

The Primordial Record

Chapter 181: Killing A Continent (6)

Alongside that was a castle in the Abyss, with a standing army of a million demons of various ranks. This castle was said to be the last standing castle of Ohrox in the Abyss, mainly due to its location, and the loyal defenders he left behind.

It was located on the back of a Great Abyss Worm. This colossus moves through the lower levels of the Abyss, it was a creature of all power and gluttony, and It was Ohrox mount.

The Covenant had done him enough favors to boost back the defense of the castle, and they had begun creating a living community around it already, not an easy feat because the Castle was constantly on the move.

Damn, if godlike beings put their minds to something, they could achieve a lot of stuff in a short period of time.

In addition to the planet and the castle, he also received 50 Dreadnought ships that could individually carry 5,000 troops and were equipped with massive destructive weapons, like Infernal Lances and Razor vipers. They could fly in the void of space and also inside the atmosphere of a planet

To Rowan, the Dreadnoughts resembled a merger between flesh and machine. Massive Veins pumping veins of black tar like liquid into various compartments on the ship. An enormous heart made of metal and meat that pumped both flames and various liquids inside every part of the ship.

From afar, these ships almost appeared to be alive, resembling gigantic demonic dragons who constantly breathed flames.

Also, two Infernal Pools that were kept in stasis as a massive bloody gem. When he finds the location he wanted to place them inside the Great Abyss or any chosen location of his choice, the bloody gem would melt down into a huge bloody pool.

These could be used for healing and spawning countless minor demons similar to the purple wolf that Rowan killed when he was trying to activate his bloodline for the first time.

Rowan's eyes lit up, upon seeing a set of Infernal Armor and Weapon fit for a Demon Prince. The armor set was sparse but was filled with a Demonic charm that pleased Rowan.

The weapon was a Great Sword, with a snarling demon as the hilt that spat out liquid flames that burned throughout the length of the blade.

Rowan almost grinned. There was something about a giant blade coated with liquid flame that made a man's blood boil!

He also received 10,000,000 Origin shards. Rowan found out from the Oracle that this was the principal method of exchange for beings of their level. Used in all worlds in the universe by the major powers in it, these would serve as his foundation for the next thousand years according to the Oracle, even if he decided to splurge quite a bit.

The last but not the least were the Elura fragments allocated to him. There were five of them, and Rowan observed that they resembled broken crystals with various shapes.

Most important to note was that these Shards were placed inside a sun!

According to the Oracle, each Elura shards was a resource that would make any being of power go mad with desire, and the chief cause of war between Supreme worlds were those shards.

They were kept inside a star, for only its immense gravity and heat could hide the Aura of the shard from prying eyes and even other members of the Covenant were not aware of the location of these shards that were allocated to him.

Else, it was not a matter of if they would steal it, but a matter of when they would steal it. He was advised by the Oracle to retrieve these shards as quickly as possible within the next ten thousand years, else she could not assure him of their safety because at that time, the Aura of the Shard would have thoroughly permeated the sun. Its location would be exposed.

Rowan had no plans to keep the Shards away from his hands for that long. Yet, he was curious about what they were.

Rowan asked her what the Shard was and its purposes, the reply of the Oracle was Curt, as she told him he did not have the authority to understand the meaning of the Elura Shard at this time, but that their purpose was simple. It was to create a Miracle.

Depending on the size of the shards and the amount of power it contained. Technically, the Shards could be made to do anything, reverse time? Check! Turn a Mortal to a god? Check! Obtain endless wealth and power? Check!

The Elura shards could accomplish what even gods or Arch mages could not. But it all depended on the size of the Shard in question and the sort of miracle requested.

Beings of Ohrox level could accomplish numerous fantastic things by their own power, but to achieve the dreams that even gods longed for, the amounts of Elura Shards needed would be in the hundreds if not thousands.

Yet, to gather such an amount would inevitably leak the Aura of the Shards to the entire Universe, and they would be preyed upon.

So a delicate balance was created, and until date no powerful being in the Universe had been able to gather enough of the Shards to create a compelling miracle.

Yet, as a recovering Demon like the Covenant supposed he should be, these five shards would be able to boost him to the edge of reigniting his Spark and maybe even further.

With a single stroke, he could Ascend from his weakened state to the cusp of his full might!

This was the terrifying foundation of the Covenant. A group created by two Supreme worlds and tasked with destroying a Major world.

These amounts of power and resources given to him were mind-boggling, yet he knew this was among the least that a being of his power could hold.

He was lucky he was able to see the workings of the Universe at such a high level, it served as a constant push and motivation to him.

Rowan's drool had already created a pool on the floor before his orgasmic state of happiness hit a little snag.

Because the Interdimensional Storage Device did not physically keep all the resources inside itself, and was just a channel, he needed to connect a suitable channel to it, in order for him to retrieve what had been given to him.

To accomplish that however, meant he must have access to his own personal Realm. Something that was only possible once he reached the Second Great Circle.

So it was quite impossible for him to touch any of these resources here, and it was with a heavy heart he turned away from the gathering of the Covenant. His hands almost did not want to leave the Interdimensional Storage Device.

The Oracle also informed him that the next gathering of the Covenant would be a decade from now, and Rowan hastily nodded before he left.

Rowan's lust for advancement had never been higher, if he could reach the second great circle on this world, and link to the Interdimensional Storage Device of the

Covenant, then, no matter how much his enemies estimated his current power he would have left that threshold far behind.

It was unlikely that the Shards could push his bloodline to its peak, but it should not be an issue to push him across the entire Second Great Circle.

At that time, he should be assured enough about his own powers, he would no longer need to bury himself below the ground, and escape like a beaten dog at the sight of his enemies.

Pushing every distracting thought away from his mind, he began to focus on his next move, and he refreshed his mind on all he knew about this planet.

Chapter 182: Killing A Continent (final)

Jarkarr had no ocean because a few thousand years ago, the Boreas family had sunk all the oceans of the planet, bringing all those waters and the creatures inside of them underground.

All these were done in order to create enough land area for the production of Blue Iron.

Like the Underground Cities, there were only three continents and their names were the same as the cities because the Underground cities were named after the Continent.

Terribly unimaginative! Rowan thought, but he guessed there was little thought placed behind the names, after all the planet was just a resource center for the Boreas family, so the names of the Continent were also Trinad, Mrinah and Krakow.

The Continent they were presently on was Trinad, and it was the smallest of the three Continents. The other two were much bigger, but Rowan had a plan.

With the addition of this new variable brought by the Covenant, Rowan would have to fast track his development, and luckily for him, he had a very lucrative target, the largest continent of the three continents: Krakow.

He was going to destroy the entire Continent.

Rowan had not suddenly gone crazy because of the need to advance, as there was always a reason behind his every action, and the more knowledge he gathered the more refined his tactics became.

In his visions he saw of the shattered universe, there were many spots of interest concerning the planet, including the presence of the massive dragon inside an

underground City—The true ruler of the golden beasts. A creature of true madness spawned from his flesh.

This Creature had not only accumulated great power in a short time, it had also taken the entire Continent of Krakow as its own. The only humans left must be suffering an incredible amount of hellish torture, and Rowan could afford to cut loose and unleash his Ouroboros Serpents on that Continent.

He had preserved a seed of their people with him, and he was protecting it. Rowan knew his next actions would be considered evil, but to any humans left on Krakow, death would be a mercy.

