

The Primordial Record

Chapter 291: What Did I Forget

Rowan's consciousness was now down to six that were still awoken and he was reaching his bottom line, but Fury was divulging important information, that should be enough to clear his understanding of the Empire of so much fog.

He still had two details he had to trash out before he could have a firm grasp of his circumstance, and he asked the first, "What deal do you want with me?"

Fury had finished his revolution around him and stood facing him, "I don't care about you, as far as I am concerned, the purpose of the project by that mysterious figure is complete, and I'm the result, the peak of potential. Yet, you are also a Breaker, someone capable of great change, and you've brought that change, even though it is not what most of the Empire expects. Those glorious creatures. You control them, don't you?"

Fury pointed towards the Ouroboros Serpents, "I want them."

Rowan's eyes went cold, "what is your price."

"Your life. Come under my protection and no one would touch you. I am not unfamiliar with the techniques you use, and they are powerful, but such abilities would cripple you, as I can clearly notice your body was under immense strain while attacking me. I am the future ruler of the Empire, and when I come of age, I shall blaze a new path to godhood. You don't have to wait for long, for my path is nearly completed. You might be a little arrogant, having killed a fallen god at the edge of death and taming such beasts using your providence as a Breaker, even acquiring multiple Origin grade treasures, but you should know your limit."

Rowan paused as he felt his mind shake, not because of Fury words—this was a frog who sees the reflection of the moon at the bottom of the well and thinks it stands in the sky.

No, his Knowledge showed him something he had feared would happen, but he was nevertheless prepared for such an outcome, even, he looked deeply at Fury, powerful as he might be, he clearly knew only a part of the story.

"One last question before I give you my reply."

"Ask away." Fury smiled

"What do you know about the Order of Broken Eyes?"

Fury paused, his eyes seemed to glaze over, and he spoke, "When I first checked your profile, you were a misnomer among those of your bloodline, born weak and fragile, it was certain that you did not... wait a moment..."

Fury eyes widened in shock, "you asked me a question a moment back, what... what... did I?"

This arrogant man paused in shock, a deep rumble like the crack of thunder emerged from his body as he failed to control his state, as his powerful soul was blazing an intense warning to him, and before he knew it, goosebumps broke over his flesh as Fury finally knew fear.

He raised his hands to his eyes as if he were seeing them for the first time, "My eyes had forgotten the movements of your lips...my ears had forgotten the sound of your voice... my mind has forgotten the meaning of your words, even my soul as forgotten that span of time. Only my heart is aching, telling me I've lost something important. What did I forget?"

Rowan walked past him and patted him on the shoulders, "The road I walk on is beyond you. You seek to be beyond the gods themselves, when you are nothing but their pawn."

Rowan began calling upon the full might of Astrolabe, if he was going to fight, he needed energy. He began moving the pieces he had in play, some of them located deep within the void.

He had no more pressing conflicts ahead.

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The situation Rowan found himself into did not make him forget his enemies and the duplicitous methods they used in their operations.

He still vividly remembered the moment he awoke in this world, he still remembered the Nexus, he still remembered the fear and horror that plagued him with every step he took.

The strings that bound him were still there, and the stronger he became, the more their intrusiveness inside him stings. Like pieces of ice being shoved into his liver, he could never ignore them, even though they had begun to fray. His Knowledge Well had begun copying the runes that the Sigils we're made off, and the result were enlightening.

Rowan knew he would never have peace until he consumed the souls of all those that hunted him, and wary of the sort of actions they were able to make, his chief worry were always this: How can I defend myself if the Order of Broken Eyes finds me? How can I retaliate? How can I kill them? What price would I be willing to pay to get my freedom?

The answer to his last question was anything. He would be willing to do anything, so he could close his eyes one day without the fear of his father's cold eyes looking at him with compassion, while sizing up his flesh he was about to take apart into tiny pieces.

Grigori Kuranos, is that even your name? That probe earlier, was it your doing? It must be, after all those runes are familiar, they touch on a Domain I control, which is of the soul.

The answer to his remaining question was simple; without time he would never be able to win against the Order.

Nevertheless, the mistake and greed of one man had left him with the most valuable tool he could ever need, access to powers outside Trion, which was the Origin treasure of a Demon Prince and with it, he came in contact with Covenant.

What he lacked was time to fight back against the Order of Broken Eyes, and now that he had access to one of the most powerful forces outside Trion, the right time to use them would be when he was weak. Yet, he had to be meticulous because these were not his allies, and the greed that drives his enemies could also affect them also.

Chapter 292: [Bonus chapter] Catching A Whale

The Covenant was his greatest weapon at this time, and now was the right time to use it, he was sure the Order of Broken Eyes would have ways to estimate his current strength and no matter how much power he displayed, they would be able to comfortably counter it.

It was the reason he was so flashy with his battles, he even fought Dorian on the moon, so the battle could be streamed live to the entire Empire.

It was all a trap!

He would kill any member of the Order who came for him, and he was expecting anyone else, but when he felt that Rune Sweep past him, he nearly grinned in happiness.

Everyone had a unique Energy Signature that was similar to the Auras around their bodies, and he knew this Signature, in a manner that you could even describe as intimate.

Was it not this same Energy Signature that crept into his body and robbed him of his free will, his father had been smiling at him, while commandeering his body like a puppet, and only Rowan's Icy Soul had saved him.

But what was disturbing about that rune he had felt was that when it swept past him, he had felt the countless souls inside his Mental Space tremble.

Whatever methods Grigori Kuranos—The Third Prince was using, it could affect souls. It was the first time he had come across anyone else with such an ability. Perhaps the Third Prince might not be aware, but he would have great enemies waiting for him outside the Universe, that is if he could survive Rowan first.

He had expected a large prey to fall for the trap, but he did not expect to catch a whale.

