

The Primordial Record

Chapter 161: I Want It All (4)

Nana had a genial smile on her face as she continued talking,

"As for how we are able to track the amount of your kills, I hope my explanation may have resolved some of your doubts. With the Nemesis plate, we know the precise number of people and beasts on the planet, we can track them, and also collect their information. That's how we know the exact number of beasts and alien creatures you have killed so far."

Rowan breathed in deeply, that was an outstanding treasure, it combined utility and security all in a single package.

"So, I would assume you took the scouts' reports and my battle to assign the kills to me?"

"Precisely!" Nana smiled, "I took the initiative to register your name on the Nemesis board as one of the Exterminators, which is a separate ranking to tabulate your scores."

Rowan nodded at her, and took a look at the tablet in his hands, the top contributor was a name called Dorian the Red. He had killed a billion beasts in less than a month.

A billion! Before his vision, this amount of death may have terrified him, for the thought of a single individual being able to massacre a billion creatures in less than a month would seem ridiculous to him.

Yet, he had murdered an entire Universe, and in every second, he had been killing uncountable trillions. His eyes only focused on the name for a while, and then he swept past it.

Did he see the eyes of Scarvros tighten a little? Perhaps he had been too dismissive about seeing the billion deaths assigned to this single individual.

Rowan shrugged internally, there was no way for him to truly judge the thoughts of anyone else at the table, he could only extrapolate to the best of his knowledge.

The Second name on the list was Brioc Boreas who had thirty million kills to his name, Rowan did not bother reviewing the third name, his sight zipped down to his name now on the twenty-first on the list as someone else had just overtaken him with a few thousand : Erohim kills: 167,548.

Scavross pointed out, "You cannot actually see the precise levels of the monsters you have killed on this Slate, but do know that it is a factor on the amount of contribution points given, so even if you only killed two monsters, the higher level kills would be worth more Nemesis points than the other. So, although you might have other people ahead of you, it is quite possible that when your Nemesis points are tabulated, you may fall into the top ten or far below."

Rowan peered at the first name on the Nemesis Board, "I would assume that the first name on the list did not just kill massive amounts of mortal beasts to be at that level."

Scavros grimaced, "your assumption would be correct. The Son of Scarlet, is a monster."

Rowan frowned, "Son of Scarlet?"

"Why, do you find that name familiar?" Circe asked, her eyes shining with a light of mischief and curiosity.

"No, I don't think so." Rowan answered.

"Well you might have heard the name from somewhere. Since he is a popular figure. He is a Dominator from the Kuranos family. The first in line to be the Patriarch, and therefore hold the sacred name Kuranos. He is a warrior who has plied his trade on hundreds of worlds, and we are lucky he is on this planet."

Rowan's soul made it easy to school his features, and nothing of his internal thoughts showed. He had finally found a member of his family, but he could not help but feel there was far more than meets the eyes with this one.

Of all the planets a Kuranos warlord could find himself, why Jarkarr? It could be a coincidence, but Rowan would prefer to err on the side of caution. It would appear his time on the planet was running out, as he began to wonder if Lamia or Augustus were not far behind.

Although he was still at the Legendary State, his current strength was far above what it was inside the Nexus, but he knew that his enemies would never underestimate him, and however they measured his strength they would bring more power to bear, making sure they crushed him.

That would mean he had to make drastic decisions if he wanted to be ahead of the curve.

His mind went through the dozens of people that he had glimpsed inside the vision when he was at the edge of destroying the planet. He stenciled their images in his consciousness, it was a shame the Nemesis Board did not assign pictures to the

names, else Rowan was sure he would have recognized most of the people in his vision to be on this board.

That was also a good thing for him, he did not want his face to be shown publicly and spread around the planet at the time. His cautiousness grew when he had an unpleasant thought.

Turning to Circe, he asked, "Did Scarvros arrive in my absence, and would he be coming along with us during the next month or so?"

"Hmm, about that. I did tell you Scavros came from the Home World Trion, and he would be returning to the family palace soon, he is a messenger."

"Sadly, I would love to help, but I have other duties calling for my attention." Scarvros said, "Your Legend Erohim is growing on the planet. Yet, it is unknown elsewhere, don't worry, I shall bring your name to the family's elder. I'm sure they would be pleased to know of you and would surely reward your effort." Scavros laughed.

"Do not let me hold you back." Rowan laughed in return, "How do we go about making the exchange?"

"If I am to believe, a list of exchanges has been sent to your quarters, and you can make the exchange when you get to the Underground City. There is a massive Teleportation portal there that would promptly deliver every item you seek."

"Thank you all for the enlightening conversations, I will be retiring for the moment as I want to rest after the arduous battles I just experienced."

"As it should be." Circe nodded, "Please take your time and rest, you have given us weeks of safe journey."

Rowan nodded and left, aware of all the eyes on him as he left the audience with Circe, Nana, and the Guardsman. Once again, the situation on the ground was forcing his hands.

It was an easy traversal to reach his allotted vehicle, as he came nearer, he could already smell the pleasant meal that Olga had whipped up, and he thought he could devote a few minutes to indulging in this pleasure.

Rowan stopped at the door, and he frowned when he saw the distressed look on the faces of Olga and Trevor. It did not take long to hear the details of their problem with his senses, and he felt a wave of anger pulse inside his blood.

He looked towards the far end of the convoy, at a particular garish Trailer-Motor, and headed towards it with haste. He brought out a piece of wood from his Spatial bracelet and with his finger scrawled a brief message and flung it towards Circe's vehicle.

When he reached the vehicle, he was stopped by the Outstretched hands of two Guardsmen. He didn't stop.

"Stop! You have no permission to cross through to the lord's chambers. Return yourself, or we would be forced to engage."

"Nice line, tell me, did you practice that every morning before the mirror?"

"This is your last warning, retreat from the lord's chamber, at once." the Guardsmen placed their hands around the sword on their waist, as faint lightning sparks were spat from the weapons.

Rowan never stopped walking all these while, and he simply sped up, reappearing behind the two Guardsmen, before they could react, they had both collapsed.

Chapter 162: I Want It All (5)

It was far harder trying not to kill, than it was to kill. His Spirit contributed a lot to the subtle method he used to knock the two Guardsmen out.

One fell off the moving automobile and was crushed beneath the wheels of the inexorable moving vehicle. That would not kill him, but if no one removed him from the path of the oncoming vehicles, he would be crushed to death. The flurry of activity, behind, assured him that it would not happen.

He pressed his hand against the metal door, and it sank in as if it were made from mud, and he dragged it sideways, ripping it away from the frame.

He had seen everything through his Spatial sight but seeing it once more with his eyes, brought a new wave of anger over him.

Diane was on all four with sweat running down her face, her mouth was open, and she was panting, her arms and legs were shivering, and tears were on her face. Now and then she gritted her teeth to stop any cries escaping her mouth.

Rico was sitting on her back, and Diane was acting as his chair, he was carrying a heavy book which he rested on her head. She had to strain to keep her head up, else he would strike her across the back with his little finger.

He looked up sharply as Rowan tore the door open, and his mouth opened, and he laughed, "Hello, my friend. I have been hearing tales about you from your maid here, and since the chairs inside this deary place of mine are so hard on my back, I wanted something softer to sit upon. You don't mind, do you?"

Rowan did not say anything, he walked up to the grinning man, and seized him by the face. Rowan's palm covered his entire face, and he threw him towards the side as if he were disposing of trash, and he bent down and carried Diane up.

