

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 141: Erohim

"My lord, this is the foreman Rashid and his second Bennam," Yurlov motioned towards the two bowing men, before he himself bowed to the woman as he introduced her, "and Her Eminence, Circe Boreas."

Rowan nodded at them, as he looked over their heads and into the town, which was an easy thing to do because he was more than seven feet tall. Of course, he already swept through the town with his Spatial sight, but it was always safe to always keep your cards hidden until when needed.

"I can see you are already packing up." Rowan eyes followed the lines of people loading goods into heavy-duty vehicles that resembled buses that had the tires of tractors.

"Yes my lord, it is clear that we are no longer safe here, and since the Great winter 'is coming, and with this calamity that has befallen us, it's expected that we are to move to the iron fortress for refuge." This time it was the foreman Rashid that replied to him.

"That's good, but you have to move up your schedule. They are coming." Rowan pointed towards the west, "I checked their speed of movements, and in a week, they would be here. An army of monsters, millions strong. They are coming from both land and air, and you would be quickly surrounded."

He saw the panic wash over them, as the foreman gave rushed instructions to Yurlov, who nodded and ran back into the town, their faces were white, and their breath quickened, all except the woman—Circe Boreas.

In fact, the look of fascination had never left her face as she peered at him, she gave a little smile as she turned and touched the arm of the foreman lightly, "Rachid, I think it would be expedient to do away with everything that would delay our movements, except for all the basic commodities we need for survival, please do away with the rest. I want us to be out of here within the hour."

Her words were like a whip, and both men straightened and bowed to her, and they hurried into the town.

"A week, you said?" Circe turned to him, and with a flash, the big book disappeared from her hands, most likely she had a Spatial treasure, looking closer, he saw a silver ring on her left hand, on her middle finger, Rowan stifled the urge to investigate the storage ring with his Spatial sight.

"with the momentum I observed from the creatures in the horde? Yes. But, that is not the problem, smaller offshoots like the wolf travel ahead of the horde and those are the riskiest factors to determine the survival of these people."

"Yeah... It is. This is an unprecedented disaster, and I never imagined Jarkarr would ever face a situation like this. We're so far from the front lines." Circe spoke softly as she looked down, "You know, you never did introduce yourself."

"I believe I did not." Rowan looked away.

She waited for a while and hearing no further response from him, she said, "Not that it would matter much anyway because folks here have already given it to you. A name."

"They gave me a name?" surprise colored his tone, Rowan did not think what he did warranted such attention, yeah he saved their people, but anyone sufficiently powerful would be able to easily do that. He did not necessarily think his actions deserve a name, seemed excessive.

"Yes." Circe gave a small laugh as she covered her mouth, "Do you want to hear it?"

"Do tell."

"Erohim!" Circe announced it with a little flair, as she raised the edge of her gown, "Please come with me, while I facilitate the quick movement of these people. They all fall under my responsibilities."

She turned and waited for Rowan, who began walking beside her. She was around six feet two, tall for a woman, but she had to look up when talking to Rowan.

He had been mouthing the name in his mouth, as if he was tasting it. It was not an unconventional phrase, yet he still wondered why he had been given that name, most likely it was because of his actions of saving these people or was it something more?

Indeed, he began hearing whispers of the name—Erohim— from the mouth of the people who were throwing him furtive glances as they hurried around, packing up, around the back of some of the men were weapons that resembled rifles with some carrying broad bladed machetes on their waist.

Rowan was genuinely interested in this weapon that resembled a gun, he would try to get his hands on some of them later.

Circe suddenly said, "Did my brother send you? If he does not think I can handle this crisis, he should inform me, not go behind my back making plans I have no idea of."

"No! I mean, your brother did not send me, I don't know him, you or anyone else in this town." Rowan's reply was curt, as his eyes never stopped looking around as he observed everything around him.

The town was fairly large, and Rowan estimated that between 20,000 – 30,000 people would reside here. It was clear that this town served as the home base for the workers who used the other location that had been destroyed by the wolves as a factory.

Rowan noticed hundreds of crates of blue flowers, that had an unpleasant smell. They were being offloaded amidst panicked cries. Those arguments were quickly dispelled by men with guns, and food and other necessary provisions were now being stocked inside the vehicles.

"Avud!" Circe gestured all around her, "the name of the town ... not that its name would matter much, seeing it's about to be crushed to dust soon."

"It will matter to them." Rowan said as his eyes looked at the people around, those that came near him gave a hurried bow with the whisper of "Erohim!", and they seemed to walk with less burden on their shoulders. Rowan noticed these events and silently pondered their meaning.

"So, you would have me believe you came here with no stakes in any of this, purely for the sake of what? Goodwill?"

"I never said I had no stakes in this conflict. I believe the term mercenaries should not be strange to you."

"You want me to hire you?"

"I want you to compensate me for whatever services I'm going to render for you and your town. I will not be taking orders from you or anyone else, for I believe you would not be able to utilize my abilities to their full scope"

"Whoever says I need such a service, Erohim?"

"Come now, you are too smart to be playing this game, or I think you are, don't make me doubt my judgment. You are undoubtedly here as a manager of this place, and if you had no stakes in whatever happens here, you would be nowhere near this planet."

She laughed, and it was a hearty laugh that carried with the breeze, they reached a five-storey structure, which was the tallest building inside the town, a large metallic sign in front of it read Rema Trading House.

Rowan was familiar with this sign, as with most people, although before now he did not think its reach extended to other planets outside Trion. Hell, he did not there were other habitable planets outside Trion.

Four men in heavy Guardsmen Armor, stood outside the door like statues, two on each side, and they gave crisp salutes and Rowan noticed the color of their armor was blue with a lightning bolt on the chest, they carried a similar Rifle on their back, but this one had been magnified ten times over and should be termed cannons.

Hmm... Boreas family... Lightning bolts... Blue hair. This must be a planet under their family's control. Their Pathway should be that of the Storm callers.

## Chapter 142: Erohim (2)

Storm callers were supposed to control lightning and frost abilities, with some of their geniuses even controlling wind. Rowan suspected that the Dominators on this pathway may have extremely high damage outputs.

Lightning is a powerful element that possesses both speed and power.

Both of them entered the trading house and Rowan saw it was abuzz with activities, as he could see dozens of men moving goods into large crates that were bolted and tagged. An old woman with light specks of blue in her white hair, stood with a cane and every crate that was tagged, she simply collected them into her necklace with a glimmer of green light.

She was giving quick orders that were being attended to in a timely manner and her head was roving around the entire hall, as everything here was within her supervision. Rowan could immediately tell she was also in the Incarnation State, but her vitality was slowly failing. In a decade or less, she would be dead.

"Nana, the timetable for evacuation has just been moved forward, anything non-essential should be discarded. Where is Rico? I want to be out of this place in an hour!" Circe walked to the staircase leading to the upper floor, even as she was speaking to the older woman, she was obviously in a hurry.

"We are moving the time up to one hour?" Nana sputtered, "That is madness, my dear. That would barely be enough to catalog ten percent of our inventory. Your losses would not be recoverable for at least another two decades, and you would lose your position..."

Circe paused and said loudly, "Although I'm sure exceptions would be made for situations like this, but even if there weren't, I'm not concerned about the position I would lose Nana, we are in a cataclysm. Do not waste more time tagging the goods, just pack them up."

She resumed climbing, gesturing for Rowan to follow her, "And where is Rico? I wanted him in my office an hour ago."

