

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 171: Palace of Ice (5)

Before he would allow despair to flood his heart, he sent a gust of wind into the falling debris of the mountain, and he saw that the Relay Tower was bent in half trailing sparks, but the blinking red light on the top meant it was still functional.

He no longer expected to be able to escape with his life, and he was not so stupid not to see the connection between Rowan Kuranos and these creatures, yet his calm and easy-going manner back in the convoy had fooled him, and he would be damned if he was going to die and give him another month of freedom.

The thought that he had been played like a fool burned, and knowing he was going to die worsened it, and to think thirty minutes ago his head had been filled with thoughts of his glory.

So stupid, for someone who was hunted by Earth gods, you would think he would tread more carefully around him. Rowan had not destroyed the convoy, although he did not know the reason, it meant that if he had stayed behind until they reached a functional Relay Tower, then he could have easily sent a message about his findings.

Yet greed had made him hurry out to the Underground City. He felt growing anger in his chest that burned like acid, he would not let this man win! The Relay Tower was still active; he only needed to come a few feet closer, and he could send a message.

He was so close!

Another spike that still flew faster than should be possible destroyed what was left of the Relay Tower, and his growing anger sputtered.

His eyes widened as he turned only to see that the Dragons had not escaped the explosion of the Incarnation, but he could see the head of one of the Dragons, and from the spikes that ran down their bodies, two were missing.

So, they had the ability to shoot those damn spikes!

Now he knew it was not his imagination. Those fuc\*ing beasts were laughing.

His anger and despair were silenced when a volley of those spikes descending on him like rainfall.

In a brief moment, only his screams remained.

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The last of the Incarnation State golden beast fell, and the roars from the Ouroboros Serpent turned to those of conquest, and a bit of dissatisfaction, as their debut after so being restricted felt insufficient, the death of millions of prey was not nearly enough to sate their annoyance.

He just realized that these creatures could bear a grudge, although they could also be influenced by his emotion, they also had their own personal resentment.

Chief among them was the mysterious goddess and the Order of Broken Eyes.

Rowan promised them more to come, his full attention was not on them, however, it was on his new bloodline and its appearance as this enigmatic female figure.

During the upgrade of this bloodline, many amazing things had occurred, and Rowan had to slowly digest all the information and events that had just transpired.

This new bloodline gave out a frightful amount of cold that even affected him, and he was not even being targeted. He had thought he was already immune to most level of temperature, but this one was different.

The phenomenon it created was also bizarre.

The chill from the bloodline created a black and purple ice, and during the upgrades, that ice had grown, and it turned into a castle made of black and purple ice, and underneath his body, a Throne of Ice was created.

The castle was not considerable, almost the size of his manor, it had only a single room, which was the Throne room.

It was hard to describe this castle made from black and purple ice because it seems to have a field that blocked intense investigation, as if most of it was missing, and this was only a small part of its whole being revealed.

But Rowan could see glimpses of long narrow towers piercing the skies, and black walls that seemed to drink light.

Rowan felt the fingers of this female form squeezing his hands tighter, and it took a lot of his will to banish her back into his body. Before she dissipated however, Rowan felt a touch on his back.

He shook his head and looked into his Mental Space, he needed answers, and he needed them fast.

While splitting his Consciousness and entering the Origin Treasure, he began accessing the Ice Castle around him, and he recognized it from his first dream he had in this world.

He had seen a man sitting on a Throne of ice. Rowan felt his void heart beginning to tremble, suddenly he felt that he knew nothing, understood nothing... Who did he think he was?

The dream was still clear in his mind, except for the face of the man on the throne. Try as he might, he could not bring forth any details of the man's face.

Ignoring the fact he was naked, he walked down the massive hallway of this icy palace and stepped outside, above him, the Ouroboros Serpents were dancing in the sky, their scales gleaming under the moon light.

Below him were massive wings, hundreds of them.

They come from the millions of birds that died on this plain. A force from his Bloodline Ascension had fused the millions of bodies that had died here.

From those bodies, it had created angels, and from the multitude of birds and beasts it made wings and bodies of the angels from their corpses.

The force had placed them together with black and purple ice, and the angels were all faceless except for their smiles.

They also appeared crude, almost like Abominations, their bodies appeared to be lumps of flesh that had been compressed to the limits and put together by a demented mind.

The postures of the angels appeared to be unnatural, and although they all stood still, it was as if they were all watching him, coupled with their smiles that showed many long and black teeth, they were terrifying.

Rowan did not blink.

He remembered the first time he activated Soul Seizer he had said some words from those dreams, it was as if it would not have been possible to fully activate that bloodline without those words.

Once again that urge overtook him, and he found himself saying the words that came first from the man on that throne. It came out like a whisper from his lips, the words seemed so cold, it felt like it was freezing the air in front of him.

Another voice spoke alongside his own, and it was a woman's. Cold and pitiless like the gaze of a serpent, he felt his body beginning to freeze, as black Ice began to spread from his mouth down his chest and over his head.

"Take the light from my eyes. So, you can see!"

The tens of thousands of tiny eyes along his Spine had faded away, suddenly they returned and began to peel themselves away from his back, before tearing their way into the air and vanishing.

Up in the skies, lidless eyes began to cover the entire horizon, thousands of eyes, millions, then billions, until there were nothing but eyes in the sky.

The eyes appeared covered in a glaze, as if they all slept, but occasionally purple light would flash from them, and anytime those light flashes, a piece of reality would simply vanish.

The black ice did not stop spreading all over his body, and before he was lost into darkness, he saw the massive wings of the angels below began stirring.

Through the multiple holes ripped in realities, Rowan thought he could see a river filled with uncountable souls, and a deep yearning was born inside his heart to control that river.

His mind fell into darkness, but it was a strange and cold one. His slumber was not given the solace of forgetfulness. He was aware of every single moment in the dark, and it was just filled with... Nothingness, and... Her!

## **Chapter 172: Palace of Ice (final)**

When Rowan woke up, he was alone in the plain, except for the Ouroboros Serpent that curled around him. They had reduced their sizes, and their watchful eyes covered both the heavens and the earth.

Nothing could come through them. He ran his hands down their scales, and even though they existed in a void inside his heart, they were still warm. He almost wanted to snuggle deeper into those scales and sleep.

But now he knew that with this new bloodline, he could no longer rest or sleep. For everyone else, sleeping was too akin to dying, they would not remember the moments of their rest.

For him, however, sleeping holds no solace, even in the darkness of sleep, he was aware, and inside that darkness, time had no meaning, and it almost seemed like he had spent a thousand years alone inside of it.

Rowan drew strength from the heat of the Ouroboros Serpents, unlike the chill he felt inside his Soul. This new bloodline made him want to curl up in silence and forget all of existence.

Except for her. He could feel her gaze around his Spirit, and in that darkness he had felt someone else there with him, and there was an open hand that was hard to discern inside that endless black.

The hand spoke to him of comfort and forgetfulness, of peace and the allure of death. It told him to rest his burdens on her shoulders and all will be well.

Fu\*k that!

Rowan gritted his teeth and stood up. He was no man, and he would never let his bloodline control him.

If the Ouroboros Bloodline threatened to consume his flesh and dominate his body, he would crush it with his will.

If the Avatar of Eve wanted to control his Soul, then she would have to wait until the end of time.

They were his bloodline, and he would not allow them to dominate.

