

The Primordial Record

Chapter 151: The Second Great Circle (final)

Nana patted the hands of Circe, "If he has truly lost his memories, then with his abilities, we must do what we can to rope him to your cause."

Circe muttered, "If not for this damned calamity, with the family's information network, I would have his presence on every known world searched to determine his origins. I would like to know the exact nature of who we are working with."

"Well in a month's time, we should be able to do that." Nana said, "Something tells me there is more to meet the eyes with this one." Nana looked at the hologram of Rowan, her eyes were deep as she absently stroked the scars on her waist.

Circe nodded, and they began speaking about other things in preparation for the upcoming meeting, then she paused, "I saw you made Trevor his driver? Why did you do that? At this time, we needed him the most."

"Information my dear. Trevor can be many things, but he is blunt and has a peculiar ability to read a man's heart. His attitude towards Trevor and his family would go a long way in understanding how to deal with him."

"He's not dumb, Nana, he would understand the purpose of you giving him such a Navigator."

"It doesn't matter whether he knows of my intentions or not, I only care about his responses."

"Okay. About..."

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As Rowan senses swept through the books here, his excitement began to grow. The patches in his memory had been a constant thorn in his side.

He was sure that he had missed opportunities, and made many mistakes because of ignorance about the world, and Circe had made an effort to select books that he urgently needed from just a single conversation he had made with her.

His mind switched to the older women he met—Nana, he doubted Circe had the time to put all these together, then it must be her. She must have been given a briefing from their conversation and from that alone, she prepared all of this.

She was the true backbone of this convoy. That was good to know. He knew of no one here who could overpower him physically, the thing he had to watch out for was the hidden machinations they would surely play.

Rowan was not ignorant of the way of the world, he expected hidden eyes on him, but with the calamity he brought on this planet, he could not sit back and watch it all play out without doing the least to ease the suffering he had partly caused.

His rate of growth was astonishing, and he was not afraid of a direct battle, only hidden blades. He began calling up various countermeasures inside his head as he began making plans for the various emergencies that could arise.

Including the arrival of his enemies from the Nexus he just escaped from. How much longer did he have before he was traced here? Whenever that might be, however, he was determined to surprise them and this time when he drew blood it would be permanent!

Augustus, Father, Lamia, Mystery goddess. It would not be too long for our rematch.

Rowan placed his thoughts away from those matters, and found a plush looking chair to sit down on. What determined that for him was structural integrity.

When he was comfortable, he drew the first book into his hands with Telekinesis and floated it in front of him, continued doing that until he had seven books in front of him, and then simultaneously all of them opened their cover.

He split his mind into seven strands and began consuming the knowledge in front of him. The pages of the books began flipping faster with every passing second."

Rowan slipped into the habit of the prince and lost himself, but with his new alacrity of Spirit and his ability to separate his consciousness into many strands, he could read at a much faster pace.

From "Politics Of The Empire Great Houses." to "Dancing With Snakes and Dragons—How I Came To Meet The Duchess." He consumed them all, and took from each of them valuable information that began to solidify gaps in his knowledge."

There was so much valuable information about the world he found himself on and the various Noble family that governed them, and soon he began seeing books on the Paths of Dominion.

He rapidly consumed all the knowledge there and was pleasantly surprised at a new find that grew his knowledge on the paths.

There was limited information on the various creatures and races around the Empire, but Rowan saw no reason why he could not request for that information next time.

In an hour, he was done with reading the entirety of the three hundred books before him. He sat and closed his eyes and began reorganizing the information he just accepted.

The first thing that came to mind was that he finally knew the realm that came after the first Great Circle, and he was surprised at the direction the growth of Dominators followed after they entered this brand-new domain.

The General did not lie to him when he explained the paths of Power, what he did not say was how each Great Circle brought about drastic changes in the Dominator, although Rowan thought that should be implied.

There were four Great Circles, and within them, you have levels, so to speak. The first Great Circle had four levels, the second had three levels, the third had two levels and the fourth had only one.

The First Great Circle had four states of change, from Mortal to Legendary to Rift and finally Incarnation.

The Second Great Circle had three states of change, they were the Spirit territory Realm, then the Incandescent Realm and finally The Proclamation Realm.

The second Great Circle was no longer about the States of Change any longer, now Dominators began to cultivate realms. He did not know what those truly meant for there were no explanations about these so-called realms, except for vague mystical terms, but Rowan had an idea about their true directions.

In fact, Rowan believes he might even be cultivating a part of the Second Great Circle in advance! It was due to the names of these realms.

Dominators in this new State of Change began focusing less on their bodies but on other mystical aspects of creation itself, and only the truly talented could reach this realm and progress forward.

Rowan wasn't much concerned about the difficulties he might face, after all, he had his Soul Points, he only had to gather Souls from battle, and he would ascend faster than anyone else ever could.

His musings were interrupted by a figure walking slowly to his Library door and hesitating for a moment before knocking.

He had all the activities of the vehicle in his Sight, so he could see every activity happening even while he was reading. So, he was never surprised about any development around him.

Olga had a quiet fight with her husband about his attitude towards Rowan, he had chuckled when he saw the man's defeated appearance, and she had made him promise to apologize to him the next time they met.

While Diane had a far off look in her eyes as she glanced at his bedroom door now and then as she helped her mother prepare the meal and set the table.

She should be barely seventeen, no doubt she had a crush on him.

Teenagers!

Rowan was aware his current appearance was far from average, and every part of his body could be deemed perfect. But surprisingly, he did not fancy his body all that much, for he was too perfect for his taste. Too inhuman. A constant reminder that he was just wearing the guise of a human, but he was closer to a sentient star.

How long could he maintain this delusion of his humanity? Even the Dominators were still far closer to humanity than even himself. But did that truly even matter?

He was determined to live a life worth living. He had seen in stark details the lives of those who crave nothing but power, and it sickened him.

Chapter 152: Breaking The Curse

With a small mousy voice, Diane announced that his meal was ready and Rowan told her that he would be eating with them in the kitchen.

The vehicle was semi-autonomous and could be given a limited range of freedom on a relatively straight route, and they were currently on a similar stretch of roads like that.

Rowan would love to see and hear from the people that would be beside him for the better part of a month. What better way to break the ice than over a sumptuous meal.

Rowan entered the kitchen to the smell of great food, and his mouth began to water. Curious.

Trevor had a flustered look on his face, but Rowan senses could detect him secretly gulping, and he could not blame him. The kitchen smelled divine.

Olga and Diane had overdone themselves, Rowan did not know how all the exotic ingredients like, mushrooms, artichokes, onions, those sorts of things, with other vegetables and fruits he had never seen came together to form such a magnificent spread before them, but he would take it as a sign of artistic excellence.

"Please, join me on the table." he suppressed any disagreement from Trevor and his wife with a strong look. Diane just appeared excited.

They all sat at the table and Rowan pulled out a mellow fruit wine which literally had pieces of fruit at the bottom of the large cold flask.

The table was startled when he pulled out the wine from seemingly empty air, but quickly settled since they were not stranger to the tools of Nobility. Rowan shook the wine bottle, making sure the fruits were properly mixed with the drink before he poured a generous portion for himself and dug into the food before him.

Rowan noticed there was slight hesitation in their faces due to their reluctance to sit at the same table with a powerful Noble, and he thoroughly understood the sentiment.

Rowan did not try to overly persuade them, or he would appear to be too eager, which would surely serve to create more barriers between them.

