

The Primordial Record

Chapter 281: Source Of The Hidden Danger

The Berserker Clone that was left walked up to the head of Erohim. With his death, the head was beginning to crumble to dust, as the skin cracked and withered away before his eyes, revealing bones underneath.

It was then that Rowan saw the true desecration that had been done to Erohim. The skull of the god was a strange sight as it also had four gaping holes for eyes, two nostrils and two mouths, but that was not almost as interesting as what had been done to the skull when its owner was still alive.

Deep holes and gouges filled the skull, as if someone had used a saw to scrape throughout the bones of the god and harvested ninety-nine percent of it, leaving just the frame behind, the deep wounds showed his marrow had been drained away, leaving nothing behind but dust and only the remains of alchemical devices used for this dastardly acts were left.

The reason he was able to kill the god with a single strike even though he used a Divine Weapon was due to the extremely depleted nature of the god.

His Knowledge Well revealed the truth, Erohim was nothing but a shell, he had been hollowed out and taken apart for every bit he was worth, and his life had been left hanging on a thread in order to harvest himself and his people for eternity.

Rowan recalled his reading about the houses and the gods of Trion, and it was said Boreas was the most benevolent of all the gods. If this was the actions of the most benevolent, what catastrophe was the worst of them capable of?

Any sense of fulfillment he might have felt for killing a god disappeared, even his bloodline agreed, there was nothing noble or victorious in killing someone who had been reduced to such a state. If he was ever to become something like this, Rowan did not know if he would want to continue living or would wish for someone else to end his pain.

His Knowledge Well was still blaring out the warning of a source of danger, and now Rowan realized that the source of danger was not coming from the skull of Erohim, but from something inside of it.

Stretching forth his hand, he activated Bash dozens of times and a gigantic bloody palm manifested in front of him and he sent it towards the skull, at precisely the moment of contact, he activated smash on the bloody palm another dozens of times. This merger of the technique at the exact moment they touched the skull multiplied the power of the

move three times over, such a delicate use of his powers was another benefit of Knowledge Well, and with a loud crack, the skull of Erohim split in two, revealing what was inside.

Rowan was baffled at first by what he was catching sight of because it was covered by something that was moving and appeared to be alive, but when he understood what he was looking at, his eyes widened, and he took a step back in shock.

So this was where it had been kept. It did not take long to understand it was common sense for something like this to be here.

An investment as valuable as Erohim should not be kept unprotected after all, even though technically, it should take a power of at least the fourth circle to kill him or the peak of the third circle to kill him, and such powerful people were all closely monitored leaving someone as deceptively powerful as Rowan to have an opportunity to kill the weakened god.

The ultimate failsafe was here all along in case of such eventualities, but by some reason it had failed to activate.

An Anima of a god was inside the skull of Erohim!

It was of a man wearing a regal palace attire, around his head was most likely this was Boreas. Rowan finally saw the source of his mounting dread, of course, there would be no way for this world and its god to be left without any protection; it was a valuable asset to the Boreas Family.

Yet, Rowan was not too alarmed because there was no activity from the anima even through all the events that had happened and also because of what was covering the Anima.

It resembled a bunch of green tentacles that appeared to be alive, and they pulsed and made weird sucking noises, and as he observed it, a large green eye with black pupils opened in the center mass of the tentacles and turned to observe him for a moment back before closing back up.

Whatever this creature was, it was sentient and possessed a very malicious will, that gaze would have easily killed a first circle Dominator.

White pus flowed from the ends of the tentacle, which also serves as another form of wrapping over the Anima of Boreas.

Rowan Knowledge Well gave him a surprising result when he used it to investigate the creature shielding Boreas Anima.

He was surprised to discover he was familiar with the tentacle creature, more precisely, it was the energy it was emitting which was Demonic. He had become familiar with such energy signatures because he had been possessing an Anima of a Demon Prince using his Origin Treasure, although the Demonic Energy he had sensed from the Demon Prince were miles above more potent than this creature, they were all similar.

"Erohim you naughty god, so you were playing on more than one field." it made sense that Erohim had been looking for other ways to escape his torture. He must have created a bargain with a Demon, and yet it was his actions that ultimately led to his damnation or, looking at it from another perspective, his salvation.

He was sure the god realized that cooperating with Demons would not lead him to a good end either and he must have been in between a rock and a hard place, and the choices he made were borne from desperation and madness.

Rowan muttered to himself, "This is always the price of weakness, your actions are not of your will, and you are a puppet in the hands of the powerful. Even a god is not safe. Keep this lesson close to your heart, anytime you judge your actions as being too extreme."

Chapter 282: The Divine Palace

Rowan scrutinized the pulsating tentacles and noticed that the white pus like substance it was secreting was reducing in volume and the tentacle was beginning to shrink, perhaps whatever methods the god was using to nourish the tentacle was now gone with his death, and now it would soon disperse.

When it did and this creature died, then the gaze of Boreas would be unleashed on this world. Knowing the state of Erohim when Rowan killed him, and the very fact that his first confrontation with a god barely lasted a fraction of a second, yet he was still feeling the effects even until this moment, he knew that even a god at full power was not something he could touch.

This was bad news. Rowan did not panic, after all this time, the presence of death was concerning to him, but it did not bother him, but he took his time to evaluate the rate of the tentacle creature's depletion and realized it would take at least an hour before it was all gone.

That was enough time, he intended to be far away from the planet in ten minutes.

The real question, however, was: What was Erohim hiding from the Boreas Family that was severe enough to cooperate with the number-one enemies of the gods? Why would the Demons care about a god on the verge of death anyway?

Rowan's eyes lit it. All roads pointed to the crumbling Divine Kingdom, it was the last safe harbor for the god, and whatever secrets that he was hiding would be there. He had already traveled every part of this world, and even its moons had nothing of value that he could find.