His senses swept through the plains, there was no Ice palace or Angels, except for the entire plain that was empty of bodies and the fading scars where reality was slowly patching itself, it all resembled a dream.

Rowan senses swept through his body and he saw that his body felt strained, almost like he was under a similar curse like those he received from the goddess, but with the State of his Ouroboros bloodline, he could fight it.

He began burning his vitality, from one percent slowly up to forty-five percent, but the feeling of ice in his veins persisted and then he realized the sensation of chill was not harming him, what was emanating such a cold was his Soul or rather his lack of it.

His Ice–Fire soul that was unique and was the element of his human identity.

It was gone.

Rowan knew every Empyrean bloodline activation brought with it, significant changes. He had lost his mortal body when he activated the Ouroboros Bloodline.

Now he had lost his Soul with the activation of Avatar of Eve. The chill he was feeling was from a body deprived of a soul. How was he still alive?

His Soul was nothing but a void and his Spatial Sight was also gone, for its roots were based around his Soul Sight.

Rowan nearly laughed in frustration, this new bloodline was appearing more and more like a mistake.

How much more was it going to take from him?

He had depended so much on his Spatial Sight that he hardly used his senses. He had always fought against the view shown to him by his eyes because it just separates the world into two : power or the lack of it.

People below the Legendary State would resemble lumps of gray shadows— Meaningless. As he grew in power, he expected that view point to also grow with him.

When he reached the powers of a god, what would all of existence appear to him as?

He could still observe the world using his body, giving him a full 360° degree view of his surrounding, where he could literally taste sound and hear colors, but those senses were at first so alien to him, that he had unconsciously rejected them.

Spatial Sight was linked to his soul, and every time he had used it to touch the world, it was almost as if his soul were also touching it. The beauty of the world or its horrors entered his mind with no filter.

It made him full of love for something, or also full of hate for another, for his vision was being filtered by the perception of his soul.

Unknown to him, something that had contributed to Rowan remaining in humanity was his Spatial Sight. His Ouroboros body was an unbreakable shield, and it would have protected his soul from the world.

Kept him sacred and inviolable. He would have truly lost everything that made him enjoy being human, and he would have never realized it. He would have forgotten what it was like to be weak and human, truly forgotten it.

Spatial Sight served as a bridge to the world, and every one he saw, and every moment that passed within the gaze of his sights. All those passed the barriers of his Emyrean flesh and touched his soul.

Bringing him warmth and happiness, and love and joy, pain and pleasure, it kept him human.

It would be a lot harder for him now to ever feel those emotions again. The bridge was gone.

He felt loss and sorrow, for it was easy to pursue power, and even when it felt like he truly understood the consequences, it turned out that he might just be mistaken.

But, whatever regret he felt was dull and muted, as if it was meaningless to him. Such concerns were beneath him.

Rowan's eyes remained the same, the Avatar of Eve bloodline did not affect his physical body as much as the Ouroboros bloodline, yet his gaze had become colder than ice.

Whatever the benefits Spatial Sight gave him was gone.

This was the price for power.

Now you grow. Now you become. Now you conquer!

Rowan closed his eyes and went still for a while, and when he opened it once more, that coldness had retreated.

He was the master of his body.

This new bloodline of his, was never meant for the material universe, and except for his Six headed Ouroboros bloodline there would be no way to contain it.

Whatever it is, he would understand the bloodline, and he would conquer it. Perhaps his true battles were not against the world, it was also a battle with himself.

He would never win this battle against his bloodline, if he did not first learn to accept himself.

For the first time ever since the Nexus, Rowan completely opened himself to the world, let it stream into him.

He let himself see the world as an Empyrean for the first time. Without the aid of his Spatial Sight.

And, it was... Beautiful.

The world became divided into layers, and on each layer were countless wonders. With each layer, his Empyrean senses showed him, he was struck with awe.

He held out his hand, and the motion of its movement was music.

He could hear the heartbeat of this world, and for a few moment Rowan became incredibly aroused, as if he had just seen the most stunning woman he had ever met.

This sensation drove him out of his vision, and he looked below to see that he was indeed aroused, and his face went white.

This is interesting and disturbing at the same time.

Rowan sighed and looked into his Mental Space, he wanted to finish that talk with the Oracle before he was interrupted due to his lack of Spirit, then he saw his Mental Space was no longer empty of all but the Origin Treasure.

Now there was a palace of black and purple ice, and standing before this palace were 101 angels.

## **Chapter 173: Future Plans**

There was a storm of Aether blowing around the palace in a Circle, and unlike before when his Aether was snow-white, now these was black and purple and gave out an unearthly chill.

The Storm of Aether blowing around the place was at least ten times the amount that was there previously.

The angels stood still, and Rowan saw that his Aether was no longer being generated by his Mental Space, but from the wings of the angel.

His senses returned to the Palace of Ice when he noticed something peculiar. There were two massive Corinthian Columns at the entrance of the palace of ice, and unlike the rest of the palace that consisted of black and purple ice, these two columns were forged from gold.

Around the two columns were carvings of his Ouroboros Serpents, and they slowly crawled up and down the column, he immediately noticed his "senses" were originating from the column on the right.

With a little effort of will, he split his mind in two, and noticed that his split mind originated from the column on the left.

With the loss of his Soul, Rowan no longer had his Spirit Attribute, his ability to split his mind into as many streams as he wanted was now lost. In their place, he now had two columns that could serve as an alternative.

He hoped that with the further growth of this bloodline, he would be able to manifest more columns, else the loss would be a bit too much.



The palace itself and the Angels served as the representation of his bloodline, just the same way that the Serpents served as the representation of the Ouroboros bloodline.

As he continued upgrading the Avatar of Eve bloodline, the palace would grow, and he would be able to unearth more of its abilities.

Rowan mind left his mental space, and he returned the Ouroboros Serpents to his void hearts. He began walking slowly towards the direction of the convoy as he nudged his Spatial bracelet, and clothes materialized over his body.

He finally called up his Primordial Record, and what he saw shook his soul, and he paused.

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength : 4,909

Agility : 4,375

Constitution : 6,594

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher

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 3

Passive : Decipher language (complete)

Records:

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

AVATAROFEVE: Level 0 (0/10,000)

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [5/5]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One – 1,000,000,000/ 1,000,000,000

Engine Two – 100,671,665 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Three– 674,001,876 / 1,000,000,000

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

Engine Five – 675,000 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Six – 245,000 / 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]

Active Skill Upgraded:

Bone Fire: Level 2 →Level 3 [Constitution + 200. Spirit + 50]

... Spirit has been sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Berserker Skills Upgraded:

Vortex :[Refined level 4 → Refined level 6 (Strength + 100)]

Smash :[Refined level 5 → Refined level 7 (Strength + 150)]

Combo Attack :[Refined level 3 → Refined level 5 (Spirit + 150)]

... Spirit has been sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Passive Skill Consumed : Ice–Fire Soul

... Spirit has been sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Aspect Consumed : Spatial Sight

... Spirit has been sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Bloodline Skill Gained:

Palace of Ice [Spirit + 1,200]

... Spirit has been sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Soul Point : 45,876.6153

Rowan Sights was first drawn to his Soul points first, it was an unconscious decision as his eyes tend to reach for those numbers anytime he opens ; he was not disappointed.

He must have expended almost a hundred thousand Soul points to upgrade the Soul Reaver Bloodline, and his sacrifice had paid off. He had a mysterious and powerful bloodline that needed ten thousand Soul points to be upgraded, all that really mattered however was if he could control this bloodline effectively, and before he could do that, he needed further information.