Her eyes alight with hope when she realized who had come to rescue her, and she burst out in tears, as she ran and hugged him, crying into his chest. Rowan awkwardly patted her hair.

"There... there... don't cry, it's okay. I will take you home."

She nodded and Rowan pushed her gently away from him, just as Rico was shoving himself away from the wall his body was stuck into.

From the moans of pain coming from his mouth and his left hand bent in a weird angle, he had clearly broken bones in his body. He had a nasty cut along his forehead that bled, covering his left eyes in blood, making him appear both wretched and menacing at the same time.

Rowan was curious about the method this Dominator used to hide his power, nevertheless he was familiar with such games of deceit, and if they all thought he was a noob in this game, then it would be their funeral.

He made the proper angry face and faced the snarling Rico, whose right hand was pointed at him, he wanted to speak and vomited blood, his eyes rolled into the back of his head and he fainted.

Yet hidden deep behind those eyes where no one else could reach, did Rowan see a hint of enjoyment? As if Rico here was craving pain.

It took an effort of will for Rowan not to wipe his hand.

A pair of hurried steps were heard outside the vehicle and Circe and Nana entered inside, they saw the state of Rico, and Circe blanched. Nana, had an amused look on her face as she sighed, "Circe, I have warned you to hold your Ward to a higher standard. It is a wonder he is not already dead."

Circe knelt and checked Rico and looked up at Rowan, "I got your message, and I apologize for the actions of my Ward. I promise you that this would be the last time something like this would ever occur."

"Good." Rowan growled, "See to it because next time, if something like this happens, I will pull off his arm and beat him to death with it. Diane, let's go, your parents are getting worried."

The young girl seized the edge of Rowan's clothes and followed him out, after a while she seemed to have recovered her quip and cheerful personality. She began to talk as if

everything that happened was just a bad dream, "There, there my lord? You do know that you only tell those to little children, right?"

"You are still a child, Diane." Rowan felt a chill, as her eyes penetrated his back.

Please don't tell me I have activated the little girl's competitive spirit, I have no time for this teenage drama.

"Hurry up to your parents, I have to do something. Oh, by the way, how did you find yourself in the clutches of Rico."

Diane's expression went grave, "Lord Rico is a known artist and critic."

"That guys, an artist as well as a critic? Well, that tells me everything I need to know about the state of entertainment in this place.

"which is?" Diane asked!

"That it would suck." seeing her downtrodden expression, "Maybe not all of it." Rowan nodded.

She beamed, "I was skeptical when I heard a message from Lord Rico that he wanted to see a presentation of one of my plays, and if he was impressed, he may land me a suitable role when we get to the city. I told only my mother because my dad would never have let me out for that presentation, because of... because of what happened to my sister."

Rowan was quiet for a while, clearly there was trauma here, and he did not know how he would breach that barrier, she was still a child, and Rowan would never dispute the strength of children when it came to handling emotional burdens, "what is the name of your sister."

"What? Oh. It's Sylvia. She was my elder sister. I have to hurry back now. Mum, prepared a super meal, please hurry back."

Rowan watched her run towards his vehicle, which slowed down, and she climbed into it, to the open arms of her mum and dad. Rowan was quiet for a while before he began moving towards the direction of the main horde. If his plans were to work, he had to be far away when it happened.

The technicians should not be done with his monster bike by now, and he knew his legs would have to do. It would be the first time he had gone all out on this world, and he decided to begin by moving at a light jog.

He made a small gesture with his hands before he left, if anyone watching him saw it, they would take it as meaningless, but he alone knew what he had just planted behind.

A light jog that ate up the miles in a matter of minutes. When he was a sufficient distance away from the convoy, he began adding fuel to the flame, slowly but surely, his speed increased.

From the light thumping sound his feet made when it touched the ground, it graduated to a dull bang, as the earth began caving beneath his feet, and he left massive craters behind that alternated every hundred feet or so, that meant every single step he made pushed him more than a hundred feet forward.

Yet, this was not his maximum speed, he was pushing just twenty percent of his total Agility, although he would love to go faster, he estimated from the survey reports from the scouts and his intuition that the maximum range of surveillance that the convoy had should not exceed five hundred mile, he decided to push for two thousand miles before he began amping up his speed.

He noticed something different, as presently he was no longer encumbered by the curse, he could now savor all the intricacies of this new world without the barrier of weakness holding him back; this world was more fragile than Trion.

Chapter 163: I Want It All (6)

When Rowan was back inside the Nexus, his all out speed was equal to twenty percent of his current speed, yet the damages he had done to his environment as he smashed into it with all the grace of a rhinoceros on crack were far lesser than what was applicable on this world.

He was smashing deep pits with every step he took, and he was slowly changing the surrounding terrain. From what he knew, flight abilities only came after the First Great Circle or if your bloodline had such inherent capabilities or could control wind or any other exotic elements.

Home noticed that his Telekinesis was steadily growing stronger, but he had no apparent method to train or develop it by himself, he just had to wait it out.

Returning his mind to the earth he was reshaping below his feet, he frowned as he pondered the difference between the two planets he had ever walked upon.

Well, if led by his vision, Trion was a ridiculously massive planet, and if he went by the grading of his Chaos Engine, it would mean Trion was a Major World, maybe it was also the reason souls harvested from Trion were worth far more than the souls in this Minor World, disregarding even the influence of an Abomination.

His thought wandered once more to that world with a red moon. What level must that world be? Even though it was in ruins, the number of souls he harvested there was

ridiculous, and judging by the creatures that lived there, it must be beyond a Major World, possibly it was a Supreme World?

There must be distinctive changes in the occupants of a Minor World and a Major World that went beyond just the physical abilities of both.

What were the main distinctions between the Minor Worlds and Major Worlds, it could not only be their size. Recalling back the size of Trion, Rowan knew it was impossible for such a planet to be created at that size, but with the addition of gods into the mixture, then anything was possible.

As his feet ate the miles like a starving bear, Rowan came across an offshoot from the main horde and veered towards them, he would create out every single rabid beast he saw, not for the ephemeral promises of resources, but their Souls.

Sweeping through his vast array of weapons, he brought out two hammers.

They were quite an interesting pair of weapons, with their heads made from a red stone harder than most metals, and they had been carved in the shape of a skull. He immediately loved the design of the weapon, and almost did not want to use them in a battle. Almost.

Rowan banged the weapons together, and it rang like a gong. The sound spread across, alerting the beast horde.

Their death knells.

Now that he had the open space to use the Telekinesis trick he thought about inside Circe's office, he grinned and covered the sole of his feet with a pad of Telekinesis, making his movement seem as if he were running on a spring.

He also pushed a flat pad of Telekinesis through his feet and packed the earth tight below him, for they crumbled too easily, disrupting his momentum and his direction.

Concentrating force on his next footstep in order to make it into a jump, he pushed down with a small cry, and the ground beneath his feet did not explode, but sank a few feet.

The Telekinesis pad absorbed the excess force that would lead to the ground collapsing and channeled it into his jump. He seemingly took flight towards the open sky, angling his direction with his Telekinesis he flew towards the horde, and he would be dropping at their center. Perfect.

He called up Bone Fire, and did not try controlling the amount of Aether pouring into the Ability Rune. He transformed into a green sun that made the air release massive cracks and sonic booms as his descent was, burning even the atoms in his immediate vicinity.

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Circe watched Rowan leave the convoy, he quickly disappeared out of sight. With each action this man made, it became clear that they did not truly understand him.