Before he left, Rowan looked around the place, the skull of the god had been scrapped until there was hardly anything left, it no longer had any value, or so he thought, but his Knowledge Well was discovering hundreds of unknown materials and energies inside the skull.

There were the tiniest fragments that were left behind of Erohim's true might, it would serve as a valuable source of information and power to him, when it was analyzed and understood, also the Spike used to pierce through the head of Erohim was made from an exceptional material.

He collected all that, also leaving the Anima behind, even though he was tempted to slice a part of, but he would rather not awaken the god in advance.

This Berserker Clone faded away as another consciousness went to sleep. It was time for battle.

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The moment Fury stepped into the fallen god Divine Kingdom, he was astonished by how bereft it was. There was hardly any trace of any Divine Force, even the size of it was so small, it was clear that the Bacchus Family had plundered this god even beyond the edge of death, and only its inherent divinity kept him alive.

Fury knew nothing was more insulting to a god than desecrating their Divine Kingdom, and they would be blood enemies to whomever goes against their sanctity. Whatever happened here had gone beyond the extent of just desecration, this was plunder.

Fury smirked, "To the winner goes the spoils."

The only thing noteworthy about this Divine Kingdom was the weak sensation of an Aura Field that had been merged with the Divine Kingdom, it was a failed attempt to make an Aura Field, but it was still an admirable attempt by the Boreas Family, countless lives and Spirit had been merged with the Divine Kingdom over the millennia and sealed with the gods Dominion over ice.

Although Fury expected something much more violent when he entered the Divine Kingdom due to the Aura Field escaping into the universe, he was surprised about how docile the Divine Kingdom was heading towards death. Perhaps the Boreas Family failure was more severe than he thought.

Yet the minor remnants of the Aura Fields should still be very valuable to some Dominators, but it was useless to Fury, who had the entire resource of the Empire Aura Fields in his grasp, besides this was not what he came here for.

The winds of chaos had already begun eating this world and Fury began to doubt he would find any trace of a Divine Spark Nucleus down here, but then the ground bulged up as if the death of the Divine Kingdom was causing it pain and Fury gasped in amazement when he saw a long serpentine body emerge from the ground.

The long rows of crystal-like spine on its body were glinting in the fading light, and the sensation of power emanating from its form was so intense and total in its absoluteness that it left Fury stunned. Its beauty rivaled anything he had ever seen before.

"What sort of creature was that?"

His amazement had not ended, and then he saw another, and another, until there were six of them, their multiple eyes disregarded him, as they feasted on the remains of the crumbling Divine Kingdom, a massive amount of Divine earth and trees and waters rose and entered their mouths as the surrounding space quaked.

Fury's eyes had been opened to the wonders of the universe at a young age, and unlike most of his peers in the second and third great circle, Fury was someone who had walked and dined with the gods themselves, he had lived with the mythical phoenixes—Divine Beings of great power that could rival and surpassed gods, he had seen great feats of powers and creatures the size of planets, yet he had never seen anything like them before.

It was not in the sheer power and beauty of their form that enraptured Fury, it was the uncomfortable sensation of "realness" these massive serpentine creatures exuded from their every move, it was as if they were so tangible that everything around them became unreal.

They reminded him of the gods with this trait, it was of something so potent that nothing else matters. This observation distracted Fury enough that when a certain portion of the Divine Kingdom crumbled and a broken palace was revealed, it took some time for him to fully realize that the object of his desires had been revealed.

The Divine Palace of Erohim.

Chapter 283: Marked For Death

The palace of Erohim was built from an ore that resembled flowing magma, and it seemed to glow with an unending heat, as the air around the palace was warping as if under intense pressure.

There were massive statues of the god all around the place but now they were all faceless, as if the death of the god had erased his identity from the planet.

The Divine Palace of a god should be mighty, with inexhaustible legions of generals guarding the gate because inside the palace was the Divine Spark of a god. Touted by many to be among the most precious objects in the universe.

Erohim palace contained the remnants of his Divine Spark, but the palace was a far cry of what was expected from a god and a receptacle for a Divine Spark.

Fury thought his own palace was ten times more opulent, except for the size of Erohim palace which was thousands of miles in length, it had been buried deep beneath the ground, another travesty to a god, but by this point they were beyond counting the amounts of travesties committed against Erohim.

Yet, even this palace and the Divine Spark that it may contain became meaningless as Fury found something better—these magnificent creatures before him. He had seen many gods, but nothing like this before. If anyone had told him such creatures could exist outside of those fabled realms in the depths of Supreme Worlds, he would never believe it because it took a level of insight to understand the total beauty each of these creatures commanded.

Fury should know, because unlike many others, he not only sees with his eyes, he also sees with his heart.

He gasped when they suddenly attacked the Divine Palace, he wanted to call out a warning to them, even if this was the faded vestige of a god's Divine Palace, it would still have sufficient defense that could harm anyone under the realm of the gods.

The next series of events cemented the notion in his mind of acquiring these creatures.

Around the Divine Palace of a god was a sphere of protection that was intrinsic to the palace itself, carrying the traits of both offense and defense, and as the creatures attempted to attack the palace the field sprang up with a dome of orange light that also emitted an intense amount of heat.

If the presence of the field was a problem to the creatures, they showed no sign as they pushed their way through it, yet they were not unharmed, as the intense heat began melting their flesh and turning it to ash. They only gave out roars of rage and annoyance, but they did not stop, and all six of them penetrated through the orange force field and when they emerged from the other side, only their gleaming crystal bones were left.

They began regenerating their flesh so quickly that Fury became amazed, especially when he detected that none of them were above the first Great Circle. This rate of

regeneration should only be possible for Spiritual beings of the Third Circle or Corporeal beings of the Fourth Circle.

A sense of ownership erupted in his heart, his destiny was one without obstacles or shackles, and before him were Divine Creatures beyond equal and somehow the universe had placed them within his grasp when they were still weak, with his inherent bloodline ability, it was a foregone conclusion about him claiming them.

