

The Primordial Record

Chapter 251: Even a god... Dies

His bloodline consumed Souls, and if a soul of a god deemed it fit to enter into the one place in the universe that no soul should enter, then he could only curse its bad luck or foolishness.

For a god to reach such a place was difficult if not impossible, after all, they were among the few in the universe who could potentially live until the end of a universe. For such beings to face the bloodline of the Primordial Keepers, even those of Rowan that had been further mutated into something abominable. It was exceedingly rare.

Erohim soul was facing such a fate.

Rowan's gigantic body growled, and he stomped his feet, and the plain before him shattered. The cracks from that impossible blow spreading until it circled the entire Domain, and large chunks of ice and burning pillars of flame fell down from above.

He was burning his vitality at a dangerous rate, and Eruption was currently at 25 percent. The amount of power flowing through his body was enough to shatter a planet, and in order to free himself from the shackles of the gods' Domain, he let his body burn this brightly and for this long, and he did not seek to control that power, only unleash it.

Unleash it he did, and the cracks from that single stomp of his foot was apocalyptic. He roared, and six other louder roars followed him in concert as the Ouroboros Serpents burst out of his chest and back and one emerged from his neck, their gleaming golden bodies and diamond like spines shone and as one they began rapidly expanding as shockwaves reverberated in the Domain as their bodies tore through the restriction.

The eyes of the Ouroboros Serpents fell on the bounty before them and their roar of joy was deafening, this should be among the best meals they had ever consumed and together they fell on the domain of the god and began consuming it.

Rowan observed his Mental State with a keen eye, as his mind still plotted and analyze every single moment. Anywhere else and this soul might have escaped, for the soul of a god was not easily held, but inside his Palace of Ice, his Aether was constantly regenerating at a blinding speed, and because it had the attribute of freezing a soul, even that of a god in sufficient enough volume. The Soul of the god was frozen in place.

"YOU CANNOT DO THIS! DO YOU KNOW WHAT I AM? CAN YOU COMPREHEND THE EFFECTS OF YOUR ACTIONS? I AM A GOD!"

"yet, what are gods, but slightly bigger ants. Before me, even a god will fall!"

Rowan ignored the ramblings, now he just had to kill it. Which the soul of Erohim thought was impossible going by his taunts.

"FOOLISH... WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO YOU IMPRISONING A PART OF MY SOUL? YOU WOULD KEEP ME DEEP WITHIN YOUR BREAST, WHERE MY DAGGER WOULD EASILY FIND YOUR HEART?"

Rowan ignored him, he clearly did not understand what he was. Though this task posed a unique challenge for him, as his intuition was screaming about the sheer scope of the soul he had just snatched, even if it was a small part of Erohim Soul.

Yes, this was not all of Erohim, but a part of his Soul, which was a good thing for Rowan, as his oncoming actions depended on it.

It should both be incredibly easy for him but also a bit difficult to collect this soul, but he would have to do so, even though he still had baby teeth, he would have to chew this hard bone for the benefits it would give him was incomparable.

As the Ouroboros Serpent feasted on the Ice and fire domain, he began to see large cracks that showed him the vision of the outside world, and he saw he was in still in space, and although the surrounding Domain was as large as a hundred miles across, in the outside world it was smaller than a grain of dust.

With the continual destruction of the Domain, the pressure on his body eased, and he could finally begin reducing the amount of vitality he was burning and his body began to shrink as he sat down cross-legged.

His focus was deep inside his Mental Space, where the true battle between himself and Erohim was about to begin.

Not much of a battle, but a struggle to open my mouth wide enough to fit in a soul the size of a planet.

Rowan brought the purple moon that signified his Soul Points over the Soul of the fallen god, and his throne followed it, he was surprised by that, before Eva communicated to him that the same way his throne served as a way to process his experience to create consciousness pillars, it could also support him as he devoured the soul of an immortal.

Rowan nodded his acknowledgement and settled the throne on top of the frozen soul of Erohim that was the size of a large mountain, and he began to drain it.

A red and white stream of soul energy began to slowly enter the Purple moon which began to inflate, and then Erohim screamed.

"WHAT IS HAPPENING? HOW CAN THIS BE POSSIBLE? WHAT ARE YOU?"

Rowan senses could perceive a wave of fear and intense surprise from the fallen god's soul, if he was an Abomination that fed on fear, he would have been drowning in bliss. Yet, his Ouroboros bloodline feasted on that emotion and his bloodline began to boil. The fear of an immortal satisfied it and he felt his Absolute body eased up, and his desire to still perform the impossible increased as the wave of fear coming from the Soul of Erohim was increasing in intensity.

As it was as difficult for a mortal to fly, that was how difficult it was for a god to know true death.

Inside his Mental Space, the purple barrier flashed, and a weakening cry of the soul of the god echoed out. It was a cry that said so much, as the despair in it was absolute beyond what any mortal could ever comprehend, for if that cry had echoed out in the world, every mortal creature would kill themselves in despair.

Chapter 252: Come to me!

Erohim had been tortured for 17,000 years, his lifeblood stripped from him, and his Divine Kingdom plundered. His Divine Spark had been crushed until only a kindling was left and such an act brought about great pain and despair that could hardly be imagined, at least that was what Erohim previously thought.

There could not be any greater loss! But he was mistaken. What was happening to him now was indescribable, and as a god with an immortal soul he could feel this process far more than a mortal ever could.

A god was aware of the state of their soul very deeply, and every bit of it was under their direct control and supervision, what Rowan was doing to his soul was the worst punishment any immortal could ever suffer for every iota of soul that was consumed was felt in its entirety, and a pain beyond what could be ever described as pain could be felt from his action.

Like a mouse being slowly devoured inside the stomach of a python, and could only lie in silence as its body was slowly digested over days. The Soul of Erohim was frozen in place. He could not scream, he felt himself slip into oblivion, and for an immortal that sensation was beyond madness.