The convoy did not stop, with his speed, he could easily keep pace with them, Circe was sure he could rush to the underground city in a day. She would be able to make the same trip in three days, even with the advantages of flight her bloodline offered her.

Nana had wagered he would rush to his Vehicle to collect the Battle Stimulant and check out the resources allocated to him, but apparently he did not find it that important, and he had left.

Circe would love to spend time with him, not only because she found him enigmatic, but his refreshing attitude was different from most Dominators she knew. He had a casual way of carrying himself without being flashy, that she only assigned to the true monsters she has ever known.

The kind who did not need to flash their powers or play their hands in every conversation, just the quiet competence of somebody who could get sh*t done.

Circe sighed, "You think he's off to kill more monsters?"

"Think? My dear, is it not obvious? This man is driven beyond what I would consider normal. I don't know his present capabilities, but I wanted to delay giving him the battle stimulant, but it would seem he is far more powerful than I thought, there was no sign of the strains I would associate with the Berserker technique from his body, which is very curious indeed."

Circe frowned, "There are usually signs?"

"Of course, my dear, even those geniuses and direct descendants of The Bloody One, always show signs of mental disruptions after each battle, for this technique takes its toll on both the body and mind."

"I have fought more battles than you could imagine my dear, and with the state of our Empire, I fear you may even face worse in the future. A fate I would not bestow on my enemies."

"You know, there are certain things you might not yet understand about battle. Certain markers left behind from touching that bloody affair." Nana paused and seemed to hesitate before she continued speaking,

"From the time we met that man until this point, I have checked the total time he spent relaxing and speaking with the people around him, and he has spent a grand total of one hour fifteen minutes. The rest of the twelve hours has been in battle."

"That in and of itself is considered normal for a Dominator of his present strength, but please keep in mind the sort of techniques he wields, which are enough to torture the minds of all who uses them, I gave a small test when I presented him with cookies."

"Cookies, Nana. Is this what it has come to, presenting cookies?"

"My dear, there are many things you can learn from the smallest of things. Cookies are a great way to learn about a person's mind, and my cookies are magnificent, at least all my husbands told me so, you know there was once when I was in a bath with Mace, my fifth husband, he had his mouth around my toes, and... "

"Too much detail, Nana. Too much. Cut the bullshit, what are you telling me right now."

"Well to put it in simple terms, not only is the Berserker technique not affecting him. Erohim, as we all call him, has no attachment to battle."

"I don't understand."

"Of course you don't. What would you ever do without me?"

Circe rubbed her brows, "Apparently not much."

Nana smiled, "I am 1,230 years's old Circe, and in that time I have spent more than 700 years fighting battles until my body gave out on me. I have seen the lowest of mortals to the highest of Pyre Lords in combat, and I have seen them kill, and I have also done more than my fair share of killing."

Chapter 164: I Want It All (7)

Circe called up a platform of ice and they both climbed on top, she had ears only for what Nana was saying, however, Nana had a lovely sonorous voice that had not been dulled by age and her impending death, and it was easy to be lost inside of it.

"There is ... something that attaches to all of us who have taken a life, it's in you, and also in me. It affects us in various ways, and even the most depraved individuals I have ever come across have that Mark on them. Some call it the mark of Caine, the first killer, or the resentment of souls attached to their murderer, most we never truly understand this mark when they see it, but I've learned to spot it, especially now as I grow nearer to my deathbed."

She held Circe palm and covered it with hers, as she patted it, "Yet on this man, I see nothing. I don't know if my senses are failing me, or if my judgment has become clouded, yet it scares the living shit out of me."

She paused and took a time to collect her thought, "What I do know, however, is that as I watched him eat that cookie. I would never have imagined he had killed a quarter of a million creatures a few moments back, and he still emerged ... pure and spotless, it was almost as if all the life he had taken had belonged to him, and they were returning to their rightful owner."

Circe was silent for a while, "Maybe you judged him wrongly? He could just be different. Multiple trillions of people inside the Empire, I am sure he is an outlier. Well, is that not a sign? You said it influenced people in different ways. Perhaps that is his thing. That unflappable quality of his."

"I wish it was that simple, Circe. I truly do." Nana's voice quietly faded, she herself did not fully understand this instinct of hers, and she knew at the edge of death, it was possible for the mind to go haywire. She sighed, for a mortal, a decade must be a reasonable length of time, but for Dominators of her level, it was gone in a blink of an eye.

"Maybe, I'm wrong. Someone like that cannot exist." She softly whispered to herself, and her mind went on to other things, beside Scarvros would soon send the details of his profile down to the Empire, with the reaches of their various Trading Houses, it would not be too difficult to know who he was.

A groan came from behind the two women and Rico stumbled out, "I hate this guy, Circe."

"Yeah, he's not so fond of you either. He promised to beat you to death with your arm. Even you won't be turned on by dying in that manner, would you... brother?"

Rico grinned, "if he's capable... maybe. But you know little sis that he is clearly not my type in fact, I think he is something far along your alley. I mean, I was about to puke the way you looked at him." He began to sing, "Erohim and Circe K-I-S-S..."

"what are you? Twelve? You have fallen far behind on the Nemesis board, and you're now number two! Spend more time dawdling and you would be pushed off the list. Okay, I'm done here. Nana, let's go."

"Hey, Circe wait up, your Guardsman, yeah, you know the one I'm referring to. You don't? Wait up, that man with the sexy little mustache, and brown eyes. Yeah, I know you know the one I'm talking about, how about..." Rico pursued the two women as his voice became lost in the rumble from the convoy.

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Rowan's body began to be influenced by the touch of gravity and was coming down faster, he grinned inside the ball of flame and boosted his descent with his Telekinesis,

he found out that he was falling a lot these last few encounters, and he was enjoying the experience in a weird way.

Plunging towards the horde below, he activated the Berserker Skill—Enrage, pushing as much Aether as he could into the skill, and the green sun transformed into a ball of red and green, he pushed his physical essence into the skills and the flames appeared to solidify as both colors fed into themselves and transformed the flames into the shape of two massive hammers that resembled flaming skulls.

Rowan roared as he activated Smash at the last instant before he touched the ground. Without his Constitution, Rowan was sure he would have gone deaf. The sound was like the eruption of a volcano, and indeed the site of his impact created a massive eruption that rose for more than a thousand feet.

The golden beast leading this horde was a gigantic Beaver, who was coincidentally situated in the middle of the horde. Although Rowan did not make a direct hit on the creature, the impact and the sheer force it generated was enough to vaporize it, and the hundreds of creatures in that immediate vicinity.

Only the golden bones remained, but for what came next after that dreadful impact finished the job.

A shockwave pulsed from that location that swept throughout the horde, driving most of them to their knees, and then a flash of green light so bright the color of the flame turned white, blinded a third of them, frying their eyes from their skulls.

The heat wave came next, and turned everything else to burning char, but it was not yet over, the special effect of the green flame manifested, and tiny mini explosions began happening everywhere the green flames had touched.

Tens of thousands of mini explosions combined to create a massive roar that shook the entire ground, creating an earthquake that caused entire patches of earth, hundreds of feet in length, to fly up.

Rowan rose up from the impact site, the surrounding ground had been compacted in a concentric circle, and the hammers crumbled to ash in his hands. The passive field around him protected his clothes and his weapons to a certain degree.

His clothes were fine, but he had poured too much force into the hammer, and the field could not keep them in a single piece.

Goodbye my lovely skull hammers, I would miss you, but I have a dozen replicas inside my bracelet. So...

