

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 271: Ascending To The Peak of The First Circle

Nana's features grew solemn and she waved her hand and Circe's body became sealed in ice, leaving only her eyes and nose exposed as she sealed her mouth as well. Circe eyes suddenly lit up with lightning and Nana's eyes widened as cracks began to grow around the ice,

"What a waste!"

Grief clouded her eyes for a brief moment before vanishing as she thickened the ice, and turning she said to the Guardsmen, "Let's go."

She waved her hands in a mystical pattern, and the armor of the Guardsmen glowed blue as thick ice that both protected them and raised their speed and strength covered their armor, they all fearlessly left the range of Suriel Wings and plunged into the fiery hell with Nana following them.

She was the last to leave, and before entering the storm she turned to Circe who had tears flowing down her eyes, "I still stand by what I said dear. Follow your head and not your heart... Live well" She turned to the hovering form of Suriel as she tried and failed to hide the awe, but the voice she spoke with was steady, "I don't know what kind of being you are, but protect her, or even in death I shall hunt you down."

She was surprised when the armored head of Suriel slowly turned to observe her, and bent a little to the side as if observing an ant before looking away, she growled a little and turned away.

Nana's nose began bleeding and she cleaned it, muttering about how little time she had, the lock of her blue hair began turning white, and she sighed before entering the flood of flames and blood.

When she left, it was possible, even through the icy seal over her mouth, that you could still hear Circe's cries of pain.

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When Erohim unleashed his flames of Destruction coupled with the godly techniques he used to focus every single bit of power on his body without wasting a single iota, Rowan knew his time of experimentation was over, for even though Erohim was severely weakened he still possessed enough strength to kill him.

The flames his Angels were keeping back began to slowly disperse, as without the direct control of Erohim, they were now able to easily push it away and let it burn harmlessly into the ground. They also kept the churning waves of flames and blood away from him,

Rowan looked at the crumbling Divine Kingdom, and he was not in a hurry to check it out. It was too late to slowly discover its mysteries in fact, he was forcefully encouraging his Serpents to devour it quickly enough because any moment from now, the entire remnant soul of the god would be descending onto his Palace of Ice, and if he did not grow it quickly enough he would be broken.

The ravenous appetite of his Serpents was reflected in his body as his size was beginning to grow once more, and he was now fifteen feet tall, but a growing sense of danger was mounting inside his heart. It was coming from the dying god.

His created another Berserker Clone and sent it towards the pierced head of Erohim, who had now stopped screaming, the eyes of the male face had rolled upwards in death, and the female face was the same except one of her eyes still had life.

That single eye turned to the Berserker Clone and she spoke, "What have you done? You have killed me and unleashed the end of days, my curse shall ever remain with you as..."

Rowan exploded the Berserker Clone silencing her, he had begun sensing a growing threat inside the head of Erohim, and freezing the dying god delayed that sensation, also he was wary of anything related to curses, who knew if the dying word of a god carried more power than he expected, he was now aware that the depth of a god could not be easily overlooked, even though he was an Empyrean.

The Divine Kingdom of Erohim was collapsing with his death, as massive swatches of it began to be eaten up by the void.

Rowan had anticipated something similar to this occurring, and he desperately pushed for his Ouroboros Serpents to consume as much as they could before all was lost.

His body was now at twenty feet tall and he hoped to consume enough of Erohim Divine Kingdom to push his Avatar of Eve bloodline to the Second Great Circle. Going by the rate of collapse, he would narrowly be able to make it.

Rowan sighed in relief, although he had placed many safeguards in place, he was still caught flat-footed by the retaliation of Erohim, the power of a god was no joke, even one as weak as he was.

That destruction flames Erohim used at the end had the potential to truly kill him, and this was not even all the weapons the god had in his arsenal, the same way Rowan had underestimated the god, Erohim had also underestimated Rowan, else he would have

used more of his power to attack him, although to be fair, the god was on his way to killing him, but he used the only weapon Erohim did not know he had which was the ability to kill the Consciousness of a World.

Rowan was about to upgrade his Bloodline to brace against the remaining Soul of the god entering inside his Palace of Ice when the world around him trembled.

He narrowed his eyes and hurriedly pushed the 400,000 points of Soul into his bloodline to push it towards the peak of Incarnation, it was not possible to feed so much power to the bloodline at once, but he placed a consciousness to handle the massive changes happening to the Palace of Ice.

Eva began to scream in pain with the new wave of power tearing through her body, Rowan sent a message to her to bear with it, as it was no longer possible for him to slowly upgrade the bloodline because by all right he should have let her rest for some few hours if not days.

The consciousness he had freed up began concentrating on the new sensation he was receiving.

## **Chapter 272: Reemergence Of An Old Bloodline**

The sensation was new, as he had never once "sensed" danger before. He allocated this ability to reaching the Incarnation State of the Avatar of Eve bloodline, or the incoming threat was so powerful he could sense it all the way from here.

Rowan could detect them far inside the void, approaching him at ridiculous speeds. He barely had an hour before they reached Jarkarr, going by the rate of destruction of Erohim Divine kingdom and the time his Serpents would need to devour what he needed, then he needed at least two hours to do so.

He frowned as he tried to refine these new senses, so he could read what was coming, he could not glean much, only there were dozens of them, perhaps up to fifty, and at first, he thought they might be the reinforcement from the Empire, but the sensation he received from them was wrong, it was almost... primal.

The lesson from the last retaliation of Erohim taught him to hold back his greed, he did not need to battle these new foes, even if he was unable to reach the second Great Circle as he intended, he had harvested enough benefits to last him for a long time, he should take what he has and leave.

This world was dying anyway, and he would collect the seed, but not before he cleared out some trash.

Speaking of trash... His attention focused on the consciousness he was using to monitor the third continent.

He had left the teleportation portal on the third continent, Krakow alone, due to the fact that he wanted to funnel any of the Empire retaliation into the jaws of the Dragon. The Angel he had sent to the third continent was strictly for the purpose of surveillance. He had hoped to use the arms of the Empire to kill the Dragon, but their responses were too late.

