

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 301: Painting The Stars With Blood

This was not over. The smile from the Third Prince that Rowan saw resembled a kid who was having fun. He suddenly understood where that feeling of disquietness he had was coming from. There was something inside the eyes of his father that he had never seen before, it was as if he was beginning to let go of himself.

Rowan did not know why the idea of something like that was beginning to scare him. It took a lot to scare Rowan now.

Kohron Demon Prince of Strife scoffed in disdain, "I expected more from this task. Disappointing. How did such a weakling kill my Duke?"

Rowan felt the strings on his Primordial Record shiver, "He's not dead." whispered Rowan, "He is behind you."

Kohron looked towards the body of the Third Prince, and it had vanished, and a tremendous sound was heard like a mountain being broken in two, and the Demon Prince shuddered, his head was pushed down until it touched his chest and Rowan could see behind him was a grinning Third Prince and he was holding a portion of the skull of the Demon in his hands.

Due to the Demon Prince's size, the portion of the skull in his hands were larger than fifty feet across, the Third Prince looked down at Rowan with an exasperated sigh, for it was his warning that allowed the Demon Prince to move a bit, dodging the otherwise fatal blow.

"Now things just got more fu\*king bothersome. You could not let me kill him the easy way now, could you?" The Third Prince said to Rowan and flung the pieces of the Demon Prince's skull in his hand aside like a thrash.

Kohron reached up and touched his head, his black blood raining down on his body, and then he turned and roared, it was a frightening sound as his mouth stretched open beyond any mortal limits. His visage turned to that of a true demon as scales and teeth burst all over his body.

He grew a tail that was three thousand feet long, with the tips ending in a sharp spear point that burned with hell fire. With a cry that made Rowan's body nearly explode, he unleashed his Domain, and hell opened forth.

His Domain, as Rowan would discover, was housed in his vast wings.

And they were spread so wide it covered the entire expanse, they began to balloon up and wrapped around himself like a ball, trapping the Third Prince inside.

It was impossible for Rowan to describe everything that he was witnessing, for another sun opened up over Jarkarr and it was red.

It was the Domain of the Demon Prince and it began to expand, it grew so massive it became bigger than the planet and swallowed up the moon, the only reason Jarkarr was not swallowed up was because of the presence of Boreas, who had a pale blue shield over the planet that was repelling the red sun.

Enormous booming sounds like a thousand earthquakes rumbled from inside the red sun, and deep cracks opened on the surface of it. Rowan through the Sigils bounding the pages could follow the traces of the battle, but he could only comprehend a fraction of it.

He only knew that the figure of his father was rapidly flickering inside the red sun, millions of times per second, crossing massive distances that were hard to fathom. He recalled back when Erohim trapped him inside a similar Domain, it was hundreds of miles across, but when he escaped, he discovered that the Domain was smaller than a grain of sand.

If he applied the same logic to the Domain of the Demon Prince that was tens of times bigger than the planet he was standing on, then it must mean the space inside it must be unfathomable, and could solely be measured in light years.

For the Third Prince to create massive tears on the fabrics of the Domain while inside, must mean he was unleashing an unfathomable amount of power. He had tried to overestimate the powers of his father, but maybe he had still placed the bar too low.

He must be unleashing so much power he would be able to destroy a thousand planets with each move. Such levels of power was incomprehensible for him at the moment, so far, beyond what normal attributes could command.

The Demon Prince Domain quaked as the intensity of the ongoing battle was continually being ramped up, and then there was a particularly large blast that occurred, and it was louder than any sound that Rowan had ever heard before, and he feared that this sound could be heard all over the Empire.

That sound was overturned by the cry of pain from Kohron, as the Domain he created was torn apart, and his head that had been torn away from his body was thrown with so much force, it landed on the moon, and caused a crater a thousand miles across.

The cry from the Demon Prince broke Rowan's body and nearly shattered his mind. Fury could not even scream before he began to disintegrate. A nine colored flame circled him as the apparition of a Phoenix appeared over his body and he vanished.

The black blood of the Demon Prince sprayed all over space, and the stars in the distance began to be painted in a shade of black, as darkness began to cover the entire visible light.

The Third Prince appeared and he was panting, his hands on his waist, "whew, been a while since I stretched myself like this."

The Decapitated body of the Demon Prince staggered and took a few steps before it knelt down, the blood pumping from the neck was like a waterfall. His wings were in tatters and his hands opened and closed, as if he was trying to grasp something, his motions tearing reality apart.

"I tire of this game, you are not a tame sheep to be led, but a scorpion." the Third Prince sighed, "Come here boy, it's time I took you apart and see what makes you tick."

## **Chapter 302: Flesh suit**

Rowan's surrounding shimmered and suddenly Boreas was beside him, his current size was so massive Rowan was like a single speck of dust beside him, and his body was seized by an invisible force and he came to a stop beside one of Boreas stomach abs that was as wide as a football stadium.

"What are you doing, brother?" Boreas said, "Why are you in that form? You are meddling with affairs that can break the balance, and you will need to answer for it."

Rowan had not expected Boreas to speak, except for defending the planet, the god had seemed okay with standing back and watching the battle, drawing Rowan to his side meant he understood the value of that action, and every word he was speaking tantalized Rowan with the possibility of finally knowing the truth about his father.

The Third Prince cocked his head to the side as if in stupefaction, "Brother?" He said, and then he snapped his fingers, "Oh, it has been so long ago that I actually forgot I was wearing your brother's skin. That's what happens when you find a cloth that just fits, you tend to wear it every single opportunity you are given. Like what I did with it? Anyhow, I'm done with you guys, you are all old news. Now..."

The Third Prince looked away from him and concentrated on Rowan, "... Where was I before the distractions? Yes, retrieving my scorpion."

Rowan felt his body shake, and against his will, he began to rise up in the air—drawn away from Boreas side, and when he began to feel space begin to fold, a likely sign the Third Prince was about to teleport him to his hands, everything slowed and he was covered by blue as the palm of Boreas covered him, and he was enclosed in his fist.

