

The Primordial Record

Chapter 201: The First Angel (final)

The flames vanished and what was left was a seamless armor that reminded Rowan of his shell, the color was close to silver but with darker shades, there were simple Runes on the armor that Rowan could not comprehend because they seemed alive and moved around the armor of the Angel. An eye was imprinted on the chest of the armor that blinked and looked around.

The Angel stepped forward and conjured a long blade of flames more than six feet long, containing Runes, the flame was so solid it resembled a red metal.

it knelt on one knee and a voice hard to describe spoke because it was not emerging from the mouth of the Angel, but from its wings.

"I am your sword and your shield. My existence is to spread your glory until the ends of all time. I am Suriel, and I await your commands. Father."

As it spoke, its body and armor shifted and expanded, as if the process of assuming the name was changing it, and its androgynous features became more refined until its form resembled that of a man, alongside its voice.

When he called Rowan father, his voice was now deep and masculine. From the kneeling Angels of Char came many whispers of "Father."

Rowan could feel the power radiating from the Angel, like the heat from the sun. If he were to gauge its level, it would be at the Incarnation State, but that would be a poor way to judge its capabilities.

He would need to test his combat abilities later, but that was not the main reason he created Suriel.

It was for the purpose of his eyes.

"Raise Suriel, what can you show me of the world."

The Angel stood up from his crouch, "Everything! Father."

Rowan paused and stood up from his Throne. The cloak of shadow billowed around him, extending into the ground as if he were cloaked by darkness, and he grinned,

"Show me."

Suriel wings spread out, and his armored feet left the ground, each of his wings were almost twelve feet long, and the platinum feathers resembled shining blades. His wings suddenly caught ablaze, and he zoomed off, piercing through the ground and escaping into the atmosphere.

His speed was both quick and silent, as he melted his way through rock and ice with no visible hindrance, as if he was a hot knife piercing through butter.

He flew higher, past the clouds, and with every beat of his wings he began moving faster, and quicker than Rowan would have thought possible, every wing beat seemed to be doubling its speed, and in a few seconds it was outside the planet.

Such speed from the lowest level of his Angel who had not fully developed his strength, gave Rowan hope for the possibilities Suriel's other powers would bring.

The flight Ability from his Angel was a power to double their speed with every beat of their wings!

The eyes in his chest blazed before going dim, and Suriel wrapped his wings around his body and seemed to turn into a metallic construct.

Rowan felt a mind brush one if his pillar of consciousness, and he allowed it access, and he saw the world from the point of view of the Angel.

Jarkarr was vast, and was not blue like Rowan initially thought, but dark green and black. Rowan knew the color was because there was no water on the surface of the planet, so the light reflecting off the planet was the green of trees and the black of earth.

It was a fascinating, yet if this was all Suriel could show him he would be disappointed, sure he said everything, and technically, he was showing him "everything", but that was before the Angel began releasing Spectral feathers that began to spread and the depth of Rowan vision... expanded.

If the Angel was a satellite, then the feathers were drones that could show him the small details happening on the surface, according to Suriel current level and growth, he could see everything happening in around a 1/2000th of the Continent, which might not seem like a lot, but it was actually in a range of a thousand miles. When he became a fully grown Angel, he could easily cover the entire planet with his Sight.

He could see everything in astonishing clarity for a thousand miles around, and the Angel was mobile, that meant anywhere he directed him, Suriel would be there, and nothing would be hidden from his eyes. With the Speed of the Angel, it could circle the planet in a few minutes.

Rowan perception swept across a thousand miles of land and sky, and everything was revealed to him including the Convoy, and four other convoys that were a few hundreds of miles from their own, along with some mercenaries team and a few thousand beasts.

Testing Suriel Sight further, he zoomed into the convoy and into the vehicle of Circe, where he witnessed a conversation between Nana and the hidden Dominator Rico.

There was a barrier over the office but the Suriel ripped through it like tissue paper, and he could see both clearly as if he were hovering over them, wishing to hear the details of the conversation, the image seemed to splinter, and suddenly, it was as if Rowan was there with them.

This name of this Ability Suriel just used was called Astral Projection.

It was a novel sensation that he dismissed as he listened to their conversation.

"—telling you, there were no bodies, you could see the sight of the battle, but the bodies are all gone! You can't stop me, you know this is the right call, and any more time I spend with you is valuable time I could be using to change our circumstances." Rico said in a furious whisper.

Rowan was amused, why were they whispering even though he had left and they had veiled the area? He had clearly scouted the location of some of the battlefields of Rowan.

Nana held his hand gently, "I know I cannot do much to stop you, but as an alternative to leaving the convoy, you should wait until we reach a Relay Tower and send your messages from there."

Rico scoffed, "We won't see another Relay Tower for a long while."

Nana smiled, "that is where you are mistaken, there are networks of Relay Tower that lies not far from our direction, but I have not informed Circe about it yet. The plan is to slightly change our direction, and we should reach them before long."

"Hmm, if that is the case..."

Rowan stopped listening to them as his Sight began to vibrate, and he let it lead him.

Suriel vision zoomed away from the Convoy, and he was able to see four separate Relay Towers that were on the convoys current path.

Rowan paused, his excitement began to build, as this new function that Suriel vision gave him was closer to Omniscience.

He commanded Suriel to show him all the Relay Towers within the thousand-mile radius of its vision, and it showed him twelve of them distributed in various locations inside his vision.

This function of Suriel vision had unlimited possibilities, and to properly utilize it was necessary because if used properly under the range of Suriel's vision he would be able to locate anything, even if it was hidden.

"Hmm... this is interesting. Suriel show me all the Dominators or powers at or above the second Great Circle."

His Vision split into three places and the Dominators were highlighted, and Rowan's eyes began to shine with a sharp glint when he noticed the fifth individual in the list.

Chapter 202: The Whispering Infants

The first split vision showed him the two Dominators he saw fighting with the mercenaries, Suriel Sight stripped them of their disguises, and he saw they had long blond hair, and their shape were willowy with pointed ears. They were about to leave the range of Suriel's sight.

Are they elves? Why are there no longer any Legendary State Dominators with them? Why are they so afraid? Did I not clear most of the horde in the Continent?

Pushing those questions away from his mind, the second vision panel showed him Rico and Nana. He had suspected the older woman, but she hid more deeply than he thought. She was approaching death, maybe that was why she reduced all energy emissions from her body to zero.

The last figure was below the ground. It was not a man but a golden beast, and at this time it was a few miles away from the underground cavern where Rowan was.

It was a giant rat wearing a white jacket with the buttons opened, and a black top hat. It was moving through the ground with a supernatural ability because the earth parted around it as it moved, and with the look in its eye, this beast was intelligent, and it was muttering to itself.

Rowan had a theory of these beasts gaining more intelligence the higher their level, and he was correct, and his elation of this new feature of his Angel was curbed by a growing chill. This creature had been following him all these while!

Rowan may have felt a pinch of reluctance blowing a hundred thousand Soul points into creating the Angel, but now he realized it was an intelligent decision, the utility of Suriel's Sight alone was more than worth the investment he placed into it.

If the Ouroboros bloodline was to be his fist. The Angel's bloodline would be his eyes.

