

The Primordial Record

Chapter 211: The Son of Scarlet (final)

The man cracked his neck and bringing up the blade to his shoulders, he chuckled and walked across Rowan's shattered body, "Now, where was I before..."

Rowan thought that blow had killed him! When his head disappeared, the world went black for a fraction of a second, but then his consciousness entered his Mental Space where the beam of red light had somehow found its way into, that light smashed into his Palace of Ice with a resounding noise.

A purple membrane covered the palace and shielded it, but it only slowed the progress of the beam. The red light burned on the shield for a while before tearing the membrane apart and bombarded the Palace of Ice tearing a long trail of destruction throughout the structure before disappearing.

The purple-black Aether around the wings of his Angels of Char was cut in half as the Aether rushed into the sites of destruction in the Palace of Ice, and the Palace began to rebuild itself. The Lady of Shadow aided the repairs with chants and mystical gestures.

Rowan's mind went cold, if he had the normal garden variety soul, that blast would not only have vaporized his head but his soul as well! He would have then had no choice but to use his lifespan to resurrect himself once more, and with his current capability, he would have used thousands of years worth of lifespan to do so.

Only the unknown nature of his Palace of Ice had saved him. He was on a slippery slope now, and he was not afraid, only extremely angry.

His Aether had already regenerated to its maximum level, and it only took two seconds for his Palace of Ice to heal all the damages, but his near death was not what made him extremely upset, it was the other effects the red blast had accomplished.

Rowan rose from the ground, his head was the last to grow, his mouth opened wide as he sucked in the cool air, and his hair exploded behind him as it had regrown and fallen across his back.

The man paused and turned, "I could not see your weak point, so I blasted your head, you always go for the head, never fails me... until you."

He faced Rowan fully his eyes were probing, and he suddenly gave a full belly laugh, "Seeing as I was the one to make the first strike, then I think I should be the first to introduce myself. Some call me..."

"You're dead motherfu*ker!" The armor of Enrage wrapped around his body, followed by his energy cloak.

Rowan does not curse much, if at all, but the casual beam of energy Dorian used to disintegrate his body had not stopped after doing their job. It had traveled down the plain, punching through hills and trees and slicing past the convoy.

His convoy!

He could not estimate how much damage was caused by that blast, but a third of the vehicles were aflame.

Rowan's thoughts mocked him, "Kinda hypocritical don't you think? You are willing to condemn an entire Continent to death with who knows how many innocents, yet the death of a few thousand people has you raging to the high heavens?"

Yet, he understood why he was angry. It was because of his promise. He had given his word that he would preserve a seed. His enemies and his bloodline problems were too powerful for half measures, and it would be impossible to survive if he did not commit atrocities. His only sense of comfort was that he was willing to make a chance for the people he was going to hurt, he would preserve something of them, and as an Emphyrean the actions of this man had mocked his grace!

When did I become such a douchebag? Well, this is what this world has made me.

The man continued speaking with a grin, "Hey, no need to behave like that, buddy. Just let me finish, I am Dorian Kuranos, some call me the Son of Scarlet, I'm..."

That was when the Mace Rowan had imbued three stacks of Smash and a healthy dosage of Aether smashed into Dorian, pushing him back for twelve feet, his feet digging into the ground before he grunted and slapped the Mace away with his blade.

However Rowan had closed the gap and was already in front of him, close enough to feel his breath on his body, after applying three stacks of Dash on his body his movement in a short area could as well be Teleportation, and then he unleashed Combo Attack with all the Aether his Earth level Berserker Aspect could take.

This skill was the most peculiar skill of his Berserker Aspect.

Two phantasmal bodies of Rowan appeared, and they surrounded Dorian, and with the amount of Aether Rowan had placed inside the technique he was indistinguishable from any of his clones, as they all wore energy cloaks with Enrage activated.

Combo Attack at the Earth level created two phantasmal clones, and the more Aether he could push into the technique, the closer to the power of his real body they became, and most importantly they could wield other Berserker techniques, but at the Earth level,

they were restricted to using only one technique at a time. It was enough for Rowan's purpose.

He suspected at higher levels, these clones could present a surprise to him.

All three held short swords to enhance the speed of their strikes, heavy weapons would not work against someone faster and stronger than him.

The first clone went low, and the second directly body slammed Dorian leading with the knives, it failed to shake Dorian, and he replied with a punch through its chest. Yet the first clone could not perish from such a grievous injury, holding Dorian tight, the clone exploded.

The explosion was less spectacular than all the previous explosions, the Aether inside the clone freezing Dorian for a few seconds because Rowan compressed his Aether when the clone exploded, not allowing it to lose energy by creating excess ice outside the body.

Rowan was learning fast about his abilities and how to properly use them in battle, creating massive blocks of ice around his target to freeze them would not work, as proven by Dorian smashing a mountain of ice like nothing. What he needed was to force the ice into the body of his target, compressing the explosion to shoot inward, thereby creating a thin sheet of ice around the body that was multiple times stronger than the previous blocks of ice, allowing it to spread evenly all over the body.

Dorian was frozen in the act of punching, and the second clone that went low slid Dorian's feet away from him and he slammed to the ground on his back, he was beginning to regain a bit of motion and Rowan denied him when the second clone exploded freezing him once more in the act of rising.

Rowan's action was fluid, and instead of using his short sword, he let them drop to the ground as he swung the hammer he had been holding behind his body with Telekinesis on the head of Dorian.

He had shown the man an image of him attacking with short swords in order to hide the fact that he had been activating Smash repeatedly on the great hammer he hid behind his back and underneath his energy cloak which had a great function of muting energy signatures.

Rowan slammed his hammer into the face of Dorian sending his face into the ground, as a web of cracks spread around his feet, and the rest of Dorian's body spasmed as if he was electrocuted breaking the ice freezing him in place, but before he could move, the hammer exploded, and he was frozen once more.

Rowan was already creating another two clones.

Another hammer was already been primed and Rowan saw a red glow below the ground where Dorian's head was buried then a sudden blast of red light vaporized Rowan's head again, he had anticipated that move, and unlike before, his clones were still in play, so he had visibly been priming his attack making a very obvious target, while his clone hiding its technique smashed Dorian's body with a great axe unleashing its freezing attack and exploding once more to keep him in place.

Crowd Control B*tches.

Chapter 212: My Last Tears

The time brought for him by his clones made sure that Rowan's head had already regenerated, and he summoned a great ax, the previous hammer already destroyed by the red beam.

Dorian growled, "You..."

"Boom!" Another heavy attack that froze Dorian in place, as his body had already been driven hundreds of feet into the ground, as Rowan was determined not to give him a single chance of respite.

A fragile game of keeping Dorian frozen in place while he dealt as much damage as he could dish out, and he had to put everything into this battle for a single slip up by him would mean his death. Yet even with all his abilities and his perfect grasp of timing, he was always at the edge of failure, always near a single moment from dying, as every tiny gesture made by Dorian was an attack.

Rowan's head had been vaporized more than a dozen times, his clones had detonated hundreds of times, he was expending enough Aether that would have burned out a hundred Dominators, and he was barely surviving.

After the furious attacks he had been slamming into Dorian, he had broken his jaws once more, it may seem pitiful against all the efforts he was putting out, but Rowan was still just a Legend, and the Dominator he was fighting was many levels above him, to do what he was doing would be considered impossible.

Yet, he had to do the impossible, and continue doing so until it became normal for him.