He swept his sight, and everything here was dead, so he stretched forth his hand, and from the ashes, a drop of golden blood reassembled itself and flew towards him; he placed it inside his mouth and crushed it.

The ground exploded beneath his feet as he began moving once more, and he steadily increased his speed until he was virtually touching the ground every thousand feet with each step, he sighted another offshoot, and he decimated them in a short time using his new pair of favorite hammers.

Good thing Envy is not here right now. She would be dying in jealousy.

In an hour he reached the main horde, their sheer scale still staggered the imagination. Yet, the awe inside his heart had faded, he had seen worse.

Unlike when he was here the last time, there was no more despair in his heart, only a sense of purpose and the resolve in his heart to do what was necessary.

He was no longer wracked with a curse and struggling with mental anguish, whether he was to fight or flee. He was complete once more, and everything here were his to collect, for the trials that were to come, he would not be found wanting.

Not only that, but he had already demolished dozens of offshoots from the horde before he reached them, and had gathered 11,450 Soul points and 42,000,000 energy points. The first Ouroboros Serpent Chaos Engine would soon be completed.

Rowan closed his eyes and delved deep into his consciousness where a bloodline he had sworn not to touch for as long as necessary lied—Soul Reaper

Chapter 165: I Want It All (8)

If he were to live up to his full potential, and not let fear of his future dominate his choices, he would need to step up to his full potential. He would need all his Emyrean bloodlines, for they both served to shore up the weakness he had.

His vision of that future changed his perspective on things. He remembered the end of that vision. He had torn the universe to dregs and an army of Emyrean stood against him, yet he had felt no dread.

Rowan's fears came from a series of chains that extended from beyond the universe. These chains felt familiar, for they reeked of the Primordial Keeper's stench.

His body had been inviolable and indestructible, and the only time he felt fear was before the chains of the Primordial keepers, there was a lesson there; it was one he did not choose to ignore.

He could no longer run from the backlash of this bloodline, and whatever dangers he might face, it would be better if he had a sort of defense from it.

In addition, his one greatest weakness was his Spirit. Before, Rowan had comforted himself with sweet lies that his Spirit Stat were still very impressive, and that he was a Dominator at the Legendary State, yet his Spirit Attributes were at the peak of the Rift State.

Not to take anything away from his accomplishment, he knew that the Spirit Attribute was the most difficult to raise. It was unheard of to see a Dominator of his level having such a high Spirit.

But those views were before he still saw himself as a Dominator first, and an Emphyrean second. He had seen the end of that path, and he would inevitably fall and lose his fragile human mind, and it would not be so bad if the results only affected him alone.

No, he would pull all of creation down with him, as he would not be there to control the powers of his bloodline, and it would follow its instinct to consume and grow, until everything was gone.

Wasn't it said that with great power comes great responsibilities? How pitiful would it be to destroy all existence because he could not control his powers?

Plus, he had sworn an oath to destroy the Primordial Keepers, for he knew they wanted nothing more than to destroy him, and it stung that even at the end, at the height of his powers, he still felt fear.

He was no human, the frailties, and limitations of the human body were not his to share, his baseline was something even the gods could not touch.

He was done thinking of his weakness as strength. If he could not fight the Keepers with all the advantages he had, then he did not deserve to have those advantages.

Rowan sensed a movement in the convoy, which was possible by the arrangement he made before he left, after all he was no longer alone, and he smiled, knowing he should clean out all the horde here, so he could fully concentrate on that other matter.

Taking in a deep breath that sucked all the air around him, creating a mini twister, Rowan summoned his Primordial Record, and looked at the Soul Reaper bloodline.

After it had evolved from Soul Seizer following the accidents during his ascension to the Legendary state, he had not activated that bloodline. It was at Level Zero, and although the passive effect of Soul Seizer remained, the truth was that it was only a shell. A vestige of his previous Soul Seizer bloodline.

This decision he was about to make was monumental, and Rowan knew the moment he activated the second Omnipotent Bloodline, the fraying cord between him and humanity would collapse to nothingness. For this, bloodline in some way was far stranger than the Ouroboros Bloodline, and the influence on him would be tremendous.

It would change him, in ways he may never anticipate.

Yet, Rowan found out that some part of him was welcoming that change, a part of him that craved the thrill of the unknown.

Decision made, Rowan pushed a single Soul point into the Soul Reaver bloodline, and he activated it. Everything was calm for a moment, the beasts down in the plains and in the air moving as one, the three moons becoming more visible as the night approached, and the breeze going along its merry ways as it blew past events both miniscule and monumental.

Then something in the atmosphere shifted.

Rowan felt a feeling of weakness in his Soul, and he looked inside him, and seeing no difference, checked his mental state, only to see his Golden fog representing his spirit beginning to drain out of him.

It disappeared into an invisible spot three inches behind his head, as if it was being channeled towards another dimension outside the universe.

Creating a pathway to somewhere outside of everything that was known.

The rapid regeneration of his Spirit served him well, as it kept that channel open, and his Spirit quested far into the darkness, and it finally touched something, so cold Rowan nearly screamed, for it was a pain he had never experienced before.

His Spirit turned into a blade and pierced through that cold membrane and entered another place, and with a click that made Rowan know that he was finally part of this darkness, he felt within himself the drain from his Spirit finally ending.

He did not have any time to catch back his breath before his Spirit began to drain once more, and this time it was far worse than before.

Rowan now knew that he should have raised his Spirit to the Incarnation level first before he activated this bloodline, for his Spirit could hardly bear the strain of its activation.

In a short while, all of his Spirit disappeared from his Mental Space, and every new regeneration of his Spirit was rapidly consumed.

Rowan felt a sting at the back of his spine, with a thought, he discarded all his clothes and stood naked. Every single activation of an Omnipotent bloodline was incredibly violent.

At this moment, a part of the horde had detected him, and he could sense much of the horde began to shift towards his direction, but he wasn't much concerned about that. His focus was on what was happening inside his body.

He felt a tingle like electricity run down his Spine, and tiny holes that began bleeding black smoke that was tinged with purple emerged from his spine. The smoke did not dissipate, rather it began to gather behind him.

No, not holes, a closer observation would be eyes, tens of thousands of tiny eyes that filled the length of his entire spine pouring the black and purple smoke out of his body.

The smoke began to thicken and take shape, as a dull cry escaped from it. The sound was chilling, not something that could emerge from anything natural. In a few seconds, the gathered smoke stood behind Rowan on two feet, its shape was the same as a man made of smoke.

Its back was to him, and it stood a few feet away from him, suddenly it moved, a bizarre motion for its feet did not change position, but it shifted, and it closed the gap between them.

Like a reflection in the mirror, it came to rest on Rowan. For a while, they stood like this on the plain, as if they were two tired travelers who find solace and strength only when they lean against each other.

With the black shadow resting on him, the drain on his Spirit accelerated once more. It was drawn from his body so violently that Rowan blacked out for a moment, and he had to bite his tongue until he was bleeding golden blood before the pain drew him away from the darkness.

Rowan Spirit was now being drawn faster than it could replenish, as the shadow behind him had a sickening appetite.

Chapter 166: I Want It All (final)

It was not as if he had not anticipated something like this happening, and he knew a rather easy solution to the problem. Soul points.

Rowan wanted to use his Soul point to accelerate the growth of the Soul Reaver bloodline; it could serve as a replacement to anything, even Spirit. If his Spirit was not

enough, he would replace them with Soul points, a rather wasteful use of them but the situation demanded it.

About to start activating the Soul points, he paused when he heard a crack inside his Mental Space.

