

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 311: Emerging (Final)

Rowan ignored them and focused on the angels he would be summoning, he did not know if it was the effect of the entirety of Erohim Soul he consumed or because of some other mutation or the natural effect of his bloodline growth, but the number of Angels of Char he had been generating were increasing at an exponential rate.

From the tens of thousands before, now he had 566,457 Angels of Char that were clustered so thickly around his Palace of Ice that from afar they resembled a mound of termites covering their colony.

From those impressive numbers, were many surprises, including another Sovereign like Suriel, and fifty Archangels candidates.

He pulled them out from his Palace of Ice and they arrayed before him, with the Sovereign at their forefront, they proceeded to all kneel.

The presence of these Angels of Char emitted a shocking cold that far exceeded the vacuum of space, and Archimedes and Vraegar were shaken from their catatonic state by it, and when they saw the warped figures before them.

"What is eerekkh..." Vraegar covered the mouth of Archimedes with his wings and pulled her back, they could both sense that something extremely remarkable was about to happen, and with fear and expectation in their eyes, they went behind Rowan and stayed near his legs as they peeked at the transpiring events.

"Mother, witness the might of your son, and know hope, just as he shall know despair."

He gestured with his left hand, and seventy eyes emerged from his Mental Space and shot towards the Angels of Char.

Except for Nezrakim and Dora whose duty would keep them in Trion for the upcoming future, the rest of his awakened Angels appeared before him, and they spread out their wings of flame, and the light from it was as bright as the sun.

As one, they all began chanting towards the Creator, a Song of Ages. Angels were the first holder of songs, and no other sounds in creation could be more majestic. Suriel's voice was deep and the sound made the stars shake.

The Song of Ages was the first song ever sung, and not with any language known to this universe or any other universe, it was a verse outside of time.

Thousands of miles away on the other side of the palace, all the people in the convoy were gathered in a location that resembled a forest, for the Divine Palace had many such scenic locations inside of it, and hearing that spine-chilling melody, they all crowded towards the viewing ports in the palace.

Their mortal eyes could not see many fine details at such a far off distance, but they saw the twelve suns bowed before a glowing figure of gold, and the chants from those twelve suns made all their knees weak and they all fell to the ground.

In the far off distance, Rowan's broken Berserker Clone whispered to his mother, "Look to the east, there shines a small part of my light. Know this mother, your son is without equal in all Creation."

The seventy eyes merged with the seventy Angels of Char, and with the rising of the song from the Awaken Angels, Rowan crushed the Soul Crystals, unleashing a flood of purple that sank into the eyes of the Angels of Char.

As one, they all went alight.

This would be the first time he would be creating his Angels outside the Palace of Ice, it was careless behavior, but Rowan wanted to give his mother hope. He wanted to shake the universe, he wanted his call to the everlasting darkness to be loud and he wanted to Emerge. After All, this was a challenge to his father, someone he suspected to be the most powerful being in the known universe.

Seventy suns rose in the East

The Final Part of the Song of Ages ended, but the verses still carried into the universe.

"...if the radiance of a thousand suns were to burst at once into the sky,

That would be like the splendor of the Mighty One."

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The scream of the Third Prince was nothing a living being was supposed to let out, and when it erupted from him, the surrounding space around his body seemed to vibrate, making many small jumps as if the atoms that made up that space were rapidly changing shape.

There was a premonition of doom, as if the eyes of death had just opened, and his cry was their medium to reach reality.

A red wave erupted from his body, borne by an unholy rage.

The Ouroboros Serpents left behind burst from all over the battered body of the clone, surrounding both Rowan and his mother, and they wanted to scream back in challenge, but Rowan stopped them, and said one word, "Consume!"

The Red wave from the third Prince swept through space with a speed beyond light, and when it reached Rowan, his Serpents grew and began dragging that wave of sound that took the form of red light into their bodies, but its nature was incredibly destructive.

The sound blew across Boreas and Kohron, turning them to dust instantly, and it continued far into space, reducing the very atoms into red dust, and then it began reaching planets, moons, and suns...

By the time that roar of rage ended, 35 planets, 73 moons, and 18 suns of the Empire were gone. This was just a small fraction of the power of the Third Prince, after he had been denied by the universe itself and sealed the Empyrean of Life inside his body.

The loss of life from this one act was incomprehensible.

A figure shook inside the red dust, and it revealed itself to show only Rowan's head and a small part of his body remained.

Elura cradled it in her arms and wept, at not just the state of her son, but the unending Aura of death around them. Stretching for countless billions of kilometers, the roar of rage from the Third Prince had destroyed so much of the life it once held.

The Third Prince seemed to have calmed himself down after that shout of rage and he made a tsk tsk sound, as if he was sucking air through his teeth, "Look what you made me do! Countless years of investment, all ruined in a single moment. Do you think there is any place in the universe you can hide from me, that I will not reach?"

Rowan Berserker Clone was nearly dead, it was remarkable he could survive this long, but the Ouroboros Serpent diverted most of the rage of the Third Prince before they perished. But he did not look at him, he only looked at his mother and smiled, "The.... East."

