

The Primordial Record

Chapter 221: Seizing The Future (final)

Rowan was able to collect his Monster bike from the engineers and whistled in appreciation at what they had achieved.

It was both sleek yet carried a rugged quality, the tires were made from an Incarnation State beast and much of its components were also made from beast's parts, creating a fearsome machine of bone and iron. A true Monster bike.

They all gave him various stats about its performance that Rowan absently listened to before zooming off, but not before collecting the blueprints for its design, he would be experimenting more with these designs with his Forging ability.

It was a simple thing for Suriel to return to the sky and show the world to him once more. The performance of this new Monster bike did not disappoint him, as he was moving at 750 mph (ca. 1,207 km/h) with this new and upgraded monster bike, and he could enjoy the experience better, even as his mind was focused on the hunt. Benefits of having multiple consciousnesses!

He drove for an hour at that speed, as he was going through all the events that occurred, musing, at this time he was upgrading his Berserker Aspect, but now he was driving on his monster bike and eating the miles.

The ripple that had been growing in his mind suddenly exploded and sank into his flesh, and suddenly, he felt a growing heat inside his body, so unexpected and violent he nearly screamed, he stopped the bike and knelt on the floor.

The pressure kept increasing until he could not help himself, and he screamed a soundless cry at the skies. From his open mouth, six snake heads emerged, and they opened their mouths as well and cried out, and a gray ripple spread out, and as it extended from their mouth, the ripple went faster until it encircled the entire planet.

Suriel was above the planet, so he could see clearly that the gray ripple flowed past all the continents of the planet and after reaching the end of it, they began returning.

It happened in less than ten seconds, and everything returned to the snakes inside Rowan's mouth, and they vanished and Rowan felt the pressure ease off from his body.

What was that?

It did not take long to hear the world below him beginning to groan as a loud sound erupted like countless trumpets blown at once. The skies changed their colors and went red like blood, and all around the planet people began to die.

The ripple that entered Rowan's body reached his pillar of consciousness once more; countless images entered his mind, he saw men, women, and children suddenly stiffening before collapsing into ash.

He saw the two-second circle Dominators, the woman was holding the hands of the man, and she was weeping, all around her the remaining mercenaries were already ash, and the man was slowly turning into ash, he mouthed, "I love you."

Countless images and scenes entered his mind, and Rowan knew his bloodline had collected across time what it had devoured. Every one he had killed when he began plundering the Continent was now facing extinction.

The planet was lucky, and although this time, he did not kill the planet, he had injured its life force. The bloody skies were a testament to what had occurred as it bled its lifeblood and Rowan collected.

He sighed. There were no right choices in this world, he could only choose the least of the wrong ones.

He had lost much with the battle and traveling through time, but he had gained so much more because Rowan was not the biggest beneficiary of his body's ability to sync itself with his mind, it was the fact that he also gained back all the energy he had collected and the soul points.

Indeed, at this time, his Ouroboros Serpent Origin Engine was completed and the massive purple moon inside his Palace of Ice meant one thing — 865,450 Soul points. The Angels of Char now kneeling in front of his Palace were at this moment 7,455, and he had three prospective Archangels from the lot, again reaffirming his luck for obtaining Suriel among a group of a hundred Angels of Char.

His promise and his path to the second circle was now open, and Rowan intended to push ahead to the maximum limit he could reach. He was tired of being among the weakest of Emphyrean.

He called his Ouroboros Serpent back to him, in a future that never happened, they had plundered this world, and now he needed them to return, and activate his Legendary Bloodline Ability.

With these resources his revenge against Dorian was a foregone conclusion, but there was another, bigger menace waiting for him deep inside the planet.

But for every danger, there was also opportunity. Jarkarr was not his first choice to use when he wanted to activate his Legendary Ability, but the unique situation of this planet made it a perfect site for him.

He could rise here, and collect so many benefits from under the gaze of the gods of Trion before they became aware of his presence.

But first before he dealt with that problem, he needed to evolve. He began moving once more with his Monster bike.

In ten minutes time he would be a thousand miles away from the convoy or anyone else, and there he would evolve his two Omnipotent bloodlines.

He reached a small mountain that was shaped like a finger, the top of the mountain was about 2,000 feet (0.61 kilometers) wide and Rowan felt it should be suitable enough for his Ascension.

The Ouroboros Serpents would be back in an hour, more than enough time for him to ready his thoughts for his Ascension and dispose of some inconvenient witnesses.

Rowan entered into his Mental Space, and saw all the kneeling Angels of Char, seeing the three prospective Archangels he nodded to himself, they would be suitable for now.

Returning from his Mental Space, he placed the Monster bike into his Spatial Bracelet and carried himself using Telekinesis to the top of the mountain by just creating two small pads under his feet.

At the top of the mountain he stopped and stared at his Surroundings before summoning his Throne, and sitting down.

He was readying for his Ascension and the world seemed to be holding its breath. He opened his right hand and three closed eyes appeared above it and slowly began to rotate.

Connecting to the Purple Moon inside his Throne, he shot out purple beams out of his eyes and into the three Dormant eyes, and in a while they were completely refined and the eyes were opened.

The Lady of Shadow had stood beside his Throne, and she gestured for the Three Angels of Char that were selected, and they appeared before his Throne from inside his Mental Space.

Angels do not have names, while Archangels had only designations, he mentally ran through what he should use, and made a decision. As his first summoned Archangels, they were in a class all on their own, and he decided to call all Archangels in their collective as Archons, and he gave them the designation Arch-1, Arch-2, and Arch-3.

The Archangels had their first sets of eyes on their right arm, and as the eyes zipped across to implant themselves on the arms of the Three Angels of Char, they turned into mini-suns as the change began to happen.

The black flakes over their bodies sloughed off, and three sets of platinum wings erupted from their bodies.

In a short while three Angels in platinum armor knelt before his throne, the Runes on their armor were simpler than the ones on Suriel, and they were all slender with distinctive feminine features.