Rowan was not too surprised at her air of competency and command, she was so young and yet so powerful. A genius like this would have been showered with the best education affordable, and they all grew up with the knowledge that they were special.

They reached her office, which was on the topmost floor, and Rowan's eyes lit up as he saw maps and, most importantly, books, plenty of books.

Circe sat down and rubbed her brows, she glanced at Rowan who had walked to the map and looked down on it, his eyes brushed through it before proceeding to the books and perusing their contents. With the speed by which he took in the extremely detailed map, Circe was sure he had a powerful Spirit.

Sighing, she pushed open her drawer and brought out two glasses and a bottle of amber wine. She quickly filled both glasses, and she tossed hers back into her throat and refilled it again, and she slowly nursed the drink.

"You know, they tend to work more efficiently when I'm not in their hair. My people."

"Uhm..." Rowan replied distractedly, his focus on the books in his hands.

"So, I guess those would be your payments?"

Rowan looked at her, and she had a little smirk on her face, "Now, why would you say that?" Rowan replied.

"Oh... It's pretty easy to figure out." She stood up and began walking to him and handed him the drink, "it's in the way you walk, like you are afraid of tearing through the world in a single step. Most would never understand a sensation like that or recognize it when they see it, after all, except for geniuses or those adapting to their powers for the first time."

Rowan was shocked by her observations, but it did not show on his face, nor did he give any other expressions to express his amazement.

He had always tried to adapt to his ever-increasing power, constantly playing catch up and holding himself back because any careless move from him would have great consequences for those around him.

"It's in the way you talk, careful... Measured, like you are savoring every word, it as if you're just hearing it for the first time."

Rowan quietly clapped for her inside his mind. His passive ability Decipher Language gave him the qualification to understand any language, both written and spoken.

The common language used on this world was different from those on Trion, but it was of no difference to him, but he often found himself attempting to intercept the words his mouth was speaking to understand the flow of the language.

This passive skill was very strange, and he had always wondered how he received it. Yet, he did not think Circe would understand so much about him in such a short time.

There was something special about this woman, and Rowan's interest was beginning to be stimulated.

"it's in the way you look at the world..."

She was now so close to him, her breath was beginning to fan his face, it smelled like wine and roses, and the tip of her tongue tasted her lips, it was an unconscious motion for he noticed a dull haze in her eyes, as if she were in deep thought.

"How do I look at the world?" Rowan said softly, his senses taking in the sight of this woman, her bright eyes were like stars, and she began lifting a hand to touch him when Rowan held it back.

Attractive as she may be, he could not let an Incarnation State Dominator touch him recklessly, he did not know the full breadth of her abilities, and if she touched him and did not detect a heartbeat, it would be a whole area of conversation that he did not want to enter right now.

She smiled and removed her hand from his grip, "You look at this world like a child, everything seems new to you."

Of course, everything was new to him. He had transmigrated from what he suspected was an entire different universe.

Now his interest was really stoked, he decided to probe her to understand how she arrived at her inference.

Rowan wanted to roll his eyes, "That's incredibly perceptive of you. Almost felt like you were reading my mind."

"I always have a knack for things like that. My mother always says I could have easily been born from the Minerva family" she turned and sat on her table, "So, how close was I?"

Rowan swirled the drink in his hand, admiring the rich color. He brought it to his mouth and tasted it. It had a rich citrus taste and was highly aromatic. The burn he felt down his throat was heavenly, and he sighed in pleasure.

His mind had been working on the best way to present himself to the world. There were things he could fake and bluff his way through, but there were other things that he could not hide.

The perceptiveness of this woman was astonishing, and he knew he had to tell the truth, but in a manner that it could as well be lie.

"I woke up recently with most of my memories missing. I believe I was in a battle, and whatever fight that took place, took memories from me. I do not remember my name or where I come from, as payment for the services I will render. I would require information, and if I believe I have everything I need, I will leave or renegotiate our contract."

She sat down and began to laugh, "You truly are Erohim, are you not? Say I believe you, that you are a man lost in a fog of emptiness, how am I assured you would keep your end of the bargain? Nothing ties you to me, you have no stakes in my affairs. I would easier believe that you are here to sabotage me than to help me."

"Can I?" Rowan pointed at the drink.

"Help yourself."

## **Chapter 143: Erohim (3)**

"I want you to understand the basis of our relationship going forward." Rowan paused and finished another glass and sighed as he poured himself a new glass, "I am not here to help you or to harm you. I am just here to offer a service, which I'm certain that other people desperately need at this moment. How you choose to interpret my actions is entirely up to you."

"Fu\*k, I think this is also what Erohim would say." Circe mumbled.

Rowan blinked, "you've lost me here, this name the town folk gave me, what does it mean?" Rowan said as he finally sat down.

"I suppose we can take this information as a sort of payment for the help you rendered me previously?" Circe smirked.

"It has no value, Circe, nothing is stopping me from asking any random person in the street for that answer."

"Well, they won't tell you the same way I would say it. Trust me, hearing it from anyone else but me would be a loss, I happen to be a good storyteller."

"I have heard no great story tellers praise themselves quite like you, so I'll take my chances."

"I did say I'm a good storyteller not a great one, mind you."

"Then start talking, time is not on our side, and I refuse to accept this as my payment." Rowan focused on her and went silent.

Circe bent forward, and her body pressed against her frilly gown, which accentuated her lovely shape, "by the gods, your eyes are stunning."

Perhaps sensing the growing impatience in Rowan, she began to speak, "Can't handle a compliment?.. Duly noted."

"Your condition is not a particularly strange one. It often occurs with extremely powerful Dominators who encountered serious trauma. Most likely you fell to the edge of death, maybe you fell farther than the edge, but the power in your blood brought you back. Most times it doesn't bring back all of you... I know someone like you. He was a dear friend."

"That's an interesting theory, and I suspect that it is closer to the truth." Rowan sat back, with a thoughtful look on his face.

"This is most likely the truth because I can't read the depth of your power, and I'm at the peak of Incarnation, only a single step towards the second Great Circle and I cannot even sense the Natural Aura generated from your body, it's astonishing, as I'm among the most perceptive in my generation."

Somehow Rowan felt she was underselling herself when she said among the most perceptive, she must be the best in her generation. A term she said struck a cord with him, "Natural Aura?"

"Oh... The Boreas family are Storm Callers, we're sensitive to forces involving heat, cold and lightning, and every living being as its own unique bio-signature associated with those forces."

"I am able to easily detect the bio-signature for everyone around me, except for those who are dead or are far more powerful than me. You don't appear any more dead than me, so... it's a safe bet to pick the latter of those choices."

"Are you in the second or third. I would pick second. Okay, let me get back to answering your first question about Erohim." Circe took a deep breath before she started talking.

"I am told you came down from the mountains, with the sun in your hands. You see, the name of that mountain is Erohim!"



She paused for effect, and Rowan blinked and rubbed his forehead, "if that's all to the story, then I'm impressed, you truly are a good storyteller."

"Shh... I'm about getting to the good part. As you know, before this world was assimilated into the glorious domain of the Great Empire by my Ancestor Boreas, it had its customs, it had its histories, it had its heroes and also its gods."

"Unlike the other families, we are pretty open to the ideas of foreign gods and a people preserving their history and culture, so most of the legends of the past of this planet are relatively intact."

"Relatively?" Rowan asked.

Circe smiled, "Erohim is a being that embodies the last two, both a hero and a god. According to the stories passed down by the locals of this planet, Erohim was born from the union of the Moon— Ganesha and the Sun—Orum."