His head dropped as the last of its vitality perished, and Elura gaze firmed, and the Aura of an Empyrean erupted around her body.

"Where do you think you are going, Elura, your last chance for revenge is gone. Your precious child is weak and rudderless."

Elura glanced at him, "I am going nowhere, I just look to the East, where my hope lies."

"Then let us watch together, and see what your son can do, except run."

## Chapter 312: Slumber [Volume two—End]

There were some things Rowan did not have the power to change... yet.

One of them was how fast his light could travel, but he could control it. In order to make a statement that would push his message across, he had to show of great power, and not just power.... Controlled Power.

All his Angels had the talent of Pyrokinesis, and although the talent of wielding flames may differ slightly among all of them, it was still at a level that was beyond most creatures in the universe.

Rowan called upon the Divine Flames of their Awakening, and upon the full breadth of their talent, and he made a marvel that shone for a single moment, before he dispersed it. He had made his statement, and he closed his eyes in concentration before breathing out in relief.

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Elura and the Third Prince looked towards the deep darkness, and at first, there was nothing and then — a flash of light.

It was small, almost seemed insignificant, and a sneer began growing on the lips of the Third Prince, but he was silenced when that light began to grow.

We have all seen the light of the rising sun as it washes away the darkness at dawn, but no one has ever seen the sun that could wash away the darkness from a galaxy!

The flames from the birth of seventy Angels shook the entire Universe and each of the awakening Angels' flames seemed to resonate with each other, and the light expanded until a pair of flaming wings of gold spread out for countless millions of kilometers and it was so bright it pushed away the darkness from the universe for a single second.

There was a message in that light... It was a challenge.

It faded and vanished, as if it was just a facade.

The Third Prince was quiet for a short while, before he snapped his fingers and the body of Elura began to disintegrate and enter his chest, and until the end, her eyes were fixed on that spot in the distance, where her son's light had shone on all of creation.

Something even her at her peak was unable to achieve, "I will wait for the day you return, a conqueror."

The Third Prince was silent and he turned walking away into the darkness, he spoke to no one, his voice was cold and calm, "Now that this is so, let me not rest, until my anger burn against them and I may destroy them; I will make from them a legacy unmatched for all ages. Let all of Creation tremble, for if my will is to be unmade, I shall raze the Universe and salt its remnants."

It was unknown if the sigh that was heard came from someone else, or just the lamentation of the Universe.

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Rowan did not give himself time to feel what was happening to him and go through everything he had learned these last few moments, he was out of time.

He pointed to a direction in the void that was devoid of any galaxies, but contained endless darkness. It was said to be one of the most mysterious zones in the universe.

From Archimedes and the information he collected from Covenant, he knew there was a legend that said inside that darkness was a road to a World with a Red Moon.

This was an intriguing find, nevertheless Rowan did not care if that was to be true, he knew that inside that darkness, he would become a drop of water inside an ocean. He would sleep and his forces would prepare, and when he awoke, he would wage war.

The Palace was pushed towards the deep darkness by the Angels and then they dimmed their light and followed him.

He nearly fell down when the Ouroboros Serpent that was destroyed began resurrecting inside his hearts, and his eyes began to glaze over as sleep began setting over his consciousness.

His Mental Space seemed to be descending into a state of silence, as the rich energies flowing inside it grounded to a halt. The ever raging storm of Aether settled into a thick pile on the vast grounds of his Palace of Ice, and the silence from it seemed to intrude into reality.

Rowan stumbled and he pushed his way through the castle, accompanied by the cheerful duo of Vraegar and Archimedes, who were now aware of his impending slumber.

Finding the central hall that held a dignified throne, he swept it aside, and sat cross-legged on the floor, since the moment he gained his Throne of Ice, any other thrones felt uncomfortable.

With the State of his consciousness, he needed his throne to help in suppressing the soul of Erohim and its digestion. Eva was beginning to stir in her sleep, and Rowan

smiled at her current form that was so close to that of a human, her black hair was like a curtain, and as she slept, flowers from the small tree growing at the gate of his Palace of Ice began to fall on her hair.

Rowan began setting down instructions for her during his slumber, he wrote them with his golden blood on a piece of scale from his Ouroboros Serpent.

She now had eighty-six mighty helpers that could be deployed all over the universe at her wish, she was to prepare all necessary matters for his reawakening.

The most important task he set out for her was to find suitable planets for him to seed. According to the Instructions from his bloodline, he needed at least thirty planets, but that was too slight for Rowan's ambition that had been stoked by the personal need for vengeance.

He queried the maximum amount he should be able to accept and the numbers were shown to him—3,000 Minor Worlds or 7 Major Worlds.

He chose to seed the 3,000 Minor Worlds over the Major Worlds not because it would be easier, but it would give him more attribute points quickly and Major Worlds were too rare and contained many unknown dangers.