They were not making much movement, but there was something about seeing someone eat with so much gusto that would serve to shake any hesitation holding the viewers back from partaking.

Trevor was the first to break the ice and collected a healthy serving of meat and vegetables. He was going back for more meat before Olga slapped his hands and served him more vegetables.

Diane, seeing her parents had begun eating, took it as an indication that she could. And to his amazement, the young lady could really throw down with the best of foodies that her skinny frame did not suggest.

He waited for a short while for everyone else to be drawn into Food Nirvana, and their safeguards slowly dropped by the marvelous food and wine, before he started talking, he began with a compliment towards Olga.

"When I asked to be surprised, I did not know what I would be served with, but I'm glad I asked. Thank you, Olga and Diane for this wonderful meal. This is the best meal that I've eaten in a long while."

Olga beamed, "It was no problem my lord, the meat you provided did most of the work. I have never seen anything so rich in flavor and texture. It was my honor to work with such a marvelous piece of meat, and also to eat at your table, my lord."

"Can you please pass me the sauce." Diane said around a mouthful of salad to Rowan.

"Of course." Rowan nudged it towards her, she nodded her thanks and continued eating. A few seconds later, she paused, and threw a furtive look at Rowan, but after

noticing he was speaking with her parents without looking at her, she settled and continued eating.

Rowan brought another similar bottle of fruit wine and opened it, the feeling of chewing the fruit that had been marinated by the wine changing its texture and taste was heavenly,

He began making small talk, "So, how did you and your family acquire this job? It must really be for specific qualities, seeing that only few could be selected for such a position."

"Well it's not as distinguished as you might think. I was an easy pick for the role." Trevor scratched his head, as he chose to be the one to reply Rowan "I have experience of driving, navigating and operating heavy machinery for the past twenty-five years, and I have driven twice through two great storms, admittedly it was in a less stressful period. The real pickle was getting my family to be together with me."

"Is that so?"

"Yeah, but Olga is a very competent cook." Trevor held the hand of his wife, and she smiled at him, "she made the decision straightforward for the managers."

"I would assume the reason you wanted your family with you, should be related to the warm welcome you gave me?"

Trevor blushed, and Olga spoke up, "My lord, we apologize for that breach of conduct, and Trevor is willing to deeply apologize for his uncouth words. Aren't you Trevor?" The look she gave her husband was scathing and he stammered.

"I'm sorry for what I said, my lord."

Rowan laughed, "Do not ever be sorry for the actions you take to protect your family, Trevor."

He noticed they all paused at his laughter for the briefest of moments, and he saw the hidden tension inside their bodies beginning to ease. Rowan valued this small victory over decimating a thousand-strong army of Dominators.

Rowan soon shifted the attention of their conversations to other pleasant matters, and although he was severely out of practice with making small conversations. He thought he did a fair job breaking the walls between them, but the chief reason for the growing familiarity between them would fall to an unlikely person—Diane.

Soon there was laughter on the table as Diane turned out to be pretty funny and talkative. She was studying to become an actress in the big city, a profession that was

being sponsored with the hard work of her parents and beneath the fluff, Rowan found real strength of character within her.

The laughter and the food brought a pleasant atmosphere to the room, and one could almost forget the chaos happening outside. For the first time since he woke up in this new world, Rowan felt a sense of peace.

"So, I told Mr. Clive, you cannot say such words in the theater, and he said it was always permitted. Can you believe that?" Diane finished her story, her bodily expressions were as prominent as her voice, and Rowan allocated those traits to her training as an actress.

"Wait, but that was not what you told me last time." Olga said, "you were insistent on..."

Rowan made a small cough, and they all turned towards him, "I thank you for the meal, Trevor, Olga, Diane. It was a pleasant experience and I hope we do this every once in a while." He stood up and waved away their attempt to also stand, "No, please continue with your meal. I have other things to attend to."

Rowan left the table but not before dropping a dozen choice cuts of meat for Olga and a few bottles of wine for Trevor, seeing that Diane favored the fruity wine, he gave her one as well.

He returned to the opened hatch and stepped outside. He had spent thirty minutes on that meal and did not regret any single moment of it. For he did not know how much longer he had before he could no longer enjoy such pleasures.

He sighed and called up and pushed the remaining 810 points inside and reviewed his current Attributes, which were higher than he thought it would be.

His body was actively fighting against the curse, and he would soon be rid of it. He had access to nearly half of his maximum abilities, coupled with his command over Aether he was no longer in imminent danger.

Chapter 153: Breaking The Curse (2)

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength :1110/ 3690

Agility :980/ 3459

Constitution : 2550/5628

Spirit : 740.4

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 [12,780/15,000]

REAVAR – level 0 [0/5000]

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [5/5]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One – 868,227,788/1,000,000,000

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)

Berserker Skills Upgraded:

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

Soul Point : 2.6754

He had made so much progress with the growth of his bloodline, and he had less than 2,220 Soul points before he got to the peak of Legendary. It seemed not so long ago that he became a Legend, but he was already near the peak.

It was normal for most Dominators to spend twenty to fifty years transcending the Legendary State, Geniuses with deep bloodline abilities may do so in a decade or less, but he was nearly done in less than a month.

Even if Rowan had never compared his rate of growth to the normal Dominator, he still felt a little excited with knowing a new phase was beginning in his journey, and with his increasing strength, he would more easily acquire Soul Points, and like an unstoppable juggernaut his ascent would become increasingly faster.

The moment he reached the Peak of Legendary, then he would have to break through to the Rift State, which he did not think was still too far away from him currently.

A couple more minor skirmishes should place him in a solid position, and he would be leaving the Legendary State behind.

There were still seven more hours before the meeting, and he did not think he needed to be in attendance. He would better use his time searching for offshoots from the beast horde and getting rid of the curse, for that was his current priority.

Without the burden of the curse, his movements would become less stifled, and he could wade into the horde of monsters created by his flesh without fear.

They had created a wholesome feast for him, practically gathered the beast population of the entire planet, he would be remiss not to use such favors granted to him on a platter of gold.

The horde was still far behind the convoy, but they were closing fast, and with his current Attributes, if he moved with all he had, he could reach the area of their activities in two hours or less, and he could begin whittling at their offshoots.

His Spatial Sight swept throughout most of the convoy, boosted by his Aether. Before he left for his hunt, he would prefer to know the general situation of the people in the convoy.

Rowan detected concerned but hopeful people, they knew they were running from two calamities, although they were most likely unaware of the full scale of this misfortune, there were hints in the air, and most were not stupid.

Rowan was not surprised that they had assigned a messiah-like figure to him, a powerful figure who swooped down from the skies to save them.

Even if it was a burden to him, he felt it was worth it, for what else would he do with such powers if not to protect those who did not have any the ability to do so?

He would rather not rule the universe or live forever, but if he could one day be the reason for the entire universe to be at peace, then that was a lofty goal, a noble pursuit.

Nevertheless, he was not so ignorant as to not understand that such a goal meant he would have to destroy maybe trillions of lives to fulfill, potentially much more than he could ever imagine at the moment. The universe was a place filled with strife, and no change was ever easy or bloodless.

Well, he never said he was a savior and perhaps his goal to save the helpless was most likely borne of selfishness. He always favored the little guy.

Rowan's gaze was on the people in the convoy; they were all busy with different crafts. Even the children had been given various duties that kept their endless exuberance in check.