He understood that in the nearest future even the power of the Covenant would not be considered as valuable to him anymore when he began waging wars outside the universe against the keepers, so even if he had to cooperate with them, it must be in a manner that was carefully planned, else, his enemies would not only be Empire but the Mages and Demons as well, two Supreme Worlds.

Everything changed when he discovered that with his pillar of consciousness, he could stay as long as he wanted inside the Anima of the Demon Prince. That means he could now explore all the options available to him, and make the best use of them without the constraints of time.

The ongoing war on Trion was the most heated of all the conflicts, but it would be a mistake to consider the entire scope of the war to be only limited to the surface of Trion, for in fact it was spread all over the Empire. Small pockets of resistance had been seeded all over the Empire in order to cause chaos and destabilize the Empire from the inside.

From giving civilians weapons of mass destruction, or enchanting them to summon and be possessed by demons, there were many methods of subterfuge and hidden war ongoing in all the planets of the Empire.

Part of the reason Ohrox had been given so many benefits, was the fact that the members of the Covenant thought he was the one responsible for the Beast Disaster on Jarkarr. They were right, but not on how he was able to achieve that feat, which was a matter of pure luck and chance.

Yet, Rowan discovered that his presence was not the only Covenant forces on Jarkarr. The first clue he had was all related to the timeline folded away; there were so many truths revealed in that vision that he had used it to guide his path ever since.

He had seen a Demon that reminded him of Ohrox on the planet before he devoured it, it was a bestial figure and walked on four legs, it had a compelling presence and Rowan had been looking for signs of his presence ever since.

When Rowan had seen the tentacle creature covering the Anima of Boreas, he understood its purpose and who was the one that would have most likely kept it there,

just as he only knew one other Demon Prince that should have his subordinate down in this world.

Kohron, Prince of Strife.

Rowan needed time, and he was sure the Order was aware of that fact, and they must be desperate to stop him from having it, and so he had to damage the Order badly enough for him to be able to develop in peace for a few years.

He could not make the Covenant move against their will, but he could give them benefits.

He set his plans in motion, even before this battle began.

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[A few hours ago.]

Inside the hall of the Covenant, Rowan whose mind was controlling the Anima of Ohrox had his eyes closed, and suddenly, it snapped open with an audible crack.

"Oracle." The Demon Prince growled, "Attend me!"

"State your wishes, Prince of Destruction."

"How do I summon the other members of the Covenant for an impromptu meeting?"

The genderless voice of the Oracle spoke, "Calling each of their names here should be enough to summon them. Would that be all?"

"Yes, you are dismissed."

Rowan considered his next move and who he wanted fighting for him, and then he made his decision, "Kohron, Prince of Strife. I require your presence."

Rowan had thoughts on how to use the Covenant without giving away too much of his hand, and the safest option was Kohron, because he shared the same history with Ohrox they were both Demon Princes and were from the Great Abyss, and he appeared to be his supporter in the Covenant, and most importantly he already had a subordinate inside Jarkarr.

It did not take long for the Anima of Kohron to rouse itself, the wings of the demon spread open wide and a long groan came from him. His blazing eyes blinked, and he looked at Rowan before he chuckled,

"Ohrox, I was wondering when you would call for me, it has been months," The demon placed his hands up as if he was stopping Rowan from speaking, "and don't tell me, I know in your position you would want to be safe and away from outside influence as much as possible, but I hope you will understand that I do not hunt weak prey, if I'm going to kill you, it would be at your prime, not this faded version of you."

Chapter 293: Digging The Hole

Rowan pointed out, "We are Demons, Kohron. You would pardon me if I keep my skepticism in place, you are the Prince of Strife, if I'm not careful with my dealing with you. It would be an insult to your renowned name."

Kohron smiled and nodded to him, "You have grown wiser in death. I would assume the reason you called for me is your discovery of my subordinate on Jarkarr, you can be assured that it has no concern with your recovery, and he would never cross your path, I am just tracking the rumors of a sighting of a particularly potent weapon. It may turn out to be a false lead, but no harm in checking."

Was he referring to Envy? Rowan thought, nevertheless he wasn't concerned about the mind of the Demon, he only needed to know how to use him, "Is that so?" Rowan said, "Then it's all good. Your subordinate was not the reason for your summoning, I have justifications to believe that a particular high-value target that is related to my situation would be coming to Jarkarr soon, and I will need your assistance in killing him or her."

Kohron laughed as his wings spread out behind him, like two erupting volcanoes, "This is good.... A hunt is good...It has been a while since I stretched out my wings. This target of yours, would it be a god?"

Rowan thought for a while before he answered, "Most likely not, but their abilities may be peculiar and their powers may be equal to a god, and so, to avoid any mishaps, I would prefer them to be discreetly wiped out without any chance for them to retaliate."

"If that is the case, my subordinate should be enough, he is a powerful Demon Duke, and if by chance he is not enough, then I shall place my imprint on his body, and you would be able to summon me, is that good enough?"

Rowan nodded, "That should work. Now, for the matter of your price, state them."

Kohron laughed, "you have nothing I desire for now except your Elura fragments, and if I collect those as my price, it would slow down your return for a long time, how about you owe me a favor."

Rowan frowned, the Elura Fragments were powerful sources of energy and mysteries to him, but if he succeeded in killing the god Erohim he suspected still lived in Jarkarr, he

may have enough Soul Points and Energy points that could surpass what he might gain from an Elura Fragment, and so he did not particularly need the Fragments.

Also, he had five Elura Fragments and even though his priority was to kill any members of the Order who might be on his trail, it would be stupid to allow Kohron to notice his desperation, if he easily gave in and agreed to use the Fragments as a bargaining chip it would be uncalled-for. After all, as far as the members of the Covenant knew, it should be the most valuable possession he is currently having.

There would be no way he would agree to give Kohron the Elura Fragment, and also he would never agree to honor an unknown favor for a Demon, it was a recipe for disaster.