They conjured swords of flames and touched their forehead to the ground, Rowan nodded at them, "Rise, you know your orders. Go forth with haste and see it done."

The trio answered back at the same time, their feminine voices pleasing to the ears like soft chimes of a golden bell, "By your will Creator."

Their wings flared out, and they shot towards the bloody clouds where they separated in three directions and zoomed off.

Their destinations, the three underground cities.

Chapter 222: Kill A God To Earn A Name

He was going to be making a large play, and the pieces would have to be in place before he made his move because he knew if he was going to reveal himself to the world he had to use a blitzing strategy that would leave no room for his enemies to retaliate and when they do, it would already be too late.

It may already be too late for him, but Rowan felt he still had a chance. His actions led to the death of 453,000 people, he knew that because he had consumed those souls. He only had to remind himself he was not human but an Empyrean, doing any less would not only condemn him but every one else.

Pushing that grim thought from his mind, he switched to Suriel who showed him the golden rat tracking him underneath the ground, and Rowan ordered the Lady of Shadow to cloud its mind and keep it in place, and he closed his eyes and waited for the Ouroboros Serpents to return to him.

He felt their return, and he smiled for above him the six Ouroboros serpents followed each other and flew in a circular pattern, the leader was the one eyed Ouroboros serpent, followed by the two eyed serpent all the way to the youngest six eyed Ouroboros serpent, in their chest was a bright pulsating yellow glow as if a sun were beating inside of it.

Rowan sat on his Throne of ice on a mountain the shape of a finger, with the six serpents revolving around him that were shining as bright as the sun. Their colors painted the world in all the shades of light, and Rowan waited for his Angels to complete their task.

He was surprised when the last born, the six-eyed Ouroboros Serpent shrank and came to him, it was kind of hesitant, and then it neared him and coiled around his arm. Rowan paused and stroked its head, and the serpent closed all six of its eyes in pleasure.

Seeing that action, the rest of the Ouroboros serpents rushed down and began cavorting around his body as they coiled through his hair and his arms while making small hisses of pleasure.

"I've been ignoring you guys all these while have I not? Seeing in some ways, you are also my children of my blood, as well as the Angels, who are also children of my blood."

Rowan smiled, "As my firstborns, I have actually never named you guys. Tell me, do you want names?"

The Serpents began to hiss, and he understood their intentions, they all believed they were not worthy of a name yet, until they proved their deeds to him.

Rowan laughed, "Well if you insist, I believe you have done enough for me, but still, I wonder what sort of deed would be able to satisfy, before you let me name you guys?"

Their answer made Rowan arch an eyebrow and throw his head back as he laughed, they told him, they must devour at least a god, "If that is so, then I can't wait to give you your names soon."

His mind returned to the memories he collected from the planet. He knew how the Great Storm happened, and it bore numerous similarities to the tales of Erohim told to him by Circe. "So many truths within lies." Rowan thought.

Inside the core of the planet was a secret held by the Boreas family for thousands of years, and it was what gave them the ability to create such potent Battle Stimulants; Rowan was going to control it with his Legendary Ability, but first he needed time to do so without interruption.

The speed of the Angels were unreal, and Rowan would bet they would rank as one of the fastest beings in all the universes because of a simple flight ability, which was to double their speed at every flap of their wings. Sounds simple on paper, but the execution of this ability was astonishing to witness.

Even if the base speed of his Angels was 200 mph (ca. 322 kilometers per hour), a single flap would increase it to 400 mph (ca. 644 kilometers per hour), another flap 800

mph (ca. 1,287 kilometers per hour), then 1600... up until infinity, and they could flap their wings at least three times per second. The base speed of an Angel was not 200 mph (ca. 322 kilometers per hour), it was 950 mph (ca. 1,529 kilometers per hour), so in a single second they could achieve a speed of 2,850 mph (ca. 4,587 kilometers per hour). Although the base speed of the Angels would increase with their advancement and their rank.

The three Angels soon reached the cities, and except for the infiltration on Kraków, which had to be done with care, the Angels soon went invisible, and like mist they drifted into the cities, the first part of his plan was complete, his Angels would perform their duties, even if it takes them days to do so, now it was time to Ascend.

The Ouroboros Serpents were aware of his intentions, and after rubbing themselves in his body one more time they flew up into the sky where they began to expand to their full size, the last born seemed almost reluctant to leave and waited for Rowan to rub it head a few more times before it flew up.

The Lady of Shadow looked at these Serpents and shuddered.

Rowan called up , and checking through it one more time, activated his Legendary Bloodline Ability— Chaos World Engine. There was a slight delay as if he had just switched on a planet size engine, and it was slowly beginning to start up.

The six Ouroboros Serpents roared, and they began moving faster as they revolved in the air, their speed was so great it began causing tornadoes to form and the earth around the mountain began to rise as hurricane class winds smashed through the surrounding area. He had not clocked the speed of his Serpent, but those would soon be meaningless when he ascended and their abilities grew once more.

- Chapter 223: Rift Rule Unlocked – Absolute Body

Chapter 223: Rift Rule Unlocked – Absolute Body

The roars from the Ouroboros Serpents carried a note of pain as the glow from their chest began to spread until they all resembled shining golden statues, and as one they bit the tail of each other and their body shined with a bright light, and then it solidified into a ring more than five miles in length.

The ring resembled carvings of his Serpents and there were six circular slots on the ring, the color was a bright gold and the material of the ring seemed to be constantly flowing as if it were alive. The ring slowly rotated in the air, and Rowan noticed that the edge of the ring was tearing through space like a hot knife through butter.

Rowan nearly collapsed in his Throne when most of his vitality was being channeled to recreate the six Ouroboros Serpents inside the void in his heart. Creating the Chaos World Engine had killed all six of his Ouroboros Serpents.