His Serpents outside, we're nearly done with devouring the Domain of the god. Rowan's eyes were shining, and he was tensed as if he was concentrating deeply on something, and as time passed, it seemed like whatever he was hoping for was lost, and he was about to make another move that would cost him, but then he heard the voice of Suriel, "The gate has been found Creator."

There was still thirty percent of the Domain remaining, but he was no longer interested in devouring it. Rowan's eyes became fixed on a distant part of the planet, a place that was part of Jarkarr but was hidden, you could almost call it the fourth continent, it was covered by flames and appeared to be a burning continent.

He called back the serpents even against their protesting roars and dissatisfaction and he returned them to his body and he activated the Astrolabe, his eyes focused on that invisible continent and he vanished from sight.

When he appeared once more, he was at that hidden location on Jarkarr, and the flames rising around him were hot enough to melt metal, it was like he entered into a volcano, and black smoke and flames surrounded him, and even his vision was restricted, but that did not matter because before him was a swirling red and white portal. It was the gate to the Divine Kingdom of Erohim.

Rowan smiled, "A great feast worthy of your appetites, my children, feast!" and then he unleashed his Serpents and they entered the opened gate.

From them were roars of competition and happiness, today they wanted a name, and the first one to kill the god would be granted a name.

Rowan shuddered as he recreated the Berserker clone, armored it and he upgraded it until it was glowing with a red and black flame.

The clone gave a wide blood lusted laugh and leaped into the Divine Kingdom. Before him, the gate began to shrink and Rowan frowned, that would not do, and he opened his hand and stretched it forth towards the closing gate.

"Come to me!"

From inside the Divine Kingdom of Erohim, came massive explosions and reverberation as if a giant was rushing towards Rowan at break - neck speeds, before the portal of the Divine Kingdom was now the size of a man, something came hurtling out of it in a blur and fell onto Rowan open hand.

He did not hold what emerged for long but placed it before the closing gate.

"What lies beyond you seeks to escape your master's grasp, do not let it escape, do not let it elude your grasp, Envy!"

After so long away from his hands, his weapon had returned, Envy was with him once more, and before the weapon could rejoice returning to the hands of her master, an impossible order was given.

But with the loud metallic screech that came from the vibrating weapon, it acknowledges that order and glowing red it held open the closing portal as mighty cracks of protest erupted from the portal.

Lightning bolts began to tear apart the surroundings and space began to tear apart as the entire planet of Jarkarr began to vibrate as massive earthquakes ripped through the entire planet.

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Rowan had made several plans, and prepared for several outcomes. If Erohim had partnered with him, it would lead to a separate outcome or if he was cold or uninterested, he also had plans for that. He was not perfect, but he would make sure that he planned for as many eventualities as he was able to.

Yet what he sank most of his efforts on was on the possibility that Erohim was violent and disagreeable, and instead of being a partner or a disinterested audience, would seek to destroy him. In that case, he would need to fight, and not just battle a god, he needed to win. Leaving his enemies behind made him uncomfortable.

But no matter the choice Erohim made, Rowan knew deeply that he would have to kill him, regardless of whatever the outcome might be, he would have enslaved him, but none of his angels were strong enough for that accomplishment even Suriel would not be able to do so for now, not before he ascended to an Archangel at the least, he had to take this drastic step because this fallen god knew too much!

Since the moment when he fell into this world, perhaps Erohim might have not been aware of him, as the other golden beast must have drawn his attention, especially the dragon, that Nascent Emyrean, but as Rowan kept performing more ridiculous feats, it was inevitable that the eyes of the god must have fallen upon him.

The only question Rowan could not accurately answer was when he became aware of his presence and began actively tracking him. This was a very crucial factor.

Chapter 253: The god killing plan.

That detail was important to Rowan and finalized his decision. He realized the ways his enemies stayed ahead of him was by subterfuge and deception, if he does not know the true scale of their powers he would not be able to give a suitable response.

The same goes for his enemies as well, the less information they knew about him, the more pieces he would have to play with.

It was all the same to him in the end though, he would have to kill Erohim. Details about his second bloodline, his Angels, his rapid upgrades and his powers could have been laid bare before this fallen god, and even the ranting of Erohim may be part of a deeper disguise, and Rowan would never easily believe the words of beings that were thousands of years old, being duplicitous was something easily learnt at that age.

Even if the god did not understand what he had witnessed and mistook Rowan for someone or something else, it did not matter, with the wisdom and age of the gods, in due time, he would be able to piece together the pieces of evidence on hand, and understand the scope of Rowan's ability.

So he set up his plans to kill a god!

Rowan had several problems to solve in order to even fathom killing a god, as this was a far monumental achievement than he had ever attempted before. He had unique tools and information that should make it possible, he just needed to make them work in a manner he needed.

Of course, Erohim was placed in a very unique situation where his Divine Kingdom was merged with the planet, and therefore it made him very vulnerable to Rowan's Ouroboros Serpent poison. It would be difficult for him to find another god that bears this unique weakness of Erohim.

They could easily kill the world consciousness and in that way they could kill Erohim, but that was the brute force route that he would take as the last option because doing that would yield him benefit, but he was also going to lose numerous tangible resources that could only be gotten from a god.

As he had the assurance of being able to kill Erohim if all the chips were laid down at the table, he began his plan to acquire as much as he could from the planet that would ensure his quick rise to power, he was not greedy, but totally pragmatic, he was in intense danger that was bearing down on him and this risk was acceptable.

The benefit he would gain was also more acceptable, for even if his Ouroboros Bloodline's Absolute body was stuck at the Rift State without seeding thirty-three planets, it did not mean he could not continue upgrading his second bloodline.

It was a dilemma he faced which was for him to upgrade his second bloodline, his first must be powerful enough to contain it. But he was now stuck at the Rift State unless he seeded multiple planets, yet there was a solution to this problem.