Rowan tapped the table with a long silver claw, "Are you sure there is nothing I can pay you with? As you said, there would be no way I can give up my Elura Fragments, but please keep in mind I also have Origin shards."

Kohron paused as he considered his next words, he realized he might have shot himself in the foot when he first mentioned he would not scheme against Ohrox because he was weak for now.

A refusal to collect Origin shards for a small task that could be likely performed by his subordinate would be perceived as weakness. He also needed to cultivate a reliable partner in the Covenant in case of future problems, the mages had been suppressing him in the last few thousand years, and he had lost out on many benefits, so helping Ohrox was an investment.

"Then I will take a million Origin shards. That should be enough to alleviate the cost of my efforts."

Rowan was surprised, this was far cheaper than he thought he would get, clearly he must be trying to create a favorable impression. "Thank you, Prince of Strife." Rowan said sincerely.

Kohron sneered, "Don't bother thanking me until the task is done. Call my name when you need me, and I will be there."

His Anima returned to stone, and Rowan bowed in thought for a while. He had used less than he was expecting, and this opened the doors to more possibilities. He had 10,000,000 Origin shards and if he pays Kohron, he still had a nice lump of change next, even if the others would charge him more for the same services, he would make it back soon enough.

"What am I waiting for then," Rowan sighed, "Fiona Shadowsoul, I have need for your presence."

The Anima of Fiona Shadowsoul had both her eyes closed, but with the summoning from Rowan, she cracked open an eye. It was like looking at the white of the moon, she had no pupils, it was just a white orb that glowed.

The rest of her body lost its petrification as white hair that floated without any wind came down her shoulders and her robes blacker than ink turned the throne she sat upon to darkness.

She turned to Ohrox and sniffed in annoyance, "I can see you are becoming more familiar with your position Prince of Destruction, now I've lost the bet."

"What bet?" Rowan asked.

"I had a bet with that brute, Kohron that you would hide yourself for the next thousand years, even miss the next gathering a decade from now as you recover from your demise. Now I will have to sacrifice one hundred million of my acolytes to his name at the next solstice, and they were a good batch this century, with many great seeds."

Rowan blinked, "It would seem you are in luck Fiona, for I have a proposition for you that you might recoup some of your losses."

Chapter 294: Fiona Shadowsoul Terms

At his words, Fiona Shadowsoul seemed to become invigorated and she smiled widely, waiting for him to continue.

It was sometimes difficult to merge the vision of a woman who was smiling here and a creature that could casually sacrifice millions of lives for a bet, and he knew it was only because of the buffer afforded to him by the Anima of Ohrox that he was able to converse with them so blatantly, more likely if he was here with his real body he would hardly be able to maintain his life.

Rowan shifted in his throne to face Fiona directly, "I will be having an unwanted guest coming soon, and although there might be a chance I am wrong, but if I'm not, I will like them taken care of. You may have to fight someone with powers closer to those of a god. I have already tasked Kohron with this request, so this request should carry relatively little risk."

"Interesting, tell you what, I was not expecting something like this when you summoned me." Fiona said, "It would seem like you really need this problem solved, since you are paying an awful lot to solve it."

Rowan smiled, "You would forgive me, death has made me... vindictive, and this is a thorn in my side that I can't bear to keep there any longer. Except for my Elura Fragments, name your price and I will be sure to satisfy you."

Fiona's eyes flashed brightly as if she were in deep thought, "Well you see, before I can give you the price I require, you should know I have no presence on Jarkarr unlike Kohron, so it would be difficult for me to reach there in a timely manner, since I assume you want to set a trap."

"Difficult," Rowan said, "not impossible. Tell me what you need, Fiona?"

"If you insist. Unlike Demons, we Mages value knowledge more than resources, especially for a witch like me, for with knowledge I can create anything I desire. If you want me to help you, then I have a simple payment in mind, nothing expensive and requires no effort on your part. I want you to tell me the process of your rebirth."

Rowan glowered inside, what she was asking for was impossible for him to give, he was not the rebirth of Ohrox Prince of Destruction, but a lucky Emyrean who came to possess the Origin Treasure of the Demon. His status as a transmigrator made him free of any Karma associated with this universe, and that was what deceived the Covenant that he was a brand-new soul on its way to recovery.

Rowan did not even consider trying to lie to her, he did not have the experience to smoothly pull that off, "You would have to forgive me for not honoring that request, my resurrection is a core secret of mine that cannot be divulged to anyone."

Fiona sighed, "Hmm... Not even if I pay you Elura Fragments. You demons always seem to want that stuff."

Rowan shook his head, "Not even a thousand Elura Fragments would make me give those up!"

Fiona Shadowsoul frowned, "Alas I require more than any physical goods you can give me at this time, maybe at the heights of your powers you may have something special for me, but now you don't have anything I particularly desire. Sending an Anima to Jarkarr would be costly seeing as how in a few moments later, it would inevitably be destroyed by the gods of the Empire when my presence is detected. Although since we are both from Covenant, I cannot be too harsh with my demands. You know what, I do have something I may accept. An Elura Fragment might be enough to reduce my losses."

Rowan said slowly, "How many Elura Fragments do you want?"

"Oh, let's see, I will not take too many benefits for any effort I put in. I will take just five! I hope it's fair."

There was no way she did not know that the amount she was quoting was all Rowan had, this was another test and Rowan was aware of it, "Don't be too hasty Fiona, I will not be giving you my Elura Fragment, and telling you about my resurrection is not a problem, it is just a matter of the time I choose to tell you."

Fiona had a thoughtful look on her face, "I understand, but I am in need of information pertaining to resurrection urgently. Okay, I agree, but it would have to be in 500 years."

"Make it a thousand and we have a deal." Rowan had to stop himself from grinning, he wanted to call out fifty years because he knew he would be strong enough to reveal more of himself to the universe at that time, but he did not respect how much these beings of power disregarded time. He was still too young.