Rowan heightened his focus until everything before him became a dance. The movement of his weapons, the way his Aether flashed through the air, the slight glow when his clones exploded, his footing, the heavy beat of Dorian heart that only occurred for a brief moment before his ice stilled that activity.

Rowan became something else at that moment, something pure... he became a true Berserker. His attacks were mostly concentrated on the head and the neck of Dorian, as he needed to destabilize the central control system to have a chance of killing Dorian.

Dorian resisted, "How dare..." Rowan's attacks silenced him.

The next clone Rowan built he filled it with more than fifty grains of purple black Aether and the explosion froze Dorian in his act of summoning the red beam, the freezing effect was so powerful Rowan could see that the Red beam was coming from the forehead of Dorian, which was open and seemed to be filled with a burning red furnace.

Rowan's blow had begun to slowly cut into the neck of Dorian, and now he could see muscles and indications of frozen blood, he was using so much energy that his energy cloak was beginning to glow and crackle as the amount of energy Rowan was giving off was nothing short of colossal.

He was barely waiting for his Berserker Ability Rune to heal before using it to cast Combo Attack, he had gone through hundreds of weapons and had burned well over six hundred grains of purple black Aether.

Any beam that managed to escape the freezing effect he was maintaining on Dorian had vaporized his body more than fifty times now, and their battle was getting deeper into the earth with every pounding Rowan was giving to him. He wanted to push the battle as far from the surface as possible, in order to reduce the mobility of his opponent that he could not match, and reduce any chance for more destruction to reach the convoy.

He knew he was unable to let up for a single moment, if he gave Dorian a hint of a chance he was going to get free and Rowan knew he would lose. Dorian had a firm grasp of his abilities now, and would never let him have the same chance he gave him before.

Sometime during the relentless onslaught, the eyes of Dorian had become frozen open, and he could see from it. Within those eyes, Rowan saw contempt and arrogance. After all, Rowan had been smashing into him for the better part of an hour. He was waiting for a single mistake, and his retaliation would be swift and terrible.

Rowan did not care for his disdain. He would kill him here with whatever methods he had. With his two pillars of consciousness, Rowan did not let up, his body would never get tired, and his Aether would never run dry.

Another hour passed, and slowly within those eyes of Dorian, the look of arrogance and contempt began to change, the blows on his neck were getting so savage Rowan had reached bones, and now he was on the edge of cracking his spine, which were harder than Divine metal.

First there was perplexity, for Dorian had blasted this annoying foe apart many times, and surely the power to heal those wounds must have taken a toll on his vitality, but yet he showed no signs, his breathing was still steady, and he detected no weakness from them, how was that possible?

But the disturbing aspect was the freezing ability of Rowan and the fact that he could endlessly spam this disgusting ability, he made no mistakes and his Aether seems unending.

Yet to Dorian that was not the most troubling issue, he had met other Dominators with an unfathomable well of energy and vitality that seemed able to fight until the world ending, that was not a problem, he was ready to go head-to-head with them and compete until the world shatters, if that was all, it would not be a problem, even if Rowan was perfect, the world was not, something would inevitably break the stalemate.

He had calculated the might of Rowan's blow when they first clashed, and he knew that even if he stood still and let the man beat on him for a thousand years, he would not be able to kill him, that was his assessment two hours ago, and an hour ago as well. Not now.

Every moment that passed by, the power of Rowan's blow was increasing, and Dorian eyes began to be overtaken by surprise, how was that possible? There were always improvements in battle for the bodies of Dominators was a fantastic tool for evolution, but nothing so drastic, it felt almost funny.

Dorian was a genius. He also improved in battle in great leaps at a time, but Rowan seemed to be making an unending series of great leaps. He could tell, his body was the whetstone testing the edge of the blade, and every moment that passed that blade scraped ever deeper.

If only he knew Rowan took six hours to upgrade his Berserker Aspect from the Refined level to the Earth Level, perhaps he would never have allowed him time to battle.

Average Dominators would use decades to grow even simpler battle skills than Berserker, Dorian had used a year to grow his family signature battle skill to the Earth Level, and he was commended as one of the brightest stars in ten thousand years.

It was generally known that Aspects, techniques and spiritual skills grew faster in battle, and for Rowan, this battle was a tonic, he continuously made breakthroughs in his Earth level techniques that indirectly fed more attributes into his body, and his blows became marginally faster and harder.

He could feel the Berserker Aspect in his Mental Space beginning to pulse and grow, every destruction of his body enhanced Enrage, every blow from his hammer grew Dash, Smash and Bash, his Clones used Vortex and Combo Attacks tied all these

together into a dance of a Berserker. He was beginning to reach the edge of the next level, barely two hours after he reached the Earth level.

The first crack appeared on Dorian's spine. Yet, those eyes only held surprise and anger. With one last mighty blow with a blade made from bone, Rowan decapitated his head.

Chapter 213: My Last Tears (2)

He was already eight thousand feet into the ground, and the massive crater they made in the ground was wider than four football stadiums. His all out attack had borne fruit, and he was able to cut off Dorian's head.

Dorian was still alive, as the vitality of a Dominator at the second circle was tyrannical. Keeping a steady stream of Aether to freeze Dorian, he began tugging at the blade in the hands of Dorian.

His grip on the blade would not loosen, and Rowan directed one of his clones into attacking the hand, the clone began smashing the limb with a great hammer until the hammer broke and then retrieving another heavy weapon and continuing with the action.

The weapons he had inside his bracelet were not powerful enough to truly inflict lasting damage to Dorian. If he continued, he might use weeks to pound him into pieces smaller than a grain of sand or even have to take more drastic actions, for this was what it truly meant to kill a Dominator at the peak of the second circle.

All his weapons in the bracelet would run out in four more hours, this was not a viable plan. Dorian's blade was the only way forward.

Even with his head cut off, Dorian was aware of his intention, part of the reason he mocked Rowan was his poor choice of weapons, and so his fist held tight to the blade, harder than his body held on to his head. His actions were still futile, Rowan had created a battlefield that suited him, and he was going to win.

He stopped the thrill of victory shooting through his veins, he was going to win this fight, but at this pivotal moment he had to be careful.

In one hour's time, Rowan crushed his hands to pea sized pieces and seized the reluctant blade.

His Empyrean sense could not penetrate the body of Dorian. Just pushing through his skin with his senses nearly floored him with the vast complexities inside it.

Pushing through the distractions, Rowan lifted the blade, the edge of it was so keen it was making a humming sound as he moved it through the air, and he came to stand before the head of Dorian.

There was no fear in those eyes, only surprise and acceptance from one warrior to another, and beneath that layer, deeper than anyone else could touch was rage and fear, a deep rage that Rowan intended to snuff out. Dominators like these had practiced the act of losing gracefully, but underneath all that false bravado Rowan knew an animal dwelled inside all of them.

Rowan picked the blade with both hands, and set the tip of the blade before the forehead of Rowan, a strong push and the blade parted the skin and began digging through the bones.

The clouds far above him darkened and converged as a massive lightning bolt the size of a pillar, smashed down upon him and Dorian.

"Bastardssss, you killed her!" A loud yell came from the top of the crater, and a man with his hair made of lightning and holding a trident appeared on the ground with a flash of light.

The massive lightning bolt he had slammed into Rowan had pushed him into the side, and he was buried under rubble and for a time, he could not move due to the immense amount of electricity flowing inside him.