Yet, he paused, could he also increase this number to create an Incarnation beyond compare? Knowledge Well showed him a slim possibility that was stupidly ambitious, after all, the task he assigned for this chamber during his time of slumber was to chart a plan for the utmost elevation of his bloodline and abilities to their theoretical limits.

He continued writing with his golden blood. There were many other instructions he lined up for her to work on while he was asleep and depending on how long it would take for him to wake.

Rowan was expecting months, perhaps a year, or maybe more of sleep, and after it was done, he would have digested the untold millions of Soul Points.

Rowan's eyes slowly began to close, as his head sank to his chest. His Angels surrounded him and manifested swords of fire that they pierced into the ground and they held the hilt with both hands.

Vraegar yawned also, and pushed his way near to his body and promptly fell asleep curled in Rowan's lap, Archimedes contained too much energy, however, as instead of resting it was flitting from one Angel to another.

Before Rowan descended into darkness, his Ouroboros Serpent finally found the Divine Spark of Erohim.

It was in the shape of a diamond that seemed to contain a small orange flame at the center. Before Rowan could instruct the Serpent to keep it for him in order to use it for research, it swallowed the Divine Spark.

Rowan sighed and finally fell into the darkness of sleep, but a tingling sensation swept through his body as his body was slowly growing once more.

His last thoughts were, "Hmm... what do you know, it would seem most of the bodily essence of a god is placed inside their Divine Spark. Would this hallway be big enough for..."

Rowan went to sleep and with each breath, he took he slowly grew bigger.

Bonus: Eva Concept Art

## Chapter 313: Elysium

Picture a picturesque valley, that lay at the center of the Empire Trion, located at the far reaches of the capital Aroth, devoid from the bustle of life and the ever moving scenery of the greatest metropolis in the Empire.

The Valley was not too large, and it appears to exist separate from the entire world, the air carried a fragrance of flowers. Inside the valley, you could see a youth swimming in a sparkling stream of fresh water.

Every now and then, he took a big gulp of the water and sighed in pleasure, for its taste was sweeter than honey, and it quenched a deep ache in the soul when drunk, placing the drinker in a state of bliss greater than any narcotics known to mortals and Dominators.

He dove deeper into the river, until he reached the bottom, and there he lay on his back and watched the many colorful fishes and prawns and many other creatures of the water, swim past him and he sighed in pleasure and contentment, for the water could be breathed in without any risk of drowning.

In fact, nothing here could really kill you. It was possible to climb to the highest mountain in the valley and jump from it, only to land as light as a feather. Blades would not cut you, nor would fire burn you. Death would only come with age, but everyone was youthful here and did not grow past the age of sixteen.

For this was the valley of the gods—Elysium.

This place was far from the politics and battles in the Empire, it could be argued it was the safest place in all of Trion, and it was protected and kept inviolable. Knowledge of



this place was known by only a single person in the entire Empire, which was the current reigning Empress, Scarlett.

The youth was about to fall asleep with the lazy sound of the flowing river in his ears when he heard a slow whisper in his ears, that sounded like the wind blowing through the leaves of a vast forest before the understanding of the words came to him, "Your time has come and your purpose is fulfilled, walk to the Hall of Gods and worship."

His eyes were at first filled with fear, and then adoration and fervor washed all of it away. He swam to the surface where he saw a group of females consisting of seven beautiful women waiting for him, they all bowed, and he nodded at them in acknowledgement.

Their eyes were all sewed shut with wires of gold, but it did not hinder their perception. They all wore white robes that flowed like smoke, and as one they turned and the youth left the river and followed them deeper into the valley. Their procession was silent.

As he walked, he saw similar sights as well, as six other groups walked with him, and he acknowledged the selected youth with nods.

They were both males and females that were chosen for this great honor.

At the end of the valley were seven tents, all of them were pitched around a grand temple of wood which stood at the center.

The ground glowed like the myriad of stars in the galaxy for there were complex runes inscribed on every single inch of the ground around the temple and it was with extreme adoration that the seven groups parted ways and entered their individual tents.

Inside the tent, the youths that were selected disrobed, and then they were cleansed by the seven women with the utmost care, every single inch of their bodies was made spotless and free from any corruption, their head were anointed with fragrant oil, and their tongue were washed by Ambrosia, various rituals that extended far into the nights were performed in their bodies and finally, they were left alone, with a single dagger placed in front of them.

The dagger was a beautiful-crafted art piece, that seemed to be made from diamonds and light. The blade of the dagger was eight inches long and at the center of the hilt was a pale flame that was swirling around, Rowan would have recognized this flame if he had seen it, for although the color was different and it was smaller, this was unmistakably a Divine Spark.

The blades of the daggers were of different sizes, with the largest being twelve inches long and the shortest was five.

In all the various tents, the selected youth began to chant, and pay oblations.



"Vessel of Flesh. I am."

"Blood. Bone. Soul. All to burn."

"Eyes. Heart. Mind. All to give."

"Vessel of Flesh. I am."

With those words, the youths all took the dagger, and they opened their mouth wide and slowly slid the blade into their throat and swallowed it.