The Golden beast was the strongest he had ever met, and with its disguise ability, it would have been impossible for Rowan to know he was being followed. If it was adept at assassination, Rowan could have lost his head without realizing it.

He was going to kill this creature. But he had never personally killed any being beyond the first Circle before, so that could be a problem.

His Serpents were too far away from him at this time, and if they were to return, it would take at least four hours. Rowan would have to battle this creature and kill it without having any aid from his Serpents.

That prospect did not phase him, he just had to make sure it did not escape, that was the most important aspect of it all. He did not know how long the beast had been trailing him or how much information about him, it knew.

His mind began whirling around as he began thinking about the consequences of his abilities being exposed to the beast behind the curtain—The massive dragon lying in wait on the third continent.

He could afford no mistakes in this fight, Rowan had not begun testing his Ability Runes with Aether and now was as good a time as any to do so.

Using Suriel's Sight was not disorienting to him, as Rowan allocated a single pillar of Consciousness to the task while leaving another for himself, so he had a full view of his surroundings and paired with his Emyrean sense, he felt he had the whole area under control.

Then he felt an urging from Suriel and also the Lady of Shadow, they wanted to be the one fighting. From Suriel it almost seemed painful to watch Rowan fighting, yet there was also a hint of awe in the heart of the Angel.

That was... interesting.

If the Angels see him as their father, he may understand the reason for this emotion, but Rowan placated him, with the message that war was coming sooner than he thinks, and he would have more than his share of blood and mayhem soon enough.

Rowan kept the Palace of Ice back into his Mental Space and swept his mind through his Spatial Bracelet, idly noting that he had been levitating the bracelet all these while without any conscious thought.

His robes of shadow faded, and Rowan materialized the clothes inside his bracelet onto his body, since his experiment to create clothes out of flames had been cut short.

From the movement of the golden rat, he determined that it would be quick as its motion was impressively fast, so Rowan had to focus on the Agility Attribute.

Because he had only two pillars of consciousness, and one of them was dedicated to Suriel's Sight he had to make do with one, that meant he would burn his vitality, but to a limited degree, maintaining it was difficult as it would be like fighting two wars, one with his bloodline and another with the golden rat that was as large as an elephant.

Burning only two percent of his total vitality, he focused the burst of energy on his Agility and the world slowed further, he crouched, retrieving two spears from his bracelet.

The Golden Rat was twelve miles away from the cavern, and it was beginning to slow down. Rowan's entire senses focused on the creature, he would have to kill it as quickly as possible.

Here goes nothing.

Rowan activated his Flesh Light Ability Rune using his new purple black Aether, and in his heightened perception brought on by his high Agility Attribute, he watched the grains of purple black Aether fly up and touched the Ability Rune for Flesh Light, and the Rune shook.

And then a sudden storm began inside his Mental Space, as lightning and a loud scream of pain escaped from the Ability Rune of Flesh Light.

Lamia!

That bit*h has been in my Mental Space all these while!

His Palace of Ice began releasing a suction force on the Ability Rune, and before the flames of Flesh Light could manifest the Ability Rune was drawn into the Palace of Ice.

The heart representing Flesh Light froze and turned black, and began to disintegrate into dust, and the dust soon vanished. The palace of Ice flashed, and it seemed to have gained something from devouring the Ability Rune.

He had just lost Flesh Light! Lamia's will was inside the Ability Rune!

Does she know my location?

Rowan was shocked, but he shrugged it off, this was not the right time to start obsessing over what had occurred. It would seem he could not activate Ability Runes with his new purple black Aether, or the Palace of Ice may consume it.

He had a premonition when he began gaining abilities inside the Nexus about the ease by which he was gaining new powers, and he could not yet satisfactorily explain how he gained them.

He was once again reminded that could not help him solve all his problems; it would not alert him to some glaring issues that he might have overlooked.

After all, it took for the entire universe to be destroyed before it decided to make a move. Rowan realized that not even his death was the reason it folded an entire timeline into its pages, it was because he had attracted too much attention.

Yet he was not too disturbed by that fact. It gave him enough advantages, he did not expect it to solve all his problems, he had all the tools to destroy all the plans of his enemies, he just had to use them wisely.

He did not know which of his Ability Runes were corrupted, maybe it was only Flesh Light, and potentially it was all the Abilities he gained inside the Nexus. If that was to be the case, his strength had just been cut down by a lot on the eve of battle against a second circle golden beast.

Chapter 203: The Whispering Infants (final)

Well, he had tougher odds before!

The golden beast with clothes suddenly stopped when it was a few miles out, and began to vibrate. Rowan did not attack, as he was curious about what it was doing, and also cataloging what he could do without using any of his Ability Runes.

The vibration increased in intensity and the golden rat began to scream and curse, and like a stuck page on a book being forced open, the golden beast split into two identical copies, down to the clothes, except the color pattern had changed.

The sounds that were made when the split occurred were sickening. Like flesh being ripped apart by unearthly strength.

The first beast wore a white jacket and a black top hat, while the second wore a black jacket and a white top hat. The golden rat both panted for a bit, while making low moans of pain. The former relaxed and ordered the latter to proceed.

Rowan cocked his head to the side while observing this interaction. This golden rat had the ability to clone itself, and judging by the speed in which it did so, it could do it in under twelve seconds.

The information Rowan lacked however was how many more times could it clone itself, and how long was the duration of the clone's existence.

Most importantly, was the first rat that was giving the orders a clone or the real beast? And how much information about him has this beast gathered?

Due to the fact that Rowan could not detect this beast normally, as its fur seemed to be in a constant state of invisibility. Without Suriel Sight this beast could have been close to him for an extremely long time, and he would have had no idea.

Rowan kept back his weapons, he could no longer use this creature as an experimental subject for his apparent corrupt Ability Runes, he would have to wipe it out at once, and he still had the means.

He called up the Lady of Shadow from the Palace of Ice, and she appeared beside him. Silent and mysterious, she appeared to understand what he needed, and she brought a single cupped palm up to her face and began whispering inside the palm.

From the knowledge from his bloodline, he understood she was performing a spell. His angels were also capable of performing spells, but in a very limited manner. She specialized in spell craft and had virtually no physical capability.

Yet her powers were enhanced to a ridiculous amount, the only detail about her powers she could tell him was that her spells all fell under a branch of Enochian Spells, like always, she did not elaborate what that fully meant.

With a final harsh sound, she removed her palm from her face and opened it. On her palm were many tiny faces as small as ants. The faces resembled those of infants, and they were all whispering to each other. It was a small mercy to Rowan that all their eyes were closed.

Bringing back the palm closer to her face, she puckered her lips and blew into her palm, releasing the thousands of whispering babies, and they flew with a mystical wind through the rocks, and then they separated in two.

One of the clusters of whispering babies entered the ears and eyes of the golden rat closer to the cavern and covered it, while the other went after the waiting golden rat. They did not seem to notice that their eyes and ears were now filled with the heads of the whispering babies.

It was an eerie sight because it almost appeared as if they were filled with writhing maggots.

The two golden rats suddenly jerked as if they were both electrocuted and began moving towards him, doing away with any of their previous stealth.

Before long, they both walked into the cavern, phasing through the rock and ice, and moved towards Rowan where they stopped and laid down on the floor.

Rowan watched a creepy and fascinating event unfolding. Whatever spell the Lady of Shadow had cast it was one that was both subtle yet deadly.

