

The Primordial Record

Chapter 261: Race to Jarkarr (final)

Fury sank deeper into his consciousness and the world around him went by in a blur, he was aware of arguments and even a short battle, but he did not care, his driver would take him to his destination, he trusted Nathis would ensure that would happen, before then, he began preparing himself, for although everyone knew Fury was all powerful, few knew that he was deeply meticulous.

The presence of multiple weapons or ability at the Origin was surprising, and the fact that the news of what was happening in Jarkarr would soon spread all over the planet made it important to make his move now before he was distracted by other parties.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes and disappeared from inside the carriage with a burst of bright nine colored flames, when he reappeared he was deep inside the Boreas Family household that was hundreds of miles from his blocked carriage, he had not just been waiting inside but was charting a course towards the Teleportation portal, it would have gone faster but there were hundreds of such portals inside the Boreas family mansion and it took a while for him to sift through them.

Fury stood before a flickering Teleportation Portal, ignoring the panicked screams resulting from his sudden appearance, and his right hand entered into the portal before he quickly pulled it back, just as the portal flashed and disappeared, he was a few moments too late.

If he was annoyed, it did not show on his face, he simply began running his hand through the empty space as he seemed to be picking his way through the spatial echoes left behind, he frowned slightly when a voice rang out behind him,

"Oi, it seems both of us were a bit too late." A white - haired man with a close-cropped hairstyle who appeared to be in his twenties stood behind Fury, he was holding a pot of soup in his left hand, and it was boiling, letting out a pleasant aroma, as pieces of meat and vegetables floated on top.

He opened his mouth wide and swallowed directly from the pot, which soon refilled itself as the Ancestor of the Boreas family belched.

Fury was quiet as he ignored him, his brow furrowed in concentration, only someone like Fury could be so dismissive of an Ancestor, but he did this because he understood the character of the person behind him.

Every Ancestor was named after their Primogenitor, as they represented their interest here on the Mortal Realm, it was the reason they were called Earth gods, and also the reason this white haired man was called Bacchus, the same as the god.

Bacchus waited for his pot to refill and continued speaking to Fury who was concentrated on pressing space apart, as part of the reason was because the space on Trion—A Major World was quite different from a Minor World, it was like comparing the consistency of mud to steel.

"I received the news of the crisis on one of my most valuable holdings five seconds ago, those damn family bureaucrats are overdoing themselves in their seeming endless in competencies, but what can you do about it, family eh..."

"like you, I am too late to stop this... debacle and the portal to my properties are lost, but in seven more hours, the repairs, and bypass should be completed, I will enjoy you to come with me and quench your thirst while we wait Prince Fury."

Fury reply was succinct, even until this moment he was still quietly molding space, "I'm going through the passage now."

"You are like a young billy goat Fury, jumping at the first sign of excitement. I will warn you that the passage that was shut down has been used as a permanent spatial passage for thousands of year's. Going through it without a fixed waypoint would be like swimming naked in a pool of razor blades. Besides, whatever mischief is being committed in my Domain would be wiped out the moment I step foot on it, so no need to put your safety in peril."

"Thank you for your concern Bacchus, yet I still insist on going through. My clansman Dorian died inside your holdings, and knowing her expected responses to this tragedy, I intend to do something about it and soften the blow."

"How magnanimous of you, but as I said previously I will handle everything happening on my holdings, and I am genuinely sorry for your loss, Dorian was a spectacular light, but this is a slight crisis and there is no way..."

"A week of the Aura Field for your family."

Bacchus words were stuck in his throat, "make that a month, and you have a deal!"

"Nathis would see it done." Fury replied.

"I have to warn you, crossing such a space zone is incredibly dangerous, are you not convinced..."

Fury did not bother to listen as he tore the space apart and entered the chaos.

Bacchus began mumbling to himself, "So...that's the second big customer now, I would need more of this to recompense for the fucking debacle those half wits caused me. Even if the project is a waste, I should be able to harvest Blue Iron for another 23,000 years, oh well, a month worth of Aura should be equal to 10,000 years of the combined harvest of Blue Iron, adding it to what I collected from the first customer, not much of a loss. But, nothing is stopping me from acquiring more, Rowan Kuranes, who are... "

Unexpectedly he cocked his head to the side as if he was listening to something before he burst out in laughter, "Are you serious? Even a Rune Ship wants to enter my property? Tell it, I require a hundred tons of living metal or no deal, no make that three hundred tons, this Rowan Kuranes is becoming more interesting by the minute. Assemble my personal Guardsman, there is a party happening in my backyard, and I will not be late!"

Chapter 262: Soul Points Upgrade

Rowan watched as the closing portal fought against Envy and although this mystical Great axe was powerful, even it began to bend under the pressure. Except using Eruption, Rowan knew he would not be able to hold this portal open, but he needed to focus on many things at this time, and Envy would have to serve, he had figured such an outcome however and he began his next action to extend the time that Envy was giving him.

He stretched out his hand and began feeding the Axe an ocean load of his Aether, any other weapon would have faltered and be destroyed when collecting Rowans purple black Aether, but Envy was different, and with a metallic shriek that could be heard for miles, the vibration from Envy grew so intense it began warping space as the weapon began to straighten.

Rowan smiled as the lightning shooting from the portal increased in intensity, knowing with a constant feeding of his Aether that Envy would hold, he monitored the portal closely as he could not risk entering the Divine Kingdom with his body, but he still needed access to it.

Why was killing a god so troublesome?

Maintaining his hold on the gate was just a small part of what he was doing, as his consciousness was straining to do so many things at once.

He was in many places at once while accomplishing multiple things, and when he felt another space free up in his mind, he was taken back for a while before realizing that consuming Erohim Soul was growing his Pillars of Consciousness and his fifth pillar had just been completed with the sixth rapidly developing. He barely had the time to be

delighted before he assigned it to other ongoing tasks, and concentrated on maintaining all of them.