The Angel would monitor the actions of the Dragon after it infiltrated the city and keep him updated with its activities. And as it would turn out, the Dragon was not to be underestimated, it had found out about the destruction of the Teleportation Portals in the other two cities, and responded quickly by destroying it own. Before it vanished into the shadows.

At this moment, Rowan now had twelve pillars of consciousness, and he was able to properly scrutinize the actions of the Dragon, and he discovered something interesting, as with every action it made firmed the hypothesis in his mind.

This Dragon did not only have his bloodline, but it also had a Pathway!

It was not just following whatever direction of power that normal beast used, and not only that, the Dragon Pathway was one from the bloodline he had discarded when he selected his Emyrean Bloodlines.

Scion of Darkness.

Rowan had wondered where his discarded bloodline went to after he selected his Emyrean bloodline, after all, he had the potential of becoming a Scion of Darkness and the Scion of Light inside his blood, which he came to understand came from the body of the prince, while his other consciousness was the one to bring his empyrean bloodline over.

If the Dragon could inherit this discarded bloodline, then that meant he had it inside of him, but it was suppressed, yet he knew there was no way his body would ever coexist with a lesser bloodline, then how did it happen?

He reviewed all the events that happened to him while inside the Nexus, and he could only spot the moment where he cut off the finger bone of his hand before his body was changed to that of an Emyrean while inside his shell, the reason he mass that decision then was because he wanted something of his past life left behind.

What happened to that finger bone?

He had a perfect recollection of the position he kept the finger bone until he became afflicted with the curse of the Flesh of Madness, and he had thought the finger bone

should have been inside the arm he sacrificed to escape from Lamia, but clearly he was mistaken or part of the finger bone still survived and entered the body of the Dragon.

Similar to the shadow that covered Lamia after he freed her, the Dragon was also covered by a comparable shadow, but the most interesting aspect by far was the Emphyrean bloodline he detected inside the body of the Dragon.

This Dragon had somehow been able to hold both the Scion of Darkness bloodline and also a nascent form of an Emphyrean bloodline, this detail alone made the value of the Dragon fall in his sight.

In comparison to his own it Emphyrean blood was hilariously weak, and almost felt severely incomplete, but Rowan sensed in time it would become complete, and at that time it would discard the Scion of Darkness bloodline because if it fails it would never become an Emphyrean.

No other being had that would allow them to upgrade and utilize all the features of their bloodline in a perfect manner.

The Dragon had left the city after destroying the teleportation portal, which was lucky for it because it was Rowan's next target. Yet, Rowan knew it had not gotten far, it was not from any senses he had but just his intuition.

The city of Krakow suddenly vibrated, and under Rowan's fascinated gaze, a mountain was forcefully thrown out of it, the mountain roared in anger before slamming into the ground hundreds of miles away.

The mountain was bleeding blood resembling black ink and shadows, On its back were two great wounds which should be where its wings were located, it had been forcefully torn off.

The mountain shook itself away from the shattered earth, revealing itself to be Vraegar, and its state was bad with injuries covering its entire body. It took a single step and then staggered and fell to its knees, as blood poured down from large holes all over its body.

## **Chapter 273: Stay!**

Rowan noticed the wounds all over its body were squirming as if it was attempting to heal, but a force would tear the wound open again and again, causing the Dragon to roar in pain. Rowan had experienced something similar when he fought with the General who had an ability to cut through his Constitution and slow down his healing process, but what was happening to Vraegar was a hundred times worse.

Every time the Dragon tried to heal, the wound tore open, but more violently than before, making each wound from the dragon grow progressively worse, it was as if the more vitality a creature had, the more they would get to suffer, as the healing from the dragon appears to be promoting a more extreme backlash from whatever forces was inside the wound.

Even as he watched, the back leg of the black dragon simply fell off when a particularly nasty wound in its spine spread to the limb. The roar of pain from the dragon was long, and panic filled its gaze.

Even without any new injuries being inflicted on the dragon, its wounds would be enough to kill it soon enough.

Who did this sort of damage to the dragon?

Vraegar did not bother with disguising its abilities, and Rowan could clearly sense that it was at the peak of the third Great Circle. Such great powers did not surprise him, for if he had picked a limited bloodline such as Scion of Darkness he would surely be in the fourth great circle or perhaps even a god, he clearly remembered he needed only five soul points to upgrade the Scion of Darkness during its Mortal State it was nothing compared to the one thousand Soul Points required by the Ouroboros Bloodline.

He would never regret not picking such a weaker bloodline over his Emphyrean bloodline because of quick power ups. A single hair on his head was worth more than a million Scion of Darkness.

Yet, that was in comparison to him, Vraegar was a Nascent Emphyrean, although he was a very flawed copy of one, and he was at the peak of the third Great Circle, someone like him would have crushed Dorian with no effort, was he attacked by an Ancestor of a Major Family or by a god's Anima?

His answer was not far behind, as space rippled, and a hand that had a single finger extended as if it was poking its way through space revealed itself, followed by a body.

The man who pierced through space had his eyes closed; an instinct told Rowan this was the person responsible for the fate of Vraegar, his lips were tilted to the side as if he was smiling, the endless torrent of blood and fire stopped thousands of feet around his body, as if his presence alone was pushing back the chaos.

Rowan had analyzed the torrent of fire and blood that flooded Jarkarr, and it was filled with Aether Aspected to blood and fire, it also had other mystical properties he could not yet understand.

The benefit of having multiple consciousness asserted itself at that time, when one of his consciousnesses informed him that it would be a good choice to select another chamber at this time, and a quick deliberation by him made him select Knowledge Well.

This chamber would aid him the most if he opened it as quickly as possible, for it served as an Alchemical Laboratory of a sort, its purpose was to analyze, record, compute and improve.

His Knowledge Well Chamber collected samples of the blood and fire with Astrolabe and it was set up to analyze all its components.

It was with Knowledge well he understood that 90 percent of the fire and blood were composed of Aether, 2 percent was surprisingly made up of real blood, and normal flames, the remaining eight percent was a mixture of divinity, curses, and three thousand other minute components, a greater part of it was uncontrollable chaos.