In another time, he might have taken his time to slowly rescue every man, woman or... children on the continent. Yet if he followed that route, he would lose, and after understanding the true power of his bloodline he would never allow it to fall into the enemy's hand or even worse, if he did not upgrade his powers quickly enough, he was going to be swallowed by his bloodline, and by that time, the Universe itself would end.

Rowan was not cold-hearted but pragmatic, and this new bloodline enhanced that nature, and he did not deny its influence. With his present capability, keeping this convoy safe and preserving the lives of its people was all that he could offer to them.

He was not just going to devour every single creature on the Continent, he was also going to consume the entire Continent itself!

It did not matter how small the Energy value of earth or trees were, if he were to consume them on the scale of an entire Continent, then he would gather all the energy he needed.

He planned to consume everything at least 50,000 feet (ca. 15 kilometers) below the ground, which should be enough to activate all his Legendary techniques, but it would not destabilize the planet beyond repair.

At this moment his Ouroboros Serpents had cleared another eight more hordes, netting him 30,850 soul points with 178,000,000 Energy points, he was channeling all the Energy points to the third Ouroboros Serpent as it was the closest to completion.

With their speed and because they moved in a Circular manner, it would take them at least a week to clear out this Continent, after that, they would also clear out the Mrinah Continent, before devouring Krakow in its entirety.

With that timeline, in a month time the end of the Continent of Krakow would begin.

Knowing he was taking a big risk by his actions of exposing his Serpents to the world, Rowan decided to proceed with his actions after factoring in the fact that any actions he took as an Emyrean was now impossible for it to be low-key.

His actions had begun changing reality.

If he moved at the sluggish pace of an average Dominator, he would lose, either against his enemies or his bloodline. He could only walk the fine line between extreme speed and cautiousness.

Yet, he was not altogether careless after taking certain factors into consideration.

Firstly, even if his Serpents were seen in action, except for members of the Order of the Broken Eyes, it was impossible to identify their origins. They would be taken as powerful alien beasts or a powerful shape-shifting Dominator.

He expected news to reach Trion not long after they were sighted, and although he knew he was cutting the timeline tight, he should be able to finish his plans by then. He could simply not afford to go slowly anymore.

Secondly, with his new bloodline, he would have a hidden true trump card that would serve as—The Shadow to his Ouroboros Bloodline—Light.

He aimed to reveal more powers of the Ouroboros Bloodline to the public, while he slowly built an army of Angels, which could perform duties that his Ouroboros bloodline could not aim to achieve.

To achieve that he needed souls, a massive number of Souls.

The Angels were necessary. Chiefly in the area of surveillance, assassinations, protection and many other duties. With this hidden card, he could afford to let loose and bring down all the fury of his Ouroboros bloodline into the Universe at large.

Plus, the nature of the Ouroboros bloodline could only be fully expressed in open battle. They were suited to fight against multiple enemies, and he aimed to keep their most powerful traits hidden from the public eye, which was their capabilities to resurrect after they had been thoroughly destroyed inside the void hearts.

He had just finished upgrading the Avatar of Eve Bloodline to its peak Mortal State, and although there was no change in his physical body. The Palace of Ice had developed new changes.

It was not any bigger than before, maybe it was now more luminous, and there was presently a Courtyard in front of the palace, and instead of the Angels of Char standing with their warped wings unfurled, now they all knelt.

They no longer smiled, but now their expressions were solemn. It was as if the act of him growing his bloodline to the peak Mortal State in a single hour had cowed them.

According to the information from his Bloodline, an Angel of Char had very limited sentience, they were simply a husk awaiting a Divine Spark to kick-start their evolution, and it had to be something really impressive that allowed them to express their loyalty, even if they did not need to.

Rowan was stunned, before he has even begun subduing the Souls of these Angels, their bodies were already submitting to him.

The pressure escaping from the Palace of Ice had increased, and it had begun pushing away the Origin Treasure of Ohrox to the side. The Storm of purplish-black Aether coming from the wings of the Angels had clearly increased, and it was raging all over his Mental Space.

At this time, he could no longer Upgrade the Avatar of Eve bloodline due to the Ouroboros bloodline not being strong enough to contain it effectively.

Any influence this bloodline should have on the outside world had been thoroughly suppressed by him, and he aimed to keep it that way. A secret becomes worthless if it was easily revealed.

The Soul collection capabilities was one of the hidden functions of this bloodline that had been upgraded, and every Mortal Souls around him by a few thousand feet would be ripped of their bodies if a single whiff of his new bloodline essence escape from his body.

Rowan cocked his head as he discovered a mistake he made. The location where he first upgraded this bloodline needed to be destroyed. He must leave no traces behind about what occurred there.

Chapter 183: The Tales of Erohim

Giving an Order to a single Ouroboros Serpent, he sent it back to devour the entire plain down to the atoms, if it could create a Spatial Anomaly at that place, all the better. It was preferable to draw the wrong conclusion about what happened there than for any detail about this bloodline to be known.

Taking out the wines from the ring, he transferred it all to the Spatial bracelet, and helped himself to one, while he turned on the Data Slate, to discover he was now number three on the Nemesis board.

He was only a few thousand kills behind the second, and coincidentally as he was looking at the Data Slate, he surpassed the second ranked by twenty thousand kills at once, and his lead only increased from there on.

Hmm... this could be troubling. He had thought that his kills could only be tracked if he was there beside the creatures he killed. Either Nana lied about how kills were tracked or there were other hidden mechanisms behind the feature.

According to her, his presence near the vicinity of the kills was what counted in the Nemesis Plate. If that was the case, then the Nemesis plate was reading his Serpents kills as his own.

How would it factor his presence in multiple locations? Perhaps an allocation was created for Dominators with summoning type powers in order to facilitate an accurate measure of their kills.

It made sense when he thought about it, plus if these Nemesis plates had been in play for a long time and were present on every planet in the Empire, then such a Treasure was bound to receive numerous refinements and other hidden features.

Rowan frowned when he thought about what other purposes the Nemesis plate had. With the resources to be gained at the Covenant, he had placed whatever benefits he could gain from the Boreas family as a second option.

With his lack of a Soul, his ability to split his consciousness into as many parts as he liked was no longer an option, and its effects on him were very prominent, especially when it concerned the Ouroboros Serpent.

He could no longer place a piece of his Consciousness in each of the Serpents as he did before, but he could still give instructions, and he could jump across each of their consciousnesses to see through their eyes rapidly.

So, that was what he had been doing for a while now, alternating his consciousness across each of the Ouroboros Serpents every minute or so, to make sure he could cover anything they might have missed.

Subtlety, and seeing the bigger picture from a series of clues was not their strongest attribute.

With his other pillar holding his second Consciousness he dived back into the Palace of Ice as he sought to unearth more of its mysteries. He was getting close to 100,000 Soul points, and he wanted to awaken an Angel.

The thoughts of exploring these brand-new powers of his was quite tempting. It could be the difference between his survival or damnation.

The Serpent he sent to destroy the location of his Bloodline Ascension came across a peculiar sight and when Rowan noticed the events, he notified the Serpent to reduce its presence to a minimum while he observed what was happening below.

There was a battle taking place, and the novelty of it interested Rowan so much that he delayed the Serpent for the entire three hours it took for the battle to resolve.