Fiona made a growling sound, which sounded both cute and terrifying, "I am sorry, I can't go much lower than 500 years, that is my bottom line."

Rowan pretended as if he was plagued by indecision before he finally agreed.

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Unlike Teleportation, using his Astrolabe required Rowan to point it in a direction, and he did not necessarily have to set a target. He could point it into the void and see how far he could go before losing steam.

This was what Rowan was intending to be doing in the next moment, he pointed the Astrolabe into the Divine Kingdom and began moving the seed that he preserved from Jarkarr, and he placed them into the Divine Palace.

With the devouring of the god statues by the Serpents, the energy field around the Divine Palace was gone. He made the decision to use the Palace when he noticed its immense size and the sturdy materials it was made of. At first, he had been planning on using another structure as a means of travel, but this Divine Palace of Erohim would have to do.

With the size of the Palace, the twenty thousand people did not even fill a single wing. The Divine Palace was eight thousand miles in length, and only a god could create an impossible structure such as this.

Chapter 295: Collecting The Divine Palace

Such an enormous structure that was also very energy dense would take a lot from him before he could Fast Travel with it. Rowan began spreading the light of the Astrolabe over the entire palace. Due to its size, it was taking some time to cover it all.

Behind him, Fury roused himself, as he shook himself from the intense shock that plagued him. Rowan could understand a bit about what he was going through. This man had lived his entire life believing he was the top dog, granted with a great destiny with all the resources and secrets of the Empire open to him.

He came to Rowan expecting he should be the one with all the answers, he was woefully wrong, his ignorance about Rowan was the first sign to him, that Fury was a child who had seen only a single tree for the first time and assumed he had seen an entire forest.

But there was only one reason Fury could have been really shocked by what Rowan had said to him, and to truly understand the cause, you needed to understand Medan, it was a language that could project intent and meaning in each word spoken. So there was no way Fury should not have heard what Rowan said, and he knew that fact.

The only reason Fury could not hear what he had said was that before now, someone had gone into his head and sealed any memory of that word from reaching him. The result of this was that during the course of his investigation he might have come into contact with the Order of Broken Eyes before, perhaps even investigated them, but he had no recollection of it.

It may have been a recent affair, or he might have been there since the moment Fury was born. Rowan did not know who was the true power behind the Order of Broken Eyes, but one thing was clear, their reach was extensive.

Fury was a pawn, for there was no way he would have made it to him before the Order, the most likely reason was that he was allowed him to reach him, and so when Rowan spoke, he made sure he projected the full meaning of the Order into his words, and it hit Fury like a bomb.

It was all his understanding about the Order and their methods, he told Fury about the Nexus, and he compressed all that information into just a simple question; did Fury know the Order of Broken Eyes?

Rowan was making a bet, that Fury had been compromised, and he was right. Now it was all up to him if he would be able to break the chains placed upon him. He saw no need in killing Fury, it was better to sow troubles in his enemies camp. If only he had a fully grown Angel, he would use it to possess this frightening genius.

Rowan heard his whispers, "How is it possible? Who betrayed me? Nathis? When did my mind no longer become my own?"

Rowan nearly rolled his eyes, he was busy expanding the size of the Astrolabe Projection over the entire palace and he had only five consciousness pillars left. No, make that six, he had just activated another consciousness pillars; however, he

intended to keep Fury busy with his thoughts, so he could not be distracted, and he threw another bombshell at him,

"You ask questions with very obvious answers that you have been blinded to because of arrogance and your sheltered lifestyle. Yet, the truth of the matter has always been with you. You said yourself, you are the culmination of hundreds of thousands of years of breeding. You are the Prized Stock, the Prime Bull. What. Did you think your owners gave you everything for your benefits alone?"

Fury turned to him, his eyes blazing with wrath, "I have no owners!"

Rowan continued, nonetheless, keeping Fury talking was better than him thinking about attacking, he was about 70 percent done, and every moment that passed by he was getting closer to completion.

"You understand the way the world of Dominator works Fury, why did you think you were out of the game? Did you think your talents made you immune to the machinations of the powerful? Or do you think the countless eyes lusting after your power and potential would give up just because you were fed a promise? You cannot make a deal with me because I am fighting to be above making the mistakes you have made your entire life, and in a far worse situation than the one you are in. Because I was once like you. Lost. Only I had no guide. So this is a test for you Fury, would you prevail?"

The Astrolabe coverage was complete and Rowan sighed and he looked through the tear in space inside the Divine Kingdom and selected a predestined path.

When Rowan created the second batch of Angels, and sent them to the various Continent, he had also sent one angel deep into space.

The reason he sent the Angel deep into space was twofold, the first was to chart a clear path for him when he would be leaving the planet, he wanted to avoid falling into traps that could have been easily avoided if he knew his path, space was a new frontier for him, and having a scout was the right move to make, and the second was to find an incoming ally.

Launching the Divine Palace into space would be the first stroke in the incoming war. Rowan hardened his mind, and gritted his teeth.

"Let's play!"

The entire Divine Palace and a great chunk of the Divine Kingdom was wrapped in a bright white light, and Fury turned to look back in surprise, but he was too late to intervene, as with a faint pop, the Divine Palace Vanished, hurricane size winds were generated to fill up the void that had been created from its absence.

Rowan left only one Ouroboros Serpent inside the Palace to find and consume the Divine Spark of the god, while the rest were surreptitiously withdrawn into his body.

Chapter 296: Remaking A World

The commotion of the escaping Divine Palace did not just end with the winds, when Rowan ripped a large portion of the Divine Realm of the god he brought about a Spatial Storm that for a while turned the surrounding into a world of darkness and chaos.

Rowan's current body was destroyed, and he had to quickly replace it, so he would not leave any sign behind of weakness, his next steps were crucial that this particular detail was not noticed yet, at least for the next few moments.