"It was said that his birth was very difficult and Ganesha tried to bring him into the world for more than a thousand years of labor but she could not. They said the milk from her ever full breast rained down on the world every ten years, bringing about the Great Storm that froze the planet."

"Anyway, as the Legend goes, Erohim became frustrated and angry at his mother for failing to birth him after a thousand years, and he became angered, the result of his wrath caused his mother Ganesha great pains, and her cries of pain soon reached the Sun—Orum, who decided to sought help from their father who lived at a very distant sea."

" The journey took another ten thousand years, but finally, he had a solution, but it was already too late..."

Rowan turned to look at the west, a frown beginning to grow on his face, it took a little while before Circe stopped, she had been deeply engrossed in her tale and Rowan wanted to smile at her tiny frown of annoyance as he had broken her away from her introspection, that was before she also looked at the west, and she muttered, "Rico, you crazy bas\*ard... Even if you die, I'll still kill you."

"One of yours?" Rowan said, and he stood up after her.

"Yeah... My Ward. Let's continue the story after I return." Circe opened her windows and the wind began to swirl around her and her blue hair slowly started to glow. Static electricity filled the entire room as the temperature plummeted.

She brought her hands to her back and unzipped her dress. Letting it fall, it was revealed that she was wearing a sleek body hugging tactical gear that was light blue,

she had a pair of chakrams strapped to her back, and she instantly transformed from a lovely noble woman to a goddess of war.

"I can do you one better, I'll follow you." Rowan dropped his glass and walked towards her, and stood beside her. This close to her, and he could feel the intense energy being generated from her body, causing glimmers of electricity and frost in midair.

"Then you should keep up!" she gave a little laugh and crouched a little before leaping with cat like agility, and the wind carried her into the skies.

Her movement just now had inspired him, and Rowan took a few steps back, and wrapped his feet with a pad of telekinesis, he was about to leap, and then he remembered that some fundamental forces of nature still worked in this universe, and he stopped.

If he made that leap, he would shoot forward by hundreds of feet, but he would inevitably destroy this office, and looking at the mounds of books that were inside, he would loathe to see that happen.

He jumped down from the open window, and from four storeys up, he landed without a sound since he basically killed all his momentum with his Telekinesis, setting his sights on the gates, he began running, it took him five seconds to reach the gates, and he leaped over it, to the astonished cries of the guards below him.

He heard the faint rumble of thunder ahead of him, and he saw a flash of lightning slicing down from the skies and slamming into the earth where a mass of snarling creatures in their tens of thousands were assembled.

They were rats!

Giant rats the size of dogs and elephants, the wind brought their smell to his nose, and it was foul, like rotten eggs.

## **Chapter 144: Erohim (final)**

One day, he hopes to find monsters that smelled nice. Just to balance the board a little. His Ouroboros Serpents did not count, for they had no scent.

Rowan deliberately reduced his speed, so he could observe Circe in action. The area she was standing was beginning to be covered by a dark cloud, and her form was being visibly hidden from plain sight by it.

She stood on a slab of blue ice that was being held aloft by the wind, and she was raining down lightning and spears made of ice down below. Shards of ice harder than steel began to rotate in a mini tornado, and she sent it into the middle of the horde.

An area more than two hundred feet in diameter turned into a blender, as she eradicated at least a thousand rats in a single move, before she focused on the front of the horde.

The amount of devastation she was raining down below was palpable, and Rowan gave a small sound of appreciation because while she was throwing around plenty of destructive forces, it was all in a fairly controlled manner.

She had stopped releasing massive Area of effect spells and was now focused on precise execution.

She was protecting a guy, who was running for his life, Rowan assumed that this was Rico, he appeared injured and was clutching his side; the first thing Rowan noticed about him was not just his face twisted by fear or the tears and snot dripping from all the orifices of his face.

He was a fairly handsome guy, with black hair, but his face had been twisted to resemble the wrong side of a baboon ass\*ole by his fear and tears.

Rowan also noticed the outlandish clothes he was wearing. He had a bright scarlet jacket, that had a collar that was so large it spread out behind his head, his clothes, and shoes were garishly designed, and precious stones decorated all of it.

He was holding a cane that was heavily decked out to resemble an artist worst nightmare, with dozens of heavy jewels that were placed with no reason except maybe because of their large sizes, and Rowan was sure he did not need a cane to walk.

What sort of person wore clothes like this?

He was also a Legendary State Dominator, and Rowan wondered how someone as weak as him would be outside during such a crisis.

He was so filled with fear that he did not realize at first that Circe was now above him and blocking the creatures from reaching him, and when he realized that he was being saved he began to laugh, and he stopped running.

"Get them Circe, those bast\*rds hurt me really bad, don't they know who I am? Let them pay... Kill them slowly, and I want to watch!" The cry from Rico was as shrill as an alcoholic mother of eight coming back from a nasty four day bender.

Rowan appeared behind the gentleman, and he turned, his face only reaching below Rowans chest, and he looked up until he could see his face, "Who the hell are..."

Rowan knocked him out by flicking his forehead, and he collapsed with a little moan. Looking at the skies, he mouthed at Circe, "You should thank me later."

Circe growled and drew in an impressive amount of Aether, sucking away all the dark clouds in the air and cupped them inside her palms as if she were holding a massive egg, from those she began crafting large slabs of ice that fell down like meteors, and they blocked the charging rats for a while, but it was enough time for her to fly down unobstructed.

She seized the collapsed guy by his neck and brought him up, her face colored with disgust when she saw his current state, "we need to go, I detected several Incarnation State Rodents coming from behind that are rapidly catching up."

"No, you go ahead." Rowan said, "I will delay them for a while, make sure everyone properly packed and moving, I will catch up. Our time just ran out"

"Are you sure about that?"

"Yes, I am... Now go on, before this ... guy, wakes up. We have no time for you to follow his instructions and kill them slowly."

Circe shook her head in exasperation and threw him over her shoulders, "Be safe Erohim, I counted four of them." She zipped back into the skies as the first of the rats chewed through the ice.

It was not a considerable one, only the size of a dog, he exploded its head with a little kick and looking ahead, he inferred he had maybe two seconds before the flood hit him. It was more than enough time to make changes.

Rowan called up to see how much of his strength he could unlock by spending the Soul Points he had gathered. He planned to kill everything here, and he needed as much insurance as possible.

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength :110/ 3270

Agility :107/ 3139

Constitution : 550/5148

Spirit : 737.4

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood

Aspect : Spatial Sight (Tier 3)

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 1 — Refined State)

Vortex (Level 10 — Mortal State Completed)

Bash (Level 2 — Refined State)

Dash (Level 1 — Refined State)

Smash (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Combo Attack (Level 1 — Refined State)

Flesh Light — Level 3

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 – 866,225,788/1,000,000,000

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)

Active Skill Upgraded : Flesh Light [ level 2 – level 3 (Spirit + 100 Constitution + 150)]

Berserker Skills Upgraded:

Bash :[ Mortal level 10 → Refined level 2 (Strength + 100)]

Dash : [ Mortal level 10 → Refined level 1 (Agility + 50)]

Enrage : [ Mortal level 10 → Refined level 1 (Constitution + 50)]

Combo Attack : [ Mortal level 10 → Refined level 1 (Spirit + 50)]

Soul Point : 795.9987

Rowan was ecstatic at the juicy growth in Attributes he received from Berserker and Flesh Light, both of them netting him 500 point worth of Attributes. He did not feel the changes yet because of the curse.

