

The Primordial Record

Chapter 241: A Strand of Hair Holds A Thousand Universe

Eva's words carried a note of narration, and her soft voice carried a sense of mystery that enthralled him and drew his mind to a distant time, "The Primordial Universe was young and vibrant, and to gain great powers was relatively easier at that period. The conflicts happened on a scale of untold billions of years, and the first powers gathered much of those opportunities in the Primordial Universe for themselves and became truly Immortal Figures possessing both Omnipotence and Omniscience."

"Chaos was one of those powers, and it was said his control over reality was so total that entire universes were just his dreams, and the moment he awakened would lead to the end of multiple realities, as he forges new universes in his image. It was said a single strand of his hair held a thousand universes."

Eva went quiet, and looked at Rowan, whose head was bent in deep contemplation.

That was a terrifying thought, that all of existence was a dream. It was one of those knowledge that it seems it was better not to have known them, else such knowledge only brings nightmares. Because it would lead one to wonder if the universe they currently occupy was one of Chaos dreams. Rowan selfishly thought that such powers should remain in his hands if they were to ever exist, but the problem as always was that he was hardly the only one with such thoughts.

Rowan shuddered, he thought returned to the moment he acquired the title of Chaos Blood, it was when he was evolving to the Legendary State, he was at the brink of true death and unlike the rest of his evolutions from then on, he had always been fully aware of what happened, except for that single moment.

His Ouroboros Serpents appeared the same after that evolution, but he knew they changed fundamentally, he appeared as if he always underestimated himself, but the truth was that he tried to overestimate his capabilities every time, yet he still fell short. He was far powerful than any Emphyrean was ever supposed to be, and the root began after that evolution. Did he gain attention from Chaos himself? Was he the one who gave him his bloodline abilities?

Furthermore, the bloodline skills he acquired were truly overpowered, was he supposed to be able to do what he was doing now? Rowan senses swept through the fading Sigils on , were there other far more powerful and invisible chains binding him?

He was not a passive mutt that would follow the plans of others, he had his own agendas, and any who used him as a sort of agency would have to fight a bloody fight for every inch of his spirit, and even if he lost, he would leave his mark.

He would go into the dark screaming and fighting : I was here universe. Rowan fucking Kuranos, and before all Creation, my name shall exist until the end of the universe.

His other bloodline gave him capabilities to stand up to his Primogenitor, the so-called first Empyrean and gave him the capability to one day challenge him for the right to control reality!

Aware he was about to dabble in powers far beyond his understanding in the future, his excitement was not diminished, instead it increased. When his present enemies would be playing chess expecting similar responses from him, he would be playing checkers.

Everything was connected, and the higher he grew, the more of it he would be able to see. More than ever, he wanted to live, he wanted to win, and he wanted to see the full picture that was hidden behind the mist of time and space. He truly wanted to understand all the secrets there was to know and discover in the universe.

His attention turned to Eva beside him, in his quest to pursue power, it would be unwise to not truly understand who stood beside him, there was a link in everything, after all, that voice he heard when upgrading his bloodline seemed to be addressed to him personally.

Rowan gestured her to come to him, and then he held her hands, it was solid, yet felt fragile under his touch. Everything felt fragile to him, "Tell me all you know about yourself, Eva. I have a vague idea of who you are, but nothing substantial." Rowan looked her in the eyes, "I want to know about you."

"Creator there is not much to tell, only spaces filled with endless darkness and cold, until your light, I was less than nothingness."

"See..." Rowan stroked his chin, "I don't believe you that much. I know you are hiding something from me, and no matter how irrelevant you think it is, I want to know, and if I can hear the information without dying, I would still like to know it."

She looked away from his inquisitive gaze, "you drive a hard bargain, Creator."

"It's the only kind I know. Tell me Eva, I will listen to your words, and keep them in my confidence." He held her chin, and a shudder went through her body. Was he scaring her?

"Are you afraid, Eva?"

She nodded her assent. Her gaze was downcast and the smoke pouring from her hair increased in volume as if to hide her presence from his gaze. Rowan did not know why that gesture made him feel a sense of pain.

"Is it me? Am I the one you're afraid of?"

Her eyes went wide in surprise and a sudden sense of deep sorrow, "never, Creator. I will never fear you or deny you of my service, even if you wish to sacrifice me someday. I don't know the thing I fear. It is ephemeral, like a shadow at the edge of my vision, and no matter how hard I search for it, I cannot see it, but I know it's there. As you get more powerful Creator, that shadow draws closer to me, and now it's so close to me, I can hear it breathe, only your light, I fear, keeps it at bay. I can never fear you, Creator, for it is your light that guides my Spirit. Without you, I would be lost."

Rowan whispered, "Do not fear for anything Eva, for I'm here with you, and I shall protect you. Tell me your story."

Chapter 242: Eva's Story

Eva looked down, and her voice was low, but he could hear every word she spoke, "I am not the same person I was, even saying I have nothing relating to my previous self is an understatement, yet I still have a brief recollection of that time. I know I had a father once, and I betrayed someone important, and for that sin I was tortured me for countless eternities. That's all I can remember, before falling into a Darkness that would never end, I was to be locked inside that place, and everything of me was to be stripped away, I was to languish in Oblivion until the end of time and beyond that end. I think I died countless times inside the Darkness. I am nothing but a copy of a copy of another endless more copies, doomed to watch everything of me fade into nonexistence, until you came for me. My first memory is of your warm hand drawing me away from the Darkness, Creator. I seized your hand and I would rather not let go, and worshiping your light became my purpose. I will not falter, not until everything is over, for better or worse."

Rowan's voice was low, almost like the hissing of a serpent, "Do you have any idea who did that to you?"

Eva smiled at him, "No, but I suspect the shadow is trying to tell me of it. It should be a part of myself that has been lost under the endless wave of darkness."

Rowan sighed, "we will find who did this to you, and they shall pay for it. You are now one with me, Eva, and so you should call me by my name from now on."

"I'm not... worthy Creator."

Rowan rolled his eyes, he knew he heard her cursing him a while back, "It's an order then."

Eva smiled, "Yes... Rowan."

"Let's go, we have work to do."