When the chaos ended, he hardly breathed a sigh of relief before a heavy pressure descended on him as Fury's eyes smoldered with nine colored lights.

He was about to start talking when he noticed Rowan was not even looking at him, but at a distance outside the Divine Realm.

If the Divine Realm was an egg, there would be less than fifty percent of its shell left, the only thing holding the last of its stability in place was the consumption limitation of the void. It contained vast amounts of Aether and many other mystical substances that Rowan could not even identify, and its presence was more robust than normal space, and so its dissipation was far slower.

Fury looked over to check what had drawn Rowan's attention, and his anger for being toyed with was washed away as a great hand wreath in lightning began to arise from the earth.

From the hand, a voice whispered, "Return."

Boreas, Primogenitor and god, who controls the Pathway of the Storm Callers.

His Anima is here.

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It was always an uncomfortable sensation to project your consciousness into an Anima. Boreas had never liked it, and even after millions of years he never did. To him, it was like slicing off your limb and crushing it, then forcing that crushed meat into a hole the size of a finger.

For other gods the sensation was different, and although he did not mind the pain, it was more of the inconvenience of the process that annoyed him. So as a god that was hailed to be the richest in the Empire, he did the next best thing.

Over the endless millennia, he began creating a set of Spirit Guise, he would use as a substitute for him in most situations, over time, he had perfected this formula, and few gods could see through the Facade.

His control over Ice was absolute, and he could place portions of his Spirit into them and freeze them for millions of years. He could allocate those Spirit, which he deemed Guise to perform various functions in his place. Few knew where the main body of Boreas truly resided, and all of them were wrong.

This freed him to pursue other pursuits beyond the Knowing of Golgoth and the other gods.

When he heard Stirrings from the Anima on one of his small holdings on a planet called Jarkarr, he sent a small burst of his consciousness over, and although it was there for less than a fraction of a second, he understood everything happening on that planet for that brief flash.

He saw all and frowned briefly, there were all small pieces relatively speaking, but he saw something here that interested his attention a little.

He had received the report from his descendant about the situation on Jarkarr, but what that nitwit had not realized was that the situation was more serious than he presented to him.

Boreas' bottom line was the fallen god Erohim, this was a resource that could be exploited for millions of years, and he did not care if the entire planet or its people were killed off, and his descendants were aware of that fact, he had clarified it. It was for this reason he kept his Anima inside the head of Erohim.

Somehow the god had been slain without him being made aware of it, until a few moments back. All this reeks of outside manipulation, and he became slightly curious, his irritation over the death of Erohim was placed on a back burner for now because he knew he would make the perpetrators pay as that was inevitable, what he wanted to know was who had the knowledge and guts to create troubles for him.

Boreas summoned an Elura Shard and infused it with his essence, boosting it beyond its base value and broke it, and whispered his command, he shifted his gaze to a thousand more time-sensitive matters while assigning Spirit Guise number 111,100,611 to oversee the remaining operation.

On Jarkarr everything stilled, and then it abruptly stopped, even time was frozen, from the massive hand surrounded with lightning the word of Boreas echoed out, and then time appeared to be reversing itself.

It was not. It was the world that was healing.

It was a restoration so vast in scope and total in its complexity, only a god could manage it. He instantly knew that without Erohim, Jarkarr could no longer serve its purpose, and so he began changing it into something different for one of his many outstanding projects.

All the endless devastation that had been wrought on the planet and its satellites was reversing back to its original state before changing into the new form he wished for, and the massive chunks of fallen moon rocks were beginning to rise until the three moons were whole, and then with a loud crack the moons melded together and created a massive moon that was bigger than the three combined.

The new moon was shifted back for another three million kilometers, but its new size was still enough to block a third of the sky.

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Rowan heard what he thought was music, like a long orchestra that flew through the wind, and Jarkarr for the first time in twenty thousand years, bloomed green as massive forests, rivers, lakes, mountains arose from it.

Birds of the air, fishes of the sea and the myriad beasts that roamed the land began to be born, and in a blink of an eye, the world was populated with all manner of living things.

Then he heard the cry of a newborn, as the world consciousness was born anew, and when this all ended, the Anima of Boreas stood in the air with his arms folded in his chest.

Chapter 297: Thou Shall Not See God

Rowan had seen gods in his dreams and visions, he even conversed with god-like beings a few moments back, but there was nothing like witnessing a god that sought to display its full might.

Boreas stood at fifty thousand feet tall and his head reached the clouds as he stood in the air, his body gleamed like blue marbles, on his head was a wreath made from every flower that had ever existed in countless worlds, his eyes were green and swirled

around like it contained endless tornadoes, his feet wore sandals made from ice, and his waist was a belt made from lightning.

He was shirtless, and the skirt he wore was made from ice, and the lightning belt flowed down the middle and connected with his shoes.

The surroundings of the god were bleached a deep blue that was unnatural in its vividness. It resembled a Domain, and inside it various phenomena were displayed. There were endless worlds of lightning, frosts and winds that revolved around him, all feeding him power and endless vitality.

This was just a casual estimate from Rowan, but just this Anima was at least a thousand times stronger than Erohim, if not more because this was the limit to how much Rowan could estimate its power.

Rowan's nose began to bleed, and an ungodly headache impacted him, and he groaned as he staggered. He summoned a spear and leaned on it. He could hardly move, not even to breathe, as he felt as if a mountain was pressing on him, squeezing him tight all over his body.

His body began to slowly break apart, yet it was still compressed together like a jigsaw puzzle, but Rowan did not kneel, he did not fall, and although his body was strained beyond limits, he did not bow.

Feeling tears pouring down his eyes, he cleaned it only to see it was red.

He was weeping blood!

Damn, gods were stupidly overpowered.