It all depended on his Absolute Body. It was a ridiculous physique that not only grew stronger as he seeded planets, but he also learnt he could get stronger by not just consuming energy rich items, but also Territories.

What he learned and confirmed from killing Dorian was that consuming a Territory also lead to growth in his Absolute Body, so if a Territory of a peak second circle Dominator could show tangible results, how much more would a Divine Kingdom of a god give him?

Rowan needed to grow quickly, and in ways that would surprise his enemies. If his Ouroboros Bloodline could serve as his front and be at the Rift State, nothing was against him bringing his second bloodline higher with this ability of his Absolute Body.

That was his ultimate plan when he came back a few hours from the future, not just his revenge against Dorian, but to kill the fallen god, and luckily, he waited and baited him out.

After his first battle with Scarvros where he consumed the energy of Territories for the first time, he knew he must have more of it. This new source of energy was tantalizing to Rowan, and he did not know if it was only unique to gods and Dominators, even still he wanted it.

The problems however to acquiring and devour Territories were twofold: one, if a Territory or Divine Kingdom was not opened by its owner, it was impossible to gain access to it, and the second was that even if a Territory was beside you, it was impossible to locate it except it was opened.

He had to solve these two problems to gain access to Erohim Divine Kingdom, he used Dorian as an experiment, his Serpent easily broke into his Territory through the open doorway, and he found out that he only needed something of his own flesh to reside inside the Territory to serve as a beacon for the Serpent to follow.

Erohim had swallowed Rowan inside his Domain, plus he had been quietly gathering the remains of the golden beast inside his Divine Kingdom, he was even giving that Dragon in the third Continent—Krakow, parts of his essence while unknown to the beast, he was luring it deeper into his Domain where he would crush it at the first opportunity.

Erohim had solved the first problem for him with his actions.

The second problem was about finding the Divine kingdom, and doing it in a subtle manner that would not alert Erohim to his intentions, and he knew If the Divine Kingdom was not opened it would be impossible to find it.

Luckily, this part was also a bit easy for him to scale through because his lost weapon Envy was inside the Divine kingdom of Erohim, he did not know when the god placed it inside his Divine Kingdom but when he saw the snippets of memories of the god, he found his weapon inside of it. With that knowledge, he just had to find the weapon, and it would lead him to the open gates of the Divine Kingdom, and he had the perfect tool for that.

Chapter 254: Thousands of Years of Deception

His Angel could find Envy.

Tasking Suriel to search for Envy was another method for Rowan to find the Divine Kingdom, so the moment Erohim attacked Rowan, Suriel began searching for Envy using his Astral Projection, it was up to Rowan to keep the god attacking him for as long as possible.

Erohim was imprisoned, and his methods of attacks were few, and so in order to kill someone like Rowan he would need the assistance of his Divine Kingdom, and so, when attacking Rowan with his Domain and part of his soul, the gates to his Divine Kingdom would be wide open.

Proper preparation leads to luck. Rowan was lucky that he made several fail safes, and now here he was inside the Divine Kingdom of Erohim.

Everything went as it should, Erohim attacked with his might, and Rowan slipped through the cracks of his assault and came to the god's front door, and brought their confrontation to the next level.

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Valen Boreas rubbed tired eyes, the events of the past few weeks, especially the last few hours, had been straining his patience and mental capacity.

He was the governor of Trinad, and for the three centuries he held this position, it was a dream come true for him. Far from the politicking at the seat of the Empire, he could devote his time to his studies and his vices, and he had excelled in both.

Becoming a Spirit Territory Dominator was the height of his potential and he achieved it, leaving so many of his peers behind who were now dust, and he was still thriving, also giving birth to thousands of children after marrying hundreds of wives fulfilled his vices, and he was contented to spend the remaining years as the governor of this world while focusing on ways to extend his lifespan.

But it seemed the truth of existence holds for everything, there can never be eternal bliss or happiness, sooner or later when the dice of fate rolls, it would come out as snake eyes. Because of his three centuries of plenty, he was now having three months of woes.

For the past months, his troubles were unceasing and compounding. He was about to welcome the end of the decade and the beginning of the Great Storm when he heard the news of monsters falling from the sky.

What should have been a relatively simple clean up effort turned to something else as these monsters had the ability to gather beasts related to themselves, for example, a single golden wolf was able to gather an army of a million wolves to its side.

The irony of the situation was that this whole disaster was only possible because of the actions of himself and the other two governors on the planet.

Due to the harsh climate of Jarkarr that was brought about because of the Great Storm, it was normal for the governors of the three continents to import wildlife into the planet every now and then, it was seen as a fun pastime activity and a way to maintain the planet consciousness.

As the health of a planet consciousness could be dependent on the amount of living things inhabiting its body. It was not a necessary component, but the last thing the governors of Jarkarr lacked was money.

Bringing vast horde of beasts of all variety was seen as a sign of affluence, and it was an ego boost to take their friends and partners around the planet and show them the vast game reserves that should be impossible to foster on the planet, Valen Boreas also followed this spending habits, but not as much as the Yul Boreas the governor of Krakow, he was notorious for importing large amounts of second circle beast and keeping them muzzled and weak, which was a stupid idea in all ramifications thought Valen, why would you want to gather a vast amount of second circle beast and weaken them to the first circle? But he supposed it was due to their body size.

The Continent of Krakow had gone dark a few hours ago, after weeks of patchy communication from the continent, this news caused a few of Valen rich blue hair to turn white at the root.

(Unknown to Rowan, the chief reason why Vraegar the dragon could perform so spectacularly was his lucky break of consuming so much second circle beast that had been weakened to the first circle, and he quickly surpassed the first circle and reached the peak of the second far faster than should be possible. Rowan had woken up the moment Vraegar reached the third circle, although his intuition had informed him of these events, he could not accurately understand its message.)