He sighed as he dumped 790 Soul points into Ouroboros, his body made clicking noises as he could now access more of his powers.

Rowan grinned, his Spirit began roaming through the Spatial Bracelet.

Now, what is the best weapon to kill rodents. His mind began traversing through the multitude of weapons, even as the rats began bearing on him.

He passed spears, and swords and blades, mauls, bows, and many other exotic weapons and finally, he laughed.

Well, he did say he wanted to start living. Well, let's start having fun.

Around seven massive rats were diving towards him, mouths opened with saliva gushing out, they were only four feet away from him when a silver glow passed by their bodies and into the ones behind them. Rowan retracted his hand that he had just swung.

The bodies of more than three dozen rats fell in two places as a sharp, hard, nonresonant sound rang out that seemed to shock all the rodents at the front.

Rowan dropped his hands and a full length heavy chain that was twenty feet long coiled by his feet. Rowan did not know how to use a chain to fight, but with his Strength, Agility and the guidance of his increased Spirit Attribute, swinging it was as easy as swinging a small rope.

## **Chapter 145: Perilous Journey**

He had not confirmed how much of his Attributes had been freed up, but his body felt good, as if a massive tension on his Constitution had been substantially reduced, and he felt like using his muscles.

The Ouroboros Serpents inside the void in his heart were becoming increasingly agitated, they gave out soundless roars, especially the fifth serpent who was the most restless of the bunch.

Rowan also noticed that his sixth heart was growing larger with the fresh injection of Soul points into his bloodline, and Rowan speculated that at the moment he freed himself from this curse, that he would have six Ouroboros Serpent roaring at the skies.

What a sight that would be.

He cracked his neck and began swinging the chains, each movement made a loud metallic crack that seemed to stun hundreds of Rodents at a time, making them sluggish and disoriented, some of them were even attacking their neighbors, for Rowan, he considered them all ripe for the slaughter.

Rowan did not even think these chains he now held were meant as weapons in the first place, as he noticed faint abrasions on it that would be consistent with the chains being used as a tool and not a weapon.

Yet, Rowan did not care, they were crafted from an especially tough metallic alloy that felt heavy. In his hands, this was a formidable weapon for slaughter, and he was thoroughly enjoying every experience he had with swinging it.

With his strength, it was necessary for the weapons he used to be heavy because he would be operating them with most of his strength, and anything not tough or heavy enough would crumble to nothingness in no time.

He missed Envy.

Rowan began running deeper into the horde, increasing the number of Rodents he could kill with each swing, in a short while, he became so adept at using the chain it seemed to transform into a whip made of blood.

He could feel minor obstructions each time he swung the chain, but it felt like popping multiple balloons, it hardly slowed his movements.

He was moving at a light jog, but it was as fast as a full sprint from a horse, just so that he could kill the maximum number of beasts with each hit. For Rowan had always had a cold and calculating side to every of his actions that he himself could not even detect because it came from deep within his Empyrean bloodline, and with each new hearts that he grew and subsequently turned into a void, that coldness inside of him increased.

Perhaps there was a reason Rowan disliked using his Energy Vision and instead relied on his Spatial Sight to view the world. It was because with his Energy Vision, everything transformed into two categories, useful or useless.

It was only useful if the item or individual had enough energy, else it was useless. Furthermore, it was the reason the world became drab and colorless when he used the Energy vision.

Because with this vision, he would pay attention to only a single thing. Power!

His bloodline craved such energies, such power, and his Ouroboros Serpents were representative of those cravings. They would take away every shred of power for themselves.

He was in the Legendary State and the Ouroboros Serpents were already so powerful, in a short amount of time, who would be able to challenge him anymore?

He began to feel a slight ache in his muscle, for what the curse really affected was his recovery capability, but it was okay. Rowan did not particularly dislike this minor inconvenience.

It reminded him of his previous life where he had to work long hours, but with continuous hard work and a great body condition, which made hard work pleasant for him because instead of feeling crippling pain and muscle strain, he would feel a dull ache in his muscle similar to the experience after a long workout.



Rowan had always had a masochistic craving for that ache, it felt to him as a reaffirmation of his hard work and persistence.

Experiencing this ache once more even in his Empyrean body made him want to laugh out loud, but the air was filled with blood and torn flesh, and it would be silly to swallow an eyeball during a battle like this.

Would he end up missing this curse a little? After all, it made him experience a little bit of his humanity once more, a little bit of that fairness, that struggle, that pain...

No! He did not miss it! He missed a part of humanity, but never the weakness, never that. Weakness only brought pain, and loss.

Weakness was for the defeated! His bloodline seemed to roar in annoyance.

Rowan began to feel a shift inside his blood, as instead of holding back the curse, his blood began to fight back, and more of his Strength was being released to him.

Was he limiting himself? Has he always been doing that?

Rowan's movement had torn its way through the entire horde, creating a pathway of carnage and pools of blood behind him. He could have used his flames for a more efficient way of killing, but he liked using his body more.

But every party had to end, as his senses showed he had been subtly surrounded by four Incarnation State Rodents, yet that was not his main concern, as he was busy looking for the spawn of his flesh, but he could not find it.

Rowan had not just been fighting but refining his knowledge with the chains, he had been pondering on how to use his Berserker and flame Skills with the chains, and he finally had made a solid working concept.

He shifted the chains and held it by the middle, holding it with both hands. Inside his mental space, there were subtle changes in his Ability Rune, especially the Berserker Ability Runes. This Ability Rune was special, for it had offshoots that represented the various techniques under the Berserker Aspect.

The Berserker Aspect could be likened to a Skill Tree, and the various techniques inside it were the branches. For the skills in this Aspect that were now at the Refined level, they appeared more defined in his Mental Space.

The Flesh Light Ability Rune also appeared more defined and Rowan could swear the appearance of the Rune, which resembled a heart cut in half, had more veins. It almost seemed more real.

Rowan closed his eyes and timed his breath, gathering everything he had learned from his previous battle with the wolf and every battle leading up to now. At his present level, he could hold his breathing for more than ten hours without any debilitating effect.

For him, it served as a tool of focus and control, with his increased Spirit it could almost serve as meditation.

Breathe in...

He used his Spirit to form a hand which he used to gather his Snow-White grains of Aether; he could now collect thirty-five grains at a time, a far cry from when he could collect hundreds of grains at a time.

His control proficiency had increased by multiple folds, which proves that his conjecture was correct about the proper manner he could use to control Aether.

Breathe out...

Normally, if he activated more than one Ability Runes at once, his Aether would just flood to all the Runes, but since he discovered the trick of collecting only the specific amount of Aether he needed, in this case thirty-five silver white grains, he could activate multiple abilities and the gathered Aether would be split among them.

This created a situation of his Aether passing through the hand he created, thereby limiting the Amount of Aether he used. He had effectively created a dam over his raging ocean of Aether.

The only drawback was that he had to split his Spirit nearly in half in order for him to maintain this bridge, but for all its drawbacks it was simply the best method he is currently having.

It created a situation where he could easily manage his Abilities, enhancing his controls to a higher degree, and this new advancement was plainly visible.

Breathe in...

## **Chapter 146: Perilous Journey (2)**

The Horde of Rodents, seeing him going still, suddenly let out shrill screams filled with rage, and they rushed towards him, leading their charge were the four Incarnation State rodents, which were as large as cows and were all white in color.

Breathe out...

