

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 231: Hidden Hands

With the Palace of Ice now having a new chamber and his second bloodline also at the Rift State, it was left for him to take it to the peak.

Rowan was now forty-eight feet tall and the requirements for him to reach the peak of Rift State for the Avatar of Eve bloodline was a whooping 120,000 Soul points.

Rowan frowned a bit, the amount of Soul points required by this bloodline was becoming slightly alarming. For the Ouroboros bloodline, he needed 1000 Soul points for the Mortal State, at the Legendary Level he had required 15,000 Soul Points, at the Rift State he needed 30,000 Soul points which was far lesser than he imagined for the Rift State requirements, but he thought it might be because he was just unlocking his Rift State ability, and he expected his Incarnation State to follow the same premise.

Nevertheless, Avatar of Eve Bloodline took multiple amounts of Soul points than what his ridiculous Ouroboros Bloodline needed, at the Mortal Level he required 10,000 Soul points to push to the Legendary State, at the Legendary Level he used 40,000 Soul points to push towards the peak of Legendary, to use a 120,000 Soul points for Rift State was a disturbing trend, but he still welcomed it.

Rowan was aware that each of the Soul points was a resource that was powerful beyond measure, and he could create anything with them, for his bloodline to require so much of it, even in its nascent state spoke of the sheer power it controlled.

He could fight many levels above his own by the unique abilities granted by his bloodlines that could not be matched by mere Dominators.

Also was the fact that, this bloodline he received was not random, no matter the lucky coincidence he may have surmised he took to acquire them, there was a path linking all the decisions he made, and that knowledge scare him.

There was no way the dreams he had, of the words to speak for this bloodline activation, the first days of coming to this world were random. The more powerful he became, the more abilities he came in contact with, and the more he understood the depths of this universe, and it was far deeper than he realized.

The Strings bounding his Primordial Record was still there yet, it was fading a little more every day, and he noticed that with his Ascensions, the rate by which the strings faded went by faster.

He had no solutions to this hidden string interfering with his life, except do the same thing he had always done, get stronger, plan for all eventualities, and keep his thoughts on the true reason why he existed, his purpose and goals, these would be his focus.

Although his goals kept changing as he grew stronger and more experienced, he had never forgotten the first time he stood before all the worlds arrayed in front of him like pearls in a pool, and he wanted to see all the sights in all of creation, he wanted to live, and laugh and have friends, he wanted to love... but to accomplish that, he would have to kill! Good thing he would never fall short of enemies, but he only wished, the innocents could be spared, but Rowan knew he was still too weak to decide who lived or died.

He would be willing to die to spare the innocent, but that would lead to a far worse fate for the rest of the universe. Whatever burden that might bring him, he was willing to bear.

"When was life ever easy?" Rowan mused, "oh well, Let's get stronger!"

He still had Soul Points to spare, and he didn't wait, and he began pushing them into the Avatar of Eve bloodline, a thousand at a time while he slowly observed the growth of the Palace of Ice. He wondered, however, without his Soul Points, how long will it take him to upgrade any of his bloodlines?

At the Legendary State, his Ouroboros bloodline gave him a lifespan of 33,000 years, which if he developed at the normal rate of an Ouroboros Serpent, he should have used that time deep below the earth, slowly eating his way towards the core of the planet, gathering energy along the way and essential nutrients like heavy metals and the lifeblood that only a world would give him, but his Soul points had substituted all that for him.

He would have spent tens of thousands of years draining the planet dry before he would carry on, and by then he may be at the Second Circle or even the third, and that was if he was an average Ouroboros bloodline, Rowan was a six-headed Ouroboros, so his requirements should be multiple times an average Ouroboros.

Someone else was following this path of eating a world. The dragon borne from his flesh—Vraegar was doing something similar, but he would fail, for this was not a typical planet. There were many bones buried inside this world.

He did not know how the dragon had access to an Empyrean bloodline, and he would have been in the dark if not for the memories of the planet shown to him when he bathed in her blood, the final confrontation would soon commence on this world, but he would be ready.

Keeping his mind away from future events his gaze fastened towards the small tree growing at the opening of the courtyard. It was barely five feet tall, and its leaves were

light green and sparkled like emerald, there was a pleasant scent emanating from the tree, and for the moment he saw no use for it.

But nothing from this bloodline was simple, and even when he had placed 60,000 Soul points into his bloodline the tree had barely grown a single foot.

The palace continued growing with a low crashing sound and the courtyard was now so large, the Angels of Char were at this moment filling only a small part of it.

## **Chapter 232: New Beginning**

When he reached the Peak of the Rift State, he stopped his growth, not because he encountered any barrier but as a result of his current Body size now being seven feet tall, and if he pushed for Incarnation, he was afraid his size would be reduced to an inch.

Rowan now understood that without the Benefits of his Absolute Body, it would be quite impossible to contain this bloodline, and he would be expelled from the material universe, his size was not the true factor behind the reason he stopped his growth. With his growing control over energy manipulation, even if his body was reduced to an inch he would be able to forge an energy body for himself that would fool the eyes of most.

But most importantly he could not afford to be expelled from the material universe, as it was often easy to forget that the Avatar of Eve bloodline originated far from the known universes, and from the brief view he had seen of what lied outside reality, it was a harsh environment that would be difficult for him to survive or even understand.

The sounds from his palace growth stopped, and it revealed itself in all its glory before his sights. The Palace now spread over two thousand feet wide, and the courtyard in front almost ten thousand feet.

The purple black Aether being generated was now multiple times more, and they created a mini storm that swept through the Palace of Ice.

Rowan's first thought was to check out the Astrolabe. As his perception reached it, he stopped in shock before he began to laugh. He would need to revise all his plans, but it was worth it, suddenly he felt free, with this single chamber unlocked by his bloodline, he would no longer have to measure his steps, and now he would run.