His mind finally settled on the Avatar of Eve bloodline. The name of this bloodline was disturbing, and its power was no joke. If he had not learned the method of burning his inexhaustible vitality, then there would be no way he would be able to even begin upgrading this bloodline.

He had always lamented his poor Spirit Attributes, now they were all gone, sacrificed to the Palace of Ice. He frowned before he calmed his raging thought, it was fair that when something as monumental as having a second Empyrean bloodline meant he lost something in return.

He had lost something to gain another.

Rowan realized that it was not the bloodline harming his body, he was still too weak to handle it, even with his Empyrean body.

Rowan had a sudden thought; without the Ouroboros bloodline giving me an incredible physique, what sort of body would I have if I only had access to the Avatar of Eve bloodline?

The answers came easily to him. He would have none. His existence would resemble those of a specter existing inside his Palace of Ice, maybe when he became powerful enough he would have been able to craft a shell for him to walk the material plane.

Without the Ouroboros bloodline that could contain it, given that he had a Divine Mental Space, any other person would be destroyed by its power.

As it is, they were bloodlines pursuing opposite directions, one towards the spiritual and the other physical, and he aimed to take them both to the pinnacle.

Rowan's mind drifted to his Rift State Ability from the Ouroboros Bloodline—Absolute Body. He had an intuition that he would be able to safely upgrade this bloodline the moment he activated this Rift State Ability.

To balance his bloodlines, he would always keep the Avatar of Eve bloodline a single level lower. It meant that presently his Ouroboros bloodline was at the peak of Legendary, he would upgrade the Avatar of Eve bloodline to peak Mortal State.

The moment he broke through to the Rift State and activated his Rift State Ability from the Ouroboros bloodline, his body and Mental Space should be robust enough to hold the Avatar of Eve bloodline, then he would be able to upgrade it to an equal level with his first bloodline.

Yet, it did not mean he would not be able to use this bloodline presently because Rowan was sure that even at the Mortal State with no Soul Points placed inside it was still powerful.

Suddenly having the urge to check out the powers of his bloodline, he brought out the Sixth Ouroboros Serpent, and it took him to the skies looking for any beast horde.

Rowan's mind flashed over to the Three Ouroboros Serpents he had sent to hunt down Scarvros. He had no doubt that Circe would have given his information to him for further investigation about history and Rowan could not allow that.

He only stayed with the Convoy for three reasons, the first was to protect the innocent, mainly the children, for there was no way he would stand by and watch children die when he could change that.

The second was that he needed information, and he was getting it. If not for his plans to kill Scarvros and activate his Soul Reaver bloodline which was now Avatar of Eve, he would be inside his mobile home reading.

The third and most important reason was the Teleportation Station that should be present inside the underground city. With Circe's help, it would be an easy thing to get access to it.

## **Chapter 174: Future Plans (2)**

Rowan had ascertained that the journey would most likely last a month and within that time frame, he would have grown more powerful, and if he could escape from the Planet using the Teleportation Station, then there was really no reason for him hiding himself from the convoy.

But he could not allow details of himself to be sent to Trion, else this planet would become too dangerous for him to grow.

Rowan had unknowingly saved himself from a far worse fate because he wanted to stop Scarvros from reaching the Underground City, not knowing he was already a wanted man in Trion and Scarvros had recognized him.

Part of the reason he could not imagine this outcome happening or how quickly he became a wanted figure was because he was sure the organization that built the Nexus—The Order of the Broken Eye—was a very secretive one, and Rowan thought that they might choose to quietly hunt for him.

He had also factored Augustus into the equation, and he still felt the General would still quietly hunt for him.

Unknown to him was the fact that the Organization had split into pieces with his escape and the betrayals of its members. Yet, his suspicious and careful nature had saved him from a calamity for a short while.

He saw the first Ouroboros Serpent with a single eye having a bright golden glow in the area around its chest that seemed to be pulsing, it was as if it had a burning sun.

Rowan was not surprised for the energy value needed for the activation of the first Chaos Engine had already been completed.

Although he knew his Serpents were feeding off the energies from Scarvros body, he could no longer take the risk of discovery. He commanded them to quickly kill the man as he was very delighted at the current powers of the Ouroboros Serpents.

They had thousands of supernaturally sharp spikes running down their bodies; they could be shot with ridiculous force; with the regenerating capacity of the Ouroboros Serpents, they effectively had unlimited tree-sized missiles.

Their long distance offensive capabilities had just pushed through the roof, and with Rowan growing experience, he knew these spikes were the foundation for other greater abilities.

Not long after, Rowan came across a large horde holding more than a hundred thousand beasts with ten Incarnation State golden beasts and thirty normal Incarnation State creatures.

They included wolves, bears, and horses. With four of the Incarnation State golden beasts being wolves, three were bears and three were horses.

Rowan fancied riding one of the golden horses, but knowing the nature of the beast, he would not be surprised if it attempted to devour him at every chance it got.

Rowan was a few miles back, as he stood on the Ouroboros Serpent and swept his gaze through the beasts, they were heading south, and judging by their speed they would have been able to link up with the main horde a week from now.

Something was directing all these creatures with frightening efficiency and Rowan wanted to delve into this interconnected web, but every beast below was simply pawns.

Rowan sighed and touched his chest, and dismissed the Ouroboros Serpent carrying him, and he dropped from the sky.

It took thirty seconds to reach the ground, pushing down with his Telekinesis the ground began to crack before he touched it, and when he landed it was with the grace of a cat.

Rowan clearly noticed that his Telekinesis ability had received a massive increase, maybe enough for him to begin attempting flight, but he shelved that for later.

Now he hunts.

His descent from the skies had drawn the attention from the horde, and their roars echoed all around, and they all began charging at him

"At this moment, you are the most powerful bloodline I have. Show me what you got."

Rowan activated the bloodline Technique—Palace of Ice. His hair flared up as black and purple smoke poured out of it. His surroundings began to freeze, and a throne of black ice appeared behind him.

Almost like it was instinct, Rowan sat on the throne. The smoke pouring from his hair coalesced into the form of that woman, who stood by his throne.

She raised her hands slowly as if she were carrying a heavy weight, and then she kept her hands up, one of her feet was bent slightly to the side as if she were about to jump, and she stayed frozen in that pose.

There was no visible change happening, the horde was still charging towards them, an army of a hundred thousand strong filled with claws and fangs.

Suddenly beneath the feet of the charging horde, a massive purple rune began to be lined up and connected. Rowan saw two lines beginning from the palms of the woman which connected to his throne and then fed into the ground.

It was the lines that were creating the purple rune beneath the feet of the charging horde. It was moving with the charging army.

It didn't take long for it to be connected, and it revealed itself to be an oval-shaped rune. The golden beasts were the first to notice the glowing rune beneath them, and with various cries of alarm they attempted to charge out of its boundaries.

But it was already too late. The glowing purple rune shivered, and it seemed to suddenly develop depth. It wiggled and opened up, revealing itself to be an eye.

The massive eye spanned the entire length of the horde, and the moment it opened, they all froze. Black ice sheaths all their bodies and Rowan saw a massive number of souls streaming towards him, this was the first time he was noticing this phenomenon.

Dull cracks rebounded within the horde, as the Incarnation State beast struggled to move, but in a few more seconds they all went still in death.