This was true chaos that lacked control and similar to the void in Rowan's heart, it would consume all that it touches. It even had the ability to kill Rowan in time, given sufficient quantities and concentration.

This was why what happened next made Rowan's heart grow cold.

The smiling man took three steps in the air, and then he opened his eyes.

Immediately, the howling torrents of flames and blood shuddered and stopped rotating. The moon above that was cracked finally gave in and broke in two. The gravity of Jarkarr began slowly pulling it down towards the planet, a collision like this would crack the planet open.

Yet, it was the man that drew all his attention, for there was something eerily magnetic about him, as if the universe revolved around him.

He resembled Rowan but with softer features, and with the wrong clothes he could be mistaken for a woman, his appearance appeared dignified, except for his arms that were coated with black blood up to his shoulders.

He had an almost bored look on his face as he looked around the devastated world. He had nine colored eyes, and their light was dull, but it was still enchanting overall.

Who the hell was this? Also, why am I seeing so many people with faces similar to my own? Don't tell me my resemblance takes after the Primogenitor Kuranos.

Rowan's hackles rose when the surrounding flames twisted into the guise of a rabbit, was this a Fire Spirit Creature? Around him all the elements of fire began to twist and change, this phenomena spread until it covered Jarkarr and extended into space.

Rowan rapidly commanded all his Angels to go invisible.

The man sighed, and the sound covered the planet and then billions of Flaming Spirit were born, as if in reply to Rowan's questions they all announced, "All hail Fury

Akranothotez Kuranos. The First light in daybreak, Noble Flame of Kuranos, Adeptus Superiori. All who hear his name are blessed."

Rowan was amazed, "This son of a bi+ch came with his own P. A sound system!"

Judging by the light in the eyes of these Spiritual creatures, they also served as Fury's eyes, and in a single stroke he had seen the entire situation of Jarkarr, including the crumbling Divine Kingdom.

Fury snapped his fingers and all the flaming spirits around the entire planet began rushing towards him, and as they all streamed towards his direction regardless of the barrier they passed through, they impacted against the falling moon whether accidentally or design, and they vaporized it to ash.

The flame spirits surrounded Fury, where they began to shrink, as billions of these spirits transformed into a bright red belt he wore around his waist, what was left behind was just the oceans of blood and ash that began to fall the moment Fury took another step, and he appeared before the gates of the Divine Kingdom.

He looked at Rowan side-eyed and said, "Stay!" Around Rowan's body, dozens of flaming chains shot from the earth and from the space around his body, and they wrapped him. Fury did not even check the result of his words before he stepped into the gates of the Divine Kingdom.

## **Chapter 274: Cheers To The Battle... Cheers To The War!**

A storm of Blood and Ash fell over all of Jarkarr, and visibility had been cut down to nothing, through the gloom, a bird with flames for wings, and a body resembling larva flew over the silent, dead world.

Its movement left long trails of flames behind, and it opened eyes looked down with a hint of amusement before it made a deep sound that by all right should emerge from a throat of an animal thousand of times its size, it turned around and flew towards space where it settled on the shoulder of a chubby man.

The man had eyes that glowed like lit coal, and he had a wide smile that did not reach his eyes. The Third Prince had finally reached Rowan after these few months because he was distracted by other matters, and with the time frame the Third Prince operated on, these months were like seconds to him.

He sat on the bleeding head of a Demon, whose death appeared to be quick and must be quite surprising because by the sneering expression on the face of the demon which



had been perfectly captured even in death, its last thought was most likely to be those of disdain.

After so long, he never tired of playing weak, and moments such as these were always a source of endless amusement to him.

He was the first person to make a deal with Boreas and crossed through to Jarkarr.

Fury was powerful in his own right, but he was still arrogant, while he had been bargaining with Boreas, the Third Prince was beside him, and unlike the little runt, he had an endless sea of treasure.

Boreas had been making deals with the Third Prince while speaking with Fury, and Fury had no idea what was happening.

Coincidentally, at the moment of his appearance, the Demon arrived as well.

This was a Duke ranked demon, a creature equal to a fourth circle Dominator, just a step below a Demon Prince. It was rude like all Demons were, arrogant in its might, and the knowledge it was a creature from a Supreme World.

The Third Prince had toyed with him for a few seconds, sadly there were bigger fishes to fry and he had to cut his game short, the only peculiarity of this whole encounter were the words of the Demon, "you are the target?" He would be visiting the Great Abyss in the near future to cull some Demons, of course, this might positively affect Trion in the long run and the many thousands of worlds the Great Abyss was battling at the same time, but he did not care as long as his overall interest was not affected.

If Rowan was here he would recognize this demon whose head was now nothing but a glorious chair, it was the same as the one he had seen long ago inside the timeline that ripped away.

In that timeline, when he was on the verge of destroying this planet, he had seen several beings of power who lasted the longest before Jarkarr was destroyed, and one of them was a Demon that walked on all fours like an animal.

Rowan had been expecting the presence of this demon and had made contingencies for its appearance, but nevertheless he was glad for its absence during the battle with Erohim, either by luck or something else, the Third Prince met the Demon and the result was the head of the Demon Duke being turned to his stool.

He kicked his chubby legs like a child, "Once more, this bloodline of yours amazes me, dear boy. The sorts of unfathomable creatures you are you able to summon is astonishing! I can't believe even I do not recognize them. Is it possible that one day you might be able to summon me?" The Third Prince broke down in laughter, which was a very strange sight for his lips were opened wide in laughter but a frown stained his face.

Rowan would have recognized this effect, it was that of a single man with many minds.

He began to crack his fingers unconsciously, "Is it the Aranthion Bloodline, Mersiah, Svrtyrrhic, Truinic, what sort of Empyrean Bloodline did this brat awaken? Where did he come in contact with it? Haa, this is driving me crazy! How the hell is he getting so strong in such a short time, the temptation to take him apart to uncover every little detail of his glorious body is almost too much for me to take! Dear boy, surely you would understand if your father wants to enter deep inside you."