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Rowan had many reasons for his journey to the moon, and one among them was because he wanted to determine how much energy was spent to travel using Astrolabe.

He began experimenting with the consumption of power using different scenarios. First he fast traveled down to the planet and back to the moon, and he began moving random items between the two places, including mountains, forests, and living creatures.

He discovered that during his experiments he could use both his bodily essence and Aether, and the amount of energy consumed by them was different when he moved different things.

Aether was consumed more when moving living creatures but less when moving non-living entities and vice versa, for his bodily essence. He consumed less essence when moving living creatures and more essence when moving non-living entities.

The distance between the moons and the planet Jarkarr was 450,560 km, and the fast travel function of his Astrolabe crossed that distance in what Rowan could determine was instantaneous. If he equated the amount of energy in his body to be at 100,000 units, then he had spent 700 units moving himself through that distance, and even lesser energy moving a mountain.

After traveling using both Aether and Essence he determined that he could only choose one and could only switch when he arrived at the destination and not midway, now he had to determine how far he could go before running out of energy, and he had many targets before him, logically he should be leaving Jarkarr, but that would be disastrous towards his plans, what he needed to start his fight was here on this planet, and he has to know if there was any way to block the Fast Travel function of his Astrolabe.

Inside his Palace of Ice, on the circular dais of the Astrolabe was a lifelike rendition of Jarkarr and its three moons, and with each planet, he visits he would have their representation built inside the Astrolabe, and it would serve as a celestial map of the universe.

Rowan's plan was to collect a galactic map from the Covenant but with the current state of the Origin Treasure, it would take at least a week before it had recovered enough of itself to be useful once more.

So before that, he would be journeying through the void away from the Empire in order to find an incoming guest.

Technically, not him, but his messenger, he would be creating another Angel to do his will. All these were an elaborate series of plans he had begun placing together the moment he returned from the future.

Rowan looked around and conjured his throne. The moon was still aflame, and he left it that way. The fiery nature of Dorian's Aether would shield his own, and he finally reviewed all he had seen in the brief moment his Empyrean sense came in contact with the blood of this world.

Rowan knew little about the gods. But he knew the basis for their great powers had something to do with their Divine Kingdoms. From what he knew, the Divine Kingdom of a god was concealed in a mysterious location and could only be accessed by the god, this feature was shared by the Territories of Dominators.

So you could imagine Rowan's surprise when he located the Divine kingdom of a god inside the planet.

He learned about the unique nature of his Ouroboros Serpent as world enders and the conspiracy ongoing inside the planet.

It was easy to forget that the empire was at war with two other more powerful civilizations, and although the war may not be too flashy outside Trion, there were many undercurrents happening all around the planets within the Empire.

The Empire consisted of a lot of planets, and after the main battle of Trion was won by the God King, the expansion of their domain never stopped, and they branched out into other planets around the world of Trion.

As a Major World, Trion was that focal point for many Minor Worlds to converge on, almost similar to how a sun keeps an entourage of planets around itself due to its intense gravity.

There was important information however that Rowan had disregarded at first. Of all the Minor Worlds surrounding Trion, not all of them have been conquered. He had a pool of planets outside the Empire control, and these could serve as worlds for him to seed!

Chapter 243: The Weeping God

There were hundreds of Minor worlds surrounding Trion and, for one reason or another, not all of them had been chosen by the Empire. Most likely it was an issue of manpower. Rowan did know the reason why the God King had refused the growth of

more Dominators and restricted their numbers, but he knew there would be no way for the Empire to conquer more planets.

There was an intense ongoing war upon the surface of Trion, that alone must be holding more than twenty percent of the total forces of Dominators in the Empire, there was simply no way that the Empire could continue spreading into more planets.

Plus some planets were simply too hostile, or barren or were filled with resources that the Empire did not lack or have the use for, so many of such planets were left alone, also some of these planets were privately owned.

It would not be strange for powerful Dominators to own their own planet outside the Empire. With all these factors, it was apparent why the Empire state of expansion had stopped.

But Rowan had no limits to the amounts of worlds he could seed. He could quietly collect every unclaimed world first, and use them as a way to continue his unstoppable growth.

Getting to the second Great Circle was a priority for Rowan, as at that level, he would have access to more chambers inside his Palace of Ice and a second Word of Enoch, and with his Ouroboros Bloodline, he would be truly powerful, perhaps enough to challenge Earth gods, at that time his worries would be conflicts with the gods themselves.

Seeding planets would be his foremost agenda, but first, he would be remiss to leave the benefits to be received from this planet behind, after all, he had made so many preparations and Jarkarr was to be the start of his experimentation on warfare on a planetary scale, although he expected that he would most likely lose in the oncoming conflict, the experience he gained from it would be invaluable.

He ran through the plans he had made so far one more time inside his head.

From the memories he acquired from the blood of the world, Rowan was able to piece together some few things.

When he intended to consume a Continent to fuel his growth, he had unmistakably unleashed a unique power of his Ouroboros Serpent, which was killing a world consciousness.

Rowan could be excused for this ignorance because before now he had no idea that a world could have any sort of consciousness, and he had no idea his Ouroboros Serpents were capable of such feats.

He had only briefly come in contact with this consciousness the first time he fully activated his Empyrean sense, and he was confused about the sensation he had been

feeling, one of which was lust. It would seem unknowingly his bloodline was lusting for the power of the imprisoned god inside the planet, for he heard a heartbeat.

He did not know if it was unique to Jarkarr or if it was the same with every planet, but the act of poisoning the world to kill it, so his Ouroboros Serpents could feed led to an unintended consequence when he discovered that a god's Divine Kingdom was merged with Jarkarr.

It was the source of the Great Storm every ten years!

Deep within the planet in what should be the core is a massive head with two faces, which was of a man and a woman. The eyes of the man cried tears of flames, while that of the woman cried tears of ice.

The skin on the head resembled dry desert sand, and multiple runes that shot out colored sparks covered the entire head like a tattoo.

Below the head, the body of the god had no skin, and massive silver roots pierced all through its giant frame that was well over fifty thousand feet in length. These silver roots extended towards all parts of the planet, penetrating deep into the mountains and valleys of the land, and the blood of the god was used to nurture Blue Iron.