Flames began running down the length of the chain, from his right hand, were the red flames of Flesh Light and from his left hand were the green flames of Bone Fire.

Breathe in...

He brought his hands up to his chest, and he opened his eyes.

Breathe out...

He screamed a war cry that seemed to be buried inside his bones, and swung the chains in a circle around him, the motion created a spectacular scene of red and green flame that rotated to create a Yin–Yang picture as the flames turned the hundreds of Rodents around him into shattered morsels and bloody fog.

It also caught the faces and bodies of the charging Incarnation State Rodents and flung them backward, leaving terrible wounds on their bodies, their high-pitched squeaking was irritating.

Trails of flames were left in the air that continuously killed hundreds of Rodents that rushed towards him before it began to fade.

Rowan swung the chain once more in the same pattern, multiplying the effects of the flames, and it began to spread, and the squeaking from the dying Rodents turned shrill as hundreds of them were dying by the second.

Rowan's eyes focused on one of the Incarnation State rodents, and he activated Dash, pushing all of his channeled Aether into this Skill and zoomed across the battlefield like a specter.

With his increasing attributes from upgrading his bloodline, the passive shielding his body created due to his unique Constitution began to activate once more, he had previously lost it when he had the curse but with the rage growing in his blood, it was slowly returning along with more of his strengths.

Rowan barreled through hundreds of Rodents, and he was an unstoppable juggernaut, but an invisible barrier over his body kept him free of any bloody bits and pieces from any beast that his body touched. He reached his target without a single stain in his body.

Rowan noticed that the Dash skill was now more easier to control, and its effects were presently far finer, with his control over the skill now easier than it ever was before, the skill had not yet ended when Rowan activated another Berserker Skill—Vortex.

He was directly in front of the Incarnation State Rodent, and he could clearly observe all the details of its body. It was a terrifying ball of white fur and unflinching lethality, and its whip-like tail was pink and waving in the air.

Even with its size, Rowan thought it was cute.

The effects of the Berserker Skill—Vortex sank into his body, and he transformed into a tornado of flaming chains, and he nearly screamed with his rising bloodlust as the chains shredded the creature to bite size chunks in seconds, and created a flaming tornado that erupted around him, tearing apart the ground and generating a massive shock wave that rippled across the battlefield that tore apart hundreds of Rodents.

A massive amount of flaming earth that had been turned to lava erupted from his location, and a wall of flame rippled from his location.

Rowan looked around, everything around his area had been turned to flames and blood.

The importance of Ability Runes could not be overemphasized, with all the power inside his body lacking a proper channel, it was these Abilities that could bridge the gap.

He was a fountain of boundless energy, and the Ability Runes were the only way to properly channel those energies. Else, he would be throwing fists and kicks in battle without causing a fraction of the damage he could see here.

His Empyrean skills were too vast in scope and could not help him be of any assistance to him currently.

Using his Dash skills, and he streaked across the battlefield towards two of the Incarnation State creatures that were fairly close together, and as he got closer to them, he kicked the ground and flew into the air, the chains trailing behind him, and he appeared as if he had twin flaming tails of red and green.

They both howled at him, and he replied by activating the Berserker skill—Smash, repeatedly.

The flames on the chain were dyed with red and slammed into the two creatures like the wrath from a god. It was an extremely gruesome exchange that followed, with every Smash that Rowan made tearing deep into the flesh of the Rodents and each swing made a deep droning sound like the collapse of a building. Massive chunks of flesh and limbs were torn from them, and in four seconds he had taken them apart.

Even though the flames acted better on flesh and blood, the heat it gave off was nothing to scoff at, and Rowan noticed that the chains in his hands were regrettably becoming soft, and there was no other chain like this inside the Spatial bracelet.

Rowan heard the rumbling of thunder on the horizon, and Circe appeared above him with a flash of lightning. Rowan noticed that she had two methods of flying, using wind or lightning.

With wind, she appeared to have more control, and with lightning it was just pure speed.

He saw her eyes widen in surprise as she saw the Carnage below, Rowan could not really bother with her thoughts as he was mourning the loss of the chain.

Circe kept her composure after a while, she had been gone for less than a minute and this man had already slaughtered close to half the horde and killed three Incarnation State creatures!

She had seen the last of the action as she reached the battlefield and noticed that although his abilities were fairly powerful, the true drive behind his might was his Aether.

She began to doubt if he was even at the Second Great Circle and not higher because every release of his Aether caused her heart to palpitate painfully inside her chest, as if her Spirit was urging her to flee.

Circe shook her head and focused on the remaining horde below. Likewise, she knew other extremely powerful Dominators, and this was not enough to really amaze her.

They needed to move, and she called at him below. "I will cull the rest, finish off the last Beast Leader and we can go. The town is already moving!"

Rowan shrugged and kept the chains, frankly the battle with these Incarnation State creatures had disappointed him, they all felt so squishy beneath his hands, and he could now really appreciate the effect of his Constitution.

Although he was currently stronger than when he fought the wolf. Its Constitution was extremely strong and its recovery ability left these creatures in the dust, even if their Attributes turned out to be the same, the difference in their physique had multiplied the powers of the wolf.

Time to stop holding back. With the current physical Essence, he could release joined with his Aether, he was curious about what he could unleash, but after thinking about it for a while, he decided to just release twenty percent of his current full capabilities.

Rowan faced the last Incarnation State beast, and he straightened his hands and opened both palms wide, he activated the Ability Rune for Bone Fire and released more than fifty grains of snow-white Aether, and a green flame was born in the center of his palms.

The flames collided together and created a larger ball of flame bigger than his entire body, the ground around him for hundreds of feet dried up and all the surrounding Rodents spontaneously combusted and exploded into pieces.

Rowan, with a yell, let loose, and a pillar of green flame lanced from his hands, straight through every obstruction in their path and obliterated the Incarnation State Rodent.

Rowan split his palms apart and the pillar of flame separated into two, and he began moving around in a circle as he activated Vortex.

The world shook, and a massive sound like the earth splitting apart resounded.

## Chapter 147: Perilous Journey (3)

A green mushroom cloud appeared over the battlefield and Circe was flung far into the sky with a cry, as the sound and force that erupted from this move by Rowan nearly stunned her senseless.

She had already begun gathering Aether, when she noticed the green sun being created by him, and before she could understand what he wanted to do with such an impressive amount of Aether she nearly blacked out when the shockwave from the explosion from the flames far beneath her reached her body.

She had readied no defenses but her armor, and although that had reduced the impact, it was still a terrifying force that reached her body.

She took some time to steady herself in the air and looked down below, "Erohim!" Circe could not help herself but call out in shock and awe. The flames had disappeared with supernatural quickness, leaving the ground a red field of lava and smoke.

Every creature below her was gone. Vaporized away by intense heat and force, the ground had been reduced by several feet, and she could only see a single person standing in the center of it all, he did not look impressed at what he had done, he only had a contemplative look on his face.

He slowly walked out of the field of larva and looked around as he sighed, when she came down beside him, she heard him muttering, "I thought it would be out by now."

Keeping the shock out of her face, Circe swallowed, "That was impressive." she said, "Is there a problem with this situation?"

"Yes, there usually should be a leader for any of the hordes. Maybe this is a small one and does not warrant its attention." Rowan said, and he turned to her, "Please turn around."

"Why?" Circe asked, and her eyes widened again as the clothes on Rowan's body began falling to pieces and fading into smoke. Her cheeks went red, and she looked away and coughed, "Warn me properly next time."