Creatures like these could not be found outside Supreme Worlds, and it was said it would be impossible to see one unless by Divine Intervention.

Fury had always wanted a crown! Every piece of adornment on his body were made from Spiritual beings of the third circle, and the reason he had not yet crafted a crown was because he was waiting for the perfect summoning in the universe. He knew he was the Divine Child of providence, and his crown should shake all of creation.

With such a crown, would he not be able to achieve the greatest wish of all the gods of Trion? Could he Fury Akranothotez Kuranos not be able to push the Empire to become a supreme world?

This was the purpose for his birth, all the providence of the entire empire had been focused on his birth, with a singular wish to make the Empire shine bright across the universe. Other men were born with lesser pursuit, but his destiny was to create an everlasting Dominion that could live beyond the end of the Universe. What greater purpose could there ever be?

He watched as the Divine Beast began consuming the palace of a god and he began to laugh, inside his heart, the flames of ambition like none other began to burn as his soul quivered, even with his calculating mind, he could not help but to think thoughts of megalomaniac,

"Yes, eat more... when I take you out of this pitiful pond and bring you to the ocean, only there will your true light be cast on all! I shall ascend the Throne of Grace and I will be a god to all."

Rowan did not know this trait about his Ouroboros Serpent, whenever they became truly angry, mystical runes begin to emerge from their bodies and paint their scales in scripts of war.

Now that script was beginning to emerge on their bodies. They had their orders however, and they focused on consumption, but from afar it was possible to see that the scripts were taking on the guise of Fury. It meant he was now marked for death.

Fury frowned as he detected the chains he bound that unruly kinsman break apart and the Spirit he kept at the gate alerted him to him crossing, and he sighed, "Let me handle this distraction first, and then I can claim my prize."

Fury turned and looked at the gate of the Divine Kingdom as his nine colored eyes blazed like the sun, but he could no longer find the presence of Rowan, and then a voice whispered by his side, "looking for me?"

Chapter 284: Peak Battle

"Three Mississippi..."

The moment Rowan stepped through the gate of the Divine Kingdom, Lady, and Envy appeared in both his left and right hands, he allocated forty percent of his Aether to Knowledge Well and reality slowed to a crawl, and the air became like metal.

Every move of his body made an unpleasant metallic grinding sound, and he could not even hear them yet, for sound was too slow.

However, he could "see" the sounds his body was making with that step, and he could taste reality as it broke apart beneath his tread as his Emyrean sense expanded until it stretched for miles around him.

He left red trails behind him, as the very particles in the air combusted due to the sheer friction he was generating because he was moving through them so fast.

With his second step, he activated Eruption at forty percent, and cracks began to slowly form all around his body, but in this new state of reality that had slowed to a crawl in his perception, the cracks would take forever to form, but the pain he was experiencing was astonishing.

It was like placing a burning match stick into your eyes, and leaving them there to slowly roast it, multiply that pain by a thousand times and then stretch it out as if it would go on forever. This pain only made the light of determination burn brighter in his eyes.

He spoke, "looking for me?" and he watched with rapt fascination as his words followed behind him, moving faster than sound because they were backed by his Emyrean might yet still slower than his body was moving.

With his third step, he activated Astrolabe and vanished with a bright flash of white light, leaving his words behind to furiously pursue him.

This was not the first time Rowan had been using the Astrolabe to move around, but due to the ridiculous speed it had, he had only used it to cross the void of space and at that time it had been instantaneous.

Now he would be doing something similar, but this time he would be using it as a method of attack. Rowan was familiar with using the Dash technique from his Berserker

Aspects, which made him move so fast that in a short range it appeared similar to teleportation.

But against someone like Fury, that would not work, because no matter how fast Berserker moved him, the path was usually linear, and it left traces that a man with an impressive Spirit like Fury would be able to see as bright as a burning flame.

Astrolabe left no fluctuations or any signs of its passage through space, and Rowan had been able to penetrate the ground and mountains with it and transport items and people without leaving any traces behind.

He saw the eyes of Fury widen in surprise as the countless Spirit beings he made to resemble his clothes detected Rowan beside him, his words reached Fury's ears just before Rowan buried Envy in his chest, driving him from the air to slam into the ground.

Rowan used Astrolabe to follow his descent, and before Fury reached the ground, he had already attacked him on the chest thirty-five times. With each hit, Fury's body went down faster, and before he had dropped beyond a hundred meters, his falling body was already moving past Mach five.

The Axe Head of Envy was glowing red-hot, as this attack had only occurred under a fraction of a second, and even with Rowan's constitution, his body was beginning to fall apart.

With the amount of force Rowan was unleashing on Fury, the ground that was about to meet them was no obstacle at all, as it could as well be made of air, and they penetrated through it until they both slammed into the barrier of space at the edge of the Divine Kingdom.

"Four Mississippi... " Everything that occurred from Rowan crossing the gate of the Divine Kingdom until he attacked Fury all took a grand total of a single second.

A few moments passed, and the full effects of Rowan's offensive actions seemed to occur at once, as everything exploded.

The sound of Rowan unleashing all that blow on Fury coupled with the amount of strength he placed into it was now able to manifest itself, and it swept through the Divine Kingdom and out into the world with a speed that surpasses the known transmission rate of sound itself.

Even the people gathered in the convoy on another Continent had to close their ears and scream in pain when the apocalyptic sounds reached them. This was the battle between godlike beings, and its effects were far-reaching and long-lasting.

The destruction to the Divine Kingdom from that blow was surprisingly minimal, except for the long tunnel that was created as Rowan and Fury disappeared into the ground,

there was not much destruction around, this was because Rowan had begun incorporating the methods Erohim used when battling him. He still had much to learn but he was getting better at it.