Yet, the blood of a god was not easily harvested, and he saw a ten thousand feet spike set upon the head of the god, and every decade it would be slowly driven into the skull, causing the god to cry out in pain. The tears from the female side would cause snow to cover the planet, and the flames from the male side would melt the blood inside their veins, and it would be pumped by the roots into the planet.

Those who stayed outside during the Great Storm did not survive the experience, but before they died, they would have heard the sound of their god screaming. The sound of Erohim Screaming!

For 17,000 years, this pitiful god had been tortured.

During the moment his Empyrean sense came into contact with the mind of this god, he understood that his poisoning of the world had been met by relief, and intense anger. Rowan could understand the first one, and a bit about the second. If he had endured 17,000 years of torture, he would be relieved at his freedom but also angered by his failure to pay back his torturers in the same coin.

How much anger and hatred could be built up after being tortured for such a long time. If this was nothing less than a god, any other being would have long gone insane. Perhaps this would have been a mercy. But a god should not have the solace of madness, after all they were gods.

Rowan discovered, as he was about to take these next steps that would bring him to the forefront of the world and reveal himself, he was not nervous. In fact, his bloodline was beginning to boil and Rowan knew his next series of actions were what his over enthusiastic bloodline required.

I see. I want. I conquer.

Rowan began flying up, his Telekinesis picking him up with a formless hand, and shooting him up, exiting the range of the moon until he stood in space, a passing burst of Aether fluttered his Energy Cloak, and he stood in the middle of four heavenly bodies!

Chapter 244: Have You Seen Enough?

Presently, news of the battle must be spreading, and his enemies from the nexus who should be searching for him must be rushing to this location. The news his Angels gave him after infiltrating the cities shocked him, but also reaffirmed his resolve.

The Empire was hunting him! This was not a quiet chase by the Order but a full-blown manhunt for him. Rowan now understood the reason Scarvros was rushing back to the underground city.

He was lucky he decided to kill the man quickly because he wanted to keep information about himself secret, not knowing that he was already recognized by Scarvros. His cautiousness had saved him while he was still weak at that time.

In the bounty report he was shown, he saw that the Tiberius Family and the Kuranos Family were hunting him, which should be equal to the entire Empire hunting him. He had underestimated his value to the Order, and he was surprised his unique situation was advertised to the entire Empire, although the reason for hunting him was stated as him being a thief, he wondered what else they knew about him, and of the full nature of and his current bloodline.

He would have fallen into despair, but power made everything simpler, he had the information, and he had his unique resources, he had made the plans, now was the time to act.

Rowan closed his eyes. He was becoming used to his Emyrean Sense, and that was how he knew since the moment his bloodline had seized the power it first devoured in the future, that he was no longer alone, and he had a stalker.

"Tell me. Have you seen enough Erohim?"

There was silence and Rowan sighed, "The battle on the moon would have spread all over the Empire, and our enemies have been alerted by the anomaly on this planet, as

we speak I'm sure an army is bearing down on your world, and every second we spend on meaningless posturing is going to cost us."

A formless androgynous voice spread all over space, "WHO ARE YOU!" Rowan smiled.

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The Empire Spaceship Merigold moved through the void, and against regulations all the lights and communication were switched off, even the engine was switched off. Yet, it still moved at a speed beyond its apparent capabilities.

The Merigold moved through space like a piece of debris, and a faint bloody fog covered the ship that pushed it through space. From afar, the ship resembled a piece of bleeding meat.

Inside the ship was silence that was interrupted now and then by low growls. The depths of the ship had transformed into a nightmarish living thing, like a hive of a bee made of bloody pulsating flesh.

Twisted figures from nightmares patrolled through the hulls of the fleshy ship, and low growls came from them when they bumped into each other.

"Why do they do that? Are they not supposed to work as one?" Augustus' weary voice spoke out, his arms had regenerated from the last set of torture he had undergone, but now from the waist down, everything was missing.

He was naked, and he had deep cuts all over his body as if someone had taken a carving knife and sliced through the muscles of his body. His left chest had been sliced open and his beating heart could be seen, and the small quiver his body made spoke of the profoundness of his pain.

He was speaking to the white haired Abomination champion who was hovering in the air, cross-legged with his eyes closed except for the last pair of eyes that were fixed on Augustus. The Champion gave no response.

The Abomination Champion had three pairs of eyes, the other two pairs sat below his first set of eyes and were on his cheek and the last was closer to the top of his mouth.

Augustus noticed that only one pair was open at a time, he had quickly learned to be wary of the current opened set of eyes because each pair of eyes had their individual effect on the Champion, and depending on the particular pair of eyes that was open, the personality of the Champion would change.

For instance, these last pair of eyes that were open were the smallest, almost like the eyes of a child, and when it was opened the Champion did nothing but stare at him, and he discovered that if he made funny faces, the Champion would laugh like a child, he

discovered that when he was screaming or groaning in pain, if this set of eyes were open the Champion would begin laughing. The first time it happened, the sound of laughter had crept him so much that Augustus had fainted.

Soon he got used to the sound, but he had to be careful because if the Champion laughed too much, the pair of eyes in the middle would open; that was when the nightmare would begin once more.

The eyes in the middle were the ones responsible for his present condition. When it opened it was ravenous and unfortunately Augustus flesh was the choice meal. He had nearly died many times beyond counting but for his blasted Tiberius blood, no matter how thin it was in his present body, it always regenerated him from the brink of death.

The Tiberius bloodline was notorious for this quality as their control over the Pathway of Blood gave them an overpowered healing factor, and they were very difficult to kill, especially at the second circle and upward.

Augustus had lost track of time underneath the relentless torture, but he knew it must not have been more than a week, maybe two at most, but he has nearly died more than a hundred times.

The current pair of eyes that were fixed on him were now colored with dissatisfaction because for some time now, Augustus had stopped making it laugh, he had no choice but to hold in his cries of pain for it would undoubtedly wake up the middle eyes and his torture would begin that much sooner.

But the one that made him despair the most, was the one on top. The first pair of eyes.