The eyes and ears of the golden beast were filled with the faces of the whispering babies who were doing one thing: feeding them lies, it would show them another reality and make it their truth. This spell reminded Rowan so much about the Nexus that he grimaced.

He was like this once, and thinking about all the Ability Runes in his Mental Space, perhaps his freedom was still a bit far from him.

The golden rat with black jacket and white top hat was on the floor and on its back, and it was making motions as if it was crawling through the earth, while muttering to itself,

"—telling Sharky what to do. Sharky is strong and... and. Sharky fierce. Sharky moves forward with big steps, not baby steps. Grrr..."

Clearly, this one was retarded. Was it a feature of the cloning process? Creating new clones with similar powers but reduced mental acuity? Yet, it was a golden beast at the second great circle, and a powerful weapon in its own right.

Rowan looked towards the other who was more crafty, as it was muttering to itself, it was mostly repeating the same thing and Rowan caught the gist of it, "I have to be careful about this one, can't take it too far. His presence is not normal, but if I can kill him, I can consume the people he protects and return with news of the six heavenly beasts killing our brothers. Vraegar should already be aware, but I can give him more details, about their size, even their smell... he he he... I can't wait to feast."

Rowan believed that this one was also a clone, its mental state seemed pretty one - tracked. He could now easily kill these creatures, or he could feed them lies and release them. Suriel would follow them back to their base on the third continent.

After thinking through these series of actions, he decided it was the best, and brought out a dagger from his bracelet, seizing the retarded golden beast, he began slicing into it, and he underestimated the tenacity of their fur and the dagger snapped.

Rowan finally decided to pick the weapons of bones he had been ignoring and selected a long dagger with a wicked curved blade. It did the job, but Rowan had to really apply force to cut through the flesh of the golden beast.

He cut off one of its arms after hacking at it for a while, and crushed most of its ribs, knowing how much these golden beasts could regenerate, he ripped out its heart, and then he noticed something inside the stomach of the creature.

It was an orb, and from it, he was sensing such potent energies as from a volcano, he almost dragged it away from the beast and consumed it.

Checking out the second beast, he also saw the same orb, with a similar level of energy, although that one may be slightly more potent.

Rowan had to assume this was the upgrade path for beasts outside the paths of Dominion.

Dominators created Realms in the second circle, while these beasts created a concentrated orb of energy inside their body. Which was more advantageous? At this time, he could not tell, but it was fascinating to see other branches of power outside the Paths of Dominion.

Rowan crushed the orb of energy inside the butchered body of the golden rat, keeping a small part remaining. Even though he would be feeding them lies, without proper evidence it would not sell the lie.

Rowan thought this amount of damage should be enough to simulate a tough battle with him, and come out victorious.

Taking the body parts he collected from the butchered beast he fed them to the other golden beast, as this should be enough to enhance the lie that it returned and fed on the convoy.

Now he just had to wait for the whispering babies to complete the lies in their head and the scene would be complete.

Chapter 204: Creator

"why don't you just kill us all?"

"its not my place. Now, lift!"

A woman with short hair, wearing ragged clothes stood inside a tunnel, above her were faint rumblings like the echoes of an unending thunderstorm.

Her hands were raised aloft, and it held a massive metallic object more than fifty feet long, in front of her and behind her were dozens of burly men with some women thrown in the mix, all of them held the object above them as they struggled to walk through the tunnel.

The woman's feet dug into the earth that had become harder than steel over the course of centuries by the people who walked upon it. For everyone who walked these tunnels carried heavy burdens.

The materials of the tunnels were cursed, for they sapped the strength from muscle and every bit of Aether in the blood, all to keep the prisoners docile and easy to slaughter.

"You are the one going to kill yourself if you don't ease up." The speaker turned out to be a tiny Sprite, that resembles a tiny female with dragonfly wings wearing a green armor.

The woman panted as sweat ran down her brows, the ache in her muscles had been growing, and her hands began to bleed as the wrapping she tied around it had worn off, for what they carried was both heavy and rough, and she carried the heaviest and roughest part of the load.

In two minutes, they reached the end of the tunnel, and she gave a small grunt and set her feet, she braced herself for the incoming weight.

"This is as far as you will go, leave the rest to me." She waited for a while and opened her eyes in anger, "Do you want me to repeat myself?" she asked softly with steel in her tone. The men and women holding the object with her shuddered and reluctantly backed away.

The full weight of the object came on her shoulders and she barely stopped the grunt from escaping her throat, and against common sense she began to run with the load.

The tunnel began to slope upward at an increasing alarming pace, and if she had not begun running, she would have failed to make it to the top, after all, the least number of people to make this run were fifty Legendary Dominator, and although she was at the Rift State, the burden did not make it any lesser to bear.

It was a good thing her bloodline had a breakthrough, and the Pathway of the Giant gave her great strength, else they all would be dead. Her Lord would despair when he came back for his people.

Reaching the top, she set the burden on a large flat belt, that was linked to a pulley and winches, and she began hurrying around to tie it down, she barely succeeded before the load she was carrying which was revealed to be a long metallic barrel etched with Runes was launched into the skies.

She had seen many people lose their limbs when they were not quick enough with fastening the winches around the large missile, some of them were sent hurtling into the sky, their despairing screams hanging in the air for longer than it should be possible.

Of course, there was no need to fasten the winches to the launching mechanism, for it was magnetic and held down the massive missile well enough, but it was regulation, and anyone who failed to do so would have to carry another missile to the launcher without the allotted one hour of rest.

It was one more depraved game played on this field of madness by people who she knew had simply gone mad after spending any amount of time here.

The only reason she was not insane was the knowledge that she needed to perform her duty to her lord. Any other burdens would have to be shifted to the sides.

She had failed him too much already, and when he returned she would have something of his waiting for him. It was the only thing she could hold on to—Her duty.

Else Maeve would have gone mad.

Before she returned back into the earth, she could not help but look at the battlefield, it was frowned on by every lifter down inside the earth in the endless maze they call home.

Do not look at the battle. Close your eyes and your mind to the carnage, for the knowledge of it would worm into your mind, both sleeping and awake, and death would be a solace.

Maeve did not listen, and she always looked, always watched the world ending a thousand times every day.

She always looked. She did not know why, but maybe it was as a witness, for she heard rumors of this war, but words did not do it justice, could never do it justice.

As always, she could only see a small part of a small part of the battle happening here.

The Unending War, as they called it. They told her, It would be her tomb, no matter how long she was to last, either a year or a hundred years from now. This war would never end, and her bones would a single grain of sand on an unending beach.

The missile she shot was one of the tens of thousands that broke the air with a loud scream as they pierced the air, raining down death. The launcher shooting the heavy missiles faster than the speed of sound was never empty for long, its sole task was to rain fire on the large armies of monsters.

Endless Demons whose howls of bloodlust were a permanent sound in the battle, paired with endless rows of Dominator in armor as the clash of steel against claws and fangs created a symphony of slaughter that shook the air.

They fought in what would have a small river, but it was not water that splashed below their feet. It was blood.

Blood that had flowed from the necks of a million dying every minute!

On this battlefield, the war that should be fought on a thousand different worlds were all concentrated in this place. It was hell.

