

The Primordial Record

#Chapter 21: Feeding Ouroboros - Read The Primordial Record Chapter 21: Feeding Ouroboros

Chapter 21: Feeding Ouroboros

Rowan was in a dilemma, for his transformation was taking far longer than expected. He had used the transformation of Soul Seizer as a benchmark for the time needed to activate an Omnipotent Record, but he made a mistake, for Ouroboros was the direct opposite of Soul Seizer.

Soul Seizer Domain was in the Spirit and Soul, and it could be argued that the transformation of his Soul was still ongoing because Rowan was aware that his spirit was still growing.

If his spirit was still transforming, he couldn't know, for his capabilities to understand the mystical and invisible realm of the Spirit were still limited.

Soul Seizer broke his bones and mangled his flesh to craft The Jaws Of Dagon, and this was a bloodline that primarily focused on the Spirit, what more Ouroboros whose domain was the flesh.

What was happening to him was marvelous, and as his spirit followed the process of his growing body, he gained a unique appreciation for its capabilities. His understanding of his body grew, and he knew that for the Ouroboros bloodline, it would take at least a year before he could leave this shell.

He did not have that time. Disregarding the dangers he was in—he still shuddered when he remembered that creature rubbing and gnawing away at his egg, everything about it screamed wrongness, a deviant.

Rowan had never been religious, although the Orphanage he grew up in was run by a church, he had never accepted the doctrines. Humans were plenty evil themselves, there was no need to assign the folly of men to demons.

But not here. Oh no, not here. Demons here are real, and evil was not just a concept, it walked the earth, and it stays beside you and lives with you.

He could feel the revulsion in his body when the creature was beside him, it felt like cockroaches climbing across his face, yet he still felt a weird hunger inside his spirit.

Jesus. Don't tell me this body has a hidden fetish to be violated.

His trusted left hand, Maeve, appeared and Rowan knew for the moment he was secure. The clean manner Maeve had slaughtered the creature still left him in awe. Rowan had seen violence, but not like this. It was almost like art and Maeve was a skilled painter, every motion she made carried a purpose, and no single movement was wasted, how much battle would you have to fight to become someone like that?

If he remembered correctly, Maeve's favored tools of battle were Heavy Weapons. He did not know her bloodline, but she had great strength, he knew she did not give her all because her main concern was his protection.

When she killed the Abomination, he received a wisp of its soul, it was not as abundant as the Demons, but it solved one of his speculations.

He did not need to kill before he obtained the benefit of collecting souls, although he did not know how much it factors into how many soul points he received, for he only collected three soul points from the slain Abomination.

However, all his speculations would be useless if he died in the next hour. The hands of fate were manipulating his life and he did not have an easier bloodline to enhance. He called up the Primordial Record.

P?????????? ??????

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength: 1.7

Agility: 0.9

Constitution: 4.5

Spirit: 2.7

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Skill: (None)

Passive: Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 2)

Records:

Ouroboros – level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Seizer - level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point: 28.0777

Remark: Divine Fodder

He would be amazed at the growth in his Stats, if not for the pressing concern about the measly Soul points he had and that he needed a thousand to get to the next level.

According to knowledge from the Primordial Record, a single point in any of the stat represented the average of all humans, and ten points in any stat represented Legendary.

What did it mean that he was still in the mortal state, yet his Constitution was almost halfway to legendary? He was still growing, and his bones were a little over five feet now, he was no longer a child. If he continues to develop in this egg, his stats might break through Legendary while he is still a mortal.

As much as he hated the Primordial Keepers, their bloodline was outstanding, his spirit had already grown again, and this was without him even doing anything to boost the bloodline. If only he had more time, it would be a simple thing to just live a leisurely life and his stats would continuously grow. Was this what it meant to have an omnipotent bloodline?

He ran his senses through his growing body, he was still bones and muscles with only his twin heart and brain already formed, the rest of his organs were still growing; he knew even his heart and brain were not fully developed.

He must be the most pitiful member of the Ouroboros bloodline to ever exist, for them, centuries were like seconds, and he should have had the benefit of an extended lifespan as a mortal to slowly grow, even if he were to spend decades inside his egg.