He smiled at their innocence and endless energy. How much of such precious light did my descent snuff out?

Jarkarr was not a populous world, but the mortals it held numbered three billion. With the books and calendars he got from Circe, he had inferred that he did not sleep for a few days, as he had thought at first.

He had been out for at least a month, if not more!

He had made a slight miscalculation when he used the amount of Soul Points he had gathered as a benchmark for the number of days that had passed, but he failed to consider the wholesale slaughter of the planet would take some time to begin.

But back then he was not aware of the full dangers that the flesh of madness might impose on this world, and so he had made an error.

He had not collected all the information about how the disaster began on the planet, but he would still know those soon.

Rowan sighed and pushed those thoughts to the side. He had to be careful not to let his mind roam more than it was necessary, or indecision would plague his every move.

A little observation revealed they were busy transforming various raw materials into weapons or food. Each vehicle had workstations that individuals or families clustered around and everyone bent their heads to work.

With the amount of food and resources he had seen inside the administrative portion of the convoy, he knew the efforts of the people were mostly useless for there was more than enough food and weapons to get by, but he could see how being busy could keep the minds of the people at peace and give them a goal to achieve daily.

He was about to move when he paused, he had always deliberately not used his Spatial Sight to scan the vehicles of Circe because he was sure there were methods to discover such intrusions, and he would rather keep the knowledge of this surveillance capability of his under wraps until it was necessary to reveal it.

He had seen riders on massive two-wheeled vehicles that resembled motorbikes on steroids leaving, and he inferred they were most likely scouts. If they had valuable information to give, it would aid him greatly in his hunt, rather than him going on his own and exposing his surveillance ability.

Spatial Sight was powerful, but he knew it was not undetectable, and although he had advanced this ability a few times, he did not assume it could catch sight of everything. A family like the Boreas must surely have anti-surveillance systems.

Rowan jumped down from his vehicle and shifted his path to Circe's, which was a close-knit gathering of ten massive vehicles that were noticeably larger than the rest in the convoy.

It did not take long for him to collect the information he needed from scouts and the foreman, Rashid, and he was off.

So far, they had detected a dozen offshoots from the horde in their general vicinity, most were behind them, but two were on their path, and they had begun making a clever set of Navigation to skirt around the beasts.

There was a risk they might be detected by the beasts, but the Navigators were optimistic that they could escape this danger with minimal risk. Rowan chose to reduce that risk to zero.

Chapter 154: Breaking The Curse (3)

Would his decimation of these offshoots trigger retaliation or more attacks from the horde? Maybe, but as long as the convoy kept moving, and he continued getting stronger, he saw no reason not to whittle out the herd.

He even managed to get his hands on one of those monster bikes, their top speeds were nothing to scoff at, and although slower than his all out sprint, they would serve just fine.

With the wind blowing his hair behind him, he set out for the first of the offshoots, and placed the pedal to the metal and did not ease up until he saw the dust ahead and his Spatial sight revealed the presence of five Incarnation State beasts and a single golden creature.

Rowan parked the monster bike a few miles from the horde. They resembled giant apes with the golden beast leading them having two heads, as he reached the horde on foot he brought out two long spears, and pumping Aether into his Dash skills, he was within their midst before they were aware and the slaughter began.

He was here to hunt as quickly as possible, and he did not hold back on his Aether, although he did not use his flames because they gave out too much sound and light. His Berserker Skills were more than enough for the job.

Twenty minutes later, he was done, he had 900 Soul points and 4,000,000 energy points by devouring the golden two-headed ape and he proceeded to the next.

The only concern he had was that during the battle, the golden ape almost seemed like it wanted to communicate with him. Rowan began to feel the beginning of a headache. Exterminating these creatures would be multiple fold more difficult and complicated if intelligence came into play.

There was nothing benign about these creatures, and they were not born from goodwill, but from madness, and only the privilege of his flesh gave them a sustained form in the universe.

Intelligence would not breed understanding among them, only an increasing depravity. If they killed before on instinct, now they might begin to enjoy it.

Rowan's desire to kill began to ramp up, it was also fueled knowing such Abominations came from his flesh.

He rapidly made his way to the other offshoots. These were made up of giant spiders, and he was surprised to see three golden spiders with heads resembling that of a cow. It was an eerie combination, and they were troublesome creatures to put down because of their agility.

Rowan had to resort to throwing his spears, and thankfully he had more than enough, each of them were only slowed when he had peppered their bodies with dozens of spears, and he finally took them down. This battle took much time because of this, but he was done in an hour.

He came out with 1,300 Soul points and 15,000,000 energy points, and he checked the maps he collected and beelined for the next.

There were a dozen offshoots of the horde a few hundred miles around the convoy, and his goal was to eradicate them all, and in the next seven hours he did just that.

His face held a grim light, when he noticed more signs of intelligence among the golden beasts.

He traveled from one to another and crushed them all, he may be wrong about the number of beasts he had killed in those seven hours of mindless savagery, but a safe bet would be between 90,000 to 130,000 beasts of all shapes and types fell to him.

The benefits from the battles were apparent as he raked in 7,500 Soul points plus 32,000,000 energy points. He finally had everything he needed to break the curse.

His next goal now was to find a safe place to do just that and evolve his bloodline as he readied himself to break through to the Rift State.

It did not take long for him to find a small mountain, and he climbed to the top, where he used his Spatial Sight to perform extensive sweeps over the entire area for hundreds of miles around. If he was going to be surprised he needed a few seconds as a buffer, he never thought he was ever completely safe.

He was going to miss the meeting, but getting back into peak condition was what he deemed the most necessary.

In a matter of hours he had gathered 9,700 Soul points, not his biggest haul, but it was quite a sizable amount of returns for his efforts.

Rowan looked around him one last time, and he brought his open palm to the ground, a brief burst of Flesh Light melted a sizable hole into the mountain, he held himself with his Telekinesis, and as he levitated downward he continued burning his way through the mountain, his goal was to stop at the center of it.

He used a short burst of Bone Fire to collapse the cavity he made and buried himself in apparent darkness. Yet, before his myriad senses, it was brighter than daylight inside this small cavity he made for himself.

Rowan only intended to be inside here for a short time, as he still took care to stay away from any unknown eyes.

He cleared his thoughts before closing his eyes and calling up , he began pouring the remaining Soul Points needed to finish off the Legendary State of his bloodline.

His blood began to seethe as pure life force and other mystical components the Soul Points transformed into for growing his bloodline flooded into him. Rowan Attributes began to increase at an astonishing speed, and the surrounding air began to warp with the heat emanating from his body.

His sixth heart was beating erratically as it grew larger inside his chest, this growth did not stop until this heart grew so big it was remarkable it all fit inside his chest, but Rowan knew that his body, especially his hearts possess properties beyond the three dimension.

When Rowan reached the peak of the Legendary State, the growth stopped, and the other five Ouroboros Serpent crawled out from the void in his chest and began feeding the new heart with a red mist that resembled blood.

As Rowan watched this development for a while, his senses also wrapped around the curse on his body, and he sensed it began to retreat from his growing vitality.

Whatever this curse was made up of, it was tenacious, and his growing vitality and strength returned the command of the field back to his favor. His body could no longer be influenced by this curse.

The curse, however, refused to be dispelled and shrank to a tiny pale dot on his chest.