Her sight moved upward to see giants in gleaming armor tackle Demons the size of buildings as the ground shattered before their clash. A Demon with the head of a bull was cut in two, its screams were like laughter, and it was ended with the giant stabbing a twenty-foot blade through its open mouth until it reached the brain.

Men in robes chanted arcane words, as lightning, fires and different spiritual attacks flooded the battlefield from their palms, every single second in the small part of the battle she was seeing was death and butchery on a scale that nearly tore her mind to pieces.

A loud groan erupted on the battlefield, where a flying female Dominator with red hair was torn in half by a laughing winged demon. With a last curse on her lips, the Dominator exploded, and the skies shattered as a mushroom cloud appeared in the atmosphere.

The winged demon was blasted into the skies and was set upon by two giant figures whose screams of rage were painting the sky red.

The shockwave from the explosion began travelling from the mushroom cloud above, followed closely by red flames, and Maeve watched in mute awe as it swept through the battlefield tearing apart countless rows of Demons, mages and Dominators, and when the shockwave reached her it flung her down into the tunnel where she hit her head against a protruding spike and everything went dark.

The last thing she saw was the tiny sprite looking down at her with worry in her eyes, then the flames rushed into the tunnel, and even in the darkness of unconsciousness she screamed, as she feared she had just lost the last of her lord's people.

Forgive me.

Chapter 205: Creator (2)

Rowan watched the golden beasts leave, the whispering babies still clinged to their eyes, it would only dissipate an hour from now, and with the speed of the beast, he expected it would be far away by then.

He commanded Suriel to follow it. He had bigger fishes to fry, these include all the Ability Runes he presently had, and his plans to devour the Continent. The timetable for that had just shifted forward, and he gave the order and his Ouroboros Serpents shrank themselves to tiny feet long shapes and began moving towards the third continent.

It was time to see how much of his Ability Runes was left to him, and to see if like Flesh Light, they had also been corrupted.

It was with tense expectations that Rowan activated Bone Fire. He let his purple black Aether stream into the Ability Rune and became surprised at what happened next.

He had always thought he had received Bone Fire from the green phantasmal images from Envy, but the shrieking figure before him disabused him from that notion.

It was a bird scream he heard from Bone Fire, and the image of a titanic skeleton of a bird flashed by before it disappeared, leaving him with the memory of where he last saw it.

He had seen this beast inside the world with the red moon, during his Ascension to the Legendary State. He had lied inside its rib bones and waited for his Soul points to grow. It was something that happened not so long ago, and yet it felt like forever.

The hint had been there in the name all these while, and he had not seen it. But he vividly remembered the flames the giant skeletal bird poured on his Serpents before he escaped that world. Flames as green as those of Bone Fire.

Either the Axe had been a catalytic effect on him acquiring the flames, or traces of the creature had remained inside him, and it was expressed as Bone Fire, and the act of using the flames would do what? Increase the influence of the creature upon him? Or was it a beacon or something else?

Once more, his Palace of Ice absorbed the Ability Rune for Bone Fire, and he watched the Rune dissipate into nothingness. The Palace flashed and settled, as a hint of contentment flowed from his bloodline.

The next Ability Runes he needed to investigate was his Berserker Aspect, and like ripping off a band-aid, he went at it. Placing Aether inside the Berserker Skill Tree, his body shook, and he nearly screamed when it blasted him with excess energy with no way to channel it.

Hurriedly switching the energy into the Smash Berserker skill, he knelt, and his fist became hammers as he began punching the floor of the cavern.

It was like multiple explosions going off at once, his punch blasted the ground open creating giant craters, and a rush of black and red smoke poured out of his fist creating massive sheets of black ice that spread around from the blast site.

When he was done relieving the energy after smashing his way through hundreds of feet of earth, he found himself inside a deep crater ringed by black ice that stretched hundreds of feet into the air like black crystals.

Both of his arms were glowing with three colors, black, purple and red, and he watched as they faded away. The bones of his fingers had bent and cracked a little, but they realigned themselves in a blink of an eye, and Rowan clenched his fist.

He did not lose everything. Berserker was truly his own.

Then he looked into his Mental Space and saw a frightening picture. The Berserker Ability Rune that resembled a branch with the various Berserker techniques on it like leaves now appeared wilted and frozen.

The branch began to collapse, but with a burst of golden light, his Ouroboros bloodline renewed the Ability Rune.

That was too close! Without my Ouroboros bloodline, I would have lost the Berserker Aspect with a single usage. His Palace of Ice was not devouring the Berserker Rune, but the strain of his new Aether on the Rune could destroy it.

It was a good thing that he had upgraded the Berserker Aspect to the Refined level, else he was sure that if it was still a Mortal Level Rune, it would have been destroyed with a single use.

Going by that logic, it became possible for him to train and upgrade this Aspect in order for it to be able to adapt to his Aether. It took a few seconds for his Ouroboros bloodline to repair the damages to the Rune, he could work with that.

Calling up , he was anxious to see the new changes in his Attributes and Abilities.

P

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength : 5,059

Agility : 4,375

Constitution : 6,594

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher, Creator.

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 3 — Refined State)

Vortex (Level 4 — Refined State)

Bash (Level 4 — Refined State)

Dash (Level 4 — Refined State)

Smash (Level 9 — Refined State)

Combo Attack (Level 3 — Refined State)

Bloodline Skill : Eruption (2%)

Passive : Decipher language (complete)

Records:

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

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

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

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

Engine Two – 200,671,665 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Three– 1,000,000,000 / 1,000,000,000

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

Engine Five – 675,000 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Six – 245,000 / 1,000,000,000

Rift Rule: Absolute Body [Locked]

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Path Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Berserker Skills Upgraded:

Smash :[Refined level 7 → Refined level 9 (Strength + 150)

Ability Rune Consumed: Flesh Light

Spirit sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Bone Fire

Spirit Sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Bloodline Skill Gained: Eruption (2%)

Soul Point : 15,766.1245

The page on felt leaner than before, as many of his abilities had been consumed. It would be a lie if he said he did not feel any ache at their loss, but he knew he had to give them up.

Yet he needed valid explanations for his loss, yet he first observed the page carefully, showed him what he anticipated, he had unlocked a new bloodline skill: Eruption.

Burning his body's vitality was a unique attribute of his, and he was glad it had become a skill, with this he could accurately track his growth and enhance his control of the skill.

Switching over to his new title: Creator. It was self-explanatory, because it seems awakening the Angels of Char was somehow equal to creating them anew. Rowan felt the title was both humbling and narcissistic at the same time, but wondered why he felt more at least with the title Reality Butcher than Creator.

In his previous life, he had always wondered how it would feel like to become a father. His wish had been granted in this life but in a manner he would never have expected in a thousand years.

He called the Lady of Shadow to his side, demanding an explanation about the tendency of his Palace of Ice to devour every Ability related to his soul, and if he would ever be able to obtain those abilities once more.

These were answers that he needed for any plans he was going to be making moving forward.

Chapter 206: Creator (final)

The Lady of Shadow shifted and faced him directly, and she began revealing her knowledge to him.

The method she communicated with, was not by words or any auditory sounds or gestures, it was with a sort of bloodline vibration that he instinctively understood.

Her reply was succinct, she only gave what he interpreted as one word: Weak!