Rowan was becoming something beyond his fleshy body, which was the correct method of using his second bloodline. The Ouroboros Bloodline would excel at combat, but the overall control of the situation will fall on the Avatar of Eve bloodline, and with the added benefits of creating more consciousness pillars as he devoured the soul of Erohim, it would surely aid him in that task.

He could feel his Absolute Body growing under the devouring of his Serpents and began to grow once more, his body breaking eight feet and rising.

A consciousness was placed inside his Berserker Clone, and it was using Dash and moving so fast it appeared to be teleporting as Rowan was searching for the central position for the principal powers governing the Divine Kingdom, destroying that would collapse it.

His second consciousness delved into his Primordial Record, accessing his growth and checking for any surprises he might have missed.

PRIMORDIAL RECORD

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/330,000

Strength : 22,042

Agility : 19,008

Constitution : 23,107

Class: None

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

Berserker (Tier 3)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 1 — Heaven State)

Vortex (Level 2 — Heaven State)

Bash (Level 1 — Heaven State)

Dash (Level 2 — Earth State)

Smash (Level ~ — heaven State)

Combo Attack (Level 3 — Heaven State)

Bloodline Skill : Eruption (12%)

Passive : Decipher language (complete)

Records:

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

AVATAR OF EVE: Level 3 Completed (120,000)

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [6/6]

Chaos World Engine [Minor— Completed]

Legendary Skill :Word of Enoch [Blank].

Rift Rule: Absolute Body.

Palace of Ice Chamber Unlocked:

Astrolabe

Berserker Aspect Upgraded:

Earth → Heaven

Total Attribute gained:

Strength: 1,450

Agility: 1,200

Constitution: 1,330

Spirit: 950

Spirit has been Sacrificed to the Palace of Ice.

Devouring Divine Force...

Strength + 200

Agility + 150

Constitution + 250

Spirit + 4500

Spirit has been Sacrificed to the Palace of Ice.

Devouring Divine force...

Soul Points: %*#%&#*

The page of his Primordial Record was in intense flux as it was constantly refreshing itself.

The next level of the Berserker Aspect was the Heaven State, and nearly providing him four thousand points of Attributes in total was a pleasant boost, and now that he truly understood the value of the Berserker Aspect as another path to reach godhood he was not too surprised.

The second-biggest update was the amount of Attributes he was gaining while enhancing his Absolute Body, he knew that most of the benefits stats wise were going to the Ouroboros Serpents, while he was receiving a boost in his Absolute body ability to process and contain more powers, he was pleased at the number of stats he was gaining.

What surprised him however was his Soul Points, just the small part of Erohim Soul he was consuming gave him so many Soul Points that when it reached a million, a number that nearly made him stagger, the purple moon inside his Palace of Ice began to change. It was beginning to evolve.

It churned furiously and began to compress itself as if a black hole was born inside its center, making the purple moon became increasingly smaller and denser, until it became the size of a fist, where it took the shape of a purple six - sided crystal.

The chaos inside his Primordial Record resolved itself and in place of Soul points was another new designation:

Soul Crystal — 1

Beneath it, a new purple moon began to gather itself from the Soul he was taking from the god.

It would appear that a million soul points would be fused to create a single crystal.

A few short months ago, he never thought he might be able to gather even a thousand soul points, and now he had a million; there was a chance to still collect more.

But there was a price for such a dividend, already he was beginning to feel the strain from consuming the Soul of Erohim and holding such large amount of Soul points and crystal inside his Palace of Ice, and only the throne was able to soothe his consciousness.

He would need to upgrade his bloodline quickly, or flee because he would not be able to consume much more of the god.

Chapter 263: Who Are You?

Rowan realized he was still a little too weak to consume the food inside his mouth, as with a loud crack one of his consciousness pillar assigned to siphoning the soul of Erohim was nearly destroyed, as tearing apart the soul of the god even with all his advantages if his bloodline was extremely difficult, and he rapidly shifted to another pillar while waiting for the cracked consciousness pillar to heal.

If this was his previous soul, that crack would be the end of him, almost like a snake trying to swallow a horse, he would simply explode, but now...

The sixth pillar was completed and a seventh was being created.

The effects were immediate and his mind expanded once more and now he used two consciousness pillars to pull out and process the soul, easing the burdens he was placing on a single pillar.

The nearly destroyed pillar finished healing with a bright flash of golden light.

Rowan immediately assigned the consciousness into one of his Ouroboros Serpents, watching them commit havoc inside Erohim Divine Kingdom, and using its eyes to search through the Divine Kingdom.

The first time he saw the entirety of a Divine Kingdom, even one from a fallen god such as Erohim, he was amazed, and if he tried to describe everything he was seeing, it would be problematic because some parts of it were intrinsically impossible to describe.

How do you go about describing sound to someone who is deaf, or colors to the blind? There were concepts here that he could only experience but he had no way of understanding them. It was a good thing then that he was only trying to consume the damn thing than to understand it, for he feared it would take him years to do so.

Yet, it did not stop him from setting out to remember as much of what he was seeing as possible, it would all be invaluable data for him in the near future and the first thing he noticed disregarding the size, was that the Divine Kingdom appeared to be made of ice and flames, and the size of it was astonishing, as he could fit ten planets the size of Jarkarr inside of it.

Similar to the Domain he was trapped in before, the Divine Kingdom was like a sphere, as it had no edges but curved around and when the Ouroboros Serpents flew towards the middle, gravity acted on them and their orientation seemed to change, and the 'up' became 'down', it was a somewhat thrilling experience, also unlike the Domain, its prevalent element of ice and fire existed together in harmony.

There were vast plains and endless mountain ranges, massive forest and falls, and they were all made of two elements only, flames and ice.

There were trees of ice bearing fruits made from flames, mountains of ice that had snow made from flaming particles, and so many astonishing phenomena it boggles the mind, and what Rowan found most interesting was the living creatures inside the Divine Kingdom.