His breathing was labored and he had to use Eruption in order to focus and generate energy quickly enough, as he stretched out his hand and the massive ring began to shrink and entered into his chest, its descent tearing through space and Rowan feeling a bit concerned for he did not want to lose the ring inside a space crack, even though he knew his fears might be silly.

The ring pierced through his chest and settled in the middle of his torso, and he saw the use of the slots on it, for the six voids in his heart began to change position and fixed themselves in the six parts of the ring, and the Chaos Engine was complete.

In the middle of the ring, a milky white light activated and began to emanate a pale glow, as it began to swirl around as if it was brewing something. Rowan knew it was preparing World Seeds.

His body began to feel pain and slowly crack and fall apart, there was no way he could hold such a powerful ability using just his Legendary Body, even though it was as powerful as the body of a second circle dominator, it could not hold it for long because the creation of a World Seed meant harvesting material from his body, and he could not sustain the loss even with his ungodly regeneration powers.

He has spent 300,000 Soul points to create the three Angels, and he had more than enough for his Ascension.

Rowan struggled to stand up from his throne, as his hands collapsed into ashes and his body began to shrink, his hair fell off, and his eyes turned to dust, before his knees would collapse, he activated the next level of his Ouroboros bloodline.

Unlike when he was upgrading to the Legendary Level, his Bloodline Abilities had already been arranged for him, as Rowan saw that all the abilities he had been given served to complement themselves, and he was sure it was a single ability that had been broken down into many parts in order for him to be able to contain it.

He felt his bloodline tremble and like the Ouroboros Serpents before his body slowly turned metallic like gold, and he appeared to turn into a statue.

His body began a new process of breaking down and rebuilding itself once more, as the statue cracked and fell to pieces and flesh was revealed beneath, but Rowan was clearly bigger, and he was healthier than before, his eyes were shining with a golden light, and he stood at eight feet tall, and he turned into a golden statue once more, it took longer before it cracked open, and he emerged larger, now he was at ten feet tall, he groaned and turned into a golden statue again.

Even though what was happening outside was dramatic, inside Rowan's body it appeared as a scene of chaos as enough energy to light up a small part of the solar system were clashing and combining inside of him.

The blood inside his body was thick like tar but even that began to bubble as the activity inside his body was generating enough heat to melt metal.

His tar like blood thickened and congealed repeatedly, and every time he emerged from his golden shell, they got thicker, until what was left was like golden grains.

His muscles and bones collapsed to nothingness and from the golden grains, a new skeletal and muscular system emerged, and although the bones appeared humanoid, it was far more sophisticated and his muscular fibers were nothing short of titanium strands.

At Rowan Ascension to Rift State his body began to evolve as his next bloodline talent Absolute body activated. A lot crack emerged from his body as a golden burst of force swept into the sky, where it tore apart the bloody clouds for hundreds of miles.

Rowan stamped his feet and roared to the skies, as a golden beam of light shot out from his body and sliced through the atmosphere and into the void of space. The beam of light missed the moon and vanished deep into the darkness carrying the message of Rowans Ascension to the universe.

The light was like a shooting star that traveled through the void of space. It punched across the darkness and by chance it illuminated certain factions interested in the small world of Jarkarr. Before vanishing deep into the void to carry the light of the Ascending Emphyrean to all of creation.

Rowan had made his first shout into the void.

The light from his body upon activation of his Rift Rule—Absolute Body was so bright it was as if a new sun was rising from the ground, and the mountain he stood upon collapsed into pieces, and his body fell with it, reaching the ground with a loud sound like a meteorite crashing as he landed on his feet.

A loud roar came from his mouth that penetrated into the cosmos and spread throughout Jarkarr silencing the entire planet, and the six Ouroboros Serpents tried to escape from his body as their evolution had begun, but they could not.

Chapter 224: Reassembling A Mountain

Rowan watched in fascination as his skin squirmed as if massive pythons were struggling to escape, he gave permission and his body opened up, and the six

Ouroboros Serpent flew out, and expanded until they were fully three thousand feet long, and then, with a massive shriek like metal being folded violently, their skin began to tear open.

They did not struggle to tear apart their old skin even though the material makeup was tougher than diamonds, their new strength was massive.

The new Ouroboros Snakes that escaped from their skin were smaller, as they were around two thousand feet, but they were now the same colors—gold. Rowan thought it was a shame as they had such beautiful vivid colors before, but their new color was simply majestic, turning them from living creatures into pieces of art.

The bones on their Spine turned into a transparent material like glass that sparkled like diamonds refracting the various colors of the rainbow, the bones extended to reach the top of their heads like crown, and Rowan marveled at their sights, his Serpents had transformed.

The skin they discarded fell down and impacted the ground with loud booms like mountain collapsing, and they circled each other before they began to grow.

It was slow, as if they were getting used to their new bodies, but they reached three thousand feet which was their previous limit, and continued growing.

Rowan pushed his way out of the debris of the mountain and noticed immediately that something was different, the stones he touched collapsed to dust, and those that didn't, shot out with so much velocity they landed miles away.

The world had shrunk, and was now smaller for he stood at twenty foot tall, and resembled a statue, for his skin was gold, and his hair was similar to the diamond like material from the Ouroboros Serpent, it sparkled and resembled a crown.

Standing there before the debris of this mountain, Rowan was the most beautiful, as he shone like the first star in the evening and his body was perfect, down to the smallest inch. If a mortal could see him and live, they would worship him forever and his glory would be passed down inside their blood.

Even the light from the sky began to dim, as if they were ashamed of touching him.

Rowan brought one hand to his face and noticed his fingers resembled diamonds, and clenching it made muscles pop all over his arm. His body was vibrating as more golden grains filled it up. Each of the grains had as much power as a tenth of the blood in his body before.

The force field surrounding his body was now thickened and extended farther outside his body, if in the Legendary State it was equal to paper, now the force field was equal

to hardened leather. He could feel the flow of the invisible field around him, protecting him from the world. Keeping him sacred and inviolable.