The black ice had properties that froze the soul, in addition to the cold it gave off that was far below zero degrees, anything within the range of the eye were doomed to die.

Rowan went silent. This bloodline was in the Mortal State!

In the hands of the woman came down, and the eyes vanished into black and purple smoke. Rowan noticed her palms wriggling as two open eyes escaped into her palms, the lines of Runes that created the massive eyes had emanated from those eyes like purple tears.

She bowed towards Rowan and stood by his side with her arms clasped in front of her. Rowan tried observing her face, but the nature of her smoke-like form made any fine details unnoticeable.

Shifting his gaze back to the Souls streaming towards him, then ran into his Throne of Ice and were shredded to nothingness, pure soul power in the form of Soul points entered his Mental Space and drifted into the Palace where an identical throne sat, although this one was far more elaborate than the ones Rowan had manifested outside.

The soul points drifted to a purple moon that was embossed on the back of the Throne, like a glowing tattoo.

This was the first time Rowan was seeing the physical manifestation of his Soul points. He delved deeper into that Throne, and he observed the purple moon inside of him, and he instantly knew how many units of Soul points resided in it: 51,457.

The same instinct, guiding his bloodline, showed him there were also many other details embossed in his Throne. Rowan's eyes flashed a bright light, he was about to know the true potential of this bloodline.

Below the glowing purple moon were countless opened eyes, as numerous as the sands on the beach.

They all had a dull and glazed look, and they almost appeared to be dead and decaying, a burst of information streamed into him and Rowan immediately understood their purposes.

## **Chapter 175: Future plans (final)**

His mind drifted outside the palace to the angel's standing guard, at that moment another angel was being created in front of the Palace of Ice, but only the legs up to the knee were created before it stopped.

It was not difficult to spot the reason for that, it was because the bodies outside had been fully consumed, and it could only create a pair of feet. Besides, Rowan was sure the bulk of its growth was because of the Incarnation State golden beast bodies.

Going back to the eyes and the angels and the purple moon, they were all connected.

The knowledge came to him easily. He could open a single eye with 100,000 Soul points, and he could bestow it on a single angel. Bringing it to the first rank.

Angels had nine ranks, and he could choose to upgrade them by adding more eyes to their bodies, or he could passively let them grow by themselves.

From the highest to the lowest rank they were : Thrones, Dominions, Principalities, Seraphim's, Cherubim's, Powers, Sovereignities, Archangels, and Angels.



What was a significant detail was that the angels would rank up as they grew in power, but the number of eyes they had determined their maximum limit of their growth, and most angels were capable of only holding a single eye.

For an Angel to become an Archangel they needed two eyes.

To become a Sovereign they needed seven eyes.

To become a Power they needed eighty-one eyes.

To become Cherubim they needed 1,008 eyes.

To become a Seraphim they needed 9,999 eyes.

To become a principality they required 100,888 eyes.

To become a Dominion they needed 1,999,999 eyes.

Finally, to become a Throne they needed only a single eye. His own.

What was essential to note was that an Angel was compelling, and a fully grown Angel was as powerful as a Dominator in the fourth Great Circle, otherwise known as Earth gods or the Ancestor of a major family.

Just placing more eyes on a single Angel was not the method of upgrading its rank, he could not push more than a single eye into the body of an Angel, or he would risk its destruction, but rather it was through a process called Origin Fusion.

To create an Archangel from Origin Fusion, he would need to fuse two fully grown Angels, and to make a Sovereign he would need to fuse two fully grown Archangels and a single Angel.

Fusion was still a bit distant for him at the moment because he had to be at the Fourth Great Circle before he could begin fusing and ranking up his Angels.

Yet the importance of having an Angel by his side could not be overemphasized, their powers were literally heaven defying.

From his bloodline knowledge, he knew that the form of these twisted angels now were known as Char. They were empty vessels and the moment he placed an eye inside the Char, it would begin its transformation to an Angel.

Angels had powers that could only be available to them at each rank, but even at the lowest rank, their abilities include: Astral Projection, Dream Walking, Flight, Limited Immortality, Protective Charm, Pyrokinesis, Regeneration, Super Strength, Super Stamina, Super Sense and Spell Casting.

Their abilities were vast and diverse, with seemingly little to no connections linking them, for if they were Dominators, it would appear that they picked abilities from every Pathway.

Their powers were astonishing, and they would receive upgrades to these powers when they got to higher ranks, and even develop new ones. At higher ranks they would begin acquiring unique abilities related to their names.

Notwithstanding the cost needed to create a single Angel, it was also time intensive, if he produced an Angel with his bloodline at the mortal State it would remain at that State until he upgraded his bloodline to the Legendary State.

Also when he was at the Fourth Great Circle, any further Angels he created would naturally upgrade themselves to reach that level, but it would take them a decade to do so.

These were another long-term project for him, with his increasingly long lifespan and more Soul Points, he could spend a few thousand years creating a Legion of Angels, as vast as the sands on a beach.

But for now, Rowan required an Angel for one important reason, which was surveillance.

He had lost Spatial Sight, but a peculiar Ability of the Angel which was Astral Projection could serve as a very discrete method to understand his surroundings.

The way the ability works was that the Angel would project a shadowy form of their wings in various locations. Most times, a single or multiple feathers would serve depending on the size of the location under surveillance.

With these shadowy wings, Rowan would be able to easily keep an eye on different locations discreetly. An Angel could only Astral Project to three locations at most at a time, but this Ability also gets upgraded with an Angels rank up.

Furthermore, Angels could hide themselves in shadows and in that state they were invisible and immaterial, and only the keenest of senses could detect them.

Their utility for him would be endless, he could keep an eye on people of interests, and if he wanted to eliminate them, it would not matter how far they were from him, as long as an Angel was in their shadow, even if they escaped to the furthest parts of the universe.

If Rowan could awaken enough Angels it would be possible to monitor every single event transpiring in an entire planet, and as there was no virtual limit to the number of Angels he could create, it meant he might be able to monitor a solar system or an entire galaxy in the future.

Which was a great idea because Rowan knew in the future he would have to control thousands or even millions of planets, and instead of consuming them like a mindless beast, he could cultivate those worlds, and let them deliver resources to him, and what was a better watchman over all his worlds than Angels.

With the number of resources he would need in the future he might need to control multiple galaxies to feed himself.

It was the proverbial eating the eggs and keeping the chicken, of course he could choose to devour an entire world at once, but at the long scheme of things, that would turn out to be incredibly wasteful.

In the vision he killed countless beings, and had a massive feast, but subsequently, if he needed more Soul points, he would have to go to another universe because there was no one else to produce souls anymore.

If he only devoured the resources from the worlds slowly, Over time, the planet would recoup its losses using the Aether in the universe, and he would have an inexhaustible source of Souls and energy.

A skeleton of his future activities began to be created inside his head, and he grimaced. Rowan considered the incredible amount of work for him in the future, and he was not daunted in fact, he was getting excited.

With the nature of his powers, he did not expect to become bored in the next thousand years or even a million, as he slowly would shape the universe to cater to his needs.

Because this is how a true Empyrean thinks and plans. Their sights should encompass vast distances and time scales, else he would never live to his full potential.

For him to begin creating and housing Angels, he would need to upgrade his bloodline. At the completed Mortal State he could only hold a single active angel, and at the completed Legendary State he could use four more angels, eight more at the Rift State and another nine at the Incarnation State.