They were not powerful, most were critters and small animals like rabbits and small birds, but they were made entirely from ice or fire, a river of flames with schools of ice fishes swimming inside.

The makeup of these creatures interested Rowan so much, as he did not detect any power protecting them from the opposing element, he steered the Ouroboros Serpents from devouring them, but he should not have bothered because a massive pulse swept through the Divine Kingdom flattening the land and slamming the Serpents on the ground. The same pulse killed off a massive number of those mystical creatures.

Their furious outcry of his Serpents were cut short as they were grounded to paste by the power Erohim was releasing inside his Divine Kingdom, although their bodies were very resistant to damage, it was not enough. Rowan grunted as he spat golden blood that resembled sparks of flames, and his Absolute Body heated up as it increased the time for resurrecting the Serpents back to life.

He knew it would not be easy, and he prepared himself for an extended challenge, Erohim was not going to truly fall without putting up a hell of a fight. This would be the most challenging battle of his life so far.

The flames on this hidden fourth Continent began to gather into a gigantic figure, whose size was so great the commotion from the gathering flame shook Rowan's body. The figure that appeared was thousands of miles tall and from where Rowan sat, he could see barely above its feet.

The sky above darkened as the shadow of the creature covered the entire continent, and then brightened once more as a vast face began coming down, as if it was a human trying to view an ant on the floor. Eyes the size of small moons looked down on him, and from his perspective, a single eye covered the entire horizon!

This giant did not fluster Rowan because in his sight, he could see the energy inside the being was equal to that of Dorian, maybe a little bit more powerful, but to him at the moment, this level of power could not shake him. He wasn't concerned about appearances anymore, the only thing he found important was the power levels of what he was facing. Extreme horror or beauty were slowly losing their sway over his mental state.

"WHO ARE YOU?"

The voice from the giant was slow and thunderous, like the sound of a thousand lightning bolts.

Rowan ignored the massive apparition before him as a new consciousness pillar was formed inside his Palace of Ice, making it a total of seven pillars, and he added it to the devouring force, boosting the suction force and the generation of new pillars as an eighth pillar was coalescing.

The giant face above frowned and from the open eyeball a lance of flame thousands of feet in diameter slammed down towards Rowan.

Using his Telekinesis, he brought out the hundreds of shields in his Spatial Bracelet, and from Dorian Bracelet he brought out the shields from there too, and as Eva returned with the Spatial Ring from the two governors of Trinad and Mrinah, he added their mystical shields to the defense creating three layers of shielding above him.

Chapter 264: Imitating God Killers

The defense he placed seemed very feeble as the pillar of flame slammed down upon it with a gigantic crash, the shields above him were vaporized in a flash, same with the second layer beneath it and the third held for a short while, but they were melted into white-hot liquid that Rowan held in place above him, his Telekinesis creating a dome of white hot mystical metal around his body like an egg.

He still sat a few inches above the floor cross-legged, and the surrounding space was warping with the thousands of degree heat, his energy cloak evaporated, and his body began to slowly turn red as if it was a metal placed inside a hot forge.

Any damage that did not totally erase his body was meaningless to him, and Rowan pushed his attention into draining more of Erohim Soul, and the most amazing aspect of

it all was that even after collecting more than a million soul points, the soul beneath his throne had only shrunk by a tenth.

Going by that logic it would be possible to harvest 10,000,000 soul points from this portion of Erohim Soul!

The greed inside his ever hungry bloodline was growing, now this was a prime food source! Every other source of souls or energy was garbage before a god. If there was ever anything he should be eating should only be gods!

Just a few of them could satisfy his hunger for the next few upgrades he would need.

The flames came down in an unending stream and even that last layer of shielding vanished and Rowan braced himself to receive the full weight of the blow, when the eye stopped shooting down flames, and the giant spoke,

"WHAT YOU TAKE IS ONLY A SMALL PART OF ME. FOR THAT TRANSGRESSION, YOU SHOULD DIE. Yet, I AM MERCIFUL AND WE CAN DISCUSS THE TERMS OF OUR COOPERATION."

"Cooperation? Not yet..." Rowan whispered with a smile on his lips, he had not been sitting here helplessly receiving the blows from Erohim, with Rowan's second bloodline his specialty did not only lie in direct battle but also other things like this...

The third part of his plan was achieved as Suriel reached the third important location that Rowan was going for... It was the location of the head and body of Erohim.

Rowan looked up at the gigantic eye before him, "Hold on for a while longer big guy, the fun is just starting, as my first experiment, don't you start having cold feet when we are just starting to understand each other better... don't you dare tease me like that!"

His chest opened up as the Ouroboros Serpents had been fully resurrected and with a loud roar, they plunged back into the Divine Kingdom, making the face above him roar in shock and outrage, a sound that tore apart space and the shock wave destroyed the ground beneath Rowan for countless miles, when the devastation ended only the floating body of Rowan and the struggling gate of the Divine Kingdom remained in the air.

Rowan blew away a lock of his long hair that had found its way into his face, and he said, "My turn" and he created another Berserker Clone beside him and sent him to that location with Fast Travel with a flash of bright silver light, and in the blink of an eye the Berserker Clone was deep underground and he nodded to Suriel who bowed and vanished doing after the next task for his creator.

The Berserker Clone slowly walked up to the gigantic bleeding head of Erohim with its two faces, and it said with a grin on its lips"... Now, we can talk."

It was a good thing that Rowan realized that Erohim's Divine Kingdom and his body were not in the same position; unlike average Dominators, a god can choose to manifest their Divine Kingdom away from their bodies in any location that they desired and if it had a distance limit it was unknown, but no god would place their Divine Kingdom far from their reach for obvious security reasons.

It was the foundation of their great power and a lot of their abilities were tied to it, and it should be impossible to kill a god whose Divine Kingdom was intact, which was one of the problems Rowan wanted to solve.

As a matter of fact, Rowan did not know what it would take to kill a god truly, so he decided to cover all his bases, and attack both his body, soul, and Divine Kingdom all at once.