It was a battle between Dominators and a minor beast horde which were mostly spiders. Big ones. Well, minor for Rowan anyway. The concept of numbers was quickly fading into insignificance when it came to Rowan, except for a few occasions, he had always been fighting against armies because it was no exaggeration to say, at Rowan's present level, he was number one in all the Universes at the Legendary State since the dawn of time.

The battle below must have commenced recently and there were three thousand Dominators going up against a horde of twenty thousand beasts. Rowan thought that it must be a mercenary company or something similar because they had matching armor across all their Legendaries present, which was quite a significant investment.

From the three thousand Dominators on the field, the majority of them were at the Legendary State, and there were a total of 2,934 in number, 58 Rift State Dominators, 6 Incarnation State Dominators and 2 at the Second Great Circle.

This was the first time he was seeing how normal Dominators battle in such a setting, and he was oddly interested. As he felt, if not for the whims of fate, he might just be among them right now.

The first thing he noticed was the Armor, and the trend that follows with the increasing powers of the Dominator.

That is, as the powers of the Dominator increase, they tend to wear lesser armor overall. The Legendary Dominators in the field of battle, wore full-body plate armor that should have a sort of enchantment on the metal as certain parts of it glowed with a blue light.

It was likely enhanced, to boost their attack and especially their defenses. Rowan noticed that the general Dominators had weak defenses, until the Rift state where Aether could plug the gaps.

They were generally fighting in groups of twelve, yet each group stayed close together. Among the twelve groups, they had an equal distribution between Tanks, Melee, Range, and Support type Dominators.

The Tanks carried heavy shields that nearly covered their entire bodies, no doubt their bloodline must be heavily leaning towards Strength and Constitution, they also carried long Spears or other heavy weapons and whenever an opportunity presents itself, they would strike, but they largely controlled the flow of the battle, and were at the forefront of the clash.

Range Dominators included those with mage-like powers or range weapons like bows, spikes and shuriken, which was used to rain down fire on the charging horde, tearing spaces in their ranks while the Melee Dominators weaved through their ranks cutting down the remnants.

Occasionally the Tanks would open a space in the formation funneling a particularly powerful beast inside usually at the Rift state, and they would be set upon by the rest, quickly slaughtering it.

The Support class was equally important if not more so, as he saw various fancy beams of force projected on the bodies of the Dominators and the horde, either boosting the Attributes and healing the wounded Dominators or slowing down the enemies, some powerful Support Dominators at the Rift state was putting tens of beast to sleep at once.

There were Rift State Dominators scattered among the various groups that acted as either the Tanks, Support, Range or Melee, and with their command over techniques powered by Aether, they increased the survivability of the groups.

The Battlefield was lit up by the glow of various extraordinary forces, as flame balls to lightning bolts and ice spikes, to various exotic forces with different colors showered across the battlefield.

But there was a tight organization at work here, and these Dominators were experienced at their task.

The harsh screams of men and beast rang out over the battlefield, with louder clashes resounding frequently as the top powerhouses in the battlefield clashed.

Rowan saw casualties from the ranks of the Dominators every now and then as mistakes were inevitably made, a wrong parry or a block, a fighter underestimating the reach of a creature, and before they could be helped, they were torn apart, their armor gave enough time for some to be rescued but for others it may come too late.

The spiders had razor sharp fangs the size of daggers, and if they tore through the armor, a single bite would deposit enough poison to flood the entire system twice over, as unlucky Dominators that were bitten swelled and exploded, leaving body parts raining into the skies.

They were all so... weak!

Chapter 184: The Tales of Erohim (2)

Rowan, seeing the state of these Dominators was reminded once more about the absolute disparities between his Attributes and a normal Dominator.

A Legendary Dominator would have at most 100 points in their Attributes with geniuses having higher attributes, but no more than 150 points. These Dominators below must be an elite company, for most of their Legendaries were at their peak.

In addition to their enchanted armor, their Attributes could be boosted as much as twice or even more if they took certain battle stimulants.

Yet for all that, their abilities and technique were severely lackluster to Rowan, even the Rift State were lacking in his opinion. It was easy to forget that he gains attributes at multiple hundreds figures at a time, and seeing Dominators having less power combined than what he had on his right arm alone was quite boring.

Their speed and power made them resemble a bunch of toddlers sparing with straw knives in slow motion

His gaze, however, focused on the battle between the Incarnation State and higher, at least at that level, he began seeing displays of powers that were mildly interesting.

The Six Incarnation State Dominators were battling against two Incarnation State spiders, while a massive Incarnation golden spider with the head of a goat fought against the two Great Circle Dominators.

Whatever bloodline the Six Incarnation State Dominator had must not be from the seven major families, but it was focused on strength and constitution. They battled the Spiders with maces and swords, and they slowly began wearing down the beasts.

Their technique worked in synergy, as they cooperated as one, each strikes, blocks, or parry only serves to enhance the actions of the other, and their faces were focused with no panic, they occasionally called out to each other to correct themselves or announce their next moves.

A particular punishing strike with a blade removed one of the legs from a spider, and it shrieked in agony and began turning red as an image of a spider with the torso of a man sprouting from the body of a spider appeared above it.

The other spider noticing the change in the battle situation also unleashed its Incarnation, and a similar image appeared above it.

There was a subtle shift in the battle, as the light from the unleashed Incarnation shot towards the sky, and the cries from the spiders grew louder.

As the Incarnation sank into their bodies, their colors changed from a brownish black color to a bloody red, and they grew bigger, almost doubling their size, and the face of a weeping man appeared on their bellies.

With loud shrieks that came from their spider heads and the faces in their stomach at the same time, they charged at their foes, their legs were like red spears that tore through the earth and their speed increased.

The Incarnation State Dominators seemed to be expecting such changes and no panic appeared among them, and in an experienced manner, they all retreated as two of them stayed slightly ahead, and they unleashed their Incarnation while the rest stood back.

Grey light shone from their bodies, as their feet seemed to leave the ground for a while, as a storm of Aether poured into their bodies.

They all had similar bloodline, as an image of a mountain appeared above the two of them, and they transformed into figures similar to a stone golem that was ten feet tall.

They discarded their weapons and charged at the incoming spiders, their footsteps were loud like the shot from a cannon, and a massive melee that shook the earth commenced.

The Legendary State Dominators made sure they were not near their site of the clash between these titans, and other unlucky beasts were smashed to paste.

Rowan wondered why the rest of the Incarnation State Dominator did not charge alongside their companions for although the two Dominators could fight the spiders, they were losing, as cracks had begun growing all over their frames, and they were not doing as much damage to their foes, but he soon saw the reason.

With a loud cry the two Incarnation State Dominators battling the spiders retreated, and they were replaced from the remaining four Incarnation State Dominators as another two stepped forward who had just unleashed their Incarnation and began fighting the spiders.

The two that retreated returned to their human forms and began treating their wounds and resting while being protected by the last two Incarnation Dominators.

It did not take long for Rowan to realize that they were simply wearing down the beasts, as it would appear that the cost of unleashing an Incarnation was high, and they could not last as long as the spiders.

Their powers were also too weak to take down the Spiders even if they all transformed at the same time, so the best option was to wear down the beast, and kill them at the appropriate time.

This led him to the last great battle between the golden beast and the two-Second Circle Dominators, these two were different from the rest of the Dominators as they wore long flowing green robes with golden letters and symbols all over it.