Therein lay the crux of the matter, his new body might be powerful and have a long lifespan, but his Soul was spent. Every time he died, the fuel for his resurrection was his soul, and the only way he had found out to grow his soul was to change his state.

This all leads to one thing. He must kill. He must commit endless bloodshed in a short amount of time to become a Legend.

But how was he to do that? Rowan pondered, his mind making different scenarios to beat his impending death.

First, even though he might lose the benefit of easy Stat growth inside the egg, and he was not fully formed, he must break out and start harvesting souls.

This may cause incomparable damage to him, but at least he would get to live and maybe in the future he might repair the damages, anything was possible given time— The one thing he solely lacked.

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Maeve appeared before the "egg". It appeared to have shrunk a little. A golden line in the shape of a snake swallowing its tail was embossed on the gray egg like a tattoo. The golden tattoo brightened and dimmed as if it was breathing.

Unaware if Rowan was aware of his surroundings or even if he could hear her. She spoke, "Master, there have been some unfavorable developments. Your land is under attack. According to the priest Purdue, he believes this is a work of an Abomination. He is correct."

Maeve paused and looked at the egg, which was now flashing with golden light, it seemed to be telling her to continue, to test that hypothesis, she said, "Master, can you hear me?" The egg flashed twice. Excited, Maeve began to narrate the rest of the priest's tales and the arrangement she had made.

"I wonder if it's to your satisfaction"

The egg was still for a while, and then she heard a gurgling sound, and a low voice, "This Abomination, I assume it is the same from the lore of the Great Massacre."

"Yes Master, it's a long shot, but certain conditions and places could trigger a similar phenomenon to occur."

"Maeve, my change..... my transformation requires fuel, I need to kill. If this Abomination is similar to the myth, it would have hundreds of split bodies. Those would be essential to me. The reason I killed that Demon is related."

"Forgive my impertinence, Master. Your state is not suited for battle, I don't see how that's possible. Also, I do not doubt there would be Abominations that have evolved to their battle form, they would make terrifying foes."

"I understand Maeve, trust me. I am not so foolish to bite more than I can chew. At the least, I need to be somewhere close to the battle."

"I do not think that is a wise option, Master. If I'm to provide a suggestion, we are bringing the people to the manor, the Abominations will inevitably follow. Be that as it may, I won't be leaving your side for the foreseeable future, but first I have to secure the manor to make sure there is no hidden danger. "

"Then I would leave it to you.... Oh, and Maeve."

"Yes, Master?"

"Be careful!"

She smiled, "I will be, with your blessing."

Rowan had made his decision, but first, he should use the Soul points he had already gathered and pour them into the Ouroboros Record. He called up the Primordial Record and he started feeding the Ouroboros bloodline.

Chapter 22: Breaking The Universal Laws

He pushed a single Soul point first into Ouroboros, that act holding great significance for him. What was that saying again, a tall tower begins with a single brick or that the journey of a thousand miles begins with a step, or something related to that. For him, the journey of a thousand-soul points begins with one.

See what he did there? No? Never mind then.

Well, let this first Soul Point be his foundation, and on it, he would build a tower that scrapes the sky or at least he hopes so. Too many things could go wrong, it would be easy to have the mindless optimism of youth, but he was a grown-ass man and maturity brings the knowledge of your limitations.

Maturity was the acknowledgment of that awful fact in life, that you were not invincible. You would soon reach your peak, and you would not exceed it, and slowly you would decline. Your skills had a limit, and your growth too, and as you reached the limits of your capabilities, the only thing you could do was manage your expectations.

He would argue that youth was the best moment in the lifetime of a man, where you could do anything, and touching the skies was possible only if you strived, and life seemed oh so simple.

His youth was not the best. Poverty, backbreaking work, and an awful incident that broke his body and a better part of his mind, sliced off a considerable portion of any great experience he might have had. He still kept the memory of the best times dear to his heart, but he tempered it with understanding and acceptance.

His list of glasses was never full, yet he wanted to avoid adding more.

His youth would tell him, he could fight this setback, he only needed to believe in himself, but the benefit of youth was time. Time to make mistakes. Time to be laid back and relax. Time to be foolish. Time to fail.