The massive blank face that had resided inside his Mental Space had a crack running down it from top to bottom, as a result of the chaos transpiring inside the ephemeral space.

The suction force from the Soul Reaver bloodline was so strong that it began eating the next best source of Spirit inside his Mental Space—The blank face.

Maybe it was doing much more, for Rowan sensed it was pulling much more than the blank face and rapidly consuming it, but he did not understand what his bloodline was devouring.

Rowan watched in glee as pieces of the face began to break off and were rapidly turned into nothing by the Soul Reaver bloodline, and as it consumed the cracked pieces of the faces, Rowan noticed that the shape behind him was becoming stable, and the purple flecks inside of it were growing denser.

Rowan checked the status of the Soul Reaver bloodline inside , and he saw something amazing.

The Soul Reaver bloodline on its own was already the peak among Omnipotent bloodlines, with his experience, he knew not all Omnipotent bloodlines were equal.

It could be argued that the Soul Reaver bloodline was even more special, even among the top Omnipotent bloodlines.

The mortal state of this technique took five thousand Soul Points to be upgraded, but now he saw that the upgrading point had increased by 10.

So instead of five thousand points to complete the Mortal State, there were now, 5010 points needed.

Was there the possibility that he could evolve this bloodline the same way he did his Ouroboros bloodline? But if that was possible then this blank face in his mind would not be enough, more than half of it was already gone, and it had only managed to improve the bloodline by only 100 points now.

The benefits of upgrading his bloodline beyond the known limits were fairly obvious, for he could break past all known limitations of the bloodline, enhancing it to unknown heights.

His Ouroboros bloodline, for example, was only supposed to control a single Ouroboros Serpent, but due to the enhancement from the golden fluid inside his shell, he was able to control six Ouroboros Serpents!

The path to the Bloodline Ascension of his Soul Reaver bloodline had been laid in front of him, and he would be a fool not to take it.

Using the instinct he had developed inside the Nexus, he guided his Soul points towards that blank face, for a while, there was no change, and then it began rapidly consuming his Soul points, it took a whole thousand Soul points just to return it to its previous state.

Yet, the blank face was still accepting Soul points, so he allowed it, and slowly the blank face, like a face being sculpted by an invisible hand, began to grow all the features of a face.

The middle of the blank face swelled, and a pert nose appeared, then eyes, and finally a mouth, the face developed character, and soon turned into the face of a woman.

Instinct made him pause the injection of Soul points, allowing his bloodline to consume the face back to its former, battered state.

Although with the influx of this new source of energy, the drain on his Spirit had never ceased, but was still being consumed alongside the face, and he was in a drowsy state, only the strength of his body kept him aware and sane.

Everyone else would have perished or gone insane by this exorbitant drain on their Spirit.

He had spent 3,000 Soul points rebuilding the face, and had about 12,000 left, not knowing how much of the blank face he would have to consume to reach his bloodline saturation point, he opened his eyes and looked at the horde not too far away from him.

"My babies, it's your turn now. Every single piece of flesh and soul below... I want it all."

From his chest three Ouroboros Serpents crawled out, no bigger than a few feet, their eyes cold and filled with the light of apathy.

Their resemblance was now closer to those of wingless dragons than snakes, with the spiky ridges lining their backs extending down to their tails.

The three Ouroboros Serpents before him were the youngest and also the most colorful, they were the four eyes Ouroboros Serpent with blue scale, five eyes Ouroboros Serpent with a light purple scales and the last had whitish gold scales with six eyes, they all glittered like pieces of art under the evening light.

They circled once around him, and they plunged into the ground and disappeared.

Rowan sighed and sat down cross-legged, the black shadow representing his bloodline mimicked his actions and sat with him. The bloodline limit had increased to 5,700 and was still growing. The completed face of the woman seemed to feed his bloodline far more than his blank face.

Anytime it was reduced to a few large pieces, Rowan would repeat his actions to feed the face Soul points to repair it. Rowan again noticed his bloodline was not only feeding on the face, but also on something connected with it.

What was this blank face? It reminded him of the stone statue left behind by those godlike beings when he met them during the gathering at the Covenant.

He would ask those questions when he returned to the Covenant, but for now, they were a source of nourishment to his bloodline.

The earth began to vibrate, and massive cracks that span the entire plains below swept out.

"BOOOM!!!"

A series of large blasts rocked the horde below, as the three colossal Ouroboros Serpents emerged on the battlefield. They had all assumed their full sizes, and they resembled mountains thrusting out from the ground.

Each was three thousand feet long, and well over four hundred feet across, they rose to the skies like heavenly pillars, their scales were glittering, and as one they plunged back into the battlefield.

The true predators were here.

Rowan watched as with every second, his energy value was increasing, and his Soul points were ticking forward, and he could not help but grin slightly.

He closed his eyes and monitored his bloodline growth, fueling the repair of the face every few minutes.

Rowan would occasionally open his eyes to access the destruction on the plain below, and he watched with numb awe, as the three pillars of destruction ravaged everything.

The first change he noticed about the Ouroboros Serpents was the Aura they gave off, although there were not many mortal level beasts in the horde. Most of them collapsed and began foaming at the mouth, and in a few seconds later they were all dead.

Hundreds of thousands of mortal level creatures were all wiped out just by seeing the Serpents, and Legendary and Rift State creatures all went stiff, with most of the creatures in these state soon going insane and began attacking each other, killing themselves seemed like a mercy, as Rowan heard the sounds of the dying had notes of relief within.

The presence of the Ouroboros Serpents affected a group more than any other—The flying beasts.

Rowan had seen many fantastic and horrible things in this new life, but it was rare to see both of those combined.

The air became filled with falling shapes of all colors and sizes, their feathers had various colors that reflected the evening light, and their falling bodies in the hundreds of thousands filled the skies.

Chapter 167: Palace of Ice

Rowan watched as the bodies of birds fell from the skies for miles around, all under the triumphant roars of the Ouroboros Serpents who flew through the air, uncaring and savage in their unearthly might.

In his previous life, judging by their current speed, his Ouroboros Serpents would have been able to wipe out every single life form on his planet within five hours or less, every human, birds, fishes, everything that walked on land or lived in the sea, they could kill, just by circling the planet.

Rowan knew, except for Minor planets with Dominators of the Second Circle or higher, he would be able to wipe out all life on that planet. He had not even stepped into the Rift State yet.

I am no human.

I am a Plane Walker. My soul has traveled through the eternal void between universes, and I am unique in all of creation.

I am Chaos Blood. The blood of chaos runs through my veins. I neither have a beginning nor an end. I am endless and all powerful, and before my presence all rules are broken.

I am a Reality Butcher. My tongue has tasted the blood of the universe, and my ears have heard her cries, inside me lies the lamentation of a fallen universe.

It was not even two minutes, but Rowan was sure that millions of beasts were already dead. The Ouroboros Serpents focused on creatures that were at the Incarnation State, as only those could fill the gaps in their teeth.

Most surprising however that of all the golden beasts in the horde, none of them were higher than the Incarnation State. If not for the vision of his, Rowan might have never known that there were creatures from his bloodline that were in a higher realm.

There was a certain mysterious organization at work here, and he knew these creatures got smarter the higher their powers grew. He would not be surprised if they had a real army, not just the horde roaming the surface of the planet.

The real enemy here had not bared its fangs. Recalling the image of that dragon, Rowan wondered if it was the same dragon that tried to devour him the moment he was in his weakest state and falling down from the sky after the Teleportation.