He could only begin making a host of Angels when he had access to his Realm, which was only possible when he ascended to the second Great Circle.

## **Chapter 176: Killing a Continent**

Rowan's head cocked to the side, as he looked towards the left, the three Ouroboros Serpents he had sent to kill Scarvros were done, and Rowan was suspicious that the man had no Spatial Artifact, but after musing on it for a while, Rowan placed the reason because of the presence of Realms.

He had spectated the entire battle and part of the energies the man was flinging about, especially the Green Wind, felt very different from techniques related to Ability Runes.

He did not use any Aether to power these techniques, and he seemed to be able to call up a massive amount of wind at his choosing without any pause.

Rowan did not let this victory get to his head. This was only a Guardsman, and he was likely among the weakest among Second Circle Dominators. A true member of the Boreas bloodline would have powerful weapons and abilities far above Scarvros, and it was likely that a Dominator at that level would pose a threat to him.

Knowing with his current Avatar of Eve bloodline he was safe, he commanded the Ouroboros Serpents, even the ones with him, to begin hunting every beast on the planet.

With the addition of his second bloodline he needed Soul Points and Energy, and he expected in less than a month, his Serpents would have gathered all the energy and Soul points he needed to bring his powers to the next level.

The moment his activated his Legendary Technique, it would likely shake the entirety of Trion. He would need to thoroughly prepare as he anticipated an earth-shattering battle was waiting for him on the horizon.

Rowan stood up from his throne and dissipated it, and he began moving towards the convoy. He began placing Soul points into the Avatar of Eve bloodline, ten at a time.

As he did, he saw the palace tremble in his Mental Space and many small changes began happening around it.

Using the unique method to split his senses, he entered into the Origin Treasure of Ohrox the Prince of Destruction. It was time for answers, and resources.

First he had to assume that every question he asked the Oracle would be recorded and shown to the true leaders of the Covenant.

He had not forgotten the fact that Alushan—the leader of the Covenant had said they were all chosen for the task of assaulting Trion; that meant, they were glorified henchmen.

Unlike when he was panicking and asking impromptu questions to the Oracle, he had to think before he leapt. Granted, he had no idea what his bloodline could evolve into when it began consuming Primordial Aether that was linked to Darkness, he had not expected this.

The dreams he had before he even opened felt more like messages. Was it possible for his bloodline to leave messages and hints to him in the past?

Rowan no longer disputed any of his assumptions, with the types of powers he was dealing with, he had to safely assume that nothing was off the table.

He did not hear all the explanations for what an Anima was the first time, so he should ask once more and be clear about what it was.

Also, the Resources given to him should be very useful, seeing as the only thing blocking his continual growth was the energy he needed to activate his Legendary bloodline technique.

In an hour's time, he returned to the convoy, and refused his meal for the evening, because of their long days and night, people in Jarkarr ate ten times in a day, and he promised Olga he would join them in the next meal five hours later.

Rowan soon settled into his room, the chair no longer feeling that comfortable for him any longer, and he wished to sit in his Throne, but doing that would kill every mortal in this convoy due to its chill.

He wiggled on his chair, until he settled on a position he could tolerate, and he looked towards the table, where two objects waited for him. A Slate and a Spatial Ring. Before he delved into it, however, he called Diane and gave her a written message to deliver to Circe.

She wanted to talk to him, but perhaps she was aware that he was occupied, and so she smiled and left. Rowan looked at her departing form for a while before he returned to the Spatial Ring, if she had not detected the change in his body, then it means he had masked his new bloodline well enough.

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Circe bit her lips, the mystery man had returned from his hunt. Erohim had returned and now, he was no longer in the twenties, he was now number seven on the list.

This change brought a kind of pressure to her Spirit, as she knew he had most likely killed the horde descending towards them a few weeks from now. She should have been ecstatic because she would have fulfilled her duties and brought almost all her wards with her with no losses.

But things had changed, the man responsible for all these, had made a request, although that was what he said, she knew it was a command, he had asked how long before the Great Storm began, and she replied in six months time, and then his second message was for her to slow down the Convoy as much as possible.

Maybe it was for him to be able to hunt more creatures before they reached the underground city? So, it was a straightforward request with no drawbacks, after all, he

could easily protect the Convoy from any threats that might crop up due to their increased stay on the road.

But Circe's intuition that she always trusted was making her apprehensive, she suddenly had an urge to flee the convoy, and she dismissed it for a while, but then Nana opened the door to her office and sat down. She was the only one who could enter her office without announcing herself.

Nana bought out seven different sealing Runes, a luxury mostly afforded to members of the Boreas family, and as she activated each one, the office became increasingly isolated until it appeared as if she and Circe were inside a dark room.

The sealing Runes were even suppressing the light, and it isolated them thoroughly, it was almost as if they were in another space. Through all this, Circe watched her with an arched brow. Nana did not do anything without a valid reason, and her actions were increasing the feeling of dread since the message from their mystery guest arrived.

"I assume you've seen the current lists on the Nemesis board? He is killing so much faster now, it is almost unreal." Nana said while bringing out a cracked medallion from her Storage Artifact.

"Yeah, amazing isn't it Nana. Yet, he just sent a message to me right now that we should delay the speed of our Convoy and extend the duration of the trip for as long as possible. I am thinking of declining that request."

"That my dear, would be a mistake." Nana slowly said, and her eyes shifted to the cracked medallion she was holding.

Circe cocked her head to the side, "You believe we should obey him in this?"

"It's not what I believe we should do, my dear. It's what we must do." Nana seemed to gather herself before speaking again, "Scarvros is dead! His Oathstone kept with me shattered an hour ago. I cannot tell how he died, but it was not quick, and he was in despair."

"That old fossil finally kicked it? That is sad news, but I fail to see how that concerns this issue on the ground." Circe said, as she frowned.

Nana sighed, "Scarvros is a cautious man, but I have known him for a long time. He may have thought he hid it from me, but I know he recognized Erohim when he saw him. He could hardly sit still before he ran off, so these tell me two things."

## **Chapter 177: Killing A Continent (2)**

She brought out a closed fist, and brought a single finger up, "One, he knew about our mystery guest, but he did not expect to find him here. He was shocked when he saw him in the convoy."

Nana absently rubbed the cracked medallion with her other hand, "Scarvros was just coming from Trion, that tells me details of our mystery guest must be pretty widespread because Scarvros role in the family causes him to spend most of his time dealing with family matters, and he does not concern himself with matters outside his jurisdiction."

"I know that man for a long time, he's like a weasel, and he keeps to the family compound most of his life slowly accumulating power, and he detested concerning himself with matters outside his station."

"if he knows our mystery guest, it all points to the fact that he must be very popular in Trion at the moment, and it must be very recently, he has a month or two because before the calamity I had a great channel to the events happening in the Empire."

"So who is our mystery guest that details about him had reached even Scarvros?"

She brought up her second finger, "Scarvros recognized him and refused to tell me of his findings, while pretending he had other commitments. Bah, the man knows I'm not in favor presently, and I'm sure we are the last convoy he attended to."

"His haste back to the Underground City, only leads me to the most likely conclusion. What is capable of being so popular it reaches the ears of Scarvros, while also stops he from telling the truth about it, while hurrying to reach the Underground City?"

Circe stroked the jaws, "I can only think of one thing, Nana."

"Yes, my dear. There must be a bounty on the head of our mystery guest and for such a bounty to tempt a Dominator of Scarvros station, it must be a particularly high-ranking bounty."