Yet, he did not despair, and he began to laugh. The pressure exerted on him made the sounds he made resemble the bleating of a goat being crushed in a giant's hand, but he was laughing nonetheless.

Fury had been driven down to the ground, his face was pressed into the earth, and he could not move, he could only make a small moaning sound as he began bleeding from all over his face.

His eyes were fixed on Rowan with incredulity, amazed that he was still standing, and to even crown that achievement, he was laughing. How was this possible? Before the eyes of a god all were ants, and their very bodies would obey even if their wills were against it. Nothing and no-one could break that rule. Except now, he was looking at it.

Rowan could just imagine the wild thoughts going on inside his head, and he did not blame him, the worldview of the poor man had been broken today as he had seen the impossible happening before his eyes.

Fury had supreme talent, that was undeniable, Rowan thought presently it would be extremely difficult to kill him with his present strength, even if Fury underestimated him, and if Fury went all out, he would kill Rowan with little effort, and knowing his character, he would not underestimate Rowan fighting prowess and he would kill him ten out of ten times.

But it did not mean they were equal.

What Fury had was the advantage of Realm, and unless Rowan ascended to the second Great Circle, there were many tactics that were impossible for him to employ, and his defenses would be lacking.

In a manner of speaking, the things Rowan was capable of were beyond even the gods, beyond even an Empyrean, the true favored children of the universe, and no matter how talented Fury was or could ever be, he was still just a man.

Lightning flashed and below the feet of the god, people began to appear, they seemed to be in a daze, but it was clear the pressure from the god was not affecting them.

Rowan knew these were the survivors, barely five thousand people were left, and most of them were from the Boreas Family.

It did not take long for them to realize they had been rescued by their Primogenitor, and the world around them had been remade anew and the chaos gone.

As one, they all fell down and bowed before him. The most leading figure, the governor of Trinad, led the call of worship. They wept tears of joy, and their eyes were alight with fervor for witnessing the glory and might of their Primogenitor.

The fresh air and sounds of a living world were thrilling to their senses, and if not for the presence of the god, they would be celebrating more vociferously right now.

Suddenly, there was a loud scream of despair that was soon echoed by most of the crowd below. It was soon clear that all those below the second Great Circle without a Territory were being adversely affected, for even though it was not the intention of Boreas, there was a single rule since the dawn of creation.

Most of them fell down, and with harsh screams, they began to mutate. Creatures that were covered with scales of ice and breath lightning erupted from their discarded shell of flesh, and some of them even began fusing together into a chaotic mess.

The sounds they made were jumbled and carried with it great pain, their blood turned blue and thick like mud, and Rowan was reminded of his time at the Nexus; he wondered about the similarities of the gods and the Abomination Core.

The lucky ones found death as they exploded into mush, and through all this carnage the second Great Circle Dominators had their heads bowed low. The presence of a god was a thing of great joy and also of great sorrow and horror.

Rowan noticed Boreas did not even consider the thousands of people that were slaughtered, he wanted to address the people who were left, those that were worthy of his words, for those unfortunate enough to be too weak to stand before his presence, it was only their loss and an insult to his grace.

The hands of the god came down in a sweeping gesture and all the multitude of mutated people rose into the air, and to Rowan's shock, Boreas opened his mouth and sucked them all into it, he began to chew.

Chapter 298: Scum From Covenant

There were many terms used to describe gods, and the ones most often neglected was "old". Especially for the gods of Trion. These ancient monsters had existed from an incredibly distant time, and even though they were currently worshiped as gods. There was a time when they were nothing but monsters.

There was something incredibly different about Boreas and any other godlike beings he had met, and Rowan had a suspicion that the other gods of Trion shared this trait. There was something... extra in their make-up, a monstrous quality that Rowan could recognize, because it was similar to his serpents.

The word Rowan was looking for was Primal.

Boreas's eyes turned to the struggling Rowan and inside them, he could see both curiosity, rage, amusement, and many host of emotions that would be impossible to describe, it was as if the god felt many emotions simultaneously.

But one thing Rowan could take away from it was the frightening amount of intelligence in that gaze. This was a creature that had seen endless sunrises and sunsets, and his confidence was unmatched.

This was a being that was assured of his omnipotence after countless years of power. In this life, Rowan had begun understanding what it truly meant to be this powerful. It was something more potent than any drugs, it transcended what any mortal could ever conceive in their heart.

Rowan had to make his moves now because all the chess pieces were not on the board, and a sneaky fella was out there, probably rubbing his hands together in glee while waiting for him to dance like a clown in a circus.

inside his body was trembling, as it detected the other pages of itself that were close.

You have something of mine. Rowan roared inside. His fingers twitched, and he let go of the spear supporting his weight and stood with difficulty.

His mind went cold as he slowed down his thoughts. He let himself feel calm for a single moment, and then he began his attack by making his first move.

Rowan looked into the sky, his eyesight penetrating the clouds and zoomed to a particular empty patch of space outside the planet, and even though his senses could not detect anything at all from that spot, the tremble from was real, and with its agitation, the strings that bounded it became clear in Rowans vision.

The screams from the Sigils were loud, and they formed into multiple layers that would have drowned him before, but with an effort of will, he pushed it aside.

He began to speak because he was sure that his Father was at this moment examining him, and his voice was not loud, but it would be easily understood as the surrounding Aether carried his words.

He sometimes wondered what he would say to this duplicitous man if he ever saw him again, and the next words from his mouth covered all the controlled anger he had towards this fat spider.

"It is not nice to draw problems to others while you stay fat, safe and happy, is it not?"

®

Boreas turned to look into space and his eyes flashed a stunning blue that covered space and puzzlement colored the gaze of the god for he found nothing, but his intuition told him that something was there.

Boreas had been instantly aware of who killed Erohim the moment his senses reached the planet, and he saw the circumstances of his death.