The Third Prince laid on his back and looked at the stars, his eyes squeezed together in thought,

"I was wrong, dear boy, when I said you were no son of mine. How many are the deaths now, bird? No, let me count... 745,237,665 people are dead... and counting, Oh ten more just died, oops that another thousand that just died, and to think this is just your first year of life! Ha ha, we have a jackpot on our hands. But what the fu\*k is this runt Fury doing here? Goddamned kids of these days, everyone just has to be stylish. This might be troublesome. Is he going to be able to escape death?"

The Third Prince adjusted his sitting, the head of the demon had many horns sticking out of it, and he had to gingerly arrange himself to avoid all of them.

He had been going through the Spatial storage of the creature while scattering countless treasures he deemed as useless into space, maybe someone lucky would come across them floating in the void someday and with it become more than their destiny allotted for them.

He was interested in Karma and Destiny, and so every single treasure he discarded, although meaningless to him, he left marks inside them that would be difficult for most gods to even notice, he would be alerted if something special happened as a result of his actions.

The Third Prince made a satisfactory noise when going through the Spatial Storage he discovered what he wanted—three bottles of prime Hell Brew straight from the Great Abyss, the bottles shined as if they contained molten magma, and the smell was so strong, a single sniff would turn an Incarnation State Dominator lungs to ash.

Uncorking one of them, he placed the bottle to his nose and appreciated the intense flavor for five entire minutes, as he allowed the wine to breathe before he took a long gulp, and he smacked his lips as he relaxed and then sighed in contentment, "Oh, that hits the spot. Rowan don't die too quickly in that arrogant runts hands, that would be such a shame, but it would be a good thing to learn if you survive that there are some things even Empyrean should fear. You still have two terrifying tribulations coming, if you survive them all, you would be capable of knowing the truth. I hope your mind is as sharp as your swords! You would need them both."

The bird by his side began to nudge him, it had been feasting on the eyes of the Demon, the Third Prince smiled and poured a few drops of the Hell wine on his left hand, and the bird sipped from his palm.

"Cheers to the battle. Cheers to war!"

## Chapter 275: Fury's Soul Power

Fury's action was unexpected, but Rowan was not angry, rather he was amused by this turn of event because when Fury had attacked him he detected no sign of malice, instead what he sensed almost made him smile, it was disdain. This man who resembled him felt disdain towards him. This was the first time Rowan had ever sensed something like this from a mortal.

Something told Rowan he was not a special candidate for the brat disdain, he felt Fury did the same thing to everyone else, maybe even the gods themselves.

Is this not similar to the way I look down on other Dominators?

But this man was not an Empyrean, but he had a very shocking quality that Rowan had detected—Fury had a vast Soul.

With his advancement to Incarnation, and the unlocking of the Knowledge Well Chamber, it quietly displayed another function he did not expect, it was somewhat similar to , but what it did was the opposite, it analyzed everything he came in contact with and recorded them.

The feature merged with his Empyrean Vision and gave Rowan a nascent form of Omniscience. Because he could now have at his fingertips the meaning of everything his senses touched.

From their blood type to all the food they ate for the last three years, their pathways, perhaps even a glimpse of their thoughts, all these all more was available to him under this Chamber.

Rowan had not fully understood the usage of Knowledge Well, but one thing it did when analyzing a living creature was to judge the strength of the Soul. With that knowledge, it could deduce the total amount of Soul Points a being would give him.

Fury's Soul was astonishingly powerful for his level, almost equal to a third of the fragment of Erohim Soul he was still consuming and that fact was really spectacular. To put this into context, he had detected that Fury was at the peak of the second circle, same with Dorian.

Dorian Soul had given him only 122,459 Soul Points. The Fragment of Erohim Soul would be giving him 10,000,000 Soul Points, and Fury Soul was worth 3,000,000 Soul Points. This was almost twenty-five times as powerful as Dorian at the same level!

It was almost impossible to truly fathom the gap between both of them.

The Soul governs the Spirit, and for the Kuranos Family whose bloodline was focused on Spirit-based abilities, Fury should be the cream of the crop.

Rowan was a special case and comparing him to Dominators was impossible, as he did not have a Soul, so any comparison was impossible, but if Dorian used his Spirit to cast a small fireball, in Fury hands that small fireball would be equal to a volcano eruption.

It was most likely that what Erohim almost killed him with was just a small match flame. If the only tool in the hand of even a fallen god was a match flame, it should be enough to raze an entire planet, because of the sheer size and depth of their souls.

Rowan recalled the techniques used by Dorian, especially that red beam of heat, that caused him so much trouble. If it was Fury using that same technique, and Rowan had met him when he was at the Legendary State, he would have had no chance to retaliate, he would be dead! No matter how many times he could regenerate.

Yet, he knew Fury must have more powerful techniques, just the method he used to create those flame spiritual beasts were spectacular, and let not forget that he seemed to have tore Vraegar apart with his bare hands. His physical aspects must also be very powerful, which was to be expected, for it took a powerful vessel to hold a powerful soul.

Fury may not be an Empyrean, but it seems his might is close to one! This man had every reason to be proud.

But that should be against a normal Empyrean, to compare him to Rowan was silly. If Rowan was at the peak of the second circle, Fury would be less than an ant before him.

All these thoughts flew around inside his multiple consciousness in less than a tenth of a second. Fury wanted to fight with him, he had detected that desire underneath his disdain, but he chose to enter the Divine Kingdom first.

Rowan cocked his head to the side, "Were there more secrets to the Divine Kingdom that he was not aware of?"

Whatever it was that Fury wanted that he choosed to delay the fight that he obviously yearned for, he would not be giving it to him, as far as Rowan was concerned there was not enough to share, and if Fury did not see reason, he would never reject 3,000,000 Soul Points.

The chains around him were no issue, for although they were scorching hot, they had not managed to penetrate through his Telekinetic field. This should just be meant to delay him, not to hold him, although it would be almost physically impossible for a normal Dominator at the second Great Circle to free themselves from these chains.