Rowan could hear the Third Prince snap, his voice beginning to change from the casual lazy voice he always used to a more deeper tone, as if he was becoming someone or something else, "What? Not you too? If you want to hinder me, then come fight me with your body, not this pile of shit you shoved your pinkie into. Do you think I will enjoy this? Digging my hands into piles of shit?"

He had miscalculated the degree of the Third Prince's tyranny, if he could talk to a god like this, it was most likely he was also a god, or something different with the powers comparable to one. Now he was clearly at a disadvantage here, and his plans to kill him would prove far more difficult than he had first imagined.

Damn it! He was down to two consciousness pillars.

Rowan heard the solemn voice of Boreas, "who are you?"

"You know who I am, imbecile. Although with all your hearts, I know you wish it was different. That's right, you don't need to deny the chill that is crawling down your spine. When you were just animals playing with your tiny balls, I was the one who gave you clothing and fire. Now release my little scorpion and I will be on my way. Be quick, for your body reeks of shit."

"You dare speak to a god of Trion in this manner? Whatever deception or treachery this whole charade of yours turns out to be, I shall peel every single answer away from your mind."

"Damn you, little twat! I will pull out your spine and throat, fu\*k you with it. Hear my voice and tell me I will not do so."

Rowan would imagine it was incredibly rare if not ever that a god was spoken to in this manner. A dreadful silence overtook everything, and then he felt his body jerk forward, and slammed into a wall of blue.

Before he could reorient himself, he was shaken to the side, as his body was slammed haphazardly around, as if he was in a rollercoaster that was moving at ten thousand miles per second.

A short while later, the surrounding blue had a slight opening, and managing his motion to avoid more impacts on his body, he aimed towards the opening, and he flew out of it.

He used his Berserker Skill Dash for as much as he could push it, ten times, twenty... thirty. The fist of Boreas appeared wide as a world, and the tiny gap he could see ahead seemed to retreat far in the distance the closer he came to it.

With a loud roar, he pushed his Berserker Dash Skill to the limit and he appeared through the gap in the god's hand, and he saw himself inside a godly confrontation, and Boreas was losing.

In the few seconds he had been held in the palm of Boreas, the fight had pushed the god through the planet, and out the other. Rowan found himself in a scene of devastation as massive mountains and dust were behaving haphazardly and the gravity of the planet was acting crazy.

He sidestepped to the side and dodged a falling mountain, the impact pushing him away, and he began to move through the mayhem, in order to find a higher vantage point.

He reached a region of earth that was flipped over and piercing hundreds of miles into the sky, activating Dash multiple times he appeared at the tip of the elevation and his senses roved around and he gaped.

From where Rowan was standing, he could see a wide void that had been pierced through the entire planet, and the body of Boreas lying on the ground, but it appeared he was unharmed and he was just knocked out.

Was it possible to even do something like that to a god?

The Third Prince, on the other hand, surprisingly had been captured!

His body was wrapped by a dense layer of ice, lightning and wind, that were connected to the millions of worlds inside the Domain around Boreas body. He appeared to be stuck inside a jar filled with glue, as his movement slowed nearly to a halt.

Yet, he was still moving, and the red glow from his eyes were fixed unceasingly on Rowans body, and the sheer desire he could feel from his gaze was inhuman.

There was nothing of humanity inside those eyes, and if he understood what the Third Prince had revealed, the body he was wearing was just a flesh suit.

## **Chapter 303: Ravnos**

He heard a loud groan, and the god began to stir, his body shifted and the motion caused earthquakes, as the tortured planet began to bleed out its core into the universe, and Rowans body was covered in tonnes of lava and precious metals that were vented into space.

Boreas began standing up uncovering his back to Rowan's sight, and it was revealed he was not unharmed as Rowan had initially thought. Whatever had happened in those seconds he was not aware of had been deadly, for Boreas Spine had been ripped from his body, and was hanging by small strands of muscles on his neck.

Such a catastrophic wound could as well be a mild annoyance for the god as Boreas shoved his spine back into his body, his eyes became filled with light and fury and he raised one hand towards the heavens, and he made a grabbing motion towards the stars.

His said a single word, "Ravnos."

The entire space around Jarkarr for countless millions of miles went dark with an enormous storm cloud that covered even the nearest planets closer to Jarkarr, as the battle on the planet appeared to be spreading all over the Empire.

If his actions could be killing untold billions of lives on those planets covered by the storm cloud meant anything to Boreas, he did not show as he unleashed his power.

The grandest lightning bolt Rowan had ever seen stretching for millions of miles in length gathered all over the endless span of space around Jarkarr as they were drawn from the countless storm clouds Boreas had summoned in the universe.

They twisted like massive living snakes, the motion tearing apart space as if it was made from a brittle glass. The lightning bolt that was the length of millions of miles slammed down on the body of the frozen Third Prince, who at the end was still staring greedily at Rowan, even with all the commotion happening all around him.

Everything went white. Not only because of the impact and explosion, but because Boreas had sealed Rowan in ice.

His body was frozen, but his mind and senses were still aware, and he could witness the resulting devastation of that mother of all lightning bolts.

The planet that Boreas had just remade was fried to pieces, the untold billions of animal lives snuffed out in an instant, as the oceans vaporized and mountains melted, the atmosphere expanded and combusted and the resultant flash from the impact was so bright, it could be seen thousands of light years away, even from outside the Empire.

In that single moment, every mortal, every Dominator and countless eyes of gods, demons, and many other fantastical beings turned to this location.

Now, that's a fuc\*ing lightning bolt! If Rowan could talk, he would be screaming right now.

The planet turned into a shriveled husk, and Boreas still kept his hands up and he made another summoning as he grabbed the air again, "Ravnos!" Another lightning bolt was created above him, as the storm clouds that extended into the universe rumbled, and Rowan could see inside the storm clouds brief flashes of detonations, it should be the many worlds caught inside Boreas techniques that were burning!