They were a man and a woman, and he noticed that both of them must be under a glamour of a sort because through the eyes of the Ouroboros Serpents he saw a field of swirling energy around their faces and hair, which should serve as a disguise.

He would rather not pierce through the glamour to see their faces because he just wanted to watch the battle and see what he could learn, their true appearances were meaningless to him.

The golden beast was a spider-like creature with massive blades for legs, and had the head of a goat with long horns that left trails in the air as it moved. It may appear that this battle was unfair towards the beast, but he noticed that since the beginning of the battle, this golden goat-spider had unceasingly unleashed its Incarnation.

It did not appear as if it was paying any price, and coupled with its impressive Constitution. It was keeping itself in the fight, although it was clearly the weaker party.

The battle was also similar to the delaying tactics used by the Incarnation Dominators, as the two-Second Circle Dominators stood on the air on a floating tree branch and unleashed green Energy Bolts that slammed into the body of the golden beast that left long lines of wounds on its body that sizzled as if the green bolts fired were made from concentrated acid.

The bolts that were dodged by the beast left long gaping holes into the ground as the energy was consuming everything around it while releasing water vapor.

The golden beast was not without its means of offense, as it had a particularly nasty ability.

The goat head of the golden beast was unleashing loud sonic screams that sent long concentric ripples in the air that was being swallowed by a portal in front of the two Dominators, for if they let any of the sounds escape it would devastate the entire battle situation.

They made a mistake once and missed a particular sonic scream. It ripped through the battlefield, only the quick thinking of the Incarnation State Dominators who rushed to receive the blow saved the Legendaries on the battlefield.

Their coordination became affected for a while, but they weathered through the storm, and soon stabilized the situation once more.

Rowan eyes were on the Second Circle Dominators as he waited for them to unleash their territories or any other more impressive attacks, but aside from the green bolts that they used as both offense and control, they seemed determined to whittle down the opposition.

Only the portal in front of them spoke of a special ability beyond Incarnation. Yet, Rowan was patient and determined to watch the battle to its conclusion.

Chapter 185: The Tales of Erohim (3)

It took two hours and the rest of the battle ended. All the beasts, including the two Incarnation spiders, were killed and except for the golden beast, who appeared a lackluster, as its healing capabilities were now fading.

The wounds on its body began to accumulate, and its shrieks were getting more desperate, yet the light of madness in its eyes was blooming brighter.

The two-Second Circle Dominators became more serious and encircled it in a barrage of green bolts, and the battle entered a heated phase.

It finally lost its Incarnation after another hour of battle, and it was easily finished off by the second circle Dominator who flew down and used a sharp blade to cut it into pieces while it let out weak screams that resembled a human.

The death of the golden beast signified the end of the battle, and a loud cheer rang out in the battlefield as a part of the army set upon the beasts and began harvesting body parts and burning the remnants of their dead.

The Incarnation Dominators set upon the corpse of the golden beast and began collecting its bones and organs into special jars while the two-second circle Dominators retreated to a floating tent a bit farther away from the battle site, with happiness in their features.

Rowan took his time to analyze the battle, and this led him to the inevitable truth about how Dominators battle.

The first thing he noticed was their minimalistic approach to battle, he suspected that the second circle Dominators was from a major family as they both appeared young and distinguished, and they surely had powerful weapons and abilities, but they used a single technique to strike and another to defend until the end of the battle.

Without piercing through their glamour, it would be impossible to know which family they came from, since they did not use any bloodline techniques, and the mercenaries below were not wearing a family crest.

After the battle, he saw another section of the army he failed to notice which were scouts. They had been patrolling outside the range of the fight, and were lookouts against any incoming enemy.

Everything he saw from this battle, from the Armor worn by the Legendary Dominators to their formations used to maximize their efficiency and reduce casualties. To, the delaying tactics used by both the Incarnation Dominators and Second Circle Dominators all spoke to him of one thing.

They all fought with efficiency because of their limited resources.

They had no access to Empyrean bloodlines, and their techniques were weak, no matter how well practiced they got at it.

They got tired, took injuries, and could not generate an endless amount of energy to offset whatever they lost in battle.

So they made battle a matter of profit and loss. Every action they were taking was to maximize the number of damage they could inflict while doing it with the least amount of resources as possible.

It did not take long for Rowan to understand that this path was not for him, and although there were valuable lessons to be learned from them. Imitating them would be adding a crutch to his own abilities, stifling his potential and causing his Empyrean blood to rebel.

The other thing he noticed was their application of Aether and the powers of their techniques. If not for how weak the effects were from their attacks he would have disregarded it, yet all the attacks from the Legendary Dominators were at the Refined Level.

Their movements were sharp and precise and their abilities spoke of an edge that no mortal technique could touch.

It was a fine line that separated a Mortal technique to a Refined one, yet that fine line elevated the utility of every ability that crossed it.

The abilities wielded by those of the Rift and Incarnation States were at higher rank than he could recognize for now. Yet, it must not be that much higher, as the time he was watching the battle, he had almost gleaned certain information from their application of Aether, and he did not even need to check to know that some of his Abilities had increased in level just from watching thousands of Dominators battle.

Although Rowan thought the techniques these dominators utilized should be higher because he could tell from the soul fluctuations from the men and women below that no-one here was less than fifty years old, with those at the Rift State and higher easily breaking the century mark.

The only explanation for such low levels of their technique should be because it was not only time that could influence the growth of a technique, but the power levels of the Dominator as well.

What was the realm above Refined level? Maybe in a week's time he would know after he upgraded the Berserker technique.

Also, their application of Aether by the Rift State Dominator and upward was lackluster because they constantly had to call upon the Aether present in the surroundings for their use.

The Aether concentration in a Minor World was weak, and if he had to put a number to it, it was ten times weaker than what was present on Trion. It was not only the amount of Aether that was low, but also the quality. It was like comparing fine wine to brackish water.

Rowan may have failed to mention this, that he really had no need to pull Aether from his surroundings, as his Mental Space produced more than enough Aether for him, so it did not really matter which World he found himself, his own Aether was more than sufficient for his needs.

Yet, every other beings that he saw was not subject to the same rule, and they were influenced by the surroundings they found themselves.

So in the case of this Minor World, whatever techniques that were used by the creatures here would be ten times weaker than when it was used on Trion, except for the Second Circle Dominators who had access to mystical abilities beyond the usage of Aether.

Also, if they were constantly pulling on Aether to battle, then it meant that the ability of their Mental Space to produce and store Aether was far weaker than his own, so whatever Aether inside the Mental Space was stored for emergency.

Rowan had clearly noticed that as the fight had proceeded, the Surrounding Aether was beginning to rapidly diminish, and although new Aether were flowing in to replace the loss, it was not fast enough to offset the expenditure.

His presence over the battlefield had brought to him all the souls stained in battle, and as always, the souls of Dominators had a special... texture to it. Different from beasts and Abominations. It almost seemed to carry its own characteristics, and they were all unique.

Rowan thought it might be because of their intelligence, and also of note was that every Dominator souls he had consumes after they had died for an extended span of time lost this trait and became indistinguishable from the rest.

Rowan sent his Serpents forward after seeing nothing of interest. He did not even consider killing the Dominators below, it would serve no purpose for he now had a steady stream of Soul points.

The other pillar of consciousness he had stayed inside his Mental Space, and had just finished going through every inch of the Palace of Ice, and his focus especially was the female figure who stood at the front of his throne.