He knew who struck the killing blow. But who was it that controlled the killer, and who wished for him to be here? Nothing this weak god killer had displayed would show he was capable of deceiving his sight, although he was a powerful specimen with a unique bloodline, but he was young and without guile as far as he could tell.

More concerning was that he had detected the remains of demons, and a fiery power on his Anima, he had combed the entire planet, and he could not find a similar energy around, this led him to the conclusion that someone here was using him as their chess piece, and he was meant to be here at the moment of their choice.

It was most likely the Covenant. This blow they had struck against him was painful to say the least on the surface, but he had a hundred ways he would pay them back.

From the memories of his descendants and everyone he just ate, he gathered the total summation of their experiences up until this point. His mind began to piece together who would be capable of such feats, there was Kohron who held the leash of all the demons attacking the Empire, and maybe Ulremazz.

When Rowan began talking to someone in space, it would seem as if it was wasted words as his voice echoed into nothingness and nothing changed, but Boreas knew that it had been received by someone.

A god could not be deceived by intent, it was why Medan was the favored language of power. Although he could not detect who was hiding in space, he could understand when the words of Rowan was heard by other ears and they had received that intent.

Boreas was interested to see if he could detect anyone he was familiar with, but even after checking every single fragment in space, down to the atomic level, he could not detect anyone else. He confirmed it was most likely Ulremazz, for his veils were particularly powerful.

Knowing he needed to intervene in this matter, for few could disobey the gods of Trion except for the saboteurs of the Covenant, he began to speak.

Disregarding the cries of pain from his descendants below him, except for one who was not of his blood, Melusine Bacchus, the rest below were disappointments, but if they could endure the cleansing of his presence, their bloodline would be further refined and their growth would see an explosive increase.

Boreas words thundered as the sky shook and the planet shuddered below him, "Scums from Covenant, reveal yourself. My patience is limited. Your pawn has accomplished his mission, why do you stay back and risk more of my wrath?"

But his conclusion was shattered with the following series of events.

Chapter 299: Face Reveal

The Third Prince scowled as he turned to observe the receding light hauling away the Divine Palace of Erohim. Considering the Speed of Astrolabe, it was amazing that he was able to track its movements at all. In a few moments, he would not be able to follow it, for the speed alone was so bizarre it had already crossed ten percent of the Empire Space.

He considered going after the Palace, and retrieving its contents, but his main prize was still below and he muttered a curse, most of which was directed at Boreas for his delays in arriving and towards Rowan's damned bloodline that brings new surprises to him every time.

Although he considered that this light should not be a bloodline power but a powerful Treasure. The luck of this boy was phenomenal, and it was annoying nonetheless to be at the receiving end of it, he had survived many impossible situations, by using his wit and a healthy dose of luck.

The Third Prince mused if his influence was what was bringing this luck to Rowan, it was a plausible reflection, one he would consider in time.

He cheered and clapped as Boreas arose, wishing he still had more of the hell brew as the going was getting good, and he gritted his teeth at the waste of an Elura Shard when Boreas began remaking the world. As always, they always disappointed him with the manner they used these shards, with Boreas being the biggest perpetrator.

This god was just too damn rich, and that was saying something coming from the Third Prince. He felt his gum itch when he visualized biting into the firm thighs of Boreas and taking a chunk from all those goodies. All the gods of Trion he mused angrily, were too rich, and he hated the restraints he placed on himself, so he did not rob them blind.

Time never seemed so fast or so slow! How many more millions of years would he have to wait before he ate his fill?

The glow from the Third Prince's eyes shone bright red, and it could be seen if you zoomed in close to observe his eyes that these were not flames, but something else... It was Aura.

It was Aura that was condensed to an astonishing amount that became visible due to the sheer intensity of the emotion that was escaping from his body.

That Aura was hunger.

After that brief distraction with the escaping Divine Palace, his eyes became focused on Rowan. What surprises would he show to him next?

But then the Third Prince was beginning to have a growing sense of disquietness, something was wrong with this picture, and he was about to place his finger on it, when Rowan turned and stared directly at him.

He looked around, as if checking if there was anyone beside him, but there was nobody else. Rowan was indeed looking directly at him. The Third Prince's brows furrowed before he made an explanatory sound, "Aha!" He brought out the pages of the

Singularity and held it in his hands. "This is the culprit! Here I thought it was another fantastic bloodline power you were about to show me."

When he listened to Rowan's words, he cursed aloud, "You cheeky little ass. Who's been teaching you to talk like this?" The Third prince said. "Nice strategy, by the way, you have drawn thunderhead attention my way. But... haha, he cannot see me or touch me, what are you going to do next? Boreas is not a patient god"

Still Rowan had succeeded in a manner, and the damage was done, Boreas had turned to his direction, but there was no way he could see the Third Prince even if he tried his best. He could bet on it.

This was a trick he learned a while ago inside a forgotten world. He was digging through a dead civilization when he came across a series of unique scripts.

Upon activation, they did one thing only. That was to hide from Heaven's Gaze. This civilization was old beyond reason, existing far beyond their allotted time, with the evidence he saw, they even survived the death of their previous universe, a spectacular feat from a civilization who did not have any powerhouses that could equal a god.

Those scripts had protected them from the entropy of the universe, but it did nothing to protect them from the rot within. War, famine, diseases, and so many other factors tore the world apart, and when he had found the remains of the world, everything inside it was dead, even the air itself.

The scripts had been damaged and even after all this time, he had not managed to restore even five percent of their original capabilities, and he suspected that it was due to a factor he could not control, for perhaps these scripts only worked at full power for only that specific lost bloodline, and it was impossible for him to reach that far back in time and drag a screaming native back to him.

Nevertheless, it was enough for the Third Prince to shield himself even from the gaze of the gods and perform so many of his works, but he did not anticipate that the camouflage could be pierced by the Sigils connected to the Singularity. In hindsight now, it was foolish for him not to consider that possibility.