The blades were razor sharp, and sliced their mouths and tongues to ribbon, and as the knife slid down their throat, it opened them up, until it stopped at the chest, the point of the dagger digging into the heart. Strangely, there was no blood from such grievous wounds, as the dagger drank every single drop of it.

Apart from a single girl who gave a little moan of pain, they all endured, until the knife began to wriggle inside their chest as if it had a life of its own, and when it stopped its movements, all the selected youths were dead, their bodies shrivelled, only a husk remained that would be difficult to identify as once living.

The seven women who had cleaned and anointed them returned and retrieved the blade from their opened chest, and on the hilt of the blade was a pale fog which smelled like Ambrosia, was slowly moving as if it was breathing.

This rite would be repeated twenty-one times, as seven youths would be selected and prepared in a ritualistic manner to cleanse them, and they would swallow the blade. The seven groups of women performed this task without a single deviation, as they went around the valleys and retrieved the various youths who received the whispers.

After each death, the fog around the blade grew denser until it was so thick it resembled cotton wool, and then the Divine Spark began to flash rapidly and all the blades rose into the air.

## **Chapter 314: The Gods of Trion**

The hovering daggers began to melt, the diamond like material of its makeup started to morph into shining bones, and the scented mist created flesh, blood, hair, even clothes and armor. In a single breath, seven deities manifested themselves in the flesh.

At first, they were all genderless, and in the upcoming moments, distinctive features began appearing on their bodies as the scented mist created by the many deaths of the children of Elysium went to work. Hair of different shades, length and textures,

masculine and feminine bodies, and outstanding armor and clothing covering them, and the gods of Trion walked the earth once more.

Their arrival brought with it no fanfare, no parade of lights or sounds, just seven figures hovering quietly in the air with eyes closed, as the Aether in the entire valley of Elysium streamed silently into their bodies.

The Aether brought information about all that has been happening inside the Empire for the last 956,000 years—This was when the gods last walked the grounds of the Empire, or as many would know, the end of the Great War.

Of course the Great War has not ended, and the endless battle ongoing on the planet for all these millennia never ceased for a single moment, but only the fight between gods were deemed to be true war, the rest were just minor skirmishes, for it did not matter the scale of the battle and the number of combatants, before the might of the gods, everything else were nothing.

This was the true reality of the universe; Power was the true currency and everything else was meaningless.

Countless heroes and great acts of sacrifices happened every single day on a battlefield that covered millions of miles, but to the Universe, all those cries and stories could as well be silence, in the deep memories of the universe, it was all meaningless... too small, only the gods were large enough to leave a mark.

So when the gods left, officially the war was over for a time, but it would seem that was about to change.

Every Emperor and Empress since the last battle of the gods would return to the valley of Elysium, and the sum total of their reign and experience, all their knowledge about the Empire during their rule would be placed inside Elysium as their final act of service before ascension into the Divine Kingdom of their Primogenitors as royalty.

956,000 years of history were steeped into this valley and the gods silently consumed all of it, for while mortals and Dominators would love the idea of an ever watchful god, the truth was that the affair of the Empire was not of great importance to the gods, what they required was to be given what they were owed at the given time.

Each god has his or her specific needs, and once it was met by their subjects, then the affair of the Empire was left to their mortal descendants to do as they pleased.

As the history seeped into their bodies carried by Aether, their form began to change in subtle ways, influenced by the image of the gods that had been generated in the minds of their descendants.

This change was what the gods truly desired, for it was a great source of power for each of them, it was a relatively formless power that could be used to accomplish miracles—The Power of belief.

The belief of each of their descendants that they were truly immortal and all powerful nourished them, and in a bizarre manner, that belief became reality, and for as long as the billions of subjects of each god believed they were all powerful, then they were.

It was this hidden balance that the gods always tried to maintain, and it was the chief reason why they would never allow their names to be besmirched, after all such powers were the envy of the universe, and the gods of Trion were unique in all the universes because of this trait.

Other gods may derive power from the worship of their followers, but the gods of Trion could also be shielded by something more ephemeral—Faith. The God King Golgoth had created the method for this miracle, and the gods of Trion truly became powerful.

It was the reason after so many wars that had occurred in the long history of Trion and the Empire, none of the seven had ever fallen. How can you kill something that was believed to be invincible and therefore became invincible?

It was the foundation the gods wanted to build upon in order to rise to the venerable height of a Supreme World, and in so doing expand their Dominion on the entire Universe. It was the dream of the greatest of the gods—God King Golgoth, that mysterious ruler of the gods shrouded in fog.

Tiberius was the first to open his eyes from the transfer of knowledge, his physical body had grown to eight feet tall, and he was wearing heavy armor, his pauldron was embossed with two snarling lion heads. His belt were made from countless tiny skulls of the myriad creatures he had massacred and had ever been slain in his name.

Tiberius made no distinction between his foes, and the skulls of gods rested beside the skull of infant gremlins, all were prey.