Rowan stood on Fury's chest and raised Envy up for another round of blow, but the air congealed around him as if it was made from syrup, Knowledge Well screamed a warning and then the world turned to a shade of white and orange, and then the pain began like a wave, his Knowledge Well informed him that Fury just exploded three Spiritual Beings at the Third Circle around his body.

A pillar of flame had been created around him from that blast, so hot, it began melting the barriers of space around the Divine Kingdom.

Rowan growled, "I am getting sick of these fu*king flames."

His skin has been vaporized, but compared to the final flames used by Erohim... This was not enough.

Fury picked himself up and dusted the small dust on his shoulders, his clothes were still spotless and he looked down at his chest and frowned. There was a long cut that tore through his robes, and he watched as seven layers of Spirit beings at the third circle faded away into nothingness.

Fury nodded to himself, "Now that's ridiculous, how..."

A screaming Axe emerged from the pillar of flame in front of him, and reburied itself in his chest, slamming him again into the barrier of space.

Chapter 285: Fury's Incarnation

The man who emerged from the pillar of flame was still whole, as if he had not escaped from a conflagration that was tens of thousands of degrees.

Rowan recalled Envy to him, and he raised his arms up again and sent another blow into Fury's chest, and the extremely annoyed Fury caught it with one hand, as he kindled a nine colored flame in another.

Whatever that flame was made off, it screamed so much danger towards Rowan that his senses nearly went blind, but then the point of a blade drove towards Fury's right eyeball.

Rowan Berserker Aspect encouraged the Dominator to always be in a state of unceasing offense, and his multiple consciousness made it possible for him to plan

many moves ahead, while taking into consideration all the various responses of his opponent, with Knowledge Well boosting that feature.

If Rowan could have a fully repaired Tower of Greed to control time, then with the assurance of knowing the entire movement of his enemy, Rowan would become like the Prince of Destruction Ohrox, no one would be his equal in battle, even if he was in a weakened position.

Panic washed through Fury's features for the briefest of moments as the point of the blade was only a few millimeters from penetrating his eyes after it pierced through dozens of his passive defenses he had all over his body while he had been focused on stopping the blows from the Axe.

Unlike Dorian who could not tell Rowan's true level and assumed Rowan was a wandering Earth god, Fury could easily tell using his Heart that Rowan was at the Rift State, not even at the peak of the first great circle, yet he had struck him with blows equal to the Third Circle, but it was not as shocking as the fact that Rowan was able to attack him, for it should be impossible.

There was one constant that made Fury the uncontested leader of the Kuran Family after the Ancestor, it was: as long as you have the Kuran blood, no son or daughter of Kuran could strike Fury without his consent. It was the boon granted to him by Kuran herself, god and Primogenitor of their bloodline.

With a loud yell of shock and anger, Fury spewed out bloodlust, for the first time in his entire life, he took someone below his Realm seriously. Fury called upon his Incarnation and transformed into a sun for thirteen seconds. This insane power vaporized a third of the Divine Kingdom.

Fury Incarnation was of a Divine Sun!

This eruption of his Incarnation shattered the spatial barrier around the Divine Kingdom, as a massive sun a million miles in size began to arise!

The shockwave and pulse of heat that was emitted by Fury began rapidly destroying the Divine Kingdom, only its tough Spatial barrier blocked the rays from reaching Jarkarr or it would have been destroyed in an instant.

Rowan barely stayed out of the range of a sun this size that appeared before him by using Astrolabe to just keep ahead of its corona, and when he appeared once more he had only a small piece of head left that was as small as a grain, but for him, that sort of injury was not worth any mention.

It should be noted that the same power that tore Vraegar apart began acting on his wounds, but he froze and destroyed the affected parts multiple times before his blood

potency was able to consume the energy ravaging it, by then he was the size of half a grain of rice.

Rowan triggered Eruption and that tiny brain glowed like a star, and it would appear as if time was going backwards as Rowan's powerful form became whole once more.

Rowan growled in anger, "I missed the memo when they began making Dominators to become this powerful. Is this guy a god?"

Rowan could not fight this person and win, not for now at least, and as his many consciousness planned his next actions, the last one tasked with observing Fury went off on a slight tangent as he observed Fury's Incarnation. Like Dorian Fury could merge with his Incarnation, and far more seamlessly too.

Moreover, it was surprising to Rowan that until he came to this new life of his, he had always thought the sun was yellow, which was very incorrect. The sun was white as it was also a star, but atmospheric dust and cloud coverings can often change the visible spectrum of light perceived from the ground.

Fury's sun, however, was nine colored!

It had the normal rainbow colors of Red, orange, yellow, green, blue, indigo, violet, but it also had white and black added too.

On the surface of the sun, two lidless eyes opened that were thousands of miles wide and his eyeballs contained faces, millions of faces of men, women and children, and they all looked at Rowan, and he detected the will of Fury from all of them, what was also noteworthy however was that the faces were made from flesh and blood, he could even see the veins beneath their skin.

Their mouths opened and with one voice they roared, it was like a million crashes of thunder, it was heard all around the world and far into space, it shook the foundations of Jarkarr, and the planet began falling apart, the second moon exploded, leaving only one moon behind, the voice also propagated a great heat that began eating away at the planet.

"That was a great strike, Rowan, child of Kuran, it was bold but foolish, and here I thought you had wisdom."

Such words were meaningless to Rowan, yet his eyes widened at the power of Fury Incarnation, it was quite different from anything he had seen before, and far beyond what he thought Dominators were capable of.

He would have died the instant Fury erupted with his Incarnation as his energy also entered Rowan Mental Space, but the surprising hardness of the diamond like shell

around his Palace of Ice totally repelled the flames, this was a fantastic source of defense except it was placing him in a state of hibernation soon.