His eyesight, however, pierced through the rubble covering him, and he saw the new player inside this place. He was still shining bright with the lightning running all over him, so his features were not visible, but Rowan saw him look at the decapitated body of Dorian before turning to him and sending another blast of lightning at the rubble, melting it into ashes.

Before Rowan could move he threw the trident filled with lightning into Rowan's chest, pinning his body to the wall while he walked up to him, the lightning brought a fresh wave of pain that was inconsequential to Rowan, but the debilitating effects of the electric current was making Rowan annoyed, he had just lost his chance in killing Dorian, and he could not move while millions of volts were pumping in his veins, turning his body into ashes, and only his regeneration was keeping him in one piece.

As the man stepped closer, Rowan could see his appearance clearly, and he was Rico, but now he had grown taller and more muscular, his teeth were gritted in anger, and he seized Rowan by the neck while pouring more lightning down Rowan's spine.

"What did you do? Tell me... Tell meee?!"

If you would stop turning my throat, lungs, and mouth to ashes for a few seconds, I would like your stupid ass to turn around for one second. I'm not your enemy! Rowan

thought was filled with anger, and he nearly screamed in frustration as his body could barely keep itself together and the body of Dorian was beginning to twitch.

The blade he was still holding fell down from his nerveless fingers, and then Rico gave a maniacal grin and wrapped both of his hands around the throat of Rowan, "No, there is no need to talk, I will turn you to ash for the crimes you have committed against my family."

The world went white as the lightning from Rico's hands multiplied, and lightning bolts from the sky began raining on the body of Rowan.

Behind him, the headless body of Dorian stood up while picking up his head.

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Melusine and Lyosos had stopped wearing the glamour covering their bodies, it no longer seemed important, as the decision had been made to leave this planet, and two second circle Dominators from the Royal family would be attended to much quicker than if they were not.

Their long blond hair and lofty constitutions made them stand apart, as they were both eight feet tall.

Also, it helped that the sound of Dorian challenge had swept through the entire continent, and anyone who stayed behind when titans rumbled were at fault for their demise. They both knew that when two elephants fight, only the grass suffers.

They had crossed into the second continent on a shimmering silk scarf that was as wide as a room, behind them were the Six Incarnation State Mercenaries and fifteen Rift State Mercenaries, the rest were dead.

More and more, Melusine thought that this planet was cursed. There were forces on this planet that were slowly revealing itself, and she wanted to be as far from it as possible.

"Hey, before we left, there was a rumor about a super large bounty that was easy to execute but large in remuneration, what we only needed would be luck, and we would strike gold." Lyosos said while rubbing his fingers suggestively.

"You know all about us and luck, why do you think we can gain anything?" Melusine moaned in distress, a brief look of annoyance flashing across her face.

Lyosos groaned, "when you get like this, it's impossible to talk to you."

"Nothing is impossible about it, you say the wrong things at the wrong time."

"so, I'm the one at fault here?"

"What? No, it's not you, forgive me my love, I'm just not in a great place mentally."

Lyosos sighed, "I'm sorry too, but I want you to know that no matter what happens, we will be together, my love."

Melusine smiled at him, and the world beneath them cracked open as six gaping holes opened in the earth, and like six opening mouths, they grew bigger.

"What the hell is that?"

A sudden suction that was so vast in scope it shook their flying vessel in the sky swept past, and the holes in the ground began to expand dramatically.

Red clouds began to gather in the skies, as a rain of blood began to fall.

Chapter 214: My Last Tears (3)

The blood rain covered the bodies of all the Dominators except for the Melusine and Lyosos who were covered by an invisible force field.

Unexpectedly, a loud crash occurred like the sound of a massive wood being snapped in two and as it did, the suction force from the six expanding craters increased drastically. All the Rift State Dominators were abruptly sucked down from the flying raft as they were too weak to ignore the attractive force coming from the expanding holes any longer, their yells could not even be heard in the growing cacophony as it seemed as if six black holes had been spawned below the ground.

With the growing commotion below them, Lyosos acted quickly, and he manifested his territory around their flying vessel and a green dome covered them, and it began fighting against the suction force in order to escape the growing radius of destruction.

Outside the green force field the world had turned into a scene of fire and desolation as the structure of the world was being torn to pieces and there was a loud howling as if the planet was screaming in pain.

The strain of pushing themselves through the devastation was beginning to tell on Lyosos but he gritted his teeth and continued, his eyes were wide and filled with incredulity, an event such as this one was not supposed to happen inside an Empire controlled planet, did a third circle creature attack Jarkarr?

The world outside turned to one of fire and darkness, as below them was a deep darkness was spreading far beyond their eyesights and perception, and a growing vortex filled with debris, fire, and blood was being sucked into that darkness and Lyosos

began to scream as he sent everything he had to barely escape the pull of the void below them.

Melusine was frozen in terror for she understood that the darkness she was seeing was the world fading away before their eyes, and inside that expanding void was the presence she felt on the battlefield that day. The terror had not left her, and even though her spirit was healing, the fresh new presence was increasingly getting stronger and whatever scab had covered her healing soul had been torn open and widened, her eyes, nose, and ears began to bleed.

She could not move, not even to breathe, as her eyes were as wide as a bird who had been frozen by the gaze of the serpent, only the panicked cry of Lyosos called her from the depth of fear, but she was still frozen and could not even scream.

Lyosos called out in a low voice that sounded like he was weeping, "Something is wrong. This flame, the blood... it's... by the holy name of Bacchus, this is Ruin Fire! This world is ending!"

Lyosos acted fast, tightening his Territory around his body and Melusine, he discarded the rest of the mercenaries to their death, as their screams cut out the moment they left his Territory's Domain.

He began burning his Incarnation, using it for fuel so that he could light a Tinder, and his Territory caught aflame, that act dragged Melusine out of her stupor, and he whispered into her ears, "I love you. My happiness."

Her screams were lost to him as his Territory wrapped around her body and sent her hurtling through space before tearing apart the fragile facade of reality and slipping into a green gate that snapped shut.

Lyosos fell into the darkness, and his last sight was a gigantic maw of darkness and above it, eyes that glowed with endless apathy.

"Heaven help us all."

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The orders from his creator to Suriel was absolute, "Be my eyes." Although the weight of that order burned his mind, as he wanted nothing more than to battle the foes of his creator, he performed his duty.

Then a new order entered the mind of Suriel and he acknowledged it.

Platinum wings spread wide open, and he looked towards the slowly spreading darkness on the surface of this world, and he began to fly towards it.

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"Why won't you just die?" Rico's face was twisted with a deep grimace, as pain and loathing warped his features. He had pumped enough energy into Rowan's body to power the entire planet, and he was not letting up.

Rowan would be impressed if not for the face of Dorian grinning behind Rico, and apparently Rico was also aware of him because he said.

"Don't move, bastard, I will kill you next. You shall both pay for what you did to my family, and you especially would die screaming!"

Then Rico revealed his big guns.

From his chest a silver opening emerged, like a ripple in space, but lightning streamed forth from it like flowing water. This was the first time Rowan was seeing a gateway to a Territory this close to him before. He had seen a previous sight in his visions inside the Nexus, but by then he did not understand that what he was looking at was a Territory.

Rico began channeling energy from his Territory, and as his hands were still on Rowan, his Empyrean senses went alight, and Rowan perception slipped into Rico's Territory, and it explained some of his thoughts about what the next realms might hold for him.

