

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 28: Hunting Trails

The growth of his stats had doubled! The first hundred points he placed into Ouroboros netted him ten points in Constitution, pushing that stat into legendary, and giving him five points in both Strength and Agility.

Now for every hundred points he used, he got twenty points in constitution, and ten in both agility and strength pushing his overall stats into legendary.

By all manner of speaking, he would be judged a legendary being, but he alone knew he was still in the Mortal State, he was still in the first state of change and his bloodline had not traversed to the next state, but his stats growth was unreasonable.

Leaving only four points of soul remaining he poured the remaining 290 points into Ouroboros and endured his body breaking and rearranging itself, his muscles grew and compacted and his weight increased but not as much as he thought.

He chalked the reason to his growing Agility, for as this stat grew he felt a cool wind blowing through his veins, that seemed to be aiding every movement of his body.

His growing strength felt like he had ice moving through his muscles, ligaments, and tendons while his Constitution felt like lava flowing through his bones.

he looked at his current stats and basked in their growth, he had made progress.

Yeah, I am no longer a fodder.

The Primordial Record must have agreed with him for it upgraded his overall remark

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength: 45.7

Agility: 44.9

Constitution: 92.4

Spirit: 47.9

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Aspect: Spatial Sight ( Tier 1)

Skill: (None)

Passive: Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 4)

Records:

?????? ?????????????? ????????????????????? [ATAVISM]- level 0 [490/3000]

????????? ?????????????????? – level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point:4 .4382

Remark: Divine Runt

Rowan had no benchmark to test how powerful he was now. According to what he knew from the Primordial Record, the Mortal state stat fell between 1–10. Above that was Legendary, which fell between 10–100, and above that was the Rift State which was between 100–1000.

His constitution was nearly at the peak of legendary and his Strength, Spirit and Agility were nothing to scoff at. For the first time since he arrived at this world he no longer felt helpless.

He squeezed his hands into a fist, his spatial sight tearing across the laboratory as the very air around him was seething. His bloodline growth produced great heat and he just noticed a glowing circle on the floor that was now cooling.

Alongside it were cracks on the floor when his hearts synced, he was beginning to unknowingly affect the world around him.

On his shell there were now two golden tattoos of a snake swallowing its tail, they encircled his body from his chest to his back as if he had two golden rings around his body, the tattoo felt more lifelike as the scales on the snake had impressive definition. Beneath the two tattoos was a faint third one, and he had an awful premonition about it's meaning.

His shell had become slightly darker and he was sure it's defensive properties had thickened. He had not grown taller, but he was far more muscular, not as much as he expected, but now he looked like a healthy young man of twenty, who had a fetish for

wearing skin-tight cover-all, that showed every line of muscles on his body with impeccable detail.

Rowan did not know if it was an effect of his Constitution but his head felt clearer than ever and his Spatial sight had a more richer depth to it, which was a good thing for it would surely help him to find his maid.

With his Spatial sight and increased Spirit he noticed many new things about the world, one of them was Aura. Everyone he had come across had a distinct aura that his spatial sight interpreted as colors as well as smell.

For a particular house, help had an aura of yellow sunshine and smelled like roses, and another had an aura of dark purple and smelled of rot. Rowan could not interpret what he saw, but he felt that the individual must be unhealthy.

Auras usually lingered long after their owner had gone by, so they left a trail, also he did not know how long they lasted but the manor had many trails of Aura leading to different locations, and he was going to take advantage of this trait to locate Maeve.

Of course, he could ask around for the location of Maeve from the house helpers but her disappearance was suspicious, he would rather use this circumspect method to find her.

Rowan went deeper into the laboratory, as only he and Maeve were supposed to be the ones that should have access to this place, his suspicions paid off as he immediately noticed three sets of Aura.

One was dirty yellow and smelled of rot and dampness, which should be the Abomination, the other was greenish gold and smelled like green fields that were Maeve, and the third was intensely foul.

Rowan could not accurately describe the color but it was like a cluster of rotten maggots, and the Aura sickened him, but he found the Aura familiar, and with his massive Spirit that intuition was not to be taken likely, he probably knew who had this Aura.

More troubling was the fact that this Aura was fresh, the person most likely came into his lab when he went out looking for Maeve.

He could not detect his own Aura, but he suspected that his shell blocked his Aura from manifesting.

Keeping the foul Aura in mind, he began to trace Maeve's own, while hurriedly donning an expansive black robe, he followed the trail around his manor.

He began seeing the application of his new stats. If he was a snail before, now he was a gazelle, Agility did not only improve his speed and coordination, but it almost seemed to slow down time around him.

It was a weird sensation, but it should be related to the Legendary quirk that Agility brought when it surpassed ten points which was Quicksilver.

Rowan became a wraith inside his mansion, his strength, Agility, and Spirit creating a profound synergy in his overall ability and he followed Maeve's trail all over the manor.

The trail led him to the guest library, and he felt a frown begin to grow on his face when he noticed that foul Aura near Maeve's own. This Aura was very strange it seemed to appear at different locations with no visible trails.

The Aura enclosed maeves and then both of the Auras vanished. Was she kidnapped?

Rowan knew his instincts were not wrong. She had been taken. He gave a huff and pushed his spatial sight around him, sweeping the entire manor and he began scouring the grounds, his sight detected the foul Aura in the stables and he took off after it.

He appeared on the roof of the stables and swept his sight inside, and he saw a grim sight, all the horses were dead, something or someone had gnawed away at their necks and bellies leaving long trails of intestines and heads attached to the body by thin strands of flesh.

Rowan was not yet desensitized to gore, and he found this sight appalling, especially when it seemed like the horses were grinning.

Coated on the body of the horses were the foul Aura, and Rowan knew he just missed whomever committed this act because his soul point increased to ten when he entered the stables meaning he had just collected the fragments of the horse's soul.

He had never stopped scanning the surrounding area and was rewarded when he caught a smear of the foul Aura in the direction of Calcutta—His town.

His sight turned to it, knowing this was going to be his next destination, he hoped that Maeve would be alright, as he did not see her body among the dead, and before he did, he was not writing her off. He could not afford to.