Rowan sighed, This man was indeed worthy of being compared to an Empyrean, and he was also a wise combatant. If he had not gone all out and brought out the big guns, then it would be very possible for Rowan to have killed him in a few more moves.

Chapter 286: Seed of Dream

Fury was not arrogant when it came to matters of battle, and at the first sign that Rowan was a dangerous opponent, he had unleashed his Incarnation.

This was among the primary responses from Fury when he began to consider an opponent a worthy challenge. This was bad news for Rowan.

Rowan was amazed by the reaction of Fury, and he instantly took his estimation of this man to a higher level, the reason he could easily kill Dorian was his inherent arrogance, but Fury was a thousand times stronger than Dorian but the moment he felt that Rowan had a slight chance of killing him, he immediately retaliated with powerful moves, disregarding their differences in power.

Fury's voice brought about a wave of heat and light that was now slowly piercing through the Divine Kingdom and reaching outside to the planet, it destroyed the rain of blood and ash and Jarkarr began to burn, as the part nearest to the Divine Kingdom which was the third continent Krakow began to disintegrate, making Jarkarr resemble an orange with a part of it sliced off.

There was no way this planet would be able to take this amount of heat for long before it was destroyed. The many faces began to speak,

"I can crush Third Circle Dominators, and I have battled the Fourth Great Circle, and this is the first time I have been exposed to danger by someone below my Realm."

"There is a first time for everything, I suppose." Rowan said as he smiled at Fury, "hey, I left something behind, why don't you check inside you before it..."

A rumble escaped from inside Fury's Incarnation as a black spot began growing inside the sun, it was Rowan purple black Aether that had been upgraded to the peak of the first circle! "... Explodes!"

The current freezing effect of his Aether was at least seven times more powerful than when it was at the Rift State, and with the amount he had placed inside before escaping was a whopping 563,000 grains of Aether.

Rowan had created seven Berserker Clones and stuffed them with as much Aether as he could hold, it was going to be his third wave of offense and with it, he would have pulled Fury into his rhythm and slowly place him in the position he wanted, but Fury did not make that plan work, and even though the explosion was powerful even freezing thousands of miles of Fury's Incarnation, it ended up a failure.

If it had caused Fury any damage at all, he showed no indication, the tendrils of Rowan Emyrean sense was being destroyed before it could approach the corona of the sun.

The expression on the millions of faces in Fury eyes were surprised, and Rowan was quiet when the faces began laughing, "That was a good offensive effort. When I heard of your bounty, it interested me because I thought to myself: what son of Kuranos would be so bold to venture beyond the realm of the possible, and upset the balance, I had thought you were just a pawn in a game between the gods, a way to satisfy the need for the necessary conflicts. It is well known that to be selected for such a position is a true honor."

"That's me." Rowan said, "Always seeking to make an impression."

"Yes you did that, and more, and I also think you don't understand the full scale of what you have accomplished. You struck me! How were you able to do that? "

"Well, you see, it's not that hard. If you come out of your nine colored eggshells there I can show you again."

Fury laughed and it was a strange sight to see millions of faces laughing and speaking with one voice, "No, that's not what I meant. I am the foremost child of Trion. The world blessed me at my birth to be the seed of its dreams. No one born of the Empire, especially from the Kuranos bloodline, should be able to lay a finger on me without my permission. I am the closest thing to a god you would ever see in flesh, and regardless of all that, you have desecrated my sovereignty with little effort. You don't have the powers of a god, so it leaves only one option, you are no longer of my bloodline"

"Solid deduction, but you missed the part where I did more than place a finger on you, something you guys are always surprised when I do, why is that?"

Rowan was surprised again when it looked as if Fury was considering his words before he spoke, "I suppose tradition? No one expects an ant to be able to lift a mountain, but you did, showing me that tradition could always change."

Fury's gigantic eyes turned to the Ouroboros Serpents, "These are yours I suppose?"

The serpents were busy swallowing the faceless statues around the palace, their mouths were wide open as they concentrated on the statues because they contained more Divine power than any other thing around, Rowan controlled one of them to covertly enter into the Palace while he distracted Fury.

Whatever Fury might want must be inside the Palace and if he could get his hands on them first, it might contain enough energy for Rowan to reach the peak of Incarnation without any issues and break through to the second Great Circle.

Rowan's eyes became confused when he saw the look of desire inside the many faces of Fury and then he detected the anger and rage pouring out from the bodies of his serpents, it made him instantly understand the goal of Fury.

Whatever it was that he had wanted inside the Divine Kingdom was no longer important to him, his gaze had found Rowan's Ouroboros Serpent and that was what he yearned for.

"It's no wonder they call you Fury, I have never known my babies to become this angry towards anyone. Congratulations I suppose."

Fury laughed, "it is no surprise that because of me, they shall understand emotions they have never known, after all, I am Fury."

The way he said his name made Rowan understand there was more to it than just a title, it represented more.

- Chapter 287: Breaker

Chapter 287: Breaker

"Rowan Kuranos, there are many things happening in the outside world that you don't know about, your name has encircled the Empire and beyond. Your days are numbered."

"Is that so? You meant my bounty, right? When I told my mother I was going to be famous one day, this was not what I was expecting, I will tell you that." Rowan rubbed his chin as if he was thinking and then he said to Fury, "Oh don't worry, if that is the information you have got for me, it is outdated, and as you said, everyone knows"

The millions of faces scoffed, "like always most of you all, only see the surface of a calm sea but not the unfathomable depth it carries, if for an instant, you think your bounty by two Royal houses is as simple as you believe, then you are more ignorant than I first thought, and in principle I will have to kill you right now."