Valen Boreas sighed, of course when the golden beast descended on the planet, it was not taken that seriously, in the long history of Jarkarr there had been many alien beast invasions from the stars, and this was no different, especially with the Great Storm incoming and every Governor was busy making sure their workers reached the various cities in a timely manner, besides the incoming Great Storm would wipe out every living thing on the surface of the planet, encasing the world in ice, and from it a rich harvesting of Blue Iron would resume in the next six month after the Great Storm subsides.

(This habit of importing large amounts of beast suddenly began twelve thousand years ago, and even the Governors who took up this habit did not know its true purpose that

only few such as the Ancestors of the Boreas family were aware of it, the acts were promoted, but the true reason went deeper.

It was to sacrifice all the beasts on the surface of the planet to feed the fallen god Erohim. Interestingly enough, at that time Blue Iron had not even been "discovered by the talented alchemist" and it would lead one to wonder why continue feeding Erohim if he was not being utilized to create Battle Stimulant? What was the god Boreas using Erohim to achieve before he started selling his blood piecemeal as a drug?)

- Chapter 255: Incoming Reinforcement

Chapter 255: Incoming Reinforcement

Valen sighed in regret, If they had only known of the abilities of the beasts to draw others to themselves it would have been a different story, and hindsight, as they say, was twenty-twenty.

It would not be much of a problem, they thought, as the Great Storm would scour the surface of the planet, but with the unknown ability of the golden beast to gather others of their kind, it led to massive damages on their properties as their workers were being eaten.

The governors collectively decided to deploy mercenaries on the planet to slaughter the beast, deciding at that time it was the most valid option, and by all indications it was, and with the progress of the extermination going according to plan, especially when a power house like Dorian Kuranos accepting the bounty, it became a smooth sailing extermination, with Dorian alone racking up billions of kills.

There were even calls in some quarters to save some of the golden beasts as pets, and also to experiment on them for any further usage beyond their beautiful forms, but that line of thought quickly stopped when the atrocity on the planet truly began.

If Valen was to point out the timing where it all commenced it should be with that damned name being added to the Nemesis Plate — Erohim.

It was not the first time that the name of the long fallen god was used by locals and charlatans, it was even encouraged in order to kill what was left of any reverence for the god. What better way to make something less mysterious and noble than to defame and cheapen it.

It was a tactic used by the Empire on the many fallen gods they conquered, if it was done to its fullest extent, the true demise of the god would be assured. Except for the God King and the seven gods, none should look on any other gods with ardor and worship, after all they were conquered.

A mercenary taking the name of the fallen god was viewed with amusement, and his rise in the Nemesis plate was a subject of betting and endless speculations.

This time it was different, whatever mercenary took that name was shrouded in an ever-increasing fog of uncertainty, but his results were nothing to scoff at, he flew through the ranking at a dizzying pace, and the response Valen and everyone else expected for such a powerful mercenary was one of respect from the locals, but certainly not awe and worship!

Valen knew there was an underground network of communication among the locals, where news, rumors, and information about the various happenings on the continents were shared, and they had placed their eyes and ears in the network and ignored it for the most part, letting it exist, as it was a valuable source of information about the actions of their properties.

Numerous insurgencies had been quelled because of their hidden ears in the Network, although some unsavory members of the Boreas Family sometime used the information against their family rivals, it was something normal for a family of their size.

The news about this enigmatic figure of Erohim that was spreading inside the Network was disturbing, as the popular rumor floating about was that the people believed that it was their god who walked the surface of the world and the time of grand transformation was near at hand, when he would rise up and cast out the yoke of their servitude.

How could such a conclusion emerge from the minds of these monkeys baffled Valen, he had expected them to worship Dorian instead, but apparently the signs this man gave was too strong.

Of course, Valen and the rest had a good laugh about it, their 'god' was being used as a product—a very profitable product, and his people were the harvesters processing the flesh of their god for survival.

He laughed every day when he saw the massive chanting in the square, and it became a habit for him to take a couple of his wives to the roof of his mansion, and under the endless chants of Erohim, he would satisfy himself, and he fancied that they were chanting his name as he thrust his hips furiously in the bodies of the moaning women.

Yet, the cries of the mad men seemed to be coming to pass, as in less than 48 hours, sweeping changes had occurred all over the planet, and they got more drastic even as the name of Erohim rose to Dominate the Nemesis plate.

Where should he start? From the clouds turning red even as the world screamed, to a bright golden light that was visible all over the planet, to the battle on the moon where a powerhouse such as Dorian seemed to have fallen, who could have killed such a powerhouse? Was it the so-called Erohim? This was becoming a crisis far beyond his pay-grade!

And now that Krakow had gone dark, and he knew he would have to pay for not drawing more attention to the growing situation quickly enough. He had sent missives to the Ancestor, and reinforcement was surely on the way to flatten every problem on the planet, and end his cushy rain as the governor of the continent.

But how could he have known such changes would happen?

Valen gritted his teeth. No! He would have to take drastic measures, even if he had to butcher millions of his properties to begin enforcing his rule and search for solutions to this madness, he dreaded the inevitable summon from the Ancestor, and before that happened he must show signs that he would place things in order!

Valen had been pacing about in his expansive office, he was about making up his mind to summon all the chief protesters and die hard followers of Erohim and begin beheading them in the central square of the city when he caught the smell.

It was fishy and a dash of iron, it was unmistakably blood.

Chapter 256: The Dancing Girl

Valen frowned as there should be no way such an intrusive smell could reach him, he pressed a flashing light by his waist and went back to his thoughts, but after a few seconds he received no reply from his butler and then he cursed out loud, more heads would roll for this oversight.

Then with an annoyed groan, he released his Spirit Sight to scan through his immediate surroundings and saw no one around and all the major lighting was switched off except for candles set far apart, but he did not really need light to see, and all was peaceful, which immediately struck him as suspicious.