Rowan snorted, he already had vestiges of the goddess presence in his Mental Space, and he would destroy those the moment he reached the Rift State and gain better control over his Aether. But he would be damned if he allowed the goddess curse to exist in his body, the part of him he had greater control over.

He clenched his teeth and opened the floodgates, Rowan's impressive vitality had been freed up, and he began burning all his vitality, directing all the energy towards that last curse fragment. His body began to glow like the sun and a golden light spread out from his body, even beginning to penetrate the mountain he buried himself in.

Rowan had never truly unleashed the full might of his physical Essence, and now with such a hated curse sinking its roots inside him, all his instincts roared at him to pull it away from his flesh.

Commandeering all that power, he focused it on that vestige of the curse rooted stubbornly in his body, and he began to burn it out of him.

His blood roared in annoyance, and a hidden shackle that Rowan had always subconsciously held over his nature was broken.

No matter how he postured, deep within Rowan had always seen himself as human first and then an Empyrean. It was the reason his body assumed a more human shape the stronger he became, his height and weight even began to reduce.

Chapter 155: Breaking The Curse (final)

He may not really understand what he was doing, but his body was trying to mimic humanity, but he was no longer human. Perhaps if he was an Empyrean truly birthed by the universe, then he would have been given all the needed guidance suitable for one of his esteemed bloodline.

Even ability to duplicate any bloodline was not perfect. It could give him a beyond perfect copy of a bloodline, but certain inheritance that could bolster the bloodline were not included.

Yet, the implacable will of his bloodline was present, and it was heightened further by his endless evolution of the bloodline.

An Empyrean blood was already far more noble than anything existing in the universe, it was the pinnacle of creation, what more his current bloodline that had been given opportunities to evolve beyond what any universe could suitably handle.

The potency of his bloodline was unmatched, and although it was still young and not fully developed, it was still frighteningly powerful, and Rowan was only able to keep certain instincts of his bloodline in check because of certain qualities of his soul.

But, Rowan was a giant that had shrunk himself to fit the tiny image of a man, not by any conscious fault of his own, it was because it was the only thing he knew how to be.

No one else had shown him any other path, he had been thrust into this life, and he was making the best of it.

He talked like a man, ate like a man, fought like a man... he had been pushing aside what made him truly different. Suppressing his instinct.

To dispense this curse that had made him feel this detested weakness, he finally released the leash on his bloodline because as a man, it was always normal to hold back.

No man had infinite vitality, or could regenerate from every wound. No one would use maximum effort for every task because there was no way the body could safely handle such strains.

Rowan had not really gotten the time to get used to this new reality of his, but he was a quick learner, perhaps in a decade or centuries from now he would learn of this truth about his bloodline.

For it was not a matter of if, but of when. This should have been the proper method of development for him, as he would use the blade of time to scrape away the lingering traces of humanity in his soul.

But, life hardly flows according to the best laid paths.

His attempt to burn the curse from his body, made his suppressed Emyrean bloodline rebel.

The glow from his body increased, and Rowan seemed to be transformed into a being of solid gold. A thought occurred to him, and he knew that this form he was in currently, should be his normal condition of being—Not as a handsome, blond hair man—The vestige of the dead price, Rowan Kuranos, but a being of light and endless glory, but that thought was soon lost under the mounting roar from his bloodline.

He had infinite vitality, upgrading his bloodline only made his unending vitality more powerful, as each level he ascended towards deepened the potency of his bloodline.

Rowan had previously speculated on burning his entire bloodline and had never tried to do so, because of control, else he would be what he was now; a being of solid light, untouchable, beyond even a god.

His instinct told him if he had always maintained this state, which was one where he always burned his vitality, the curse would have never taken its root in him. After all, he was the only one who would be able to do something as crazy as this.

What other creature could boast of infinite vitality?

Before his light, the mountain slowly began transforming into a metal that resembled gold but was far harder than diamond, and his golden light penetrated it, and began to spread.

The curse lasted longer than he thought, but before the full might of his Emyrean blood, it broke and fled, wrenching itself from his body with a bitter cry.

It was a thing of shadow, and endless madness, it rose to the sky and its aura darkened the sky making the day begin turning slowly to night. The curse had also benefited while inside Rowan's body, and it was about to reveal its might.

The wind began to stir, and red lightning began to manifest from the body of the curse. Darkness began to slowly rise from the ground, pulled from the very depth of this world.

A formless shriek resounded from the rising curse, and it went higher than the clouds, the energy within the curse on a constant rise. It was about to epitomize itself in all its unholy glory.

The curse took the shape of a man before morphing into a beast, its form rapidly grew more chaotic as sickening laughter emanated from it, it took a while before it settled into a creature of darkness that was a hundred feet tall, having nine arms with two heads.

"I LIVE!" The curse cried out, as red lightning shot out from its malleable form, and its grin stretched wide until it covered half of its face.

It began drawing a strange form of energy that Rowan had never seen before, and its power levels skyrocketed. The energy within the curse rose beyond the first Great Circle and continued growing ever deeper, even as its form continued to grow larger, until it was about 500 feet (152.4 m) tall.

A monstrosity of darkness and madness.

Then something changed.

The world went silent, and the wind stilled, the ascent of the curse stopped as a deeper darkness arose behind it.

From that darkness, a single eye opened as white as the moon, and in the darkness it almost resembled the moon, but no celestial body had ever emanated such a chill, like something that existed before heat was ever a concept.

More solid beings of darkness began arising and surrounded the curse, and multiple orbs opened around it, from two, three, four, up to six orbs, that gave out such profound chill that space and time seemed to freeze.

The curse was stuck in its position, and although its root could be traced back to a god, before the extra-dimensional horror around it, what else could it do but suppress itself. The growing intelligence inside it began to fray at its edges, for it truly could not conceptualize what it was witnessing.

A creature born from madness discovered there was still more depth to madness than even a god could understand.

A loud sound resounded and the mountain far below exploded as if it was blown apart by a blow from a giant fist, and a being made of divine metal and golden light ascended to the skies, and it came to stand before the curse.

There was something wrong with the condition of Rowan, as he appeared in a daze, the sudden eruption from his bloodline had suppressed his mental capabilities and his body was relying on instinct alone.

Rowan opened his eyes, and lightning shot forth, the darkness was swept aside, and his Ouroboros Serpents opened their mouths and began to inhale.

The curse shuddered, it could not move or scream, it could only remain silent as its body began to crack, and it lasted for a little moment before it was torn into six parts and devoured and as one, all the serpents began to grow.

The last time they were revealed, their sizes were jaw dropping, but now... they had exceeded that, and they rapidly expanded into something truly colossal.

No mortal mind could catch a glimpse of the current Ouroboros Serpent and not go insane, even Legendary and Rift State Dominators would only last a while before their minds exploded to mush.

Each scale was larger than the vehicles in the convoy, which were 80 feet (24.38 m) long. Previously the size of the Ouroboros Serpents were 1000 feet (0.3 kilometers) long, but they soon left that paltry size behind, and they continued growing.

1500 feet (0.46 kilometers)...

2000 feet (0.61 kilometers)...

2500 feet (0.76 kilometers)...

Chapter 156: The End of All Things

Finally stopping at three thousand feet long, they had all finally exceeded the length of the tallest man-made structures in his previous life, and this was only the beginning of their growth.

Rowan could still ascend to the Rift State, and the Incarnation State, and then to the Second Great Circle, and with each step he took, the Ouroboros Serpents would continue to grow.