He could break them or easily shimmy his way through them using his Telekinesis as a lubricant, but he was not going to take that route. His Ouroboros blood had already been screaming bloody murder all this while, and he decided to appease it by breaking the chains.

Rowan attempted to flex his muscles, but that was before a massive wave of Soul Energy slammed into his Consciousness like an exploding sun.

Rowan's eyes bulged out before exploding, he nearly fell on his knees, as the contents of his head began to churn as if a blender had been inserted into his skull. His Spine cracked and fell to pieces, but his physique was so strong he was still standing.

The Soul of Erohim was massive beyond compare, so massive it covered the entire Palace of Ice in fog, and filled up a third of his Mental Space, and more was still streaming into his consciousness.

It would seem like he had gained far more than he bargained for.

## **Chapter 276: Not Holding Back**

The Soul kept coming until it filled his entire mental Space, and then it began to compress itself around his Palace of Ice.

His Angels of Char, as if detecting a threat, came to surround his entire place and shield it with their crooked wings, and the 14,560 Angels of Char covered his Palace of Ice in a ball of wings and flesh and slowly the soul of Erohim began to encase the entire ball, from afar it was as if they were being sealed in a material made from diamond.

The Soul seemed to be never ending and they kept streaming into the diamond making it larger, until Rowan began to suspect that this was not normal, and his Knowledge Well was going insane with the amount of information that was streaming into it.

If there was a reason Erohim Divine Kingdom was merged with the world consciousness, he did not know, but what it gave him was a Soul that felt like a merger of a billion other Souls, and not just souls of people, but of birds and goats and dogs and sheep's and bears and worms and bats and butterflies and amoebas and....

Rowan began detecting another stream of Souls in addition to the unending Soul Stream from the god, it was from the entire planet—Precisely all the untold millions that had died due to his actions of killing Erohim.

Their Soul could not compare to those of the god, not one bit, but it would seem their presence was a boon to him for they penetrated through the increasing diamond like form of Erohim Soul and they began entering the Purple Moon inside his Palace of Ice.

Unlike the Soul of Erohim that Rowan had to battle for every single inch for it to give, the rest of the mortals appeared to willingly seek his presence at their death, and with them, his Soul Points began to multiply, and he noticed his Consciousness pillars begin to develop faster than before.

Rowan's mind went aflame with a buzz like a million bees screaming inside his ears, he felt his body wanted to enter a weird sort of hibernation, but doing so now would be insane. He had been stuffed with too much food, and he needed to process it.

Of course, if he chooses to go feral and let his bloodline call the shot, he could simply trigger Eruption at a hundred percent, and he could easily process this amount of Soul, but that would fry his mind to nothingness, and he would be nothing but a husk of endless hunger. No, he had to let his mind process this power, no matter how long it took, and so he fought to stay awake, and analyze the situation he was in.

But his current state could not be denied, he presently had fifteen pillars of consciousness, and they were slowly shutting down one by one. As they all seemed to collect a portion of the burden of holding Erohim Soul. But there was not enough, even if he had a hundred more consciousness pillars, it would not be enough.

With the addition of the new stream of souls, his sixteenth consciousness pillar was formed, but that was like spitting into an inferno, but Rowan was glad for every bit of advantage he could get.

It was now a race to fully consume the fragment of Erohim Soul he had, so he could harvest more consciousness pillars and hold back his hibernation for as long as possible.

"It doesn't just rain, it fu\*King pours!" Rowan growled and began hurrying to make his moves. He would have to show more of his hands than he was willing to, but there was no more time.

"Why do I always fall into these traps of time?"

He had to make many moves in a fraction of time that he expected to be making in a couple of hours or even days because going by how long it was taking his remaining consciousness to fall asleep, he barely had ten minutes!

"Time to do the impossible, fuse all your plans for the next three days into ten minutes. But that's... It is impossible! Too many factors can go wrong, and I will be using a tool that I am not too familiar with, I can make mistakes, wrong calculations, I can... I can do it! Every mistake would be accounted for, every calculation would be precise, every unknown factor would be adjusted for because I am so much more than even I could ever understand, and there are no enemies or situations I can't overcome!"

Rowan closed his eyes. He had to believe in his self, he had to trust his omnipotence to accomplish the impossible. He had just slain a god and he was at the First Circle! Everyone would say that feat was impossible, yet he did it, what should be impossible for others, for him was just another Tuesday.

He had to believe that!

At this time, Rowan first consciousness fell asleep, he commenced putting together his actions.

He had to use all his advantages of being in many places at once, and the fact that his Berserker Clones and Angels could act autonomously outside his direct control because he would need them to finish what he was going to start.

He would have to trust in his abilities like never before. His perception went acute as time seemed to slow down to a crawl, in this unique time frame you could observe his surrounding began to shudder and the space around him started screaming in protest as Rowan began to create

Rowan first created a Berserker Clone and sent it inside the crumbling Divine Kingdom, he created another and sent it towards the fallen dragon Vraegar, he sent another towards the head of the fallen god, and then he triggered Eruption, channeling all the power into strength and blasting the chains apart and then he moved into the crumbling Divine Kingdom of Erohim.

He smiled as he remembered a word game he used during his life as a child in his previous world, "One Mississippi. Two Mississippi...." Time was ticking. He would not be holding back.

## **Chapter 277: Taming The Dragon**

A Berserker Clone appeared before the weakened dragon, who was on the verge of merging into the shadows, Vraegar must have decided to flee and seek to heal in someplace else. The wounds of the dragon had stopped erupting not because the technique had run its course, but Vraegar's vitality had been stretched until it was broken.

Rowan stretched forth his hand and an invisible, gigantic telekinetic hand grabbed Vraegar. He also incorporated his Smash Technique into the hand, and with its inclusion he created a gigantic hand that appeared to be made of flowing blood.

His Knowledge Well was working overtime, and with every passing second, all his techniques were witnessing visible improvements as it continually deduce all of Rowan techniques he only had to apply it in order to verify the deductions of his Knowledge Well.