The act of Boreas going all out was killing life around him on a massive scale.

Without any fanfare, he sent it hurtling down towards his target and another bright flash of light shone out which was shortly followed by a rumble that shook the far away sun, nearly shifting or from its fixed position.

The only reason Rowan was not dead and was still witnessing this godly might, was because Boreas ice was keeping him protected, not because of the goodness of the god's heart, but he was seen as a strategic asset, clearly there was history here that he was not aware of as his so-called father was a greater menace than he could have ever known.

The second lightning bolt destroyed what was left of the planet, and a third lightning bolt was created and on its way, as Boreas growled, "Ravnos!"

Even though his body was frozen, Rowan's nerves were still electrified by the massive amounts of power being sent out by Boreas. The electricity he was generating had gone beyond all concepts of measurement in volts, as he must be unleashing at the barest minimum trillions of volts.

The plasma trail from the lightning bolt Boreas was sending down from the heavens was leaving trails of gleaming blue streaks through the darkness outside space that were slowly healing and closing up, as the space around Jarkarr had collapsed into chaos, exposing the darkness outside the material universe.

The area the Third Prince was trapped in had now turned into a lake of electrified plasma that was shining so bright, and emitting so much heat, it could as well be a sun.

The power Boreas was pushing out was beyond what he thought an Anima of a god should be capable of, after all, they were just a small part of the god, perhaps even less than one percent of their total capabilities. The Demon Prince hardly posed a challenge to the Third Prince, unlike Boreas, who was tearing reality apart.

Perhaps there was a reason why Trion was not just besieged by one Supreme worlds but two. Was it possible that the gods of Trion were different from other gods? More powerful? It seemed to be the case from the demonstration he was seeing here, or maybe the area around the Empire was the home ground of the gods and they could then unleash more powers as a result?

All his questions were placed to the side, when another lightning bolt was sent into that raging, electrified pool of plasma. It began to expand and Boreas stopped his grabbing gesture, and held both hands towards the dense ball of plasma and he made a squeezing gesture and it began to compress, with the wave of his other hand, massive chains of ice began covering the compressing ball of plasma.

From inside that maelstrom of deadly energies, he could hear the angered roar of the Third Prince, "I have had enough with the damned lightning bolts!"

## **Chapter 304: Sands Shift. Moon Sighs**

If Rowan could talk, he would have screamed at Boreas that barely a moment ago the Third Prince had vanished from his restraints and was now behind Boreas, although to all appearances he was still trapped.

He had no ally here, but it was important to him that the Third Prince fall on this day.

A loud blast occurred behind the god, and a shockwave was sent out, the wreath of flowers on his head was torn apart, and Rowan expected a repeat of the past with the Demon Prince, but he was surprised to see it was the body of his Third Prince who had been sent flying.

The attack on the Third Prince was not from Boreas as he was clearly surprised by the commotion behind him, it had instead originated from Kohron.

The Demon Prince's body had arisen and it was moving without his head, what had slammed into the body of the Third Prince was the long tail of the Demon, which he had wielded like a whip, and directed the extremely sharp ends towards the body of the Third Prince who went flying until he blasted into the moon, cracking that heavenly body nearly in two.

Coincidentally, he was buried beside the head of Kohron, and he was clearly shaken up when he stood up, he was bleeding by the side of his head. He stood up only to fall again to his knees.

On his back where the point of the tail had slammed into him was a thick living clump of Hellfire that was trying to dig into his body. Around him was a bright halo of electrified blue plasma that took the forms of swords and Spears and appeared to be digging into his flesh.

The Third Prince's eyes were dazed as if he was struggling to bottle something inside as he kept whispering, "stay down... stay down... damn it, stay down!"

The eyes of Kohron lit up and he growled, "Lunatic. The same trick will not work twice. I will kill you with my own hands."

The Demon Prince inhaled, and the body of the Third Prince was sent flying towards his open mouth. He snapped it shut, but he missed as the Third Prince appeared a few miles away, he was still disoriented but was rapidly regaining his faculties, as he easily



dismissed the Hellfire burning in his back with a single wave of his hand, and began to crush the weapons of lightning around his body.

"Slippery bastard." Kohron cried out, "Hey, find a way to hold him down, my authority over Strife is a point of vulnerability for him, continue basting him. More lightning!!!"

Rowan's eyes blazed, it appeared that they might have a way to win, and the quick thinking of Kohron that allowed him to analyze the actions and weakness of the Third Prince was outstanding, and showed his superb battle awareness.

"Silence Demon." Boreas replied, but he must have still acknowledged him, as he commanded the ball of electrified plasma to shoot towards the Third Prince.

It went so fast it appeared as if it teleported towards its target, and the instant it was about to engulf the Third Prince, he yawned, "Not again." He sighed.

Then everything froze.

The entire universe turned to a shade of black and white, except for the eyes of the Third Prince that shone red.

Reality began to fuzz at the edges like an old television channel with poor reception. The Third Prince's body was also frozen, but something inside of him was not.

The chest of the Third Prince parted open and a naked figure covered with blood fell from his chest, like a madman version of a childbirth.

The figure shook and stood up, and with the swell on the chest and the curves what stood up was a woman!

The figure disappeared and appeared before Rowan, and his heart nearly stopped when her familiar features revealed itself.

Standing before him, naked with her only cover being the blood covering her body, was his mother!

He traced the familiar outline from the small scar by the side of her eyes, her oval face and the slight tilt in her lips as she was smiling at him, her long curly hair, that fell like waves down her back.

Rowan's many void hearts shook when he recalled the first painting he did when he reached this world.

*" Sands shift. Moon sighs. My mother still waits."*

Many things became clear to him this instant and he felt his body nearly begin to weep.