He would not have such a great chance next time when a god was fused with a planet and his Serpent could easily kill the world consciousness thereby killing the fused God at the same time, so as he told Erohim, he was to be his experiment, and if he failed to kill him with all his preparations, he would simply order the Ouroboros Serpents to kill the World Consciousness and erase Erohim alongside it.

Rowan's mind began to fit in the steps he would take to achieve his task, it was no wonder such a mission was impossible for most Dominators, how could they fight and kill something that can exist in different places at the same time, and when you factor in the Anima of a god, it adds another new dimension to the task.

Nevertheless, Rowan remembered the details the members of the Covenant told him as they described how Ohrox the Prince of Destruction was killed,

"... I watched Tiberius render your physical form to nothingness, and he took your bones to build his throne. Volgim crushed your Infernal Spark inside the God Forge, and Golgoth shattered your Origin Treasure!"

He was aware that these steps were taken on a full powered Demon Prince using means only gods should be capable of, but he was determined to be as close as possible to these steps, even though the present Erohim was far from his peak, he wanted to imitate it.

The Berserker Clone stretched forth its hands and created a long sword made from his purple black Aether, "This will not be as fun for you as it is for me."

Chapter 265: Your Soul Is Mine

He knew the head of the fallen god was large, but this close to it, the appearance was noteworthy. Rowan was already used to seeing creatures of massive proportions, so a

head the size of a four-storey building did not phase him all that much, but the Aura around the fallen god was interesting, as it almost seemed alive.

With the head having two faces which reminded him of the Abomination he faced inside the Nexus, and also of the accepted story of Erohim, he was called a hero and a god, and after his father wiped out all life on the planet, a mixture of his tears and the breast milk from his mother recreated life once more.

Rowan could see some certain truths in the tale, as this god literally had two faces, a female and a male with appearances that appeared similar to each other, as if they were both half of the same person.

He could understand where the mix-ups could arise from, legends and myths were often different from their source materials in many ways, he was also certain that the Boreas Family had interfered with the tale of this god in a subtle manner, any story that could be easily edited was never factual, and in addition to the massive span of time that had elapsed since Erohim first walked upon the surface of the planet, nothing could be trusted.

Two pairs of eyes snapped open as the god observed Rowan's Berserker Clone. The face of the male has cracks upon it like a clay pot left to dry in the sun with hints of flames running underneath, but his eyes glowed blue with an icy chill, as frost trails escaped from those freezing orbs, the female face was the opposite, it had smooth frozen features with eyes that blazed like a smoldering volcano.

The eyes tightened in suspicion, and he heard the real voice of Erohim for the first time, and it was similar to two people speaking at the same time with a weird overlap between both voices,

"That pulse that stole my vitality...you were responsible for it. With that act, you stole not just my essence but knowledge of me, did you not?"

Rowan laughed, "Those speculations of yours are interesting Erohim, but you're about to die permanently this time, I would suppose you should be thinking about that, but it's up to you to choose your last words."

"Don't patronize me... Abomination, even in my lesser state, I am still a god, and you shall not play meaningless games of words with me. My eyes see far, and beneath this shell of yours is only darkness and lamentation. Oblivion and savagery, you are nothing but an animal! Yet, you can still find salvation."

"That is not up to you to tell me what I want. Even at the moment of your death, you chastise me for patronizing you? It's funny you should say that, have you not been doing the same all these while to me?"

Rowan lifted the blade and began walking up to the god, he saw the eyes of Erohim that were as cold as an everlasting iceberg and as turbulent as an active volcano, stared at him in fury. Such a gaze would crush all those without a Divine spark, but Rowan barely winced because he could see deep inside the god, beyond what the god himself would fail to admit... inside Erohim, he could see fear.

The god spoke once more, "I have lived for a long time, and something I understand deeply is the power of communication. I have wronged you, and these words from a god do not come cheap. Before I erroneously thought you were an insignificant bug to be crushed, but now you have shown you have the capacity to cooperate with me, and you have shown your worth. In that light, I say we call a truce. You have not seen the full extent of my might, and it would seem my enemies are also yours, let us put aside our petty differences, as a token of my stand is the soul I gave you, it will be yours, and we can work together."

Rowan gave a small laugh, "I took that from you as a spoil of battle Erohim, your token is meaningless."

"Do not test me, if you refuse this hand of friendship I extend to you, it shall be replaced by that of hatred."

Rowan's main body scoffed, "Get in line."

His Berserker Clone was silent as if he was thinking, even at this moment, his Ouroboros Serpent was plundering vast amounts from the Divine Kingdom, and with each passing second, they were getting stronger, and their absorption ability was increasing, his main body had grown until he was twenty feet tall, and he was still getting larger as the energy he was consuming was the most potent he had ever come across.

Inside his Palace of Ice, he now had a second Soul Crystal, and his third moon already had 500,000 Soul points, and he was getting faster at processing the Soul, but the Palace of Ice was beginning to break, as large rivulets opened all over it, Eva was trying to patch the damages as quickly as she could, but she would need to divert half the Aether being sent to Envy to do so, increasing the strain on the weapon.

He now had nine consciousness pillars, and he was no longer straining to hold his ground and his minds were free to begin shifting into other routes.

Rowan was at twenty-five feet now and his senses were sweeping through his body as he tried to judge how much he could grow before reaching the limit to upgrade Avatar of Eve.

"Your silence says it all, I have called for a truce, while do your beasts still assault my Kingdom?"

Rowan Berserker clone shook his head side to side, "Perhaps in the very unlikely event that you had chosen to cooperate with me from the start, then maybe I would have accepted you. But now, I am no longer in need of falsehood in my words. Take this as a truth like you have ever known Erohim. Your Soul is Mine!"

Rowan's body was now thirty feet tall, and with a single nudge, he whispered the words inside, "Avatar of Eve, Rise."