Of course, this all depended on a stable and powerful energy source, which was his Aether and unfortunately, he could only allocate ten percent of his total Aether to Knowledge Well at this time, and it was a shame that Knowledge Well could only accept his Aether and not his Vitality, the same way that Astrolabe was able to.

With the increase in his Avatar of Eve bloodline level to Incarnation, it had strengthened his Telekinesis Field once more. Even though he was exerting the force through a Berserker Clone, thereby weakening it by a large amount, it was still enough to seize it by the neck and drag it away from the shadow, slamming the dragon back to the ground with a loud rumble which was topped by the pained scream from Vraegar.

His Palace of Ice was still growing even with the diamond-like covering over it and Eve was curled up in the ground beside his throne moaning in pain, he did not include her in his plans but expected that when she finished evolving with his bloodline to the Peak of Incarnation, she would definitely be a great help to him because she was his backup!

At this time, he was nearly 223,000 Soul Points into the bloodline and he was halfway to its completion. Rowan's body had stopped shrinking, perhaps due to the pressure on his Palace of Ice by the god's Soul he was not upgrading his bloodline at a fast enough speed, and the devouring of his Ouroboros Serpents and his bloodline upgrades seemed to reach an equilibrium and therefore he still maintained the same size.

Vraegar growled as black blood poured from his mouth, he turned to look at Rowan. hate and despair in equal measures colored the dragon's gaze, "Well played father, you have used the hands of another to solve the problems you are too weak to resolve. Don't expect me to beg for your.... Wait! What are you doing?"

If this were another time, Rowan would have sought to discuss with this Dragon, and glean whether it could be of use to him or not, maybe he would have tried to convince the Dragon to come with him because Rowan felt that Vraegar was the pinnacle among all the creatures borne from his flesh, and he would be willing to see how far this dragon could go.

He was not a murderous psychopath who craved power for power's sake, he was just an unwilling player in a game in which he could hardly comprehend the stakes.



Aware of his ticking time, he used the features of Knowledge Well and his Empyrean Sight to deeply scan through the body of Vraegar, who in its weakened state, had no way to defend against that move.

As if he was peeling an onion to get to the insides, the dragon's body was being opened to his scrutiny, as he peered beyond his scales and his muscles and bones to know all the secrets of its make-up. Vraegar body unconsciously shuddered at that intense violation.

Knowledge well showed him the center of Vraegar's bloodline which was his heart, and deep inside the heart of Vraegar was a bone in the shape of a sleeping infant—This was Rowan's finger bone that had been transformed by the power of his bloodline.

The hand of blood penetrated through the massive holes in Vraegar's body and wrapped around the finger bone, and Rowan began to pull.

"Stop it.... AAHHHH!!!" If the cries of Vraegar before was a whimper, now it was a full on scream as the dragon went mad with pain. It suddenly turned around and tried attacking the clone using a biting lunge as if it was a blood lusted shark, and Rowan's clone dodged it by using Dash, the Berserker technique, making him appears to teleport around the body of the dragon.

"Enough!" Rowan's eyes went cold as he sacrificed his left arm, using a technique similar to Eruption and pushed all the power generated into his telekinetic energy, tripling the force he exerted in an instant.

The shock and pain his actions caused made the body of Vraegar to seize and he began to convulse as blood poured from every hole in his body like a waterfall.

The Finger Bone began to shift and finally started to move away from the heart of the dragon. This seemed to cause the dragon so much pain, its mouth was opened in a silent cry as its eyes bulged out from their sockets and he wept blood.

When it seemed Vraegar had been pushed to the limits of pain his body could ever withstand, suddenly the eyes of the dragon below went cold as a familiar sensation emanated from his body, that was similar to those of Rowan, it was the small portion of its Empyrean blood that was beginning to rebel.

In its short span of life, Vraegar had lived as a conqueror, yet this last few moments of its life was testing it beyond what it could have ever imagined, and the madness inside an Empyrean blood began to arise.

With a roar of rage that came from the Dragon that was different from any other it had made in its entire life. This was its first roar as an Empyrean, and the sound of it was both hypnotic and terrifying.

## Chapter 278: Taming The Dragon (2)

Rowan discovered the heart suddenly became very resistant, as if the dragon was pouring every bit of energy and life force into the organ to reinforce it.

Rowan frowned; he had no time to waste on being subtle, even though he was currently performing many actions at the same time, and he could technically spend the ten minutes he had left on each task, he could never let himself such slight wriggle room.

With a pained grunt Rowan exploded both his legs and a greater part of his torso, leaving only his right arm, his head, and part of his chest.

The wave of power it created was enough to empower his technique to the extent that it was able to tear through the heart of the dragon, and its chest exploded to reveal the finger bone, around it was the remaining portion of Vraeger's heart that clung to it, like bloody tentacles.

The dragon gasped in shock and pain, yet his eyes were still cold, even in its end, it would never give up. "Don't you...dare take my heart. It's my birthright."

Rowan did not reply, he simply manifested a blade by his side, and he sent it towards the strings of the dragon's heart holding the finger bone, and he sliced through it.

He had to really push his power through the blade for him to cut through the gristle, and all through his grisly task the dragon growled and cursed at him too weak to retaliate. Vraegar gave a long angry roar that sapped the last of its strength and it laid down to die.

Soon the finger bone floated by his side, it was white with streaks of black veins around it, Rowan could clearly see the features of the baby and it resembled him, down to the tiny fingers and toes. It curled around itself as if it was sleeping.

His Knowledge Well began to analyze it, but he could instantly sense the power of the Scion of Darkness bloodline inside of it, he turned around and was about to call on the Astrolabe to convey him back to his main body when the dragon weakly said, "wait... father!"

A smile quickly flashed through Rowan's face, but Vraegar was unable to see it. When Rowan turned, his visage was stern and his eyes filled with apathy, "Is there something you want, animal?"

Vraegar's look of despondency transformed into anger and he shouted with every bit of power left in his broken body, "I am not an 'it', but a 'he!' I am Vraegar, your firstborn,

taken from your flesh as surely as a fruit is taken from a tree, and you would leave me here to die?"