Rowan's eyes brightened, it was hard to keep the anger from his blood from erupting and coupled with the anger emanating from his serpent, it placed him in a tight position, but he still smiled and replied, "That's a little bit harsh, isn't it? After all, I am sure you have a whole organization feeding you information until you are choked full with it. You would have to excuse those like me, who have to do everything by themselves, and real truths are buried deep and finding them is harder than finding a needle in a haystack"

"Why do you think that is? I will tell you, it is because the real truth only belongs to those with the power to hold it and shape it to their will." Fury replied, and the Incarnation of the sun began to shrink, until the body of Fury appeared.

His appearance was still flawless as his white robes shone, and the red belt on his waist sparked of danger, his nine - colored eyes held mysteries, and the small smile he had on the corner of his lips showed his inexhaustible confidence he had in his abilities.

The entire time for their conversation took thirteen seconds.

At their level that was becoming closer to those of the gods, the timescale they operated on was both vast in scope and tiny in its intricacies. Where mortals would measure each moment in seconds, Rowan and Fury could do so much in a single second.

The current Agility Attributes of Rowan was enough to demonstrate just a bit about the massive difference such a change would have on an individual. There would come a time soon when Rowan should be able to stretch a single second to appear as long as a day.

Also, the most important factor was the language they were using, which was Medan. This language comprises more than just spoken words, and it could pass across intents, and if the speaker wished, he could pass across entire memories in a single moment using just a few words.

"There is much you don't know about yourself, Rowan Kuran. Let me tell you a story about your history because for a man to truly understand his place in this world, he must know where he comes from, don't you think?"

Rowan's eyes narrowed, Fury was beginning to play word games with him, regardless of what he spoke about and whatever so-called truths he professed, it must surely have hidden hooks within, he had been confident enough to tell Rowan that truth belonged to the powerful to do and shape as they wish, Rowan knew this man considered himself as the most powerful.

Nevertheless, speaking with him also bought him the time he needed, and he could also learn something new he was not formally aware of before.

Rowan replied to Fury, "I think you love the sound of your own voice, but who am I to tell you when to stop talking. I only ask that you don't bore me."

Fury frowned and that expression disappeared from his face so fast only Knowledge Well captured it, but he began to speak, "The first time your bloodline was introduced into the Royal Kuran Family was 20,000 years ago and that child had no name, he gave birth to Bardolf Kuran who gave birth to Nel Kuran who gave birth to Meru Kuran, who gave birth...."

Fury began speaking faster, as he began compressing twenty thousand years of bloodline history to Rowan, he called out every single name in Rowan's genealogy, "and finally, your father, Grigori Kuranos who gave birth to you Rowan Kuranos."

Rowan did not make any move, but his head pounded with a loud thump when he heard the name of his father, the Third Prince, like a series of snapshots, memories began to emerge from deep within his mind. Using Knowledge Well he stored them all, but he knew one thing, what he was remembering was not his memories, they were...old.

Old was the only word he could use to describe these memories, and he placed them aside as he focused on Fury because another of his consciousness just went to sleep, and he was down to nine.

Rowan was shaken as he whispered, "Why are you telling me this?"

"I tell you your history, so you understand yourself, the duty of your bloodline on the surface is of a managerial position, but underneath it is to serve something more than you can imagine. Rowan Kuranos, the duty of your bloodline variant to the family is that of a Breaker."

Fury's tone turned wistful, "The history of your family tree I just told you was just the surface and even this is very hard to find, but the position of a Breaker as your family bloodline variant is a detail that is even harder to uncover."

Fury's eyes drilled into his own, "It was by chance and careful deduction that I came across it and it lined up with another of my investigations I've been conducting."

He paused and scrutinized Rowan, "By that blank expression on your face, I can see you don't understand what I mean. By all right, I should not be telling you this, but my instincts are telling me otherwise, and so I am choosing to do so."

Inside his head Rowan thought, "I am going to kill you."

Rowan beamed at him

Chapter 288: The Ancestor Who Could Rival The Gods Of Trion

Fury paused for a short while as if organizing his thoughts, and he resumed speaking, his words were solemn, and they flowed from his mouth like a poem, "Listen closely to what I'm about to tell you, for these are secrets known to very few in the entire Empire."

"I told you of a strange man who brought the first of your bloodline to the family, that is the truth. What I did not tell you, however, is that a similar strange man, most likely the same person, introduced variants of bloodlines into every family in Trion."

"Every few thousand years, a mysterious figure brings a child to every family and the bloodline of that child is integrated into the family. It had been ongoing since the end of the Great War. Most of the bloodlines introduced are powerful, and it is one of the reasons I think it has been allowed to continue for so long, as some of our greatest heroes come from the bloodline variants introduced by this strange person."

"I am also a product of this bloodline variance. For I am the culmination of hundreds of thousands of years of all the most powerful bloodline factors of the Kuran family that was in most part contributed by this mysterious person."

"But, there are other more mysterious bloodline variants introduced by that person, and we call them Breakers. At first, it was not known what their purpose were to be, for some of them were not blessed with great strength, but soon their specialities became known."

"Their purpose is to bring about tremendous change, a change so sweeping it would change the direction of the entire Empire each time it occurs. As far as I know, the Kuran Family is the family with the highest amount of variant bloodline to an extremely high degree."

"According to my investigation, for every ten variant bloodlines introduced to the Kuran Family only one variant bloodline is introduced to the other family, that is what gave us a large sample size to draw from and expose a mysterious bloodline variant such as yours, and to also understand its purpose. It is what led me to understand your purpose also."

Rowan blinked, "What sort of changes was my bloodline responsible for?"

"Be patient, I'm getting to that part." Fury grinned, it was a cheeky smile before he continued, Rowan nearly punched him in the face, he knew Rowan was interested in his words and he would string him along for as much as he could, as far as it works for him, Rowan would not argue.

His Ouroboros Serpent he sent inside had detected a massive source of Divine Power deep within the Palace, and it was rushing towards it at this time.