This changed everything, the Lady of Shadow truly picked what he needed at this time. He called the Ouroboros Serpent into his body and relaxed on his Throne.

The Astrolabe only had a single function — Fast Travel. It may seem simple, but its functionality was remarkable, in some ways better than teleportation.

What he needed to use this function was easy, he would point it at a direction, any direction, say a star at the end of the galaxy, and it would gather the entire Palace or the intended target and sent them in a stream of light that moved so quickly it broke all the concepts of speed and deliver the target to the destination pointed at. Of course, this all depends on the amounts of energy he placed inside the Astrolabe, and the amounts of entities that were being transported.

The energy used to move from one end of the planet to another was quite different from what he would expend moving from one end of the galaxy to another. He was in a unique position to give as much energy as required, but even he could run dry.

Where should he start?

Rowan looked up at the three moons and grinned, he opened a wine bottle and drank from it, then pointing at the middle moon, (which was the largest) with the bottle, he activated the Astrolabe.

A large circular rune appeared below his throne, and shone brilliantly and with a flash of light Rowan saw himself on the moon, sitting in his throne.

The bottle of wine in his hand exploded due to air pressure differential, but Rowan was not even looking at it, his mind was ablaze with joy.

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Suriel position was in space, where a while back his creator had given him a task to search for his weapon—Envy. Suriel would scour the entire planet until he retrieved that weapon, and with the upgrades to the Avatar of Eve bloodline, the form of Suriel was beginning to change as he grew bigger with more elaborate runes in his armor.

He felt the Palace of the creator shift in space, and he turned around, and saw a strange sight, a man sitting on a throne of ice, laughing soundlessly into the vacuum.

A flash of light and the man disappeared only to reappear on the next moon, and then he vanished once more.

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Rowan stared at the golden rat, he was currently on the third moon, which should be called Sha. He could easily see the surface of the planet from here, and he used the targeting function of the Astrolabe and drew the golden beast here to him.

The beast was still under The Lady of Shadow Spell and was idly staring into space while muttering nonsense, its words were mostly praising Vraegar the dragon, and it would probably take months before the harsh vacuum of space killed it.

Rowan observed the creature for a while, "Hey Eve, can you..." Rowan paused as he noticed the head of the Lady of Shadow shaking side to side in a firm disapproval, it did not take much to understand the reason, that she no longer wants that name.

"you don't want to be called by that name any more right?"

Smiling, she shook her head, "it is my past, and you're my future. Give me a new name." Her intentions resonated with his blood.

Rowan looked away and peered at Jarkarr floating above him, in his previous life his world was blue and white, and although he had never entered space, he had seen enough pictures, and to the previous Rowan, it was the perfect representation of a world.

But that was wrong, Jarkarr was green and black, and now it had been colored by red, and yet it was beautiful in its own right, almost bewitching.

Rowan sighed, "The weight of the world judges us by both our present and our past. Our actions speak to the world of who we are, but does it define all that we are?" Rowan paused for a while, and turned to look at the lady of shadow, "You have become a part of me, that's makes you mine. If your wish is to change your name, I shall honor it. If the name Eve represents your death, I shall call you Eva. It means life, and new beginnings."

## **Chapter 233: Smile for me**

The smile from Eva lit up the world, and he was glad she accepted the name. If he was going to live in relative peace for a while, then the people close to him should be happy, and giving names was the least he could do.

Looking at their guest, Rowan drew the golden rat to him and holding it by the neck, began pumping it full of Aether, and unlike the freezing power of his Aether at the Mortal State, the difference between his current Aether and that one was like comparing a slight breeze to a hurricane.

The space around his hands began to crack as his Aether was breaking the fabrics of reality around it, not only because of its impressively low temperature, but also because of the nature of his second bloodline.

The golden rat held on for a few seconds, the innate vitality of its golden body stalling the freezing effect for a short while before the ice traveled up its head and down its spine, turning it into a monster rat shaped popsicle.

He clenched his fist and the rat exploded, turning into little chunks of ice. Rowan closed his eyes and checked the progress of his Angels in the three Continents, and they had made progress with their task, he nodded, "Time to move forward with my plans."

What he would do next would break the existing state of affairs and shift the wrath of the entire Empire on him, but he was no longer afraid of such consequences, already he had begun moving chess pieces, and he had brainstormed his next set of actions.

Suriel had already shown him the sight of Dorian moving through the plain a while back, and with a flash of light he appeared before Rowan.

To his credit Dorian only looked around in confusion for a short while before zooming at the seated figure of Rowan.

"Who are you?" Dorian growled, "how did you bring me here?"

"I would think the 'how' does not matter but the 'why'." Rowan cupped his chin with one hand as he rested on his throne, he suddenly stood up and dispersed his throne and began walking towards Dorian, "who I am does not matter, you are here to shine your brilliance to the universe one last time, before you die!"

Dorian started, and then he grinned, "you're not worthy. Many have tried before, but they all failed, for I am Dorian, Son of Scarlet, and I won't fall before my time."

Rowan gestures around him, "Oh, but you will fall, it is as inevitable as the rising sun, and right here... this entire moon will be your theater to showcase your light. You would forgive me for not knowing the reason for your death."

Rowan made a mold of a great sword using his Telekinesis, and then he filled it with his Aether, and in front of him, a purple and black light shone and a great sword appeared in front of him, which he held by the hilt, and pointed towards Dorian, "I made a promise, before the end of this day, I shall kill you!"

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She had always thought that being stabbed must be very painful, but she had dozens of such wounds on her neck, back and stomach, but all she had felt when the deed was committed was the shocking coldness of the blade as it entered into her body, like pieces of ice.