Maturity told him to make do with the little time he had, and so he began to build his Tower.

He felt no changes after the first point, and he kept pushing Soul points into Ouroboros, when he hit the ten-point mark, he reached a threshold and his body began to change.

At this moment, the golden liquid in the shell had reduced, but it still filled the egg, and because the egg was shrinking the liquid had always enveloped his entire body. With ten points inside Ouroboros, his body began attracting the golden liquid into itself far too quickly, and his body came to be extremely hot, almost exceeding 200° degrees Celsius.

His body drank the entire golden liquid and the Soul Point he pushed inside Ouroboros displayed its uses when out of thin air, more of the golden liquid was created and his body began a new wave of absorption.

His body vibrated as he grew another half hairsbreadth and his feet touched the bottom of the shell, as there was no more liquid to absorb. He felt his frame condensed as more muscles were added to his bones, and his ligaments and tendons became stronger.

Well, we are going for broke here. No need to hold back.

Rowan dumped the remaining eighteen points into Ouroboros and his body accepted it like a greedy desert receiving the first rainfall for decades, and more Empyrean essence materialized inside the egg.

The instinct of his bloodline was going insane. It was not supposed to be fed this amount of Empyrean essence inside the shell, and this event was unprecedented.

Rowan had unknowingly broken a balance that regulated his growth.

The material universe had a fixed amount of Empyrean it could hold, and from its birth to its demise only a limited number of Empyrean were permitted to be born.

There were reasons why there was a limit. Chief among them was that an Empyrean was too powerful, each of their movement held the might of stars, and the area which they could affect with their activities was not measured by countries or continents or planets or even solar systems but by galaxies.

An enraged Empyrean could cause the demise of an incalculable amount of life in the Universe and battles involving Empyrean were incredibly rare using the timescale of the Universe, but the possibility of terminating the material universe was an option during such conflicts. So, their numbers were kept very low. Some Universe opted for not creating Empyrean at all, but those universes no longer existed.

It was the normal state of affairs where the territory of an Empyrean was a galaxy or multiple galaxies.

The second most important reason was that on the creation of each Universe, there was a fixed amount of Empyrean essence that could be produced. A universe would keep yielding a limited amount of Empyrean essence until the final moments of its lifespan.

When an Empyrean was to be born, the universe allocates the essence that was its due, and depending on the bloodline of the Empyrean it could be in differing amounts, it could give no more or less, it was a fair amount that could not be changed.

This essence would only be given once at the birth of the Empyrean, and it represented the growth limit of that Empyrean. Although the Universe needs Empyrean for its defense, it would not make them more powerful than it could contain.

Rowan had used his Soul Point to break a balance that has existed since the birth of this Universe, he produced more essence for his growth that surpassed the limitations imposed by the Universe and his bloodline was going crazy.

A series of events had led to this moment. If Rowan had activated Ouroboros without any concern for his lifespan, then he would be in deep sleep for at least a year, slowly absorbing the Empyrean essence and growing at a fixed pace.

But his mind was unsettled and the addition of an Abomination had disturbed his slumber and he was fully awoken. His Soul Seizer bloodline allowed him to contain the Stuff of creation itself, and the Primordial Record permitted him to execute that power into a bloodline of his choosing.

Normally, he should have begun cultivating his bloodline after he had left his shell, he should be entering his growth phase and this change would not have been possible. So, even if he had used soul points for his growth, he would not have produced any Empyrean essence.

An unknown mutation therefore occurred, his shell was supposed to dissolve the moment it finished its stores of Empyrean essence and prepare the bloodline to enter the next phase of maturity but with the addition of more essence, the shell did not dissipate instead snapped, and covered his body like a skin-tight suit.

Of course, Rowan knew none of the reasons why this just happened to him, he only panicked, as he could not breathe, or see, his bloodline seemed to know it would have more essence and forcefully kept the shell, turning it into a second skin for Rowan

But the shell was not meant to be his skin, it shielded him from light and the feeling of touch, it kept him in darkness darker than the deepest night, and even though he was a Nascent Empyrean, he was still a mortal, and he could not breathe.

He did not know how long he flailed around on the ground, but he later settled when the pain from his growing lungs served as an anchor for him.