Rowan knew that the time for his rise had just truly begun, and the distinction between him and everyone else had just taken a large step forward.

Disregarding the strength of his flesh previously, to hurt Rowan you needed to pierce through his force field which was equal in tenacity to his Constitution, but Rowan noticed a flaw, that his force field was more vulnerable to energy-based attack than physical attacks.

His current force field still had that weakness, but it had been ameliorated to a large extent, and with the growth of his force field meant another thing. His Telekinesis was now more powerful.

His Serpents were at this moment five thousand feet long, and they kept growing, as their bodies wiggled and made loud metallic sounds, and space began to shudder by their movement, the Minor World of Jarkarr was beginning to strain in order to contain them.

Rowan effortlessly lifted his twenty-foot body into the skies, and fashioned a robe made of his black Aether, and a purple belt around his waist leaving his chest partly exposed. He created shoes by using his black and purple Aether and he made a hairband keeping his hair in place.

He flew and stayed in the center of his Ouroboros Serpents who were circling him as their sizes increased, and then he stretched his right hand to the ground,

"Rise!"

All the broken pieces of the mountain began to shake and then hover in the air as he gathered every piece of it, even the ones that were miles away, even those as small as dust, he gathered them all.

His enlarged Emyrean sense swept through every piece of the debris, and placing his multiple consciousness at work he began reassembling the mountain.

It was a testament to his new consciousness, as his Mental Space has increased, and with his new form, his Emyrean sense had evolved once more, and he could process thousands of times more information than before.

He effortlessly triggered Eruption to five percent and the amount of Energy flowing into him was hundreds of times as much as before, this amount of energy generated would be equal to him triggering eruption at fifty percent previously. The entire mountain was put back together, every single rock in its place.

The Lady of Shadow hovered near him, her hands folded in front of her, his head was nearly the size of her entire body, and her fascination was stark, and he could feel her joy at his growth, and that joy was infectious as Rowan grinned at her and the words he said rumbled like thunder, "it's not over, stand back."

She retreated for a few hundred feet, considered her actions and retreated for another hundred.

He called up and his sight immediately zoomed towards his current lifespan. He discovered it was just a small part of the massive advancement he just made.

He expected Absolute Body to be powerful, and still, he underestimated its powers.

In all of creation, who else can be like me?

Chapter 225: Lifespan– 330,000 Years!

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/330,000

Strength : 11,492

Agility : 8,708

Constitution : 12,527

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 (7%)

Passive : Decipher language (complete)

Records:

SIX [CHAOS BLOOD]- level 3 [0/30,000]

AVATAROFEVE: Level 0 Completed (10,000)

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor— Completed]

Rift Rule: Absolute Body

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Path Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Legendary Skill Completed:

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

World Assimilated : 0

Rift Rule Unlocked : Absolute Body

Constitution + 3,333

Strength + 3,333

Agility + 3,333

Spirit + 3,333

Spirit Sacrificed to the Palace of Ice

Absolute Body: You have no limit to your physical capabilities.

Gain + 3,333 stats points across all attributes, for every Minor World assimilated.

Gain + 330,000 stats points across all attributes for every Major World assimilated.

Gain + 33,330,330 stats points across all attributes for every Supreme World assimilated.

Gain + 3,330,330,330 stats points across all Attributes for every Nirvana World Assimilated.

Every Planet Assimilated increases lifespan.

Soul Point : 565,449.6785)

When he first saw 33,000 years of lifespan at the Legendary Level he was astonished, it was more years than he felt anyone deserved, but now his lifespan at the Rift State just blew it out of the water.

"Hmm... why this fascination with the letter three? Is it perhaps linked to the Time manipulation ability of the Ouroboros bloodline?"

It was a lot of time, a quarter of a million years, he could take naps for thousands of years without any issue, and if this trend continued, his lifespan may just hit a million years soon enough, but knowing the absolute immensity of the tasks that laid out in front of him, he needed all the time he needed, plus he was still eleven years old.

That rights, he had not even spent a year yet in this new life!

Just reaching the Rift State and activating his Absolute Body gave him 3,333 stats points on all his Attributes, which was fantastic, as gaining so many stats had boosted his Strength and Constitution to the second circle, and coupled with his Empyrean physique he could not yet quantify his powers.

There was a reason he left the golden rat behind, he needed, well, a lab rat.

Unlike the Chaos Engine where he needed to consume energy filled objects, the way to grow his Absolute Body was by assimilating planets, and with each planet, he assimilated he would receive enough attributes to power him up drastically while increasingly perfecting his Absolute Body.

Technically even if he stayed perpetually at the Rift State, he could increase his powers without limits, and with the ability to increase his lifespan with every assimilated planet he could technically achieve immortality.

That was not enough for him, at this level he knew he could fight Dorian, he had not yet tested the powers of his body, but he knew his bones were at least ten times stronger and his flesh five times denser than his previous Legendary body.

He could kill Dorian now if he were to judge by the ability he has shown him, but it would be a long battle, if he included his Ouroboros Serpents into the mix, he would easily crush Dorian, if he had access to the Ouroboros Serpent in the previous battle it would be difficult to judge who would become the victor of their conflict, but why stop now, when his growth has no limits.

His Ouroboros Serpents were now five thousand feet long and six hundred across, they were now flying mountains, and their presence swept through the land and the sky, and around Rowan it would seem like a golden Domain was being created.

He was like the sun cloaked in shadows because of his black robes. His serpentine eyes blazed with a golden light, and his gaze was terrifying.

It was not enough, he could still get stronger. Experiencing his Absolute Body, he moved forward. Incarnation State. Next!

It would take thirty thousand Soul Points to take him to the peak of Rift State, a drop in the bucket for what he is currently having.

He gathered all the 30,000 Soul points at once and pushed it into his bloodline without any hesitation, he had an Absolute Body, he instinctively knew could take it.