He had begun attempting to communicate with her to no avail, but he saw noticeable improvements in her physique as it was now more compact and less hazy around the edges.

This figure was linked to his bloodline and the growth of it was clearly enhancing it, if she continued getting more compact, then Rowan was sure she would soon gain flesh.

Her eyes were deep slabs of darkness that merged with the rest of her features, and he could not tell if they were opened or closed, but as surely as a ghostly hand running down your spine at night, he could tell that she was watching him.

Chapter 186: The Tales of Erohim (4)

If it was before, such a thing might have disturbed him, he has even frightened him, but he had seen so much, this just made him curious.

Rowan had also not detected any malice from the gaze, merely something similar to his own—Curiosity.

Whatever the female that was birthed by his bloodline was, she was different from his Ouroboros Serpent. He did not fear this difference, for if his plans were to be actualized with this bloodline, what he needed was not another hammer, but a scalpel.

He heard a series of soft knocks on the door, it was Diane announcing the meals were ready and he stood up. This was a habit that Rowan was determined to still keep.

Opening the door, he smiled at her, and she grinned. Balance was necessary for everything in life.

Rowan enjoyed the meal and the discussion that followed. The family were far more lively in their discussions with him, and Diane was a fountain of wit and comedy.

He was also surprised that Trevor was something of a musician himself, as he sang a raunchy pub song with a deep baritone. Olga blushed while Diane looked around the table, clearly missing the subtle sexual undertones in the lyrics.

Rowan was sure that what also lowered their inhibitions around him was the wine he gave them, although it was slight, the alcohol slowly crept over them, and they lost themselves in the delight of a good meal in a warm kitchen.

And for the first time in what seemed like forever, Rowan smiled.

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At the field of battle that Rowan's Ouroboros Serpent just left, the two-Second Circle Dominators spoke to their Commanders and applauded them for their competence in battle, they also praised the rest of the soldiers for their valor, promising a feast tonight, which brought a loud cheers from the audience.

They smiled and talked to everyone within their sight after consoling the commanders for the losses of their soldiers, the male was the one who was clearly in charge, and his voice was not loud, but it reached every single Dominator in the field.

After he felt he was done, he proceeded to fly towards the floating tent and the woman rested her head on his shoulder as they flew over.

She stretched out her hand, and making a gesture, she dispersed the enchantment covering the tent, and they entered inside, a flash of light again showed they had re-engaged the enchantments once more.

The moment they left the gaze of the soldiers, their countenance changed and they both began to shiver, and cold sweat poured from their brows.

The state of the woman was worse, as her legs seemed unable to support her waist and she collapsed bonelessly onto a padded chair, while massaging her brows and giving out small moans of pain. After a while, their condition recovered, but the fear did not leave their eyes.

"What the hell is that Melusine." The man shivered again and turned to the woman, he came behind her and began rubbing her shoulders and massaging her neck, "I have never felt anything like that before."

"I don't know Lyosos." She weakly replied, "But the presence of something like that makes the situation on this Continent dangerous. I think we should leave this place as soon as possible. Whatever that thing was, this Continent should be its Domain."

"Did you catch sight of it?" Lyosos said, as the fear in his eyes had slowly begun to retreat and a hint of contemplation began taking its place. The act of massaging the body of the partner made him relax, and it seemed to have the same effect on her.

Melusine sighed, "I didn't. All I knew was that it was most likely in the sky, yet its presence felt overwhelming, as if it was all around us, yet I could not read its intentions. It just felt like... a mountain on my soul, and it was crushing it slowly beneath its weight. I could hardly breathe."

"It was that bad for you?" The tone of Lyosos became solemn, "I know you are particularly sensitive to energy fields, but that seems excessive. I could only feel a general sense of dread."

He paused while considering his next words, "Do you think a Third circle Dominator is on this Minor world? Or are there alien beasts of such power here? Why would a being of such power be allowed to dwell inside a Minor world and its presence had not been detected? What the hell is the Boreas family doing? Those damned merchants!"

"Slow down. I don't know the answers to any of those Lyosos. But if it wanted us dead, then it would be difficult to escape that fate." Melusine rubbed her forehead, "This was supposed to be an easy job."

The tent went silent for a while before Lyosos spoke, "we need this job to exchange for the Maiden Tears, already we have sunk a sizable fortune to recruit these mercenaries. The way I see it, we have two options before us."

Lyosos walked around and knelt in front of Melusine, so they were at the same eye level, "We can either leave this planet, and try our luck with other tasks while releasing this mercenary band as their contract only covers their participation in this hunt, we don't have the finances to whip up another elite band like this for a while."

"Or we go to a much larger Continent like Krakow. The hunt there is more vicious, but the space is more expansive, and the chances of crossing paths with higher powers are lessened. What do you think?"

"I don't know Lyosos, something feels wrong about what I sensed. It would be better if that was a Dominator because so far all of the beast we have slayed were insane. If it is an alien beast with sentience, then we could be in danger."

"Say the words Melusine, and we would pull back from this world. We still have 500 more years to gather resources for the Maiden Tears."

"Don't be daft Lyosos, if we wait that long, we shall lose all chance of Ascension. The spot for the higher ranks is getting closed, and if we don't find a way to ascend in the next 200 years, we are stuck forever in this realm, and death would be our portion."

"So we are moving ahead with it?"

Melusine was quiet as she brought out the Data Slate and looked at the list, the name of the mercenary band they created was called : Kaden Mercenary company, currently they were now at the 15th position, as they had just skipped three positions. Their goal was to make it into the top tens.

"We are close. A bit more push and we can make it. Let battle as we head towards Krakow then."

Lyosos grinned and hugged her. "We made a promise that we would live and die together, and I want you to know even if we get to live for another year or ten thousand more. Every single moment with you is the happiest a man can ever be."

Melusine melted in his arms and a few moments later, sounds of pleasure emerged from the tent.

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Rowan had been disappointed at the lackluster showing by the Second Circle Dominators, but unknown to him, it was partly his fault for the poor display.

Rowan had reduced the presence of the Ouroboros Serpent and made it reduce its size to a few feet while travelling far above the ground.

Yet he had still underestimated the powers of the Serpents and the sensitivity of Second Circle Dominators, also he had a bit of bad luck as well, for the Dominators he came across had bloodlines that were uniquely sensitive to Auras.

He considered the Energy Signature his Serpent gave off as weak, but he had a blind spot because of his level of powers and him never truly understanding the capabilities of other Dominators. Although he reduced the energy signature of the Serpents, he did not disperse its Aura.

Chapter 187: The Tales of Erohim (5)

Aura was partly tied to the amount of energy a being gave out, so the Aura of a tree would be lesser than that of a dog because depending on the time of the day, a dog may burn more energy than a tree.

So although the Aura the serpent gave off was weak at the moment, its quality, however, was not.

If the Aura of a standard Dominator was smoke, Rowans was more like metal, and no matter how he reduced it might, its innate qualities could not change.

So, the two-second Circle Dominators had to fight with less than ten percent of their full capabilities, as they were aware that the gaze of a monstrous being was watching them all through.

Only their training and experience and the surrounding glamour kept them from making too many mistakes.

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After the meal Rowan went back into the room, and decided to lie down on the bed, with his arms folded on his stomach.