But, something was wrong, Rowan was no longer in the driving seat, and his bloodline eruption had forcibly driven his conscious mind under, leaving only its primal urges to reign supreme.

These urges disregarded the concepts of limit or control, it only reveled in its omnipotence.

The Golden glow from Rowan's body represented his unending vitality that he was burning, yet he was still holding back, with a dull sound like a world catching on fire, Rowan's body began to grow, and the glow increased a hundredfold.

He became a hundred feet tall. This was his true size at the Legendary State, not the seven feet body he used as Rowan Kuranos.

His Ouroboros Serpent closed their eyes, and bowed their colossal heads to him, and like the touch of a loving father, his light spread and covered their bodies. It began staining their bodies with gold, and they began forcibly to expand once more ...

4,000 feet (1.22 kilometers)...

8,000 feet (2.44 kilometers)...

15,000 feet (4.57 kilometers)...

100,000 feet (30.48 km)...

500,000 feet (152.4 km)...

1,000,000 feet (304.8 km)...

Rowan had never truly understood the true scale of his power.

Somehow, their growth was not ending. It was never ending. They represented infinity, a concept that should never have a physical embodiment. Yet, they were all that... and more!

Rowan's infinite vitality was now shown to have a truly terrifying consequence, he could grow his serpent beyond any normal limits.

They slowly opened their mouths once more, they were going to...

Rowan felt vibrate inside his chest, and a wave of red light carrying complicated runes covered his body.

The runes shrouded the skies, and rapidly covered the entire planet, for a while, every single being on this world paused, even time itself went still, and like a retreating tide, the red runes returned to their origin.

Rowan's consciousness faded to darkness.

He awoke a short while later on his back with a nasty headache that quickly faded away, so quickly he thought it might have been a mirage.

He was inside a deep crater that was left of the mountain he had resided in order to break the curse. Furthermore, he felt a deep sense of fatigue that surprised him, but that too was slowly fading away, and was replaced with the familiar endless energy from his body.

His memories were still clear until he began tearing away the curse from his body. Was the process so difficult it knocked him out?

Around him was a scene of devastation, as he climbed to his feet and with a burst of his will, he drew clothes from his Spatial bracelet and covered his body.

That was when he felt the black book vibrate inside his body and he went rigid, collapsing boneless to the ground.

He felt a Spiritual Connection With , and it showed him the future. A future it had averted for a little while ago. It came in a flood of red light that reassembled into runes that penetrated his consciousness, for what it showed him was something that only his Emyrean Soul could comprehend.

The runes took him back to a time and space that had sliced off and stored onto one of its pages. This was a hidden functionality of the Black Book that Rowan should not have any access to, until far into the future, but deemed whatever happened consequential enough that it opened this feature in advance.

Although it meant there was a price to pay. He would no longer be able to access and use the power of that page for the next Era.

Rowan did not know what that span of time meant or signified, but he guessed it must be an extremely long amount of time.

His heart was worried as he let the vision that the runes showed him take over his consciousness.

His vision opened to an apocalyptic scene, that felt incomprehensible until he pieced together what he saw.

Rowan saw himself—A being made from Divine Gold and piercing light, he stood at least a hundred feet tall and the might that he gave off was making the surrounding space collapse. This world was a minor world, and it could not hold the might of an Empyrean for long.

His hands were outstretched, and he gave out boundless light that was funneled into his Ouroboros Serpent, and their growth was explosive and seemingly unending.

He saw them growing larger, until they defied all concepts of any living organism, and when they became 20,000 miles (ca. 32,187 kilometers), their length encompassed the entire planet.

There were six Ouroboros Serpents, each of them could wrap around the planet, their combined bulk placed the planet into darkness and everyone below the second Great Circle went mad. Every single mortal perished, and the world itself began to die.

In the span of a few short minutes, only a few beings were left behind. Rowan saw a massive dragon that was more than a hundred thousand feet long, it was clearly one of the spawn of his flesh. How was it possible that it could grow so powerful in such a short time?

Another figure he saw was a massive demon that reminded him of Ohrox, the Demon prince, but this one was more bestial as it walked on four legs, he saw dozens of other figures all over the planet, but the most surprising was of Circe and her ward Rico.

The awfully dressed man had transformed into a creature of ice and lightning, and it's created a barrier shielding Circe. Every survivor was striving hard just to exist under the influence of his unleashed bloodline.

Yet, it was all for naught, as with a single inhalation, his Ouroboros Serpent tore the planet apart, massive land mass the size of continents, entire oceans and mountains were drawn into six opened voids, and were summarily devoured.

Jarkarr and all its inhabitants were no more.

Rowan watched in a daze, as countless lives turned to Souls, and he was fed till the brim. The energy from devouring the entire planet was barely enough to satisfy the requirement of his Legendary Skill, and his Serpents turned to the moons.

There were three moons in the skies, and the Ouroboros Serpents struck across space and with an opened mouth filled with needle sharp teeth a million feet long, they tore the moon to pieces and swallowed it.

Rowan saw the moon bleeding for only an instant before it was swallowed up.

As they devoured the moons, his Legendary Ability was completed, and he used the Momentum to Ascend to the Rift State, he was now able to access his Aether on a deeper level, and he began to grow larger until he was a thousand feet tall.

After his Ouroboros, Serpents became more than 50,000 miles (ca. 80,467 kilometers) long and he had grown numb.

Rowan barely paused before breaking through the Rift State in a matter of seconds and Ascending to the Incarnation State. What should be Notable was his Serpent's growth was now even faster.

By now they were more than 100,000 miles (ca. 160,934 kilometers) long, and they were beginning to set their sights towards the Sun.

The Soul points he had gathered from devouring the entire planet and the mysterious creature inside the moon were in the tens of millions, for he had also devoured the soul of the world itself.

He reached the Incarnation Level and his body began to grow further, and he stopped at five thousand feet tall, but he had no barriers to his ascension, and he still kept growing as the Soul Points began feeding his Incarnation.

Chapter 157: The End of All Things (final)

The Incarnation level was an interesting State for him because he had no Incarnation but himself, his bloodline was at the peak of all Ouroboros bloodline, and so it was as if he were boosting himself to a level beyond reason, becoming the first of his kind.

He blew past the Incarnation Level with all the Soul points he had been given and at the edge of ascending to the next Great Circle. His Serpents returned to his body.

When they returned, his body exploded in size until he was ten thousand feet tall, and as he kept ascending through the realms, his size and power never stopped growing. He blew through the Second Great Circle and ascended to the Third.

At this state, Rowan's fragile human mind could no longer understand the powers he was controlling, for in less than an hour he had climbed a path that would take the most talented Dominator in the universe at least a thousand years.

The man called Rowan died at this time, what emerged from his consciousness was a true Primordial Empyrean, a being that strives to complete itself, and ascend to the peak of its potential.

From his body came a vast suction, so great the sun blew apart into long tendrils of light that shone as bright as a supernova. His body opened up, and he drained every drop of power from the sun.

He was now a creature of six heads and twelve arms, and from all his heads came a great cry that resounded all throughout the universe. He spread out his many hands, and they transformed into gigantic Ouroboros serpents who began to inhale.

The end of things began at this moment.

In countless worlds all over the universe, everything went still, as every living being had a lucid awareness that their end was nigh.

It was a tragic sound, to hear a world cry for its life. Every star, every moon, every single heavenly body in the sky began to wail to the Soul of the Universe.