What did he learn about how Sigils work? They use his love and familiar emotions to create chains around the Singularity in his body. They sought to control using its only weakness—him because they all knew his weakness was love.

They had used his people in his town, they had used his maid Maeve, why did he never think they would use his mother, the most familiar thing to him, his first love.

"My boy.... My dear boy, what has happened to you?"

That familiar voice, and now Rowan began to weep, nevertheless his eyes were dry.

Connected to her body was a thick chain of Sigil, that pierced through her head, heart, and stomach.

"Mum?"

In this reality that had been frozen her fingers were like a scalpel, and the ice Boreas had placed around him were thin paper, she cut through it with ease and before Rowan could blink she was in his arms.

He found himself unable to lift his hands to hug her back to himself, his mind was in chaos while his arms were numb, as his body shook with her sobs, she pushed him away and she held her hands up to his face, and she cradled it,

"Let me see you, my dearest son, my only light."

She peered deeply at him, joy and sorrow in equal measures on her face, her eyes were weeping tears of blood, and then she began to laugh.

It was a different sound than he had become used to hearing. There was no megalomaniac here, no lust, no deception, no fury, no lies, only intense joy and happiness, "Look at you!" She said while laughing and crying at the same time, "I knew you would grow up to be strong and handsome, and here you are my Rowan, and in all of creation, my child is perfect!"

He could only repeat like a fool, "Mum?"

"Yes, yes, it's me, my dear." She cleaned the bloody tears from her face. "It is me."

## **Chapter 305: A Blooming Rose**

"How can this be?" Rowan's body shook as if he was now awake, and he placed his hands around her, and summoning his Aether he created a dress made with red, and from his memory he made her favorite.

It was a palatial dress that only the Nobility could wear, and not just nobles but powerful Dominators. The dress flowed from her shoulders down her waist, where it was cinched by a belt that was decked with tiny precious stones. From her waist, the dress became broader until it flowed to her feet and extended beyond until it swept behind her for more than twenty feet.

On the dress were vivid stitching of flames, Phoenixes, and foxes with nine tails, making it dazzle, and she appeared to be enrobed in a dress made from red flames.

He reached forward and touched her face, and gathered all the blood until her features were not clouded by it. Her eyes looked at him with amusement and love at his actions, and she twirled around and laughed when the dress flowed around her body, disregarding gravity with a supernatural grace.

For a short while, in an entire universe that was frozen, only the joyous laughter of his mother, and the smile in Rowan's eyes remained. He felt his eyes stinging and threatening to shed a tear.

Her laughter turned out to be infectious, and when she held out her hands to him, he took it and then, like a girl, she began turning around, and he joined her.

The memories of those times returned unaided to his mind, piercing through the coldness of his Empyrean nature, and finding that warm place in his soulless heart, that he thought he had lost.

With the loss of his Soul as a result of his Avatar of Eve bloodline, and the knowledge that his bloodline would rebel against him if he did not accelerate his growth, his actions had grown cold and calculating.

The only vestige of his previous life was his desire to always leave seeds in every world he would inevitably plunder and consume, and as he considered that thought a little deeper, his seed making plan was just a way to be smart about the method he used in consuming the universe, I.e. instead of wiping it clean, he would leave a batch behind to grow and prosper and then he would return.

It did not take long to imagine how diabolical that line of action was. Yet, Rowan no longer thought of mortal existence to mean that much to him any longer, somewhere back when he was not paying attention, he lost the last of his humanity, and the laughter from his mother, against all odds, showed him a side of him he thought was gone forever.

The memories returned to him without ceasing. It was of a game they both used to play, and when he was young, he was the one she would twirl around until he got dizzy, his laughter had echoed in the halls of the manor, and it was one of the best moments of his life.

Presently she tried to do it, and when she failed to budge him a single inch, she collapsed into laughter, and Rowan joined her, it was natural and not forced.

It was his first real laughter in a long while, and then holding her hand, he began to turn, while keeping his motion at a decent speed, her legs left the ground and she squealed in happiness and shock.

"Faster, faster," she said, her laughter resonant.

Rowan complied and from above it appears as if her body transformed to a blooming rose as her dress spread around her.

And for this precious length of time, mother, and son played together.

They played against the backdrop of gigantic demons and gods, and against the setting of many worlds burning and a shattered moon. In this strange reality of black, white and red.

Their laughter became all there was.

Who said there could not be beauty in evil.

It was coming, the end of their dance, Rowan knew it, and he was sure his mother also knew it.

I don't want it to end. This should not be. This sort of miracle cannot happen to me, and even if I know this would all end up in disaster.... By the gods, I don't want it to end.

When the laughter stopped, he found himself seated as he had always done when he was little—on the ground, with his mother beside him.

She looked at him deeply and sighed again, "I can't get used to how big you have grown, it seemed like yesterday I could easily hold you up with a single arm."

Rowan swallowed the ache that threatened to burst out of his chest, "What happened to you mother. I was lost, one moment you were by my side and the next..." Rowan's voice steadied and he closed his eyes, "The last thing I heard was that you were imprisoned, and you were to be tortured until your death inside the Golden Tower. The reason I agreed to take part in the experiment was the promise of your freedom."

She smiled sadly and looked around her before returning her gaze to him, "Oh my sweet, sweet, child, that son of a bit\*h is going to pay dearly for what he has done to you and our family. Going by the devastation around, I'm sure you are aware that many things are not the way they seem, the lies holding our little family together are deep and it would take a miracle to shine through all the clutter inside of it, and reveal all the hidden darkness to light."

She paused and took his hands in her own, "you did well in laying an ambush for your father, he was not expecting it, and that made the seals he placed on me weaken enough for me to escape for a time. He needs to always strengthen the seals every ten thousand years and for the first time in a long while he has made a mistake, and it's all thanks to your effort and wit. The time I have with you now is fixed, and I cannot have much more, for he is already pulling me back, and my hold-over reality would soon be over. Listen to me closely, and I will tell you as much of the truth as I'm permitted."