Behind him was a cape of blood that was flowing like a river, from the cape different bloody weapons would surface, like spears, blades, arrows, guns, and all the tools of battle known to all, and would slowly sink back into it.

He was bald with a cross - shaped scar on his head, and of all the gods, he was the one who appeared the oldest in terms of appearances and he resembled a rugged warrior in his forties, he disregarded the greeting from his brothers and sisters only acknowledging Kuranee with a begrudging slant of his head.

Kuranee with her waist length long hair and charming smile and with eyes that were like twin red suns. She wore a red robe with many pockets, she also wore a spectacle and resembled a mage, the black wand on her left hand surely leaned to that image.

Kuranos and Tiberius walked together, as they were generally acknowledged as the two strongest after the God King. They stood apart from the other five and walked ahead of them, of those five, four stood together leaving the last to walk alone, Minerva.

## Chapter 315: The First Mutant

The goddess that wandered alone, Minerva, had ebony skin with long white hair that reached the ground and trailed far behind her, her eyes were twin orbs of darkness, and the dress she wore appeared to be made from spider webs. She did not walk but glide a few inches from the ground, her head bowed in thoughts, and her siblings were aware to be wary of her when she was in that mood, even the so-called strongest.

The rest four comprised of Volgim, Bacchus, Horush and Boreas.

Volgim resembled a squat young man barely above five feet tall with light gray hair that resembled metal, his eyes were multi faceted like cracked glass that shifted into different configurations like an endless jigsaw puzzle, on his back was a spinning metallic disk that was a foot across. His clothes were also made from metal that bent and shifted like fabrics.

He nudged Boreas who did not appear that different from his Incarnation revealed on Jarkarr, with a wreath of flowers on his head and armor made from ice.

Volgim was the closest in relationship with Boreas and Bacchus. He winked towards the latter, and Bacchus grinned back at him, those three were thick as thieves, as they choose to share part of their Domains with each other to show their firm allegiance.

Bacchus gave Boreas his authority over plants, specifically flowers, to enhance his appearance, for it was clearly known that Boreas was the most vain of all the gods.

Boreas honored him by making of it a wreath over his head, he in turn gave Bacchus authority of the winds, making him swift beyond compare and from that authority Bacchus crafted a famous treasure known for its speed, Bacchus wore green boots, and his jackets and trousers were also green with faint yellow gems scattered across it, his eyes were deep pool of green water that swirled in a circle.

Volgim had been given the authority of lightning by Boreas, and he honored him by creating a Temple of the Iron god, and making the lightning of Boreas become its symbol.

Horush walked close to them also, silent and watchful, he was a god of few words, and he let his actions speak for him, he appeared the most bestial of all the gods with two curved horns on his head behind his thick locks of hair with a swinging tail resembling

those of a bull, and with the most human eyes of all his siblings, they were brown, and shockingly seemed to hold deep kindness.

They all trooped towards the palace made from wood, and Minerva was the last to enter it open door before it shut behind them with a loud thud.

Inside that palace, they dwelled for the next eight years, with none being wiser of the fact that the gods were now among them.

What plans were being hatched was unknown, but it was easy to observe the changing momentum of the Empire broadly, as a wind of change began to sweep through it.

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"Watch the eyes, they tell you all the story you should know."

"I'm scared."

"That's a good thing, you now know the price of failure."

Telmus, Earth god of the Minerva family, acclaimed the greatest warrior the Empire had ever known, termed the first mutant because of his rule breaking bloodline ability, and the man who alone could challenge the gods, stood in the air and watched with folded arms as his daughter if six years old crouched before a snarling Manticore, her only weapon, her nails, and teeth.

The Manticore was a lupine beast with scaled hide the color of rusted metal, and dagger like teeth that were 12 inches (ca. 30 centimeters) long, with three heads and a poisonous bite, these twenty foot tall beast could challenge Dominators at the second circle and in most cases it would win.

Yet, the person who was challenging it was a six year old girl, who was at the Incarnation State. Her white hair were braided and tied together with a gray rope, and her brown skin twinkled with drops of sweat under the moonlight.

The Manticore had been circling her all these while, and it finally howled and attacked. The face of the girl went pale as the ferocity of a bloodthirsty beast at the second circle washed over her, and she could not help but call on her Incarnation.

A ruler appeared above her that had seven imprints on it, and she rapidly activated the first imprint and it glowed red, as the Manticore slammed to a stop as if it hit an invisible metallic wall, the three heads rebounded as it snarled in rage.

The girl screamed and nearly fainted as she began bleeding from her eyes, nose and ears, but she pulled through the pain and activated the second imprint. The Manticore was suddenly flung backwards as it howled in pain.

She gritted her teeth and glanced at her father, and then, deciding to impress the godlike man who stood above her with white hair waving in the sky like clouds.

She screamed a challenge and activated the third mark, and the manticore was pushed into the ground by a formless force with a bone breaking pressure that cracked the ground for hundreds of feet across and buried it deep into the ground, and if this was on a Minor World, the scale of destruction could have been measured in hundreds of miles if not thousands, and going by the many snapping sounds from the body of the Manticore and the pale green blood it vomited liberally all over the ground, it was seriously wounded.