Then Rowan screamed, not in pain but sheer pleasure like none other. It was like the most orgasmic moment in his life and multiplied to infinity. He shuddered in mental shock for a few moments, as the wave of pleasure erupting inside his body continued, so too did the growth of his body.

At twenty feet tall, his body was massive, and now that size began expanding further...

Thirty feet...

Fifty feet...

Seventy feet...

It stopped at seventy-five feet and now Rowan's hands were larger than cars. If one were to equate his height in stories, he would be six stories tall.

His Serpents' growth that stopped at five thousand feet received an augmentation, and their roars deepened as they grew to...

Six thousand feet...

Seven thousand feet...

Nine thousand feet...

Their growth began to slow and settled at nine thousand five hundred feet long and nine hundred across. They were true monsters now in terms of size, but Rowan knew this was far from their limit, in the future they could eat planets in a single bite.

The vision he had seen of the future was no longer the same because their current appearance was different, and they were bigger now than when he reached the Rift state previously, if he had to guess the reason, it must be because the method he used to grow his abilities previously affected their physiology.

More! More! More!

I need more!!

Chapter 226: Avartar of Eve... Ascend!

His growth paused and he nearly screamed in anger. Then seeing the reason he took a while for him to settle, and he saw a restriction to his Ascension to Incarnation.

Every new upgrade in the State of change requires him to select a new path to upgrade his powers and he could not blow through the first great circle without choosing his next steps.

There were two methods he could use to reach Incarnation, the first was to assimilate at least thirty-three minor worlds and using the energy from all off them to build his Incarnation, or the second which was to enter his Bloodline Source once more and connect to his Primogenitor—The first Ouroboros Serpent, and use their Essence as his Incarnation.

Two choices, one would mean total independence from any power that may seek to hold sway over him, and the other would lead to an easy fix. He knew getting an Incarnation from a Primogenitor could be easy, but that would be wasting the potential of his ability.

He was in a unique position to walk a path never before treaded by anyone else, and with his potential, it would be pitiful for him to select anything lesser. Of course the

difficulty of seeding at least thirty-three worlds would be difficult, but he would prevail. Gathering six billion energy points was a monumental task, yet he accomplished it, this one would be no different.

He did not have only one bloodline, however, so that meant he could continue getting stronger even while planning on the methods he would use to assimilate worlds, he had the beginning of a plan, and Jarkarr was central to that strategy.

He called up the Avatar of Eve bloodline and the eyes of the Lady of Shadow lit up, it shone with a purple light, so bright it extended for more than five feet in front of her, she was the size of a small cat in comparison to his seventy-five feet body.

Rowan growled, "Avatar of Eve... Ascend!"

A black glow shone from the forehead of Rowan, and he fell into darkness. A voice froze him in place, and for the first time since he surpassed the Mortal State, he felt like an ant before a thunderstorm.

The Language the voice spoke was unfamiliar, and it took his complete language mastery some time to decipher the words, and still, it still felt strange in his perception.

" γου φαηστ εσφαρε φεσμ με φηιλθ...

θβλινιση nas always βεηη γουα βιατηαγнт

Πσ ματτεя ησω φαγ γου яηη φяσμ με, I shall βυαη all εχιστεηφε ηητισ ι φηθ γου...

Tell με ωνηεε sne ηιδεε! "

As unexpectedly as the words came they stopped and Rowan felt he floated in the darkness for a while and at a seemingly distant place, he heard the sounds of chains, and he turned in the darkness seeking for where the sounds emerged.

Below him a gargantuan lidless eyes opened, and Rowan was surprised he felt a bloodline connection to that eye, he wanted to get closer to it, but the eyes soon vanished.

Then he saw a light, and his perception was attracted to it, and it grew closer to that light, and he saw it was a palace... It was familiar to his palace of ice in the sense that they were both made from a material that resembled ice, but the similarities ended there.

The palace before him was massive, planet sized, with massive Corinthian pillars the size of mountains, and a throne the size of a continent, before the palace were fully awakened angels in such vast numbers they covered the entire horizon even into space.

They had varied shapes and form with some of them defying the concept of physique and only existing as light or darkness, and they all knelt before the throne, and a million billion eyes focused on it.

Before the throne was a coffin made of ice, and a woman laid inside, with hair blacker than night. The palace shuddered and began to collapse, as if multiple black holes were dropped into the palace. The Angels closed their eyes and none moved, even as the destruction consumed them all.

Rowan woke to a desolate sound. It was the sounds of keening from the Lady of Shadow, it was a soft sound that carried endless sorrow, not knowing the reason for her sorrow, he stayed quiet and opened his palm, and she came to rest on top of it.

Rowan spoke in Medan, "It is alright... Eve. " she shuddered and seemed surprised, her black eyes tracking his features, she smiled at him, and she suddely became drowsy, and she gradually fell asleep in his hand while cradling his little finger.

Rowan was quiet, and he stood still as he hovered in the air, a statue of gold.

He let her rest on his palms for the next six hours, and he was not impatient because he knew she was evolving. The Lady of Shadow was a central figure in his bloodline, and she was linked to him in ways he could not yet fathom.

Unlike him, she could not easily handle the strain of transcending her Mortal state into a Legend. Even though her command of spells was unmatched, she still needed the rest to get accustomed to the new powers she now had. Rowan was patient, as he intended to continue raising the bloodline, and she needed the rest, with his Soul points he just needed to push ahead.

Perhaps with his new capabilities he should be able to learn more of her history as he was sure he was a hundred times more durable than before, and would not easily perish for knowing the truth.

When she awoke, she was different, with the shadow making up her form now reduced to a large extent, and she appeared to be covered head to toe by a black cloth, although black smoke was now slowly spewing out from her eyes and knee-length hair, her features were more apparent, and Rowan saw she resembles the woman in the coffin, but she was also different.

Chapter 227: Word of Enoch

Eve's heart—shaped face and large eyes were apparent even though she resembled a black mannequin, bowing to him, she drifted and stayed by his side, and then she sat daintily on his shoulders, and she folded both hands on her stomach.