He saw a vast land, almost the size of a moon but without any curvature. On the edge of the land was a vast wall made of ice and lightning, and he saw that although it was very slow, the land was still expanding and pushing against that wall.

His perception returned to the land itself, and on it were metallic pillars so tall he could not see their tips, as they vanished into the blackness of the sky.

A spark jumped from one of the pillars, and as it fell, it ignited as hundreds of lightning bolts slammed into the spark, then a thousand, then millions of lightning bolts, and the entire world filled with the pillars came alight with the bolts if lightning traveling around, and all those power converged into the opening in Rico's chest who spat at Rowan took a step back. "Die you monster!"

Rowan could not move with the volts running through his body, and he suddenly smiled, "funny, I should experience what Dorian had been feeling for the last two hours."

Then he was consumed by a pillar of lightning so thick it was like liquid, his skin lasted for a fraction of a second, his muscles and bones a few seconds, and the lightning poured inside his Palace of Ice.

The destruction was massive and total, the force field was barely able to hold it back before the lightning turned his Palace of Ice to nothingness, his Mental Space began to crack and implode against itself as a growing void began swallowing all that he was.

The Lady of Shadow held on the longest, she stood in the growing void even as pieces of her body were beginning to shatter and vanish, and she created mystical spell formations in large numbers that burned in the void, she shone so bright almost like a purple star, for a time that seemed longer than was possible she held against the flood of lightning and defended his throne for as long as she could before she crumbled, and his throne followed.

Her screams were terrifying and Rowan felt such fury from her, he nearly passed out from the sheer scope of it. He had never felt something like this before.

Rowan suddenly knew the reason for her loss against the lightning was her lack of Aether, she had powered the formations with his Aether and with the destruction of his Mental Space and the death of all the Angels of Char, she had none to work with.

When the last of his Throne faded into the void. Rowan died.

Chapter 215: My Last Tears (4)

Yet, Rowan's perception did not disappear. He was in a state of darkness, and everything he saw was merged with a black fog, but he was still in here with them.

Rowan began hearing a dull groan and the sounds of chains clanking together, there was a series of whispers around that when he attempted to listen to what they were saying suddenly ceased and whatever sounds he was hearing vanished.

He saw Rico grabbing a glowing skull with missing jaws, and realized it was his own, and he smirked and tossed it to the ground, where he stamps on it, crushing it to pieces, and he spoke something, but Rowan could only catch the end because his voice sounded like he was underwater. "—justice."

The sounds cleared up, and his sights and perception were slowly returning.

"—know who I am?"

"I don't know, and I don't care, but I like your style. Hey buddy, how about you check out if that cockroach is really dead. He did withstand my flames hundreds of times, that sort of vitality is really unfair, don't you think?"

"I'm going to kill you for what you did?"

"If you are going to do so, why stand here and talk about it when you could be doing it already... Wait a moment, "Dorain snapped his fingers as he scratched his head, "I know you, don't I? You are that brat who stole his sister's..."

"Enough!" Rico screamed and from his chest another long blast of thick lightning blasted out towards Dorian.

Rowan could really appreciate the power of this move now that he could see it on the other end. The sounds the lightning made as it exited Rico's chest was hard to describe, but it was like an unearthly wail, and the lightning shot out with so much force it left long ragged tears in space.

The thick stream of lightning slammed Dorian into the earth, which obstructed him for less than a fraction of a second before it was vaporized, and he was pushed deeper into the earth, vaporizing thousands of tons of earth along the way, after thirty seconds the lightning beam halted.

Dorian was a thousand feet away and was on his back, a faint red light surrounded his body, and he groaned in pain as he attempted to stand, that was before another blast of lightning slammed into him once more.

Rico was screaming like a mad man, as he moved forwards, and the lightning from his Territory was not letting up. Rowan felt a tingle in his skull that was beginning to rematerialize, and his perception increased, and he felt something click inside him as his Palace of Ice was being regenerated along with his Mental Space.

The blast of lightning never ceased as the area around Dorian was expanded for tens of thousands of feet across from the intense heat generated, and a river of lava began to form on the ground.

Rico increased his offensive as lightning bolts began raining down from the skies, the air was thick with snakes of lightning roaming around, and it seemed gravity was beginning to lose its sway because pieces of rocks began levitating. No, not gravity, Rowan realized, it was the wind. Rico had begun calling on the wind!

For an instant Rowan thought this series of moves might really do it, it would finish off Dorian, but then the bastard began to laugh.

"I don't blame you when you thought you had a chance against me, after all, that annoying cockroach was able to put me in quite a spot, but, you fool, I know you are aware I'm of who I am, and was there a single moment in that hen pecked head of yours that made you think you are my match."

"Aaaahhhh... I will kill you." Rico kept screaming over the unending lightning blast.

"Silence, coward."

Suddenly Dorian was behind Rico and in his hand was a beating heart with sparks of electricity running out of it. Rico sagged and dropped to one knee as he held his chest, blood pouring down from his mouth.

Then Dorian began to transform into something monstrous, "It is so hard to reach the Third circle, merging with your Incarnation and illuminating your Cinder Spark had been denied for untold billions of Dominators along the ages, yet those failures dared lecture me about my path. They all called me a fool for choosing a single Mayfly tree as my Territory, yet here I am, the first of my Generation to merge with an Incarnation!"

Rico stood up, a new beating heart appeared inside his chest, his eyes were filled with disbelief and fear. "No, this cannot be possible, I'm supposed to be the ..." he drifted off into stunned silence.

"Suppose to be what coward? " Dorian sneered as his eyes turned into two orbs of flames, his height increased until he was now twelve feet, and he transformed into a Flaming Treeant.

His hair now had branches and leaves, but they were all aflame. His body was no longer flesh but wood that has burning Runes inlaid on them, wicked spikes that was gleaming red protruded from his elbows and shoulders, and he now had three eyes with a third one in his forehead, and all of them were like three flaming pits. He became a merge of flesh and wood, "I have heard of you Coward, the man who stole his mother's Territory and robbed his sisters of hers, and to think even with all that, you could not even surpass the Incandescent Realm after all this time."

Rowan ran through the realms of the second circle in his mind, they were Spirit Territory, Incandescent and Proclamation. Apparently, Rico was in the Incandescent Realm, and yet he sought to challenge Dorian, who was well known to be at the peak of the Proclamation Realm.

Rowan recalled the size of Rico's Territory when he touched him, and knew it was vast, and with this reveal from Dorian about Rico stealing Territories from his mother and sister, maybe it enhanced his powers and made it easier for him to develop faster, yet it was not enough for Dorian had a foot into the Third Circle.

Did Rowan even have the possibility of killing him? Wait, the blade, during their battle, he held on tight to that blade, and Rowan was not wrong about seeing the true fear of death inside his eyes. Dorian was scared of the blade.

With his growing perception, Rowan realized that the blade was still near his skull.

"Doesn't matter." Rick gasped, "My powers are unmatched, and I will kill you."

"Spare me coward, you have no idea what I'm capable of, and my enemies are not such weaklings as you." Dorian's voice was now deep and sounded as if a mountain was talking.

Rico snarled, and his Territory opened wider, and he fired another blast at Dorian, who only brought his hand forward and blocked it and began walking slowly towards Rico.

"Why do you scream so?" Dorian mused, "was it because I killed the people you stole from? Shame that cockroach you killed also felt pain when I did it... strange, don't you think?"