Dora felt her life slipping away with every labored breath, and the floor below her was slick with her blood, and she fell to her face when she tried to stand.

Slowly she crawled towards the open door, the only light in the darkness, her fingernail snapped as she had to claw her way through the ground just to push her body forward, her only purpose was to reach that light at the doorway.

The events that transpired during the last few hours flew through her head at lightning speed, and she had no control over her memories the same way she had no control over her life force leaving her body.

She had no parents, they died when she was a child, and she had to spend the greater part of her time in the factories, where she processed Blue iron until the metallic flowers cut her to the bone, and then she would rest for a week, taking the bitter healing pills until she healed up.

Of course this was not the standard method used in harvesting Blue Iron, but there were many shady members of the Boreas Family, who wanted quick money and did not care about the safety of their ward, to them, they were only commodities.

Dora was unlucky to fall into the care of someone like that, Silas Boreas, but she took care not to make more mistakes that she could avoid by always cutting her hair short and dying her face with purple roots and wearing baggy clothes, for she was cursed with a beautiful face and figure, and although she worked hard, her feminine curves never left her as she had to wrap her large breast tight with wraps to minimize her body profile.

The migration to the underground city of Trinad, destabilized all her usual arrangements in disguising herself, and she was lulled to a false sense of peace by the migrating convoy, and she allowed herself to be a woman for a little while.

Yet, that little while was too long, as she was discovered by her lord. He took his pleasure and after the act became annoyed with her upon her continued refusal to look him in the face during the act, he stabbed her repeatedly trying to make her look him in the face until her fragile body broke down during the torture, and he left her to bleed to death.

His voice still echoed in her mind, and her body shuddered as if reliving the events once more...

"smile for me bit\*h." \*stab\*

"I said, smile." \*stab\* \*stab\*

## **Chapter 234: Last Wish**

Dora heard that in the last moments of your death, your life would flash before your eyes, and it seemed that was the truth. But she was not ready to let go... not yet. Her stubbornness to cling to life even at the end was unflinching

Why fight the inevitable? She could no longer tell, she just wanted to get to the light she could see outside the door, she wanted to see it one last time... Of all the wishes, that should not be too much for the world to grant her, shouldn't it? She wished to just see the light one last time.

"Hey boss, see this little bitch squirm."

"Shut up Diggum, and get the ax, I want her in three pieces, and I would rather not return here and see you fu\*king the corpse, sick bastard."

"he he he... oh come on boss, look at the rack on this bitch, it will be a crying shame for such a body to be only fu\*ked once. I will be quick boss, while she is still warm. Damn son, a man would be lucky to fu\*k a bitch like this once in his entire life, what a crying waste!"

If Dora heard the words of the two men left behind by the Noble to dispose of her corpse, she made no sign, she only looked towards the door, for light. But it was a losing battle, the darkness clouded the edges of her vision, and the chill from her stab wounds had spread all over her body, and she was failing... she was dying.

And then, it came.

A golden glow that went up, never falling as if it would rise forever, never stopping, relentless and eternal. It enraptured her and with her few last breaths, she fell down in worship, as a smile touched her lips. She could die now because the light came for her. Her wish had been granted.

Then a soft voice entered her mind, strange in the manner it spoke, yet comforting. It was in a language she had never heard before, but she understood every single word.

"My father's light is the greatest in all of creation, is it not?"

Dora smiled, "Yes... yes, it truly is one of a kind. It's so warm... I am happy I could see it before I go."

Her eyes were going cloudy in death, yet she saw the figure with wings made of flames, and if she still had the strength in her limbs, she would have fallen down in worship. The winged figure spoke again,

"Dora, tell me, would you worship this light for eternity?"

"Can I?"

"Yes, you can, Dora."

"Please... yes!"



"Open your hearts to me, and give me everything, you and I will become one!"

Diggum and his boss did the noble brat dirty work, and as malicious men, they were not too bothered with getting their hands dirty, and the atrocity they had committed on behalf of their master could fill the pages of a hundred books. They were both at the Rift State and the boss was 173 years old, Diggum was older, but it was hard to tell by how much, he looked like a wrinkled peach with skin as dry as leather.

Diggum walked to the woman who had stopped crawling, most likely she was dead. He would still fu\*k, I mean the bit\*h still warm right?

Turning her over, he spat on one hand, and began loosening his belt with the now wet hand while tearing her clothes apart with the other, while grinning like an idiot, his brown and black teeth displayed in all their glory, and then he stopped when he noticed her eyes were open and aware and staring at him.

"What the... . Aaaahhhh!" His curse was interrupted by his wretched scream when the woman reached up and wrapped her hands around the locks of his stringy hair, and she pulled, ripping away his entire scalp, exposing the bloody skull bone beneath.

In his open mouth she stuffed his bleeding scalp, and he gagged, another blow pushed her fist through his chest and out his back where it was revealed she held his beating heart which she squeezed slowly until it was crushed. Her face turned to his boss, and she mouthed, "you're next."

Diggum was a Rift State Dominator, but that did not save him when her next action was to grip his spine and pull it out of his chest.

As the boss staggered back in shock, Dora stood up and swung the spine in her hand like a whip, at the Rift State, the bones of Dominators were dense and elastic. The swing slammed the skull still clinging to the spine on the ground, shattering it.

All the wounds on her body filled with flames that burned away, leaving spotless skin. The boss was enthralled by the vision before him, as spectral metallic wings etched with fire grew from her back.

With a burst of speed, she reached the boss and swung the spine towards his neck, the edge of the bone sliced through it, and cleanly decapitated him.