Rowan's current size was distracting, and he pushed his worries aside, he had an idea how to go about managing his size, but that would have to wait for the time.

Rowan entered his Mental Space and his Palace of Ice had grown, if it was the size of a two-story building before, now it was five. There were now more decorations on the walls of his palace that showed his journey.

He saw himself as a small child awakening in a room full of bodies, he saw himself killing his first demon, fighting the abominations, falling into the world of Jarkarr, all his stories were being drawn out in the walls of his Palace and his perception swept through all of them.

As he entered into the palace, his throne had clearly changed, as it was more decorative, and it had been raised a single level by a platform of floating rune with prismatic colors that Rowan immediately knew was his Legendary Ability, and most interesting enough he recognizes the shape of the Rune, it was the same as the written words on his Primordial Record, only it surprisingly more complex.

It was one rune, but its form was chaotic, and as his perception touched it, he understood what it was.

This Rune was a single word that had no meaning assigned to it, and he only had to name a single word, and he would achieve total dominion over the word signified.

His mind shook as he expected a ridiculous ability from his most powerful bloodline, but this exceeded all his expectations. A power like this should have serious constraints. Even though he understood from the knowledge in his bloodline that he would only own a single word each time he ascended a circle, he was satisfied.

Even as he pondered the words he was going to choose, he opened his Primordial Record to check his new status, he did not see any difference in his Attributes, as his second bloodline did not affect his physical attributes, and every spiritual gain was reflected in his Palace of Ice, the Current Size of his Palace must be due to all the Spirit he had been sacrificing to it.

His Current physical Attributes were expected, but nevertheless, it was still shocking, at the peak of the Rift State, he doubted he had any more competition in the second circle.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/330,000

Strength : 20,492

Agility : 17,708

Constitution : 21,527

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 (7%)

Passive : Decipher language (complete)

Records:

SIX HEADED OUROBOROS [CHAOS BLOOD]- level 3 Completed [30,000]

AVATAR OF EVE: Level 1(0/40,000)

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor— Completed]

Legendary Skill :Word of Enoch [Blank].

Rift Rule: Absolute Body.

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Path Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Bloodline Legendary Skill Gained:

Word of Enoch [Blank].

Soul Point : 535,449.6785

He had become accustomed to understanding and controlling his quick burst of power increases. With his stats laid out in front of him, he easily quantified his current powers.

There was only one discrepancy, which was the Avatar of Eve Bloodline Ability given: Word of Enoch [Blank].

Rowan wondered why this bloodline had so many names attached to their abilities, and he also wondered if the words spoken by that voice he heard was the reason he could gain access to this ability. If it was, he would have to begin reconsidering what he considered the height of power.

If there was someone out there that could control the entire language of Enoch, that would be a scary thought. How insane was it, that speaking this language would lead to total control of all that was spoken?

Of course, he was only limited to one word at this time, and he had to make it count. There was no way he would waste something such as this by naming a word like fire or ice or lightning.

Perhaps if he was a normal Dominator the possibility of controlling flames or frost or lightning with a word would be beyond thrilling to him, but such powers were too weak to arouse any interest from him.

If he was going to select his first Word of Enoch, it must be a word that could challenge the peak of creation itself. Anything less was an insult to his eminence.

He would be choosing concepts instead of their representatives, for example, he would rather choose the word Temperature, which technically should grant him the ability to both heat and freeze and many subtle manipulations of heat and cold.

Would the Word of Enoch be able to grant him powers over concepts?

His first thought was Life. That was also a powerful concept.

What if the first word he chose was life, could that mean he would control all aspects of life? He would be able to heal and take life with a single word? It sounded too good to be true, but what if it was possible?

The uses for such an ability would be endless, it would be difficult for him to die if he wanted. What about Reality? That was a word, he could control reality itself at his whim. What about Soul? Or power? Or Death? Time?

So much he could choose. So many powerful concepts, that for a moment, he was struck with indecision, as his many consciousness began to argue about the correct words to pick.

Chapter 228: The Ballad of Erohim

After deliberation, he decided to choose Reality. In some ways, he had access to all these other powers or concepts but in a limited manner, for example his Ouroboros bloodline control over time, he had enough evidence to suggest that he would soon uncover that aspect of his bloodline as long as he continued getting stronger.

Power? Absolute Body was all about endless power. Life? Killing him would get so difficult in the near future it would be near impossible, life would serve those closer to him, and for now, he had none, or he allowed himself to have none.

The usage of control over reality coincided with his Soul Points ability, as it was able to create anything, but that power for now was very limited in its application, he could do so much more with control over reality, and it was the best method for him to stay alive at this earlier period in time.

Deciding to pick Reality as his first word, his mind escaped from his Mental Space, and he summoned his Throne.

The new throne that was summoned enlarged to fit his new size and Rowan sat on it, deciding to take this bloodline to the Peak of Legendary and if his Absolute body could handle it, he would also take it to the Rift State.

Upgrading the Ouroboros Bloodline at the Rift State to the peak took 30,000 Soul points a far cry from the 1,000 Soul points used to level it at the Mortal State, yet for the Avatar of Eve bloodline, it will take him 40,000 Soul points just to take it to the peak of Legendary, fortunately he was not lacking in that area, so deciding to push for Rift State at the least, and if he could go higher, he would.

Rowan began placing soul points into the bloodline a thousand points at a time, as he wished to observe all the changing phases of this bloodline, perhaps he may gain some certain insights.

The Throne he sat upon began to transform, as the embellishments on it were getting increasingly elaborate and majestic, inside his Mental Space, his Palace was growing larger, as the courtyard before him began to spread out, and to Rowan surprise at the end of the courtyard, a tiny shoot sprang out, that grew until it was the size of a small tree.