## **Chapter 306: The Empyrean of Life.**

Rowan's eyes went cold, "The truths you are permitted to speak?"

His mother sighed, "I'm deeply connected with that monster, and it was through me he got access to the Empire."

Noticing his confusion, she sighed, "what I'm about to tell you may seem unbelievable, but I want you to believe me."

"Trust me mother, there are few things that can surprise me any longer."

She looked at him skeptically and then she smiled, "There are a few things I will need to clear up before we proceed, I know of your soul merger and growth, or should I say I knew of it, now I can no longer detect the state of your soul and that's a good thing."

Rowan pulled back a bit, "You knew of my soul merger? How is that possible?"

She noticed Rowan's movement and she smiled sadly, "I've been a bad mother, but I try to do the best with what I have available. Millions of years ago, I gave birth to seven children, but they were born from my primal nature and they were wild, and no matter how hard I tried to lead them towards the direction of order, they were still unchecked, it was all I could do to keep them in place and to stop them from preying on the rest of the universe, it was during this trying period that the monster who would turn out to be your father came to me, with a proposition to save my children, a method to make them reach beyond their primal nature, his only payment was for me to marry him and bear him a child. He was powerful and his plan appeared to be able to work, and I gave in."

Rowan began feeling a growing sense of disquiet, his mind beginning to connect different pieces he didn't even know were linked together in the first place.

She sighed and continued, "you were the fruit of our union, and I loved you, my dearest child. Yet, I never had much time with you, over the endless millennia, you were taken from me. I gathered my entire power and fought your father, and... I lost."

Rowan said softly, "Who are you?"

"Oh my child, you have seen me many times before, and a part of you recognizes me even through all the darkness. Inside the Nexus, you saw my temple. I am the forsaken mother of Abominations, the Bearer of Calamities and gods. The Empyrean of Life. My name is Elura."

She went closer to him and squeezed his hand, and she hugged him and slowly whispered into his ears, "At the moment during the battle with your father, when I became aware I was going to lose, I did something truly forbidden by my Originator, and went outside the universe to call your essence from outside of all known reality, unknown to your father or mine. This is the secret that we both share, and it should never be known to anyone else. I had hopes for a change, and my longings were rewarded with you, my son, standing before me against all odds. "

She laughed a bit, seeing the disbelieving look on his face, "I believe with your intelligence you would begin to understand many parts of the conflicts. The gods of Trion came to be the result of that monster's solution to my problem. He ripped the light from my children, making them closer to beasts, and from their light he made the gods of Trion. Their corporeal bodies were sealed in the depths of the earth."

"You are the mermaid with three arms." Rowan's voice could not hide his surprise, "When I woke up, the first thing I saw was you. You're an Empyrean? Who is my father? How could he imprison someone of your power?"

"Yes Rowan, I am the Empyrean of Life, and I was betrayed by your father." Elura sniffed, "Don't look down on me, it was difficult to bring me down, if you want to know, our battle shook all creation."

"Yet you lost." Rowan pointed.

"If you don't speak, you would appear wiser, you know. I am called the Empyrean of life, not of battle. I have been trying to reach you all these while with the limited reach I had, but I knew you would find a way to catch up with me. You are my last born, and for millions of years you have been denied so much of what you are."

Reality trembled and she looked around, "I don't have much time, and anything related to your father is forbidden for me to divulge to anyone because he has imprisoned all of me, and this minor part of me could escape and reach you only because of your actions. There are many things I wish I could tell you, but you are already on your way to discovering them. Yet, you should be aware of some things."

She stopped as if she was fighting against something, and from the edge of his perception, Rowan was beginning to hear a dull roar of rage that was getting louder.

"You are getting stronger but at your rate of growth it would take too long for you to reach the peak of your potential and unlock my gift inside of you which I left in the depths of history, it contains your millions of years of memories and your Empyrean

bloodline. I can buy you more time against your father, it will not be much, but it would be enough to escape his reach and delay him for a short while. The gods of Trion are not your enemy, but they have been misguided and sent towards a wrong path, and that makes them incredibly dangerous to you, do not hold back if you face them."

Her face suddenly went serious and in a grave tone she began speaking, Rowan's eyes also went cold as he listened closely to what she was about to say, "There are many things I want to tell you, and many things I am eager to learn from you, but first, I would like to know, I hope you have a wife by now, or if not, you have a candidate in mind."

"What... what... I don't..." Rowan was dumbstruck, the tone of the conversation suddenly shifting to something he had never expected, "Mum!" he shouted, "this is not the right time for that!"

## **Chapter 307: The Stolen Light**

Seeing his reaction she bent down in laughter, supporting herself by holding his hand, "ha ha ha, you should see your face, ha ha ha, I never knew my big strong boy could blush. You know, I will have to argue that now is the best time to ask you about it, so let's not change the topic, and we shall discuss your lack of a partner or many partners if that is what you desire."

"Hmph... I'm not a child, mother."

"What? You are now a big macho man who doesn't need a woman? I remember 842,000 years ago, you had this unholy crush on a Wood Nymph, gosh it was so embarrassing seeing your star-struck eyes and your goofy smile."

Rowan wanted to speak, and then he paused, he raised his hand and he placed it down, before he forced himself to speak, "First, how do you know I had a crush on a Wood Nymph, are those things not supposed to be around 10 inches tall? No, scratch that, I would rather not dig more into this subject."

"Come on Rowan, indulge your poor mother, and shapeshifting was one of your many gifts... so I recall you also like taking other forms, if you know what I mean." She winked at him.

Rowan scoffed, "I can't be with you. I cannot believe my mother, an Emyprean, is a pervert." he looked away, but by the curve of his lips he was smiling.