The body staggered for a while as if it were drunk before falling on its knees, as the pumping blood shooting from the neck bathed her naked body. Dora sighed in pleasure as she ran her hand through her body, the powers flowing inside her veins was like an aphrodisiac, and the swift vengeance she gave out to those who had harmed her throughout her life made her shudder in pleasure and low moans escaped from her lips.

She was in a trance for a few minutes, before the soft voice inside her mind drew her away from her pleasure, and she knelt as she bowed towards her creator on the moon, for she could feel his light from here, and she could not wait to return and bask in his presence.

Flames consumed her body and she emerged clean once more, with waist length blond hair that soon turned black, she stepped across the body and rummaged around and found clothes she was to wear, her eyeballs were filled with golden flames before retracting, and she walked away, heading towards the city's central districts.

## **Chapter 235: Nezrakim**

Nezrakim had only one vocation from the time of his birth— He was to bury the dead.

His father did the same, and his father's father, and their fathers before them. He came from a long line of Sacred Undertakers, and now his calling would end with him, as he was the last.

He was blessed with two sons, but Nezrakim lost his wife and youngest son to the beast horde, his eldest wished for nothing else but to become a Dominator, to hold power like those that conquered their world and made them slaves, a foolish dream, but a dream, nonetheless, and now he was burying his son.

He had carried his body to the top of the mountain, it was a long and slow climb, he was old, and he would never let the height of the mountain mock his faith.

He made his prayers at the top of the mountain, shivering despite the sweat that covered his body.

Nezrakim used his hammer and chisel to break his way through the stones to bury his son. It was the way for Sacred Undertakers to bury their own on the top of the mountain, it was the only reward granted to them by the gods. But who would perform it for him when he perished? And so he dug two graves, side by side to the smaller one he dug a week ago.

For someone so familiar with the dead, you would think it would be easy for him to do his assignment, and it was, his hands were steady, as he made his oblations and committed their souls towards Erohim. What stung him however was the wastefulness of it all.

They did not serve their purpose to Erohim before they passed from their mortal coil. Their lives were purposeless. His wife gave him weak children, who fled from their duties, and it was his greatest shame to die without passing his craft to the next generation. What higher calling was there than to serve god?

Nezrakim was ninety-six years old, and he had performed his duty to Erohim for ninety-two. He was thin, with stinging muscles that resembled cable wires, and he was deceptively strong for his age.

Stacking the last rock on his son's grave, Nezrakim entered his grave and knelt inside and sighed, the sky was red like blood, and he felt regret that he could not do the work his sons had failed to do in their stead, but he was too old and weak, how else can I serve? He felt lost, but that was before he saw the golden glow, it rose to the heavens and bathed the world in all its glory, and in that light he saw his answer, and Nezrakim fell down and worshiped.

The words of his heavenly messenger cemented the belief in his mind,

"Nezrakim, you have conducted your purpose to the best of your ability, but your work is not done. The souls due to the Creator are being stolen, and their lives are spent without purpose. The lives of men are wasted in everything but service to his glorious majesty. You have spent your life in service. Now your real task begins. Nezrakim, do you accept the creator's grace."

With tears in his eyes, Nezrakim took in the creator's light, and the man who emerged from the flames was no longer old but reborn, his eyes shone with glorious purpose, and he set out to do the will of the creator.

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Rowan words hung in the void, carried by Aether so his words could be heard all over the moon, Dorian's reply was a red line that shot at him so fast it was almost teleportation, behind that red line was three bright lances of flames shot out from the eyes of Dorian and from a gap in his forehead that resembled a third eye.

Dorian was going all out at the start, he did not know the method he was transported to the moon, much less who stood before him in challenge, but he would respond with deadly force. He had already begun priming his Territory and he summoned his Incarnation, and a Mayfly Tree appeared above him. He wasn't concerned about who stood before him, he was going to crush them and make them know despair, he would break their spirit and bask in their pain.

But he had to rethink his action when the man before he snatched his blade out of thin air, the force from that incomprehensible act blasting a crater below his feet, and used the blade to block the flame blasts all in one smooth motion. He held the struggling blade for a while as if he were admiring it, and discarded it to the side.

Rowan laughed, "I'm not impressed Dorian, I brought you to the most elaborate of theaters, and for your death dance, you're a bit too stiff."

Dorian frowned, "Who are you?"

"Tell you something." Rowan said, "If you make me bleed, I shall tell you my name."

Dorian eyes tracked the blade Rowan discarded by the side, and Rowan cocked his head and looked at him, "Don't bother wasting time going for that weapon, even if it can kill you, instead you should search for other option, because it cannot kill me. Oh, don't worry, I won't use it against you, as I will not make your death so easy."

"Is that so? You talk as if you know me." Dorian snarled, "you know nothing."

"I know enough." Rowan said.

The area surrounding Rowan began to shimmer, and four doppelgängers appeared beside him, Rowan discovered that his Combo Attack scaled with the amount of consciousness pillars he had. So instead of two Avatars, he now had four.

Dorian took a step back as he assessed the new threat before him, and to his astonishment he could barely tell the difference between all of them, but he could spot the differences with some degree of accuracy and for someone like him, that was enough.

Rowan attacked, and his doppelgängers all used Dash and appeared beside Dorian, each of them holding great swords, and they all simultaneously attacked him. The ground below was blasted apart as the battle commenced.

## **Chapter 236: A Dance of Fire and Ice**

Rowan's Berserker technique was at the Earth grade, but with his current strengths, he no longer found it suitable enough, and he sought to upgrade this Aspect, and what better method to refine his abilities than battle. He could easily kill Dorian using his Serpents, but that was not the main reason he was on the moon.

With four pillars of consciousness and the new abilities granted by his second bloodline he was about to play a game worthy of an Emphyrean of his capabilities, and Rowan discovered that he liked this game. Living was not enough anymore, he wanted to thrive!