His Serpent had already its destination, and he closed his eyes and watched the Ouroboros Serpent beginning to devastate the location of his Bloodline Ascension.

Through his Energy Sight via the Serpent vision, he saw his conjectures were correct, and the act of him returning to this place was the right call for the area had been contaminated with the Aura of his Ascension, and snow had begun falling here, but they were black.

The snow crystals were also sharp, and any one walking underneath it must be like walking under a pile of falling razor blades.

The space here also felt thin, as if it had been pierced countless times, and the Aura of his bloodline stained the entire place, making this area darker than the rest. When he had left, the condition of this place was not like this, his Bloodline Traces must have been feeding on the Aether in the surroundings.

The space here was healing, but at the pace it was doing so, it would take a few weeks to a month before it was stabilized, and he was sure that this zone would forever be blighted by the touch of his bloodline, creating different mutations and possibilities in the future that he had no way to understand at this time.

Rowan discovered a shortcoming of his, and he knew that he could have easily collected his bloodline traces into his Palace of Ice, but he had not even thought of the possibility. He was now determined to always clean up every trace of this bloodline whenever he used it.

It would seem the nature of this bloodline meant its touch was like a blade on the skin of the material universe. Anytime he used it in a large-scale manner, it would be like he was tearing through the flesh of the universe itself.

His Ouroboros Bloodline was different as it left virtually no traces of itself behind.

Enlarging to its full size of three thousand feet, the Serpent began shooting down the tree sized spikes on its spines, and they fell like rain.

Every hit on the ground was like a hundred bombs exploding at the same time, as the ground flew up and shattered to pieces, and the spikes traveled thousands of feet into the ground before disintegrating into ash, while new ones were rapidly regenerated on its spine.

Some of the spikes may have hit a pocket of volatile gas because large gout of white gas began pouring out from the ground that appeared as if it had been devastated by

multiple meteor showers, and a new flurry of spikes set off a massive explosion that created thousands of flare-ups as the gasses created large pillars of flames.

The earth seemed to groan and shift, as an earthquake was triggered, and under flames and the convulsion of the earth, the entire plain was buried.

The Ouroboros Serpent let out a loud roar, but its job was not over, it flew down until it touched the earth and its head turned up, looking at the sky.

From the moment of their birth, the Ouroboros serpent had never breathed outward, only inward, as they resembled a fount of endless devouring. A black hole given form.

Opening its mouth wider, the Serpent rapidly began increasing the suction force it naturally conducted at every moment, and a swirling tornado was created above its mouth, as air was drawn in so fast that trails of sparks were being left in the air as particles clashed.

The clouds above shook and were beginning to be funneled downwards and an area of vacuum began to be created around the Ouroboros Serpent that was beginning to expand.

A loud drone began to be emitted in the surrounding that sounded so strange, it was hard to describe, it must almost unearthly—it was the sound of sounds being consumed.

The suction force did not let up, and was, in fact, increasing, and a visible ripple emerged from the horizon, the only way to describe it was a shockwave happening in reverse.

Rowan's goal of consuming every particle in the area was to wipe out any evidence his Avatar of Eve bloodline may have had on the area, and it was working.

The errant particles in the air that had been contaminated by his bloodline began to enter into the mouth of the Ouroboros Serpent, and it disintegrated inside the endless void in the stomach of the Serpent.

Rowan kept at this action, and the Ouroboros Serpent continued its activity until the weakened spatial barriers began to tear apart once more, and flames seemed to pour out from the sky like rain.

He looked around the scene of hell he had created, and was pleased when he saw no indicator of his Avatar of Eve bloodline. He did not care whatever explanation would be given for the cause of this disaster, he just wanted a clean slate.

Releasing the Ouroboros Serpent to continue with its hunts, he returned both consciousness to the convoy, and for the next one hour he just rested.

He realized he had been moving very quickly, and he would most likely be losing important information if he did not collect himself.

His abilities were improving quickly, but before he became more powerful, it would always be wiser to slow down and let his subconscious mind work through its own paces.

With his new bloodline he could no longer sleep, with Ouroboros he did not feel fatigue, at the precise time the hour ended he stood up.

The Third Ouroboros Serpent was getting closer to completing its Energy requirement to make it a grand total of two Serpents with a completed technique. Rowan estimated killing all the beasts on the Continent should push him to that level.

Rowan planned to direct the energies towards the following Serpents with the kills from the next Continent because he would rather not leave any enemies behind before he reached his final destination, the Krakow Continent.

His Soul points sat at a healthy 87,890 points and was visibly growing, and in a day should have reached the 100,000 mark to create his first Angel, and his plan was to leave the convoy at that time and find a secluded place to create the first one.

He heard a knock from the door and Diane gave him a message delivered from Circe's messenger. Before she left she hesitated, and Rowan sighed.

"Diane, do you want to talk?"

"No! Yes? I am not..." Diane paused, as she braced herself, "I heard there are talks about you among my people... they are saying you're..."

Again she paused, seemingly trying to find the words to speak.

Rowan did not force any words from her lips, he just waited with a patient smile.

Seeing his calm attitude, she finally took in a deep breath and talked quickly, as it seems, she was afraid that if she stopped, the words would become bottled inside her chest.

Chapter 188: The Tales of Erohim (6)

"they are saying you're truly Erohim, and you're going to be leaving us to save your mother and if you leave you will not be coming back anymore, but I don't want you to leave because you are my... my friend, and if I..."

She paused as a blush stained her cheeks and her rushed words turned to a whispered mutter.

Rowan wanted to roll his eyes in exasperation, but he knew that would hurt her, and he was not such an ass*ole that he could not appreciate the strength it took for her to speak her mind, many adult men would never be able to do so.

Yet he also found it funny, how closer to the truth they were, but their logic was coming from an entire direction from his own.

'That was quick.' Rowan thought as he began considering her words. Was she already considering him a friend?

He was surprised that she was not more afraid of the powers he had displayed. But the minds of children were purer than adults, and this reminded him of the story of Erohim being narrated to him by Circe which had been cut short.

He wasn't concerned about such tales, but he needed to understand the name that he had been tagged with, for every name comes with its own burden, and although he would not carry it, it would not hurt if he knew of it.

Rowan had been silent for two seconds, but Diane had already begun sweating buckets, he sighed, "You don't have to worry Diane. I shall keep you and your family safe until we reach the underground city."

"I know that. But what about after... can you? Will you take me with you when you leave?"

Rowan's eyes widened a bit, "why would you want to leave with me, Diane?"

She appeared to search for words and her eyes lit up, "Because I'm your maid, my lord."

Rowan smiled, "Are you my friend or my maid?"

She had a silly smile on her face, "Can they be mutually exclusive?"

Rowan smiled deepened in amusement, and he stood up and placed a hand on her shoulder, with his height, her head was closer to his belly button. He detected a slight shiver run down her frame.

Mortals were so... fragile. She could as well be a balloon filled with air, and a slight puff from him would erase her from existence.

"Diane, I'm going to tell you the truth because you're my friend as well. Where I'm going, you cannot come with. It will be a place far beyond all concepts of distance. But I

promise you something. I shall keep you and your family safe from every harm until we reach the city."

Stubbornly sticking to her guns, she said, "Is it because I'm...weak, that I cannot be with you my lord?"

"It does not matter that you're weak or strong, Diane. It is just the natural order of things. The path I walk, you cannot follow it. This path is for me alone."