After spending forty thousand soul points he reached the peak of the Legendary State, and when he checked the state of his body, he felt a bit strained, as he was supporting both the Chaotic World Engine and the Avatar of Eve bloodline. In fact, he noticed he was beginning to shrink to compensate for holding both these powerful technique and bloodline inside his body. He was now fifty-four feet tall, but he was not against this change, as Rowan saw no need for the extra mass. Of course, he could hit harder, but he would also present a bigger target. Rowan preferred fighting with more skills and subtlety rather than whaling on his enemies with all out blows.

He was not getting weaker, his Absolute Body was just expressing itself in the perfect method to handle his powers, instead of outward, his powers were pushing inward to support his Chaos Engine and contain his Avatar of Eve bloodline.

Rowan still felt in control and his body was still brimming with power and vitality. He decided to upgrade the Avatar of Eve bloodline to the Rift State.

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"—I want you to go over the list of the individual decor that was assigned to each trailer—motor and see how we can shift the directions we have been pushing for, please note that such celebrations will not occur again, as you are aware that it severely strains resources needed..." Circe lapsed into silence as a freezing sensation swept through her body, she was speaking to the manager of her town when she felt a chill pass through her body.

"Someone walked on my grave." She laughed self-deprecatingly and noticed the manager was also silent and frozen in place, not even breathing. She snapped her fingers twice in front of his face before he could breathe again, and his eyes regained their color, and the fear in them was palpable.

"Mad... am, I... I... don't..."

"Quiet!" Circe looked around, and felt a profound horror as every single person was frozen in place, what was happening here. She cupped her hands and cold winds with pieces of ice inside of it gathered, and she opened it, releasing a chill wind that swept through the convoy and pushed everyone out of their lethargic state.

The winds began to change as the skies went red, the clouds clumped together like clay, and the bright day turned to dusk, a bloody smell filled the air, and a loud groan that sounded like it came from a tortured soul rang out.

It was as if the world around them was in pain, and everyone here to some degree could feel her pain. It was as if she were dying, and the growing panic of the people was only forestalled by the Presence of Circe who wrapped herself in a shroud of wind, lightning and ice, and gave everyone the directives to follow.

It did not take long for the convoy to pack up the celebration and begin moving, no one wanted to be around that area any longer and moving seemed a plausible way to move away from danger, no matter how distant it was from them.

An eerie silence had descended on the convoy and only the sounds of the moving vehicles echoed in the air, as they drove through a grave world, inside everybody was a feeling that the world was ending.

It was not really just fear that held the hearts of all here, it was also of loss. She did not know who started singing, maybe it was Rowan's maid Diane, as her voice was sonorous, and in the silence of the convoy, it carried... It was called the Ballad for Erohim.

It was haunting.

Chapter 229: My heart... Hold on a while longer

The Ballad of Erohim was an old song, and it was sung with the night fires when the Great Storm rages outside. Children learn of it when they begin to talk, and during times of darkness there is no better way to keep your head up and your spirit calm.

It was a song about the darkness that plagued their world for countless lifetimes until Erohim brought the light; Circe was dumbfounded to hear the rest of the convoy take up the song.

Twenty thousand voices all as one, from the mouths of young and old, they stamped their feet and their voices were as one, she could feel their spirit being uplifted. Of all the worlds the Empire controlled, did they really understand their inhabitants?

Behind the convoy, a bright golden light flashed, it must have been far away, yet it was still so bright. Circe was in the air, and she watched the golden light rise like a divine spear and sliced through the atmosphere, nearly hitting the moon, Ga. Somehow, she did not think even the moon could stop its ascent.

The golden light was like a second sun emerging from the earth, and the convoy went mad in adulation, and with no indication given, they all stopped the movements of the vehicles and stepped down, and fell on their knees in worship.

Circe could understand the reason, she also felt the urge but hers was not of adulation but horror. The light she saw was unlike anything she had ever seen before in her life and her experience could point to nothing to explain what it was.

There was a kind of Aura emitted from that light that made her shift her gaze away from it, as her instinct screamed that looking at that light for any longer would bring madness, like a mortal staring into the bright sun, she would burn her soul to ash.

Yet why did the light seem so familiar...

From her vantage point, she saw the red clouds far in the distance began to shake and dissipate as a shockwave was coming from the origin of that flash of light tearing through the expanse. Her eyes widened, there was no way the people worshipping outside would escape the devastation coming. She called upon her Incarnation, it was of a girl holding a flute in her right hand.

The flute was made from ice, and the girl was dressed with wind and her hair held a garland made from lightning.

Due to the nature of her heart Circe rarely called on her Incarnation, for it was too powerful for her heart to bear the strain, and it would explode inside her chest.

The Incarnation smiled and entered Circe's body and her eyes lit up as mini tornadoes formed around her body, and Circe began weaving runes from the three elements! "My heart... please hold for a little while."

If Rowan were here he would be astonished, what Circe was doing should be beyond what any Incarnation State Dominator should be doing, but she gathered everything together and with a cry, she unleashed the rune, and they expanded and moved towards the back of the convoy creating a shield five miles in length, just in time to block the incoming shockwave.

Her body shook, and she vomited blood, barely able to keep herself in the air. A soft sound like a flute blowing swept through the convoy, and her Incarnation vanished with a smile. Circe nearly fell from the air while she squeezed her chest, pain covering her face.

The vehicles rocked as they escaped the brunt of the shockwave, and when it swept past, to Circe's amazement, the shockwave was a voice. It was a roar of victory.

When she returned to her vehicle she found Nana waiting for her, "Circe, do you recognize that voice?"

"Not really, I was concentrating on blocking the sound from harming the people here. So did you find the voice familiar?"

"Maybe... sounds like the mystery man we have here."

"Erohim? How's that possible?"

"You still call him by that name?"

"What, do you expect me to know his name? In case you didn't get the message, that man would never reveal anything he wants to keep hiding."

"Forgive me, but I thought you were close to him."

Circe sighed in irritation and turned away, "Let's just focus on getting through this. I know he would not be upset with us increasing our movement speed, these changes happening should be the result of this beast calamity, and with new variables in play, we needed to move.