It was for naught, for the mind of the universe was vast, and it took too long for it to be roused from slumber.

Every god, demon, devils, celestials, infernals, titans, every race and myriad beings to ever lived who had touched a certain threshold of power, sharpened their weapons, as an army, a quadrillion strong, began to amass.

It was amusing that enemies for countless eons dropped their collective problems against a common threat. Rowan had a thought about uniting the universe, but it was never like this. They all assembled in unity.

Yet, it was too late.

Countless celestial bodies began drifting towards him as if he were a black hole, and in every single second, he would devour thousands of celestial bodies and the suction force from his body only increased.

It spread all over the Empire, even affecting Trion itself, and it broke apart, killing untold trillions, he saw all the gods arrayed before him, calling down apocalyptic strikes that staggered reality and tore space-time into pieces.

For a time, it appeared as though they were winning, His massive Emphyrean body was torn apart and grounded to dust, but his Lifespan now could not be easily marked out, and he resurrected again and again, and he continually got stronger with the endless souls he was consuming and the endless energy from all the celestial bodies he was devouring.

Soon he could no longer be killed, and he ascended towards the fourth Great Circle, and momentarily reached the realm of the gods, with his inevitable rise not slowing down and, in fact, was getting faster.

The universe itself began to bleed, as a massive wound that destroyed the material realm began to open, and slowly began to stretch.

He devoured the entirety of Trion and the three hundred and twenty planets under its domain, untold trillions of lives were gone, and except for the God King who escaped, he devoured all the other gods.

He was an endless mass of chaos and light, and the devouring power from his body did not relent, until it began warping space and time.

Untold millions of worlds were sucked away from their places in the universe and warped towards his side, defying all concepts of space-time.

Rowan did not know how long he was in this state, it could be a single year or a billion years, time had lost all meaning to him. He did not know what level of power he was currently at, gods were now like an ant to him.

Their pitiful armies were unnoticed, their challenges too low to enter his ears, he ate them all without realizing he had killed every single power in the universe.

He only knew when they finally came for him. The greatest army the universe had ever seen, he had already devoured most of the universe, its death cries did not stir his hearts and his reach began to encroach in the domains of the Primordial Keepers.

Titanic Emphyrean from various universes arrayed before him and massive chains that made even his soul shudder held in the hands of the Keepers were cast into the material realm and a war to end all existence began.

The vision ended, and Rowan stood in a daze. It was a testament to everything he had gone through that he quickly recovered his composure. With this new information, he would have to change his plans.

From what he could understand, there were two primary reasons why he lost control over his bloodline, and began the apocalypse, an event he did not know he could even trigger.

The first was that he had a limited understanding about himself. He always talked about how awesome his bloodline was, how powerful it was compared to everything else, but did he really understand what an Emphyrean bloodline truly signified?

He saw the vision of an Emphyrean tearing apart a planet, and he had felt awe, but with the help of and his ability to consume souls joined with a lucky coincidence, he might have become something far more powerful than he had first thought.

Not only that, but he wondered if the people who conspired in creating him knew the force that they had unleashed on the universe.

This vision showed him his true potential, within him was the power to end all things.

Who can beat their chest and say, the Universe herself begged me for her life, and I did not listen.

The entire scope of her might fell on my body, and I was not shaken.

Not gods, not devils or mages, not Empyrean. Only Me!

He only knew that he might be utilizing a fraction of his ability, and the thought made Rowan chuckle in self deprecation.

While others struggled to gain power, it would seem his struggle was to control his ever-growing power. For if he did not, he would truly perish and his powers would be the one in control.

The second reason was that his current level was too low. He could not properly manage the power of his bloodline at the Legendary State, or conceivably even in the first Great Circle, he would never be able to properly harness his powers.

With these two problems before him, then the solution was obvious. The first was that he should stop shying away from conflict. Greater than the threats he faced was the implication that he might lose control of his bloodline. He decided to push himself to escape the first Great Circle in less than a year.

Technically, he was immortal, for even if he died, he would still resurrect using part of his lifespan. Yet, he abhorred the thought of even dying once.

After losing his life many times, he would rather not be careless with a single second of his lifespan, it was this habit that influenced his fighting style and his behavior, he would always scrutinize the battle before he fought them.

Chapter 158: I Want It All

His fighting style needed improvement, but he was working on it, but every confrontation he entered he made sure to always create backups and kept his full power hidden.

Rowan did not plan to do away with this habit, but he could become more bold in his activities and make more waves because he needed to grow quickly else his impatient bloodline would seize the driver's seat from him.

Rowan loved his new powers, but he would rather not butcher the entire universe in order to gain more. If he would rather not commit butchery on a universal scale, then he would need to change something.

The situation on this planet was the best method to do so, he could no longer spend any of his leisure time relaxing, outside battle, the only thing he should think about was getting additional information.

This was also tied to his second solution, power, and information. The vision had shown him many troubling areas on the planet. The presence of that gigantic dragon, the Great Demon and also many hidden elements that he had to take note of.

His mind brushed across his mental space, and over the Origin Treasure of the Prince of Destruction, Ohrox. He initially wanted to do away with this treasure. It was a landmine he would rather not touch.

But if he were to survive and take control of his bloodline, then he would need resources and information he could only get from godlike beings.

He had to expand his influence faster than he had initially planned, take more risks and break more rules.

His bloodline was too powerful for half measures. He would need to start interacting with such figures even in disguise at the moment to truly understand much of the universe and have access to the types of resources required for that level.

If for nothing else, the vision showed him he required an incomprehensible number of resources to grow his bloodline. Resources on a planetary scale, and as he grew stronger, he would need resources on a galactic scale.

If he kept treating himself as a normal Dominator he would fail to develop at a rapid pace, and he would have to spend an unknown amount of time to grow, which was not a bad thing in and of itself, but he had powerful enemies that wanted him dead, and they will never give him the time to grow.

At least this vision had shown him the true scope of the Universe, and it was vast. Her destruction in his hands was incredibly fast, but he had seen many astonishing sights that came in flashes that gave him the courage and desire to push ahead and attain greater heights.

There was a big universe out there waiting for him.

It was time to stop thinking like a tiny Legendary State Dominator, but as an Emphyrean when it came to resource allocation. If he recalled, he was promised bountiful resources as a member of the Covenant, well, it was time to collect on that.

But first he needed more in-depth information about Demons and Arch mages, about the war happening on the surface of Trion, and he had an idea where he could find them.

Rowan hurried to the monster bike, and began moving towards the convoy, he had cleared the entire offshoots, and if they maintained their current speed the main horde would only reach them two weeks from now, about this issue he had a proposition for Circe.

Because presently, he no longer feared the main horde, he could slaughter them all, yet it would be wise to collect more information and resources from Circe.

With the few minutes of spare time he had before reaching the convoy, he opened , eager to see his current capabilities and his way forward.