"Will it not be too lonely, my lord?"

"well, loneliness is subjective to an individual conscious mind."

Diane sniffed, "why the big words, my lord?"

"well 'miss mutually exclusive' I would have you know, you started it!"

"That's not a big word, my art teacher frequently says it."

"I could also argue the same thing. I frequently use those words, maybe not with you."

"liar, I've never heard you say them to anyone else."

"well, well, well... I did not know I had a stalker listening through all my conversations."

Diane blushed, "you know it's not like that... at the table, you don't use such words."

Rowan smiled, as he began to understand the mental dissonance within the mind of the child. When he was with them at the table, he laughed and joked with them as a human, and it was easy for them to forget what he was.

But, that knowledge was never far from their mind when they leave the little bubble inside their home, and they hear of his deeds from others. He knew that Trevor and Olga may be able to handle the differences between him as a godlike figure and his other personality when they were together as they were both mature and might have dealt with other similar situations with other powerful Dominators, but Diane was still a child.

It was hard for her to reconcile the image of an all powerful being with someone who laughed at her silly jokes; there was a fear of him leaving her because in her mind Rowan was already a friend.

"Tell me Diane, what happened to your sister?"

Her smile slipped away, and she looked around for a while before speaking, her voice was low at first, but the constant reassurance from Rowan's gaze gave her strength and she began speaking faster.

"I did not know Sylvia all that much, and I believe I was six years old when she... Um, passed. But I can still... I still remember the sound of her voice when she sang. She took after papa like that. You should have heard her, my lord, she sounded like an Angel."

Rowan paused. "I believe you, and I wished I could have heard her sing."

Diane smiled, it was a sad expression that conveyed so much, "when it happened, I think in some ways, we had been expecting it to. It is a horrible thing, you know."

"I believe it was towards the end of the previous Great Storm. My memories are not too clear about those times, but I remember Sylvia began to see a Noble boy in the western districts. I remember the screams from papa and Sylvia during their arguments."

"Papa had many fights with her about associating with such people beyond our station, but I did not think she listened, mother says she took more than just a lover for singing from papa, she also took his Iron Head."

"She grew more distant from us, and she began leaving the house for days on end. I think she was convinced the Noble was going to wed her or make her his concubine, and she began devoting more time to him. Then she did not return home one day."

"Papa went to the western districts to find her, and after weeks he could not see any trace of her, at first, the Noble boy lied to him that Sylvia refused to see him, but papa was not convinced and kept returning, when he saw he was not making any headway, he escalated the issue."

"He gathered enough of his fellow craftsmen to confront the Noble family responsible for my sister's disappearance. But they were attacked, and papa's arms were broken in more than seven places, same with his ribs and legs."

"Mama stopped talking for months, you know. The only thing I could do was not cry, you see. Because I thought it would lessen their pain, but who am I fooling. Mama still cries during Sylvia's birthday every year."

Rowan was quiet, he knew the tyranny of the powerful and the plight of the weak. A similar situation or even worse were happening in a million worlds beneath the gaze of an uncaring sun. Who could be blamed for such a situation?

"Wait a moment." Diane suddenly said, and she ran back to her bags where she began rummaging through it. Rowan already knew what was inside the bags the moment he first entered the vehicle, but he waited for her to bring out a box, and run back to him.

She opened it, and there was a wrapped cloth inside that she peeled apart, revealing a picture and other knick-knacks.

The Picture was a smiling girl in the prime of her youth, her eyes were lively, and her smile were contagious.

Chapter 189: The Tales of Erohim (7)

There was a black band wrapped around the picture, and she loosened it and gave the picture to Rowan, "That's Sylvia. Don't say she..."

"She resembles you." Rowan said

"Please, not you too, I don't see any resemblance between me and her, she has red hair and freckles. I don't."

"You will just have to take my word for it." Rowan smiled.

"She gave me this hairband as a gift." She paused for a while, and she bowed to him, "it would be my honor if you accept this gift from me, my lord."

Rowan knelt and turned around, so her hand could reach his hair, with subtle manipulations with his Telekinesis, he aided her in placing the hairband around his hair, but since his hair was too thick, she could only scoop a bunch around the middle and tied it.

Her bubbling footsteps as she left made Rowan grin a little, and he opened the message delivered by Circe and found out that the convoy would be stopping the next night for a little celebration around the fires.

Before the Calamity, this was a fairly normal occurrence, as it was not advisable to cram thousands of people into vehicles and drive them to your destination for a whole month without stopping.

But now Rowan had afforded them the chance to be able to relax and break up the tension that had been afflicting them for a while, and Circe hoped that he might attend.

Rowan saw no reason why he shouldn't do so, and using his Telekinesis shredded the message into tiny dust particles, and deposited it into the bin.

The utility of his Telekinetic ability had increased once more with the addition of the Avatar of Eve bloodline. Its powers had not increased a whole lot, but his ability to perform more complicated actions with it, had apparently increased.

He would have never been able to shred this paper into fine particles before. With the increase of this power, Rowan had a thought, and he immediately began his experiment.

He was very aware of the large scale destructive capabilities of his body, but he had never tried to understand it when it came to doing subtle things, and its interaction with the world on a smaller scale.

As far as he understood, this Telekinetic ability was a side effect of the field of force being projected around his body due to his extremely high Constitution.

This force field was also unique to him, as he had never seen any other Dominators utilizing it, and it permeated through every single inch of his body, even his hair, which was now held together by the little bow given to him by Diane.

His force field had wrapped around the band, else it would have torn to pieces trying to contain a part of his hair.

Rowan lifted his hand and above his palm, an invisible ball of Telekinesis rotated, and he expanded it until it was as big as a watermelon before he reduced it to the size of a coin.

Still keeping it spinning, he placed it on his little finger and began creating more balls of Telekinesis and placed them on each of his fingers, before letting them rotate around his hand like planets in a solar system.

He suddenly paused, and he considered a possibility. Dispersing the rest of the floating Telekinesis balls except one, he began stretching it, until it became as thin as a thread.

With his present purple-black Aether, he could not use any of his Ability Runes without understanding its effects on them first, but that did not mean he was helpless to use his Ability Runes, he could simply use his Bodily Essence to power it.

At one end of the thread of Telekinesis he created a small ball of Flesh Light, and creating a suction force from the other end of the thread, he drew the red flames through the invisible thread, and when he was done, it appeared as if he was holding a thread made from a shining red light.

Rowan smiled, as this new breakthrough in what he could do with his Telekinesis ability surprised him, for this ability had several peculiar aspects, including the fact that it had no alignments, that is he could not mix it with Aether or any element.

It were unable to serve as invisible weapons for him as those of Rift State and above could sense Aether, and if he used Telekinesis, they could feel the void of Aether approaching them caused by his Telekinesis pushing everything away from it.

But what if he could create two sheets of Telekinetic pad and fill in between both sheets with Aether, would it be possible to deceive their senses?

Yet, this was just a minor application that Rowan did not care for. He had no lack of weapons or methods he could use to attack his enemies. What he felt he needed Telekinesis for, was crafting!

Rowan had not forgotten the one thing that made him uncomfortable was his lack of proper clothes to contain his might, and he was not fond of wearing weak fabrics that would tear apart at any moment during battle.

As he still recalled the manner by which that Abomination clothed itself with the red flames, he felt he had just taken the first step.