Rowan rolled his eyes, and fished for new clothes inside his Spatial bracelet; he had tried holding his clothes together with his Telekinesis, as the heat and the massive explosion he generated using Bone Fire and Vortex shocked him.

If he had started with this move, he could have easily killed all the creatures here at once. But, Rowan knew he was getting stronger because he was gradually freeing up his impressive physical Essence and the Abilities he had used in this fight had combined both his physical Essence and his Aether.

Rowan was sure his snow-white Aether was different from anyone else because after fighting with several Incarnation State beings, the quality of the Aether they employed seemed fragile to him.

If his Aether was made from grains, then theirs was made from smoke. The difference in quality could not be more clear.

The addition of both properties into these Abilities had created this massive eruption of power that superseded any technique he could ever unleash using a singular source of power.

This battle netted him another 800 Soul points, and he nearly grinned as he was getting closer to the peak of the Legendary State.

"c'mon we have to go. I'll carry you." Circe began creating a platform of blue ice a few feet above the ground.

Rowan hurriedly wore his boots, his outfits were disappearing fast and if he loses one with every battle, then he would need more.

He hopped onto the platform of ice, making sure he used his Telekinesis to lighten his weight, as he was sure he was far heavier than he looked, with his body more akin to living metal than flesh and blood.

These minor passive abilities granted by his Emyrean body were becoming far more useful than he gave them credit for. The barrier that covered his body and his Telekinesis were rapidly becoming indispensable.

He wondered why they had not yet been categorized inside . Then he just placed it as a necessary addition to his Emyrean body, and likened it to the same way humans had hair on their body, but he had a field of unknown barrier shielding his flesh.

Giving a small cry, she lifted them up and the ice platform began to ascend and take to the skies, they zipped north, and in two minutes they reached the massive convoy, there were more than a hundred and fifty long vehicles in this convoy, with only fifty of them holding passengers, 200 apiece.

They resembled school buses only in the loosest sense of the word, for they were at least 80 feet (24.38 meters) long and were massive behemoths, that made the ground rumble, but otherwise they operated silently, whatever engine was beneath the hood of these vehicles worked silently.

They spotted eight pairs of massive tires that appeared to be fashioned with especially tough materials.

The rest of the convoy was filled with food, provisions, medicine, weapons, soldiers, and the elites of the town; it would serve as the control, administrative and economic center of the convoy.

The convoy stretched for more than three miles, and Rowan was impressed by the administrative prowess that went into creating and maintaining such a feat.

Circe must have seen the astonishment on his face because she slowed down, and pointed downwards, "I wish I could take credit for organizing such a massive convoy, but sadly that is not the truth. In every town in Jarkarr, such convoys are staples of the community."

Rowan had a faint idea for the reason, "The so-called Great Storm?"

"Bingo! Jarkarr is a world of ice for a reason, and although everything below seemed fresh and lush, it's a facade carefully maintained by my family to maintain life and civilization on this world."

"Except on the mountain, I have not seen any sort of ice and snow for hundreds of miles around." Rowan said, pointedly looking around them, there were no signs of snowfall.

"Yeah well, that's what happens when you have a family that can control the weather, we can keep things cool and toasty if it works for us." Circe smiled and created a mini tornado in her hand, with flashes of lightning sprouting out from it now and then, she dismissed the manifestation when she closed her fist.

"Yet, the Great Storm stumps your efforts to control?"

"What? No, without the Great Storm this planet is useless to us, it is the reason this natural phenomenon has been strictly preserved."

"You have my attention." Rowan folded his hands.

"Are you aware of the primary purpose for which this world exists?" Not waiting for a reply, she continued as she brought out a blue flower from the Spatial ring on her finger, "This is the sole reason why our family preserves this planet. The reason two percent of our family's total centennial revenue comes from this planet."



Handing over the flower to Rowan, he took it and gently brought it to his nose, there was no discernible scent, and it emitted a perceptible chill as he held it.

The flower was shaped like a blue lily, with large bell shaped flowers, and like the name implied, it was hard as metal.

Rowan lightly tapped the flower with his finger, and it gave out short metallic pings like a small tambourine. He expected the edges of the flower to be sharp because of their metallic composition, but they were not.

"Blue Iron is processed into a Battle Stimulant that is graded into three levels, black, silver, and bronze. Each of them corresponds to its usage towards Incarnation, Rift, and Legendary State Dominators. Here they are."

Circe brought out three different colored vials and presented it to Rowan. They were shaped like pills, and they had no visible openings and were about the size of a small grape.

She pointed at the vials, "each of them contains potent energy that..."

She paused when she heard the crunch coming from Rowan's mouth, he had just thrown in the bronze vial and was chewing it.

## **Chapter 148: Perilous Journey (final)**

"You are not supposed..."

She was interrupted by another louder crunch as he threw the silver and black vials into his mouth one after the another while seeming to take his time and sample the taste.

"Hmm... It has a fruity taste, almost like candy. Do you have any more of those?" Rowan smacked his lips and looked up at the distressed face of Circe.

"Are you alright? Those are not supposed to be consumed with those methods, their energies may be overwhelming ... But, I can see you don't have any issue with that. Great."

Rowan had not carelessly chewed through the Battle Stimulant on a whim. He had detected a massive amount of energy inside of them that he could not properly identify, but for him, those details were unnecessary.

Anything with a sufficient amount of energy could be consumed, and the pills were not disappointing. The bronze level pill gave him 100 points of energy, the silver was 1,000, and the black gave him a whopping 10,000 points of energy.

He had felt the first Ouroboros Serpent quiver in satisfaction, as he directed all the energies from the pills towards it. He had some idea about the application of this Legendary Skill, and he could not wait to put his thoughts into action.

"How Is it possible to extract all these energies from the Blue Iron flower?" Rowan inquired and brought the flower closer to his face as he checked through it with his Energy Vision, he could barely see a fraction of the energy from the pills inside this flower.

If he were to extrapolate using the energy he was glimpsing inside this flower, then to make the least bronze level Battle Stimulant, it would require more than a million of such flowers, not an equal trade in any sense, and there would be no profit in harvesting these flowers.

Circe paused for a while, and after shaking her head and muttering a little curse, she began to speak, "That is where the mystery of the Great Storm originates from. The flowers do not contain the energies for the Battle Stimulants, it only serves as a catalyst. I can only further explain when the Great Storm Begins."

"Speaking of Great Storms, you were talking about this convoy before we got side tracked." Rowan asked.

"Yeah, well, it all ties back to the Legend of Erohim, but that is a story for later. You see, every ten years there will be a planet wide snowstorm that occurs for three years without ceasing. To preserve life on the planet, there are a series of enormous caverns inside the earth where the people and animals of the planet would have to reside for the duration of the snow storm."

"This planet was occupied 15,000 years ago by my family, it was first deemed worthless by most, but a clever alchemist from our Trading houses came across a unique combination of the Blue Iron flower and the Great Storm that rages every ten years."

"So, to maximize the productivity of the people living on the planet, we had to spread them all over its surface to harvest as much Blue Iron flower as possible. But that brings about a dilemma."

"The Great Storm!"

"Precisely, the storm does not only create unfavorable weather that scours all life from the surface of the planet, it also brings with it vast celestial energies that would ravage everything it touches. Since we have spread our workers all over the planet, it would be a shame to lose them all every ten years."

"So, we used the old ways that the indigenous people had been using to exist on this planet for the last 200,000 years. The Underground Caverns!"