Circe's face went white, "Nana you cannot mean..."

Nana nodded, her face holding more grim lines, and suddenly, she appeared ancient, all the lines of her harsh life imprinting itself on her body in a single moment,

"Scarvros must have let his intentions slip, or our mystery guest is aware that he is being hunted, and he chooses to keep his identity a secret for as much as possible, which all led to the death of Scarvros. So, we need to do as he asks, and slow down the convoy, or I see no reason why he would keep us alive. Clearly he wishes to delay his return to civilization as long as possible if he is recovering from an injury or making other plans."

"Nana, I don't understand, if you believe this man is still injured, and he could kill Scarvros, how powerful must he be? Do we truly have no chance against him?"

"That is something I hope we don't discover by ourselves at the moment, else we are doomed. My dear, follow his instructions and slow down the speed of the convoy. Our reduced speed would soon be detected if we don't stick to schedule, and it would be investigated, by that time we would make a move."

"Okay, I will do as you ask. I believe that means I can no longer recruit him." Circe smiled self-deprecatingly

Nana smiled, "Oh, my dear. Always take everything I say with a pinch of salt. These are all speculations on my part, Circe. I may be wrong, so don't count your eggs yet, we could be in a perilous situation or this may be a misunderstanding. But first, I need to speak with Rico, our survival might depend on him. We should hope for the best, but prepare for the worse."

"Nana, don't tell me you're not thinking what's on my mind right now?"

"If he is the one?"

"well, it fits, if you go by the old prophecy."

"Your source is less than stellar, Circe, Is it the same prophecy that speaks of screaming moons and talking tea cups?"

"Nana, I know details of such events are hidden from all. But it would not be the first time foreign gods invaded the Empire?"

"Well if he's a god, if he is Erohim, we shall know soon enough. Scarvros is a favorite of your father. He would not let the slight pass for long. The next period of time could be very dangerous for us. We need to take care."

"Of course Nana. How many vials of Battle Stimulant do you have in stock." Circe suddenly asked.

"Do you think..."

"Yes, this is the only thing he has requested for, in addition to general knowledge about the Empire he had only requested for the Battle Stimulants."

"I understand, Circe, I shall gather our stocks, and we should plan how we would dispense it."

"Has he given any indication if he fancies any man or woman in the convoy apart from the family with him?"



"Not that I know of. I will surely keep an eye out."

"Okay, in your discussion with my stupid brother, make sure you warn him about playing stupid games with him, for I fear the words he spoke of beating Rico to death with his own limb were not just mindless threats."

"Certainly. I will see to it."

Circe watched as Nana retrieved the isolation runes and left her office, her eyes were deep wells of mystery, and it was unknown where her thoughts were about.

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He picked up the Spatial ring first and his mind entered inside. The space inside was far smaller than his bracelet, about the size of a single room, and indeed it had four walls like a cube made of a material similar to brown stone, and it was packed full. And unlike the Spatial bracelet, this one did not have its antigravity properties

He saw piles of Battle Stimulants of the highest grade, and a variety of wines in various sparkling colors, clearly his fondness for wine had been noted.

He selected a bottle, and popped the cork, his new Empyrean senses allowed him to savor the wine more deeply even without tasting it. So many senses came together to create a taste that was so wholesome that he sighed in pleasure after the first drop hit his tongue.

He had been doing himself a real disservice when he limited his senses. Taking another healthy swallow, he suddenly had a thought, and then he manifested a single grain of his new black-purple Aether on his palm and directed it towards the wine.

The wine froze instantly before expanding and destroying the bottle, Rowan held it in midair with his Telekinesis, and watched as the wine seemed to bloom into many icy crystals large enough to cover the entire room.

With an effort of will, Rowan compressed the still growing mass of ice into a ball and walked to the window where he chucked it far into the horizon.

He stroked his jaw and he deliberated on this new form of his Aether and how it would affect his Ability Runes, especially his flames. He determined to experiment with them next in order to find out, but he should handle what was in front of him first.

Checking out the Battle Stimulant that had taken up a tenth of the room, he swept his gaze through each individual bottle.

They had been neatly arranged in a transparent foam like material in a pile of hundred, and there were twenty foams like this, meaning a total of 2,000 Battle Stimulants, most likely it was most of their stock.

To anyone else this might be a lifetime stock of Battle Stimulant, but for him, it was roughly 20,000,000 energy value, not enough to even fill the gap between his teeth, but he liked the taste, and the crunch, so that had to count for something.

## **Chapter 178: Killing A Continent (3)**

He no longer needed these sorts of resources no longer as they were a mere drop in the ocean of energy he needed, but he would not refuse it, any single drop would eventually pile up.

There was only a single massive book inside the Spatial Ring, and the title was : Compendium of the Seven Divine Houses. On the cover of the book drawn in great artistic details were seven Sigils drawn on the cover with great attention to details.

He recognized only the Sigil of the Kuranos family, which was a volcano with a burning fist over it. With his new bloodline, Rowan had become aware of a new truth.

His missing memories were not as a result of a dying mind or disorientation from a foreign soul merging with the prince's. It was just, gone.

There were large spaces of blank void in his memories, that had been dug out, most likely to prevent him from easily spotting mistakes in the carefully arranged charade that was the Nexus.

Rowan sighed, the damages done to him always grew deeper the more he unearths, and all these only served to stoke his fury. But, Rowan was a cold predator, and he would have his prey one way or another.

He had stopped thinking about them as his enemies, they might be more powerful than he was at the moment. But their God King only ruled hundreds of worlds, and he wondered if those would even be enough to sustain him when he was at the fourth Great Circle.

Rowan blew through the entire contents of the book in less than two minutes, finally patching the gaps in his memories when it came to the seven great families of Trion.

As he took a few moments to gather his thoughts, he began to wonder why the Godking did not create any bloodline descendant for himself. Surely, his bloodline was the strongest among all the gods.

But he still dismissed his musings, the machinations of gods were not his immediate concern. He would begin anticipating their meddling when he activated his Ouroboros Legendary Technique, but he had a little time before then. He hoped.

The Compendium served as a window to the world of Trion for him, it opened with the descriptions of all the gods and the Pathway they controlled, before delving into the geography of Trion, and the major powers and conflicts within the Empire.

It was all he needed and more, finally the grand tapestry of the Empire was opened before him, and although the details shocked him, he was still excited nonetheless.

It was a lengthy read, but Rowan was able to concisely summarize all the information after perusing through his thoughts.

The Seven Noble family were descendants of the seven brethren of Golgoth the God King, they were all powerful gods in their own right as their accomplishment spoke for itself.

Rowan learned from the book, that the Gods did not physically dwell on Trion, but their Divine Kingdoms were linked to the planet forming a symbiotic relationship and every positive growth in Trion affected them all and vice versa, which made Rowan also realize that the Covenant who were responsible for attacking Trion must be on the gods biggest enemies list.

Their actions were inadvertently weakening the Divine Kingdoms of the gods, except for Golgoth of course. This mysterious God King had placed his Divine Kingdom over Trion, and by all indication, its powers were nothing to scoff at.

Rowan remembered the vision when he was attacked by all the gods, only Golgoth escaped, and although he could not understand a fraction of the powers used in that battle because he was simply a bystander and watching an event that would never have transpired.

He knew the escape of Golgoth from his hands meant this God King had more depth to him than all the other gods combined. It was a sobering thought, as he feared that the God King might be his immediate greatest rival for the foreseeable future.