For a man of his station it was impossible for his surroundings to be empty. Assistants, Guardsmen, butlers, servants, the list goes on, it was an uninterrupted stream of people that swirled around him at all times, but sometimes in the past few moments when he was deep in thought, everyone around him had disappeared.

Valen found it odd, were there any activities happening around him that he was not privy of? Where was that smell of blood coming from?

He pushed his way out of his office and walked through the darkness, his eyes narrowed in suspicion and he walked down his hall, seeing nobody around. He pushed the doors of rooms and offices open to check the insides, and all were empty. Something was wrong, even after centuries of pleasure, Valen still had the battle instincts of Dominators.

From his Spatial Ring he began equipping himself in armor, the best his money could afford, and before long his body was glowing with fantastical lights and his feet left the ground, a large blade hovered by his side, and he folded his hands in his chest and he activated a force field near his waist wrapping him in a semi translucent globe of dense air that sliced and vaporized everything it touches.

Valen was a bureaucrat and even though he was a second Circle Dominator he was not a warrior, he upgraded his State of Change because of long life and perfect health, but it did not mean he was not aware that the world was a dangerous place.

He made sure he was equipped with enough autonomous defenses and offensive equipment and runes that he could safely challenge anyone in the second circle and escape if the need calls for it.

His armour could shrug off every physical and energy based attack below the second circle and greatly defend it against attacks of the second circle and minimally defend him against attack of the third circle.

If he was attacked with an overwhelming blow, it could sacrifice parts of itself and totally block such an attack twice, effectively granting him two extra lives.

The hovering weapon beside him, had an autonomous Spirit Core, and was equipped with some of the best offensive runes available, it could slice through metal like mud, fly faster than sound, and unleashed devastating ice-based attacks.

With his armor and weapon he was safe against all known dangers around him. He also did not forget the three disposable teleportation gates he kept inside his Territory, except a third circle Dominator attacked him, he was safe.

His confidence boosted, he began flying towards the source of the dense blood smell, and he noticed soon enough he was reaching the grand hall room where he made major announcements and hosted parties. It could comfortably hold 5,000 people and a solid door of gold barred his entry, yet from beyond the closed door was a dense smell of blood he could even smell through the field of air around him.

As he got closer to the door, he began hearing a voice singing...

Valen Boreas had centuries of life under his belt, and he had listened to the best of music and the worst, heard voices of beauty and horror, yet he could safely say, he knew of nothing that could compare to what he was hearing at this time.

It had a piercing quality that penetrated the defenses of his mind and quietly filled his mind with honey.

He shook his head as if driving away cobwebs stuck on his face and moved forward, his force field began shredding the golden door apart, and his eyes were at the ready.

A circular hole opened up and he entered into the vast hall, and what he witnessed nearly drove him to the ground in horror.

His wildly beating heart and his opened eye attested to the fact that what he was witnessing was tearing his mind apart. He was centuries old, but he was never near the thick of battle and the horror that it brought, every violence he had committed or witnessed had been as a form of a game to him, and they had been doctored to make such experiences pleasurable.

What he was seeing was not pleasurable, it was horrifying.

He heard a distant rumble as if the earth were shaking, but he did not bother investigating, all his senses drawn to what laid before him.

He saw a young girl, most likely his daughter, dancing and singing alone in the middle of the hall-way. That was the barest minimum his mind could cover before wanting to flee in horror, but he held himself and allowed his eyes to take in the full nature of what he was seeing.

The girl was naked, maybe fifteen years old with small breasts and a toned body. She was covered in blood, and she danced on top of a massive pool made from blood.

It was a slow dance accompanied by the voice that sliced through the air, and Valen could not understand the words she sang, but he could feel their meaning inside his soul.

It spoke of endless warmth under her embrace, it spoke of a heavy burden that should be let go off. It spoke of endless refuge and ultimate relaxation, and he knew if he gave into it, he would experience bliss that surpassed whatever he had ever known.

With an effort of will he did not know he had, he forced himself to think and concentrate on the pool of blood. The hallway descended a few feet from the open door, so anyone entering through the door would descend at least seven feet to reach the ground.

Now, that seven feet were filled with blood. Just how many people would you have to kill to fill up the entire hallway?

That observation drove the fog away from his mind.

Chapter 257: The Shadow of Eva

Valen felt an unconscious chill flow down his spine as he looked around for the bodies, praying to the Primogenitor that all of this would be just a bad dream. His questing eyes

shifted away from the girl and scanned the surroundings. He didn't need to examine the hall for long before he began to see them...

All the while the girl sang and danced, he had been hearing a brief hum at the back of his head that he easily dismissed. He began orienting himself and drawing from his wealth of experience to resist external mental influence.

A sensation like fingernails raking down his spine made him cringe. Valen noticed the girl looking at him, motioning for him to come closer. Baring his teeth in anger, he refused to be entrapped by whatever foul spell she was casting.

Perhaps realizing her strategy wasn't working on him, she made another bizarre gesture as if she wanted to fly. From the river of blood inside the hallway, bodies began to rise — children, women, and men. Slaves, Guardsmen, his children, and wives: thousands of people rose from the blood river. They opened their mouths and began to sing in unison.

Seeing the bodies of his wives, children, and countless others with open, bleeding eyes and long cuts on their necks and chests was overwhelming. Though their bodies were mysteriously free of blood except for their bleeding eyes, necks, and chests, it did nothing to silence their voices.

Their voices, like a choir emerging from the deepest part of a nightmare, rose in an endless crescendo. The slight hum he heard in the back of his head intensified, yet he could still hear every note being sung.

When the song entered his ears, it was an experience like none other — a chorus of thousands of voices blended in harmony. He found himself weeping, knowing he would never hear anything so beautiful in his life again. He felt a loss, realizing he was only hearing a fraction of that song meant to be sung by a choir of at least a billion on the vast stage of the universe.

