

# **The Primordial Record**

## **- Chapter 191: The Tales of Erohim (9)**

### **Chapter 191: The Tales of Erohim (9)**

He already had his flames, and his Telekinesis could build the framework of every instrument he desired, what he just needed was a Reagent or an Ability that could mimic something similar, and he could begin attempting forging.

This was something that could assist him now, but was critical to his future, if he planned not to ravage and destroy every world he came across then it was necessary he had this Ability to Forge Alchemical Items on his own.

The uses were endless, but if he needed to seize worlds and fortify them one at a time, he would need defenses, ships, armor for his soldiers, Terraforming Equipments, Buildings, Boats, and so many others.

Before he developed a sizable population that could govern and develop his worlds properly he would need to do that himself. It was a lot of work, and he looked forward to it.

Part of his earlier plans was to get In contact with Master Artificers and slowly commission work from them, but now, with his Empyrean senses showing him the true layers of every single Artifact he came across, it was only a matter of time until he was able to build a world by himself from the ground up.

Rowan looked at the Spatial Bracelet on his arm, he had once cracked it open using the aid of his Spatial Sight, and he was eager to explore it afresh.

Creating a mental picture of all the Runes and part of the Spatial Ring and compartmentalizing in a Pillar of Consciousness, he turned to his Spatial Bracelet next.

®

In a location deep in the void, a sleeping giant made from flames and red metal shook, and muffled rumblings came from it mouths filled with metallic teeth, after a while, it slowly went back to sleep.

If one were to look around for an inestimable distance, a scene of pure horror would surface. For this was a galaxy where every world, every moon, every sun, and any other celestial body that graced the void was dead.

The planets were all crumbled and in pieces and the last burning suns were like the last wisp of a burning log. Countless worlds were all dead and lying about in the ruins of these worlds and fading suns were abominable giants, that slowly fed on the decaying worlds like maggots, for their hunger was unending.

The sleeping giant was yet again roused once more, and it shook, but this time it opened its single eye that was situated on its chest. This particular giant was small by the measure of it's race, but it was still thousands of feet tall, and it was very young by their standards, only a million years old.

These were Banes of Destruction.

The gaze from that giant eye seemed to transcend across Space and Time to a small minor world that was shuddering beneath the Aura of an oncoming destructive event.

The Destruction Banes had unique properties that allowed them to sense when a world was drifting towards death, and like flies to a rotten corpse they would begin to gather around it, anticipating the feast to come.

The eye of the Bane lit up with fervor, as it pushed itself away from slumber and began tearing its way through the void. It could also sense others of its kind gathering for the expected feast—young lings like itself.

It began moving faster.

®

The Convoy stopped moving early the next morning, just as the sun had begun rising, and scouts went around creating a perimeter with electrified fences, it was more to keep people in as it was not unknown for children or unruly adults to wander off and delay the convoy for days or weeks.

The vehicles of the convoy were also arranged in a circular manner, creating a second line of defense as the proposed gathering would be happening at the center.

The joyous laughter of children filled the air, as they had finally been released from what should be for them weeks of torture.

Although it was called a small gathering, the situation around made the people enthusiastic and this turned to a party, and preparation for it were in a feverish pace, as everyone gathered around to make it work.

A party of the scale was a massive endeavor, as feeding and entertaining twenty thousand people was not an easy job, but with the presence of Dominators, it went along faster than he expected.

Rowan could hear the joyous laughter from Diane as she assisted her mother to join with the fellow women who were to be cooking, having released her for her duties for the day, he was surprised she did not find her friends instead she stayed with her family.

Perhaps talking about her sister had reminded her of the preciousness of her family and she was now particularly clingy to her mother, to the quiet happiness of Olga.

Children tend to drift away from their parent as that age, and seeing Diane stick close to her like when she was younger made the heart of the woman gladden.

One thing this calamity brought in excess was beasts from every corner of the planet. It was not a difficult thing to find a small herd of herbivores, who resembled cows but with black skin and eyes, the hunters and Dominators captured well over two hundred of these creatures coupled with birds and others, and a massive preparation for the feast was underway.

The cooking units were disengaged from each vehicle and brought outside where women fret about it, preparing various dishes, and the men slaughtered animals and ready the venues for the celebration.

Young children and youth began to create the games, and their laughter and quarrels all drifted up to Rowan who sat cross-legged in the air, a few hundred feet above, with a bottle of wine in his hand.

Every now, and then he saw the people looking up and respectfully bowing towards him, as talk had gone around that this celebration of theirs was due to his grace.

Rowan was sure this rumor was spread by Circe, most likely to be in his good side. He would be foolish not to assume that they might have known of Scarvros death, there were many methods to check, but he had won the time he needed, and he did not care if they knew.

His enemies would in due time be coming for him, but his mentality had changed. He no longer feared his powers or his potential.

A figure arose from the ground, it was Circe who joined him, carried by a flow of gentle breeze, seeing that he sat in the air with no visible support, made her arch her brows, before she noticed a dense slab of Aether beneath Rowan.

"Can I join you, Erohim?" she asked

"of course." Rowan gestured with his hand, and Circe felt the slab of Aether extend below her feet, and she smiled and sat close to him.

She opened her hand, gesturing for the wine; Rowan passed it to her, the first taste made her smile, and she began chugging down the rest.

Rowan sighed and brought out two more, breaking open his own, he kept the other one beside her, and slowly drank his own.

"This is new." Circe ran her hand below, touching the invisible layer of his Telekinesis. She could not understand the void that she was touching, but it was tangible.

"I'm beginning to recover what was slowly lost from me. This is a minor trick I discovered."

Her eyes lit up, "That's good news. What about your memories, are those coming back?"

"Not for now." Rowan sighed, "I expected you would be questioning me about my desire to slow down the convoy?"

Circe laughed, "I'm sure you have your reasons, you're also doing me a favor in the long run you know. Cramming twenty thousand people into a box for a month would do weird things to mental health, and reports of crimes had been increasing in the convoy."

## **Chapter 192: The Tales of Erohim (10)**

"It gets that bad?" Rowan asked.

Petty things for now, but as time goes on, I would not be surprised to see, rape and murder among the disgruntled people. You would sometimes be surprised by the amount of darkness in the hearts of men."

Circe broke open the new bottle of wine and began taking small sips, "Besides, you're Erohim. Who am I to go against your wishes?" she looked at side eyed.

Rowan looked at her, as he slowly released the pressure he always kept inside, his Serpentine gaze became as sharp as razors and a formless aura arose from his body, something unknown and mysterious.

Circe felt goosebumps began rising on her skin, as a tingle ran down her spine, as if a long scaly tongue was running down her skin, the sensation was so unnerving that it was all she could do not to run.

Rowan began speaking in Medan, no longer using the native tongue of Jarkarr, his voice was deep, and it flowed like music, and any mortal that heard him would have been entranced before shortly dying as their meager Spirit burned out.

"I speak to you with no falsehood. You can have my word on this Circe Boreas. I have no quarrel with you and yours. My enemies are not yours, except if you wish to add yourself to their number."

Circe shivered and seized his wine bottle, and now she held two bottles, eyeing him in provocation, "I would be a fool to act against you... at this time. I may not understand the reason you are taking some of your actions, but as long as I'm assured that you have no intent to cause harm to me and my people, then I seek no quarrel with you. Yet, I have to ask, how do you learn to speak Medan like that?"

This time, when she spoke, it was in a foreign language that he automatically understood due to his language mastery.