The pain was familiar, so he took it and made it his own. He had been so ingrained into his flesh that he ignored his spirit, the peculiar characteristics of his soul took over his consciousness and his perception flew out of his body and finally, he could think clearly.

Chapter 23: The Shell

He could not breathe and he was dying, but the nature of his new body ensured that his state of perishing would extend for a long duration.

It would take hours for him to die, but at least there was a silver lining. I mean, he could now move around.

Although he could not afford to die anytime soon, he would lose a valuable lifespan, and he might have already used his final chance for resurrection.

His new state of detachment made these assumptions distant from him, and he did not panic. There was a hint here that he was not seeing, he focused his mind and he realized an important detail he missed.

He had not been breathing inside the shell before, and he was fine what was the reason for that?

It did not take long for him to come up with the cause —The golden liquid. When he pushed soul point into Ouroboros, it had created more of that golden liquid for him. Did that not mean that if he had more soul points, it would be possible for him to breathe?

Rowan called up the Primordial Record and nearly screamed in anger because of the new state of his being.

P????????? ??????

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength: 2.7

Agility: 1.9

Constitution: 7.3

Spirit: 2.7

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Skill: (None)

Passive: Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 2)

Records:

???????????????????? [ATAVISM]- level 0 [28/2000]

????????? ?????????????? – level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point: .9998

Remark: Divine Fodder

Rowan's annoyance broke through his calm disposition, and he nearly screamed at the sky.

Stay calm and breath breathe. Do not focus on the negatives. Don't look at the double amount of Soul Point required. Who cares about a journey of a thousand miles? We can walk two thousand miles..... Just breath.

Lord Are's sweet tush! No problem, great idea all around, just phenomenal, but you see there is one problem with that, Em. I Can't BREATH!

Okay just, I don't know, sigh? We need to look at the positives here okay?

Positives. Positives. Yes. We can look at that. I must be going crazy, what with all this "We business" I got going over here.

Anything to keep you sane, boyo. Calm down and assess your situation.

Okay. He could do that.

The growing pains in his lungs meant he may have two hours or more before he became lethargic.

In the spirit of using time wisely, let's see what I missed in my panic. He saw the growth of his stats, and it did not take long for him to see a semblance of how it works, only further experiments would prove if his inferences were incorrect.

He pushed twenty-eight points of souls into Ouroboros and was rewarded with an exact increase of 2.8 in the Constitution, it did not require a genius to figure that out, every ten points in Ouroboros gave him a one-point increase in his Constitution. What that could mean further down the line was terrifying. His Strength and Agility grew by a single point, he guessed that they increased by every twenty points into Ouroboros.

The Bloodline had changed, with a new prefix beside it—Atavism. There was no description of its meaning, but it had extended the amount of soul points he needed to be legendary.

Finally, the last valuable hint that had been tugging at his consciousness. His soul points. He watched idly as it clicked forward to .9999 and finally turned to 1.

Soul Seizer passively collected Soul Fragments, and it appears that when he was in an area of conflict, the collection capability increased. He did not think too deeply about it but pushed the single point into Ouroboros, and waited in tense expectation. Soon, a trickle of golden liquid secreted from the skin-tight shell and was absorbed into his body.

The golden liquid brought a rush of clarity and gave his lungs a burst of sweet release that he nearly cried. The pressure began to build, but it was distant, he may have ten minutes before he began to feel the bite of suffocation once more.

Great. So that golden liquid is my amniotic fluid and without it, I am a stillborn.

"Well at least he now had mobility", he thought to himself as he picked himself from the floor, his spirit perception now serving as his eyes showed him his body.

The first thing he noticed as he saw himself from this perspective was that he had grown, he had the lanky build of a teenager, but he was now five foot two inches. His shoulders were a little broad, and he appeared quite slim and delicate.

The other was his shell, it was gray and smooth and there was a golden tattoo that resembled a snake that was swallowing its tail, that encircled his chest, now directly below it there was a second faint tattoo that was an exact duplicate of the first. He could barely see it, but it was there.