Chapter 245: Lamia's Revelation

Those eyes just rubbed Augustus in the wrong way, maybe it was because the eyes were colored with pain, anger, despair, and lust. As if the Champion was in great pain, yet he lusted for more of it, even though it must be suffering greatly, a part of it still lusted for that pain.

Augustus knew this was the chief personality of the Abomination Champion, and like anything from this foul race, it was terrifying. It only asked questions, and the first time Augustus failed to reply to its query, he... Augustus shuddered, the memories were like acid in his head, recalling it made him wish he was dead.

Augustus now knew with great detail the taste and texture of his feet, his fingers, his intestines, his balls, and selected part of his tendons, as the Abomination Champion fed it to him, making sure he chewed slowly. It was not the action that horrified him the most but the attitude of the champion, he looked almost bored and Augustus knew it would

have the same look on its face in the next twenty years as it continued torturing him, so Augustus gave in every time, any act of defiance was useless.

To others, these actions may seem heretical and hopelessly depraved, but to the Abomination Champion, it was just a Tuesday night.

The Champion suddenly went still like a corpse, and those eyes he dreaded opened up, while the previous eyes went close. The Champion went from a still posture to an explosive frenzy as he appeared in front of Augustus. Augustus knew it was not teleportation but pure speed.

The Champion placed its face directly in front of Augustus and its cold breath fanned over Augustus face. Augustus looked at the pale face of the Abomination with a dull look on his face, expecting the start of another round of torture while hoping by some miracle that this would kill him.

Please — Dread Lord Tiberius, let me die. Please!

Augustus gasped when the face of the Champion began to peel open like an eggshell, and the smell from the opened face made him choke, as it smelled sweet like an overripe fruit.

Beneath the opened face were flesh and bones, with yellow and red blood flowing down the opened face and sliding down the Champion's body, as the skull beneath seemed to be grinning.

The disgusting visage began to squirm and the face of a woman appeared, it did not take long for Augustus to place the face as that of that bitch Lamia!

Augustus cringed, what he feared just arrived, "you... you..."

Lamia arched a brow, "cats got your tongue? I expected more from you...more fire! But you're like the rest of mankind. Pathetic and weak, even when given power, it takes only a little trial to reveal your true nature. I see you are returning to your true self. It is good to remember that once you mortals were our cattle. Now you learn your place. As all of your pathetic race would soon learn theirs."

"Why are you doing this to me?" Augustus whimpered, "I had no idea they imprisoned someone like you in that place. In fact, you owe me, I'm the reason you were able to escape."

Lamia brought a single black fingernail to her face as she began peering at it while replying to Augustus, "Don't flatter yourself, Augustus, you simply wanted to dabble in matters that were far beyond your reach. Your childish blunders helped, but don't tell me you thought any of your plans were worth anything in the end, as you profited nothing from your schemes and your betters took the lion's share of your effort."

Augustus' anger had dulled, but his despair was heightened, and he hoped to die, so he grinned, "I'm not the only one who fell short. Even from afar, I could hear your screams, tell me, what did he take from you that made you scream like a pubescent girl being raped?"

Lamia's face changed like a storm cloud, and Augustus dared to hope, and then she laughed, and despair returned. "Oh, don't worry about that, I have my plans for that sweet boy, but let's go back to you. Tell me, why did you think after you submitted the information about our dear friend to your family that they gave those responses? Not only that, they went out of their way to contact the Kuran family, is that not strange? You would think they would be hunting me, an unsealed Chaotic Abomination Core, but I see no gods on my neck, why is that?"

Augustus shook his head in confusion, his mind was beginning to churn even though he wished for it to be silent, "That is beyond my knowledge. I don't know the reason our ancestors made their judgments."

"Yet even you can see the utter foolishness in their decision, do you not?" Lamia laughed once more, "I wanted to feel slight for not being hunted, you know. With my powers, every day I am left unchecked, the Empire would be creeping towards destruction, but it seems my presence has been forgotten. Then I remember who else escaped that prison with me, and I no longer feel shame. Can you imagine the power Rowan holds, and yet, they release his information all over the Empire for any lucky powers to benefit, is that not ridiculous?"

Augustus looked away, his thoughts in a frenzy, of course, when he heard of their decision he was surprised, but ultimately, he understood he could not really judge the mindset of his Ancestor.

Lamia suddenly broke into laughter, a shrill sound that reminded Augustus of a pair of mating chimeras.

"Don't bother your silly meat brain about it. I will tell you the reason for their decision."

"You don't have to tell me anything."

"Oh shut up Augustus, there is a reason I tell you, for your part in this matter has not yet ended. When I was imprisoned by the Order, it was not only to be used as an experiment for their nefarious purposes. I also serve as a prison. And I was holding one very important prisoner—The Ancestor of the Minerva family."

Chapter 246: Dawn of War

Augustus began shaking his head side to side, "That's impossible, there is no way you can imprison an Earth god. Minerva would never allow such a slight to her name. The gods would never permit such an action."

"But I can, and I did, and it was permitted. Of course, this was all hidden from Minerva until Rowan's beast ate the prisoner. Now if you can get over the impossibility of me imprisoning an Earth god, perhaps you would begin to understand the ramification of those actions, and the responses of the Minerva family new Earth god, who would have ascended already, would take."

Augustus' face went white as fear and horror flooded his features, "It cannot be true, there is no way it can happen... the Minerva family would... This would cause a war between the gods themselves, this... this..."

"Now you see the full picture, Augustus, and this opens new doors for me, and also for you. Now it is time for your purpose."

Augustus muttered weakly to himself, "we are all going to die."

Lamia deranged laughter answered him and echoed into the void of space as the lone spaceship tore through the distance.

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Nathis wiped her spotless hands once again with white clothes made from her silk, the silk had a strong disinfecting property. She always finds herself doing it more often as of late, always wiping her hands as she got closer to the Empire internal politics and she began understanding the true scale of the depravity within it.

She would argue that such depravities could be found in every Major Worlds, but there was something about Trion that just rang different. Maybe because it was unofficially acknowledged as the most powerful Major World in the universe.