Rowan's eyes began to blaze with a bloody flame as if he was at the end of his patience, "I have no time for your childish tantrum, and you are not worthy of my recognition, what you are to me, was nothing but power stolen. Now it has returned back to my hands."

"Yet I have earned that power, father. For all my brothers and sisters, I alone proved to be the best, I plotted, and I fought until I was the only one left! I deserve life!"

"You deserve nothing! You say you are of my seed, and yet here you are begging for your life, fleeing when you're overpowered is normal, but you are at the peak of the third circle while your enemy is at the second! For the mere fact that not only did you not lose, you ran in despair is an affront to my blood! As if that is not enough, at the last moments of your pathetic existence, you... beg. How can you have the face to speak before me without shame and tell me you deserve my power!"

Vraegar eyes widened, his eyes were becoming dim with the indication of death that drew ever closer to him, and then the hint of aggression came back as his Empyrean nature fought for him, "If I'm such a lousy son, it is because I had no one to teach me! I am three months old! All I have I took for myself, you left no memories for me, no inheritance, nothing. How dare you accuse me of my failure when you gave me nothing!"

"Death, I see, clouds your memories' child. You are nothing but power stolen. Yet even with my blood in you, what is the result?"

Rowan turned to leave, but a weak voice spoke, "then let me prove my worth under your nurturing, father. Give me a chance to live up to your expectations, to prove to you that I'm worthy to hold your blood, and I swear on my name from this moment until the stars burn to ash, that I shall never bow before any enemy again. Let me regain my honor before your sight."

Rowan's eyes went cold, "Choose your next words wisely because know this to be the truth, if you let down my blood, and do not live to the standards of the honor given you, then you shall wish with every single part of your body and soul that you should have died here. For even in death, your torture will never end. Look into my eyes, child and know this to be true!"

Vraeger's weak gaze turned to Rowans and then, like a moth to a flame, he saw a glimpse of the monster that was his father, he would never forget this sight for as long as he lived, for how could he? He had stared into the abyss, and the abyss not only stared back, it came to dwell on his soul.

Vraegar saw a body of space vast beyond imagining, he had never seen the true scale of the universe before, or he would have recognized this space he was seeing was a million times more massive than any universe.

This entire space was dead, and above it a grim monstrosity with countless arms and eyes and massive tentacles that stretched forth over all creation.

The monstrosity presided over the countless dead universes, beneath his feet were countless thrones, countless worlds and countless powers who bowed in worship and behind him was an unfathomable number of creatures that shone so bright they put every light since the birth of the universe to shame, and together they hailed him, and their voices shattered all things....

## **Chapter 279: Taming The Dragon (final)**

It took everything from Vraegar to draw his eyes away from Rowans.

The vision... Everything he had seen nearly drove him mad, and for a brief moment, he thought death would be a better option than being in service to his father, but the stubborn trait of an Emyrean stayed with him, and that thought brought him shame.

If I am of the same blood as my father, then I have the potential to become something as dreadful and magnificent as that figure, Vraegar thought to himself. The fear of Rowan had infected deep into his every cell, but it no longer brought him closer to madness.

Instead, through that fear, a new emotion was born into his heart, and that emotion was adoration. If there was to be anything to be worshiped in this world, should it not be power? Who else was more worthy?

"Let me worship... Ender of all things."

Rowan's eyes softened, "then I shall give you a chance to get back more than what you have lost, and the price of your loyalty would be power!"

From the finger bone, Rowan began drawing out all the streaks of darkness away from it.

It was easier than he expected because the bloodline source recognized him as the owner, and returned to him willingly.

The surrounding began to freeze with a black ice, but with the Purple Black Aether that Rowan currently controlled, this amount of frost was negligible.

In a few moments, he held a hovering ball of darkness in his hand and the finger bone was now different, it was white with golden streaks on it, and its weight had noticeably increased.

Rowan looked at the dragon one more time, "Every new beginning comes from some other beginning's end. Your time as a Scion of Darkness is at an end, and from it a new beginning for you would be forged. Do not despair for what you have lost, but rejoice for the eternity you have been given in its stead."

He sent the finger bone into the dragon's chest, and the remaining of its dying heart wrapped around it, a bloodline pulse that cracked the ground for miles around erupted from the dragon's body and his massive mountain-like body began to collapse and feed into his heart.

It would take some time to finish and so to accelerate the process and give the dragon a more magnificent foundation, Rowan sent twelve drops of his blood over to the shrinking body of the dragon and the change accelerated.

The enormous body of the dragon shrank to a single brown egg the size of a cart, before the egg began to crack and then collapse into ash.

"Rise... Vraegar."

A newborn shook himself from the detritus of his fading shell, and a scaled foot tipped with wicked sharp claws emerged. A bone white dragon with a golden streak down his spine emerged, and he let out a dragon's roar while beating his dragon's wings to gain lift and hover above the ground.

Or at least he tried to. Vraegar's size had diminished from the mountain size he was previously at, to a small dragon whelp, the size of a cat. It had transformed from a mountain of destruction to an almost cute dragon that sparkled in the red haze of the world shrouded in raining ash and blood.

The power emanating from his body was no longer at the third circle, but all the way down to the first, precisely at the peak of the Rift State. It would seem as such a great loss, but that was only looking at things superficially, for Vraegar was now a true Nascent Empyrean without any corruption from the Scion of Darkness bloodline.

One of the major reasons Fury technique could thoroughly destroy Vraegars body was because of the Scion of Darkness bloodline that infused it. The dragon's power had mostly depended on this bloodline as he had chosen it because it was a quick route to power, and with Rowans Empyrean blood inside his veins, he had quickly ascended through the ranks, but against the true powerhouses of the universe, the Scion of Darkness bloodline was too weak to match them.

Also, Vraegar did not use this bloodline to battle the way it was intended to be used. This bloodline uses the tactics of commanding a considerable number of subordinates or summons and not on direct battle.