His perception snapped back into his head with a jolt, keeping him in darkness once more. It would seem this vision of his depended on his spirit, he remembered the last time he used it, and it barely lasted a few seconds. He could feel a sort of cool aura in his head that was rapidly gathering again, maybe in thirty more seconds it would be refilled, and then he would have another five minutes of vision.

So in the serene darkness, he began to plot, he stood still as a statue for the next four minutes, and he began to move.

The first place he went to was to his shelves, during his studies, he had gathered various poisons and toxic materials and the most dangerous material he gathered was in a little red box he maintained very carefully.

The box was easy enough to carry and was not bulky, finding a pair of strong silk-like ropes, he fashioned a strap for the box, so it sat beside his waist.

Then he walked to the center of the room, where the divine weapon he used to kill the Demon wolf was kept, he took it and attempted to cut through the shell with the most powerful weapon he had, but he failed. The blade of the Divine Weapon slid across, not leaving even a scratch.

Next, he had to find clothes, but he paused when he saw neatly folded clothes and shoes aside from the door, most likely kept by Maeve. She does think of everything.

It did not take long for him to wear the clothes, and he felt like a mannequin in a fashion house. The underwear must have been of excellent quality, but he could not feel it, he wore black trousers that were a little too small, but still fit perfectly enough, maybe she anticipated that he might grow, but she underestimated the amount.

The robe she gave him was black with purple linings on the edges, he had to drop the red box to wear it, and thankfully it came with a hood, he wore the shoes and walked to the door where he paused and two seconds later he fell into darkness.

In thirty seconds, his sight returned and he hurried down the stairs. Along the way, he began experimenting with what he could do with this five-minute vision he had.

Chapter 24: Red Moon

He discovered he could push this spirit vision ahead of him for a few meters and he even saw through walls, so as he hurried down the stairs, making sure to avoid the occasional house help, he did a broad sweep of his surroundings now and then, and so he came upon a startling discovery.

There was a shaft made of unknown materials, like an elevator, in the middle of the manor. The manor was four stories tall, and his laboratory was on the topmost floor. This shaft began on the third floor and extended to the bottom floor, but it led nowhere after that.

It was smooth, and the color was yellow, and the most peculiar characteristic of it was that it was the only material he could not see through, it was as if it was actively repelling his sight.

He found a small alcove to hide for the thirty seconds of darkness that came about as his spirit sight snapped back in his head, this occurrence always bringing him pain. He suspected that he would have been an invalid if not for his regenerating factor healing the damages inside his head.

Not only that, but he was not supposed to use the spirit sight in this method, he was damaging an unknown organ inside his head, but if he could heal any damages he incurred using this technique in exchange for sight, then he would do so without any hesitation.

There was a mysterious object or a hidden passage buried inside his manor, he did not find it that surprising after all the events that led him here were very suspicious, and he knew there were many things that were being deliberately hidden from him, nevertheless, this was not his priority at the moment.

His next stop was the stables where he was going to get horses and hurry down to the town, he was not a fighter, but he could be as close to the town as possible, and therefore he could collect lingering souls.

He expected Maeve to soon find him, and he would be protected along the way, he was not too foolish to think he might survive out there without her, he was still feeble and a small complication could end him, and there was nothing small about an Abomination attack.

Then he paused, where was Maeve? Why did he not find her inside the manor? Apart from the dozen staff present in different parts of the manor he could not find Maeve. Perhaps she was checking the grounds of the manor, but he doubted it, Maeve would never leave far from his side. Something was wrong.

As his vision returned, he turned back to the shaft he could see inside the manor, hidden by clever design that made it almost unnoticeable. Rowan had seen the designs of the manor and everywhere the shaft passed through was not supposed to even exist.

Opening the door to a guest room, he walked inside and shut the door behind him, going to the closet, he pushed the clothes away and tapped the back of the closet.

He pulled out the shears and began to cut his way through. It was not difficult, and he sliced through the walls with little effort, directly behind was a faint glow from the shaft.

It seemed to be built with a sort of gem, he ran his hand over it and discovered that it was shockingly cold. He tried to recall if he knew any mineral like this, but he could not recollect anything similar to it.

His hand was still on it when the temperature of the yellow rock began to rise, and it rippled like it was made of water, and before he could draw his hand back, another hand seized his own and dragged him into the wall.