Surely such a place would have deep buried secrets, such as the one she had luckily just unearthed.

Fury, her master, would need to see this new information she had collected about Rowan's bloodline Origin inside the Kuran Family. It shed light into something far deeper happening inside every major family in Trion.

Something so big, it could threaten the foundation of the Empire.

She shuddered as she held her notes, and then she firmed her resolve.

Nathis for the first time in a long time, began to miss home.

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Dora watched the home of the man who brought her to the brink of death. The fact that her mission aligned with her vengeance made her angelic heart throb in desire, as the smell of the underground city of Trinad entered her nostrils. The world around her was so beautiful.

She was in the city of dreams and despair, a place owned by the Merchant Association and in here everything can be bought and traded, both goods and lives, and she stood before the palatial mansion of the backers behind the Merchant Association, which was the Boreas family mansion.

The extensive mansion held thousands of Guardsmen, tens of thousands mercenaries of various ranks, and an unknown amount of household staff and finally a sizable amount of Boreas family members.

It was a fortress disguised as a palace, and her mission was to steal the Teleportation Key for the entire city, proceed through the portal and into Trion and there she should destroy the key and the portal, and to delay or stop the repair of the portal for as long as possible.

She was to keep the full might of the Empire away from Jarkarr for as long as possible.

It was a monumental task, almost impossible for anyone else to perform, but she was an Angel, and nothing was beyond her, as far as the order came from the Creator, she would achieve the impossible.

Although she stood at the front of the mansion, she was invisible to normal eyes, nothing but a dim shadow, and she patiently waited for a suitable target, and after an hour she found it.

A young group of girls from the Boreas family between the age of twelve and fourteen were escorted by a group of Guardsmen outside the mansion, by their attire they were most likely going to see the various bazaars spread about in the city.

They strode through the city like little gods and their blue hair fluttered in the breeze, their joyful laughter rang through the air, filled with innocence and life.

For them this city was a tourist destination and everyone here was their entertainment. If you have been trained your whole life, to know that everyone not of your bloodline was beneath you, then megalomania was an expected attitude and children could sometimes be monsters.

Dora heard rumors about the Boreas family scions, and the atrocities they committed on far-flung worlds away from their precious Trion, and in the three hours she used to trail these children she saw nothing of that, only clean fun and laughter, and they even

collected some local children with them even though it went against the wishes of the Guardsmen who accompanied them through the city.

Although they skirted the city's central square where the frenzy for the worship of Erohim kept growing and the sounds of their adulation was beginning to cover the entire city, with events on the moon fueling the mania. This city was at the brink of chaos.

It was approaching the time to return back to their mansion when the masks came off of the giggling girls. There were six Boreas family children, and on their excursion through the city they collected four other kids, a girl and three boys.

The girl was the most skeptical, but over time she became enamored with the group and her laughter was among the loudest, the three boys pretended to be noble knights and sought to protect the girls, so even though she might have expected it, Dora was still slightly surprised when one of the Boreas family girl stabbed a spear of ice into the guts of the only girl with them.

She did not scream, as the suddenness of the attack and her surprise robbed her of her voice, Dora could understand the look in her eyes, and she also understood the incredulity in her face when the Boreas family girls began laughing.

What happened next was brutal, the Noble girls were not used to their own strength as they were at the Legendary State, and they wanted their fun to last, but they ended up killing the children faster than they would have liked, it was a small mercy.

They displayed the parts of the slaughtered children like artworks, freezing their pained faces in ice, and cheering at their creativity.

The Guardsmen looked on impassively, these actions by the children were not encouraged, but it were not forbidden either, it was also taken as a form of training for the children.

It was for them to get used to killing sentient species.

It would be taken as a fun activity, desensitizing them to the screams of their prey, also serving to unite them in their shared bloodshed. Dora heard that other families had worse games for their children.

She did not need any more resolve to perform her mission because the Creator had given her free reigns to do as she wished. Dora would be enjoying the extra perks in this mission, very much.

As the girls returned to their mansion, Dora slipped into the shadow of one of the girls. She just acquired her ticket.

Chapter 247: Bringing Chaos

Nezrakim was inside a warm pool of blood that was beating rhythmically with a heartbeat, a few inches below him, for he was dwelling in the body of a Guardsman. Which was something he could never imagine he could do in his wildest imagination, but the Creator makes everything possible.

His new angelic form was very malleable and although he could turn to shadow, he preferred shifting his flesh into different fantastic configurations. He did not find these new changes in his life jarring, as he understood he was no longer the same as he was before. He was now something new and glorious.

Not only that, but he was now connected to a well of knowledge and power that seemed infinite, and he knew he was just a small part of the Creator's power, he was less than dust, and this did nothing but increase Nezrakim fanaticism, and he wanted to accomplish his first task in a way that would make the Creator turn his sights towards him.

So regardless of what he became, he was assured of his purpose. The same thing that had driven him throughout his mortal years. To serve.

He turned into thin strands of wriggling muscles that resembled giant earth worms and infiltrated the Guardsman armor. He was a Captain at the Rift State, and this industrious soul had slept with his armor on his body, since it was airtight, he had to use a clever manner to achieve his objective.

Nezrakim infiltrated the body via the anus of the Guardsman when he was relieving himself, the man had only screamed for a few short seconds, and now he dwelled around the skull, where he sent subtle messages influencing the Guardsman, and with his body, he had charted his course of actions, and he could barely wait to begin.

He entered the armory the day before and carted five hundred pounds of hell in the form of explosives and had been quietly depositing it around the Boreas mansion in Mrinah, concentrating in spots with the highest amount of security.

With his clearance as a Captain, he could reach those locations with little effort, as his disguise was flawless and he was undetectable to anyone so far.

He deposited enough explosives at the fifth target, and he should be about halfway done, when he was caught, which was within his expectation. His presence might be expected, but his actions were suspicious, he was indeed hoping to get caught, as he wanted to show his devotion in a more bombastic manner.

"Finally!" Zerakim made the Guardsman wear a manic grin as he unlimbered the heavy rifle on his back and started a one-man war.

