their faces. Everybody on this planet to you now is just a set of statistics. You can ignore them because they are truly of no concern to you. You have bigger fish to fry and greater enemies to contend with, and their blades are not far from your neck.

I mean, that is what you are going to tell yourself. But you know if you enter that place, if you step into that town, that you refuse to know its name and the memory of those that were left behind in the Nexus returns to you. It will haunt you.

How much help can I give them? It's not my fight!

Yet by your actions, you brought a scourge into this world.

Rowan shook his head and continued heading west, and for the next five hours he ran while pushing every thought away from his head.

With his speed, he had covered more than 1200 kilometers and had crossed through small mountains and forests, as he went farther away from any of his concerns.

After he had crossed the 1000 kilometer mark, he began sensing a deep rumble beneath his feet and a great disturbance in the wind.

His sights showed him great plums of dust that had covered the entire horizon on his far left, turning the day to darkness, and he stopped and sent his Spatial Sight forward to investigate.

Rowan could understand the sight of an army ten thousand strong, hell even a hundred thousand strong army could be imagined, it all fell within a certain bound of reason.

But, what about an army of millions?

Rowan went stiff as he sights kept going further and further, yet the bodies did not stop, they had covered the entire surface and everything living in their path had been consumed, right down to even tiny insects.

That golden wolf and its followers were only a small offshoot of the enormous gathering of monsters.

His sights kept traveling for thousands of meters as he fueled it with his Aether and he could not even see the end point of this horde.

At his present condition, there was no way he could survive if he decided to challenge something like this. Checking his Primordial Record, he was sitting on a thousand Soul Points. It would not be long now, and he would be able to free himself from this curse.

Rowan swept his Energy gaze throughout the masses of creatures and saw several alarming spikes of energy inside the horde, he stopped counting when he passed a hundred, most of them were at the level of the golden wolf, the rest were stronger.

There were all manners of creatures gathered here, from those that crawl such as snakes, alligators, caterpillars to many alien looking creatures, also beasts on four limbs that carried hoofs or claws, and when he shot his Spatial sights into the darkened sky, it was filled with animals that flew.

Dead bodies of the unlucky flying beast that died either due to accident or fatigue, kept plummeting like rain, and were quickly eaten by the rest for replenishment, it was the same thing happening on the ground, the weak and tired were being mercilessly culled.

What sort of madness was happening here?

Interspersed among the massive horde were gigantic golden figures of various species that Rowan had previously seen with his Energy Sight.

They were the curse that had emerged from his flesh.

So, this is how this world dies. Not by an unknown calamitous event like a meteorite or an insane god, but by countless claws and fangs.

This thing afflicting him was truly a curse, as Rowan looked through the horde, he knew most of these animals would not last for more than a month, they had been forced away from their natural habitat and forced to embark on a journey that would destroy their bodies.

The strain on their bodies was too much for anything to carry, and there were virtually no infants inside this horde, most likely they had already died and had been devoured.

They would not last, but, by then the damage would already be done, and every living creature on this planet would be mostly slaughtered. There was no rhyme or reason to this madness, only chaos and the end of all life.

The cunning he saw inside the eyes of that wolf was not one to preserve its life, but to bring forth death.

## **Chapter 140: The Town (final)**

Rowan swept his Spatial sight and saw a large gap that had been opened by a mountain by the west, it had left a small valley where only a few thousand could pass through.

Rowan assessed his chances of making it through safely, and it was fairly manageable, only about seven of the creatures in that valley were equal to the wolf, and anything below that was not his concern. He finally concluded that he could go through that route, and he would escape most of the army, as he cleared his way to freedom.

Setting his sights towards that passage, he began analyzing the foes he would face as he waits for his Aether to recover until its maximum amount.

Knowing it would take at least five minutes for that to happen because he had spent it all using Spatial sight, his mind could not help but wander.

Everyone in that town was dead, they might not know it yet. Even if they tried to escape now, how far could they really run before the entire world was overrun?

Why is he thinking of something that I had no control over? He was still a Legendary Dominator, no matter how he tried to push his abilities, there were things beyond his reach for the moment.

Flashes of the screams he heard back inside the Nexus came to him, his perfect memory served as a white canvas for all the screams and pain and desperation to paint themselves in glaring red. So much red, he felt like he was about to drown.

He forced it away, placing his gaze on the valley, checking each creature and trying to formulate every move he was going to be making.