"There it is, that smile that breaks my heart and fills it with joy. I will never forgive him for making your existence a living hell." The anger in her eyes burned so hot that it shook all of reality before she pushed it back and smiled, "You are doing every available female in the universe a disservice by keeping that smile hidden, you know. What? Do

you think your status as an Empyrean means that you can't sleep with as many women as you want, or that it makes you a eunuch?"

Rowan sighed and went with it, "Well, as you said, what if I want to be a strong macho man who doesn't need any bitch\*s?"

"Language!" She smacked his head, but she had to stand on tiptoes to do so, after all, the glorious Empyrean of life was 5'5 (1.65 meters). Rowan had no doubt she could be as colossal in size as she wanted, but she appeared to prefer this diminutive size.

He huffed, "Seriously, mom, it's no longer funny."

"Okay, I will stop playing with you. You have my noble blood, don't you dare bring any skank to my doorsteps."

"Well, as that's what you want, I will make sure I do the opposite!"

"Don't you dare?"

"How will you stop me?"

"you...you... you are no son of mine."she turned away sulking and Rowan walked up and placed his hand on her shoulder, and it was shaking, he nearly panicked thinking she was crying and then he turned her around and she broke down in laughter.

Rowan could not help it and joined her in laughter, their happiness seemed to feed on each other and they both laughed, seemingly forgetting the depressing topic they had been discussing a while back.

This was his mother. Able to bring life even inside hell.

It didn't last for long, however,

The void trembled, and he heard the angered roar of the Third Prince, "Elura, you fu\*king whore. Get back here!"

Elura continued speaking without acknowledging him, but her demeanor became serious, "Your brothers and your sisters' light were ripped off and fashioned into the true abominations called the gods of Trion. You must kill them all and return their lights to your brethren. You see, your father never lied to me at first, his plans were feasible, and he would have given my children ascension from their primal nature, but after seeing the potential of my brood, he lusted for more and refused to return the light he took from them. I don't know his purpose, but he has a plan, and after seeing what he kept doing to you, I knew I had to change something."



Light and color was beginning to bleach into the surrounding universe, and Elura continued speaking, "I cannot tell you about your father, but I have left many hints for you, with the new information I just gave you about him, and everything you know of me, you should be able to figure out whom he truly is soon enough, but now we are running out of time."

"Get back here!" Another loud roar emerged from the distance.

She looked up and her eyes turned white, and the voice of the Third Prince faded, and the color entering the universe slowed,

"I know I'm throwing a lot of information to you very quickly, and you will need to scrutinize every single word I have given you. You have a sharp weapon, yes?"

A slight pain echoed in his hearts and he nodded slowly,

She smiled a pained smile, and she began shedding a bloody tear, "Oh, my dear boy, I know you believe your many Empyrean hearts make you cold, but it is, in fact, the opposite, you have been shown so much in so little time, that it has become numb, and I'm about to inflict more damage to that battered heart, and one day I hope you will forgive me for it."

She pointed to her heart, "Right here, Rowan, make it quick. Don't think about what you need to do, it's the only way to free up a page from your Singularity."

For a short while, Rowan paused in shock, it did not help that now he had only a single consciousness pillar, and he could not push his emotions into other consciousness, he had to face everything head on. Every messy emotion and all the information floating in his head left him confused and distraught.

His mother's voice was like a whip crack, "Rowan, do it this instant, I cannot hold him back any longer."

Rowan saw himself holding his mother by the back of her neck with his left hand, while a blade that was red like blood settled over her chest, about to be driven into her heart by his right hand.

"I am so sorry, child, I'm sorry. It shouldn't be you, but you must." she smiled at him.

Rowan stilled and said, "First I want to ask you one question, where do Elura Shards come from?"

## **Chapter 308: Emerging (Part one)**

She was a bit taken back by the question before a look of sorrow flashed through her eyes, "Do you need to know this?"

"Yes." Rowan looked her deep in her eyes, his hands shaking a bit, "Yes, I need to know."

Placing her hand over his right arm, she squeezed it and she began talking, "The shards are pieces of my body... He keeps me alive, chained inside his awful Red Domain, and he harvests my flesh every now and then, and uses it as a currency. With the assistance of my flesh, he has been able to infiltrate nearly every power structure in the known universe. Nevertheless, do not despair, for he is bound by ancient agreements and his battle with me and the seals over his body stripped him of ninety-nine percent of his powers and he can only manipulate the universe in small, often meaningless ways, unless he is given permission, and the foolish gods have given him a lot of permission, don't make the same mistake. Killing me now would not only deprive him of a page from your Singularity, it would also stop the flow of the shards to the Universe, although he has stockpiled a lot of it, it would become a stream without roots that would soon dry up."

Rowan's voice cracked, "How long has he been doing this to you."

She smiled, "Too long, but for creatures like us, time is meaningless, there is only the now, remember that child."

Rowan's face went white as he recollected the torments of Erohim in the hands of Boreas, and realized his mother had been going through worse over a far longer period of time.

Reality began to tremble, and color began leaking into it, the voice of the Third Prince neared his ears and he almost felt as if a corpse with a tongue that was too warm was licking his ears, "What do you think you are doing boy? Do you think killing that whore would solve anything, except carrying you to your death a little more quicker. Sealing her inside this shell is holding back a tremendous portion of my strength. How are you going to survive my wrath when I have no more shackles?"

"Do not listen to his words, Rowan." Elura eyes flashed with anger, "Yes, he has to divert a greater part of his powers to keep me sealed inside of him, but what he fails to mention is that my death would hurt him badly for time has linked our essence far more deeper than even he had expected, and his strength would fall for a period of time, perhaps enough for you to grow strong enough to stand against him."

The voice of the Third Prince suddenly went louder and the void quaked, "Shut up! The question you should be asking him is this: Rowan, are you willing to slaughter your own mother, just to give you time to keep running away from me? If you think in a million years you can still be a match for me, then my dear boy, you would be sorely mistaken. But, I'm not all cruel, stop your actions, and return to my side. I promise to give you a life

of bliss beside your mother for billions of years. Go against me and I guarantee you a fate worse than death itself, and your soul would be my plaything for all eternity."