The rifle shot out concentrated bolts of yellow lightning that carried enough heat to melt through a two-inch thick metal wall. Powered by a lightning imbued runic crystal, the rifle could shoot fifty of such bolts. Zerakim made sure the Guardsman held a dozen more crystals.

Plus, he was using a souped up version of the rifle that he easily carried by bypassing all the limiters in the body of the Dominator because this rifle should be shot from a vehicle, not manually.

The person who raised the alarm was a small man which should have been one of the butlers in the mansion, he was one of those folks who loved to be conscientious in their everyday activity, and he was an overachiever, he barely had time to smile in self-satisfaction before he was turned to ash under the rifle firepower, the lightning bolts went past him and slammed into the side of a column where Zerakim buried explosives and it went off.

He triggered the rest of the explosives and the massive gate at the front of the mansion was blown to the side, where it fell and crushed dozens of Guardsmen. The three control towers with heavy anti-personnel weapons were sent crashing to the ground with another explosion.

Zerakim turned around and began walking deeper into the mansion. He kept his finger on the trigger and sprayed side to side methodically like a machine, his aim was scarily precise, and he walked forward a step at a time. Each shot taking down at least five people, and sounded like a rail gun.

He took barely eleven seconds to change out the spent crystal and continued, the retaliation was fast and efficient, but Zerakim moved like an unstoppable tank, disregarding the many shots that had begun melting through his armor and impacting the flesh as he rapidly healed the Guardsman he was possessing. Every shot he made counted, and as he had no concern about the body he was possessing, he could push his might to the limit.

He tore through sections after sections of the mansion, across stunning pools and rooms, where he butchered the many Boreas family members he saw and anyone unlucky to come across his path, while going ever deeper into the mansion as surprise and the sheer firepower he was pumping out delayed a proper organized action against him.

Although not for long as he reached a choke point with more than three hundred Guardsmen arrayed before him, and the firepower they rained on his body began chewing him to pieces, he began to laugh from a destroyed head that had been blown off leaving only his jaws behind.

Many of the defenders went pale at such a sight, the Guardsman stood only on a single leg, with holes all over his body like a sieve, and you could easily see through his body to the other side. Even with the top of his head gone, he still laughed.

Suddenly, spectral wings appeared behind him for a fraction of a second before vanishing, and he was among the defending Guardsmen, and the remaining explosives on him triggered at once, and the explosion ripped through the entire front of the palatial mansion, killing thousands as Zerakim empowered the explosion with his control over flames.

Making the fire carry a life of its own as it continued slicing through the mansion, nearly cutting it in two before the explosion ran its course.

Nezrakim slithered through the ruins and spotted a dozen Guardsmen investigating the wreckage of the explosion while calling out in panic, and he zoomed closer in a flash, possessing the one in the middle with a tear in his armor, he entered via an open wound in his ribs, and after the Guardsman made a blood-curdling shriek, he was his.

Making the Guardsman grin a wide grin, he began opening fire all around him.

Unlike Dora, Nezrakim did not use subtlety, he was challenging the entire city of Mrinah by himself.

With the Creator light by my side, I shall walk through all trials and tribulations.

With the Creator light by my side. Whom shall I fear?

Chapter 248: A God's Realm

The presence that spoke to Rowan was mild, but that would be mistaking the softness of the wave that touched your feet at the beach to equal the might of the entire sea.

This was a god, and the first time he came in contact with one, he nearly died and had his body turned against him. He was meeting a god again, much more quickly than he would have liked, but he was no longer the same as before.

Although Erohim was weak at this time, there was no mistaking the incredible depth of his presence that left Rowan in awe, but the uniqueness of Rowan's mind made sure he did not seem bothered on the surface.

He answered Erohim's question with a smile on his face, "You know who I am."

"OH YES! I DO KNOW YOU. THE SABOTEUR WHO WEARS MY FACE AND WIELDS MY NAME!"

Rowan frowned, "I did not choose your name, it was given to me by your own people, and I did not put your name to shame, but instead I have elevated it to heights unknown for thousands of years, this you know to be true. Don't tell me your powers are not on the rise with the massive wave of devotion being given to you. At this moment across the entire planet, your people are calling your name. Your Divine Kingdom swells with the devotion of their prayers. I think you should be thanking me for the great boon I have given you."

"YOU ARE THE TWO HEADED VICIOUS SERPENT. YOU PRESENT A FACE OF GOODWILL WHILE THE OTHER BITE MY NECK. DO YOU TAKE ME FOR BLIND THAT I DON'T SEE YOUR CHILDREN DEVOURING MY BODY. YOUR SPAWN DRINKS OF MY LIFEBLOOD UNCEASING, AND THE SON OF SCARLET WHO WOULD HAVE BEEN MY WEAPON AGAINST IT FALLS BY YOUR HAND. YOU WOULD BRING WARS TO MY KINGDOM, AT THIS MOMENT THE EMPIRE MARCHES TO MY DOOR, AND MY ANCIENT ENEMIES STIR. YOU ARE NOT MY HELPER BUT A POISONED CHALICE. I GIVE YOU DEATH!"

Rowan had assumed such responses from the tortured god, but he thought he would be able to convince Erohim to see reason beyond their differences, but without any other prompt, Erohim attacked.

Rowan's surroundings changed and he found himself standing on an endless plateau. To the left was a field of ice and to his right a field of fire.

Above him, the plain began to curve until it touched itself, placing Rowan inside a dome, where half of it was filled with fire and the other ice.

He could not move an inch, and he could not even begin to judge where he was when he felt the temperature around him beginning to simultaneously increase and decrease.

The left part of his body began to be covered by frost, while the right part of his body began to glow with heat. It was a weird and very uncomfortable situation, and Rowan could hardly speak or even blink.

As the temperature differences began to continuously increase, he began to feel pain, but it was nothing his Absolute Body could not withstand for the regenerative properties of his body and its innate resilience was keeping it all at bay, the temperature had not even penetrated his body's force field at the moment.

His body was frozen in place, but his Palace of Ice was not. Rowan began gathering all his Aether. He did not call for the attention of Erohim lightly, although he expected to be heard, he knew if he could not prove himself to the god, he would not be able to state his case.

But first, he needed to speak.