Chapter 266: Battle Through The Heavens

Fury stepped into the Spatial Tear with no hesitation, as the space crack behind him zipped shut, plunging him into a chaotic darkness, he closed his eyes because even though his eyesight was stellar, it would only serve to confuse him in this chaotic place.

He used his heart.

Fury's senses had transcended his physical shell and now he perceived the world using something so ephemeral that descriptions of it were lacking due to how high the bar was for anyone to use it.

He let himself witness reality like it truly is and in the untold chaos of it, he smiled. He missed this. The allure of the unknown, and the thrills of the chase.

There was a layer beneath reality called The Dark or the Shadow realm. This layer lies beneath all of the reality across the known universe.

Some creatures like Lamia were blessed with the ability to be able to live and transverse through this space at will, but for others it was impossible, simply because of the presence of many factors, chief among them being wandering Spatial Folds.

These folds exist inside the Shadow Realm and it is theorized that it was the reason why travelling through a short-distance inside it would lead to a vast difference in the distance travelled in the surface universe, for a single step inside the Shadow Realm can be equal to a billion miles outside in the universe.

Normally, inside the Shadow Realm there would be dozens of Spatial Folds roaming about, but that was not the case in the current Shadow Realm that Fury was about to go through, all because a fixed teleportation tunnel had been used here.

To create a fixed Teleportation Portal, multiple Spatial Folds were gathered and fixed in place, and depending on the distance that was to be transverse, there could be a hundred, thousands or even millions of Spatial Folds that are fixed in place, so if anyone steps through the portal, their single step was through multiple Spatial Folds that

effectively shrank the unfathomable distance in the surface universe to a single step, so a mortal could easily move from Trion to Jarkarr, a world hundred of light years away.

The destruction of the Teleportation Portal led to thousands of roaming Spatial Folds and each of them could slice through adamantine with ease, not only their sharpness, their nature made their movements chaotic and quite difficult to predict with any certainty, as they would shift through space without any reasonable order.

Fury began mapping every single one of the Spatial Folds, and even in their chaotic movement, he was generating a pattern, and in six seconds a path through the thousands of Spatial Folds appeared before him, and then he took a step.

With that single step, he travelled through the roaming Spatial Folds, and most astonishing, he used their powers to shrink the distance to his destination and he arrived at an area of blank space.

If the Space before him was to be torn open he would be at Jarkarr, directly where the other Spatial tunnel connected, Fury debated internally for a fraction of a second if he wanted to teleport to the location where there would most likely be a hostile presence, but he decided quickly that it was the reason he was here.

Decision made, he was about to slash open space and his heart shook, two massive reptilian eyes the size of mountains opened before him.

And Jaws that were miles wide snapped shut faster than a lightning strike.

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Although Rowan expected the next series of actions from the god to be violent and hold various surprises for him, he underestimated its degree.

Now that he was ascending his bloodline he was in a uniquely delicate situation, and he could handle blows up to a certain degree but not beyond a certain point because his Absolute Body would be too busy supporting his growing bloodline and less on its defense. His size had not only grown, he had gained thousands of Attribute point when devouring the Divine Kingdom, he just had to bet that his preparation was enough, for there was no more time.

His bloodline seemed eager for its growth as Avatar of Eve broke past the Rift State and quietly slipped into the Incarnation State, there was no need to search for any other Incarnation in his bloodline source because Rowan realized his Incarnation for this bloodline had always been here with him—Eva.

The shadow of the woman who had been with him since his bloodline was in the Mortal State was his Incarnation, he was not too surprised about this however, because deep down he had suspected something similar.

"You are mine, Eva, and whatever your past may be, trust that your future is safe and secure. This I promise you. This I swear!"

Eva shivered, and smiled, her eyes held a bit of a tear, she appeared beside his growing body for a short while and touched his fingers before vanishing back into his Palace of Ice.

He doubted any other Dominator had Incarnation like his own that were sentient or as filled with such a rich history and background, and the act of Ascending into the Incarnation State began transforming Eva and she was covered in darkness.

His body that had grown to forty-one feet tall immediately shrank down to twelve, and he looked at the Price for upgrading the bloodline to its peak Incarnation State, and it was an astonishing 400,000 Soul Points required.

Although he tried to suppress the fluctuations from his body as he ascended, it was quite impossible beneath the gaze of a god for Erohim must have sensed the changes in him, as he suddenly attacked furiously on all fronts, including the fragment of his Soul inside Rowan Palace of Ice, but the effects of that attack of the soul on him was limited as his current Palace of Ice at the Incarnation State was not the same as when it was at the Rift State.

Chapter 267: The True Might of Erohim

The struggles of the Soul of Erohim were ruthlessly suppressed and it even aided the digestion of the Soul, and with a resounding crack the Soul nearly split in half before being frozen once more.

This was the only area of advantage Rowan had over the ongoing battle, in every other area he was on the back foot and he was starting to lose.

Around the entire sphere of battle, the most disastrous were at his main body, the flame colossus above him created by gathering the flames on the entire hidden fourth continent, began to shrink until it resembled a hovering head of a man who was giving out a long howl like a gigantic wolf, and it began descending while still shrinking and making the features more defined and Rowan noted that the face of the man was unknown to him, yet bore a slight resemblance to Erohim.

Rowan barely had the time to fold himself into a ball while shielding himself with as much Aether as he could manage and also creating dozens of Telekinetic Shields, and finally, he burned his Vitality as he triggered Eruption at twenty percent before the flaming head now the size of a grapefruit cried out in a weird language that Rowan understood before exploding overhead.

What the head spoke was, "Twice as midnight. Fall towards daybreak."

Rowan could find no meaning to those words and he did not have time to think about it for long before the concussive force from the blast made him grunt, pushing him away from the gate of the Divine Kingdom where he reached the earth far below.

The earth was too soft to cushion the impact of that blast and Rowan's body destroyed it for hundreds of miles, the force was so intense it shattered every more than diamond hard bones inside his body, and like a magnet the explosion followed him, and no other area around him was affected, it was as if by some will every single speck of power was directed towards his body.