There was no accepted strongest among the seven gods, but if they were, it was not knowledge that was easily shared. But now he was able to understand all the major powers in Trion.

In no particular order, the seven Noble families were: Kuranos, Tiberius, Boreas, Minerva, Horush, Bacchus, Volgim.

Rowan head jerked as he noticed that the Convoy was beginning to slow down. He was not surprised they accepted his request, as when he killed Scarvros he knew he had taken an irreversible step towards breakdown of interest between them.

Scarvros was a threat to the only thing he required the most of at the moment, which was time, and his death was a necessary part of his plan, after he factored the advantages and disadvantages of keeping him alive.

Maybe Circe would suspect he had a hand in killing the man, but he did not particularly care if she did. His primary aim of staying with the convoy had been satisfied, and by slaughtering the beasts everywhere he had all but assured this people would reach the Underground City safe.

His next goals, however, was to at least break through the entire first great Circle in the coming months, and to accomplish that he would have to apply brutal tactics. This need came by because of new information he received from the Covenant by the Oracle.

Rowan breathed in deeply, to settle his mind, he began perusing all the details of Trion.

The first family Rowan read up on was the Kuran family. Their progenitor was a goddess, Kuran.

Her powers included control over flames and earth. She was acknowledged as a passionate goddess, whose rage and pleasure burns equally bright. The Path she controlled was called the Pathway of the Adept.

Rowan was a bit surprised his progenitor was a female goddess, not because of any inherent bias, he had assumed that because Kuran resembled a male's name. A childish reason he knew, but every one has their personal shortcomings like that.

The next family introduced was the Tiberius family. Their progenitor was the god, Tiberius. The path he controlled was The Pathway of Blood.

Tiberius was dubbed the God of War for his strength and valiance in battle. He is a fearsome foe, who delights in battles, and his attitude reflects on his descendants, as they are famous for waging war all over the myriad worlds in the galaxy.

Rowan especially dwelled on this god, as they would most likely cross paths, he used his techniques in battle, and although Rowan Might increase the power of this technique, he knew he was only scratching the surface.

This reminded Rowan once more of his glaring weakness against the gods. He was too young! Any of the gods must have lived for an incredibly long time, and he was sure any technique they wielded must have been perfected to its maximum in addition to whatever powers they control.

The name, God of War, must not be easily handed out to any god. He must have proven his capabilities countless times over to hold that uncontested title.

Rowan's serpentine eyes began to blaze, one day he hoped to cross weapons with the god of war himself. Fighting such a god on the battlefield with his technique would surely be a thrilling experience.

Placing such unreasonable thoughts away from his mind, he turned to the next family, which was the Bacchus family. Their Progenitor was the god Bacchus, and the Path he controlled was the Path of the Wanderer.

Bacchus was a lover of all things green and lush; the forest was his domain, his descendants were beautiful with hair so blond it was nearly white, they dwelled deep in the forest, and some were referred to as elves.

Rowan was thrilled at the thought that elves or their near equivalent existed on Trion, like the name of the Pathway of Bacchus, Rowan suddenly felt a burst of wanderlust. He was definitely going to walk through the dense forests of Trion and find those elves.

## **Chapter 179: Killing A Continent (4)**

The thoughts of traversing seemingly endless forests and glades, and meeting elves felt like a part of his fantasy coming true.

He wondered about their cultures and traditions, were they vegetarian or did they eat meat? How long were their lifespan compared to other Nobles? So many questions he wanted answers to.

Huh. Never knew I had this side to me.

He was a bit familiar with this family, not by name, but by their deeds. This family housed the Temple of the iron god. It was the Volgim family.

Their Progenitor was the god Volgim. He controlled the Pathway of Iron. Volgim is one of the most respected of gods in all of Trion. He allowed his descendants to create the Temple of the Iron god.

Worshiped by both Artisans and Warriors, the Iron God bestowed his bloodline with total command over metal, making them the best smiths and also one of the most dangerous warriors in all Trion. They had formidable metallic golem companions that they upgraded with every growth in their bloodline.

Rowan fantasized about an army of golems similar to terminators, and even worse. Every god pathway was powerful in their own right.

The next family was the Horush family. Their Progenitor was the god Horush. The path he controlled was the Pathway of The Giant. Coincidentally, this was Maeve's pathway, which also called into question her lineage, and how a Dominator from one of the seven families would become a maid for another.

Although Rowan had never seen her perform any of the bloodline technique of the Horush family or if she had, it had been torn from his mind, according to the book, the Horush family control and bonds with magical creatures.

They could merge with an increasing number of beasts as they got stronger, and a calamity similar to what was happening on Jarkarr could be easily orchestrated by them.

Rowan frowned and took note of this god Volgim. His intuition telling him there was a detail he was missing because of this new information he had uncovered, but for now, he could not fully piece it together.

He had become familiar with this next family, and he was currently under one of the planets they controlled. Of course, it was the Boreas family.

Their Progenitor was the god Boreas, and the Path he controlled was the Pathway of the Storm callers. It was said that Boreas was among the most powerful of gods, but he was also shrewd, preferring negotiations to battle.

He loved the smell of treasure and his personality was similar to a dragon. Yet, anyone who sees that as a weakness, would sooner learn a painful truth; Boreas wrath was legendary, and he never forgave a slight.

Rowan knew with his plans for this planet, that he might just have made a powerful enemy, but if the stories of Boreas love for treasures were true, then there may be another path to dealing with this fickle god.

The last and the strangest by far was the Minerva family. Their Progenitor was the goddess Minerva, and she controlled one of the most mysterious paths, which was the Pathway of Web. Her descendants were secretive and kept to themselves.

Of all the gods, only this family had no planet outside Trion, and their Dominion was on the fifth Continent alone. Although, they did not make any visible movements. The Continent they controlled was a forbidden area, for no one who entered without their permission had ever returned.

Their insistence on having no other worlds under their control, but a single Continent may seem like a loss, but even the addition of the hundreds of minor worlds ruled by Trion was not equal to the size of a single of its continent in terms of land mass, and these minor worlds were not necessarily small, with Jarkarr as an example being fifty times bigger than his previous world.

It must be noted that Trion was the size of the sun in Rowan previous life, and could easily fit in a million of his previous world

This leads Rowan to the next part of the book, the topography, and politics of the families.

Trion had seven Continents, each of them were tens of thousands of times bigger than his previous world, which meant Trion was vast, and documenting its myriad cultures was a monumental task, but Rowan was sure there must be records. Except for the gods, it was unknown if any other being had fully traversed the entirety of Trion.

It would be impossible without having an extremely long lifespan to walk the entire length of Trion. Something only the gods had in spades.

Among the seven Continents, two had been embroiled in flames of war for the last 30,000 years, four of the Continents were under the ruling of the Bramian Court and the Justice Council, while the last continent was solely under the Domain of the Minerva family.

The Minerva family only sends their representative to the Justice Council, thoroughly shunning the Bramian Court.

The Bramian Court was the royal house of the Seven families, that oversaw the affairs of the entire Empire. Home to the Ancestors or Earth gods of each family except for the Minerva family.

Every 10,000 years there is a rotation of the Ruler of the Bramian Court among the six families, and the current Ruler of the Bramian court was from the Kuranés family, according to the date the next selection would be ten years from now, when the three thousand year rule of the Kuranés family was over.