"They have been extensively excavated and repurposed, and we have managed to link most of them into three singular bodies. Three gigantic cities below the ground, where the people and animals would live for the next three years."

"This convoy is the facilitator to convey all these people to the cities beneath the ground, the closest one to us 12,500 miles (20,116.8 kilometers) from us which is Trinad. The other two cities are called Mrinah and Krakow."

They were now flying above the convoy, and Rowan judged the movement speed of the convoy, "with this speed of movement, it should take at least a month to reach Trinad. It is too slow. The greater part of the horde would reach us within two to three weeks."

"Yeah, it will." Circe said softly, she had a faint haunted look in her eyes, "You know, I have been with these people for fifty years and I have seen their older generation pass away, and the youths of before who used to bravely flirt with me are becoming old men, and women. Yet, it doesn't get any easier watching them fade away before my eyes with each passing year."

They both were silent, each of them having individual memories that triggered a melancholic mood over them. Circe was the first to recover, and she pointed down below to one of the rumbling vehicles.

"Let's go below, the seventh Trailer-Motor from the last is your personal camper. You have a cook, maid, and a driver, the largest trailer in the center is mine, there would be a meeting in seven hours. I hope you will be there. Let me drop you off."

As they both landed on the top of the vehicle that had been allocated to him, she turned and was about to fly off when Rowan stopped her, "Hey, about those vials containing the Battle Stimulants, how many of those can you safely give away that would not affect the upcoming defense of the convoy."

"Why do you ask, do you want any?"

"Yeah...I do, as much as you can spare, it would be important to me."

"Do I even want to ask why? I will see what I can do." saying that, she vanished into the sky, and Rowan spent some time with his head bowed in thought.

He was interrupted in his musing by the sound of the hatch opening on top of the vehicle.

Of course, at the moment he stood on top of the vehicle, his senses had already penetrated all of it, and he understood all its components and the three people inside.

His first point of interest was the vehicle itself, the technology it uses was pretty advanced and if he was not wrong, it operated by burning a weird green wood as fuel. A chunk of the wood the size of a fist could power the vehicle for a week.

This vehicle reminded him of the sheer scope of the Empire. Not only that it covered multiple planets, but also within Trion, there were massive differences in living conditions across various nations, not to talk about between Continents.

He knew Trion was an impossibly large world that could never exist in his previous universe, and he truly saw the scale of the planet when he possessed the body of that demon.

Rowan knew it was common to see vast technological differences between nations on a planet. On Trion this trait was further magnified. Which should not really be a surprise, for some small nations on Trion could be the size of his previous planet.

The amount of diversity inside the Empire was stunning, and seeing such an advanced method of transportation on this world was not very shocking to him, he was sure there were other regions in the Empire that possessed technology that was similar to science fiction.

The hatch opened and the face of the driver came through, and it was a burly man with a growing spot of gray hair on his temple. He calmly bowed to him, and Rowan immediately felt a sense of respect for him. He should only be at the peak of the Mortal State, and he was calmly looking at him.

Rowan knew that some Rift State Dominators were incapable of this feat.

"I'm Trevor, your Driver and Navigator, and inside is my wife and daughter. I don't care who you are, but if you hurt my family, I will die with my teeth around your throat."

Rowan arched his brows, now this was a welcome he was not expecting.

## **Chapter 149: The Second Great Circle**

Rowan smiled, his gaze swept through the body of the man once more, there must be a story here that he did not have the time to dig through to find, but as it is with such things, he would soon know the truth, "Do your duties properly, and I will have no issues with you."

Trevor looked flustered for a moment, then he threw a standard salute and returned down into the hatch. Rowan grinned internally, the heartbeat of the man had been going crazy, yet he still confronted him with no signs of backing down.

He did not think this issue was simple, most likely it was another test from Circe, to collect information on how he reacted to various situations, what was next? The Honey trap?

His Spatial Sight had shown him the figures of both mother and daughter, and they were beautiful in their own way. Trevor was a lucky man.

Rowan was not interested in these women, for they were the family members of someone he suspected he would come to respect, the second was that he was no longer a teenager with raging hormones that he would begin lusting for every female he met.

He had slept with many dozens of women in his past life, and after having sex more than a hundred times or so, the allure faded. Of course the most important aspect was that; they were mortal.

He had reached a point where it was impossible for him to safely cohabit with mortals for an extended period, even if he was meticulous in all his dealings with them and made sure he withheld all of his physical and magical abilities from affecting them, sooner rather than later, their minds would begin to break.

Even though mortals could never truly understand what he was, their souls and spirits could catch glimpses of his true self, and it would break them.

Without the curse, his body was a wellspring of infinite vitality, such a concept was so alien to mortals, that their Spirit would be subconsciously repelled from his own. Even Rowan's mortal mind that was bolstered by his Spirit still dreaded his full potential.

Rowan was beginning to realize a peculiar fact that had been in front of him all these while, and he had failed to notice.

That was; his Physical Attributes were ridiculous. After killing multiple Incarnation State creatures, he now understood that although they might have the potential to hold 10,000 points in each Stat, most of them would never reach that number.

It was most likely that most Incarnation State Dominators would never reach more than 5,000 points in any of their Stats. The same thing with the Rift State Dominators he had seen.

Potentially, all Rift State beings were supposed to have a maximum of 1,000 points in every Attribute, but he had never seen such a Rift State Dominator.

Yet, that was still not the full picture. For each bloodline were specialized in different Attributes. Kuranos focused on Spirit and Tiberius Focused on Strength.

It was possible that even at the Incarnation State, most Dominator would have their Attributes that were not within the specialty of their bloodline to be underdeveloped. But apart from his Spirit, his growth had been relatively equal.

That means the total amounts of Stat points he had must be multiple times of those at far higher levels, and in addition to the passive boost his body gave his Attributes, made him a living force of nature.

Subconsciously, mortals could sense that vast divide. His total attributes must place him easily in the Second Great Circle.

Not to mention his Soul Reaper Bloodline. Rowan was sure that when he upgraded this bloodline, the effects on his environment would be worse, and he would not be surprised if he would passively pull away the souls of every mortal around him for miles.

He did not find such thoughts comforting.

Rowan entered through the open hatch and saw the sight of the mother and daughter bowing towards him. The woman was still pretty even though she appeared to be in her thirties, although Rowan was sure she was in her forties.

She had strong arms and scars on her palms that signified a life of hard work, her daughter was the opposite, soft and delicate, and Rowan caught her sneaking glimpses at him as he walked past.

She was beautiful by all mortal standards, but beneath Rowan Energy Vision she was barely worth anything.

They introduced themselves as Olga, the wife of Trevor and his cook, and Diane, the daughter, who would also serve as his maid.

This was precisely the struggle within Rowan, separating the value of individuals not by the power they hold, but by the contents of their character.

He would admire and respect a character such as Trevor and take him as a friend because of his bravery. His Empyrean bloodline, however, disagreed. For his bloodline, the concerns of his mortal parts were impractical.

Rowan gestured to them to rise, and he did the standard motion of looking around, he kept these small habits to appear more human and not freak out those around him, and to also keep his cards under cover.

He was satisfied with this vehicle, standing inside he noticed it was stable, which must mean it had very impressive shock absorbing properties, which should be obvious given the size of its tires. The internal portion of the vehicle was large and separated into five compartments.

They were a bedroom with a functional bathroom with a shower, a library that Rowan saw was stocked with most of the books and maps he saw inside Circe office, a kitchen, and the living area for the family.