"Haaaa, yes I do believe I remember her name, was it not Circe? The girl who was born with lightning inside her heart. Tell me, did she give you freely or did you deceive her? How old was she then, twelve?"

"Silence you wretched quim!" and Rico's Territory became wider, and he unleashed his Incarnation, a horse with wings made of Lightning. The blast of Lightning increased drastically as wings of lightning appeared behind Rico, the blast pushed Dorian back, and he set his feet firmly on the ground and roots spread out from them, anchoring him to it.

Chapter 216: My Last Tears (5)

Dorian's grin was wide, showing his teeth that were like cinder blocks. Plasma began to fall from the hand Dorian was blocking the lightning blast with, but it did not seem to be causing that much damage to him, if at all, he grunted and began moving forward, and with the wide grin he had on his face, Rowan knew he was enjoying every single moment, and was just toying with Rico.

"All this power, all these potential... a fucki*g rat would be at the third circle by now. If you don't show me something better than this because I am getting tired of this drudgery. I should have known better, you're not worth my time."

Dorian's hand blocking the blast suddenly transformed and extended, as thick flaming vines pierced through the lightning and into Rico's chest, stomach, and legs and with a flex tore him apart while he screamed.

Rowan Mental Space was now completed and fully reconstructed with everything the way it was, only there were some new additions, which was the increasing numbers of Angels of Char that was being created in front of his Palace.

The Lady of Shadow looked around, shock and awe apparent in her features, apparently she was not aware of the insane resurrection ability of his Ouroboros Bloodline. From his bloodline, he could hear her query, "How is this possible?"

Rowan's body began to regrow as a golden skeleton seemingly created from thin air, and flesh began to weave itself around his bones, smooth skin sheathing his form. He gasped as he sucked in a deep breath. Alive once more.

His body came back perfect and stronger than before, but was still not strong enough to battle Dorian. His mind began to go through the motions as he searched for the method to win. Not just survive, to kill Dorian!

It would seem preposterous to consider the thought of killing Dorian now that he was no longer holding back, but Rowan knew he was still fighting with his hands tied behind his back, his main bloodline weapons, his Ouroboros Serpent was not with him.

His perception reached the battle, which was now nothing else but a one-way slaughter. Dorian was merciless as he repeatedly tore Rico to pieces as he laughed. Rico's blood and flesh scattered like rain, and the vines from Dorian hands violated his body in every horrifying manner.

The scent of blood filled the air, and the air began turning red.

He saw Rico gasping in pain and fear. They were both twelve thousand feet away from him, but with his Empyrean senses he could see and hear them as clearly as if they stood beside him.

"It hurts so much... why does it hurt like this..., please stop... stop, I will give you anything you want."

"I thought you wanted to kill me, why do you want to stop now when I'm having fun?"

"You can't kill me, Dorian, my father would destroy you if you kill me."

"That geezer at the Third Circle? Let him come for me, I will kill him!"

"You are insane... stop... father... mother... Nana... Circe... help... help me, stop hurting... so much. Please."

Rico's body suddenly changed into lightning and began tearing up into the sky to escape, but the vines from Dorian's hand were faster and caught the struggling bolts of lightning and shouted as he slammed it into the ground accompanied by a flash of red flames that transformed into vines and held the struggling lightning bolt in place.

"Hmm... your pleas have touched my heart, and I'm a merciful man, I will be a little quicker. Hold on for a while more, okay? Good lad!"

The Third eye on Dorian's forehead lit up and a long beam of red light slammed into the captured bolts of lightning and a loud pained scream escaped from it.

The red beam kept increasing in intensity alongside Rico's screams which got, so loud Rowan was sure it could be heard all over the continent. Rico soon rematerialized, appearing with most of his skin and muscles burnt off, and lava pouring out from various long gashes on his body.

"please stop... Circe save me... mother where are you... help me... please..."

Dorian walked up to a battered figure that was trying to crawl away on limbs that were like charcoal, the ground was shaking under his coming tread, Rico stopped and turned around, he had no eyes as they had been burned from his face and his hand extended towards the incoming Dorian as if to stop him.

Dorian never let go of his smile and he collected the trident Rico dropped on the floor, and twirled it around once before driving it into Rico's neck stopping his cries. "That's better."

Rico's eyes widened in pain and dawning horror about his demise. Dorian's chest began to open up, and his Territory began manifesting, and the surrounding heat began increasing drastically.

"Any last words?"

"Please..."

"No!"

Rico held his hand up in front of him as if gesturing for Dorian to stop, but his answer was an explosion as if a nuclear bomb went off. A mushroom cloud erupted from their position and spread out, sweeping past the now standing Rowan and sending a long pillar of flame into the sky.

When the flames died down, a charred corpse with his melted hands held in front of him was left and the monstrous form of Dorian bent and rummaged around the chest, and he retrieved something glowing from it.

It appeared to be a glowing heart that was blue, Dorian admired it for a while, and then he placed it inside his golden belt, which should be an interspatial artifact.

Rowan felt his bloodline shake, and he knew his third Ouroboros Serpent had just completed gathering energy, and their speed was increasing; however, the most important thing was the purple moon representing his Soul points inside his Palace of Ice, it was twice the size as Rowan had seen before when he created Suriel and it was growing, rapidly.

Rowan called up and was silent as he saw how many years had been wrested from him for his resurrection and he went grim.

P

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/28,000

Strength : 8,159

Agility : 5,375

Constitution : 9,194

Class: None

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

Berserker (Tier 2)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 6 — Earth State)

Vortex (Level 3 — Earth State)

Bash (Level 4 — Earth State)

Dash (Level 5 — Earth State)

Smash (Level 6 — Earth State)

Combo Attack (Level 8 — Earth State)

Bloodline Skill : Eruption (3%)

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 – 1,000,000,000 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Three— 1,000,000,000 / 1,000,000,000

Engine Four – 147,867,665 / 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 :[Earth level 1 → Earth level 6] (Strength + 600 Constitution + 400)

Bash :[Earth level 1 → Earth level 5] (Strength + 500 Constitution + 500)

Dash :[Earth level 1 → Earth level 4](Strength + 100 Constitution + 200 Agility +400)

Vortex :[Earth level 1 → Earth level 3] (Strength + 100 Constitution + 100 Agility +300)

Combo Attack :[Earth level 1 → Earth level 8] (Spirit + 700 Constitution + 300 Agility +300)

Spirit sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Enrage :[Earth level 1 → Earth level 6] (Strength + 400 Constitution + 500)

Soul Point : 563,116.1245)

Chapter 217: My Last Tears (6)

Rowan muttered, "I have spent five thousand years of lifespan just to resurrect from death, it was less than I expected and more than I desired, a Legendary State Dominator could live for 150 years, a Rift State Dominator could live until 300, Incarnation— 500, a Spirit Territory—1,000, Incandescent —1,500, Proclamation — 2,000."

Rowan had lost nearly triple the lifespan of a Proclamation Realm Dominator, and although it was for a heaven defying act such as resurrection from death, it still stung, for he could feel the wound where his lost Lifespan was torn away from him.

He could not get used to resurrection, although he would get more lifespan when he entered the Rift State, it would cost more to also resurrect him, he had barely spent a single year when resurrecting as a mortal, but at his current level he had to use 5,000 years to do so. It was a slippery slope, this ability of his, perhaps there may come a day when his powers were too much for any amount of lifespan to resurrect him.