P

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength : 4,709

Agility : 4,275

Constitution : 6,394

Spirit : 890.5

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher

Aspect : Spatial Sight (Tier 3)

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 3 — Refined State)

Vortex (Level 4 — Refined State)

Bash (Level 4 — Refined State)

Dash (Level 4 — Refined State)

Smash (Level 5 — Refined State)

Combo Attack (Level 3 — Refined State)

Flesh Light — Level 3

Bone Fire — Level 2

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

Records:

SIX [CHAOS BLOOD]- level 2 Completed [15,000]

REAVEN — level 0 [0/5000]

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [5/5]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One — 902,007,653 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Two — 2,001,645 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Three— 521,001,876 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Four — 1,867,665 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Five — 150,000 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Six — 143,000 / 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]

Berserker Skills Upgraded:

Vortex :[Refined level 2 → Refined level 4 (Strength + 100)]

Smash :[Refined level 2 → Refined level 5 (Strength + 150)]

Combo Attack :[Refined level 1 → Refined level 3 (Spirit + 150)]

Dash :[Refined level 1 → Refined level 4 (Agility + 150)]

Enrage :[Refined level 1 → Refined level 3 (Constitution + 100)]

Bash :[Refined level 2 → Refined level 4 (Strength + 100)]

Soul Point : 9862.0231

This new Title of his was so disturbing on so many levels. Well, it was saying the truth because in a reality that had been collected in a page, he indeed butchered reality.

There were so many great developments in his Attributes, now free from the shackles of the curse, he was back and better than ever.

His insistence on using his Berserker skills for the battles he fought had borne fruit, and he had gathered 750 Attributes points, although most were focused on the Strength Attribute, making it Rowan second-highest Stat.

He had no issue with that, nothing wrong with increasing his capacity to hit harder.

At the least, the curse was a blessing in disguise as it gave him the ability to control Aether in advance, which led to him rapidly developing his Ability Runes.

The Level two part of his bloodline that was the same as the Legendary State had been completed, and to ascend to level three and into the Rift State he must first activate his Legendary Techniques.

All of them!

In total, he needed six billion energy points to fill up the Chaos Engine. He would have to start devouring energies on the continental scale if he needed to quickly complete this level, or he would need small but energy dense materials.

Rowan sighed, this was the hidden problem of the powerful. If he completed this technique, he would be able to amaze the entire universe, but few would ever know the troubles it took to get to that level.

Rowan's eyes fixated on the moons as he drove back to the convoy, evening was about to arrive, and he dimly wondered, who requires three moons?

He reached the convoy in thirty minutes. As he rode toward the Trailer–Motors of Circe, he glanced towards the side at her ward Rico, the man dressed like a peacock was trying and failing to seduce one of the Guardsmen.

Mind you, the Guardsman was a man who stood at seven feet tall, and his arm was bigger than Rico's waist. Yet, the small man was speaking loving nonsense to the ears of the Guardsman, who was pointedly ignoring him.

"Your loss!" Rowan heard him say.

Well, this is interesting. Through the vision he knew that Rico was an extremely powerful Dominator who was currently in disguise, and it was so deep, he could not even see through him at a glance.

Of course, Rowan had never truly tried to investigate the man seriously, but he was still impressed and a bit cautious about this man.

- Chapter 159: I Want It All (2)

Chapter 159: I Want It All (2)

Rico turned, and eyed him, and Rowan saw a brief flash of hatred in those eyes. Most people would never detect that emotion, so quickly did it go by, but after all his experience with dealing with liars and the peculiar nature of his soul, he understood that emotion perfectly.

It was the coldness of a reptile gaze as it watched over its prey. Yet, it was still weaker than the menace Rowan had sensed from the likes of Lamia and the goddess, and then Rowan shook his head internally, comparing Rico with Lamia was like comparing the hardness between metal and mud.

Rowan had already assigned death to this man, he had lost all patience for finding the hidden goodness in men's hearts, and he would never leave a visible threat to him to fester.

He reached Circe's moving vehicle, a metallic ramp was lowered from the side of the vehicle, and he drove up a ramp that was a little too close to the ground.

Rowan wanted to hand over the monster bike to a handler nearby, but he had become a little fond of this machine, he wished to keep it, but if only it could go faster, it would be the perfect machine for him.

"Can this monster bike be made to go faster?" He asked the handler, he was a man who should be in his late twenties, thin as a whip and had a magnificent mustache, he

would have appeared more magnificent if only he could be still, he moved about, possessed with seemingly unending energy.

"Monster bike, sir? Oh, your personal MDV? Of course sir, I don't... would you like me to take it to the technicians."

"I would like that, the areas I want focused on, are in speed and durability, tell them they can use all the top of the line materials they have, and I would pay any extra cost they might incur."

The handler chuckled, "Sir, I don't think they might ask for a single dime from you. Um, to tell you the truth, you're like, already a legend around the entire people here sir because, we all heard the surrounding rumbling."

Rowan cocked his head, "Rumbling?"

"From your battle, sir! Hours after hours, unceasing. Like mountains were falling from the sky. The entire convoy was silent as we heard the endless rumble. We have had no single incursions from the beast, and everyone now walks with pride and confidence because we know Erohim walks with us."

Rowan paused and smiled at the man before moving past him, he knew his abilities were powerful, but he had never considered how it would appear in the eyes of mortals.

It was a good thing they only could hear the sounds from his battle, he did not know if they might handle the strain to seeing some of his more exotic abilities.

If he brought out the present Ouroboros Serpents, its mere presence would kill most of them, and the strong-willed would be driven to madness before their Spirit was torn apart by madness.

Inside his heart, he saw that the Ouroboros Serpents were in a daze, and Rowan wondered if they had any recollection of the timeline that had just been severed.

Nevertheless, he felt a sense of contentment, as he knew he was not parted from them once more by the curse, it was remarkable that he had bonded with these creatures in his heart so deeply and he was not aware of it.

It had felt like he had been missing part of his limbs when he could no longer summon them, and indeed they were more important than limbs to him, they could as well be his Incarnations.

Rowan had gained many benefits seeing the methods his body blasted through all the Great Circles, and he could naturally understand some intricacies about the upcoming power levels.

Rowan maneuvered his way towards Circe automobile through the interconnected moving vehicles that were kept from drifting apart with literal chains.

He did not really want to think about the physical limitation of such a move, as this was a magical universe and he would not be surprised if the chains served other purposes. Plus, he could see various shining runes on the chains that spoke of their magical qualities.

He was quickly ushered towards Circe by the Guardsmen, he found her sitting before a table with Nana, and a particularly burly Guardsman, who Rowan saw had white hair and appeared in his forties. He had black skin and blue eyes, a combination that made him look enigmatic. Furthermore, he was an Incarnation state Dominator and his presence oozed competence and power.

Wait, not Incarnation, higher! This presence around him was similar to those of Rico, but it was not that hidden, if Rowan had to guess, he would call it the presence of realms.

It was distinctive and required an intuitive ability in order to discern the difference between the First Great Circle and the Second Great Circle, and Rowan thought it would be easy for a Dominator in the Second Great Circle to disguise themselves, but as Rowan had seen two of such figures, he could now easily tell the difference.

Their Souls were different from those in the first circle.

Which State was this Guardsman in? Spirit Territory, Incandescent or the Proclamation Realm? Rowan kept his features serene, while inside he was ecstatic at the possibility of understanding this new realm.

The creatures in his hearts must have felt the same, as Rowan felt a stir in his heart. His Serpents were detecting massive amounts of energy in the invisible field around the body of this man, and they craved it.

Though what really surprised him was a Guardsman who lived long enough and was talented enough to break through the second Circle. This man was dangerous if only in his sheer competence.

A passage appeared inside his head from his past life: Beware the old man in a land where men die young. An old Guardsman was a rare sight, like a dancing bear or a singing cat. What were the odds of ever seeing one?