Rowan was surprised that this Trait—Language Mastery, was not lost along with his Soul. This ability to understand every language was always a source of deep confusion for him, how could he have acquired this trait?

Over time, as he acquired more experience about his powers and bloodlines, he began to refine his previous speculations and discard the ones that were now wrong with the present evidence he had on hand.

The first was his Language Mastery and the second was his unnatural healing and Constitution, that he had first assigned to his Ouroboros bloodline, well before he activated that technique.

For the Language Mastery, he knew that it was not linked to his Soul but his Bloodline, but the question was, whose?

Rowan had this trait even before he activated any bloodline, then it could only mean he was able to understand every language because he inherited this trait from either his father or mother, as they were the only source of bloodline in his body at the time.

But the Kuran's bloodline had nothing related to Language Mastery or Rapid healing and Constitution. What about his mother?

A mother he had no memory of but a face.

" . . ."

These words that came with the picture, must have its meaning.

Or his father, that fat spider waiting for his prey while sitting in the middle of his web.

Why have I never tried drawing you, what would you show me?

Yet Rowan had a fear that even if he drew him, his lack of a Soul would be a hindrance to truly understand what was hidden behind the facade of this man.

Rowan replied in the same language she used, "I spoke, so you would see the sincerity in my words. See, even the Aether here sees the truth in my words. I learned Medan the same way you did, but clearly that's not what you are referring to."

Circe gave a frustrated laugh, "I can sense the resonance in the Aether. But, forget it. I never told you about the rest of the Tales of Erohim."

Rowan smiled, "Well, you are not a great storyteller, only a good one. I can allow certain discretion towards your failures, given your poor skills."

Circe laughed and snorted, "yeah, I have always run from the excellence everyone else says I'm capable of, it always seemed like too much work. Too many responsibilities... Too many chances to fail..."

"Well, I wouldn't know anything about that." Rowan grinned and brought out another wine and opened it, "I have never failed before."

"Take that awful smirk off your face before I smack it off." Circe growled before she began laughing, the look on her face was clearly surprised that she could become so calm when she began talking to him.

Strip away the Aura he gave off that he seemed not to be even aware of, the sheer power his every unconscious move dictated, and then he was just someone, who had an unhealthy love for alcohol.

Somehow this fact made her even more frightened. She did not fear the madman or psychopath who could kill and destroy with no emotions behind it. What she truly dreaded was a normal man who was capable of doing horrifying things when the situation called for it.

Rowan looked at her, "You are getting drunk, and with this in your present state, you may become a great storyteller if you don't watch yourself."

"Why is your wine always so good?"

"The company!"

"Bah! Anyway, where was I. Oh yes, the journey of a husband to save his wife from her conjugal distress because of extensive labor"

"if you put it that way..."

"hush now and let me finish."

"The floor is yours, storyteller."

"Good." Circe settled and cleared her throat as she became serious, "It is said that the journey took ten thousand years for Orum to return to his wife, but by then it was already too late. He heard her cries from afar, and he burned his soul to return, his glory burning so bright that a part of the Universe did not see darkness for a long time after he had passed."

"He was still too slow, and his journey was too long. For although Erohim had remained inside the womb of his mother, he was beloved by both the sun and the moon, and his strength was great, they had both given him the best parts of their Divinity."

"Meanwhile in the world below, every man and beast on the surface of the earth began to perish, for Orum had taken away his light as he journeyed to find his father, and even if Ganesha gave all the light she could to the world below. It was simply not enough."

"The last living beings in the world died, their passage heralded by the cries of a weeping moon."

Circe paused, something about this part of the story seemed to resonate with her, nevertheless, she cleared her throat and continued.

"Erohim knew nothing of this. Every action of his was an endless struggle to escape his confinement, and his mother's cries of pain could be heard all over the universe, as she tried to soothe the child, but Erohim was still young and did not understand restraint. In their joy of conceiving a child, they had made a mistake and given him too much of their strength, especially Ganesha."

"With a massive heave from his hands, Erohim tore his mother apart from the inside, spilling her lifeblood upon the dead world. The ever cries of his mother who had been with him all this while faded, and It was at that moment that Erohim understood what he had done. He cried for a thousand years and his tears were like burning drops of diamonds and sprayed all over the world, bringing light."

## **Chapter 193: The Tales of Erohim (final)**

"The light combined with the lifeblood of his mother and from it, they gave back life to the world. Once more, life in all its glory flourished under the tears of Erohim"

"They new men and beast began to worship Erohim, but their adulation did not bring him any joy. For his mother was dying, and he could do nothing but weep, and she died soon after, and his pain seemed to have no ending."

"Yet, his pain was what gave this world life."



"That was the state of things, Orum returned to find, his wife sundered in three parts and his son, a weeping mess. Orum was consumed with grief, and he no longer felt love for his son but instead was replaced by hate, and in a fit of rage he tore the weeping child to pieces with his bare hands."

" To the newly created men, Orum saw them as an affront to his grace—A disgraceful union between his wife and son, and he quested deep into the world where beings of darkness lay that had grown numerous in his absence and he made these beings of darkness into monsters, with a singular purpose, which was to torment every living creature on the face of the world."

"For a very long time after, Orum gloried in the cries of despair from the world, and even his great light began to grow dark with corruption, and he could barely give out light, and when he did give out light, it was so bright it scorched the land."

"The delight of Orum for such perversity did not decrease, but became much deeper, until his light began to burn red. He continuously tortured the new men, until their cries became so loud, it silenced the weeping of Erohim, for even though he was in pieces he still lived in agony."

"Seeing the suffering of the world, Erohim stopped weeping and turned his voice to cry out for help, after begging his father to no avail. Erohim did not give up and continued seeking for aid, until his petition reached the home of his Ancestor, a mysterious being who dwelled far away."

"Yet, his hopes were dashed once more, as he received no aid but silence. His voice stayed outside the home of the Ancestor, and every moment he cried for mercy for his people. But he was ignored."

"His antics had made some dwellers in the home of his Ancestor angry, and one among them acted and banished his voice from reaching that place no longer."

" Almost in despair, and about to give up, he noticed that the one who banished him was a talking cup of tea, that was filled with starlight, and Erohim took a chance and when the tea cup was looking away, he drew in a deep breath and sucked away all the starlight it contained."

"That starlight contained knowledge, and with this knowledge, he could control the powers of his station."

"The adulation of the people had given Erohim the gift of wisdom, and with that gift, he fashioned a great warrior from his heart, and he released the warrior unto the world to fight the monsters his father had unleashed onto it."



"The warrior was great in strength and wielded both Divine Might and Heavenly Flames, and he gathered all the people from East to West, North and South, and forged a great army with him as the leader, and he began a campaign against the monsters."

"Using his blood, Erohim began healing his dead mother, even as he battled the monsters in the world. Yet, his powers were so great, he was able to resurrect his mother, although with great cost to himself. Yet, he still failed to make her whole once more, but she came back to life, but no longer as one singular moon but three."

Circe paused and paused and pointed at the sky, even at dawn, you could still see the three moons hanging on the horizon like white pearls in a sea of gold, "Ga, Ne, and Sha. These are the three moons that were left."

"Ga–Ne–Sha was still too weak, however she could slowly recover, and she called for her husband and her son. Orum felt disbelief at first and then intense happiness, as his wife was back to life once more, but when Ganesha saw the state of the world, her son, and the appearance of her husband and the catastrophe he had placed on the world, her grief became heavy."