He had made threads!

The gleaming red line before him was a manifestation of the merger of his Telekinesis and the red flames, which just proved he had cracked the puzzle, now he simply had to learn how to rapidly weave it into any suitable material of his choice.

Since his Telekinesis was close to his body, he could simply pour out flames from his pores and reassemble them into any clothes of his choosing.

The Thread he was holding suddenly snapped, Rowan had been detecting the flames eat through the thin lining of the Telekinesis threads, although he could easily replenish the thread, he wanted to experiment how long it would take before the flames could eat through the threads.

In battle, there may be moments he could not feed his Telekinesis threads, so he wanted to know how long it would take—48 seconds, not a particularly long time, but not too short either. He could extend the time by making thicker threads or reducing the intensity of the flames.

He did not even think about using any other less volatile material for his threads, it felt fitting that the first time he clothes himself using energy, that it should be with the same flames that the Abomination used.

A sign of his progress.

Rowan wanted to start creating his new clothes, but he held back, as he would rather not endanger those beside him.

To experiment on his new powers further, he brought out the Spatial Ring given to him by Circe, and kept it hovering before him using his Telekinesis, and since his Spatial Sight was gone, he began truly using his Emyrean senses.

Rowan's eyes alone were attuned to energy, but if he paired it with the other senses from his body, then the world was truly revealed to him.

Unlike a human who depended on each individual senses to perceive a different sensation, his was the opposite. He used all of his senses to perceive a single thing.

This was what led to such a phenomenon as his ability to taste colors or see sound. He had never really dwelled on this intricate part of his senses before, but he instinctively knew that he needed to understand the world on a micro level to genuinely make significant changes on a macro level.

Not only that, but he estimated he had a month before his enemies reached him, and so he would grow his powers in ways that no one would expect.

Where they were expecting a brute, he would become a wizard. Where they saw a wizard, he would be a brute.

Chapter 190: The Tales of Erohim (8)

Activating all his senses and focusing it all solely on the ring, the world around him disappeared a single panel at a time, as if he was unraveling the essence of reality, he heard fragmented whispers as if from a mother calling her child from a place far away, and the Spatial Ring before him was now no longer a ring. It became four different things existing side by side.

It took a while for Rowan to become used to this new State of Reality, for this Spatial Ring was far more complex than he thought, and yet also elementary in its execution. Like a god seeing the true reality of things, his sight had unraveled the very nature of the Spatial Ring.

In his perception, the ring had now expanded until it was tens of thousands of feet in length, there were deep marks and imperfections in the metal that one could only notice when it had been scaled to such a length, and unlike the bronze coloration that could be seen when it was at its normal size, now it was revealed that the ring had different hues and shades, from purple to ultraviolet to blue, yet these colors were buried so deeply in the metal, it became invisible.

This ring told him a story all of its own, from its birth as a lump of mineral in the depth of the earth, to its forging as it was repeatedly heated and quenched, Rowan could taste the heat of the flames that went into forging her, even after 450 years since her creation there was still the ghost of a flame left inside the ring.

Over time, this ghost would slowly ground and in 800 years from now it would eat through the metal, and the Ring would be no more.

In a single glance he had been able to see the moment of its Birth down to its death.

Suddenly, Rowan saw a crack begin stretching from one side of the Ring to another, and he knew it was a result of his gaze. The Ring would show him its secret but if he peered at it for long enough it would perish beneath the weight of his sight.

Rowan peered at it one last time, memorizing all the cracks and gaps in the metal before he looked away.

Beside the ring was a hexagonal purple Rune, that was similar to the Runes in his Spatial Bracelet, but they contained fewer strokes and was far simpler, each line of purple Rune was made from many thousand intersecting lines that would have been really complex, but now he was able to trace each of them, and it took a few minutes, and he saw the beginning of the Rune.

It was like he was retracing the steps made by whomever created the ring, and now he saw the place where the crafter once placed his pen.

Unlike the Spatial Bracelet that had tens of thousands of intersection lines that created a single line of Rune, this one only had a few thousand, and it happens that he was able to fully trace every single line with his perception.

Whoever had created this Spatial Ring left to rest on the product, but it was still masterful work. If the Rowan of before had tried tracing each of these lines manually, it would be impossible unless he used a few years and made countless mistakes.

But with his perception in that single golden pillar inside his Palace of Ice, he was able to easily trace the twists and curves in each line as if they were simple doodle of a child, but it did not detract from the charm.

Because what he was looking at was Aether that had been constructed in such a precise manner, each stroke of the Artificer was a work of art. The Artificer did not just wield the Aether and placed them inside the ring, he constructed a stable structure where any slight shift in the pattern would break it apart.

This was where the main difficulty lies when crafting Alchemical Items, which is the proper utilization of Aether. There was a certain skill needed to hold Aether in a specific form while keeping a continuous stream of that molded Aether into the item you wanted to create; that was just the first level.

Subsequently, you needed to draw a complex Rune that to a novice would appear as hasty scribbles containing ten lines or more, but only with very close observation would reveal that each of the lines contained thousands of intersecting lines of Aether that had to be precisely drawn, else the crafting would fail.

It was a testament to the perseverance of Rowan when he was still a human that he had learned the pattern of hundreds of Runes even as a mortal.

Even though he would not be able to comprehend Runes such as these that contains thousands of intersecting lines, it gave the present Rowan the foundation to build his understanding upon.

After going through the rich lines of the Runes, he turned to the third which was in the semblance of a green box, and Rowan recognized it as the "room" he saw anytime he entered the Spatial Ring with his mind, and from this angle he saw that it was not green box was not truly a cube, but had more edges that had been trimmed off.

This green box must be a physical entity that was merged with the ring with the aid of the Runes. He knew the material was special and if he had to guess using the color and the texture, it could be one of many things.

The last thing he could see was a small cloud of purple fog, it swirled around and seemed as large as a continent spanning cloud and as small as a steam escaping from a tea cup.

Further examination of the cloud showed him a light glinting at the center, and it was yellow. It reminded him about the gem that carried him to the world with a red moon, and he desired to pull it out, but he stopped himself.

He was sure doing that would destroy this Spatial Ring, as he knew what he was looking at was the energy bounded to the ring to create the storage device by the Artificer, and now before Rowan's sight every secret had been stripped away.

This was not Aether but a form of Spatial Energy he had not come across with before. Knowledge such as this would have stumped Rowan before, but did he not have access to the Oracle?

Although he wanted to be careful with the questions he asked so as not to easily reveal details about himself he wanted to hide, he knew he had a place to find information when he needed them.

Rowan escaped his deep inspection of the ring, the alchemical knowledge of the prince he had once discarded to the side had begun to itch with the desire to begin Rune Crafting.

This was a fervent desire of the prince, to be an Artificer, one of the top profession in Alchemy, but he could be much more.

The barrier to this profession had been torn wide open, and if it were before he would need to worry about the many Alchemical instruments that he would need, but to him, all those were crutches.

Rowan began to feel excitement because he knew he was on a dawn of a new path. With the new abilities of his Empyrean senses paired with Telekinesis and his other Abilities Runes, then it was not impossible to become a mobile Alchemy Forge.

He knew of rumors of Alchemy Forges. Supposedly one of the most guarded secrets of the Empire, it was the beating heart of the Alchemy Union. An instrument of power that could be used to fabricate virtually anything!