He activated his Berserker Aspect, and using Combo Attack, he activated a Clone, and it appeared in front of him, only to be blasted to pieces instantly.

Rowan paused, the battle with Dorian had brought his Berserker Aspect near the peak of the Earth Level, and he was a few steps away to Ascend the Aspect. When the Combo Attack Clone was destroyed, the Aspect had received benefits, and the Combo Attack technique finally reached the Peak of the Earth level.

He received a sizable number of Attributes from that, and began experimenting with methods to use his Aspect because he had an intuition that the result might surprise him if he carried it to the next level.

He created another clone and before it expired, he made it unleash the smash technique. The world around him barely shook before it was destroyed, but that was okay, he received plenty of improvements and he began spamming the attack.

"YOUR EFFORTS ARE USELESS, YOU CANNOT GAIN AETHER INSIDE MY DOMAIN, AND EVERY WASTE SHALL NOT RETURN TO YOU."

Yeah, that's where you made your first mistake fallen god, I don't need that shit. Rowan snickered internally, I have more Aether than I would ever need.

Rowan closed his eyes and entered his Mental Space, as long as whatever attack Erohim was heaping on him was only directed towards his physical body then he was fine because as long as it did not reach his Palace of Ice, he could disregard them.

An Absolute Body, had only weakness which was the soul, and destroying his body was like cutting pieces of his fingernails. It will ever grow back.

He began creating two clones and using them to unleash Smash before they were wiped out, and under the weird pressure of their environment, the Smash Technique became complete in less than two minutes.

Rowan switched to Dash, and began to cycle the various techniques actively he had, and like a falling rock that got faster the longer it fell, he got faster at upgrading the Berserker Aspect.

When manifested, his Combo Attack Clone got destroyed in a fraction of a second, but as the other techniques in his Berserker Aspect reached the peak, they all collectively strengthened the Aspect, and the clones began lasting for longer, until a crack happened inside his Mental Space and all his technique reached the peak, and a new evolution of the Aspect began.

Chapter 249: The Greed of Erohim

Rowan was familiar with the sensation of Ascension, as he did not know of anyone who could claim to be able to ascend their State of Change or Techniques as quickly as he could. Nevertheless, he still treasured these moments.

He observed the Berserker Skill Tree inside his Mental Space, as it shook and began to unfold, as the branches on it flourished in an expansive pattern, outside his body, a phantom of a bleeding tree hundreds of feet tall appeared behind him.

At the root of the tree were slight bumps that a closer look would reveal to be skulls, hundreds of them crowded together, and the blood pouring down the trees flowed into their gaping eye sockets.

The burst of information that this Ascension brought him was considerable, and it encompassed many new and varied subjects that surprised Rowan in its scope, when it came together, Rowan gained a new understanding about what the Berserker Aspect was, and the knowledge floored him.

The Berserker Aspect was not just a battle technique, that was the least of its function, it was also a key that could lead to godhood and even beyond, but it was an entirely different power system from the bloodline system practiced by the gods.

This path to power must be infinitely more difficult to upgrade than the bloodline path, but with high comprehension, it was possible that a genius that was not so talented in the bloodline system could grow powerful by cultivating an Aspect.

This technique should be among the reason why the Tiberius the God of War should be so powerful, if he had upgraded these techniques to the god level, it would be an impressive achievement.

There was so much information given to him by the upgrade of this Aspect, he would have to explore it for more uses later, but for now... it was a pleasant surprise, but it was not his goal at the moment.

Rowan created his new clone using Combo Attack. It slowly assembled itself before him, different from any summoned clones before, this one seemed as if it were being born, and not a clone made from energy.

Dull cracks sounded as bones, blood, and muscles grew out of thin air and his copy stood before him. Tall and strong, with blond hair reaching his waist. It was clad only in a golden belt, with white silken clothe hanging down the belt to his knees.

Rowan did not use his Aether to clothe it, or His Enrage technique to armor it, he wanted to see how well it would fare on its own, and he was pleasantly surprised by its appearance. Even without placing anybody his consciousness inside the clone, it was semi aware, and could process knowledge from the world around it, but it was strictly a creature bred for battle.

Every single inch of this body, was primed for slaughtering its foes.

The clone lasted for twelve seconds before it was driven to its knees and the left part of its body was frozen and cracked into pieces, while the right side combusted into ashes. It was done cleanly with no spill over from the heat and cold, cleanly bisected into two. Before it vanished, Rowan detected rage in its eyes, which surprised him.

He was not discouraged by the result of the clone's performance under the pressure of the god, but the opposite, he had expected worse, and he had not even truly utilized the ability to its true potential, and so Rowan set to do so.

He activated Combo Attack three times, and instead of three clones, he could now stack them on each other, creating one super clone, the result was the Combo Attack clone grew up to eight feet, and its serpentine eyes turned red like blood, as a faint smell of blood surrounded it.

It was not over, and then Rowan activated Enrage three times and the clone was clothed with thick red armor decorated with wicked spikes decorating the shoulders and elbows, he gave it Aether and a black and purple cloak flared out beside it.

Before Rowan was a God of War.

Rowan spoke through the clone, "You will hear me Erohim, for I am not your enemy but your ally, and my words will convince you of that. But if you insist on following this path, then I shall kill you, and free your muddled mind from its torment."

"A RAT THAT WANT TO CLAIM THE FEAT OF A GOD. IS THAT IT? I EXPECTED MORE. FOR TRESPASSING ON MY SOVEREIGN AUTHORITY, I SHALL MAKE YOUR DEATH NOT BE AN EASY ONE!"

If the attack from Erohim before was a slight breeze on the shore of a beach that would gently stir your hair, now it became the full wave crashing down on him, and this attack came with a Spiritual side to it as he attacked him from two fronts.

Rowan Combo Attack Berserker Clone disappeared with an angered roar, and his own body began to break apart as golden light shone inside the crack. Part of Rowan's insides were revealed and it resembled a vast universe bleached with gold. His bones glowed and the grains that represented his new blood zoomed around inside his body like fireflies, it was an astonishing sight.

"WHAT ARE YOU? ARE YOU A CONSTRUCT OF VOLGIM? WHAT IN ALL CREATION ARE YOU MADE OF?"