On his way back to the convoy, Rowan had already settled on the character he would be playing, his previous lessons in the Nexus had taught him the importance of always keeping a hidden hand, also he knew no matter how agreeable or pleasant Circe and her people might come across, they were ultimately Dominators, and all of them had waded through a river of blood, he must always be careful in his dealings.

By all the gods, he would prefer fighting a million battles than this play on deception and subterfuge before this table.

"So, this is Erohim my lady? I must say your description did not do him justice." The voice of the Guardsman was deep, and he had a slight crook at the edge of his mouth, as if he was in on a joke that no one else could understand.

Circe smiled, "my descriptive prowess had suffered long misuse, Scarvros and I hope you would forgive me for that."

"Perish the thought, my lady, I have always been rather fond of surprises." Scarvros the Guardsman said with a booming laugh.

Rowan smiled and found a seat just beside Nana, who nudged a plate of cookies towards him, they were shaped like various alien animals, he considered it for a short while only, and he collected one that resembled a fox and took a bite, smiled in surprise and took more from the plate, mouth full he said,

"Geez, guys, I feel left out of the conversation. Surely, my presence does not warrant such an esteemed description."

"Oh, but it does." Circe said, "When the scouts told us you collected the list of all the roaming beasts hundreds of miles around us, we did not expect you would end up wiping them out in a few short hours."

Chapter 160: I Want It All (3)

Rowan chuckled, "I needed certain resources and information from you, so I think my actions should warrant a more favorable return from your end."

"I told you he was direct. Of course, we intend to do so and much more." This time it was Nana that spoke, "If you check your personal Trailer-Motor. You would see the resources that had been dropped for you, a gift from Circe and a personal surprise from Scarvros here."

"A surprise?" Rowan asked as he took more cookies from the plate, this one resembled a lion.

"Please, Scarvros would explain it better, he was sent by the family from our home world Trion." Circe gestured to Scarvros who bowed to her, and then he turned to face Rowan.

He cleared his throat, "I am Scarvros, Chief Administrative Officer of the Tenth Legion for the Boreas Family. The Ancestor Boreas is aware of the calamity from the stars that

had fallen on Boreas, and has therefore made a wide call for heroes far and near to aid us in this disaster. These are trying times, and more than ever we need heroes."

"To ensure the heroes are properly compensated for the risk they are willing to take for our sake and the safety of the world, we have created a list from which every resource that is under the purview of our innumerable Trading Houses across the entire empire is up for exchange."

Scarvros paused for effect, clearly this must be significant news as he expected Rowan to be impressed, Rowan took a cookie.

He sighed and continued, "The Ancestor Boreas does not just want the calamity to be managed, he requires them to be eradicated! There is a copy of the exchange list in your quarters and I promise you, the rewards are substantial, with many exotic resources that are impossible to be found in any other places but our trading houses."

Scarvros, picked up a slate by the side that gave out a blue glow, many names were recorded on it, "Plus as further incentives, the Ancestor has brought out three great prizes to be awarded to the three most powerful contributors to the eradication of the calamity. You should be pleased to know that your name is in the top twenty."

Scarvros said all these in a single breath, and Rowan did not take much time to consider his proposition. He had guessed that the Boreas family would mount a counter-attack on the beasts ravaging the planet, although he had always thought it would be after they had gathered all their workers planet wide and secured them in the underground cities before any attack might commence.

A Great Storm was coming, and from the books he had read, they were usually a wild affair, so the people called to exterminate the beasts would be facing attacks on two fronts, but this was not his concern.

Instead, Rowan was feeling a slight bit of annoyance, he had already allocated every beast on this planet as his prey, and to find out that he would have to share them, and that there were nineteen other people above him that had killed more beast were annoying. He shook away this childish thought as he focused on Scarvros.

Scarvros turned the slate around, so Rowan could easily peruse the contents, it was a list of names and a series of numbers beside them, he swiped left to show Rowan the exchange panel and swiped back to the screen of names.

Rowan collected the slate from his hands, and viewing the names, he frowned, "I would like to ask, how are the lists being tabulated. I mean, how do you know the amounts of beasts that are slaughtered by each person and assign the right number to their undertakings?"

"Are you not aware of the Nemesis Plate and of its functions?" Scarvros asked in surprise.

Circe replied in place of Rowan, "Scarvros because of certain circumstances, he is not aware of certain facts about the world around us."

"Oh, you would have me believing he is Erohim, if such coincidences keep happening." Scarvros laughed.

"Who says he is not?" Circe countered.

"he he... good one. Well, for the fact that he shot up the list from the low thousands to the top twenty in a matter of hours, is already causing quite a commotion among the Nemesis Plate Guardians, and with the name assigned to him, there are already wagging tongues in all of Jarkarr."

"Let's focus back on the question, shall we?" Rowan asked, "How are these kills tabulated?"

"Allow me the honor of answering your question, Erohim." Nana smirked, she had stood up a while back and went to fetch more cookies for Rowan, seeing as he clearly loved the tasty treat.

"There is a Nemesis plate on most planets of our Glorious Empire, on it are recorded all living creatures inside the planet, both beast and people included. This practice of creating a Nemesis plate began during the Great war as a way to record fatalities in troops, but its usage has expanded over the years until it has become a verifiable tool to track various population parameters inside a planet. With me so far?"

Rowan nodded and ate more of the cookies in relish.

"The Nemesis plate is a series of Transcendent Treasures, crafted by the Alchemist Union under the guidance of the Bramian court."

Nana must have understood that he may not comprehend all the terminologies he was using, but Rowan understood a few, like the Bramian court and the Alchemist union, but he would not call out that he knew those words.

Rowan was too clear about the hidden purpose of his host, and the books he was given did not have heavy details about the various powers in Trion. He did not think it was a coincidence.

"I have made sure the latest books deposited in your vehicle have all the necessary information about the various Thrones and Dominions in Trion. Witnessing your abilities, I find it very necessary for you to understand the various power plays and politics of the Empire."

Rowan could not ask for a better gift, no doubt they would have restricted this knowledge from him until they understood who he was, or he showed his capabilities.

Rowan felt this was a sign of their increasing interest in him. They had begun dangling the bait in front of him slowly, and they were watching to see when he was going to bite.

"However I can tell you the ranking of Treasures, as those are easy enough to list out. They are: Mortal, Refined, Earth, Heaven, Transcendent, Immortal and finally Origin. Treasures of the Transcendent Grade and below can be used by Dominators, but from the Immortal Grade, it can exclusively be used by Ancestors of the family or our Primogenitors themselves—The gods."

Rowan was curious about the grading of Treasures, as he saw the similarities between their grading and the advancement of his Berserker techniques, although he now wondered why the rest of his abilities did not have the same grading.

"Coming back to your question, as a Transcendent Treasure that is at the peak of the mortal world, each Nemesis Plate can be used to track and collect the statistics of every living thing below a certain threshold of power, but there are caveats to its abilities."

"For one, each Nemesis plate can only be paired to a single planet, so that means the Nemesis plate for Jarkarr would not function on Phobeh, the closest planet in our solar system."

"The second is that the Nemesis plate can only passively collect the details of natives of the planet, so that means if you are a foreigner on the planet, the Nemesis plate would be able to know there is an extra individual on the planet, but it would not be able to track or passively collect any information on that individual."

"It might not seem like much, but it is a necessary tool for any planet worth its salt, as the void of space is filled with malevolent creatures such as those that attacked Jarkarr, and the Nemesis plate would immediately detect when something new enters the planet."