"With a loud cry, Ga–Ne–Sha weak Spirit fell into true death, and Orum seeing the result of his fury fled in shame to the darkest corner of the universe."

"But Erohim did not falter, he spent the last of his blood to make sure the body of his mother was whole, and the moment he defeated the last of the monsters, he ignited his Spirit and became the new sun over the world, and there he had watched ever since."

"Or until, they say our progenitor came and stabbed him in the back with a lightning bolt, but who knows..."

Rowan Spirit was shaken, there were many similarities between this story and his own, so much he could not just assign this to mere coincidence. Even though his composure was calm, his mind was in chaos, he wanted to disregard this story before, but many details of it spoke to him with a sort of truth he could not deny.

Subtract the fluff, and going along with certain events that happened to Erohim, it could be a carbon copy of his present life.

Rowan stroked his chin, "Hmm, a rather interesting story if I should say so myself, but I wonder, is the evidence linking me to this Erohim not too fragile? I mean, I can see the link between the monsters and the calamity happening now, but..."

"That's where you would be wrong." Circe pointed to the mountain Rowan found himself on when he descended on this world. "Even from here, can't you see it. That's the largest mountain in all of Jarkarr, the famous Spine of Erohim, if I'm not wrong, they all said you fell from the mountain covered in flames to save them from monsters born from Orum's wrath."

"That event was a bit exaggerated."

"To tell you the truth. I have a sharp instinct and I can easily separate Auras, and intuitively understand certain truths. I can't read you. So, I will do something strange and also believe in you. Believe you're what these men proclaim you to be. Erohim."

"So you're doing all that because of an instinct of yours?"

"Yes, and also because believing in you makes me one of your people... Erohim protects his own."

"Well that's surprising, coming from someone whose Ancestor owns the planet."

"My name is not on the land deeds. Plus, he has untold millions of descendants. My Ancestor would more easily protect the cup he drinks his wine from, than his children, who are as plentiful as the sand on a beach."

Rowan sighed, "I have told you, that you have nothing to fear from me, outside betrayal of my trust, everything would continue as it was."

Her silence was enough to answer, and Rowan settled down to watch the people below. Times like these were filled with peace and laughter, and he drank them all in, as they were a source of strength as potent as any Battle Stimulant.

They stayed that way, watching the preparation, and soon it was about to begin, and Circe made to stand up, "So, coming down?"

"No. I've seen my share. Celebrate with them, I have things I need to do."

Circe paused, "if you insist, I will save your share of the food for you, but don't stay too long, or I may end up taking it for myself."

Rowan sniffed, "you don't want to do that, trust me."

"Yeah, yeah...hey, Erohim, don't be a stranger, okay? See you."

She jumped off, and Rowan observed for a few moments before he turned away. He had plenty of things to do.

Time, as ever, did not wait for him.

## **Chapter 194: The Approaching Storm**

Melusine's eyes were closed in meditation, as the effects of whatever overlooked their battle was still a raw wound in her Spirit that was slowly fading with her practice.

Her meditation usually involves her placing her Spirit inside her Territory, and flying through the endless rows of Green Bamboo, and flowing brooks filled with sparkling water.

Her Territory had no sun or moon, but was still lit, as an ever present glow brushed across it, the water from the brooks connected to form a flowing river that disappeared into nothingness at the edge of her Territory.

Her Territory contained only the Green Bamboo and Sparkling Waters, but it was among the most suitable Territory for one of her bloodline and her bloodline ability only enhanced the efficacy of her Territory, and for the case of Melusine, the combined effect of her bloodline abilities and her Territory created an effect greater than the sum of its parts.

A Territory is the next Realm where a Dominator grew closer to the source of their bloodline, and began tapping into the Realms of their Progenitor.

Being so close to the source of her bloodline nourished and calmed her Spirit, and with this, she would be able to cleanse every source of foreign influence from her Spirit.

Melusine only entered such deep meditation outside the forests of her home because Lyosos was there beside her. For she was vulnerable when she placed all her Spirit inside her Territory because her perception of the outside world was severely reduced.

Yet, even in the deep meditation state she was in, she could still hear the screams, like buzzing flies at the edge of her hearing that grew more annoying with every second.

Her Spirit shook as she discarded the distraction, but it was persistent, and with an annoyed groan, she commanded her Spirit to rise above her Territory and into her body where she soon awoke.

Even before she opened her eyes she knew something was wrong, for Lyosos was not beside her. She frowned and suddenly, like a flood, screams entered her ears and she was fully awake.

Melusine unconsciously placed her veil over her face to disguise her features, while she quickly ran through her defenses and weapons, as she primed her spells, and began agitating the powers of her Territory.

As a descendant of Bacchus and walking on the Path of the Wanderer, the power of the forest flowed through her veins, and her bloodline was Aspected towards summoning. The title bestowed on Dominators like her was : Forest Witch.

Her bloodline sent a call throughout her Territory, and the Endless Bamboos began to combine into Green Bamboo Soldiers.

A hundred Green Bamboo became a single Bamboo Soldier with the abilities at the Legendary State, it may not seem like much, but the fields of green bamboo were endless, and the only limit to the amount of green bamboo she could summon was her Spirit.

At the Spirit Territory Realm she was not a good matchup against her equals whose bloodline were more focused on strength or energy-based attacks, but it did not mean she was helpless among them, yet against those of lesser power levels, she was an insurmountable force of nature.

Melusine on her own, given enough time, could overrun an entire Minor World! She could summon a hundred thousand Legendary Bamboo Soldiers before her Spirit runs out, and after she recovers, continue summoning. Technically, if she did not destroy her Spirit with endless summoning, she could summon an infinite amount of Green Bamboo Soldiers.

Her abilities were not supposed to be this dangerous, but the summoning ability she received at the Legendary, Rift and Incarnation State combined to create a Forbidden class of power.

Melusine was powerful enough now, but if she could grow into the next Realm, which was the Incandescent Realm, her Green Bamboo Soldiers would be upgraded to Black Bamboo Soldiers which were at the Rift State.

Her Territory abilities showed the true difference between each great Circle. As Dominators, were becoming closer to gods. Another power of a Territory was creating a shield between the Dominator and the Outside world, and depending on the level and the type of your Territory, the protection it affords to you would differ in scope and power.

The gap between each cycle was total and to all common knowledge, no first Circle Dominator could ever compete with a second Circle Dominator.

Well, the universe had never met Rowan, but it was soon about to.

If she had used this Territory Ability against the beasts in the last confrontation she could have easily swept through all of them and no matter how strong the Incarnation State golden beast was to be, an unending army of Green Bamboo Soldiers would wear it down to nothing in no time.

As the Green Bamboo began combining to create an Army, she pushed open the tent expecting bloodshed, and she saw it, but not how she was expecting it.

Except for a few Dominators, maybe a hundred or so who managed to hold themselves with sheer force of will, the rest of the Legendaries were dead, or killing themselves or each other.

Lyosos and the rest of the Incarnation and Rift State Dominators were going around breaking arms, and subduing the rest who were clearly not in a normal state of mind as most of them were screaming so loudly they began explosives vomiting blood, their eyes were wide open but was covered in Nightmare.

Her eyes caught that of Lyosos across the field and they both knew that this was happening because of that presence they had felt, and the chill in Melusine's heart nearly froze solid with panic.

Perhaps the Legendary Dominators might not have been able to sense or even understand what happened that day, but a part of their Spirit must have touched the gaze of whatever watched them, and they had no shields over their Spirit.