"Although it would be denied by many in the family, although I don't blame them as most don't know the truth, one of the chief reasons the Kuran family is the only royal family who has sat upon the gilded throne of Trion the most is because of our Breakers, with the sheer amount of variant bloodline introduced into the family it leads to an increased number of Breakers in our bloodline, our everlasting rise to become the most powerful of all the seven families is inevitable."

Rowan said, "So if I'm getting you correctly, all the members of my direct bloodline were Breakers."

Fury sneered, "No, that would be ridiculous, but the potential of becoming a Breaker is in your bloodline, and as for the moment, we have four Breaker bloodlines in our family."

Rowan gave a thumbs up, "Oh, got it."

"It would seem you are not giving this matter the import it deserves, let me enlighten you about the glorious hidden histories of Breakers: 700 years ago, a Breaker from the Horush Family created a new method to harness the powers of their beast, it instantly doubled the powers of that family."

"2,000 years ago a Breaker from the Volgim family led a delegation to a Supreme World and he was received with open hands, it was the only time something like that had happened in a long time." Fury smiled, "well, except for me, of course."

"10,000 years ago, a Breaker from the Kuran Family was instrumental in making something impossible happen: the Kuran Family won the throne for the third time in a row. This position made Scarlet our Ancestor the longest living fourth circle Dominator in the Empire. This has expanded our reaches towards every corner of the Empire!"

"30,000 years ago, a Breaker from the Minerva family discovered a new pathway which he used to harness the powers of their family in an unexpected manner, he became a fourth circle Dominator of the Minerva Family, even until now the full measure of what he did was unknown, yet it won them an entire continent on Trion, as it was said he was the most powerful Ancestor that ever lived, enough to even rival the gods themselves, even his Primogenitor. But such powers came with a price and that price condemned that family to live without an Ancestor for all these years, until just recently when it was said he has returned and he is already shaking the Empire with his actions."

Fury paused and remained silent for a while as if waiting for Rowan to speak, and Rowan would have stayed silent but for his ticking time, he was getting so much valuable information about the Empire and the hidden power plays that went on within it, but he had to focus on what was important.

"Even if I'm a Breaker or I have the bloodline of one, what does that have to do with you?"

Fury began to move as he started walking around Rowan, something had changed and Rowan was sure he was getting to the finale of his speech, "Did you not find it surprising that the moment a Breaker like you emerged, the long-lost position for the Minerva Family Ancestor returned? It is well known that the actions of Breakers influence each other."

Rowan was quiet as his mind went back to the time inside the Nexus, he remembered all the visions he saw when he touched the remains inside the Vestibulary and most importantly, he remembered the body his Ouroboros Serpent ate that was inside the Domain of Lamia.

Could it be possible that the body he ate was that of the Breaker of the Minerva Family 30,000 years ago? This does not make any sense for now. What could the Ancestor of a major family be found inside the lair of Lamia? If that had been the case, then was it possible that Lamia had been holding an Ancestor for the last 30,000 years? What was Fury's endgame for telling him all this? He was leading him to something, and Rowan had to figure it out quickly enough to avoid revealing cards he should otherwise not bring to light.

Chapter 289: Celestial Bloodline

Rowan chose to pick his next words carefully,

"So you are implying that my actions, whatever they may be, led to the Minerva Ancestor return, and it is the reason the two Major Families are hunting me so that means the entire Empire is hunting me because I'm a so-called Breaker?"

Fury stood behind him and Rowan did not turn to look at him, at their level they had virtually omnipresence around themselves and this was a psychological tactic employed by Fury to check his nerves, Rowan could hear the smile in his voice as he was speaking,

"Yet is your bounty not enough proof? There was a leak somewhere about your status as a rogue Breaker of the Kuranos, someone like you under no direct supervision is dangerous and also an asset to any family because a Breaker can be a source of fortune to a family, but in the right hands or the wrong hands, it can be a source of misfortune."

Rowan's tone became solemn, "The whole purpose of the bounty was to capture me, so I can be used against my family by the others, while the Kuranos family wants to capture me, so I can't be used against them."

Fury shrugged, "The time for the next selection for the ruling Family of Trion is to be held ten years from now, and a Breaker like you can be the best thing that happens to my family, or it could be the worst thing if anyone else captures you, although luckily for us, only the Tiberius Family knows your status as a Breaker, but that will not last for long, after all the Minerva Family Ancestor is awakening and with him present, there are no more secrets"

"So you are here to bring me back to the family."

"Your actions on this tiny planet are worthy of a Breaker, but I think you don't even know your true purpose, and I will show you."

"Recall that I told you it should be impossible for someone of our bloodline to strike me because I'm the culmination of all the variant factor of our bloodline, but since you are able to strike me, it means you are no longer of our bloodline and the title of Breaker of the Kuran Family can no longer be attributed to you."

"That is an arrogant statement, isn't it? Just because I could hit you makes you think I am no longer of Kuran blood, my conclusion to this matter is that you are weaker than you think!"

Fury smiled, "I am not wrong, but I am not here to argue semantics with you, or to fight you really. When I knew what you were, I came here with another purpose. I am here to make a deal with you."

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"Well, this is not going the way I wanted. This little pup wants to swallow the sky with a single gulp." The Third Prince frowned, which transformed to laughter a short while later, "Well, well, well, this is also entertaining by itself. I'm getting interested in this new oath that might follow. What do you think? Let's keep watching bird."

The magma bird by his made a heavy sound like the earth moving and settled down to watch, and as the Third prince scratched her head, her eyes closed to a slit as she evidently enjoyed the gestures.

A mystical rune that had been encircling the planet returned to the Third Prince, and at first, he wanted to put it away without looking at it, but he stopped, "eh, that can't be right, how can there be nothing?"

With a single swipe of his hands, he disassembled the rune, and it scattered into trillions of tiny pieces of glowing light, and he scrutinized every single piece of it, from their shape and arrangement to the composition of each rune pieces until he was sure they were all perfect, and he cast it once more, "Again!"