This was important information, it meant during the next ten years, the Kuranés family holds the biggest sway in Trion, and with the coming selection of a new Ruler of the Bramian Court, there would surely be chaos.

Rowan noted the date and moved on.

The Justice Council served as the watchmen of the Empire. Elite Dominators from the seven royal families were selected by recommendation of the families or scouted by Top members of the justice Council.

Unlike the Bramian Court, the Justice Council leaned more towards the God King than the Noble families, and it was encouraged by members of the Council for their new initiates to forget all familiar ties and devote themselves to the service of the God King and his Empire.

Officially they appeared to receive orders from the Bramain Court but, internally, their true loyalty lies with the God King, and they had to do so, for they were the judge, jury, and executioner of most Dominator in the Empire, and they wield specific powerful technique only available to them once they became members of the Justice Council.

It was a lifelong service, and the members could not retire, unless they were killed in the line of duty, or they passed away due to their lifespan running out.

It was a rare event for any of the Justice Council to die a natural death, they were hated as much as they were feared, an especially awful combination.

This look into the affairs of the Empire was fascinating, but Rowan had put off checking the information he received from the Covenant for long enough. His second mind was already done with investigating the Anima, and he saw a new advantage to this new mind of his.

The columns in the Palace of Ice that supported his consciousness were limited in their numbers but not their strength. He had detected no reduction in potency of his Split mind, even after more than an hour inside the Origin Treasure of Ohrox.

He was surprised after connecting with the Origin Treasure and placing his consciousness inside that his connection with the Demon Ohrox had increased once more, plus there was a new addition to his Demon body.

The silvery tattoos running all throughout the Demons body began to glow with black flames that were ice-cold. They gave the Demon a forbidden Aura that could freeze the Spirit.

## **Chapter 180: Killing A Continent (5)**

Rowan took a while to figure out how to dispel the black flames, as he was not in the habit of revealing his true capabilities. He did not care if the information of the flames were previously revealed, he would not keep it any longer than necessary.

He had only two reasons for coming back to the Covenant. It was to find out every information they knew about Anima, Primordial Aether and Aspects.

The second was to check the resources he had been placed inside the Interdimensional Storage Space by the Covenant to accelerate his so-called Infernal Spark.

The Oracle had obliged him on both requests, and he was able to learn what an Anima was. During Ascension into godhood, there is a chance to reach the Pillars of the Universe.



This was a mysterious location that no one knew its purpose or how it came to be, but while at this location, a god could gather as much Anima as their Divine Kingdom could hold.

Of course, this amount could differ widely among each god, but this was an essential material that would allow the god to access a new level of power and boost their Divine Spark. Without Anima, a god would never have access to Primordial Aether.

They could only access Primordial Aether in that brief window while connected to the Pillars of the Universe, but after that time was over, then the Anima they gathered would no longer have that properties of channeling Primordial Aether.

But, since Anima was proclaimed to be the most conducive properties in the universe with regard to channeling powers. Every major power that had access to Anima would use it to create simulacra of themselves that could be placed in different locations.

With its high conducive abilities, the god could channel most of his powers and could physically push a lot of their powers at the location where the simulacra were located.

With this method a god could be at many locations at the same time, even reach places they could no longer enter due to their Divine Nature. They used this method to exert their influences to the far corners of the universe without scruples.

Rowan likened Primordial Aether to be similar to the Empyrean Essence he once had access to when he was reborn as an Empyrean. But unlike the gods who received theirs at Ascension—Which would turn out to be the peak for most gods—he received his baptism of Primordial Aether at what could be likened to his birth, and he was sure in more plentiful quantities too.

No wonder the difference between a god and an Empyrean was so vast. Most god would only receive this blessing of Primordial Aether at their peak, limiting their growth to a great extent.

But for an Empyrean, they had so much more space to grow. From the moment of their birth, they now had more space to develop their powers, and they would inevitably leave all the gods behind.

Rowan had taken a lot of Primordial Aether from the Universe, when he was evolving his second bloodline, unlike with the Ouroboros bloodline where he used his Soul points to create the Empyrean Essence due to the presence of his shell.

For this second bloodline he basically just kept the channel open to the universe storehouse of Primordial Aether. The Soul Reaver bloodline did not have any shell to produce essence because fundamentally it was not a bloodline that could be produced by the universe.

He had basically stolen the lifeblood of the universe for himself.

He hoped it would not have any unknown negative consequences to him or the universe at large. He no longer looked down on his capabilities as before, as he knew he had the potential to rapidly change the universe if he was not careful.

Yet, Rowan felt any sort of results from his actions would later reveal themselves in their time. Those were matters he would not concern himself with for the moment.

Aspects were linked to the personal Domain of each god. So if a god like Boreas whose Domain concerns lightning and frost had access to Primordial Aether during his Ascension, he would be linked to Primordial Aether that was aspected to lightning and frost.

Rowan wondered if the direction his second bloodline evolved towards was because he used Primordial Aether aspected towards Darkness.

What if instead of Darkness he had access to other types of Aspects during its evolution, maybe flames or frost, would his evolved bloodline have become something else?

Whatever the case might be, he was still amazed at the result, and he was sure Darkness should fit more with the Soul Reaver bloodline than any other Aspects. Plus Darkness was surely a very niche ability that he noticed that none of the gods on Trion had access to.

Which begged the question, who was the goddess leading the Order of the Broken Eye, was she a foreign goddess? If not, could a god have more than one Aspect?

These were very important questions, and he would prefer the former to be the case than the latter, as it would mean he could easily identify his prey, but if it was the latter, then it could mean a complex trail of deception, and his enemy could be a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Also, with the many fallen gods during the great war, and the foreign gods that would forever seek to return to Trion, there were many pool of suspects.

He would rather not make an enemy of all the gods because as far as he could tell, he may have only a singular goddess as his primary enemy, and he would prefer not to butcher all the gods of Trion just to find his prey.

Yet, he knew that a war was inevitable, unless he goes far from the influence of the gods of Trion, for no god would allow a power like his own grow unchecked in their domain.

Rowan knew to open a complicated knot, you just had to find a loose thread. He was going to find it.

His exploration of the Interdimensional Storage Space assigned by the Covenant was another brand-new experience. This storage space did not serve as the container for any of the resources he was allocated, but it served as a gateway to all of them.

Inside it were a series of mystical portals that led to various locations and items. Which made sense when you understand parts of the resources given to him.

For Rowan found himself the brand-new owner of a planet!

It was a minor world that was perilously close to a red sun, making it a world of endless flames. The majority of indigenous species of the world resembled flaming salamanders, and they were fierce and warlike.

There were no known sentient species on the planet, except for the giant magma golems, but they were now all dormant, as someone in the past took away all their cores.

It would take another ten thousand years before they would be able to regenerate new cores. It would seem Ohrox as a Demon of the Abyss, loved an environment such as these, that was why this planet was allocated to him as his staging area and his home in the Universe.

Yet, he knew the most important resource of this planet had been stripped away, which was most likely the golem core, just the fact it took ten thousand years to regenerate meant that this was a very scarce resource.

Rowan wasn't concerned about this detail, but the location of the planet, which he found to be in a separate galaxy from Trion itself.

Through the Covenant he learned that Trion dwelled on the Nebular Galaxy, a supermassive galaxy with two other Major World inhabiting it.

If he could develop outside of the reach of the gods of Trion, he would be able to finally rest with both eyes closed. His mind raced as he began considering all the elements of this new planet.