Just the same reason his Ouroboros Bloodline would never accept any other bloodline that could affect his fleshy body. His Avatar of Eve bloodline would never allow any weak Spiritual Ability to occupy the same space.

The Lady of Shadow informed him that in the elevation of his bloodline, he would have Access to the Tome of Enoch. Which contained all the True names of creation, this would be his source of spells, not... weak trash!

She also told him that even if the Palace of Ice did not devour those Ability Runes for itself, it would still be a useless effort to preserve it as they will never be able to accept the full power of his Aether.

Something she said made Rowan pause, and he became determined to rapidly boost his Berserker Aspect to higher levels quickly enough.

She told him that when he elevates the bloodline to the Legendary State, his purple black Aether would also receive a boost alongside it. At that time, if his Berserker Aspect was not more powerful than it currently is, he was going to lose it, no matter how much his Ouroboros Bloodline sought to preserve it.

The Berserker Aspect was not devoured not because it was powerful enough, according to the Lady of Shadow, it was only average. It only survives because it was rooted in his Ouroboros bloodline, and unlike the other Ability Runes that were consumed, they had no way of sustenance.

There was no time like the present, and Rowan discarded every other thoughts he had and manifested a pair of swords, and closed his eyes.

He would be using his Ouroboros bloodline essence to power the Berserker Runes, and every now, and then he would be using his Aether. Just a single use of his Aether has boosted his Smash technique by two levels, and it became his highest rated technique at Refined level 9.

A bloody light erupted from the swords as Rowan began a dance of Berserkers, he created simulations of enemies in his mind, Augustus, Lamia, the man in the black robe, the goddess, his father, the Primordial Keepers, he placed them before him, and he went to war.

Burning his vitality, the surrounding air turned red like blood as he activated Enrage, then vortex, every ten minutes he discarded the wrecked weapons and retrieved another, and like water flowing down a stream, his Berserker Aspects began to grow.

From outside the ground faint rumble like the earth moving resounded every now and then.

Above the earth, Suriel began to slowly move as it followed the golden rat, which quickly dispersed it clone by assimilating with it, and ran towards the third Continent giggling about his job well done.

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Six hours later, the ground began to quake, and then like an opening mouth it caved into itself, a red glow escaped the crash, revealing itself to be Rowan, who quickly created a Telekinetic pad and placed it under his feet.

His body was glowing with a deep red glow like blood, and above him was an image of a branch that resembled bulging veins, the red light flowing along the branch was like streaming blood, and Rowan opened his mouth and roared at the sky.

It was long and sonorous, and his elation affected his Ouroboros Serpents who shivered on their journey, and had to hold themselves back from roaring alongside him.

The branch behind him grew thicker, and it began to resemble a bloody tree, and its presence was becoming more real.

He did not expect the change that came over him when he took the Berserker Aspect to the next level, not only the growth in his Attributes that should be astonishing because the amount of strength flowing through his veins was like liquid ice but also the deeper connection he had forged with the technique.

If he was proficient with it before at Refined, now it was almost as if it had been ingrained into his consciousness, and he could dig deeper into it and erupt with more abilities.

The Berserker Aspect flooded his veins with a bizarre energy that he needed to experiment with as it screamed to him of its growing potential, and he needed to unleash it.

Rowan grinned and cracked his neck, utilizing the Dash Skill, it became clear that everything had changed, instead of shooting forward uncontrollably he stood still, his control over the technique was now much better, around his body, fine red mist began to arise that were vibrating as if it were filled with excessive kinetic energy.

Rowan allowed the skill to express itself, and he vanished in a burst of red light, appearing a thousand feet ahead, this was multiple times faster than when General Augustus used it when he fought with Rowan, and the skill had not yet ended. The vibrating red mist was still with him, and as he began dropping from the sky, he called upon the Vortex technique.

A loud crack like thunder erupted from his body and a pair of visible large hands the size of Rowan's body appeared around him, they were opened wide and seemed about to close into a fist.

They were made from red mist that resembled blood, and this was the visual style of the Vortex skill, and it was also tangible, he held it in place and once his feet touched the ground that shattered under his weight and momentum, he released the Vortex skill, and the hands turned to fist and began rotating around him like a drill.

The massive red fists, although they appeared like smoke were harder than metal and with the speed of their rotation, they tore open the earth creating a deep crater around him and the winds from their movement created a mini bloody tornado around him.

Wanting to go crazy as he knew it was not all he was capable of, he activated vortex once more and another pair of rotating fists appeared doubling the environmental damages he was doing, and still, he activated it again.

Now there were six howling fist shaking and shattering the earth and skies, and Rowan began grinning when he added Aether to the technique.

The red tornado flashed and two colors mixed with it, black and purple, and as if it were rapidly inflated by a massive air current, the tornado swelled and the destruction range multiplied, and like a blooming flower, it unfurled.

Rocks and earth were thrown into the skies, and everything in the radius of the technique was shredded to fine particles.

When the destruction ceased Rowan held himself aloft with his Telekinetic pad, while thousands of feet around and below him had been turned into a deep crater filled with black ice. Inside his Mental Space he could only see a slight black growing spot on the Berserker Rune that was quickly healed by his Ouroboros bloodline.

Going by the amount of damage it took by activating it with his Aether, he could safely say he could use now activate the technique with his Aether ten times in a row before he would have to pause for a few seconds.

Rowan was very satisfied with this result, if he erupted with this technique, he could do so with that backing of his entire Aether and he would not be apprehensive about going all out.

Calling up , he checked his new stats and abilities.

Chapter 207: The Son of Scarlet

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength : 6,459

Agility : 4,375

Constitution : 7,194

Class: None

Title: Plane Walker, Chaos Blood, Reality Butcher, Creator.

Berserker (Tier 2)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 1 — Earth State)

Vortex (Level 1 — Earth State)

Bash (Level 1 — Earth State)

Dash (Level 1 — Earth State)

Smash (Level 9 — Earth State)

Combo Attack (Level 1 — Earth State)

Bloodline Skill : Eruption (2%)

Passive : Decipher language (complete)

Records:

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

AVATAROFEVE: Level 0 Completed (10,000)

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

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

Engine Two – 200,671,665 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Three– 1,000,000,000 / 1,000,000,000

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

Engine Five – 675,000 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Six – 245,000 / 1,000,000,000

Rift Rule: Absolute Body [Locked]

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Path Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Berserker Skills Upgraded:

Smash :[Refined level 9 → Earth level 1 (Strength + 200 Constitution + 100)

Bash :[Refined level 4 → Earth level 1 (Strength + 300 Constitution + 100)

Dash :[Refined level 4 → Earth level 1 (Strength + 300 Constitution + 100)

Vortex :[Refined level 4 → Earth level 1 (Strength + 300 Constitution + 100)

Combo Attack :[Refined level 3 → Earth level 1 (Spirit + 300 Constitution + 100)

Spirit sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Enrage :[Refined level 3 → Earth level 1 (Strength + 350 Constitution + 100)

Soul Point : 18,876.1245)

The number of Attributes he received from pushing his Berserker technique to the Earth level floored him. Was this the normal number of Attributes you were supposed to receive when upgrading techniques like these?

His Strength was rapidly catching up with his Constitution, and he was surprised that he did not receive any more Agility from the Berserker Aspect, maybe he would begin receiving them once he began upgrading it once more.