Lets the game begin!

He wanted to draw someone out; Dorian was just the bait.

Each of the doppelgängers used different Berserker techniques, and although they could only use one at a time, their perfect synchronicity covered any flaws that might have resulted from that action, and their deaths brought a freezing blast holding Dorian

in place, and he could see the frustration and uneasiness growing inside the heart of Dorian.

After a few minutes, Rowan frowned, not because of the performance of his doppelgängers, they were doing spectacular for although the technique was still at the Earth level, it was now powered by Rowan enhanced bodily essence at the Rift State, and his more powerful Aether, so it was at least ten times stronger than when he last used it in battle, and with four copies of himself all working in synchronization, Dorian was getting pummeled, which was the reason Rowan frowned, Dorian was retreating and fighting far from his peak.

A swing from the great sword of one doppelgänger sliced a path through Dorian thick red hair, and they floated away into space buffeted by the shockwaves of the ongoing battle.

Rowan thought it was time to elevate the stakes, "You can do better than this Dorian." and with a burst of Telekinesis Rowan ripped Dorian's blade from the place he discarded it, and began running his hands down its length. "This is lighter than I thought."

"Damn you!" Dorian exploded, and like a supernova, a blast of flame erupted from his body, instantly vaporizing the Combo Attack Avatars, the flames even reached Rowan, but a shield of Telekinesis held it at bay.

"Get your fu\*king hands off my lady!"

"Wait..." Rowan assessed the screaming Dorian with flames shooting out from his body as if he were a Sun God, "Don't tell me you mean it literally? Damn Dorian you are hardcore, how do you fuc.."

"I told you to stop touching her..." Dorian began to slowly transform as leaves began growing on his head.

Rowan shrugged, "make me." He conjured his Throne and sat down, holding the blade by his feet, Activating Combo Attack once more, the battle began, and this time he asked Eva to attack, it was time he understood the full breadth of her abilities.

Eva pouted, and she snapped her fingers summoning a large black book, and she began making esoteric gestures that made the pages of the book flip increasingly faster until it reached the last page and the book disappeared, and she returns to Rowan side.

After a while, Rowan had to continuously regenerate his Combo Attack Avatars more than a dozen times, and he waited for the effects of Eva spells, and saw no difference, he wanted to ask what she did, when Dorian roared in fury, tearing all the doppelgängers apart and leaped towards him like a rocket leaving trails of flames behind.

When he reached twenty feet from Rowan he abruptly vanished and returned to his previous position.

Before his confusion could set in, he was mobbed by his doppelgängers, even in this short battle Rowan techniques had already improved and unlike before where they could only explode to keep Dorian in place, now their attacks could stagger him, and every time he destroyed one of them, it explodes freezing him in place long enough for Rowan to replace it, and when Dorian used a large blast to destroy all of them and rush towards him, the enchantment by Eva drove him back to the center.

Dorian suddenly roared and pulled out an eye from his socket and he crushed it making it explode into a pillar of flame that surrounded his body, melting all the Avatars near him. The next doppelgänger created by Rowan was filled with Aether, the explosion when it was destroyed snuffed out the flames and froze Dorian in a mountain of ice.

A red glow began to rise inside the mountain of ice and Rowan rapidly created more doppelgängers and they surrounded the mountain of ice which was already breaking to pieces as Dorian shot blasts of flames from all the orifices in his head and shattered the mountain.

He roared in frustration when he found out that the doppelgängers had already returned and surrounded him, and he tore out his newly grown eyes and flung it towards Rowan. The field Eva laid over Dorian could not only send him back to his initial position, it could also reflect techniques.

The eye appeared beside Dorian and exploded, pushing him into the ground, and he punched the ground in frustration before closing his eyes, and the surrounding air changed. He went still and crouched a little bit, and small flames like fireflies began to surround his body. He yelled a war cry and charged.

Dorian began fighting like a storm, and he began destroying the doppelgängers faster and slamming more attacks into the barrier surrounding him. Rowan chuckled as he felt his Berserker technique reaching the peak of Earth level, and with a little more push, it would ascend.

Rowan equaled Dorian's fury and a dance of fire and ice began, as the battle began tearing the surface of the moon apart.

Yet as Dorian began increasing the power behind his blows and getting faster, Eva began to strain to hold on. Dorian, apparently losing patience, transformed into his tree-like form, and the explosion that resulted due to that transformation cracked the barrier and Eva screamed in anger.

## **Chapter 237: A Battle To Shake The Empire**

Dorian began to expand until he was well over three hundred feet tall, his legs were like gigantic oak trees, and his voice shattered space as he roared in anger. Flaming vines erupted from all over his body, and he resembled an erupting volcano.

The multiple flaming vines suddenly expanded and plunged into the ground, and flames shot out like a river and began consuming the moon. The portal on Dorian's chest began to expand to show the sight of his Territory, and as it opened wider, the flames around Dorian's body kept increasing in intensity and volume.

His body began to shift towards a more human form as if he were slowly mastering his third circle ability, and Dorian roar of exultation was carried by his Aether and spread all over the moon.

A pillar of flame erupted from Dorian's body as his Territory was fully opened wide, and spectral winds blew through the moon, as the temperature increased drastically by multiple thousands of degrees.

A river of lava began forming below his feet and spreading across the moon; the lava were sucked up into space where they cooled and began forming rings around the moon, before they were slowly sucked toward Jarkarr, the entire moon began to decrease in size as Dorian fully unleashed his strength!

If he did not stop unleashing his flames, then soon enough he was going to destroy the entire moon, and that devastation would most likely spread towards Jarkarr!