Groaning, yelling, and shaking his head, Valen resisted the voices' influence with all his might. Opening his eyes, he found himself beside the lifeless body of the girl, now confirmed as one of his many daughters. Her lively eyes looked dull, and the single eye on her forehead fixed a deep gaze on him, as if measuring prey.

All around him, the bodies of the dead and their voices were now silent, and the peace of death reigned.

She began to dance around his body in a slow and sensual manner, yet the movement was wrong — as if the body were a puppet manipulated by an uncaring hand. Her limbs flailed around, and her body contorted into twisted positions, making her bones crack with stomach-turning sounds. He saw his hand beginning to unfasten his armor; he wanted to fight against the pull, but the thousands of dead before him seemed to urge

him on with invisible hands. As he struggled, he saw the heads of the bodies around him begin to explode.

Piece after piece of priceless armor began falling into the river of blood below. He fought against the pull, but he might not have been killing the crowd quickly enough. Then his forcefield deactivated.

Valen's eyes shook with horror as the hovering blade began moving towards his throat.

"No... no... I won't let you!" With a roar, Valen unleashed his Territory, momentarily clearing his mind. It was enough to summon his Incarnation, a broken blade, and he detonated it, engulfing everything in white.

Emerging from the rubble, the death of his Incarnation left him weak. As a second-circle Dominator, he would be able to regain his lost Incarnation in a few decades.

Whatever had happened here was now gone. The explosion had torn the Boreas family mansion into pieces and spread lightning and frost across a large part of the city, likely killing tens of thousands of people. Valen could see the flaming rubble from the mansion flying over and scattering across a large portion of the city.

The detonation of his Incarnation was like an erupting volcano of lightning and ice. He looked around in a daze, still trying to come to terms with the experience that had just happened, resembling a feverish dream.

He set his sights on the barracks, where he would surely find safety and begin to uncover what had happened. He flew towards it with as much haste as his battered body could endure, disregarding the pained screams he could hear coming from parts of the mansion and all over the city. Valen Boreas ran for his life and safety.

Though he had lost his Spatial Ring, filled with riches, in the conflagration, he did not care. His life was more important.

Yet, even now, he did not understand why he felt a burning loss inside his heart, as if he should have given in and become one with that song.

That thought shook him to his core. Even as he desired life, he yearned to be part of that song.

Valen Boreas was slowly descending into madness.

Inside the still-burning mansion lay the broken and burnt skull of a young girl. She was the one closest to the blast from Valen, and it's amazing there was any part of her left behind. From the opened mouth of the broken skull, a flawless hand emerged. As if the skull contained an extra-large space within, another hand emerged from it. Slowly, the naked body of Dora escaped from the skull. In her hand was Valen's Spatial Ring.

Among all the abilities of Angels, Dora chose to focus on their spell-weaving ability. However, the power she had wielded here was beyond her might. The power of the creator flowed through her eyes and her mouth. The massive spell that covered the entire mansion was the result of it. She was just a vessel for that will. She knelt on the rubble with her head facing the floor, her body trembling in adoration. A shadow of Eva appeared behind her and began cracking open the Spatial Ring, darkness emanating from her fingertips.

Chapter 258: Speed Blitz

Eva did not acknowledge the kneeling Angel, and began concentrating on cracking the imprints left behind by Valen, although it was widely known it was quite difficult to break the imprint on a Spatial Ring with a still living owner.

In twelve more seconds, the job was done, and the shadow of Eva gave the kneeling Angel the key for the Teleportation portal, Dora bowed and left, while Eva looked on for a period noting the state of the city and when the Teleportation Portal in the distance disappeared she nodded, and a flash of light appeared and she vanished taking the Spatial Ring with her.

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Nezrakim was in dire straits but from his expression you could not tell, he had killed thousands and had virtually destroyed most of the Boreas powers inside the city, but he was now being pressed by two Dominators in the second circle.

One of them was a female with long blond hair that commanded an Army of green plant soldiers that reduced Nezrakim offensive to nothing by endlessly soaking up the damage he inflicted, and no matter how many of the plant soldiers he destroyed, countless more were there to take their place. Her beautiful face was contorted with rage as she kept endlessly drawing out the plant soldiers until there were hundreds of thousands of them besieging him and every move he made seemed like it was falling into a depthless lake.

The other was a Dominator wielding a large ice hammer and riding on a large goat, and he was the governor of Mrinah, he had destroyed dozens of the bodies that Zerakim had inhabited, but he was not the biggest problem. He possessed high offensive power but little else.

The goat he rode upon was fast and galloped on the air as if it were land, and its yell was a sonic scream that was distracting in the sheer annoyance you feel when hearing its bleating, but Nezrakim adapted and soon began ignoring the sound.

After the body he possessed was destroyed, it should have been a simple thing for him to find another body and continue his reign of terror, but the female Dominator must have a heightened spiritual sensitivity because the moment the body he possesses was destroyed she always closes her eyes and right when Nezrakim chooses a new body she would detect him and point him out.

Without her interference, Nezrakim would have been able to run circles even around second circle Dominators, and the constant destruction of his possessed bodies were pushing him to the edge, and when he realized that Dora was about to complete her mission before he could, Zerakim went insane.

An astonishing sight began to be unveiled before the two-second circle Dominators present.

"Be careful Silas, whatever this creature is, it's about to reveal its true self."

"Ever ready Melusine, it would eat my hammer!" Silas the governor of Mrinah laughed, he was lucky he had a powerful Dominator like Melusine by his side, else this battle would be countless times tougher. Her abilities were of the sort that were considered forbidden outside the core members of the family and he wondered why the Bacchus Family would allow such a talented Dominator to become a mercenary.