Yet unknown to him, he had given himself away to Rowan's attention by the earlier pulse of energy he gave out when searching for the souls that should have been left behind on Jarkarr.

Boreas's next words of his suspicion that the Covenant were responsible for all that had transpired was both right and wrong and it made him laugh.

"Oh, they were here all right." The Third prince wanted to say, "But you see, I killed the Demon here that had been interfering with your business."

Of course, he did not say that, he wanted to see what Rowan would do next, and whatever abilities he should be able to pull out from his hat of seemingly endless tricks.

His mind was about to return to the nagging thoughts he was having about Rowan when the head of the Demon below him began to glow.

Before he could respond, it exploded. The detonation was so loud and bright that it resembled the dawn of the sun.

His camouflage was ripped away, and his smoking body was revealed to Boreas, as if that was not enough, he detected a malefic gaze behind him, and he turned to see a mighty Demon covered in Hell Fire with wings spread wide.

"Covenant!" Boreas yelled.

The eyes of the Third Prince twitched. This was not how it was supposed to go.

Chapter 300: This Is Your Target. Kill Him!

The appearance of the Demon Prince Kohron was similar to his Anima but with one outstanding difference, his wings of flames and lava were gigantic, they spread out so wide they covered the entire horizon and they were even larger than the planet below. His body also grew until he was a thousand feet tall, and his red skin shone like hot coal.

In a single instant, his presence had occupied the entire space outside the planet, and from below, it appears as if he had replaced the heavens because no matter how far you looked, you could only see his fiery wings.

Below his feet was an endless multitude of demons and people who were being tortured with fire. All these Demons and People in addition to being tortured were all mercilessly fighting and killing each other, before being resurrected and continuing their endless battle. Their screams resonated all throughout space and painted his surrounding with black, which was the color of suffering.

A rain of larva began to shower on the planet below, but they were neutralized and vaporized by a roving storm of ice that erupted from around the planet.

In every single seconds, a million of such collisions were happening, as the domain of the god and the demon clashed, creating a spectacular vision that was awe-inspiring in its sheer complexities and scale.

Boreas made an annoyed growl and shifted all the still living Dominators below his feet into a portal.

The Space around Jarkarr began to warp and distort, as if the presence of these two beings were twisting the fabrics of reality. The Demon Prince looked to the depth of space and he roared.

Rowan had a fleeting thought at this instant, that he might have set events into motion that could cause devastating consequences for everything, but he pushed aside that errant thought. To live and survive the deception of his father, and to tear apart the chains holding his Primordial Record, he would have to play in the big leagues.

Anything he unleashed on the universe, he was willing to bear the consequences for it.

Disregarding Kohron's spectacular entrance, Rowan's eyes were riveted on the Third Prince, his father.

From the first time he saw this man, he had always been an enigma to him. His methods or his appearance was something that always intrigued Rowan. Why did he make his appearance to be fat and loving when there really was no need to do so? Why would he go to great lengths to hide himself and disguise his powers?

There was always something about him that always felt off, even to Rowan with his current experience.

He remembered vividly the first time he had seen this man, at that time he was naked, weak, and confused, thrown from a familiar world of digging through mines and waiting for death, and then he was thrust into this world of unknown and he was so scared and confused.

Rowan knew that the Third Prince had detected his emotions even then, yet through all that, he had still chosen to appear as a loving father, while using his powers to twist and control his body and mind.

Rowan bit his tongue hard, and a flood of red covered his taste buds, he should concentrate. He was already down to three consciousness pillars, and any lower and he would not be able to properly handle the oncoming events .

Focusing on what was happening, he looked around and saw that the Third Prince appeared flustered, and Rowan could almost taste the annoyance oozing from him.

Oh, this is just the start. Rowan thought.

Kohron who had just appeared from the dead body of the Demon Duke, looked around, and Rowan could sense the entire Aether bend and flow into his eyes.

Was this a way to rapidly scrutinize your surroundings? Rowan thought, something about the method the Demon Prince used struck a chord in Rowans mind, and he shelved that thought for later.

Boreas's eyes were not surprised at the presence of the Demon, but by the person that had been pushed away from hiding, turning to the Third Prince and Rowan could see a clear confusion in his eyes.

To all indications, this man was a Dominator of the second circle and he had no business at all on matters of this magnitude.

The Third Prince brushed invisible dust away from his body and cracked his neck, aware he was the subject of all gazes, from Rowan and Fury, down to Kohron and Boreas, but if he was deterred by the presence of such powers staring at him, he did not show any indication.

Instead, he smiled and said, "Hey, there appears to be a misunderstanding, you see..."

Rowan did not have time for this pointless charade by his father, the fat spider would not be surprised for long and as he was on a back foot, he would never give him the chance to steady himself. He pointed to the Third Prince and spoke to Kohron, "He's your target. Kill him."

All eyes turned towards Rowan, the eyes of Fury bulged in shock, that Rowan could command a Demon Prince.

There was no surprise from the Demon Prince Kohron, and then he chuckled, his voice having a rich baritone that shook the entire planet, "With pleasure!" Kohron smiled.

The Demon Prince opened his right hand and manifested a flaming axe that stretched for miles and with a loud yell, he swung it towards the third prince.

The Axe tore a rent through space that extended towards Jarkarr, tearing through the defenses created by Boreas and nearly tearing the planet in two, and if not for Boreas dismissing the energy wave with a motion from his hand. All that was just a side effect from swinging the Axe.

The Third Prince's eyes had widened in amazement when he heard Rowan command a Demon Prince to attack, and he looked deeply at Rowan and surprisingly, he nodded and smiled at him just before the Axe struck him.

The blow was silent as it cleaved through his body, from his head, down to his crotch, and The Third Prince was still smiling even as his body parted in two, and his blood bathed the skies of Jarkarr.