Likewise, she collapsed on both knees, her breath labored, and she nearly fainted, and when she peered at the implacable figure above her who remained silent, she knew what he wanted for her to kill the Manticore, but she feared that it was impossible for her, this task was too great.

Already the beast had healed from the damages she had inflicted and was getting ready to attack and this time it was blood lusted.

A Manticore did not have many techniques, and it could, in fact, be seen as very poor in the aspect of abilities and powerful techniques, except for its single trait of strength and durability. It could hit hard and could take hits, and the Manticore's impressive regeneration was also an important factor in its strength, its Incarnation and Beast Core only served to increase its strength and durability, and it was capable of contending with dragons.

## **Chapter 316: Gathering of Major Powers**

It was a glorious feat of strength for an Incarnation State Dominator to injure a Mature Manticore and if this news were spread, it would shake the entire Empire, and so the news of Telmus having a child with his talent would frighten everyone, one god challenger was more than enough talkless two.

This accomplishment was not enough, for she understood her father and his expectations of her, it was not enough. Who could be like him? Was it even possible for a mortal to have such dreams?

She wasn't too savvy with what was impossible for her father, according to official reports, she should barely be twelve weeks old, but Telmus created a Temporal field around her accelerating her aging process, although he tried to hide it, she was more perceptive than most and she knew he was afraid.

It was the reason he was pushing her to become someone who he could rely on. How could she fail him?

Pulling from a well of strength and Stubbornness she did not know was within her, with eyes flashing with an equal amount of bloodlust, she did not wait for the Manticore to attack first... she did.

Behind her, the ruler flipped and she began to run towards the startled Manticore, such an act that had surely never happened to this beast before. The roar from her small mouth was surprisingly loud yet still reeked of childishness.

"Kyaaaahhhh!"

Her three feet body clashed against the twenty-foot killing machine, and their surrounding was shrouded by a large plum of dust, where growls and loud crashes resounded.

Telmus stood by and watched, even while his daughter became deeply injured, he did not move, only watched the battle as it entered into the second hour. The surroundings were devastated by the battle and screams and roars of anger, and pain were a constant reminder of the death battle taking place.

With a long howl of pain, the winner and the loser were finally revealed as the dust cleared. The girl was standing on the last head of the Manticore after she had shattered the other two.

She simply pushed her left hand into its eyes until she reached her shoulders, and she began rummaging around. The Manticore could only shake itself for its spine had been pulled away from its body and whatever technique the girl was using was brutal and incredibly powerful.

With a long howl of pain, it finally perished and the girl busied herself digging through the head for its Beast Core.

Her right hand was gone, torn off from her shoulders, and deep wounds filled her body, if she was not given urgent care, it was most likely she would be joining the beast in death soon enough.

Yet, she took her time to find the Beast Core and she crawled to her father who stood above, but his eyes no longer on her body, but were locked far into the distance.

The moment the gods arrived in Elysium, no one else had detected them. No one else but Telmus.

"I thought I had more time. How could the scrying of fate be changed in such a sweeping manner? Who could be responsible for this?"

He frowned in deep thought. Time was running out and she would need to be pushed harder. He looked down on her shivering form, holding on to consciousness by sheer



willpower alone, her injuries would kill lesser Dominators ten times over, but she was his daughter, and it wasn't enough.

"Rest now, child, heal your wounds. Tomorrow you shall battle two."

She nodded and quietly brought the Core of a Second Circle Beast to her mouth, and took a small bite.

Her tiny sharp teeth only took a sliver, and she sat down and began the long process of digestion.

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In an unknown corner of the galaxy, a gathering of the Covenant was under way, according to the plan, they were supposed to be a gathering ten years from now before the next Royal House selection for the throne of the Empire, but the recent events were alarming enough to drag their attention.

This should not be possible because when beings of such powers made plans, their intents were deeply inscribed onto reality carried by Aether, and the most likely situation anytime they spoke or made a decision, reality corrected itself in small ways to make their will come to pass.

Of course, only a power on their level could affect their will.

The chief perpetrator of this saga, Ohrox the Demon of Destruction was silent, his Anima, stone. After trying to summon him for a while, Arlushan Endirius began the meeting without him.

"The Prince of Destruction appears to be predisposed at the moment." Arlushan Endirius said, and frowned when he was interrupted by Fiona Shadowsoul, who declared, "Are you sure he's not dead? I mean, even the Flesh Suit of Kohron was destroyed alongside the Anima of Boreas, how would it be possible for a Demon Prince who has just awakened to be able to survive?"

Kohron snarled at her, "He has survived worse crow, be mindful of how you speak of my brother."

"Oh he is now your brother? Ha ha, Kohron I'm mindful, just concerned that's all, it would be important to know the full measure of our strength as we prepare for the shit storm we are about to enter."