Their souls must have been scrapped to pieces by touching that presence but as they had no means of understanding the damages inflicted on them, it was only at the death of their soul that awareness was born.

The result was the madness happening before her. Melusine wanted to release the soothing water from her Territory; it would salve the mental state of these suffering Dominators, but Lyosos must have known about her intentions, for he shook his head to tell her not to.

Every Legendary here was already dead. They were just not aware of it yet.

Melusine sighed and shook her head, rolling up her sleeves, she flew down to assist in the subjugation of those that were now mad. It was impossible to watch these soldiers kill themselves like mindless beast, at least they should make their passing a bit more comfortable.

The screams they let out were chilling, and their words were worse, "It's eating my soul! It's eating my soul!"

Everyone of the dying men and women screaming that their souls were being eaten.

®

"Close the door, you fool. Have you gathered everything I asked of you." Augustus Tiberius barked at the man who entered his office.

"Yes, my lord. I have secured the passes for all of us. The Captain of the Merigold (An Empire Spaceship.) gives us two hours before it leaves."

"Good, ready your men, in an hour meet me by the docks, I don't have to tell you to be discreet, don't I?"

"Of course General."

"Don't ever call me that from this moment."

"Yes sir."

"Get going, we are losing time."

As the man bowed and left, Augustus took his time and tapped on his table before standing up and began to prepare himself.

He had expected drastic measures when he confessed about his participation in an Organization like the Order of the Broken Eye to his family. With the wealth of his confession, he had the least thought he would be spared from death.

## **Chapter 195: The Approaching Storm (2)**

He was right. But what happened next was beyond what he was expecting. Although he could not say how the heads of his family conducted their matters, he was surprised that his Ancestor had formed an alliance with the Ancestor of the Kuranos family.

How that came to be, he really had no idea, and the plans they came up with were ridiculous according to what Augustus knew.

They did not just hunt for Rowan in secret. No, it was the opposite, they gave out a high bounty on his head and whipped up the entire Empire to hunt for him. This was crazy!

To anyone else this might be the correct step to take, but Augustus smelled a conspiracy. Rowan had the power to break out of the Bloodline Shackles imposed by the gods! The man could control a Singularity, he had the key to destabilize millennia of control by the gods, and that was not just the only thing he was capable of.

Such a secret was worth hoarding and only used for your advantage, it was common sense not to let it loose, so it should not enter the hands of someone lucky or reach the ears of your enemies.

Augustus had screamed in rage and disbelief when he heard of the bounty on Rowan, anytime he thought about his bloodline, which was so powerful Augustus could not wrap his head around it, he became struck between fear and lust.

He knew his Ancestor must have an idea what sort of bloodline flowed in the veins of that man. Because he had given them the only remnant that Rowan left behind.

Augustus still remembered that Absomet was quiet in shock, and he was sure the reason he was allowed to live after betraying his family was because he had retrieved the fallen scales left behind by those dragons, that Rowan had discarded like trash.

So with all this evidence of Rowan's uniqueness, why this public hunt?

Augustus had survived for long when he should have died many times over because he had a good instinct at identifying patterns and preserving his life.

For the past month that instinct had been telling him to run, for the pattern he was seeing was not right. He was missing relevant information that may be detrimental to his well-being if he did not do something soon.

He had begun making preparations but when he was given a guard in front of his office (his glorified jail cell) he began accelerating his plans.

Augustus had been placed in a War Tower at the edge of the family's Domain, and had been commanded to wait for further instructions.

He had been promised a new body with a powerful Tiberius bloodline potency for his contribution. Yet, he could no longer wait for such compensation because the instinct that had guided him for so long was telling him, what waited for him was not a clear road to Dominion but the reaper's scythe.

They had begun making plans without any of his contribution, and as far as he knew they no longer valued him, his bloodline was lost, and his position stripped away, promises meant nothing with no tangible benefits given.

Absomet that unholy bi+ch, had brought him nothing but loss and disdain, and he was not foolish enough not to realize that when the Rune ship talked about torturing and killing him that she did not mean it metaphorically.

Absomet would be delighted to kill him, and she would do so very slowly and painfully. Augustus had tortured countless people, and he would rather not be at the other end of the knife.

There was news she would be stopping by soon on an impromptu visit to the War Tower. The blades of the reaper never felt so close. Of course, Augustus knew she wouldn't kill him directly, but there were many ways to do such deeds for a being of power like her.



After gathering the last of the Resources he had squirreled away during the month, and some of the hidden stashes he left around when he was a Dominator at Proclamation Realm, just one more step away from the Third Great Circle.

He had seen the route to become great at the end of his life, and to see that path laid out before you, yet being too weak to walk it was a source of torture beyond reasoning.

Anytime the thought of his previous glory enters his mind, Augustus felt like screaming and killing everything in sight, but he was helpless, and this helplessness stung him.

He went to the windows, and manifested a sharp bloody dagger he began using to cut through the armored pane. When he was done, he quietly placed it by the side and climbed out.

The War Tower was six hundred stories tall, and he was on the five hundred and twenty-third floor, at this height the entire expanse was open before him, and he could see the shape of a massive Spaceship, ten miles away. His target was not this one.

The War Tower was at the center of a Tiberius family barrack that was three thousand miles across. Even from this height he could sense the air shuddering with countless deadly potential, as soldiers of war gathered in the millions brought a wave of blood light to the barrack.

The barrack also held a sizable city where everything could be bought and traded for. Everything!

Most soldiers here cycled from the battlefield in the two lost Continents, and they brought back valuable loot which could be exchanged to the Empire for various resources.

Augustus brought out a Shade Cloak from his Spatial Ring and draped himself, turning into scattered shades of shadows that could be easily missed.

A flying carriage was coincidentally flying a little too close to the War Tower, and Augustus timed the distance and jumped, the flying carriage angled itself sideways and Augustus slipped through the opening slamming into the other side of the carriage with a bang.

He shook his head from the small bout of dizziness he had, as he had fallen for twelve stories. Augustus had paid dearly for a small gap in the War Tower inspection team and also for the flying carriage to deliver him to the Merigold in an hour's time, just as it was about to leave for a Minor Planet at the edge of the Empire.

It was more costly to carry along the rest of the Bone Army Soldiers, but they were to him another source of life, he had struggled to hide one of them far away, but the rest

were coming with him, and if his preparation went well, they should be waiting for him at the ship.

He dumped the balance for the ride on the outstretched hand of the carriage driver, who grinned and returned to his duties, while Augustus began looking around and noticing the amassing troops.

This was also a new development he had been following closely. With the announcement of the hunt for Rowan Kuranos, the war machine of the Tiberius Family had entered into full motion.

Augustus could be wrong, but the last time such a deployment was staged was for the hunt of a rogue god, five thousand years ago. Were they treating the hunt for Rowan similar to the hunt for a god?

He wanted to chuckle that such a move seemed excessive for what he thought was to be a relatively simple hunt for Rowan, before his face went grave, it would seem he never learned his lessons.

How long did it take for Rowan to be strong enough to nearly kill him with a single blow. A week? It had been nearly two months now, and although he would have gotten stronger, according to all common sense, the Paths to power only grew steeper the higher you climb.

But, that Bast\*rd does not obey common sense, does he? Maybe such an number of troops and weapons were just right to hunt him down.