This effect multiplied the impacts of the blast on him, for it concentrated all the power that could have been frittered to the surroundings and channeled it into Rowan's body and even with his high immunity to physical force he was decimated.

Rowan ranked this blow as the hardest he had ever received in his life, but he also was lucky that all that power was concentrated on him; otherwise it would have knocked Envy away from the gate of the Divine Kingdom.

The pulse sweeping through Erohim Divine Kingdom was now constant and it simply shredded his Ouroboros Serpents to dust.

What followed next was a bright flash of light that were like lasers which penetrated through his body evaporating his grainy blood, and like the blast earlier it did not escape through his body into the ground, instead it circled around and in the short span of a second, penetrated his body millions of times!

Even though Rowan shattered flesh, he screamed in pain, and it was so loud the sound wave circled the planet and escaped into space, yet that singular attack was not over as finally the white-hot flames that resembled plasma came down upon him, bringing death!

In Rowan's short reincarnation in this life he had endured enough damages that could kill a thousand men, a thousand times over, and with the quirk of his Ouroboros Bloodline that resurrected him from death, he had died many times, the last one a short hour ago.

Once more, he was on the verge of death. Flames, no matter how hot it got he had the confidence that his body could handle it, but the flames of this god was different, if Erohim was just using the elements alone to attack previously, now he was really ramping it up and introducing a concept into the flames that Rowan understood as Destruction!

His channel for Eruption was directed towards his Constitution, boosting his physique, defense and regenerative factor to an unfathomable degree, he could boldly say that his

condition now could withstand all of Dorian blows without shaking, but the flames that washed over him burned the very atoms of his body into nonexistence and every single bit of his flesh that regenerated was stained by a force that seem to corrupt it, halting his regeneration and vaporizing every strand of regenerated tissue.

The flames that resemble liquid molded itself like a ball over Rowan and in addition to the heat, it also added pressure as it slowly compressed itself.

The pain for the moment was total, and Rowan screamed once more, before he silently pushed that sensation of pain into one of his consciousness and isolated that away from him, so he could think.

Because the pain that resulted from his body being shredded into nothingness was indescribable and if he would not function if it was not shut out.

Rowan sighed internally with relief, "It seems I'm always on the receiving end of an immolation... if I did not need to control reality with my Word of Enoch, total immunity against elemental attacks would be my first choice!"

This was the true might of the god, enough to kill even Third circle Dominators, Even though Erohim had been tortured for thousands of years and left with only shreds of his powers, the little he had access to was enough to humble any being below godhood.

He wished to kill Rowan and it seemed for the moment that it was succeeding. Yet, Rowan regeneration still delayed the process for a while, and his Telekinesis worked overtime to create multiple shields that melted away in a fraction of a second, but for him, every single fraction counted, as Rowan's body had now been reduced to the size of a watermelon.

His Berserker Clone was not faring any better, from the frozen and flaming eyes of the god, soldiers of flames and ice wielding all sorts of weapons began emerging from the sockets. In a short while, there were hundreds of soldiers arrayed against his Berserker Clone, and in a silent confrontation only broken by sounds of frozen blades snapping, arrows flying and flames extinguishing, an intense battle erupted beside the head of Erohim.

Chapter 268: Eyes of A Predator

At the Heaven State, the Berserker Clone could use all its techniques with no limitation and even use them in various imaginative means impossible for a normal body to perform.

Rowan had become familiar with using the Berserker Clone to battle, and because it did not feel pain and could perform other actions autonomously even while being controlled directly by Rowan, it made it a very potent tool for battle.

The Berserker Clone did not disappoint as with each sweep of its blade, it slices it way through hordes of elemental soldiers, dodging blows with only the least movement and tanking the small hits that could not break through its armor. For those wide scale attacks, it would simply phase away by using Dash and teleport around them.

Rowan merged everything he had learned, all the battles he had fought, all the techniques he had witnessed and he was still losing. Whatever move he made was studied and countered, Erohim moved the entire army like a single entity, and the only thing keeping Rowan in the fight was the might of his Berserker Clone.

Rowan Heaven state techniques felt childish before the movements of the god's army, and he soon began accumulating wounds on his Clone, which was bleeding red mist.

The female face of Erohim sneered and for the first time it spoke, "You should have taken the deal, and accepted our mercy, now you shall face the true wrath of a god!"

An unexpected strike pierced through the Berserker Clone chest, and it destabilized its momentum, another strike went towards its head, and he batted it away, but the action sliced off the limb. It was slowly regenerating but not as fast as Rowan would have liked, as the blow from those soldiers of Erohim had the same destruction properties ravaging his main body.

Back towards Rowan's main body, which was now the size of an apple, and was glowing white-hot as it slowly shrank towards oblivion.

He could let that happen, for these flames of destruction would ravage his Mental Space, and Rowan had a premonition that if it did, it would destroy his Palace of Ice, and any further resurrection he did would be subjected to the same flame. No matter how many times he returned from death, the flames would remain in his Mental Space and continually kill him until he ran out of lifespan.

Rowan knew he was at the risk of true death once more. This time it would be final, for the abilities of a god could counter his own.

Rowan's mind went cold.

His Berserker Clone had the same eyes as him, eyes like dragons, with a gaze so cold everything before it was meaningless. The Aether flowing through Rowan could freeze souls, in addition to that, with the loss of Rowan Ice–Fire Soul leading to the loss of Spatial Sight, his empathy, and fear had been slowly stripped away until he was turning into a pure force of nature.

Even at the edge of death, he had no fear. His body had shrunk to the size of a quail egg, and yet his actions were unhurried, as the Berserker Clone dodged and fought back against the army of Creatures assaulting him, but it was soon surrounded as the rate he killed could not equal to the amount of elemental soldiers being created.

"No matter how special or how powerful you are, at the end, you are nothing but a mortal, pledge your service to me, and submit your essence to my hold, or die."