"I'm sure you are concerned about the loot you collected, don't set your greedy eyes on it without his Ohrox orders, or I will come for you."

She pressed her hands on her chest, "You wound me Kohron, surely you should know my ethics by now."

"Yes... that you have none, heed my warning crow, I shall not repeat myself."

Fiona sputtered in feigned annoyance and her face brightened as Ulremazz Igorin asked her, "By any chance, is this loot related to the events that transpired?"

"Of course it is, but as Khoron said, I'm forbidden to check or divulge what lies inside unless by the permission of Ohrox, who may very well be dead."

Khoron growled, his voice made the Hall of Covenant shake, but he was silenced by a massive boom when a tap on the table by Arlushan that swept through the hall and warped reality. The gaze from this regal man was irritated, "you have all eternity for your petty quarrels, and I am not a man who is fond of mediating over meaningless talk. Repeat such a blunder again, and your benefits for the war for the next ten thousand years would be withdrawn."

## **Chapter 317: God king**

That statement, more than anything, silenced the hall, whose members valued nothing more than benefits, and if events would shape the way everyone here was expecting it to, then losing out in the next ten thousand years of plunder would be a painful loss.

Besides, they all knew they were not the only ones eyeing the seat on the Covenant, and many of their peers would kill to become part of this group, and most of them knew they were here because of the sacrifices they made, and they would not give up the benefits that should come their way because of minor politics.

Arlushan continued, "There are many workings of fate being stirred and my father has requested for Covenant to brace for a storm and an upcoming opportunity the likes never seen before. Khoron I am sure the Demon God would soon reach across to you, as we have suddenly been pushed towards a Threshold, and the Originator of this change is among us. What is coming was foretold to happen a long time down the road, two million years from now. Such a large deviation is... disturbing."

Arlushan paused and looked around, the full effects of his words beginning to sink into the consciousness of the members of the Covenant. If this matter had reached the sight of Supreme beings like the Demon God, Ruler of the Great Abyss and the Mage Supreme, Ruler and Creator of Solaris Mundus then this was beyond what they first supposed it to be.

Even the members of the Covenant did not understand the true dimension of this war, and it was a humbling thought to say the least.

The Rulers of Supreme Worlds stood at the peak of creation, and had existed for far longer than even this existing Universe, for only a Supreme World could survive the destruction and entropy that would come to all universes at a time in the far off future.

For Authorities of this level, the matters that could draw their gaze were pivotal moments that could shift the course of the Universe, and now they had spoken. Their sights were beginning to shift towards this conflict on Trion.

Arlushan, seeing the solemn nature of the members of the Covenant, nodded and continued, "It is imperative we truly understand the nature of what happened, and all the participants of the matter should speak and show the Covenant all that transpired that day. Ohrox would also be summoned, forcibly if the need arises, to lay the matter before the Covenant. Fiona you shall begin, tell us, what led you to the point of interest that laid waste to dozens of worlds and pushed the war to a threshold."

She nodded and began speaking...

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Inside the Palace made of wood, the gods of Trion proceeded towards a grand hall that had eight thrones.

The thrones were floating over a series of golden branches that let out pleasant scented yellow fog which was a diluted form of Ambrosia that spread around the throne room, making the air sparkle with a bright glow like many burning stars, thereby transforming the throne room into a celestial marvel.

From the many massive windows in the Palace, you could see the entire Empire, from the three hundred plus worlds of the Empire to the Infernal Gates of the Abyss and the Great Sun of the Magus World.

The throne room was similar to those of the Covenant, but it revealed more details and truths about the universe, and even though Elysium was located on Trion, it was not truly so, for it was also located outside the planet, as the massive wooden palace outside Trion was linked to the Palace here in Elysium.

The gods of Trion proceeded to their thrones, which sat lower than the singular massive throne at the forefront. The arrangements of the thrones made it seem like the gods were subjects before their king, which was not a distant description of reality.

This was the Palace of the God King.

Their thrones were of different colors and spewed fantastical lights and Aura, but those of the God King were made from wood, dull green wood that appeared to be slightly rotten. The Throne was more than fifty feet across and appeared to be made from a single piece of wood.

The maker had not taken any particular care to design an elaborate throne, it came across as if an axe had been roughly used to hewn through the enormous wood. They made a basic seating slab, but it was undeniable that the strength emitted by the throne was palpable, for its Aura was unfathomable.

A completely armored figure rested on the throne, and from all appearances the figure appeared to be dead, for pale white bones peeked through the armor, but a single glance at the eyes of the armored figure would place that observation aside, for the eyes of the God King was yellow and filled with the light of madness.

Those eyes were set in a rotten face that was more bone than flesh, and for a million years he had never blinked, set by his side was a great white sword made from bone that had veins on its blade which you could easily see blood flowing through it, apart from that bizarre imprint it was a plain-looking double-edged greatsword that was nine feet long.

This greatsword was known as the Gaping Undoer ...

A weapon beyond all other, having killed more gods and immortals than any weapon in the galaxy. Golgoth weapon of war. This fearsome weapon could cut through anything, and anything it cut would die. A small nick was all that it needed to kill even immortals.