## **Chapter 196: The Approaching Storm (3)**

Augustus looked at the long lines of soldiers and Armaments moving below, as plentiful as ants. The Empire had Trillions of Troops at the First Great Circle, and they could easily replenish that number from the many worlds under the Empire.

The Territory of Third Circle Dominators could sustain life, so it was unknown the true number of soldiers the Empire could field at a time.

Seeing the lines of troops, Augustus went into the habit of counting them by the thousands to keep his mind busy as the flying carriage took him to his destination. He stopped counting when he reached a million.

Yet the question still troubled Augustus, why this response? A single Third Great Circle Dominator should be enough to hunt down Rowan.

Augustus sighed and chose to forget for the time, about the games of the strong, while he contemplated his escape, he had no doubt they would be able to track his departure, he had left too many details that a careful inspection would reveal, but if he could escape Trion, the universe was opened to him, and he knew of other powers he could sell his knowledge to that would bring him tangible benefits, after all, the Pathway of Dominion was not the only paths to power.

There were many Major Worlds out there, and he could start anew, and make something of himself, to tell the truth, something about the method Rowan had effortlessly killed had haunted him all these while.

For a Dominator of his age and power that should not be possible, as he had fought in so many battles to be discouraged by a single loss, but he suspected that his Spirit had also been subtly corrupted when he fought Rowan.

What sort of bloodline does he have?

It took an hour for the carriage to reach the docks for spaceships primarily responsible for hauling cargo. Merigold was one of the biggest ships of her Class, and was currently holding twenty-two thousand people apart from the various cargoes she shipped around the Empire.

Augustus would not be making the trip with any of the passengers but with the Cargo. It would not be a pleasant experience squeezed in with crates of goods and carted around to the ends of the Empire, but he would survive, and he would thrive.

With his time as one of the candidates for the position of Ancestor of the Tiberius family, he was able to gather an impressive amount of wealth, both legally and with less than legal methods. He had sequestered riches on many planets of the Empire, he would slowly regain what he had lost.

After dropping from the carriage, he headed to the Spaceship that was already primed; it was shaped like an overturned bowl with five spots of thrusters blowing out blue flames.

Augustus could not help himself, and he began feeling a brief burst of optimism. He always followed his instincts and he felt good about this trip.

A weight he had been feeling drowning his Spirit was slowly being eased, and he had begun breathing easier, as the infectious good energy of the surrounding crowd that were waiting to board the ship infected him, and Augustus forgot for a while he was mingling with peasants and worthless scums, and he began laughing.

He had all the necessary documents needed to board, and he was quickly sent aboard. He maneuvered to the area of the ship responsible for holding Cargo and the number of

people around him slowly dropped to zero, and he walked in a dim passageway with bad lights.

Augustus walked down the long hallway with hundreds of doors that led to various storage rooms. He proceeded to a seemingly random door and opened it with a key. The locks had been changed and except for him and his backups, no one else had the key.

Inside the room was filled with clothes, carefully packaged and arranged according to their colors. After going past multiple rows of clothes, he reached the last row and pushed the clothes by the side to reveal a hidden door which he opened with another key he collected from the Spatial Ring.

Inside the room was dark, it had been cloaked with Runes, so he expected the darkness. Augustus could hear breathing coming from the room. He entered and shut the door behind him, and he smiled when he felt the ship begin taking off.

He sat down on the floor and sighed, before he suddenly paused. There was something very wrong here, his heartbeat began going crazy and his intuition for danger was going insane.

Everything had been superb for a while, before suddenly changing, as if he was just allowed to begin noticing the wrongness.

Almost like a cat who was now weary of toying with the mouse and was about to feed.

The first indicator was the breathing. The sounds he was hearing seemed like it were coming from multiple people, but closer listening would reveal it was coming from only one person. There should be five people here with him!

That person had stopped disguising himself.

This should be the game of Absomet, she would love doing something like this, waiting for him to make all his plans, then dashing them to pieces while laughing in his face.

He had the key to unlock the cloaking Rune, and with an uneasy heart, he activated it and light flooded back into the room, and he paused, he was mistaken.

Augustus had seen a lot in his life, but something about this scene disturbed him in ways he had thought had forgotten. He rapidly took in the scene and began moving backward towards the door

Everyone inside the Room was dead, they were killed by someone twisting their heads around. The bodies were lying face down, but their faces were looking at their backs, and a man with white hair that reached the ground was on one knee as he was eating the bodies.

He did not acknowledge the now bright room, as he dragged a body of a female by the neck and began eating through her stomach, clothes and all, making sucking sounds as he swallowed the innards.

His mouth was opened abnormally wide, not because it was made to work like that, but because this man had stretched his mouth opened so wide the side of his face was ripped apart, as yellow blood flowed down his face. He, however, did not seem to care.

Augustus knew who this person was, and he was the last person he would want to meet in his current state. He reached the door, his hand questing for the lock as he refused to look away from the figure eating the bodies, when a guttural voice stopped him,

"I wouldn't do that if I were you. The safest place on this ship is here with me."

Augustus had no habit of listening to Abominations, even if this one was a Champion, he opened the door and rushed out, the ship should have not left the atmosphere. He may survive the jump, anyway death would be better than to be stuck in this ship.

An hour later, a bleeding and battered Augustus with a missing right arm and part of his face chewed away returned to the room and shut the door, blocking out the hellish sounds coming behind him. Through the slight gap that was revealed before he shut the doors, yellow eyes in their hundreds filled the room

The Abomination Champion had finished eating everyone inside the room; he was holding a leg, which he took small bites from as he chewed.

"I told you. The safest place is here with me."

Augustus felt a flash of pain from his left hand, and turned to see his arm from the shoulder had disappeared in a spray of blood.

The Abomination Champion had not moved, but now he was holding Augustus twitching left hand.

"Pardon me." He said almost shyly, "I'm still starving."

The armless Augustus collapsed on the floor and began to scream.

## **Chapter 197: The Approaching Storm (4)**

A golden chariot pulled by four horses assembled from nine colored flames raced along the skies of Trion, heading for the central capital city of the Empire, Aroth. Their speed were many times faster than sound, leaving a flaming trail behind them that extends for miles.

The coachman driving the golden chariot was an old man with white hair and a beard that was peppered with spots of red, his presence would shake any world he steps his feet into, for he is a Dominator of the Third Great Circle, yet he was driving a chariot.

Inside the chariot were two people, a young man who had a startling resemblance to Rowan, but his face was thinner and more effeminate, and a kneeling woman, who was dressed in the uniform of a Royal maid.

The insides of the Chariot was far bigger than the outside, and resembled a tastefully furnished room with plush chairs and gleaming chandeliers with Art pieces on the walls. The materials inside were either in white, red or gold, and it all blended together to create a luxurious atmosphere.

Yet, the two people inside the Chariot placed every luxury here to shame.

The young man had long red hair. His eyes were like multi faceted gemstones that were shining with nine different colors, his fingernails were like gleaming hot coal and shone a wicked red, and when he breathed two streams of black and white smoke escaped from his nose.

He clothes were all in white, with little gold trimmings, which highlighted his dashing figure and heroic disposition. He casually rested on his seat and his presence alone commanded worship.

Fury Akranothotez Kuranos, is the publicly acknowledged most powerful Dominator under the Third Circle. Such a title could only be really understood when the scale of the Empire was put into the picture and the multiple Dominators across the entirety.

To be titled the most powerful, meant this man was a monster beyond compare.

He was thirty-five years today, and already a Proclamation State Dominator, a single step from the Third Great Circle.