Nezrakim began his transformation, he started as a ball of meat that caught aflame and started to melt and stretch.

He expanded himself until he stood at twelve feet and resembled a man made from twigs, his skin was red like hot coal and his face contained only a single large blinking eye with flaming pupils, a voice emerges from around his body and he spoke,

"Forgive me! Your struggles are a testament to the strength of your conviction, but you should know that every light in all existence belongs to the Creator, and although this beautiful Dance of Flesh we are partaking of is a tribute to his name, I do not have the time for more."

His back exploded and wings of flesh that stretched for more than a hundred feet appeared behind him, and he flapped them twice and disappeared from sight. A fraction of a second later, the ceiling above the underground city exploded as his body pierced through it and escaped, large chunks of rock began to rain down on the city below.

"After him!" Silas roared and followed, Melusine frowned and followed, the goat carrying the governor bleating in excitement of the chase.

But it soon became clear, whatever this creature was, they were not his match at all in terms of speed, in eight more seconds, they could no longer detect its presence at all.

She and Silas shared a look, as a sense of apprehension passed through their Spirit, and they looked towards the horizon, in search of it.

Nezrakim had been slowly gathering the most durable muscle of every Dominator they possessed—their heart, and with it, he had crafted these wings of flesh, his flight path took him to the horizons, and in two minutes he was already six thousand miles away.

There was more than one way to achieve his objectives and he always preferred to be direct and he began using what was arguably his most potent ability. Nezrakim began circling back, building up his speed, as he commenced gathering flames in his hands.

By the time he returned to the city he was flying at Mach 20, the most his current body could handle, and he still pushed himself a bit more.

Melusine with her sensitive Spirit detected something incoming with ridiculous speed, and that was only what saved her life, although she was not the target. A golden light zipped past her even as she flung all her energies to veer to the side.

She silently watched with horror as her left hand was vaporized from her elbows down, leaving a stump glowing red with heat.

Silas made a dull coughing sound and as she turned, she saw him standing in the air with the light leaving his eyes.

A glowing hole that covered his neck to his waist was all that was left of his torso, as Zarakim had passed through his body faster than he could even process, and destroyed all his internal organs, and the flames entered through his neck and turned his brains to ash, the goat underneath him bleating in sorrow at his dead master.

Melusine wanted to scream before the shockwave of the passing Angel reached them and like a thunderstorm it impacted her, flinging her towards the ground where she landed like a meteor. The goat landed beside her with a sickening crack and she turned to see its neck had been broken.

Nezrakim slammed once more into the city, angling himself to hit what was left of the mansion.

Chapter 259: Aura Field

The impact of the Angel's fall was devastating, as his body plowed his way through the ground, whether accidentally or in design, his path was towards the Teleportation Portal, and like an unstoppable juggernaut, he tore through the city killing tens of thousands before reaching the edge of the portal.

For the people he killed with his descent, Nezrakim had no guilty conscience, far from it, he believed all lives belonged to the Creator, and most of them that lived were not doing their best to perform proper service, and their death was a far worthy offering to the lord, for through him, he felt their soul and essence reach the Creator, and even if it was a small fraction of the enormity of the Creator's presence, it was enough.

It took a while to reconfigure himself from the shattered pieces of flesh he became after the impact. It would have taken longer, but a stream of cold energy vast beyond reasoning entered his body and he began healing faster, and Nezrakim wept because of the Creator's mercy.

He stood with the storage ring he needed, the wily governor had hidden it inside his chest. That vast amount of cold energy that had healed him left his body and transformed into the shape of Eva, and it was all Nezrakim could do not to press his face deeper into the ground as he presented the Spatial Ring to her, and in a short while he had the key to the portal.

Bowing towards the figure vanishing in a burst of light, and holding the Spatial Rune key in his hand, he moves towards the teleportation portal after possessing a mortal, a while later it vibrates as he goes through it, before failing, plunging that part of the city that was always aflame with light from the portal into darkness.

Nezrakim was in Trion, and the second part of his battle was beginning.

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Nathis, personal handmaiden of Fury Akranothotez Kuranos, and a Third Order Arachnid Matriarch, finally decided to reach her lord after holding back on all the developments of the outside world for the past week.

Although she abhorred the thought of distracting him from his advancement, she knew she had delayed for long enough already, and if he knew she was the one who kept him from his price... Well, there was a reason he was called Fury.

She slowly climbed the only mountain in Aroth, the capital of the Empire. It was a nameless mountain with its history shrouded in fog, but it was known as one of the most important locations in the Empire because on top of this mountain was the greatest source of Aura Field— A crucial ingredient needed to cross into the third circle.

The mountain was fifty thousand miles tall, and its true height could not be perceived until one steps foot on it, from outside it was barely bigger than a thousand feet hill, that sat beside the Royal Palace of the Bramian Court. Nathis was only able to pass through the endless security surrounding the mountain because of her station and the person she served.

To reach the top of this monumental mountain, it was a matter of intent not effort, and the few steps she took carried her thousands of miles upwards. The mountain was its own biggest source of defense, for anyone who does not know its central location would be left wandering the mountain until their bones were left to dry in the sun because the mountain would leech the vitality of the lost until nothing was left.

She knew the location of the Aura Field, and she kept that image in mind as she walked on the mountain, and the terrain behind her shifted with each step until she was so high up that she began to see an entire section of Trion, and from this height it was breathtaking.

She could not put her fingers on it, but this planet was special, and she had walked on other Major World, but something about Trion still left her breathless. Perhaps it was because of certain exceptional individuals that it gave birth to. Someone as Enigmatic as the God King who was able to create a powerful Pathway of Power was exceptional in the universe, as some major powers in Supreme Worlds were not even capable of such feats!

When she reached the top of the mountain, she stopped and admired the view. Colorful mist like rainbows covered the mountain top that was as flat as a board. Whatever Aura here was so vast it was visible and it formed rivers.