The fifth was the Driver's Cab, which appeared to be very comfortable. If the journey was to take at least a month, Rowan saw the reason for the drivers to be as comfortable as possible.

This compartment was littered with dials and buttons, with a massive steering wheel at the center of the dashboard. Rowan would love to get behind the wheel of this vehicle.

Before heading to the library, which was where he planned to spend most of his time when he was not fighting, he retrieved a sizable portion of meat, it was the same as the one he roasted before heading for battle.

He still had cravings for food and drink, even if they barely made it past his chest before they were vaporized, the energy they gave him was barely in the double digits. But, as long as the taste felt right to him, he would eat. If this turned out to be his only vice, then it was one he would gladly accept.

Rowan gave the meat to the dumbstruck Olga, warning her it was a bit heavy, since it weighed 65 kilograms, but she carried it without too much hassle.

He asked her if she could surprise him with the preparation of the meal, and she gladly nodded her assent, her face lighting up, and Rowan smiled. Diane by the side stumbled.

Rowan headed for the bedroom, his mind switched towards the shower. He did not need to bathe, but if he lived his life going by the dictates of only his needs, then he would become something vastly different.

To reach the bedroom, he passed through the kitchen, and behind the bedroom was the library. He did not care much for the bed or other amenities inside the room, they had no way of truly satisfying him.

Rowan wanted to try something. He brought his Spirit and wrapped it around all the clothes he wore, down to his shoes, and connected his mind to the Spatial bracelet. With a flex of his will, he placed his clothes inside the Spatial bracelet, and they vanished from his body.

## **Chapter 150: The Second Great Circle (2)**

Then, making sure he kept the momentum going, he rematerialized the clothes around him once more. He played with this new function for a while, soon he could draw out

any item of clothing directly on his body without taking the hassle to wearing them normally.

It did nothing to increase his power, but he could easily avoid situations of walking around naked and hurriedly wearing new clothes after every battle.

Two minutes later, he came out from the shower, vastly dissatisfied. Even though there was hot water, he hardly felt it, even when he had allowed himself to feel the touch of the water.

Rowan did not have to consciously control the force field over his body, for it seemed to obey his desires, and the water from the shower was able to touch his skin.

The pressure from the shower did nothing for him, as well as the heat from the water. It could as well be spraying him with a slightly warm air. Even his current weakened state was still too tough to enjoy the pleasure of a hot shower.

It would appear he would have to search for active volcanoes in order to appreciate a bath. Keeping only a towel around his waist, he sat down on a stool and cupped his hands around his chin and began reviewing his actions from the moment he woke up inside that mountain.

After a few minutes, he sighed and materialized his clothes around his body, and headed towards the Library. He had plenty of books to read and mysteries to uncover because battle was never too far away from him.

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Back in the field of battle that Rowan and Circe had just left behind, the ground that had been liquified to Larva had just begun to cool and resolidify, suddenly the floor cracked and bulged upward as a golden rat crawled out of it.

It could be immediately noticed that something was wrong with this beast, apart from its impressive size, which was as large as an elephant, it was also wearing a white jacket and a black top hat.

A shifty look was in its eyes as it stood on two feet like a humanoid, the bones of its body shifting with dull cracks as it realigned to this new posture.

It assessed the situation around, before the golden rat scratched its head in a very human gesture, before it began heading south, away from the horde coming from behind, its destination, a mystery. "Vraegar needs to hear of this."

The color of its golden fur rippled, and it vanished from sight.

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"So what do you think Nana? Which bloodline do you suppose could have such capabilities?"

The older woman sat before a table with a hologram floating above it, which replayed the events that occurred during Rowan's battle with the Rat horde.

The older woman placed her hands on the high definition hologram that was showing in crisp details the battle, and she seemed to want to touch his body through the hologram.

Nana began speaking to Circe, although her eyes never left the scene of the battle which she began replaying again, "I have seen Abilities such as these before, and although I do not recognize the flames he wields, they are unlike anything I have seen before, but they remind me of something. I would have to check."

"However, his techniques... I have scars from being injured by moves like that." she unconsciously touched her waist, where a nasty scar lay beneath her cloth.

Standing up from the couch, she pulled back the side of her robe and showed Circe the scar around her waist. The scar was a harsh line that covered the entirety of her waist, and it painted a very grim picture.

Some time in the past, someone had cut her in two. Even as a Dominator, such wounds must have taken her to the verge of death, after all she still carried the scars.

Nana turned to face Circe, "I have nearly died under blows such as this, and I never truly recovered, my path of ascension was cut short, and I would never again walk the sky."

"I'm sorry, Nana." Circe said softly.

"Oh, you silly girl, I made sure I made the bi\*ch who did this to me, eat her own guts!"

Circe grimaced, knowing the past of the woman who sat before her, she did not believe she was exaggerating a bit.

Nana pointed at the hologram, "If you have spent time on the battlefield, you may see those elite warriors wielding techniques such as these. They were practically immortal on the battlefield, and unless crushed to bits with a single move, they would always recover and the blows they inflict on you would never stop bleeding even as you would also be bleeding away your Aether."

Her voice went low, almost a whisper, only with Circe enhanced hearing could she hear her words. "They are the herald of the Mad Butcher. The Dominator of flesh. Circe what this man is wielding is the personal battle technique of Tiberius, The God of War. Only

the direct line of the War God, and those in line for the name of Tiberius, can wield this technique!"

"What is a Scion of Tiberius doing here in the far fringes of the Empire, and on an Industrial planet such as Jarkarr no less. Are they not supposed to never leave the battlefield or Tiberius home world? Did he arrive here with this disaster? Nana, do you see any machinations of the War God here?" Circe asked.

"I don't know if his arrival and the disaster are linked. That would be strange enough, but there is more. I don't think he is of the Tiberius bloodline." Nana said, "Trust me, I can smell the stench of their blood from miles away."

"But isn't it supposed to be impossible to wield that battle technique without the bloodline of Tiberius."

"Not, impossible, just very difficult, for you would burn ten times the amount of Aether and blood essence and there would be no assurance that you could also drain those resources from the enemies you were fighting, which is the entire linchpin for this technique. It was made to feed off blood and death."

Circe's mind returned to the peculiar incidence of Rowan eating the Battle Stimulant, and she recounted the events to Nana.

"Hmm... He might have expended much more resources than he was willing to admit. You also said about him using a lot of Aether, that could mean he has to boost the techniques using other methods apart from his Essence."

Nana began to walk around, her mind taking apart the events that had transpired, "Did you say he requested for more battle stimulants?"

"Yes, he wanted as much as we could spare." Circe replied quickly.

"Then we should make that a priority. He could be a valuable resource to us at present."

"Yet, this does not answer any of my previous questions Nana, do you recognize his bloodline or is he something alien beyond the domain of the gods?"

Circe had a fascinated look on her face as she rotated the hologram and zoomed in until she could see Rowan's eyes. Her breath quickened as she felt a shiver down her spine, she looked at her skin and saw goosebumps.

Nana shook her head, "I do not recognize any traits of the major families. He has the blond hair and Skin of the Kuranes, and the presence of The Bacchus, his height is closer to those of the Tiberius, his bestial eyes from Horush, his physique is similar to that of Demons... It is impossible for me to nail his origins."

Nana appeared troubled before sighing, "Although out here in the fringes of the Empire where the hold of God King on bloodline is sparse, I would not be surprised if he turns out to have a bloodline outside of our Dominion. If that is the case, his ability would be suppressed the closer he gets to Trion, but out here, he could be a potent weapon."