At the moment of his birth, the entire planet plunged into darkness, and nine colored flames circled the planet for days. He was the first Dominator to be born in the Second Great in Recent memory, and from the moment of his birth, he had found no match in the second Great Circle.

He was unmatched in both Martial and Bloodline Abilities, and he was an expert in Exoteric Studies like Alchemy, and Rune scribing. Even though he could not kill Third Circle Dominators, he could destroy their bodies.

Fury Akranothotez Kuranos was invincible.

His name was recognized all over the Empire and beyond, as the man most beloved by the gods.

On his hands was a scroll, which was unrolled, and in it was every information to be found about Rowan Kuranos.

His piercing eyes looked through the scroll one more time, before it's flashed red, and the scroll vanished, evaporated into atoms. The Spine of the scroll was made from Davros, a metal resistant to energy and magic, but it meant no difference.

"So, do I have a brother like this? Why was this information held back from me for so long?" He spoke in Medan, with a long drawl using a weird accent because when he was seven, he was sent to live among the Phoenixes, which dwelled in a Major World far from Trion.

His accent was of those mystical creatures, and Medan was the only language Fury spoke.

The maid was not a Dominator, but her powers were equal to those at the Second Great Circle, and she could be ranked at the Spirit Territory realm. She was an Arachnid, a warring race who also had their own Major World.

She kept her head down, not only because of the respect she had to afford to Fury, but also because without a sufficiently powerful Spirit, looking into his eyes would literally burn your soul to ash.

Her hair were white and cut short, and her hands had six fingers all ending in wicked sharp black claws, her voice, however, was divine.

"Lord Fury, the time of your Ascension is near, the Ancestor feared you might be distracted from your task. The Kuranos family would lose their hold over the Bramian Court in ten years time, and your stakes in the Aura fields would be cut by half.

"We are already behind schedule with your last tussle with the mages on Sephiron-5, and we need to collect your envoys from Crystal Lake."

Fury arched his brows, and tapped the side of the chair, every tap from his finger caused the color of the chair to began changing until it collapsed into ash, he effortlessly conjured a chair made from flames without any gap in composure, "Then why are you showing this to me now, Nathis?"

Her breathing quickened, "Where we are going, it would be useless to hide the information, Lord Fury."

Fury suddenly burst into laughter, and as he did the carriage shook and the weather began to change, Fire Spirits in their thousands were born as a manifestation of his will, and they all had the same voice as him, and they all joined him in laughter.



The sounds of laughter from the Fire Spirit radiated around and if this were a Minor World his laughter would have been heard in every single corner of the planet. It was impossible to know if he laughed from amusement or annoyance.

Fury was not only beloved by the gods. He was also beloved by the world, his every action were supported by the will of the world, and fighting him was similar to fighting an entire planet.

"Nathis, tell me about the history of this brother of mine."

"Lord Fury, it was difficult gathering the smallest bits of information about him. Apart from the Ancestor, all information about Rowan Kuranos has been scrubbed. But what I did find was... disturbing."

Fury sat forward in interest, "Tell me."

"The first mention of his Bloodline Root was twenty thousand years ago, where an unknown man brought a Kuranos child to our doorstep. He refused any compensation for returning a child of Kuranos and vanished not long after. That child was without any backer, but his bloodline potency was adequate, and over his lifetime, he climbed to the Rift State before he died. He had only one son. His name was Bardolf Kuranos and his son was Nel Kuranos, and a matter of note, Bardolf refused to marry into the Kuranos family and chose a mate by random, according to what I gathered, he went out to the city and closed his eyes while randomly selecting a female."

"Nel Kuranos continued the tradition of his father, he refused to select a Kuranos family wife, and he died in the upper layers of the Rift State, and he had only one son."

"The son died at the beginner Incarnation State and had only one son, and that has been the tradition of this enigmatic family line, until the peak of their success, the Third Prince, Grigori Kuranos, now feared dead according to the Soul flame he left behind, he died at the beginning of the Proclamation Realm and of course he had only one child—Rowan Kuranos."

"There was a bit of commotion involving this bloodline and their unique potential, it was fairly strange for the bloodline potency to increase every generation, but whatever attention they received died down five thousand years ago when it became obvious that none of the upcoming generations could surpass the Second Great Circle; thus they were all relegated to mid-managerial levels in the family."

"Rowan Kuranos was the outlier in this family history because unlike his forebears, he was born weak and sickly. Perhaps this should have drawn more attention from the family, but his unique bloodline was of no interest to the Elders."

## Chapter 198: The Approaching Storm (final)

"Fascinating." Fury said, "Are there other such variations in our bloodline that I'm not aware of?"

Nathis coughed, "Lord Fury, you are one of the biggest variances in the Kuranos bloodline, and there are thousands of such variance in all bloodline, mutations and strange abilities awakened can change the potential of every Dominator, yet most end up weak, and Rowan Kuranos bloodline variance has been judged weak for the last 15,000 years."

Fury paused, "Yet, how does such a weak child do this?"

He closed his eyes and seemed to be reading from memory the details of the bounty scroll, "The Fugitive Rowan Kuranos is wanted for the Crimes of stealing an Origin Treasure central to the War effort against the Invaders from the Magi world and The Abyss World, and collaborating with Heretics and Abominations. The fugitive is considered extremely dangerous, and a credible sighting would be rewarded with a Boon from an Earth god of either the Kuranos Family or the Tiberius Family."

Opening his nine-colored eyes, he said, "Rowan Kuranos should be twenty-five years old this year should he not?"

"Yes, Lord Fury. He is among your generation."

"Yet, they say I'm matchless in this younger generation. The man is already worth an Earth god boon, and I know there is more to this bounty than was revealed, this bounty is open to negotiations! Can you believe that? Either he has hidden himself deeply or certain recent events would have changed him. Where is the mother?"

"That information has been hidden, Lord Fury."

"Friends, lovers, every man has something he holds dear, I would like to find them."

"It will be done. Nonetheless, my lord, this is not the Priority."

"I beg to differ, Nathis. This brother of mine, I want him with me."

"That could be unwise, I'm..."

"No, no... you misunderstand Nathis. Spread the word among your web. I want to battle him. In a few years' time, when I ascend, I will have no equal in the Third Circle and except for the Ancestors, I will be invincible in the Empire. Rowan Kuranos is making my blood boil, he may serve as a source of entertainment for me before I ascend."

"I will see what I can do."

"Contact all the Realm Listing of Geniuses, there will be some of them with insights that may aid us in finding him. Where is my pet punching bag, Dorian? "

"The Son of Scarlet? After the last humiliating defeat in your hands, he went off to a Minor World to vent."

"If he is not aware of the bounty, do inform him. He has a knack of being in the right place at the wrong time."

"of course, lord fury."

©

In the Underground City of Trinad, at the center of the City, was a massive white stone with red characters on it. It was the Nemesis plate, it was a Transcendent grade treasure present on every Empire owned planet.

At this time, a crowd had gathered around it, and even after being forcibly dispersed by soldiers countless times, everyday they returned and their numbers increased. More than a hundred thousand people had already gathered in this square.

They all stood and witnessed a single name rising in the list with every single second that passed, and it was unknown when the chant began, but for the last eight days, it had not ended and was only increasing in pitch and fervor.

"EROHIM! EROHIM! EROHIM! EROHIM!"

In the crowd, something was changing, as if the chanting of the name was producing a formless power that was spreading all over the city.