The top of the mountain was as large as a minor world stretching well over twenty thousand miles, and as it was totally flat, it presented a beautiful view that beggared the imagination.

The stunning view and impossible amount of Aura would have stunned every other Dominators, battles would be fought for a small sip of this Aura, yet there were oceans worth of Aura sitting here, but for an Arachnid Matriarch like Nathis, this stuff was quite useless for her.

Her sight zoomed across to the only figure seated at the exact center of the mountain, he was covered by nine colored flames that took various shapes, and with each step she took she got closer to him this time with her own power, yet as Nathis got closer to him, she had to slow down because the heat emanating from his body was like that of the sun.

She saw the flame shaped animals that should already be Completed Spirit Creatures judging by the light of intelligence in their eyes stared at her with ferocity, each of them were in the third circle!

Fury's eyes snapped open and with a nonchalant wave of his hand, he dismissed the creatures before him.

No! Not dismissed, she saw with a wave of that hand, he molded and weaved all those Spirits and with them he crafted his clothes, and he somehow kept the Spirit Beings

alive as he weaved their essence together, an act that Nathis felt should only be possibly accomplished by a god, and when he was done making his clothes of living Spirit he shone brighter than a star.

Chapter 260: Race to Jarkarr

Nathis heart tightened at that simple gesture that held unfathomable power and complexity. Even after all the time she spent with him, his unreasonable power still made her heart seize. A single thread of his clothes were literally priceless, and yet he had woven so much powerful energy as if they were nothing.

What sort of monster at the second circle could create Spirits at the third circle with no effort? What sort of unknown depth does he have that it seemed nothing was impossible for him to accomplish. In some ways what he was doing was harder than a mortal lifting a mountain, but it did not stop him from making such a ridiculous accomplishment appear effortless.

She knew he was suppressing his level, else he would have been at the third circle a long time ago, and knowing his real age, this fact left her shaken to the core because it was not the sheer power he had at that age, in the universe there were many creatures blessed with impressive powers from birth, what was outstanding was his control of these powers.

It was said Fury could have been born at the Third Circle but for the massive amount of seals placed on him else he would have died from not being able to control his vast powers, but soon it was learned that it was a wrong move as the infant could have controlled that level of power easily, he kept the seals in place however and began strengthening his foundation to an unknown degree, until now, it was unknown if anyone has ever seen the true limits of Furys power.

This was a man who was truly blessed by the universe.

Fury breathed out in an endless stream, and that long exhalation was like a storm, and she had to brace herself to avoid being pushed back, and as an Arachnid Matriarch, Nathis weighed multiple hundred tons even in her diminutive size.

He gestured for her to come closer, and she did kneeling before him,

"Speak." Fury said,

"My lord, I think it would be better for us to be moving while informing you of my report because time is of the essence."

Fury gave his go ahead, and before long they were in his flaming chariot and zipping towards the Boreas family Territory.

Nathis continued speaking as they got underway, "With the recent events occurring in the Empire, it would appear the person you are searching for has been found. Reports have been incoming for the past few hours on a far-flung planet of Jarkarr where it seems multiple accidents involving..."

Nathis succinctly narrated all the known events happening on Jarkarr that had been transmitted to Trion, she accompanied her narration with videos and oral reports, and the state of the planet, and the battle on the moon was shown with Dorian. Fury was quiet all through all this, and finally, he spoke,

"So Dorian is dead! That pitiful brute, he always had a perchance of being in the wrong place at the right time, shame he failed, with his ability I thought he might have surprised me in the future. This matter might cause problems for me. Has the report reached her?"

"No, I blocked it from reaching her, but it won't last for long, luckily she is swamped under royal duties and I made sure there were more matters for her to look over."

Fury nodded, "I assume there is a reason you are telling me this now. Except for the situation on the moon, which is slightly interesting, the injured world is also intriguing. How is he doing all these?"

Nathis spoke in excitement, "My lord, there is more to this event, it was difficult as the Boreas family had hidden this information deeply, it is after all, the sources of a large amount of wealth for them, it was to my shock when I uncovered this information: This not a normal planet, far from it, for it has been fused with a fallen god, an Elemental god called Erohim"

Fury stroked his jaws, "That name seems familiar to me. Go on."

Nathis slowly told him her discoveries in the next ten minutes about the hidden history of Jarkarr and over time, Fury became more interested, and then he frowned, "Do you mean what I think you do, don't tell me the Boreas family is trying to create an Aura Field on a Minor World."

"The attempt seemed to have failed, after so long it had been abandoned and turned into something else, yet this calls the light to another matter, to injure a world fused with a god must require a weapon of at least the Origin grade. We now know the Origin Treasure Rowan took was Ohrox the Prince of Destruction Origin Treasure Shard, and even if it is complete, which I doubt it is not, it would not be capable of injuring the vitality of that world. This means there are multiple weapons of such grade in play."

"Could it be an ability of his?" Fury asked.

"That is highly unlikely, as injuring the consciousness of a world is an ability that touches on the fundamental core of power, I don't know if even you could achieve something like that, so it would be impossible for Rowan to do so. No, it most likely a powerful Origin Weapon and coupled with the death of Dorian, all signs point to Rowan Kuranos who took the name of the fallen god Erohim, but now there is another crisis. The Fixed Teleportation Portal to that world had been taken down, except for one! That is the reason for my haste, for we would lose valuable time if the last portal is destroyed."

Fury grunted and acknowledged her words while he fell into silence, his mind whirling about and he looked as if he went to sleep. He dimly heard arguments and a bit of quarrel when his chariot intruded on the Territory of the Boreas Family.

His driver, a third circle Dominator, had all the necessary clearance to enter any region in Trion due to the purview of the Kuranos family being the current ruling family. Of course, all this will change ten years from now when a new family ascends the throne, but at this time, Fury could enter anywhere.