The Ouroboros Serpent began moving faster. Their massive size was by no way an indication of their speed, and after an internal debate between them where they divided the few hundred Incarnation state beasts between themselves, Rowan nearly smiled when he saw they gave most of the prey to the Last Born—The Six Eyed Ouroboros.

They split up and charged, their speed and mass shattering the skies, and creating a massive shockwave so powerful, it crushed everything above and below them. Rowan almost lost himself in their might, as they were all extensions of him.

Rowan smiled in satisfaction and closed his eyes. The progress on his bloodline limit has increased, and currently it sits at 7,300. He tried not to imagine how insane that number was.

At the Mortal State level, this bloodline had no equals. His Ouroboros Bloodline was already so powerful, and they had needed far less than these amounts of Soul points in the Mortal State.

Yet such a powerful bloodline did not bring as much joy as it would at first brought him, he only felt the weight of responsibility. He had struggled to control a lesser Omnipotent bloodline, could he control this one better?

He marshalled his thoughts, reminding himself what he was, any doubts were the last fading sparks of the mortal mind of Rowan Kuranos the man.

Not only that, but he had all the tools required for his growth, and his willingness to upgrade this bloodline was at the peak. If the Primordial Keepers had bloodlines that were beyond those of the Empyrean in the material universe, then he would just have to go beyond their bloodlines.

Create something beyond them.

Only... Rowan had a slight frown on his face, the shadow behind him was beginning to change.

The palm of the shadow grabbed him and intertwined with his own as if they were lovers.

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Scarvross finished all the arrangements he had with Circe and although Mabel Boreas wanted to catch up, he hurriedly excused himself, and left the convoy far behind. He called up the Green Wind from his Territory and he zoomed away, faster than sound.

Making sure he ascended above the clouds, he faced the south and disappeared into the horizon.

It took all he had to keep his features steady and composed, but he was sure that Mabel Boreas, who now goes as Nana, knew that he wanted to leave the convoy as soon as possible. There was not much that escaped the gaze of that woman, it was such a shame what happened to her, she was in line to fight for the name of Boreas a thousand years ago.

But her loss were the gains of others, for he was one of the Guardsmen under the ruling Boreas, and from the rumors there was bad blood between Nana and the family Ancestor.

Those were rumors, however. Unlike what he had in his hands now.

This calamity had delayed the spread of news on Jarkarr, so Nana should not know of the hottest bounty in the past thousand years.

Their loss was definitely his gain. Scarvros delighted laughter echoed after his passage through the air.

The Ancestor of the Tiberius family had placed out a massive bounty on the head of a man from the Kuran family—Rowan Kuran, and this bounty was also seconded by the Ancestor of the Kuran family too. According to them, Rowan Kuran has stolen a valuable Origin Treasure.

He was labelled a rogue Dominator, and he was conniving with the enemies of the Empire.

If a valid report of his sighting was to be submitted, then the two Earth gods were willing to give a boon as payment.

Just Sightings, not even apprehending the perpetrator. Such an easy bounty was incredibly attractive to every power in the Empire.

Of course, there would be no report of fake sightings given to an Earth god, for there were quite easier ways to painfully torture yourself and everyone associated with you for an eternity.

The Empire was literally aflame with the hunt for this mysterious man who could draw the ire of two major families.

A boon from an Ancestor of a Major family—Earth gods, were almost as valuable as a boon from the gods themselves, after all, they were the mortal representatives of the gods on earth, and theirs was a gift beyond rare.

There were only seven Fourth Circle Dominator in the entire Empire, and their power and reach could not be overemphasised.

With a single boon from an Earth god, it was possible to be elevated to the Third Great Circle, have a planet under your name, and live a long and prosperous life for thousands of years.

Yet, this was a boon from two Earth gods. The implications of that were terrifying, and only the thousand years of experience had kept him from not leaping for joy when he saw the source of the greatest hunt in recent memory walk in front of him.

There were also tales about certain underground organizations looking for him, and as such a bounty from the gods could not go unnoticed for long, the entire Empire was embroiled in mania.

Scarvros had no idea how such a fugitive would not have found ways to continue running as far away from the Empire as possible, for you would think someone with the wherewithal to steal an Origin Treasure would have a solid escape plan far from the Empire.

But perhaps this was the smartest move he could make.

Indeed, most were searching for him outside the bounds of the Empire in distant worlds, but a common inspection and message delivery on their families planet had just netted him the jackpot.

Chapter 168: Palace of Ice (2)

Yet, Scarvros considered it foolish for him not to hide but to openly reveal himself to everyone, he was lucky about the impending calamity, or he would have been caught by now.

Well, his foolishness turned out to be my gain!

He knew he would be able to swallow all the profit the moment he returned to the underground city and teleport to Trion.

He could finally leave his life of deary service. Furthermore, he was no longer the bright-eyed and bushy tail youth who sought to give his soul to the Great God of Storms and worship him forever.

After a thousand years of service, his naivety had been washed away over the centuries by the things he had seen and done, and now the only thing he craved was freedom and the chance to start a small family of his own, in a world far from war.

To think Circe and Nana had such a hot lottery ticket on their hands and did not know the value, well, the wind of luck had finally blown on his face, and it was indeed refreshing.

Scarvros began pulling more green wind from his Territory, disregarding the consumption, for he had steadily built his reserve over the last four hundred years, but he did not care and continued burning it.

No matter how much he lost, he was bound to gain so much more than he could ever imagine.

According to Circe, the man now called Erohim, who was undoubtedly Rowan Kuranos, had lost his memory in a deathly tribulation. Could it be that easy?

Well, to steal an Origin Treasure, would not have been easy by any stretch of the imagination, he must have gone through severe tribulations to survive and escape.

With that thought, the last few suspicions in his mind began to fade.

Yes, it was that easy!

At first, he wanted to attack and take him with him back to Trion, maybe there would be extra benefits, but seeing that he only needed to report the sightings, he would be a fool to take any unnecessary risk to endanger his life.

There were enough witnesses of his presence on the planet, and no one would dispute the fact that he was the one that submitted the information first.

"Nana, is so gonna be pissed when she finds out about this." Scarvros laughed again, such a boon from this would be enough to heal her wounds and return her fading lifespan.

Scarvros flew high above the clouds, so he would miss roaming bands of the avian horde, it was intuition more than anything that made him sweep his Divine Sight below him, and at first, he did not understand what he was looking at.

How could he? It was not an everyday sight to see something like this, even for someone like him who have lived for more than a thousand years.

He saw razor sharp ridges more than two hundred feet in length extend far down into the clouds, and his Divine sense alerted him to look forward. He saw those same razor sharp ridges ahead of him, looking back it was also the same situation.

They were bobbing gently, as if they were surfing along a long gentle wave, and his Divine sense began to trace the spikes down to its Origin.

At first, he had a brief sense that what he was seeing was not real, it was like seeing a mountain filled with sharp spikes drifting quietly through the clouds.

Then he saw the eyes of the beasts, and his Divine sense travelled down their length, and he knew that no creatures such as this had ever existed inside the Empire.

For it was impossible that such a creature was unknown. He shuddered, there were no beasts like these on Jarkarr, these must be alien creatures, but three of them?

These sorts of powerful beasts were rare, to see three of them at the same time was improbable.

This was not a chance occurrence. They were hunting him.

Scarvros was no longer a rookie, and he instantly formulated his plan of action, he reached deeply into his Territory and gathered two percent of all the green winds, and he spliced those with the only gust of white winds of Alfar he had begun stockpiling recently, and he placed his hands together, as if he was praying.