If it was so, no wonder some Dominators may become far more powerful than their levels suggested. It was nearly two thousand points in attributes, even though most Dominators would have to use decades to acquire the same power he did after a few hours, he thought it was a great trade for them to pursue the heights of their techniques.

He knew these Abilities had potential, but this was power that went beyond the concept of bloodlines.

It was almost too much and the lust for more advancement thundered in his veins, he was nowhere near the limit of the amount of power he could gain from the Berserker Aspect, but before he continued he should ascertain a clear understanding of his current abilities and polish others too.

Then Rowan paused in contemplation, he thought this number of Attributes was not normal and was due to the nature of his bloodline, the Six Headed Ouroboros.

There was a certain trait about this bloodline that he always fail to understand its true significance, that was its propensity to double or even triple the Attributes he received from either leveling up or upgrading his techniques.

He remembered that when he first upgraded any of his technique before he acquired the six-headed Ouroboros he had barely received ten stat points, but as he continuously evolved his bloodline, his gain from every upgrade of his bloodline or techniques grew alongside it.

This should most likely be the case, else the Rift state Dominators with great skills he had seen should be as powerful as second circle Dominators.

So, after the Refined state was the Earth state. The Berserker Aspect at this level would give him greater control of its skill, enhancing their powers and also allowing him to cast the same skill multiple times in a single stretch.

If this was the only Ability Rune he possessed, he was more than satisfied with the outcome. It gave him the Attributes he actually needed when he upgrades it, as without a Soul, he did not need Spirit, which was the Primary Ability his flames gave him.

Rowan shook his head, placing away the joy of bringing this technique up to the Earth Level, and he once more entered into the ground, his experimentation had not ended, he still needed to refine his Aether and learn how to merge his Telekinesis with that energy to create clothes, armor, and weapons that would serve him well in combat.

Envy was on the Third Continent, and before he reached her again, he needed alternatives, powerful ones.

Rowan activated smash and two large bloody fists rose up beside him, testing the technique further he brought out two axes and the fists transformed into axes, he swapped the weapons to another, and any weapon he held, the bloody mist transformed to become those weapons.

This could be very useful.

On a whim, he held a bottle of wine and the mist transformed into a bottle, and Rowan laughed even as he broke it open and swallowed the refreshing drink.

Enrage turned out to be the most interesting skill among the Berserker Aspect, it gave him a suit of bloody armor that had a skull face as its helmet. With the addition of his Aether it became a dark purple bloody armor and a cape of red mist trailed behind him.

Holding both Enrage and Smash at the same time, he activated Vortex and another two fist rose beside him, and then with a loud roar he punched the ground.

The blast took him into the ground, as he turned the technique into a drilling tool, Vortex slicing it way in a circular motion and smash digging deep into the earth and Enrage empowering both techniques, he did not lack Aether or Vitality and only stopped when he was a mile deep into the earth.

Dispersing all the Berserker skills he pushed his arms upward and forcefully shot Aether upward, sealing the mile long tunnel with ice.

Summoning his Throne, he sat on it and the Lady of Shadow gave him a cloak of darkness.

Rowan closed his eyes and began to run his thoughts through his oncoming experiment, satisfied with his thoughts he opened his eyes and summoned a globe of Telekinesis the size of an apple.

Inside it, he placed a single grain of his purple black Aether, and in a blink of an eye the globe was filled with black ice which began pushing the limits of the globe.

Rowan kept it in the same size, fortifying the Telekinesis globe until it could hold the black ice, and now the globe was at this moment the size of a watermelon, yet the area where the ice stayed was still the size of an apple.

With an audible snap, Rowan depressed the Telekinesis into a flat sheet. The ball of Black ice spread out with the Telekinesis sheet, creating a black and stiff sheet of Telekinesis.

Rowan paused, his Empyrean sense going over the black sheet. He nodded in satisfaction, he could not do more with this sheet because his Telekinesis was still too weak to hold his Aether effectively.

His Telekinesis had been upgraded with the growth of his Strength and Constitution, and the force field around his body had thickened, growing the amount of Telekinesis he could wield.

It might look like a thin sheet of black ice, but the invisible Telekinesis holding it together was as thick as a board. Dispersing the cloak of darkness, he wrapped the sheet around his body, with his Telekinesis he tucked and folded some part of the sheet until he had a usable cloak that resembled a long jacket with a hood.

It flapped behind him. The material appeared to be unreal, as the blackness of his Aether seemed to drag in the light, and little glinting of purple in the cloak made it seem like tiny stars in an endless void!

Chapter 208: The Son of Scarlet (2)

His energy cloak was a success, and the Aura his Aether gave off was chilling and forbidden; he transformed into a figure that could give grown men nightmares.

The shadow from the hood covered his face in darkness, and Rowan sighed as he still had a slight regret of not using the flames of Flesh Light to make his first energy clothing.

He consoled himself with the fact that this one was better than ever, plus its defensive ability was nothing to scoff at, even though it was not really Rowan's purpose when he created the cloak.

Now that he had experimented and perfected the formula for his energy cloak, as he decided this was the name he would be calling it, he dispersed it, and it vanished into bright sparks, and he remade another in less than five seconds his hands moving in a blur, creating the sheet took two seconds and the energy cloak from it took three.

Rowan wanted to make it faster, so he dispersed it and tried again, experimenting on various ways he could mold his Telekinesis to make it faster in its speed of assembly while preserving its strength for his Aether not to escape, it was tricky, but he soon mastered the correct amount of Telekinesis to employ, and he got faster at making it.

After twelve tries he shaved the time of production down to two and half seconds, but he wanted it to be ready in half a second, and pushed to continue his trial, he did not need sleep or food and by the time his Serpents reached the third continent, he would be ready.

But that was the moment Suriel alerted him to an astonishing turn of events. It had been tracking the golden beast ever since it left and something disastrous to his plans had occurred.

The golden rat was already eight thousand miles away and was galloping through the plains with its tongue hanging out when the skies turned red.

Via Suriel vision, Rowan saw a figure shooting through the sky, hair as red as flames and holding a large single edge blade. It was a muscular man whose eyes blazed with flames, and he wore only a red trouser with golden belt and boots, and at the moment he was a thousand miles from the golden rat and Suriel was at the perfect position to capture the instant he turned his sights and saw the golden rat across the massive distance and the man grinned a maniacal grin that exposed all his teeth.

He stopped moving and stood in the air, he brought his hand back, while closing one eye, he muttered to himself and the blade he was holding caught aflame, and with a loud yell, he threw it like a spear.

The blade pierced through space, ripping a long red line that resembled a bleeding wound, sonic booms parted their way around the blade, and the golden rat only had a chance to look up at the red sky before it was impaled and slammed into the earth creating a gigantic crater that soon exploded with flames that shot up to the clouds.

This Dominator did all these from a thousand miles away!

The man gave a great laugh that shook the sky, and holding the red line his blade left behind in the air, he heaved and as if the line was made of an elastic band he was pulled to the site of the explosion, his body tearing through space leaving loud explosions behind that echoed around the continent.

In fifteen seconds his hands were touching the hilt of the blade, and the golden rat was left with nothing but melted bones that grasp weakly in the air. The Dominator pulled out the blade, neatly dividing the core of the golden rat in two.