Rowan was getting to really hate the voice of Erohim, but he let that fade from his consciousness, and embraced the coldness within, he synchronized all his consciousness including the one holding back his pain from being destroyed by the destructive flames.

Breath in...

Many paths lead to the same destination. Yet, the path that I have chosen is a narrow one!

Breath out...

But, I will have it no other way. I promised to keep a seed behind, no matter how much I slaughter, no matter how many worlds fall to my hands, I shall always preserve their seed, and in that manner I shall keep them under my protection for all eternity.

Suriel's words reached him one last time as he flew above the convoy, the Angel allowed himself to be seen by the mortals below him, and he spread out his wings of flames; his light covered the entire convoy, "Creator, I protect the seed."

"Good." Rowan growled, he had learnt his lesson twice, and it was one time too many... No one would take what he was his.

Free from any other distractions, Rowan went all out.

Inside his Palace of Ice he now had three completed Soul Crystal and without hesitation, he crushed one, he pulled ten eyes from his throne and imbued ten Angels of Char with eyes, their flaming wings lit up the ice crystals of the Palace making it shine so bright it lit up a corner of his Mental Space.

(There were no Archangels among them, as Rowan did not have any Archangels or higher in the entire 11,458 Angels of Char he now had with him. That was not a problem, however, at his present levels of power there was virtually no difference in any of the Angels he summoned, only when he began fusing Angels would the true difference emerge, as those without higher potential would remain as Angels forever.)

At the moment of their birth they knew their assignment he gave to them, they bowed before his throne and they emerged to protect his body.

All angels had various powers, but a central power intrinsic to all of them was Pyrokinesis—The ability to control flames.

Maybe one Angel would not be able to fight against these flames, but ten Angels could, besides he just needed them to hold back the flames for a very short while.

The ten Angels appeared in all their glory and their light pierced through the flames covering his body that was now the size of a single grain of sand, and as one they opened wings of flames and shielded him from the Destruction ravaging him, pushing it away from him.

In three seconds his regenerative ability won against the destructive flames eating away at him for they no longer had more fuel.

In six seconds, he was whole again, and his golden serpentine eyes snapped open.

Chapter 269: Let This Day Be Cursed

His body stood at twelve feet, and he created his energy cloak without the hood, but he made it have six pieces of cloth that waved behind him, using Dash, he appeared before the gate of the Divine Kingdom, and he pointed into the Divine Kingdom,

"Destroy. Take everything. Do not hold back." He unleashed the Six Ouroboros Serpents and they pierced into the Divine Kingdom while expanding, they all slowly opened their mouths and from the depth of their throat a growing Aura emerged, at this time, Rowan had enough consciousness pillars to understand a small part of the method they used to kill a World Consciousness.

Because it was inside of him.

Rowan had six voids in place of his hearts where the Ouroboros Serpents dwelled, every time they died they were resurrected inside that void, and they had been able to gather a bit of that Aura inside their bodies.

Rowan now understood that part of the reason for their endless hunger was due to the fact that this void inside his heart was slowly changing them. It was from this Aura inside their bodies that became their venom.

As he got more powerful, it would seem as if the depth his body holds were unfathomable.

From deep within them, the Serpents gathered that void that could never be filled, they began drawing upon its endless hunger.

Erohim must have sensed something wrong because his two faces had a moment of shock, and Rowan knew it was about to make a new move; however, it was already too late, Erohim mouth opened to speak, but that was before the Berserker Clone that Rowan had created with fifty thousand grains of Purple Black Aether exploded.

The explosion, if you could call it that, was silent, as it resembled a black hole that he directed towards Erohim and it wiped away all the soldiers in its path until it reached the god.

Placing fifty thousand grains of Aether into the clone was problematic, and It was the reason the movements of the Berserker Clone were so sluggish, to pull this off, Rowan had to devote three entire Consciousness Pillars just to suppress his Aether from decaying and turning to ice before he was ready.

Once they exploded, he began copying the techniques of Erohim and he assigned the three consciousnesses to channel the explosion and the freezing power of his Aether towards the face of the god which became frozen for a single second, but it was enough.

He used Fast Travel again and a bright flash of light revealed two Berserker Clones, one flew upward and the other was towards the forehead of Erohim and it held the blade of Dorian, that unique weapon with the ability to poison Souls.

With a loud shout, the Clone fused Bash and Smash Berserker technique, a new trick he discovered he was able to do at the Heaven State of the Berserker Aspect.

His arms were reinforced with extra layers of blood armoring, expanding to the size of his body and he slammed the point of the blade into the god's skull, driving it until it reached the hilt, Erohim was about to scream but the Berserker clone exploded, freezing it for another second.

The amount of Aether he was expending was great, and it would be impossible for him to sustain the usage if not for his Ascension to the Incarnation State, in less than a second he was burning enough Aether than he had ever used throughout his life, and it was barely enough to hold back the god for a single second.

The Berserker Clone that went upwards was with holding Envy, the Great Axe was vibrating with so much force the clone was disintegrating, but it survived long enough to slice through the massive levers holding the spikes that was set above Erohim which was used to torture him every decade for the purpose of creating Blue Iron.

Envy sliced through twenty feet of metallic lever holding the spikes and as it fell, the Clone exploded in a manner that propelled the spikes to fall faster, and the tip of the spike with unerring accuracy fell on the hilt of Dorian blade, the weight, gravity and in addition to the force behind it pushed the blade through the head of the god and it burst out through the throat, the spikes following shortly after.

In that exact same moment the Ouroboros Serpents had already filled up with their venom, and they roared, unleashing it inside the Divine Kingdom of Erohim. The roar created a ripple that sliced through the fabrics of Erohim Divine Kingdom and through the connection with Jarkarr it infiltrated the world consciousness and corrupted its very essence, killing the world consciousness.

The death of a world was swift, and it made no sound to disclose it passing.