But, they returned once more, the memories, a flood of them. Rowan knelt down on the ground and he screamed.

Inside the Nexus, your actions were somewhat justified. Your will was being twisted, and you could never know where your emotions emerged from. Was your love and concern being forced into you? Were the gratitude of the people you met only manufactured? Where did your humanity end and the beast began? That snarling thing whose only concern was to survive?

It was the correct thing for you to escape that hell. But, if you run from those people you can protect, you will never stop running. You would always give excuses about your actions, about the tribulations you face, you would be so wrapped up in yourself you forget the oath you swore not so long ago...

That you were going to live...

During his three hours of running, he had found himself in a small meadow, and his screams had disturbed hundreds of butterflies that were relaxing from the heat of the day.

They erupted all around him in a host of flashing colors and iridescent lines that made everything around him fade into a mystical haze.

Rowan glanced at the beauty surrounding him, their lives were so short. Gone in a blink of an eye, but could it be said that they never really lived?

What gave the lives of the butterfly meaning? Their beauty would likely go unnoticed, and their lives would pass away without stirring a single leaf in the timeline of the universe.

Yet, was their existence meaningless?

What was the criteria for judging a life well spent? How would he judge his life?

It did not take a long while for Rowan to make a decision.

He was not afraid of death. He was not afraid of pain, nor despair, or anger, sorrow...

He was not afraid of any of that, he had sampled each of those in his life and they had not broken him.

What he was afraid of was a life not well lived. In his last life he was in a void, just waiting for death, and he would rather not fall into that state again.

Look at this horde, they all carry a part of you. Your enemies have controlled your life and your death. They have taken and taken and taken...

How much more will you allow them to rip from you? Play it smart, do it right! Kill them all. Don't allow this curse take whatever it wants from you.

Don't let it take the last of your heart...

Think carefully Rowan, you have all the tools you need to fight, it would not be easy, and you may die, but you can fight!!!

"I am such a fool." Rowan sighed.

He did not make a much conscious choice to turn back, his body was already doing that for him.

The speed of his return was faster than when he left, and once more he crossed through the devastated town he battled the wolf in less than three hours before. It took another five minutes for him to reach the gate of the second town.

As he neared, he could see a flurry of activities going around, as people began to pack their things and arrange them for transport, but they were going about it too slowly.

He saw signs of battle, as the bodies of hundreds of wolves with a weird turtle shell on their backs were scattered around the fences, and some of them had even made their way inside the town.

However, he did not see any dead bodies of people.

Judging by their speed, they would only be fully prepared in three days. Rowan needed them to be gone from this place tonight.

His void hearts constricted in pain, as he heard the merry laughter of children drifting in the wind.

Live life Rowan. It is not always a bed of roses, sometimes it's a fight to the death protecting the things you love. Preserving the innocence you have left.

Fight for that, Rowan. Do not give up hope on what is left of your heart. There is such beauty here, that is you miss it, you may never see it again in a thousand lifetimes.

Rowan slowed down and raised his hands and the men on the guard tower by the gate spotted him, they raised the alarm and sounds of hurried organization started inside.

Well, he was here now.

Rowan waited in front of the gate for whatever community inside to bring forth their spokespersons or people in charge. He could not waste his time trying to sort through all the intricacies of management, he would rather leave it to those more familiar with the tasks.

It did not take long for the gate to open, and a familiar face came through — Yurlov, accompanied by three other people. Two men and a woman. The two men were older, probably in their sixties or early seventies, but they moved well with an agility belying their age.

Rowan saw that they were Legendary Dominators, the last one surprised him, she was clearly young, maybe in her twenties, wearing a blue and white frilly gown, she had a big book in her arms with a pen tucked by the side of her ears. She pushed back her hair that the breeze blew in her face, her hair was light blue like the sky.

It was not her age or beauty that surprised him, it was her strength, for she was an Incarnation State Dominator.

Yurlov walked ahead and bowed towards him, "My lord, you're welcomed, we were about heading back to Agrib after the sound of the battle ended, and we waited for your arrival. I am sorry, we should have returned to you earlier, but there was another smaller beast attack at the west of town, and we just managed clearing that one out a few moments ago."

"It is alright, there was no reason for you to return for me ... Agib?" Rowan said.

"What? Oh... That is the processing facilities that were destroyed by the swarm of creatures. It was where you rescued us from. " Yurlov paused, by now the remaining three people had reached him and except for the woman, the two men bowed to him, but her eyes were looking at him with stark fascination.