The monstrous form of Dorian turned to him after adjusting his golden belt, "I thought you would have picked up the blade by now."

"Would you allow me? Besides, I would rather kill you with my bare hands, killing you with a quick stroke seems too much of a mercy."

This was all an elaborate bluff, of course he wanted to use the blade to fight, he was not a fool to disregard powerful weapons when available, but, Rowan had watched the speed the vines in Dorian hands moved, even if he grabbed the weapon, he was still too weak to fight him, he would only die and be torn apart like Rico.

He was not so much stronger with the thousands of Attributes he gained from Berserker, yet there was still a clear divide between his current powers and Dorian, if he were to judge the amount of Attribute Dorian must have in each Stat, he could place him at:

Strength—(between 30,000 and 40,000)

Agility—(between 20,000 and 30,000)

Constitution —(between 50,000 and 46,000)—

Spirit—(between 6,000 and 12,000)

These attributes should be close to accurate, and this was not even adding the boost he would gain from his Incarnation and Territory, for the present Rowan he was outmatched in every way and Rowan did not intend to spend his Lifespan cheaply. He needed a bit more time to get to Rift, and the amount of energy and soul points he was gathering every single second was astonishing.

He could understand the amount of energy he was receiving, but how was he getting so many souls, and so quickly?

Dorian laughed at his reply, dragging Rowan's full concentration back to the deadly situation before him. Dorian gave a sickening smile, and Rowan saw the stark resemblance between this man and the Demons of the Abyss, they may have different forms, but their Spirit was the same.

Dorian replied to his question, "My lack of permission did not stop you before. Tell me, are you a lost Earth god of this planet?"

Rowan cocked his head at him, what a strange question to ask, was his unending healing a feature of an Earth god? Hearing no replies, Dorian scoffed, "It doesn't matter if I can't collect your life, I will collect other things that you have."

"You don't want to do that, Dorian."

"Oh, why is that little Earth god?"

"Because I will kill you, Dorian."

Dorian paused, "You nearly did a short while back, careless of me, but that is battle, always expect the unexpected. However, you bore me Earth god, or should I call you Erohim? Or any of the thousand of the weak Earth gods outside Trion that scuttle in the dark like little insects? Say, would you care to share your name with me? Silence? I see, what else do you all have but your immortality? When before the might of Trion you are all grass."

Rowan was keeping his words inside his mind to analyze them later, however, his plan was to keep Dorian talking for as long as possible.

"I do not make idle threats, Dorian."

"Spare me, your fangs are weak and your claws blunt, you are too weak for me to enjoy battle with you and I take no pleasure in endlessly destroying your flesh, but..."

He unexpectedly appeared beside Rowan and picked up his blade, and in his new form he looked down on Rowan as if he were an ant, arrogance poured out from his eyes, in a blur of motion he wrapped a single hand around Rowan's body and carried him.

He was not gentle as Rowan felt him crush all his ribs, also with the flames emanating from his body, Rowan's skin and muscles blackened and began to char.

"Earth god, I may not be able to kill you, but I promise I will collect something of yours... I always keep my promises."

Dorian took flight with Rowan and in a short while he stopped, the flames from his hands reduced in intensity, allowing Rowan's body to heal. He saw they were at the convoy, and were flying above it, a feeling of dread and anger began to steal over Rowan's body.

The two beams that Dorian had fired at him, had drawn a long line in the ground, hundreds of miles across. It had torn through the convoy, destroying the gathering they were having a short while back.

A few hours ago, this was a place of celebration and laughter. The people below them had bright smiles and light hearts, for they felt safe, but the hands of fate were cruel. Dorian had reached Rowan so quickly that even if he wanted to move farther away from the convoy it would be impossible in that time frame, and so he had pushed their battle deep into the ground, but it was already too late.

There were hundreds of bodies on the ground that had been covered with white sheets. A safe estimate would put the number of people in different states of injuries at two thousand plus. They had barely managed to put out the flames from the burning vehicles, and now they were still clearing the wreckage.

There were screams, of course, and the ones who could scream were the lucky ones, so many had been silenced forever.

The shell shocked expression on the faces of the people here in the convoy here was familiar, was it so long he had seen sights like these inside the Nexus.

The more things change, the more they seem to stay the same. I have changed nothing.

His eyes went around the battered convoy, looking for what? Hope? He feared he knew the reason Rico went insane and went into a rampage, but he still tried to find Circe and Nana in the crowd. He could not see any traces, intact the blast seemed to have penetrated the vehicles of both Nana and Circe.

Dorian observed the people below him alongside Rowan, he spoke, and his voice held a note of curiosity,

"Weird, you would think with the coming Great Storm and the beast calamity happening on this mud ball, these people would not stop until they were behind the safety of their holes underground, but here they are, partying like a bunch of gay rabbits." Dorian frowned, and he looked at Rowan.

The people below were beginning to become aware of their presence above them, and shouts and commotion were starting to ripple across the crowd below, cries of "Erohim" rang out from them before a hush settled over the crowd, as the presence of Dorian expanded, and it settled like a rock on their chest.

Chapter 218: My Last Tears (final)

Rowan could imagine what they were seeing, a flaming tree monster twelve feet tall with the person they called Erohim, held in his flaming fist, while moments before a flashing light had reaped hundreds of lives from the celebrating community. It was one disaster after another and like insects trapped in amber, they were frozen in place while awaiting their fate.

Dorian continued speaking, "I dislike their endless prattle, mortals. I can feel your rage, Earth god. This is not my fault, you know. We both know that there is nothing more fragile than a mortal, even stones have their place, and they can endure the ravages of the weather, and time, you could actually break them, and they are still stone... well, smaller stones, but you get my point."

Dorian pointed below, "But a mortal, they have to live by careful sets of rules and societal structure for them to even exist. For such weakness to still flourish after all this while... it is baffling. I was born in the Rift state, and from the moment I opened my eyes I could kill a thousand mortals with only my breath, and with that knowledge, I came to pity their lot, and I imagine you do too."

Rowan saw a family in the crowd below, it was Diane, Olga, and Trevor. Olga was injured, but it was not fatal, and the three of them held themselves and withstood the presence of Dorian together. Rowan felt a note of pride in them within him that was flavored with despair, his energy points were shooting forward and his Fourth Ouroboros Serpent would soon be filled.

Just keep talking.

"You, however, are an enigma, see, when I shattered your corporeal form and the residual from my power swept through this people here, from you, I felt... pain, and that is quite interesting don't you think? You are meant to pity the damned creatures, not love them! They call you Erohim, well, in that case, let me be their Sun God Orum, and pour down my wrath on them."

The hands on Rowan loosened, and he could now talk, "you would kill these people for just a brief rise in my emotions, Dorian? I thought you had better use of your time. This action is beneath you."

Dorian laughed, in his new form it was a loud sound like thunder, and many people fainted below, as blood ran down their ears, scores of babies and elderly folks perished from that sound.

"It would be a waste of my time, true. But, I think you know why I really need to do this, don't I?" Dorian said.

Rowan sighed, "Being scared of death is a normal thing Dorian, nothing to feel ashamed for, that at the moment of your passing, you became afraid." His fourth Ouroboros Serpent became complete.

"Afraid? Of course, I'm afraid, but you're not. That's why I will do this. Their loss is the only fear you have that's why you will always be a weak Earth god, for you are tied to the earth"

"You are wrong Dorian, and you have pegged the source of my pain incorrectly, I have left many mortals to die, even now, my presence has condemned many to their death, and I... am killing countless people at this moment, so I indeed have no right to feel pain over the loss of these people."