A dull rumble emanated from his closed palm, and he opened his hands wide open where a ball of swirling green and white wind so dense it appeared as if it was marble rotated in the middle of his palm.

This was a Minor World, and calling up the power of his Territory was enough to leave cracks in space, the sounds that came out from those spatial tears were like fingernails running down a chalkboard.

"Rejin!" He called on his Incarnation, and a green bull with a single long horn appeared in front of him and sank into his head. His eyes suddenly transformed into a deep pit that held only swirling green winds, and he grinned.

Perhaps he would take a few bonuses along with him.

The ball of wind split in two. Keeping one palm to his chest, he thrust the other downward, and it fell from his hand like a stone, leaving long tears in space with its passage.

The moment the ball of wind reached the clouds, it disappeared without any disturbance. "Rejan!" Scarvros growled and the entire clouds for miles were lit up by a green glow before everything below him exploded.

It was like multiple hundreds of hurricane class winds exploding forth at the same time. The blast vaporized all the clouds and pushed the massive mountains of spikes out of their cover. The blast travelled for miles, and although he was far above the cloud, the earth below was devastated, turning an entire forest below to dust.

There was a reason that using powers from your Territory was frowned on when in Minor Worlds. Their barriers were simply too weak.

"What the fu*k is that..." Scarvros nearly screamed when the devastation ended and below him were revealed the Ouroboros Serpents who were only pushed a few miles back, their scales were scratched and appeared battered.

In comparison to their size, this damage was nothing. But how could this be the only damage they took from that blast?

Before his eyes, the minor scratches on their scales disappeared and the small smirk he had on his mouth vanished.

The otherworldly nature of these creatures made Scarvros eyes to squint in panic. The blast of wind he unleashed could scour through rock and metal, but it only pushed the creatures back, and their massive eyes stared at him, as if he was prey.

"Wait, I thought there were three of them." Then he was covered in darkness, and he looked up, only to see the sky replaced with endless darkness filled with needle - sharp teeth the size of oak trees.

A massive suction force that defied reason emanated from that pit of darkness, and his body was wrenched from his position and dragged upward. Only the shielding of his Territory gave him enough strength to scream, and he slammed the remaining ball of wind upwards where it exploded creating a green cataclysm, which did nothing but reduce the suction force by half.

Scarvros eyes began to twitch.

He noted, with a dawning horror, that that pit of darkness was swallowing the green winds with apparent relish.

He called up more of the green winds from his territory, as holding back at this point was beyond suicidal, and the world around him turned green.

A thunderous rumble resounded, and the three Ouroboros Serpents were pushed back, from afar they resembled streaks of darkness against a vast sky filled with green.

But, it was possible to see that darkness began slowly to devour every green in the sky, and after a while, the sky returned to the gray color of dusk.

Scarvros had taken the opportunity to escape farther away, the Ouroboros Serpents let off a dull growl from their chest that made the surrounding skies vibrate for miles, and they vanished in pursuit.

Chapter 169: Palace of Ice (3)

The darkness that rested against his back previously was ephemeral, it had no physical weight, but he could feel its touch on his soul, but as the limit for the bloodline continued to increase the sensation changed from only sensing the shadow on a spiritual level, he began feeling its weight in the physical.

The Soul Reaver bloodline was not supposed to be able to touch the material world at will. The implications for the bloodline to be able to freely exist and interact with the material world was beyond what he had first expected.

The weight grew, slowly as the color of the black and purple smoke condensed, until it began as black as coal, and the purple dotting its skin became like countless burning stars that glinted in that darkness.

From its touch on his back, Rowan began to sense a chilling cold that penetrated his Empyrean body, and indeed around him, frost began to spread as black ice grew under him.

The ice had streaks of purple inside of it, and it shone within the black ice, giving it a mystical air, around Rowan the air began to freeze, and they began to arrange themselves in a subtle manner, as slowly the black and purple ice began creating a structure around him.

There was a whooshing sound as air began to rush towards Rowan into whatever structure was being created around him, and it began to grow.

Yet, that was not the most disconcerting thing happening, the Ouroboros Serpents all these while had not disappointed him, feeding him a steady diet of Soul Points and the Limits of the Soul Reaver bloodline had been extended to 7,650 points, and it was still growing.

On the page of , the name of the bloodline began to warp and distort, as if it was changing to become something entirely different, and Rowan could perceive faint screams like the lamentations of trillions of souls who were being mercilessly tortured.

Whatever the Soul Reaver bloodline was before, it was being disassembled piece by piece, and Rowan had a growing horror that somehow this change was now being directed by something besides his bloodline seeking to advance itself.

He did not feel any rejection from , so his mind eased a bit. Rowan was sure that if there was really any danger to him, would have stopped him.

It was not very communicative, but Rowan knew that it was aware.

The shadow that rested behind him, began going through changes that Rowan found alarming, at first, the shadow was in the general shape of a man, closely resembling Rowan in size, but slowly it was transforming into the shape of a woman.

He began noticing the shape behind him compacting, and gaining more curves, noticing the soft swell of breasts and the long black and purple shadow that signified hair, falling like a cloak around them.

The hair was so long, it reached their knees. A billowing mass of black and purple light.

Why is my bloodline transforming into a woman? Was it at all related to that mysterious goddess, and how could the gaze from a goddess influence an Emyrean bloodline? What was his bloodline consuming behind the blank face of the goddess?

You would think, for someone with Otherworldly colossal serpents living inside his body that nothing would ever be too strange for him.

Because he knew his bloodline of his down to the roots, he was not too worried if he could ultimately control it, but he understood it could be influenced.

Clearly the blank face in his Mental Space had more mysteries than he had first thought. Rowan thought deeply for a moment, then he made a decision.

Still maintaining the ongoing upgrade of his bloodline, he split his Soul into two, which turned out to be far more difficult than he thought, for apparently his Spirit was responsible for powering the actions of his split souls and seeing how every bit of it was being channeled into the growth of his bloodline, he had to fight for scraps to make the action possible.

It was difficult, but he slowly began to accumulate Soul power by the side, the first one he gathered was brutally sucked away by the upgrading bloodline. He had to be more conscientious with his actions, and he slowly accumulated Soul power, and then he created a split soul.

Holding that split soul, he channeled it into the Demon Ohrox's Origin Treasure. If he was truly to find the truth, then he would need information he could only get from gods.

The Soul sense he channeled into that Origin Treasure went blank, and he began feeling that pull as if his senses were being dragged along across eternity. Massive distances going by in a fraction of a fraction of a second, and eerie wails escaping from the darkness his Spirit was traveling through.

He saw the Statue of the Demon once again. As massive as a planet, and emanating bloodlust and destruction, and as if it had an immense gravity of its own, he was drawn helplessly inside of it.

His mind slammed into the Demon's body, and he experienced a new sensation once more—Of experiencing the world through a different lens.

As before, he detected that the body of this Demon was like a stone and the presence of his Soul began giving it life, and he could confirm once more that this stone material was the same as the blank face in his Mental Space.

Was it not the same material he had been consuming all these while to upgrade his Soul Reaver bloodline, or were they different?

If he was ever going to look for answers, then this place had enough hints for him to rummage through.

His flesh became fully transformed from the stone, and he noticed that he seemed to fit better into the body of the Demon. His senses grabbing more details from the environment.

It was as if he were wearing a brand-new shoe and every time he used them, they fit better.