Rowan had no idea the sort of bloodline abilities Fury had, but Scion of Darkness should still be a close match to it. The powerful body granted to the dragon due to his Empyrean nature made it careless, and he challenged Fury without calling on the millions of lives it had enslaved in his shadow realm.

Vraegar saw that he was more powerful than Fury with an entire great circle; he became complacent, before he could truly call on the full might of his armies it was already too late. Fury had burned to ash all the summons he had gathered in his realm, and it was thanks to Vraegar's impressive constitution that he managed to survive for so long.

Rowan quickly collected all this information from Vraegar including the details of the battle with Fury using their bloodline collection. His consciousness went into overdrive as he analyzed the powers that Fury commanded. His appearance at the peak of the second circle was deceiving, disregarding his Soul Power, the entire body of the man was filled with Spirit beings that was at least at the third great circle.

Fury was a summoner!

His abilities were heaven-defying, for he commanded spiritual beings that were a full great circle ahead of his current power levels, and the number of spiritual beings he had was not a small number at all. Except for a heretical being like Rowan who had more ridiculous abilities, the ability shown by Fury would have been seen as the most powerful.

If he had been born as a normal Dominator and ascended the ranks from a mortal, he would still have no equal because at the mortal state, he would be controlling spirits at the second circle!

It was horrifying to consider that sort of power in the hands of a mortal, but Fury was a living example. No wonder he grew to be so arrogant, who else would be ever able to challenge this man, when his power levels were constantly an entire realm above his present level.

Even Rowan would not be his match in the mortal state!

## **Chapter 280: Envy and Lady**

Vraegar may have lost most of his powers as a Scion of Darkness, yet, he was not displeased by this new form, far from it. The sheer power that he could feel flowing in

his veins was intoxicating and different from anything he had ever known because there was a factor inside his body he had never felt before, it was endless potential.

Rowan had never known the feeling of having a shackle when he was ascending, he simply broke through every single power levels with no indication that there was any barrier stopping him, but that was not the same thing for every other creature, including someone like Fury.

There was always a shackle holding back an individual who wished to grow more powerful, and depending on each person, it may be as easy as piercing through a water bubble or breaking through a mountain, in simpler terms, it was the potential of an individual.

Vraegar had felt that barrier, even though it was incredibly easy for him to break through it, but it was there and as he grew stronger, the barrier he had to break through increased as well, because he was reaching the limit of his potential, but now that limit seemed to be nonexistent, or perhaps it was so high, it was quite impossible for him to know where it even started.

His body at the Rift State was almost as powerful as his body when he was in the Spirit Territory realm in the second Circle. He flapped his tiny wings that sparkled and began to laugh, disregarding the childish voice that emerged from his throat.

It was a joyful sound of a newly born Empyrean and the rain of blood that poured from the sky began to transform into red crystals that sparkled like diamonds hundreds of miles around Vraegar, and Rowan let the little dragon revel in its new form for a while.

Vraegar did not fly too high and he returned, but before it could begin making sounds of appreciation toward his father, Rowan sent it to the convoy, and when the bright light that denoted the Astrolabe being used came to an end around him.

Rowan sighed and looked at the devastated world around him with regrets, he now truly understood why power beyond the first great circle was banned from every minor world, the disaster such powers could inflict on them was unfathomable. The cost of life was mind-numbing.

He closed his eyes as another consciousness pillar went to sleep. What was left of his Berserker Clone faded into the breeze and the rain of blood covered it up, as in the wave of blood began to cover the entire earth.

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The other Berserker Clone arrived at the head of Erohim, and his Empyrean sense alongside his Knowledge well covered the giant head resting on the floor, and immediately his knowledge well began pulling an enormous amount of data from the

skull, but there was always one prominent addition to the collected data, which was the presence of a growing danger.

The sense of danger it was presenting was chaotic, as if mixed with many different elements it was trying to resolve and Rowan's lack of information about the world was a crutch, but he was quickly closing that gap, and soon he would have true Omniscience.

Rowan was feeling disturbed by the sensation of danger still emanating from the god Erohim, even now that it lay dead before him.

A thought occurred to him. "isn't it more likely that Erohim would not fully die unless the last of his Divine Kingdom was consumed and until the last of his worshipers fade away? Even without his soul, were there still some parts of the god that were left?"

Using the Prince of Destruction Ohrox as an example, even after he was deemed thoroughly destroyed by the gods of Trion, there was still a possibility for his resurrection. The immortality of godlike beings was not a simple phenomenon and there were many factors that were involved to make putting anyone of them down permanently was a pain.

Although Rowan did not know if his devouring of Erohim Soul was enough to permanently kill the god, nevertheless he would bet there was no better option, and his bloodline was truly the bane of everything that was immortal. Maybe as an individual grows more powerful, they might begin to depend less on their soul, but if Rowan Were a betting man, he would bet on the opposite, that is, you would have to depend more on your soul than ever, the stronger you became.

Even if there were other options for Erohim to resurrect, he was not too worried about the few tens of thousands left that still worship Erohim, they were not enough, and if they grew to a sizable number to potentially resurrect the god in the far distant future, then Rowan would either be far more powerful that he would be able to snuff gods away with a single hand, or he would be dead.

He created another Berserker Clone and sent it over to collect back Envy, as the weapon was beginning to sulk. It had participated in the killing strike, but it wanted to be the one to finish off the god. He also collected Lady, as Rowan decided to keep the name of the Soul Killing blade of Dorian.

This weapon was similar to Envy, if he wanted to classify weapons such as these with extremely special effects, he would call them god class weapons, which should not be an overstatement because as far as he knew, these weapons were sentient.

Apart from these two weapons he had collected he had not seen their like in all the loot he had already taken from Jarkarr. The Spatial Storage he collected from the two governors had many powerful weapons, but none like these two.



They both seemed to have potential that could still be drawn on and developed, and Rowan was sure that weapons such as these should be really rare to find, and the fact that he had two of them was outstanding.

The Berserker Clone could hardly withstand the pressure of holding Envy and Lady, but Rowan soon collected both weapons with the Astrolabe before the Clone disintegrated.