Rowan sighed and looked down, almost as if he was ashamed, "This life is a madhouse, at first, I wanted to become a beacon of hope and justice, with my powers, I could do so much good, but it was the same power that constrain me even now, and I told myself if I am to live, I will have to make choices, and in this world of endless competition for power, there is no right choices, you can only pick your poison and live with it."

Dorian frowned, "Let me get something straight, you love these mortals, yet you are killing a bunch of them?"

Rowan whispered, "Yes, I am."

"why?"

"To avoid something much worse, and for these people to live is the only way for me to justify my actions because I am keeping a seed alive, no matter how much I am going to plunder from creation, I must keep a spark alive, it is the only way I can hold it at bay."

"Sounds to me like you're a hypocrite, what could be so terrifying that you would kill something you claim to love just to hold it at bay? You know, what you just told me makes me want to test the limit of your love the more!"

"Don't do this, Dorian... please. I'm a monster, and my promises are the only thing keeping me bound, if you cause me to break them, all of creation would burn."

Dorian brought him to his face, so Rowan could see the look of pleasure on it, and in his other hand he created a fireball, "Watch them burn Earth god."

He let the fireball fall, and it split into many tiny flaming butterflies... reminding Rowan of the beautiful memory he had of butterflies that solidified his resolve to help these people here, it seems it was another way fate took to mock him.

Rowan's senses captured everything that happened, down to the last possible detail. From the molecules in the air vibrating so fast he could hear them screaming, to the last look on Diane's face as they all turned to ash, and the flames rose and washed over him.

"Mortals." Dorian sighed, "Useless!"

Rowan was not even aware when Dorian let go of him, and he came to when he heard a whimper, the voice was familiar, he opened his eyes he had closed in a futile attempt to hold back the world, and saw the head of Diane lying at his feet.

She was still alive. But her body...

"I detected your Aura on her body, so I left her for last, it's a strange thing for a god to be so attached to a mortal."

Dorian was cruel, he had turned everything below her neck to ash and bones, preserving only her face, he had kept her alive even through all the torture.

Her eyes wept tears of blood. She did not last long, only enough to see Rowan and smile at him, "My lord..."

How long did Rowan cradle her head in his lap, he could not tell, but he knew Dorian was beside him. He was savoring every moment of his torture.

His Ouroboros Serpent's Origin Engine was now completed. He could ascend to the Rift state at any time now, but this minor victory was like ash in his mouth.

"Oh, look, the world bleeds."

Rowan's Empyrean sense went into overdrive as the blood touched his skin, and at that moment he was connected to a dying planet, he heard her voice, and he saw her memories, and he understood so much in that brief time.

Rowan began to laugh, a painful sound that seemed like he was crying

Dorian groaned, "This world is about to end, and yet I have not satisfied all my hunger. Oh well, you can't have everything."

Reverting to his human form, Dorian began to whistle as he walked away.

"Hey." Rowan called out, "What do you say your name was again?"

Dorian smirked, "Now he asks me. Open your ears wide and listen, pitiful Earth god, I am Dorian Kuranos, Son of Scarlet."

"Dorian eh, before this day is done, I shall kill you."

"Too late for that I fear, this world is ending, this is its last moment, you have missed your mark. Wait, don't tell me you're the one responsible for the death of the planet or is it your over active imagination?" Dorian mocked him.

Dorian brought out a yellow jewel that was shaped like a Diamond, and poured his Aether into it, it began to expand and before long a Teleportation Circle appeared in front of him, "Besides, I am leaving, can an Earth god survive without his home for long? I think not."

He began walking inside the portal, and then he felt something from the body of Rowan, and he paused, turning back, his eyes went wide, "Not possible, you have an Origin Treasure!"

Rowan smiled at him, and on his face was a golden tear, "Before this day is done. I shall kill you."

Everything went black.

Chapter 219: Tower of Greed

Rowan had always been careful about the questions he asked the Oracle anytime he visited the Covenant, knowing that it would inevitably be recorded and scrutinized, but questions about the Demon Ohrox were fair game.

One of his inquiries was about the Origin Treasure in his Mental Space, he wanted to know its purpose, history and any other of its uses apart from serving as a channel to the Covenant, after all he could be holding the most powerful treasure of the Prince of Destruction, it would be foolish not to control such a treasure, also Rowan had noticed the Origin Treasure in his Mental Space, that white tower, was beginning to grow.

From what he could infer, Augustus must have owned this Treasure for centuries, yet he had no idea how to repair it or what it was even made of, plus the many tens of thousands of years it had been missing must have damaged it a lot.

Yet it was only someone like Rowan that could unlock the true capability of this treasure because his Mental Space as he learned was solid enough to resemble a god's own and his Aether was just as powerful.

It was enough to heal an Origin Treasure. No god would place a foreign Origin Treasure in their Mental Space, but Rowan was ignorant about these matters, and he had a Mental Space closer to a god, so he was able to activate and allow the Origin Treasure to begin rebuilding itself.

Rowan had asked the oracle, the history of the Origin Treasure, according to her, its history was shrouded in fog, but the Prince of Destruction acquired it from the ruler of the Abyss, who it was said acquired it from a location outside the known universe. The name of the Origin was called the Tower of Greed, and it was an Origin Treasure that was Aspected to Time.

It had a heaven—defying primary function, which was, collecting the present memories and Spirit of its user and channeling it back to their past selves, of course there were many restrictions to this power.

Before Ohrox death, he had been able to build the treasure up to twelve levels, and for a Demon of his power, it could only take back his Spirit back for just a few minutes, but that was enough to make Ohrox one of the most dreadful combatants on the battlefield, it was why the only way to defeat him was to do so with overwhelming power, enough to kill him tens of time, else he would never lose, and he would adapt to your every move and slay you with a single blow, while unknown to you, the battle had happened a hundred times before that single moment.

He had seen a recording of a battle of Ohrox, and it was short and grainy for recording beings at the godlike level when they battle was difficult, but he remembered the utter beauty of Ohrox when he battles. It was not barbaric, but it was a dance. A dance of destruction as every single blow he dealt achieved the maximum amount of damage possible. Every single blow!

The Tower Rowan had with him had only one floor, and a second had been slowly growing, it was not yet complete, and activating this time ability would damage the treasure and increase its recovery time, he had hoped to never use this Origin Treasure until he was strong enough to defend it, but now he has broken that promise with another.

Before this day was done, he was going to kill Dorian!

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Sounds came first.

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

Where am I? What is this darkness?

"Besides, you're Erohim. Who am I to go against your wishes!"

Yes, I see now. Dorian, flames, time... I have someone I need to kill before the day runs out."

Rowan's vision returned to him, and he saw the inquisitive face of Circe looking at him, she was drinking his wine with a nonchalant attitude, but inside her eyes he could see her wariness.

He looked below and saw the convoy and the people going about their activities, and the sounds of happiness and productivity happening below him, and Rowan stilled for a brief moment, and he assigned one of his consciousness to play ahead with the events that previously happened, and he continued speaking with Circe following the same script as before, while his second pillar of consciousness took care of what was happening inside his body.

It was interesting making a conversation while knowing precisely the response you were going to receive, Rowan stuck to the scripts as he began speaking in Medan, "I speak to you with no falsehood. You can have my word on this Circe Boreas. I have no quarrel with you and yours. My enemies are not yours, except if you wish to add yourself to their number."