The sight of the erupting flames could even be witnessed by people on the surface of Jarkarr, as the skies lit up as if a ball of fire was hanging above their heads.

They had barely had the time to get used to the various drastic changes occurring around the planet. The moon catching on fire was just another transition in a period filled with them, and the rumor of the impending end of the world became widespread, and the worship of Erohim increased.

The chaos happening in the world was slowly fermenting and the news of this battle had begun spreading outside Jarkarr to the Empire, as it was forbidden for Dominators in the second circle to fully unleash their powers on a Minor World.

The actions of Dorian were a total breach of that law, and as the news spread, various channels began to open up and the situation of Jarkarr began to be known to the rest of the Empire. A battle such as this outside the field of war in Trion was rare, and it was most likely that it would shake the Empire, and cause intense scrutiny from both the Bramian Court and the Justice Council.

Rowan watched all the motions of Dorian like a hawk, his serpentine eyes zooming across each movement of fiery Aether wielded by Dorian, as he watched the sheer

destructive power of Dorian in appreciation for its power, there was no way he could truly battle this man without tearing apart the surface of the planet.

Rowan created multiple Telekinetic shields and infused them with his Aether to keep himself protected from the flames, but even his shields were failing as the edge of his energy cloak began to steam, he thought that perhaps the temperature on this moon was getting closer to that of a sun! "Fascinating." He whispered.

Sounds and even the presence of air on the moon was being created by Aether, and since they were both using so much of it, the environment on the moon was beginning to change, as fiery clouds began covering the moon and in the other side of it, a volcano erupted.

This battle had pressured Dorian in a manner that was difficult for him to articulate, as his foe did not seem that strong, but the effects of his abilities were irritating, but that seemed to be enough of a boost to push him closer towards the Third Circle.

His present condition was the most powerful he had ever been, Dorian's voice boomed, "you think you can kill me! Ha ha ha, it will be the other way around, and your death by my hands should be your honor. Do you have any idea who I am?"

"Yeah, I think I do." Rowan said as he pulled out the blade of Dorian he had just buried into his large flaming skull. The body that was sitting on the throne had vanished sometimes in between Rowan reply, and he had appeared on top of Dorian and slammed the blade into his skull.

Dorian body halted in shock, his eyes opened wide in bitterness, and before he could roar in outrage, Rowan appeared on his neck, and sliced through it, decapitating Dorian with a single slice of the blade.

The look of shock remained on his face as his large head fell like a boulder, and before it even reached the ground, it weakly spoke, "I thought you... you said you would not use that blade against me."

Rowan shrugged, "I lied." His Ouroboros Serpent erupted from his body, and they all plunged into the shrinking hole in Dorian's chest, and the eyes of Dorian widened, but before the Territory closed the last Ouroboros Serpent had already entered it.

"Impossible, nothing can violate the sanctity of my Territory without my permission. What did you do? What did you place inside my Territory?" The head of Dorian spoke as it began to wilt, his massive tree body began to shrink and dry up, as if its vitality was being drained.

"You are right Dorian, nothing should be able to enter your Territory, but you have been eating a lot of my body during the past month haven't you?"



"What... I don't understand... how can you break your word...you promised..."

That was the last words of Dorian before he turned to ash, leaving a desiccated tree and a heart that resembled black marbles streaked with flames. His shock, anger, and regret were left in the air, and it was so thick that Rowan could literally taste it.

He licked his lips.

## Chapter 238: Forgone Conclusion

Rowan picked up the glowing heart, and watched as the heat and light slowly faded from it, and it began falling apart, as six serpents the size of worms drilled their way out of it. They had just consumed Dorian's entire Territory, which was the Mayfly Tree.

They had gained enormous benefits from doing so, as Rowan knew that their sizes had increased once more, as consuming material dense with energy were now being allocated to their own growth and not been pushed into the Chaos Engine, he also felt the strain on his body loosen a bit, as he knew he could now push his Avatar of Eve bloodline forward a bit.

But the benefits were not over, killing Dorian still gave him more.

Rowan suddenly shook, and his breathing became rough, as there was no air on the moon, his body was just going through familiar motions, he felt a dull heat in his spine as a soul the size of a mountain began streaming into his Palace of Ice and expanding the size of the purple moon inside.

It was almost painful consuming a soul as large and dense as Dorian, even though it was now damaged as a result of the powers of the blade. If he had tried to consume such a soul when his bloodline was still those of a Soul Reaver and he still had a Soul it would have damaged him, most likely torn his Soul apart, and he would have to take a long time to recover.

Dorian soul had a unique quality as he was on the verge of the third circle that made it seem immortal, and he felt he was chewing on a hardened piece of leather as he wrestled to consume the soul fully.

There were many flashes of memories, most of them were incomprehensible, as they were just fragments of disjointed lights and sounds with no clear organization, but only one stayed with him, it was the central figure in Dorian Soul, and he felt he held it in such high esteem and sheer terror.

It was of a woman with waist - length hair that was red like blood, she was in armor and held a blade made of bone and flames. A name came to him— Scarlet.

Was this his mother? So when he introduced himself as Dorian, the Son of Scarlet, he meant that quite literally. Why does this figure seem familiar? I have seen pictures of her before.

Rowan thought quickly identified through his messy memories of the prince's life, and he soon came upon a single memory of a lady in flaming armor sitting on a throne, as all the children of Kuran's family bowed to her during their initiation as a Noble when they were anointed with Ambrosia and given the gift of the tongue of Medan.

That was the only memory he had of this figure. Most likely she was a higher up of the Kuran's family, perhaps she might even be the ruler of the Kuran's household, the current Ancestor, and the reigning queen of the Bramian Court.

Nothing would surprise Rowan at this point anymore, and if he had just ended up killing her son, well, he would cross that bridge when he came to it.