Bad analogies aside, Rowan did not want to be here longer than was necessary. Looking around, he saw the same four statues. Arlushan Endirius, the so-called leader of the Covenant, Khoron, Prince of Strife, Fiona Shadowsoul and finally Ulremazz Igorin.

He looked at their statues and waited for any movements from them, as far as he knew, the last time he was here, it appeared that they were summoned by the Oracle.

Speak of the devil.

"Welcome Ohrox Prince of Destruction." The genderless voice of the Oracle resounded inside the palatial hall.

Rowan waited for more words, but it would appear the Oracle chose to remain silent after welcoming him.

Rowan looked around and wanted to speak before he noticed a blue gem floating in front of him, with his senses, it was impossible for something to be here and him not notice.

That meant, he noticed this gem because it just appeared in front of him that instant or it chose to reveal itself. The gem was hexagonal and hovered in front of him, softly releasing a mellow glow.

"Oracle, are you present?" Rowan called out, the deep rumble that originated from his mouth shocked him, Ohrox had not sounded like this the last he possessed this body.

Remembering his bad analogy and the feeling that he had integrated more deeply with this demon made Rowan frown a little.

"I am ever present Prince of Destruction."

"Good, what is this gem before me?"

"That is your Interdimensional Storage Space paired with your seat on the Covenant. It contains all the resources that have been allocated to you to bolster your reignition of your Infernal Spark."

Fantastic. Rowan would love to delve more into this Storage space, but he had limited time, as he could already feel his soul beginning to slip away from the Demon's body.

Chapter 170: Palace of Ice (4)

"Oracle, can I ask you a question?"

"Except for queries beyond the Apocrypha level, you can ask any questions you desire, and if they can be found within my Spirit Core, the information would be available to you."

"Good, Oracle, what is this stone material that covers the body of each of the members of the Covenant."

"Your queries are within the bounds of the Apocrypha, that material does not cover the body of the members of the Covenant, it is an Anima, It can exclusively be sourced at the pillars of the Universe and of its many purposes it has two main functions, firstly it serves as a vessel for a Divine Class being and as a channel to Primordial Aether where Aspects are..."

The rest of the explanation was lost to him, as his Soul was dragged painfully back to his body with an audible snap.

This was the first time he was hearing of Primordial Aether or Anima, but he could infer some certain things from the few words he was able to hear.

The most important was the word channel, because after all this time he noticed something from the actions of his bloodline. The Soul Reaver bloodline was not consuming the blank face, it was using it as a channel to consume something else.

The destruction of the face was as a result of the strain of holding whatever the bloodline was consuming.

Was it Primordial Aether?

As far as he knew, Aether had no Aspects, and it could be used to power different elements, it only served as a source of power.

If he followed that line of thought, with the words from the Oracle saying Aspects could be derived from Primordial Aether, then he had a theory.

Each Anima he had seen had a given him a different sensation, from Arlushan Endirius he had felt intense heat, from Fiona Shadowsoul he had felt the coldness of the moon, and what was the sensation he had felt from the goddess whose Anima had been struck inside his head...

The sensation it had given him was of darkness and madness.

If this Anima of the goddess was a channel to Primordial Aether, and its Aspect was biased towards darkness, it stands to reason that what he was channeling into his bloodline was...

The Name of Soul Reaver finally dissipated and a new name appeared.

AVATAR OF EVE: Level 0 (0/10,000)

Ok, what the fu.....

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Scarvros was in despair, but he finally felt a bit of relief because his target was within sight. He finally saw a relay tower on a mountain a hundred miles away.

He could call for help from that Tower, and normally a hundred miles was a few seconds' journey to him, but at this moment it could as well be the other side of the planet.

Whatever these beasts were, they were not all that powerful, compared to him, but they all came with certain traits that caused him no small ends of grief.

The first was that they had an insane amount of durability, regardless of what he threw at them, they shrugged it off, with the minor damage he made vanishing before his eyes, leading him to think at first that it was an illusion.

He was a Guardsman of the Boreas family for more than a thousand years, and a Dominator of the Second Great Circle, he was a Spirit Territory Realm Dominator.

Being in this realm meant he had access to a power beyond whatever could be accessible to the First Great Circle—Territory.

A piece of a god's Divine Land.

His Territory was not the best that could be afforded to the Boreas Scions, but he controlled a sizable portion of the Green Wind plain.

For six hundred years he had saved Bloodline Essence and managed his Territory to grow to a stage where in a century he might Ascend realms, finally leaving the Spirit Territory Realm to the Incandescent Realm.

Yet, all his struggles had come to naught, because of the second most frightening traits of these beasts; they could consume energy! Including those coming from his Territory. His attacks were useless unless backed by his Territory, and every power he drew from it could not be easily replenished.

For the last thirty minutes, he had been fighting a battle of diminishing returns, as he had to call on the finite resources his Territory could retain, to hold back these beasts, because their speed was equal to him going all out.

He suspected that the only reason he was still alive was because whatever these beasts were, they seemed contented to toy with their prey as long as he gave them energy.

He had been struggling to escape their entanglements, as he was pushing to get close to the Relay Tower to reach the underground city.

Checking his Territory once more, he nearly screamed in rage, for he had lost more than sixty percent of his accumulated resources. The land was dry and cracked, his vibrant green wind that covered both the land and the air were left with pitiful clumps of tornadoes.

He gazed at the three gigantic dragons, and he would have screamed at them, but he could not afford the distraction.

The sounds they made were not normal, they were growls that shook the air, making it vibrate in a weird pattern that was making him nearly hallucinate—He could swear he

saw images of the world being chewed by a massive mouth with needle sharp teeth, with two golden serpentine eyes coldly assessing him.

They resembled those of Rowan Kuranos. Scarvros shook his head, any distractions could lead to his death.

As he discovered that with the reduction of his Territory, his barrier against the world was slowly dropping and after fighting these Dragons for so long, he knew their most terrifying traits was not only their power, it was this ability to corrupt the mind. How could he fight when he sank into illusions that were beginning to affect him?

It was hard to see the expression on the faces of these creatures, but he would swear from the sounds they were making that they were laughing.

He felt he was a mouse being toyed with by a trio of demented cats, they slashed at him, making him dance, so he could cough out his blood, which they gleefully slurped.

For the first time in three centuries, Scarvros was feeling true fear, his position as the Chief Administrative Officer for the Boreas family had kept him far from the battles plaguing the world, and he had been relatively free to develop in safety.

His intuition from his long years however, could not be discounted, as he knew that if he let himself be exposed to these beasts without the safety net his Territory provided, that he was going to die.

His momentary distraction nearly killed him, as a mountain sized beast moving faster than sound suddenly attacked him from the right, simultaneously he was attacked from above and below.

With the speed of their movement and their massive size, it was like he immediately fell into darkness.

"No more!" Scarvros manifested his Incarnation in front of him, and with fury in his eyes, he detonated it.

The unique properties of each personal Incarnation was their inability to hurt their owner. The storm that erupted from a destroyed Incarnation was apocalyptic. He vomited blood and his black skin appeared visibly pale.

He heard the strange roars from the Dragons as they were surrounded by a green twister that acted like a blender.

The winds could shred through metal, but to his despair, he felt it weakening, no doubt it was being consumed, but it would buy him enough to reach the Relay Tower.

Scarvros screamed as his left leg exploded, creating a screaming vortex of green wind that pushed him towards the Relay Tower.

He was just a few hundred feet away when something massive and silent went by him, and slammed into the mountain holding the Relay Tower, piercing through and thoroughly destroying it.