"I would be a fool to act against you... at this time. I may not understand the reason you are taking some of your actions, but as long as I'm assured that you have no intent to cause harm to me and my people, then I seek no quarrel with you. Yet, I have to ask, how do you learn to speak Medan like that?"

While these played out, earth—shaking changes were happening inside Rowan's body, but with his Telekinetic control and the energy cloak he created below the clothes he was wearing, he was able to hide all the activities happening inside him.

He was not aware if it was because of his Ouroboros bloodline, or some other factors but when his mind traveled back in time to a few hours back which was the present moment, it was not the only thing it brought back.

What is this? How can this be happening inside of me?

His Ouroboros bloodline should have an Aspect if time to it, as his assumed his resurrection ability was a sort of Time Reversal ability, and the combination of that properties must have done something beyond what the Origin Treasure was capable of, for all the information the Covenant told him about this Origin Treasure, there was no mention about it granting the ability to merge your future self with your present!

Because at this time, that was what was happening inside Rowan's body.

The changes happening were vast in scope, but it was also incredibly gentle, as if his bloodline had opened a channel to a place in time, and it was simply passing along what it had collected in the future down into the present.

Rowan was aware of the image of the Ouroboros, a serpent who was swallowing its tail, and he knew it represented infinity, a sign of the utter tyrannical nature of this bloodline to break the natural course of things.

Everything it had devoured was its own. Even time could not stop it from spitting them out!

Chapter 220: Seizing The Future

There was a growing pressure behind his eye he knew he would not be able to ignore for long; he suppressed it for the moment.

At this present time, his Berserker Aspect was at the Refined Level, and he still had Flesh Light and Bone Fire, and his Lifespan was not lost.

Now, everything was merging, and his Berserker technique began to grow as his physique received all the boosts from its growth, once more he lost Flesh Light and Bone Fire as they vanished from his Mental Space, he still felt a twinge from their loss, but his falling lifespan gave him pause.

"If I returned with only my mind, why did the changes in my body that had not yet occurred still traveled back with me?"

Inside his Mental Space at the Palace of Ice, The air in front of his throne began to twist, and then a burning orb appeared resembling a sun, and from it Suriel stepped forth, and from their connection Rowan could feel his confusion, at this time Suriel had not yet been born, but now he existed.

All the changes that occurred in the future were slowly aligning to this present reality.

He would dwell long on the matter, but now was not the time. Rowan checked the Tower of Greed and the new emerging floor had been destroyed and much of the tower was damaged. In fact, it was nearly destroyed and only a bit of it was left, and it was smoldering as it continued collapsing, but thankfully it stopped it collapsing, and Rowan knew that as long as it was not completely destroyed it would slowly heal.

The pressure behind his eyes was still increasing and the changes inside his Mental Space had not ended.

He could feel the eyes of the Lady of Shadow on him. A loud bang happened outside his Palace of Ice as a Third Pillar of consciousness appeared, and unlike before, it was not ephemeral but completed, another bang occurred and a fourth pillar of consciousness appeared, with the ephemeral form of the fifth beginning to coalesce.

Benefits of returning my mind back in time? If this was another method to cultivate his Pillars of consciousness, Rowan would gladly accept it. Having four pillars opened his way to some truly spectacular combination of his abilities that would enhance his overall power, for instance, he could increase the amount of vitality he could burn with Eruption.

The pressure inside his body had reached a fever pitch, and he knew he would have to leave soon, in order not to endanger those around him in case he needed to vent, but that pressure transformed into a colorless shockwave like a ripple on a clear stream.

It emanated from the center of his Mental Space, and he became distracted when the ripple passed through his Palace of Ice and when it touched his Pillar of Consciousness he saw it was information, not only of what he saw in the future, but also all the information the soul of the planet showed him.

The merger of the future and the present was still happening.

That ripple swept through the Lady of Shadow and Suriel, and understanding came to them.

The Lady of Shadow shook as memories of her rage reached her and that cold fury that scared even Rowan began to bubble inside of her. She slowly placed it under control and Rowan sensed an increased amount of awareness on her end, and knew that she was beginning to plot.

Her eyes passed over the nearly destroyed Tower of Greed, and she paused and sent him a message that she could nurture the Origin Treasure to increase its speed of recovery, and Rowan gave the go ahead to her. As the most powerful item he owned, it was necessary to nurture this treasure.

The ripple that spread the knowledge inside his mental space retracted and formed a ball which began to pulsate as it continued growing, the merger had still not ended.

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

With four pillars of consciousness, he could easily follow the conversation between him and Circe, while monitoring all the changes inside his body.

Before, Rowan joked with her here, not understanding some truths behind the smile of this woman. What was the story between her and Rico, who took her heart? His Emphyrean senses lightly touched her, and he saw that the heart beating inside her chest was not hers, it was small and misshapen, the scars on the heart meant with every beat she was most likely in pain.

Compared to the rest of her body, this heart was a burden, as its capabilities were more inadequate than the rest of her organs, and her body was burdened and needed to also nurture the heart instead of the other way around. The heart of a Dominator was one of the most vital organs in their body, after all their powers were based on blood.

With such a disability, it spoke to the height of her talent that she was able to reach the Incarnation State at this young age.

His eyes touched the form of Rico who was at this time chatting with a young girl who had both an excited expression, but her body language radiated fear. Like a deer in front of a headlight, she wanted to escape but was transfixed by his attention.

His gaze made Rico suddenly shiver and looked around, before turning back to the girl, but whatever spell he had over her was broken as with a hurried excuse, she took the opportunity to leave.

Rowan let the conversation play out the way it occurred while fitting pieces of the puzzle together.

He broke the conversation halfway when he turned and looked deeply at Circe. She was now more comfortable with him and grinned as she said, "Something on my face?"

"No, but..." Rowan pointed at her chest.

She was confused at first, before she figured out what he meant, "Oh, you noticed. My heart right? It's a silly thing, my heart was much stronger before, but I had an accident. I was attacked by assassins as a child because of my talent. I will have you know that I was born in the Incarnation State, tell me, am I not talented?"

Rowan rolled his eyes, and she sighed and continued, "Rico saved me... gave me his heart, it's the reason I bear his nonsense most of the time, so I appeal to you for his sake, he is a bit rough around the edges. Ok, I will admit, he is a lot worse, but deep down, he is a good person. He saved my life and harmed his chances to go further as a Dominator."

Rowan smiled and looked away as he drank, "Is that so? How noble." Then he suddenly said, "Do you have a Star chart and the configurations of the surrounding planets?"

"I believe I do." Circe opened her spatial ring and her Spirit rummaged around inside of it, before returning with a Data slate, and handing it to Rowan, who spent ten minutes looking through all the arrangements of the heavenly bodies around Jarkarr, he returned it to her and went back into his thoughts.

When Circe invited him to join the celebration, he did not refuse, he stayed with the people and ate with them, he talked to them, some of their stories made him laugh, and

Diane's proud expression among all her friends when she stood beside Rowan as his maid made him smile.

The celebration continued as he excused himself, and as he walked out, he was stopped by a cry behind him, "My lord, are you leaving now?"

He turned and saw Diane behind him and laughed, "Only for a short while," He touched his stomach, "I'm still hungry, so keep a portion for me when I return."

"Yes, my lord. Um... take care!"