This time his face was set in concentration and the rune went past the planet faster and swept through the Divine Kingdom and the planet below, and when it returned to him, the results were still unsatisfactory. Yet, the Third Prince was so concentrated on the effects of his runes, he failed to realize that Rowan's eyes shifted just a little bit when the rune swept past him, even Fury had no idea what just happened.

"Don't tell me the ability of this child includes the total destruction of a soul, then why is nothing left? This was a failed Aura Field, I should have gathered millions of souls at the least! If he can destroy souls, this makes him more of a liability than a boon to me. That

sort of power is only available to the Celestial Supreme World. Is that the source of his bloodline?"

The Third Prince's eyes turned to the form of Suriel who had been valiantly shielding the people of the convoy from the destruction from the god-like battle and his suspicions were mostly confirmed. "So, he is a celestial, that is sooo boring. Yet, how come he has those Empyrean Beasts as well? Celestial Bloodlines are inviolable. Did he cause a mutation?"

He began fidgeting and muttering to himself as he drew various runes in the air and made calculations, "No, I require additional information, and this tactic by Fury would not serve me well, I can't let him get stronger and open more of his perception to the universe."

The Third Prince turned to the site of Erohim death, and snapped his fingers, producing a spark, he shot that spark towards the Demonic creature covering the Anima of Boreas. It let out a shrill scream and collapsed into ashes.

The Anima of the god was now free from outside influence, and as the air of destruction around the world reached the statue, a gaze that was incredibly distant was roused.

Opening his last bottle of Hell Brew, the Third Prince made himself comfortable, "Show me more of yourself, dear boy. I cannot wait, and don't die because I don't know if I can perfectly reproduce the exact circumstances of your making in the next million years and that would be a bummer!"

Chapter 290: Safety Box

Circe had only managed to free her mouth when a bright flash of white light brought a small flying creature in front of her, but her eyes were covered in shock and fear and she bled from her nose and mouth as she strained to break apart the ice imprisoning her body.

She barely noticed the dragon looking at her, and after it was bored with her struggles, the dragon yawned before flying towards Suriel, after a few tentative movements to touch the Angel, he settled on his shoulders and growled softly in enjoyment as the heat from the Angel's wings and body penetrated his scales and he fell asleep, the trauma from changing his body still made Vraegar weary.

With this move, Rowan had gathered all his interests in one place, just as he intended.

Circe was not a fool, growing up with Nana had been one of the best periods of her life but also one of its most challenging. She drove her towards setting higher standards for herself and pushing her to continue striving to develop her powers, even after she fell

from grace as a genius not seen in ten thousand years, the only way she went through that patch of darkness was with the aid of Nana.

Her father was from a relatively average family, far from the circles of the powerful members of the Boreas family, he was a modest and kind man who married early and served under Nana as a Medical Officer. Circe had no memories of him. He died from an ambush by Demons, and when her mother heard the news, she went into shock and died a short while later. She was three months pregnant when she died. Circe had no memories of her either.

Circe was a stillbirth and her potential was cut short because of this event, but even with such a harsh birthing circumstance she was already at the Incarnation State, and her story shook the Boreas Family for a short while. If only she had been allowed to develop for the 23 months that was normal for Royal Children, she may have emerged in the second circle. Circe would have become a genius that would shake the Empire.

She was not properly supervised and that led to an attack by assassins, where she was grievously injured, and her heart was torn away from her young chest.

The man who was assigned to take care of the budding genius was Myrcelle Boreas and when he took the news to the lord overseeing her care at that time which was Rico, he was devastated, and at great cost to himself he sacrificed his heart to save her life, she had always been grateful for that gift.

Nana took her in when she was seventeen after years of neglect and abuse by her Family, taught her everything she knew and made Circe a leader, when Nana became injured, she retired under Rico and took Circe with her, and she had been serving Rico as the manager of this land all this time.

The loss of both of these pillars was driving her towards the edge of despair.

Rico's choice to leave the convoy when there were clear indication that it was an unwise decision was his own to make, Circe had spent all her life repaying the favor Rico did for her, and she would give up her life for his sake, and she felt intense guilt that Nana was the one to take her place in search for him instead. Why would she do that? If anyone could survive this cataclysm, it would be Rico, he was at the second Great Circle.

If they were both going to die, then she would join them, as she had no one else, and life without Nana was not something she was willing to continue, besides the planet was done for, her commission would be scrapped, and a weakened Dominator like herself would be shopped into the grindstone of war.

She pushed so hard against the ice that her collar bone snapped, and she screamed in frustration. But then her fingers touched a series of rough spots inside the ice, and when she paused and investigated closely, she realized that they were words.

The writings were familiar, it was Nana, she must have carved them into the ice when she was sealing Circe. With each word, she read, Circe began crying, and when the ice melted away, and she collapsed and curled up on the floor and a bright light flooded the entire convoy, she still wept.

Nana's voice seemed to narrate the words she wrote again and again inside her head.

"My dear girl, forgive me for the actions I am taking, they may seem confusing to you at this time, but remember the tenets I lived by and what I taught you. There are many things I cannot tell you now, but I want you to know that I love you with all my heart, and my absence from your side is the expression of that love.

No matter how much it hurt to leave your side, I could not bear to remain when a chance came for me to do the right thing. I should have done this a long time ago.

There is so much I want to tell you and so much I would like to show you, but my cowardice was a shackle over my soul, but I shall do what needs to be done.

You have earned your right to a justice long denied.

I know you are a practical woman who would dig till the ends of the earth until you get answers, so do not worry, I have those answers in a Safety Box on the Planet Beorryn.

Go to Namorra Inn, and ask for Mydas, she would give you the Safety Box and all your answers would be found within.

Trust no one Circe, even your family, and if you see me again... Do not trust me.

I love you, my sweet girl. Forgive me, I was afraid for too long."