"Don't listen to him, Rowan, the Devil doesn't bargain! Do it... kill me!"

Rowan swallowed a lump in his throat, "I can't." The blade in his hand collapsed to dust and he grabbed his mother and placed her behind him.

She began to cry, "Rowan it is not stated anywhere, but any mother would more than happily give up their life for her child, not to talk about me, I have failed you in so many ways, and doing this would make me happy as I can finally do one thing to atone for the lifetime of torture you have suffered. This is the wisest choice, you must do this."

No! You have nothing to apologize for, do you hear me." Rowan shook her, hoping she would see his convictions, and he continued, "I will not kill you. I can never do that."

Reality shuddered and the gray tone faded away to bring light and color to everything, the joyous laughter of the Third Prince echoed.

"Oh, my dear, it is too late." Elura whispered

He saw the confused expression on both Boreas and Kohron at the presence of his mother, but he ignored them all and turned to face his mother, "Since the moment I woke up, my fate and the decisions I make have been directed by everyone and everything around me, even my fu\*king bloodline would turn against me, if I don't enter this endless rat race to stay ahead. I have killed a lot, so much death in so little time.... It began with hundreds, then thousands, now I kill millions."

"My son, I never wanted this path for you." Elura whispered with sorrow.

Rowan smiled at her, "The reason I chose to kill was not because of just the pressure from my environment. No, I made that choice because I wanted to be able to finally make the decision by myself... to have the power to be able to decide by myself what I want, so if I can choose to kill, then I can also choose not to kill."

"Great speech." the Third Prince guffawed, "Now, give yourself up to me without struggle, choose this path, and I will keep my word. This is not a bargain, but a promise I will keep, my patience is running out, and you will not see such a favorable side from me for long."

Rowan ignored him, looking directly into his mother's eyes, those two perfect orbs that he wondered how it was possible he had ever forgotten them. He began to see the beginning of understanding from his mother's eye, and he nodded to her, "I can choose not to kill, only when I'm powerful enough to be able to make that decision and allow my will to become supreme."

He lowered the tone of his voice until it seemed like a whisper, and he asked her, "Tell me, mother, how strong do I have to become to break him."

## Chapter 309.2: Emerging (Part 2)

Elura's tone was colored with shock as she whispered, "I don't know if that is possible without making the choice before you, but it is now too late, and although I do not agree with you, I shall choose to respect your decision. I can't tell you what he is, but he is beyond anything from this universe."

"Beyond?" Rowan said, his long blond hair slowly turned red as he chuckled, "Mother, what do you know about the Singularity inside me."

"I know it was your greatest gift but also brought with its descent, your greatest tribulations. The Singularity was attracted to you at your birth. I will never forget the look of shock on his face when he saw what your birth manifested, I should have been more careful when I saw that look, but I did not understand how monstrous he was at that time. For when he saw it, his lust for its power had never ceased, and it gives me nothing but great joy that although he has spent millions of years attempting to unlock its secrets, he has still failed."

"He doesn't just lust for the power of the Singularity," Rowan said, "He fears it. For good reasons too, for the little knowledge he has gleaned of its purpose is beyond his understanding. Mother, when you say the power of my Father is beyond me, you're wrong... I'm beyond what he could ever imagine."

A hand gleaming with blood burst forth from his chest as the cold voice of the Third Prince whispered in his ears, "How about now? Are you beyond me?"

Rowan looked at the hand in his chest, and glanced away with little interest. Elura on the other hand appeared distraught at his wounds, his blood had stained her face and a look of both horror, fear and expectation was in her eyes.

Rowan's eyes closed, "let's find out." His eyes suddenly opened wide,

"Fiona, do it now!" Rowan whispered.

"Finally." A feminine chuckle echoed, and a fair hand emerged from Rowan's shadow and entered the Third Prince's shadow that was now linked with Rowan's, it seemed to be looking for something and then it pulled and vanished back into the shadows taking with it, dozens of items and to Rowan shock and happiness, a page of his Primordial Record!

This happened very quickly and with utter silence, with no indication or disturbance in the surrounding Aether.

The Third Prince's eyes widened with surprise, and then rage, "How dare you, filthy crow! Return back my properties, or I shall turn Terminus to slag."

Only the fading laughter of Fiona Shadowsoul answered him.

Before now, Rowan had investigated all the abilities the members of the Covenant were known for, and the one that had taken most of his attention was of Fiona Shadowsoul.

She was claimed to be the best thief in the galaxy.

Like her name may have implied, she had the ability to steal the target's possessions, from items to even their abilities, using their shadows as a medium.

She was famous for stealing all over the galaxy, and Terminus, her home world was the melting point of mercenaries and the underground elements from all over the galaxy with dozens of major powers having a stake inside of it.

The Third Prince gritted his teeth, "What does it matter, I have you now and the entirety of the Singularity, and I shall hunt for the page anytime I want." he growled like a beast, saliva pouring down from the side of his mouth, the image of a fat and cheerful man was left far behind, leaving only a being of pure avarice and lust in its place, "It was a great plan, but now it's over."

"Not yet." Rowan spoke out, "Are you not forgetting something? Or has your greed broken your mind? Tell me, O' Father, what is the color of my blood?"

The Third Prince pulled his hand away from his body and looked at the red blood pooling down around Rowan, who had collapsed only to be supported by his mother, but Rowan held a mad, bloody grin in his mouth.

"How...how did you do this?"

"You were too late... father. You blinked and you missed a single move, and that would cost you, for I will never let you bridge that gap, and you would have to watch and fear me as I get closer to your throat with each passing moment."

The Third Prince's eyes began to glow with so much red, its radiance extended from his eyes like a snake and curled around his body, and then he screamed.

In the fraction of a second before the apocalyptic shout that was about to emerge from the Third Prince's mouth, Rowan looked at the amazed look on his mother's face, and he laughed.