He did not use his eyes to see but his spirit, and so he was able to witness everything.

The hand that grabbed him was made of the same material as the yellow rock and when he was dragged inside it felt more like he was passing through thick mud and not a solid wall, and then his mind was overloaded by a flood of sensations that it broke to pieces.

He saw a bright white light that was shattered into pieces by a clawed hand, the pieces of the broken light became many colors that became solid blocks.

Those blocks were covered by a wave of darkness; the darkness was split apart by a terrible roar, and with that sound chaos erupted.

Rowan felt his mind reassembled, only to break again when new scenes entered his mind. A rain of blood that erupted from an ocean's worth of bodies.

Stars fell from the skies only to be eaten by massive mouths, a mountain with spider legs dancing, and a smiling cup of tea that was devouring other cups.

This reality that he could hardly comprehend seemed to be forced into his mind and when he felt he could no longer hold on, he was blessed with the silence of darkness.

He was in shock for a while, before he realized that his spirit vision had ended, and so he could no longer ??????.

He should be holding himself and crying for the chaos that he had witnessed, he should be catatonic and listless, he should have run mad with despair, but the only thing he could feel was apathy.

You see, he had no time. His lungs were beginning to burn, and the hidden blade of his incoming death due to his limited lifespan hung on his neck, he had no time to mourn, he had no time to reflect, as far as he was concerned if what he was experiencing was not enough to kill him, then he would get through it.

Not because he was mindlessly optimistic, but because he had no time to waste. Death was whispering in his ears and he had no time to listen.

He braced himself for the frenzy and opened his spirit vision once more.

If he could touch his eyes he would rip them from his head, it seems his icy soul made it impossible for him to go mad, or maybe he was already mad, how could he tell? But no matter the scene he saw, he had only thirty seconds of normalcy before he plunged back inside.

He witnessed countless mindless scenes, like a feverish dream that would not end, he repeatedly entered the chaos.

He began to feel despair when something bonded inside him, and he found himself in a passage.

It was a short path, and he stood in the middle, behind him was a green door, and ahead of him was a red door.

His mind locked on what changed his situation, and he called up the Primordial Record and saw a new entry.

Aspect Gained: Spatial Sight.

An Aspect? He would check the meaning later, but he already knew what Spatial Sight was capable of. It was his spirit vision on steroids. There were several new entries in the Primordial Record, but for now, he was only focused on this new Aspect he just received.

His new awareness was vast and did not seem to have any cooldown, he moved that awareness to the red door ahead of him, and he saw a scene of mayhem. He saw a devastated world and his awareness was covered by darkness.

When he became cognizant, he noticed he lay on the ground, all around him was a field of ruin and overhead was a Red moon.

Chapter 25: Rift State Rats

At first, Rowan thought he had been transported to that space of madness, and he braced himself for a new round of chaos, but he settled when he saw how stable his environment was.

His sight focused on the moon again, it was larger than the ones he had seen on the two worlds he had the privilege to live in, almost taking a third of the sky. Deep pits and craters adorned its surface, and they resembled oceans filled with blood.

The sight was enigmatic, and he lost himself in a few seconds, bathing in the glow of the moon. He pulled himself away from the wondrous sight with an intense force of will.

His sight swept across his body and he noticed he was on a circular formation, made from the yellow rocks he touched at his manor; he could dimly see that passage with the green door and red doors when he focused his sight on the formation.

From inside that passage, he knew that this world he found himself in was devastated, and he was in a small corner of it, he wondered where he found himself.

His new sight was special, as he could track the trajectories of sounds and motion, it encompassed more than sight, as he could see heat and odor even pressure, and a myriad of other forces he was not even aware of or even begin to comprehend, it was a brand-new world and if he survived his first year, he would make sure he understood and enjoy the beauty that his new sight was capable of showing him.

It may seem that his suffering and near madness had granted him a powerful ability, and he no longer needed his eyes for the moment.

There was something about this world that felt ancient, around him was a scene of desolation, crumbled towers and bridges, a Castle that had been torn in two, broken

spires shooting in the cloudless sky like the broken teeth of a giant. And massive mountains that were covered in scales.

One of the mountains moved and opened a jaw filled with teeth the size of trees.