"Haaaaaaaaaaaa..... Finally, some worthy prey. Why are you not screaming, beast! Oh, you are just a clone. Shame, guess there are no more picking left on the continent. Hey, before you pass into the great tomorrow, did you by chance see six lovely beauties flying in the sky? No? You can't miss them, their colors are as beautiful as pearls in a desert! Are you sure you did not?"

Spitting at the melting beast, he muttered to himself, "Useless."

Leaving the deep pit created by his attack he began scratching the back of his neck, and Rowan had a thought that this man looks a lot like a lion, his red hair flaring upward like a mane, if he was not wrong, this should be... Yet, his next words surprised Rowan.

"I don't know who you are watching me right now like a coward! Face me, and let us battle like men! Or would you rather hide like a worm, while peeking at my glory!" His voice resounded through the air, and it would have probably been heard around the planet.

Around him was such a thick concentration of power it was almost like liquid tar was bubbling around him, this Dominator must be at the peak of the second stage, and was one step away from the third.

Rowan wanted to move Suriel along, fighting this man was of no interest to him. He would rather strengthen his Berserker technique to the next level and await more soul points in order to prepare for his upcoming Ascension to the Rift state, he was more interested in how the man knew he was watching him.

Rowan felt he must not have detected Suriel gaze, but a sort of instinct had warned him about Rowan's inspection. This was not pleasing news for Rowan, but he chalked it to his Angel being too weak at the time. Suriel energy value was closer to that of an Incarnation State Dominator at this time.

"Little worm, stop hiding, your filthy gaze rakes across my skin like slime, and you better face me now or run from me for the rest of your pathetic life! Yet, I'm coming for you, I will scrape the surface of the entire world looking for you!" The voice of the Dominator was loud and piercing, and could be heard all over the continent.

Various parties, including mercenaries from all over the Empire, beasts, and all the convoy stopped their operation as they all held their breath, even in the underground city of Trinad, the voice of the Dominator swept through, and various talks and arguments broke out all through the city. Even the chants in the City Square experienced a lull.

They all knew whose voice that was, Dorian the Son of Scarlet, and who was the unlucky being that fell into his sights?

Panic began to erupt among the various convoys, as they began hurrying their journey towards the city even though they knew it might be futile, some of them had seen the red line pierce the sky and the pillar of flame that followed that seemed to reach the heavens. The battle between gods were far beyond their comprehension.

The underground city of Trinad began to bolster their defenses. Dorian had been riled up, this was a man who had killed a billion beast while appearing to be asleep, yawning all through while demanding a worthy fight. Hasty messages were being sent to the family headquarters in Trion, they needed Dominators that would contain Dorian, else he might destroy their entire city during his battle!

Then Rowan grunted as he nearly fell from his Throne, his bloodline was beginning to rebel against him. It would never permit any challenge to its authority to go unanswered. Eruption ignited by itself and Rowan began to grow, he hastily suppressed his bloodline, but he knew he needed an avenue to vent. He only had his control back when he decided to battle.

Chapter 209: The Son of Scarlet (3)

Rowan gritted his teeth in anger, he hated when his hands were forced, and events going outside his plans irritated him. His fury appeased his bloodline, as it wasn't concerned about the source of his rage, only that it wanted to battle.

Making sure his Ouroboros Serpents were still on their way to the Third Continent, he stopped them and decided to change his plans, closing his eyes only once he gave the decision for his serpents to commence devouring the world, starting from their position, they were at least 20,000 miles (32,186.88 km) away from the Third Continent and Rowan judged that it would just have to be enough.

He stood up, drawing his energy cloak around him, and he brought his right hand upwards and dispersed the ice sealing the tunnel, with his experiment he learned the black ice was still part of his Aether and he could still control it. This includes taking back the Aether inside the black ice.

Placing his Telekinetic pad below his feet, it carried him into the air, and as Rowan ascended he began to frown, he did not think he could win, not without his Serpents and also revealing his second bloodline, that means he had to become stronger much faster than his plans, if only he could wait for a few more days. But that train of thought brought out another deep vibration from his bloodline.

"Fine, you want me to go all out. I will. But, don't you dare break down on me, body of mine, let the world break before we do."

With his words, his bloodline screamed in madness, and uncalled-for, a golden beam shot out from his body and pierced through the cloud until it reached space, and a storm of darkness surrounded him, massive lightning bolts began to wander around his body like snakes and a sound erupted through the sky like thunder.

It took a while to realize it emerged from his mouth, "Come!!!!"

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The Six Ouroboros Serpent shook their bodies and began to expand, the savage glee in their eyes could not be described. Their unending lust for growth and energy could only be expressed in wholesale destruction, and they had been let loose.

The six Ouroboros Serpents grew until their full sizes of 3,000 feet (0.91 kilometers) long, and their bulk covered the skies, as they swam in the air, the unearthly Aura they gave off was astounding, and they looked up and roared at the skies.

Their roars were on a frequency that could not be easily deciphered, but it pierced through space, and it began to destabilize the nature of this world, it was like a snake who bit its prey injecting a fatal dose of poison, and waiting for it to fall into weakness as it was devoured.

Rowan did not understand the meaning when he intended to devour a world. He was still young and inexperienced, for him reality was still tangible and fixed, but if he knew that for his serpents to truly devour the world they would eat not just its body, but also its spirit!

He was still but a child, who holds the biggest stick in the universe and still imagines he holds a straw.

As one they all rose into the air, and bending in a sinuous movement only serpents were capable of they plunged back down into the ground leaving six massive holes in their wake.

The Aura of destruction around the world of Jarkarr thickened.

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The death of the Golden rat and the announcement by Dorian did not go unheard. Inside the underground city of the third continent there was nothing but a massive sleeping dragon, and on its back were gray shadows.

The dragon was so massive the entire underground city rested on its back, and every single moment as it breathes it grew increasingly bigger.

This was no longer a beast, but a Nascent Empyrean!

The city was now a city of shadow and the people who were on it were all shadows. These shadows walked and talked and went about their day, the laughter of children and the marching of soldiers could be heard all around, they got married, and they fought, and they killed, and they died, and yet, they were all gray shadows.

It was as if the dreams of the dragon was expressing itself in reality, but this was not the most terrifying thing about this dragon. It was the only one that was aware that everything on its back was a gray shadow, for everyone else that entered the underground city, including the shadows themselves, did not know that they were shadows.

At this time the eyes of the dragon opened and within it was a vast and malicious will. He called himself Vraegar and from all the spawn born from the body of his father, he was blessed to be born of his Spine, and within that bone was a single finger bone that contained memories from his father.

That memory gave him distinction, and gave him the ability to collect a part of his father's inheritance, and such was the might of the inheritance... it could bring gods to their knees.

Vraegar growled, "Come for me father! It is time I take your head!"

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Underneath his energy cloak, Rowan activated Enrage, and the blood armor wrapped around his body, activating it once more added more details to the armor, and at the third time it was almost solid like metal. All these were hidden under the shadow of his energy cloak.

Rowan closed his eyes and he waited, and he began having memories of when he was inside the Nexus. He remembered screaming and fighting for a people that for a time seemed closer and more important to him than any other thing before, he had felt righteous rage at their suffering and until now, he really had no idea if what he felt came truly from his own mind or the compulsions placed by the Sigils.