You could almost touch it, you would expect the crowd to be tired after eight days, but the opposite was happening.

"EROHIM! EROHIM! EROHIM! EROHIM!"

A skinny old man who was one of the last priests of the fallen god and hero Erohim, painted his face with his own heart blood, he spread his arms apart and his shouts were so loud it was deafening. He had been standing there in that position for the last eight days, various acolytes knelt on the floor and were screaming along.

There was power here... old powers that were beginning to stir.

Mercenaries and family members of the Boreas family went about with a frown or a daze, they were all aware that something was wrong, as the atmosphere of the city was beginning to change.

This was no longer a competition about killing beasts anymore, it had become something else.

At the Teleportation Circle, thousands of troops from the Boreas Family began entering the city.

®

Rowan sat cross-legged on his Telekinesis plate as he shot towards the horizon, this method of movement was slower than running, but it was far more discrete.

He had left the Convoy an hour ago, and began moving with the aid of his enhanced ability. His mind was occupied with his future plans, so he did not really savor the feeling of flying with his power.

His Empyrean Sense spread out, and he saw a suitable area for his needs, three miles underground. He drew his senses to him and focused on the area, and the entire region opened up in his sight, revealing all its secrets to him.

There were a long series of cracks in the ground that led to a giant cavern that contained water underground. It was deep enough that Rowan could experiment with his abilities and increase the proficiency of all his Ability Runes and Awaken his first Angel.

With the time he was going to consume the continent of Krakow getting closer, he aimed to increase his abilities as quickly as possible, to prepare for the war ahead. Every single improvement matters, and he was going to push himself and transform all his abilities to the next level before the destruction of the continent commenced.

He stood up as the Telekinesis plate brought him close to the ground where he stopped it descent, Rowan summoned two long spears, one of the spears was black and the other green, after flexing both spears, the black spear was kept back in his Storage bracelet because of its hardness was insufficient for the task he was planning.

Looking through his cache of weapons he saw a long sword that would suit his needs, it was sufficiently long and hard enough, and he dispersed the Telekinesis plate and landed on the ground.

He was right above the crack on the ground, and with a small grunt, he thrust both weapons into the crack, the spear a bit forward and the sword behind, leaving a third of their length above the ground.

He opened his palms and a single speck of vibrating purple black Aether appeared above each of his palms, the surrounding temperature immediately dropped, and he released the two grains of Aether to fall on both side of the crack where he placed the weapons, and the ground was frozen for hundreds of feet around, with a black ice that was harder than diamonds.

Checking the hardness, he released a couple of grains and the ice was stained with purple, and the hardness increased. This property of his Aether was deeply fascinating.

Rowan sighed, and went down on one knee as he grasped both weapons, and pushed his Telekinesis along their length, so he could add additional support to their frame, his feet dug into the diamond hard ground and bracing himself, Rowan slowly began exerting pressure as he split his arms apart.

One of his most powerful ability from his Ouroboros Bloodline was burning his vitality. With this technique, he could disregard every concept of strength and agility and continuously power himself up to an infinite amount, the only drawback was his sanity and his conscious self.

Such a power would turn his mind to ash, and his body would literally take over becoming a force of destruction.

## **Chapter 199: The First Angel**

So the question Rowan needed to know was the limit to how much Vitality he could burn to be an effective asset to him, and what better way was he going to channel this strength than by opening the earth.

Rowan did not hesitate to begin this experiment no matter the danger it might pose to him, as he knew it was one of his unique abilities that separates him from anyone else, and so, he burned.

one percent...

Three percent...

Ten percent...

This was his current limit. Unlike before, when Rowan burned his Vitality to power the weapon Envy, he had only been burning the vitality in his arms alone, so when he burned twenty percent of his vitality then, he was using less than two percent of what he was burning now.

Because Rowan was burning his Vitality from his entire body!

A golden light that was almost solid began to sheath his entire arm, and Rowan began to grow. He had the presence of mind to quickly keep the hairband Diane gave him into his Spatial Bracelet which was floating in the air being held aloft by his Telekinesis, but his clothes crumbled to dust.

He became a giant, twelve feet tall, his thick blond hair resembling golden wires.

He channeled all the energy he was generating into Strength in his arms, and his total strength attributes began to rise like a rocket, it doubled, then quadrupled, and kept increasing.

Maintaining this state strained all of Rowan's two pillars of consciousness in order to keep his vitality burning at a steady pace because it wanted to escape his control and gallop ahead, ever-increasing the amounts he was feeding the unceasing flames, also he had to channel all the energy he was receiving into Strength.

It was like juggling seven sharp knives, while dodging a hail of flaming arrows, blindfolded!

But the results... were spectacular

First there was a loud crack as if from a thunderbolt and a low crashing sound that began to increase in pitch as Rowan applied more force. A hill in the distance began to tilt before crashing to the ground.

The ground began to shake as the crack on the ground began to widen. Rowan was pulling the earth apart!

He could have used easier methods to reach underground, but all he was doing was experimenting with his power, and the act of him pulling the earth apart with his bare hand seemed to satisfy a desire of his bloodline.

Pushing more force into his arms, the weapons began to scream a metallic screech as they were placed in forces beyond their structural integrity, and they began to bend, even with the Telekinesis braces he had on them.

Rowan was moving millions of tons of weight, almost as if he were pushing a mountain.

When the weapons snapped, they detonated like a bomb, a bit of metal sliced across Rowan's face but could not penetrate the force field around his body. He did not blink.

There was now enough gap for him to see thousands of feet below the ground, and he dropped into the gaping chasm he created, while reducing his size.

As Rowan fell, he opened his hands, releasing grains of Aether that created black sealing ice behind him, and when his feet reached the cavern, he had sealed the chasm he created with miles of black ice.

There was no light underground, but to his Empyrean sense it was brighter than a thousand burning stars. Different colors erupting from all corners of the cavern brightened the area, and he was able to see hundreds of marine life inside the water, with a brush of his will, Rowan drove them away to swim deeper into the connecting waters, he did not expect any mortal life to survive his experiments.

He was pleased with the amount of strength he could call up while burning his Vitality, now he only had to refine it to the extent he could hold it safely while performing other actions.

Inside his Mental Space he had gathered 124,765 Soul points and another 303,987,776 energy points. The energy points were enough to activate the Chaos Engine in another Serpent.

Two down, four more to go. They were almost done with clearing the second Continent.

He had all the Soul Points he would need to awaken his first Angel, and he called up his Avatar of Eve bloodline.

Rowan totally called upon the full scope of his Avatar of Eve bloodline. The entire cavern was frozen in black Ice including the small stream and the entire cavern was sealed in black ice.

His Palace of Ice appeared in reality as the underground cavern seemed to darken and expand, almost as if Rowan had been transported to the void of space.

The Palace of Ice appeared around him, and his Throne at his back, looking over the rows of the 101 kneeling Angels of Char, he would swear there was an air of expectation as if they all knew one of them was going to be brought out from the darkness to worship.

The First Angel to be born.

Rowan sat on his Throne, and his naked body adjusted itself, so he would be comfortable, he saw a brief flash by his side and the black shadow presented to him a cloak of ice and darkness.

Rowan paused and accepted it, and she draped it over his shoulders, a brief purple flash cinched the robe of darkness around his body and he leaned his head back, and he rested.



There was something deeply comforting about this throne that seemed to soothe an ache in his body.

Before he knew it Rowan rested his head on a single fist, and he slept a dreamless sleep for the first time in months.