Oh. Hell no. Is this the classic case of jumping from a frying pan into the fire?

He pushed his spatial sight back to the formation and saw it was beginning to build a certain energy. The energy felt familiar, it was what drew him to this world, and he hoped it would also take him back, he estimated it would be completed in a minute or two.

He did not see any present danger to himself presently, so he finally decided to check his Primordial Record, he was certain many things had changed inside.

P?????????? ???????

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength: 2.7

Agility: 1.9

Constitution: 7.3

Spirit: 47.9

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Skill: (None)

Passive: Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 4)

Records:

???????????????????? [ATAVISM]- level 0 [29/2000]

????????? ?????????????? – level 0 [0/1000]

Aspect Gained: Spatial Sight (Spirit +30)

Passive Skill Upgraded: Icy Soul [Spirit +5{level 3}. Spirit +10{level 4}]

Soul Point:75 .5678

Remark: Divine Fodder

At first, he had missed it, his eyes popping out when he saw the growth in his Spirit. Then he saw his rapidly increasing soul points and would have wept in happiness, but he had forgotten how to cry.

In the madness of this past few days, something inside him had been broken, maybe never to be fixed again. Everything he once knew was the basis of his entire belief, his character had been shattered, and he was numb.

What was a man, but his beliefs and ideals? My understanding of the world, of life and death had collapsed, and my new reality was hostile, and I understood none of it, but a memory of a doomed prince who died in pain and regret.

To tell the truth, deep down, he did not think he was going to survive. There seemed to be no hope for him, any breakthrough he got led to another new problem to fix, and now...

His soul point broke the hundred mark and continued to increase.

He found the break he so desperately needed.

His Spirit had broken past the ten-point threshold that only a Legendary being had and had grown far higher than his other stats.

Rowan now realized how profound the effect of such a high Spirit was on him, his Spatial sight he once thought had no cooldown was wrong, it has one, but his Spirit could comfortably support the expenditure.

The reason he could pull through the space of madness was not only because of his tenacity but also his Spirit which had grown to accommodate many of these supernatural forces.

Spirit was one of the most important stats. It encompasses, reasoning ability, comprehension capacity, force control, and so many other things. It was one of the most difficult stats to raise.

If any stat reached or surpassed the legendary state, it usually came with benefits and an additional quirk. For spirit, it was parallel processing.

Most legendary could generally divide their minds into two, of course, some outliers are particularly gifted in their Spirit ability that they could separate their thought processes into three or more, but it was Rift state Dominators that were often capable of that feat.

In simpler terms, it was multitasking, you could be reciting a thousand-page poem, while fantasizing about your neighbors... Cough... Car, and still be replying to a query from your wife about why you did not do the dishes. So many fun things to do within a single moment.

The wind brought a new sound to him... A rustle and his Spatial sight zoomed across the debris for hundreds of meters, phasing through rocks and rusted metals, and he saw a pair of rats the size of horses. Their furs were like steel needles and their eyes glowed blue, the moment his sight touched them, the rats flinched and began looking around and sniffing, each of their movement crushed rocks and their speed was terrifying.

Rowan knew Legendary Dominators and had seen powerful creatures during his lifetime, this pair of rats could be rift-state creatures or even higher.

Rowan went very still and shifted his sight, so he was not focused on them any longer, but it seemed one of them had sensed his position, for it gave a shrill scream and charged, its speed was so fast, it appeared as though it was teleporting.

Ares goddamn balls. I knew it was too good to be true. I can't catch a single break!

Nevertheless, Rowan knew he had to stay here for as long as possible, his very existence depended on it. Every single second he spent here meant more soul points in the coffer.

The speed of the Rats was terrifying, but with his Spatial sight, he could analyze their movement paths, and even though he could not react to them, he could put a barrier to slow them down. How was he to do that, exactly?

He had an idea, he was not sure that it would work, but he would make do with the tools available to him for a single one of these rats, he was sure, could kill everyone in his town and beyond. Rift-state creatures were powerful because they had access to Aether.

He divided his mind into two parts, as he tracked the incoming rats while ascertaining the best place to lay a trap, their movement was not linear, so the calculations were difficult.