The pressure attempted to enter his Mental Space, but it was denied, but the pressure kept ramping up, and horrid cracking sounds began to emerge from inside his Mental Space. Unlike before when he was at the Legendary State, his Mental Space was now

far more vast and stronger, and it would be impossible for the attacks of Rico that easily pierced his Mental Space before, to now kill him.

"YOU HAVE A DIVINE LEVEL MENTAL SPACE, AND IT IS VAST. SUCH A WASTE FOR SOMEONE LIKE YOU."

Rowan was quiet, after bringing his Berserker Aspect to the next level, it was as if he entered a catatonic state, and he was non-responsive.

"I SHALL TAKE THIS BODY FROM YOU. WITH IT, I MAY ACCOMPLISH SOME OF MY TASKS, AND IT SHOULD SERVE AS AN ABLE RECOMPENSE FOR THE TROUBLE YOU HAVE CAUSED ME. NOW DIE!"

Chapter 250: Imprisoning A God's Soul

With the word from the god that announced his death with the finality of a hammer hitting an anvil, his Mental Space gave way beneath the pressure and a tsunami of flames and ice spewed into it and began rushing towards his Palace of Ice, with the size of his Mental Space it would only take a short while to reach it.

"INTERESTING, WHAT IS THAT STRUCTURE WHICH LIES INSIDE YOUR SOUL? TELL ME, AND I SHALL GIVE YOU A MERCIFUL DEATH!"

"You said some of your tasks" Rowan whispered and began to chuckle, the sound began changing to full-blown laughter.

The fact that Rowan's body could now talk was surprising, and the god that was tearing his through his Mental Space paused, "WHAT ARE YOU SAYING?" the surprise in his tone was evident.

Rowan's body began to glow with a golden flame, as the ruptures on his body began to shine with a golden light, his size began to increase, as he seemed to be shedding his mortal form behind, and in a blink of an eye he became twelve feet tall, and his size was still increasing.

With a large crack, his fingers moved and he made a fist, followed by his entire hands being lifted in front of him, gritting his teeth, he began to lift his head up, he spoke softly as if his mind were far away and he was just ruminating on a topic inside his head,

"Since the time I came to know about the truth of the universe. I have always had this fear of gods. How could I not? My most painful encounters came from the gods, the reason I run and fight, most of the blame I'm sure could be assigned to the feet of a meddling god somewhere. With all these distractions, sometimes it is even easy to

forget, that the end of your path is just the beginning of mine. Forgive me, for I have forgotten who I am!"

"THE LAST FLARE-UPS FROM A DYING FLAME. YOUR WORDS MEAN NOTHING!"

"On the contrary, it means everything." Rowan laughed, "Your words prove your ignorance about whom you hold inside your Domain, for you told me, that with my body you will be able to accomplish some tasks? How foolish..."

Suddenly, the vast fields of fire and ice around Rowan began to rumble, as loud cracks permeated it and it was spreading. It began from beneath Rowan's feet as his growing size from Eruption was the least of what was happening inside his body, his strength was rapidly multiplying.

"WHAT IS GOING ON HERE?"

"Your Domain is breaking, fallen god. It cannot contain my body for long."

"YOUR BODY MAY BE STRONGER THAN MOST WELP, BUT I SHALL CRUSH YOUR SOUL AND IT WILL BE MINE!"

The assault on Rowan Mental Space accelerated until it reached his Palace of Ice, and a purple barrier rose up and shielded it from view. The assault crashed over it and began to hammer on the barrier.

"I DO NOT CARE FOR ANY OF YOUR MACHINATIONS, I WILL.... WHERE IS YOUR SOUL?"

Rowan's body was now freed of whatever influence had been holding him as he had grown too powerful for any barrier it placed on him should hold, and now he shone like the sun, and his size was now gigantic at thirty feet tall.

Rowan stopped grinning and whispered, and even in the intense rumbling taking place inside the domain of Erohim it could still be heard, "with my body, you could have accomplished all your dreams and even beyond. Your lack of foresight means you are no longer worthy of my partnership."

The conflagration inside Rowan's soul increased as the flood of flames and ice wore down his Palace of Ice Barrier. This close to his Palace of Ice, Rowan realized that this flood he was looking at was the Soul of Erohim, and it reminded him a bit of his own lost soul, but Erohim was not equal with his own.

His previous soul was a true merger between fire and ice, and they both worked together in harmony creating something truly unique, but this one was just a massive torrent of ice and flames that could only coexist, it represented two different Aspect crudely fused and was far from the elegance of his previous soul.

Yet, it was a fantastic sight, but Rowan was becoming increasingly disappointed with the secrets of godhood he was beginning to see.

The purple barrier began to crack open, and Rowan closed his eyes and initiated his counterattack.

"You are searching for my soul? Take a look!"

At once, he dropped his barrier and allowed the Soul of Erohim to blast into his palace and he did so with a triumphant roar, and his Soul poured into his Palace of Ice where it stopped in surprise...

"WHAT....WHAT..."

Rowan would imagine it took a lot to make a god speechless, but he could understand that sentiment. The Palace of Ice was the manifestation of his bloodline. It was a power far beyond what even a god could fathom, existing beyond all concepts of the material universe, and even in its weak state, the Soul of Erohim was in awe before it began to be filled with fear.

That awe and fear distracted the soul of Erohim long enough to not see the vast amount of Aether that Rowan had been building up. Perhaps it was the intuition of a god that made his awareness sweep towards the array of angels of char where a vast amount of Aether was circling and building up around their wings, but his attention came too late.

Throughout all the battles he fought, Rowan had always unleashed only a fraction of his Aether. The most he had used was not more than two hundred grains of Aether at a time because he had no technique available to him that was able to utilize all his Aether at once.

The total amount of Purple Black grains of Aether he had was dependent on both the number of Angels of Char he had and also his level. He is currently having 34,566 grains of Purple Black Aether, and he used them all at once!

His Vast Purple Black Aether rose and smashed into the soul of a god, and it froze it into a mountainous mass, with a flex of his will, the purple barrier covered his Palace of Ice once more.