After all, he was no longer here. The body struggling to stand, and could only be supported by his mother, was quite different from his own.

This body was that of a Berserker Clone.

The switch happened a short while back, it was at the moment when he pushed the Divine Kingdom of Erohim into space with Astrolabe, the commotion was loud, and it did something important, it created a distraction.

He had to fool two people, Fury and the Third Prince, each of them understood a part of the picture but not the whole, so he had to present a picture that would be able to deceive both at the same time, while keeping the narrative they understood about him to the fore.

Fury had been shocked and distracted by the spectacle of such a massive Divine Palace being whisked away in front of him, of course he had seen Rowan moving with ungodly speed using a white light, but he did not know he could carry a Divine Palace eight thousand miles in length and take it into space, most importantly, his father was also not aware of that.

It was a gamble and fortunately, he succeeded, with the commotion of lifting the Divine Palace into Space, he had swapped bodies.

At this very moment he was in a vast room where he laid down in the most palatial and softest bed he had come across.

His eyes were closed, as he rested, he had only a single consciousness pillar still active. He hoped it was enough, for what he was about to do next.

## **Chapter 310.3: Emerging (part 3)**

At this time, Rowan had reached the peak of the Incarnation State using the Avatar of Eve bloodline, and the only reason he was not breaking past the first Great Circle was because of Eva, who unlike him, had to take a while to recover from the strain of ascending to the peak of a particular stage in mere minutes.

He did not have valuable time to wait for her recovery, and he did not need to, he was mere moments before he would fall into slumber, and he did not know how long he would be sleeping, he could not carelessly upgrade his powers into the Second Great Circle, which he knew would drastically change his powers, he would need to understand the risks and the powers of that realm when he was fully conscious.

But he had to make a statement.

Inside his Palace of Ice, there were now seven Soul Crystals, each of them representing a million soul points apiece. He would have wished for more, but he was pressed for time.

He Fast Traveled to the top of the Divine Palace of Erohim where all around him was filled with the milky white light of the Astrolabe pushing the Palace far into the void of space, and by now he had already escaped the Empire controlled Space and was deep into the galaxy.

There were brief flashes of light that should represent different heavenly bodies flashing by very rapidly as the Astrolabe pushed him with a speed beyond cognition, and soon he entered into the darkness, as he finally escaped the galaxy that housed both the Empire and many other authorities, and into the void between galaxies and he stopped the flow of energy into the Astrolabe and he ground to a stop.

Disregarding physics, the Divine palace of Erohim went from moving at speeds far surpassing the speed of light to a screeching halt, and Rowan could finally see the entire universe displayed all around him.

It was said you would understand more about life by walking a thousand miles than by reading a thousand books.

Rowan believed that sentiment at this moment.

Before him was displayed all the glories of the universe, and he felt his heart ache when he remembered how he got here with each step he took. The opportunities afforded to him by his bloodline made him unique, for who else at his current level could see such grand sights and perform such miraculous feats.

His bloodline made him stand at a height that would disregard most of creation, and he was only getting stronger.

He recalled standing on top of a mountain at one time not too long ago, and catching sight of the land below him, and he had felt small, and not long after, he stood outside a planet, and he saw more of the land than he could ever hold in his hands, and in a shorter time than he had expected, he had seen the entire breadth of the Empire when he was at the Covenant base.

He saw a world that was as massive as a sun, it was the first sight of a Major World, and that sight had floored him, it filled him with longing for life and adventure, and gave him the conviction to be strong and keep his eyes directly at a goal, to live without the fear of control by any powers or dominions.

This was a goal that should be far off from most beings in the Universe, but not him. If he was willing to sacrifice, he could truly stand at the top one day.

So he made the decision never to falter, never to fear, to be bold and always focus on tomorrow, he was about to be tested and prove to all why he was deserving of that honor.

Now he could see the full galaxy that harbored the Entire Empire, and from here the glorious Empire with all the gods were nothing but bigger specks in the sea of endless specks of light drifting in an endless sea.

This was the Nebular Galaxy, a supermassive galaxy that held two other major worlds, and his eyes perused the untold billions of light inside the galaxy, and his Knowledge Well interrupted his musing by telling him there were 458 billion stars.

The entire Empire did not even cover a millionth of the galaxy, and if he broadened his vision he could see many more galaxies around him, and from here he could count at least a hundred of such galaxies. There were an untold number of stars and the worlds filling them all.

Yet in the incredible immensity of such a magnitude, they were meaningless to him as his sight stayed at that small section of the galaxy where he could still see the joy and fear and sorrow and compassion and love and so many emotions in his mother's eyes, and as she held his broken clone, he could still feel the warmth of her breath on his face, and he smiled at her.

"I will show you what is beyond everything." He said silently.

Then he opened his hands and hovering above it were seven soul crystals, and he looked inside of him and selected seventy Angels of Char and he manifested them all before him.

"Maaassteerrrr!" A small form streaked with lightning slammed into his body where it rubbed itself on his body before proceeding to fly around him, it was Archimedes, the lightning Kirin, that he picked up along the way, with its knowledge of the safest route through the galaxy, Rowan had been able to chart his way using Astrolabe without falling into any pitfalls along the way.

Another small form followed behind, flapping his little wings, "Wait for me... Archie."

"Hmm, slowpoke, are you sure you are a dragon? I could fly better than you when I was just a few seconds old!"

"That can't be right." the small form muttered to himself before calling out, "Hey, that's not fair, I'm doing quite well." Vraegar puffed out his chest, and followed Archimedes in circling Rowan's body. "Hello, father, where are we?"

Their attentions was soon drawn to the crystals in Rowan's hand, and they nearly crashed from their flight as the energy emanating from it was both dangerous and



alluring, they almost drooled even as fear and hunger emanated from every cell in their bodies.

The two strong sensations they were receiving at the same time froze them until they resembled statues.