The soul infusion stopped after a while after giving him a whopping 122,459 Soul points!

From the moment Rowan brought Dorian to the moon, his death was already a foregone conclusion, and he had already deliberated on many ways he could finish him off. His greater concern was the message he was about to spread to the Empire and the hidden undercurrent in Jarkarr, after all, there was a god inside the planet.

So Dorian was among the least of his problems, he was just a means to, and he hoped his message had achieved his intended purpose. Rowan's knowledge of future events and his familiarity with Dorian's capability meant this battle was his from the start.

During their last clash, Rowan had sensed a lot of his flesh inside Dorian's body, especially when he opened his Territory as he was battling Rico, he had an idea about how it came to be, after all, Dorian was responsible for the death of most of the golden beast on the planet, he was still curious about something else.

He had felt he could strip away his powers inside the Territory of Dorian, but he had a thought, what if it was the other way around? Could he enter someone else's Territory?

When his Serpents battled the second circle Dominator — Scarvros, for the first time, they had come in contact with the powers of Territory, and he had become fascinated with it, not only because it was the foundation of greater powers going forward, it could serve as a link to a god's Divine Kingdom.

He had learned as much as he could about Territories and their makeup, and one thing he understood was that a Territory was unique to each Dominator but was still linked to their bloodlines, and except by the permission of their host, no one could violate the sanctity of a Territory.

If a Dominator dies, their territory would be sealed shut, and over time it would drift towards the Divine Kingdom of their gods or Primogenitor where it would be reassimilated, but this would be bad news for Rowan because a Territory had energy dense resources that he needed.

Dorian Territory had yield hundreds of millions of energy points that he had assimilated alongside his soul, as he truly consumed him without any waste, as Dorian husk was worth less than ashes at this point. If he would be killing Dominators of the second circle and higher, he needed to begin familiarizing himself with how to infiltrate and consume their Territories to kill more efficiently.

His experiment to kill Dorian and enter into his Territory worked. It didn't hurt that Dorian had been eating a lot of his flesh, and they served as a clear beacon for his Serpents to follow.

What if he could infiltrate and consume the Divine Kingdom of a god?

## **Chapter 239: I Keep My Promises**

Rowan killed Dorian without any fanfare, as he did not believe in flashy battles when a single cut would do the job. He was not above lying to his enemies if it would make them stretch their necks forward for his blade. He learned from the lessons taught in the Nexus.

Although he was aware of the reason Dorian might believe his words as he understood his character well, and also the Empire still had nobility of a sort among its elite.

Power was respected above all, and for those that have power they should also have the dignity associated with that power. That was the reason the gods badly partook in mortal affairs.

In this world that was so entrenched in tradition, there was a set rule about which they all followed, which was not surprising given that the Empire had people in it that were functionally immortal, and changes were slow if not non-existent. Traditions tend to stick for long.

A stronger party would usually adhere close to the terms of agreement they gave, for whatever reason, maybe as a sort of sport or to taunt their opponent or to follow tradition.

The method Rowan used to bring Dorian up from the surface of the world was unknown to him, and his words were also eccentric. He had placed himself in a position of power which made Dorian fall into the role he placed him.

With the knowledge of the future, he understood most of Dorian's methods, and knew the blade was the easiest way to kill him.

He disarmed Dorian by seizing his weapon, capitalizing on the fact he knew he typically threw his blade as the first series of offensive moves, and Rowan discarded the blade to the side to throw away his suspicion, even commenting about his knowledge of the weapon and his wish not to use it.

Dorian's preliminary notion about the kind of person he was began to be created and Rowan made sure he was pretty dismissive about the battle and triggered him by touching his blade.

Rowan had also been subtly testing the lethality of the weapon by injuring his hand by running it down the blade, and discovered that it contained a sort of potent poison that attacked the Soul.

He had no soul, so its effects were useless to him, but he could imagine how disastrous a weapon like this could be to others.

His sneak attack was made possible because Dorian had been led to believe the script Rowan had laid down before him.

All of these, the whole battle was an experiment by Rowan. If he needed to challenge gods and monsters in the future, he would need experience in battle, and a greater part of battle was of deception. Dorian was just his first subject.

He retrieved the golden belt and boots of Dorian, the belt was an Interspatial Storage item and was sealed. The boots were also a treasure, and he would investigate all these later, but first, he had to create his first word of Enoch.

With the many possibilities available for him, he knew dwelling on more would be crippling as there were too many great abilities available he could spend a hundred years, and he would still be arguing with himself over pros and cons of each one.

Still his first choice was still a fatal attraction to him, it spoke to him of his destiny and his path forward. His choice was made up, after all, Reality can become what I make it.

Rowan entered his Palace of Ice and drew forth the Chaotic Rune into reality and held it in his hands, as he scrutinized its ever-changing shape, for it resembles a shifting light stream.

It was captivating in its simplicity and mind-numbing in its complexity. It was a conundrum how a single entity could possess both of these characteristics, but it did. He felt stir inside of him, and after investigating, he saw no changes, so he focused his attention back to the Rune.

All these while he had been focusing on the Rune using his Empyrean sense, and he could not glean any other properties from it apart from the opposite nature of its attributes.

Eva was beside him, and she was smiling, as if she was into a little joke he did not know about.

"What?" Rowan asked her.

"Oh, nothing." She replied to him using their bloodline resonance.

"It's clearly something. You are grinning like a Cheshire cat."

"What's that?"

Rowan tried explaining the many stories of his past life, and was clearly failing because he had little knowledge but plentiful trivia, and he stopped before he messed up more badly.

"You won't tell me why you're grinning, aren't you?"