This weapon had a famed history and for countless years the rest of the gods had been trying to find it equal ever since with no success, and it was one of the crowning pillars of Golgoth reign, for whenever he took up the sword, an immortal was sure to perish.

The gods barely had time to settle before the hoarse voice of Golgoth echoed in the hall, sounding like a talking corpse, "What is the status of your vaults?"

## **Chapter 318: Great Changes**

The question stayed in the air, the words he spoke persisted for a long time and gathered the dense Aether in the air, impressing his will upon them.

It was a question, but it was undoubtedly an order. One that the gods would find it impossible hard to deny, for the words of the God King carried authority that could compel all things, both the living and the dead, animate and inanimate.

It was a power unique to Golgoth that made him such a powerhouse, and placed the reaches of his power to be inestimable.

Except for Minerva who made no gesture, the rest of them opened their palms, and a series of Runes so complex and dense it appeared solid hovered above their palms.

That Rune was a key that represented the present condition of the vault in each of their possessions. These vaults were containers to retain vessels of great power, and each god was tasked with guiding and healing each vault, for if they were to fail and its contents escaped, it would herald the doom of them all.

It was the source of their greatest danger, but also one of their greatest weapons. The powers of the gods were rooted in many foundations and the vault was the most important one.

Except for Minerva who had none, taken by Golgoth for his personal experiments, but she had been adequately compensated by Golgoth with an entire continent on Trion, something none of the gods could lay claims to, even the God King himself, and she was permitted to allow someone as powerful as Telmus to exist within her bloodline, in a way he was to be her weapon, her own living vault.

Golgoth eyes were fixed intently on each of the vaults with a maniacal intensity and until he scrutinized every single strand of Runes on the vault, ten more times before his gaze left them and they were permitted to keep them.

His armor creaked as he sat up straighter, "Brothers. Sisters." The God King stretched out his hands, "The end of days is nigh."

The expressions of the gods lit up, not in fear or despair but in excitement, for it seems as if they had received the best news they had been expecting for a long time. Even the taciturn Minerva shook in agitation.

Kuranos stood up from her throne, her eyes shining forth with such a rich glow, the entire Palace lit up like the sun, she walked up to the throne of the God King and knelt on a single knee as she looked up, "Would you be finally free... Brother?"

Golgoth nodded once, "Your wait has been rewarded and your patience has led to our victory. A recent event opened a new path for me that I had once thought to be impossible. Our great enemy has made a mistake, and revealed too much of his hand and his treasure, he will not be allowed to retrieve it. The presence of that trickster was within my calculation, he wears my skin, but he does not follow my will. Be calm and watch, and let us come together like never before. Put aside the petty quarrels that have splintered us for so long, for our Ascension and freedom is before us all. Are you ready to seize it? It shall be the greatest battle of our existence, but our victory is assured."

"What does that mean going forward." Tiberius growled.

The God King chuckled, "It means I can now move more freely at this moment. The leash over Bloodline Elevation is gone. Let your descendants begin to shine bright. Let the light of Trion begin to rise!"

It was a difficult thing for a living ship to sleep, but over the years Absomet figured out a trick she used to make that accomplishment possible. It was a rare occurrence and she had come to treasure every time it happened.

It was always right before a great battle, the sort that could lead to even her demise, in other word a planet shattering battle.

The living metals coating her body would read the flow of Aether, for it could tell when bloodshed was coming. The living metal was a sensitive antenna that made her entire being, would ring like a bell in her senses, placing her in some much tension, that she would need to sleep to ease that stress off her intellect.

Since the moment she rescued Augustus and followed the trail of an Origin Treasure, that sensation of impending slaughter had been growing, until it reached such a feverish pitch she had to go to sleep, although she did not need to, this sensation of over stimulation causing her to shut down to properly enjoy it came so rarely she would always satisfy it.

Absomet was a being that chased pleasure, she would never go against her nature.

This made her miss when Augustus escaped his imprisonment, but that was the plan anyway, although she did not intend to sleep for a month, that was what had happened, it was all well and good, however, because the tracker she had placed inside him still worked.

To keep an eye on her prey, she placed a piece of herself inside his Mental Space, this method was safe and was quite difficult if not nearly impossible to detect, for it was a part of her body and it did not need to emit any signals or draw from any power source, she could simply trace its direction using the connection she had with her own metallic flesh.

It was the reason she was on a beach in the middle of nowhere, she had been following a trail of devastation for a while now across four worlds, and with each world she traversed the questions on her mind grew deeper.

The Empire controlled 340 planets, but that was not the entire number of worlds inside and around the Domain of the Empire. There were thousands of planets that were not under the Empire's direct control but served as personal lands for many powers and even the gods.

The four worlds she had gone through while chasing after Augustus had been devastated, it was obvious that a planet wide battle had happened, it had been quick and decisive for none of the planet's calls for help lasted very long, which was an alarming fact, for many powerful Dominators were on those worlds.