The roar from the Ouroboros Serpents did not affect the Divine Kingdom of Erohim all that much, but the death of the world consciousness was all it took to break the last holdings of life left inside the god.

He fell.

Erohim the son of Orum the sun, and Ganesha the moon, hero, and god were laid to rest at the hands of Rowan Kuranos. After thousands of years of torture, he finally had peace in oblivion.

(According to the calendar of Jarkarr, today was the Day of Orum, and on Trion the date was the 7th of Metagei.

This date was noteworthy because a god died on it. Let the day be forever cursed.)

The screams that erupted from the god were apocalyptic, it was a sound that transcended space and time, and it could be heard all over the Empire, even reaching the seat of the gods themselves on Trion. The news of the death of Dorian Son of Scarlet had not fully circulated around the Empire before the cry of a dying god from the same planet erupted.

The entirety of Jarkarr was shaken and a cloud of blood and fire surrounded the world extending far into space, even covering the three moons outside Jarkarr.

The final Great Storm began, and it began scouring every trace of life from the planet.

Chapter 270: Lament For The Fallen

For thousands of years the Great Storm had been made up of an icy chill that swept through the planet, but now it was made from flames and boiling blood.

They began eating their way through the planet and its moons, and the moon where Rowan had his battle with Dorian began to slowly crack open.

The first underground city to experience the wrath of a dying god was Mrinah. The devastation Nezrakim wrought on that city was extensive, and the Angel's final move when he pierced through the ground above the city exposed it to the devastation.

The hundreds of workers trying to seal the holes in the ground barely recognized the reason for their death before turning to ash, and the flames and blood inundated the city.

Until the end, as the endless waves of destruction swept throughout the city, the people of Jarkarr did not stop chanting his name.

That chant transformed into the Ballad of Erohim, for those that truly know the meaning of the song, it was both a song of the gods' rise, but it was also a dirge for his fall.

Their voices rose as one, even as the flames collected them all.

It was a bitter sweet farewell of a sort, as the death cry of their god revealed his end. It may not be the wish of the people when signs began to reveal itself of his rise, but they were his people, and they would follow him, even unto death.

These events happened in Trinad also, in the last city Krakow, something else happened, but in appearance alone, this city died the same way as the other two.

A few tried to escape the cataclysm, but they could not run far, chief among them were the members of the Boreas Family, and they sealed themselves in enchanted vaults, while the unlucky ones did not make it, they cried as they beat their heads against the closed doors, and their pleas went unanswered before they were consumed.

Rowan had expected something like this to happen, whether it was the last act of retaliation from the god, or a side effect of killing one, he had expected large-scale destruction, and in his mind, keeping the people alive in that convoy was enough.

The ten Angels went to all corners of the planet and they showed him the events taking place.

A few months back and Rowan would have been devastated, he would have mourned it, maybe even fallen into madness at the death of untold millions that occurred due to the result of his actions.

But that was before he lost his Soul. Before he knew his bloodline would never permit weakness, and the last of his humanity was lost, as the only thing that was left an Empyrean.

He had preserved his humanity by making what he called seeds. He would never totally destroy a world, he would always leave a future, and that future he would protect from others like him who would destroy it.

It was the reason he had sent Suriel to protect them, as he no longer kept his Angels hidden because with their exposure to Erohim there was no reason to hide them any longer and with the unlocking of his Fast Travel Chamber inside his Palace of Ice, he could be more bold.

He also had access to a new chamber, but this was not the time to check, for the true battle began now.

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Suriel Wings expanded until it seemed to cover the entire sky, protecting everyone inside the convoy from the cries of the dying god to the flames and boiling blood that had begun washing through the planet.

Most of the people in the convoy, seeing the Angel, bowed in worship, but there was an argument ongoing between Nana and Circe.

The former appeared wild, as her white hair was no longer carefully kept in place, her wrinkled face was set in anger and around her were all the Guardsmen in the Convoy, from her body posture it was clear she wanted to leave the protection of Suriel and venture into the chaos outside.

"—this is madness Nana, I cannot allow you to leave. Look around you, outside this place is death."

"For the last time, do not stop me Circe, Rico is out there, and I need to get him back."

"Rico made his decision and left the convoy to report Erohim to the family, he laid his bed now he should lie on it, besides he is at the second circle Nana, with your injuries you are barely above the Incarnation State, surely you have to understand that your decisions are suicidal."

Nana paused before her face went grim., Circe upon seeing her expression went pale, she spoke softly to Nana, "Please don't leave me, there is nothing out there but destruction."

Nana smiled sadly, "I cannot do that, we all must do our duty, same as you did long ago, now it's my turn."

Circe shook her head confused, "What do you mean? There is no duty in dying needlessly."

Nana sighed and the Aura flowing around her body became agitated, as her power level began to rise, it reached the peak of the Incarnation State and paused for a short while before blasting through the first circle, and she became an Incandescent Realm Dominator.

Her body began to change as she grew younger, her bent back due to age reverted, and her spine straightened until she stood taller than Circe, her hair went back to a sky-blue color and her beautiful face was revealed. She immediately transformed from an old woman to a beautiful lady in her twenties.

Nana's height and disposition made her appear valiant, and it was possible to imagine her valiance as a warrior in her glory days. She was at the Peak of the Incandescent Realm, only a single step to the Proclamation Realm.

Circe eyes went sad, "Nana, your injuries will erupt once more if you don't stop this act of madness." She suddenly went serious, "If you're going to be leaving, then I will not allow you to bring the rest of the Guardsmen with you. They cannot help you, and you lead them to their death.

"They must all come with me." Nana said with a tone of finality, and then Circe lost it, as anger washed over her,

"Why must you do this, tell me the precise reason, or you will have to pass over my dead body before I allow you to hurt yourself more than this. You taught me to perform all of my actions with a careful eye for details and to never make rash decisions. You were also the one that told me to use my head instead of my heart. Rico is important, but your life is also important, there is no reason to enter this storm!"