"I am sure you would find out soon enough. Anyway, I like those little speeches you made to the mortal—If you make me bleed, I will tell you my name? You were so serious saying it, I thought you meant it!"

Rowan blushed, "Fooled you too, didn't it?"

Eva scowled and looked away.

Rubbing his weird diamond-like hair that was slowly turning blond, "There is this saying in my past : He who seeks revenge digs two graves."

Eva cocked her head to the side, "I don't know how that applies to the situation."

"Because it doesn't, I was not seeking revenge, I was just performing an experiment and eliminating a pest alongside it. Win-win. The point is, you all thought I was on a revenge mission, after all, I was killed and had to go back in time to correct my mistakes, but death is no stranger to me. You will know me most of all, Eva, so I want you to understand this fact about my mentality. I will always pursue my advantage, even when I perform acts of righteousness. Every action I take, no matter how good or evil as the universe might perceive it, is ultimately for my well-being. Please keep in mind this fact as we go forward. With my current powers, it would be foolish to pursue vengeance over knowledge, and I had to keep my promises."

## Chapter 240: The First Empyrean

Eva was quiet for a while as she digested his words, she knew her Creator was trusting her with the secrets of his heart, and she intended to ruminate on them.

Seeing her appearance, Rowan smiled, but he could not resist throwing one last dig in, "Wait. Are you angry not just because I deceived Tree Boy here, but also because you believed my words to him, right?"

Eva rolled her eyes and began muttering something under her breath, but Rowan could catch a bit, "—lying piece of..." he did not bother trying to figure out the rest of the words.

He grinned and turned away, focusing on the Rune he held in his hand, the time was now. He said the word with as much gravitas as he could place in it, "REALITY!!"

Rowan's body exploded.

Luckily for him, his Palace of Ice was spared from the backlash of handling the Chaotic Rune and his body returned as if time was reversing and in twelve seconds he was whole again.

"what the..." Rowan was dumbstruck, this was not supposed to happen according to the instruction manual!

Eva began to make a weird sound in her throat, she had a crook in her lips as if she were trying to force back a laugh, and finally, she could not hold it in anymore, and she began to laugh out loud.

Rowan would have been more annoyed, if this was not the first time he was hearing her voice. It was an annoyingly charming sound, and the Aether in the environment was stirred by her laughter, as heavenly phenomena began to appear around space.

The flames around the moon died out, and inexplicably it began to snow on the moon, as it seemed the heavenly body was celebrating the laughter of Eva.

Even though Rowan was disappointed by his failure, he could not help but smile as her laughter was infectious." So, if you're done laughing, Will you tell me why I failed? Are such concepts impossible to control?"

The lady of shadow replied for the first time with words as she seemed surprised at herself for speaking out loud, and Rowan was glad to hear her voice, a short time ago, this might have creeped him out, but he was now more aware of the mysterious powers

of his universe and he was getting desensitized, and it also helped that Eva was cute. Even in this universe, beauty was still advantageous.

Eva smiled, "No Creator, such concepts are not impossible for the likes of you. But reality had already been acquired a long time ago, if you want it, you should either kill him for it or you cultivate your own."

Rowan did not know why at this moment, every levity fled from his mind and his void heart nearly squeezed in shock and a weird fear took root in his mind, "Wait, hold on, who acquired reality?"

"I thought you should know this by now, as you are his heir. It was Chaos. He was the one who acquired it, and you have his blood. Those creatures inhabiting the void in your heart are his descendants, like you."

"I don't..."

"There is a reason you are attracted to the control of reality itself, Creator," then she tittered, "after all, it's in your blood."

"Ha ha, very funny." Rowan frowned and looked at himself, as his Empyrean Sense swept through his body, "I am a descendant of chaos?"

"Yes Creator. He was the first Empyrean."

"Was?"

"He had been missing for many Eras."

"What's an Era?"

"The total lifespan of a universe, Creator."

"How long is that?"

"A billion trillion years, but the lifespan of a universe can be shortened or increased due to various factors."

"That's a long time for someone to be missing. How is it possible to live for such a long amount of time? Okay, Eva, if acquiring the power to control reality is out of the question, how do I cultivate it?"

"All great things have small beginnings my Creator, to acquire control over reality, you must begin controlling some of its fundamental components. Because Reality is made up of many different concepts, and understanding and controlling all those concepts would give you the capacity to finally be able to control Reality."

"So, you're saying, in order to control Reality, I should be cultivating all the small concepts that make up reality. Does this mean after I upgrade each successive circle in my growth, I should be acquiring only the required concepts that can create my control over Reality?"

"Precisely Creator, If you truly want to control Reality, you cannot select any concept without proper thought placed into it?"

"Then that leads me to the inevitable question, how do I know which concepts to select and the proper combination of concepts to acquire in order to cultivate Reality?"

"That is where the Knowledge Well Chamber comes into play. Inside that chamber, you would acquire all the necessary knowledge to cultivate the required Words of Enoch in order to control reality. With the Knowledge Well, you will be able to acquire all the knowledge of every world you plunder. You take the body and soul of your foes, with the knowledge well you will take their memories and histories as well, all the secrets of the defeated would be laid bare, and from those, you would forge your path. Whichever it might turn out to be."

"Huh, that is an interesting ability, so that means shelving the idea of being a god over reality for now. Tell me all you know about Chaos, and how his ability to control Reality works."

"My knowledge is still returning as you continue improving your bloodline, and I will tell you all that I know presently. Knowledge of the Origins of beings like Chaos is difficult to comprehend due to how ancient they are. But what you should know is that your bloodlines were born during that distant Era."

"That Era is called the Primordial Era, and was recognized as the most violent Era in the entire timescale of the Multiverse. Nascent powers of all kinds were unclaimed, and the first powers that arose, battled to possess those powers."