It was not a short sleep, as he rested for seven hours, waking up far more refreshed than he thought possible. His perception instantly zoomed to outside his Palace of Ice, where a third Pillar of Consciousness was beginning to appear.

It was still hazy and seemed to be in a state between real and unreal. Rowan stroked his jaw, was there a connection between his sleep and the appearance of a new Pillar of Consciousness?

The shadow figure shook, and His bloodline knowledge activated, and he understood what occurred. Every Pillar of Consciousness was created by him accumulating experience of reality itself.

His actions of keeping his Empyrean senses opened had contributed a lot in building his Consciousness Pillars, and showed him the way forward to revealing and understanding more secrets of the world that would grow his Palace of Ice, enriching it with all the knowledge of the physical world, and all these would contribute to his Pillars of Consciousness.

Rowan smiled, this was a perfect synergy with his plan to become a mobile Alchemy Forge. He would be building worlds, if he could not get the experience of realities from such an exercise, nothing else would.

He brought forth his will and the Soul Points rose from his Throne of Ice. A purple moon that shone with so much potential, and Rowan realized with the manifestation of the Palace of Ice in the physical world he was able to manifest Soul Points also in the physical world.

He gestured to the purple moon, and it floated down and settled on his palm, where he began using his Empyrean sense to investigate its structure and got nothing.

Whatever the stuff Soul points were made of, he could not yet pierce the veil, but a new excitement was building in his heart knowing he would be revealing all the unknown mysteries of the universe in time.

He sat up straight, keeping the purple moon in his left hand, he opened his right hand, and a closed eye rose from his Throne and settled upon it.

## **Chapter 200: The First Angel (2)**

The closed eye was cold like a piece of dry ice, and was far heavier than he expected, with his strength it was a meaningless weight, but it weighed above 100 tons. The few details his Empyrean sense could scrape from it were so dense and complex, he could not even understand what he was seeing.

Rowan looked at the kneeling Angels of Char, and seeing they were all equal with no differing characteristics, wanted to pick one at random and awaken it.

That was when he felt his bloodline shake, and the female shadow knelt before him, and information that transcended words or pictures entered his mind, and Rowan understood a part of his bloodline inheritance.

He was a little annoyed at being fed his inheritance piecemeal, but he understood that if he was not ready to unleash a particular function of his bloodline, knowledge of it would be hidden from him, to avoid him being bogged down by information or abilities beyond his understanding.

It was the same situation with trying to understand the details of this enigmatic female shadow. Rowan did not know if he should be scared or insulted when the shadow informed him that knowledge about her true nature would simply erase him from existence as he was still too weak.

When Rowan asked what Angels were, he was still informed that he could not yet comprehend it.

Rowan frowned and pushed down his irritation, and he returned to ponder on the knowledge about awakening Angels that she had revealed to him.

Basically, every Angel of Char were the same, yet some of them were unique because they had a special ability called Resonance.

There was long history behind his Palace of Ice that he did not have access to yet, but basically all Angels of Char had the possibility to resurrect a part of themselves long-lost to time.

For his bloodline was both creating and resurrecting. The shadow informed him that he had a unique opportunity to connect with the traces of fallen powerful Angels, and via Resonance, achieve a form of resurrection.

From the information Rowan was given, his bloodline was an aberration, and that was just the easiest term he could quantify it with. Rowan now had the possibility to resurrect long dead Angelic powerhouses when he Awakened his Angels.

Essentially, if he had a million Angels of Char, in order to resurrect a certain fallen powerhouse he would carefully select and combine only a specific number of Angels from those millions of Angel of Char he had.

For example, he had 101 Angel of Char, and from his bloodline, Rowan had been presented with a list of many Angel powerhouse Attribute links that had the potential of pushing an Angel to a certain height by the use of Resonance.

Rowan now understood that not all Angels were created equal, even his own. At the moment, among all the Angels of Char here, there was only one that had the Potential of reaching Sovereign.

In the future, if he had a million Angels, he could not endlessly fuse them to create Archangels or any higher form of Angels, except they had Resonance with each other.

It was also not the end, when he would be fusing Angels to become an Archangel in the future, he would also need to pick specific Angels to fuse with, else all his preparation would be spoiled. As each Resonance was unique, some could only create Angels at the Sovereign Level, while others were at the Seraphic Level.

Ideally, the best time to begin creating Angels would be when he had gathered at least a billion Angel of Char, from such a huge number of Angels he would be able to gather all the ones that had potential to advance to higher states like Principalities and Dominions, and select from the host of Angels, the ones with the correct Resonance and prioritize their awakening.

It was not bad that he was able to acquire an Angel that had the potential of reaching Sovereign out of one hundred Angel of Char available in fact, according to probability, he was very lucky.

Yet this was not an Argument against the powers of a normal Angel, who when fully grown could equal Dominators of the fourth Circle, the so-called Ancestors or Earth-god, and with all the traits they were given they would dominate any being at their level.

Also it would be easy to forget in the entirety of Trion, due to the restriction on bloodlines created by the God King, there were only seven Fourth Circle Dominators in the entire Empire. Rowan could create an infinite number of Angels if he wanted that were equal to the highest earthly powers of the Empire when they became fully grown.

The shadow figure pointed out the Angel of Char who had that potential of reaching Sovereign; it stood up and began walking towards Rowan.

The Angel of Char knelt before his Throne and the shadow figure that Rowan decided to call Lady of Shadow, stepped to the side of his Throne arms folded.

It was a simple effort of will to shoot the closed eyes at the Angel, its potential was Sovereign, so the first eyes went to its chest. A normal Angel would have their eyes positioned in the middle of their face.

Rowan stretched his left hand forward and a thick stream of purple light erupted from the purple moon and shot into the closed eye in the Angel's chest. The power wrapped around it like chains and its body began to rise as black flakes like ash fell from it.

The Angels name came unbidden to Rowans mind, "I call you... Suriel. My first Sovereign."

At Rowans word, an explosion of light shot from the body of the Angel, as it became engulfed in bright white light that its figure could no longer be seen. The light was so bright the kneeling Angels of Char began to release black smoke as parts of their bodies became cracked.

Counties whispers went through the ranks of the kneeling Angels... "Sovereign!" it echoed.

®

In a place distant beyond all concepts of space and time. Calling it a place or a space would be wrong, it resembled more of a conceptual arrangement of chaos and since chaos had no pattern, this space was strange because in here, chaos had patterns, yet it was still chaos.

It was ephemeral and vast beyond reckoning, with only one single thing prevalent here.

Destruction.

Whatever took place here, it happened before all living memory, older beyond even when all the universes were born.

Older than gods. Older than the Titans. Older than Emphyreans. Older than the Universe. Older than Chaos. Older than the concept of time and space.

In this place where destruction and chaos had dominated for endless eternities.

A light brighter than a thousand sun was reignited.

Yet in the unquantifiable vastness of this space, it was nothing.

®

Inside the underground cavern the light from the awakening Angel was still present, and from the bright light, two wings brighter than any light a mortal could ever conceive were unfurled.

All the light emanating from the newly born Angel was sucked into the wings, and it slowly dimmed until it faded into a material resembling platinum.

The eyes on the chest of the Angel opened, and it had grown to cover a third of its torso. The eyes smoldered like a furnace and red light spewed from it, and the eyeball rotated as if it was a planet rotating on its axis.

The Angel was faceless and without any visible gender. Wrapping its wings around its body, an armor of flames began growing around it, until it was covered head to toe.