"Why am I thinking about this" Rowan said to himself, his voice was not muffled by the bone helm covering his face.

"Oh, I see. It's because since that time, it's the first time my blood has begun to boil like this. The world is about to change, and I will be revealing myself to it. Are they ready for something like me?"

The skies above him began to go red, clashing with the darkness his presence shrouded the world with.

He had seen this move not too long ago, and yet it nearly got him. Rowan angled his body to the side, and a red line passed by him, so quickly it nearly tore his energy cloak from his body by the turbulence that followed its passage five seconds later.

The battle had just begun!

The blade buried itself into the earth; Rowan manifested a heavy hammer, and activated Smash three times creating six copies of large bloody hammer heads around him, with his will he forced the hammer heads to surround his weapon.

He activated dash, and red light covered his body, but his energy cloak suppressed the light, even those around his hammer head, and Rowan was pleased by the unexpected side effect of his cloak.

Suriel showed him the sight of the muscular man zipping through the red line, and Rowan poured Aether into his Smash techniques he had overlaid on the hammer head, and activated Eruption, and turning a bit to the left swung the hammer on the red line.

The empty air was replaced by the body of a man whose eyes were wide open in surprise, and in the instant before the hammer head reached his face, his eyes met Rowan even through the darkness of his hood, and he grinned.

Chapter 210: The Son of Scarlet (4)

Rowan responded to his grin by increasing his Eruption technique by another percent, channeling all the fresh energy into strength, and his blow hit that much harder.

The impact sounded like the world ending, and even with his Constitution Rowan arms snapped like a twig, the force from his blow sent a colorful shockwave of red, black, and purple light that slammed into the ground tearing it apart for thousands of feet, and Rowan's body was sent shooting into the sky.

With a yell, Rowan pushed his Telekinesis against his rise and stopped himself from flying far, and for an instant he stood upside down, his head pointing at the ground, and as he fell, he rotated and created a Telekinetic pad beneath his feet.

The loud thump of the body of the man hitting the ground set off another explosion, as his body entered the ground at an angle, creating long furrows in the ground for miles.

When he stopped, it was fifteen miles away, and his body had torn through hills and valleys, and his landing point was inside a small forest that was decimated as if a meteor had impacted the area.

Rowan looked at his hands, they were gone... vaporized in the force of their clash, and then he gasped as he felt pain around his midsection.

In the fraction of a second when the man realized he had been countered, he had stretched out his hand and with wicked fingers tore through Rowan's energy cloak and armor leaving a long gash in his stomach.

Rowan's face went grim as his stomach healed followed by his armor and energy cloak. This was the issue he faced when fighting extremely powerful Dominators, they were like hedgehogs. Their combat techniques had been refined to the extent they did not need to think before retaliating.

He had been holding on to Suriel's sight, and he let go of it, concentrating all his consciousness on a battle that would strain him to the limit.

He manifested two swords from his Spatial bracelet, and he held it with his hands that had already returned to normal, as bones, muscles, and skin rebuilt themselves in seconds.

Rowan's eyesight pierced through the miles to see the man shudder and begin to rise. His head was locked inside a giant slab of ice, and he tottered unsteadily on his feet, and fell on one knee. It was almost comical and in another time Rowan would have laughed.

Rowan cocked his head, surprised at the damage he inflicted, and returned the swords to his bracelet and manifested a large bow that was six feet tall, it seemed he would have to move in with his next plan faster than he thought.

Rowan only had a single method he thought he might use to win the fight. Crowd Control! What better tool than his purple black Aether and its freezing ability?

Using his Telekinesis, Rowan fashioned an arrow which he filled with his Aether, and with his will, he concentrated on letting the Aether stay relatively stable and not change its form into black ice, which represented a sort of degeneration of his Aether, when it was not used to power any abilities or functions.

With this method he was able to force twenty grains of Aether into the Telekinesis arrow and Rowan's serpentine eyes found his target, and he used Bash to turn the bow red as it began vibrating, before the red glow merged into the arrow, then he let loose.

The bow in his hands disintegrated and the Telekinesis arrow sort of blinked across space, and then the hand of the man caught it, he made a sound that cracked the black

ice over his head, showing his face and grunting in annoyance or surprise he spat out a tooth, looking at the arrow in his hand, "What the hell is this made of?"

An explosion of ice erupted from his figure, entombing him in a growing ice mound. The air began whistling past Rowan flapping his energy cloak as they rushed into the growing mountain of black ice around the body of the man, in ten seconds, a mountain more than six thousand feet rested on the plain, the body of the man entombed within.

Rowan called up another two swords and began preparing his Smash skills, and his head cocked to the side, his gaze drawing to where the blade of that man fell, perhaps...

Stretching out his hand, he formed a ball of Telekinesis on it, and then he pushed it down towards the crater formed by the weapon, he called up the sight of Suriel and he was able to see the blade buried a hundred feet in the ground and also a growing red light around the body of the man entombed in a mountain of ice.

Rowan shot out his other hand, pushing grains of Aether towards the mountain, and it began growing in size and density while his Telekinesis made contact with that blade, and he attempted to pull it out, but it was futile, the blade must weigh many tons and his Telekinesis was too weak to pull it out.

He jumped towards the ground, pulling himself downwards to fall faster, his consciousness wary of the red glow that now seemed to be receding. Was he freezing to death?

Rowan reached the ground, and it was a simple thing to punch through the earth and reach the blade. It was a weapon that was visibly brimming with power, unlike the quiet menace of Envy.

The hilt of the blade resembled a giant bat that was spitting out the blade as its tongue. Two red glowing gems represented the eyes, and like eyes they swiveled to look at him.

Bringing his hand forward, Rowan gripped the hilt, and was instantly bombarded by a feeling as if a million needles were stabbing into his body.

He grunted as he had felt pain much worse than this, evolving into the Ouroboros bloodline was a lesson in pain, and beside his blood sent refreshing wave all through his system and the feeling of discomfort vanished, and Rowan pulled the blade from the ground.

The blade was heavy as expected, but he should be able to wield it without any issue, now how was he able to know which ability the blade carried? Rowan ruminated for less than a second before his hand was vaporized by a red beam that came from the black icy mountain.

There was a unique feature about his Empyrean senses that was slowly revealing itself to Rowan, but for now, he was still too weak to take advantage of it. Since his senses were all encompassing, he could process details and the world around him on a level that was beyond most living beings.

In that way, he had sensed the molecules of the air screaming in pain as they vanished before the beam of red light that travelled down and vaporized his arm, the same beam of light flashed once more heading for his torso, and although he could read the direction, he was still too slow to dodge something that was moving at light speed.

A hole the size of a basin appeared on his chest and stomach and Rowan fell on his knees, another burst of light vaporized his head, and the pieces of him that fell to the floor was not enough to fill a bucket.

The mountain shone a brilliant red before a pillar of red flames blasted through the top of the mountain and the entire structure exploded, as like a mirage the man appeared before the destroyed body of Rowan.

He brought both hands to his dislocated jaw, and with a single harsh motion, wrench it back in place, "Now, that's better. What a blow, right? I was beginning to like you, and then you do a stupid thing like touching my lady. Tell me, do you want to make me a cuck?"