"Circe dearest," Nana said, "Rico wants the convoy to move towards the nearest relay station, he wants to know about this guest we have with us."

Circe frowned, "Why are you telling me such, you do know the threat he poses in fact, were you not the one who pushed for following his orders."

"That was before the world began to die! You do know whatever is happening is central to him, my dear, look at the Nemesis board!"

Nana pushed the Data slate towards Circe, one look and her face went white.

Number one : Erohim [5 billion]

Rowan had only counted the people he killed, not the endless amounts of beast that entered his serpents stomach.

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Dorian, Son of Scarlet stood before the body of a golden wolf at the Second Great Circle, and watched the skies turn red and the world scream in pain, he cracked his neck and returned to butchering the beast, collecting parts from it while keeping choice cuts of flesh for him to devour later.

The flesh of these beasts were rich in energy and consuming it would aid him in his elevation to the third great circle.

Plus the single greatest advantage he had received from this expedition that made Dorian giddy with glee. Burying the bones of these creatures in his Territory led to the growth of his Mayfly Tree.

It boosted the vitality of his Territory and the barrier over his ascension that had plagued him for decades was finally loosened. If he was not mistaken, the bones of these creatures were even increasing his lifespan!

If he devoured that great lizard on the third continent, surely that should be enough to reach the Third Circle. Enough to kill Fury!

Chapter 230: Three Chambers

When he received a prophecy from the witches of the Minerva family about his rise or his doom to be found on this planet, he had taken it with a pinch of salt, after all, the Patriarch of the Minerva family had been lost for thousands of years and their prophecy had been weak, but he had chosen to accept it because he heard rumors of a new patriarch of the Minerva family had ascended.

Turns out his gamble was paying off. He pushed the golden bones into a swirling hole in his chest, and the Mayfly Tree used flaming vines to place them underneath her roots.

Looking around, his surroundings were devastated, and he knew it was not because of only his actions as he battled the beast, but also something else.

The terms for this beast subjugation mission was to avoid destruction above a certain threshold, else payment may be withdrawn or reduced, to Dorian that did not matter, at his current level he did not need resources all that much, only combat to refine himself further, plus he had everything he needed right here.

He idly picked up a rock, and it crumbled to ash, a few moments back a weird pulse had traveled through the planet, and the world around him began to crumble. There was a small hill in front of him, and he gently fanned the air, and it collapsed into ash.

It was as if the world had lost its vitality only leaving a shell behind., Dorian, of course, was genuinely interested to know the reason this was happening.

He had sensed a frightful power in the Third Continent that gave even him pause, and he was waiting to tackle it last when he was at the peak of his preparation, it was the reason he was going about fighting battles, he needed to be ready for what lies inside the third continent. Yet, this new development was bizarre.

He paused as his heart skipped a beat, and he turned to the skies where far in the west a golden beam of light pierced through the sky and into the void.

A few moments later, a roar followed that resonated and swept past him, and he shivered, grinning in delight as he held his blade and began flying towards the direction of the light.

The crumbling world, the golden light and the roar that echoed all over the world spoke of considerable changes, Dorian licked his lips.

He noticed his hands were shaking, whether from excitement, nervousness or fear, he did not know.

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Readying himself, Rowan began pushing for the Rift State for the Avatar of Eve bloodline, but he was stopped from his Ascension by a series of prompts from his bloodline, although he would not be getting any new abilities, his palace could now hold a new chamber at the Rift state.

This was the direction that this bloodline took, when Ouroboros seemed to strengthen his body, this went the opposite direction. He would be receiving skills that would strengthen his forces.

The chambers he could create for now included Hollow Forge, Knowledge Well, and Astrolabe; the rest were blurred, hidden from his view at the current level.

He could only see a blurred view from the chambers he could access, the Hollow Forge immediately drew his attention because it seemed to be in line with what he needed to push his plans to become a Mobile Alchemy Forge, he did not know its purposes yet, but it called to him.

Astrolabe was mysterious with just impressions of shining stars that blinked sporadically, and the last also aroused his interest, Knowledge well seemed to be a library, and if he were to pick the right choice for him, he knew it had to be knowledge well.

On the verge of picking knowledge well, he was stopped by the Lady of Shadow, who indicated for him to pick the Astrolabe. Rowan frowned, he had always lacked information in this overly complex and vast world he found himself and nothing could supplant knowledge.

Yet the lady of shadow indicated she was selecting this choice for him because of his current situation, as nothing would serve him better. When Rowan pressed her about what Astrolabe might offer him over choosing either Hollow Forge or Knowledge Well, she simply told him: freedom.

Rowan dwelled on that information for a while, and he chose to follow her advice and picked Astrolabe. She knew of his memories and his death, and she had access to more information than he did about his current bloodline.

Rowan chose to trust her, the other reason was because she informed him that he would have options for more chambers at the Incarnation State and higher, so he could select Knowledge Well or Hollow Forge when he reached those levels, and there were other better options ahead, but Astrolabe was indispensable for his current condition.

Choosing to select Astrolabe as the first chamber to be created, he began Ascending to the Rift State with the Avatar of Eve bloodline.

Growing was a strange word to use for an inanimate object like a building, but that was the only word that would be able to be utilized when explaining how the Palace of Ice was expanding.

Almost like each piece of itself was a living thing, the palace stretched and shook as new parts of itself formed like living waters and created minarets, balconies and parapets, long arching windows and columns emerged from the castle like rib bones.

There was a shock inside his Spirit as if a bomb had just exploded, and his Palace of Ice did not just begin growing larger, it was extending and creating new unique structures that radiated power. His purple black Aether conjured up a storm as they began merging with the growing structure.

At the western part of the Palace, a new circular dais was created that resembled glass as it was transparent with weird lighting shooting through it, as wide as a football field, which was about four hundred feet, and it hovered in the air, held by yellow lightning bolts.