

# **The Primordial Record**

## **- Chapter 319: Great Changes (final)**

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To live in a world outside the influence of the Empire was a dangerous thing, and many worlds employ the assistance of powerful Dominators to aid in their protection. From mercenary companies that numbered in the hundreds of thousands to powerful Dominators and other strange powers in the universe.

Yet, the remnants left behind by the obvious battle were troubling, because there were none. No bodies left. Except for the devastation of war signified by crumbling buildings and vast areas of scorched earth, nothing to show millions or billions of people died here could be seen.

All the worlds Absomet left behind on her chase after Augustus were silent and dead. This was the work of an Abomination Core, most likely Lamia, but this pattern was uncharacteristic for an Abomination, usually they would find a nest in the foremost world they could pick and then they would slowly devour it, while creating thralls to funnel more prey down their throats.

Converting those world into a massive nest where the Abomination Core would settle and feed until it could begin evolving her spawns using all the genetic template it has collected.

Even if the Abomination Core was to leave the planet, it would leave massive structures behind and plentiful warriors, but instead what she was seeing was almost as if it was preparing for something much bigger as it was not satisfied with growing at its normal pace.

This was a terrifying prospect, for Abomination Core grew too rapidly even on a single planet, but Lamia still felt that this speed was too slow.

Population Statistics on these worlds were readily available and from it, Absomet knew the number of mortals on the four planets averaged seven billion, not counting the undocumented migrants and other alien creatures that may have called these worlds home.

Every other non-sentient creature and animal on the planets should have all been harvested for their Bio-material, creating the best stores of resources for the abomination Core to use as it needs.

After all the horrifying filtration process that goes into creating an Abomination and their higher variants, it was possible that Lamia would have an army of close to a Billion Abominations, and not just weak fodder, for with such a large pool to draw from the weakest of her brood would at least be at the Incarnation Level.

Higher Level variants become more difficult to produce, but the Abomination Core could still consistently produce them, and for a special case like Lamia, who knew what her limits might be?

Absomet had existed in many forms previously before becoming a Rune Ship, her history was so long and deep she was older than most knew, but she had slowly been crafted and perfected over the endless millennia, and she thought she understood the modus operandi of the gods, it was why she was baffled that a severe threat like Lamia was being left free to roam and grow.

She knew of the battle in the far corners of the Empire that destroyed many planets, it was all the rage in the Empire news, but that was the aftershock of a godlike battle and could be relatively understood and even controlled, but what was growing here had the capacity to wipe out the entire Empire, were they not worried about the state of their subject when Lamia began producing Abominations that could rival even gods?

More troubling was the fact that the report about Lamia had been submitted repeatedly to the Justice Council at the moment she saw the first dead planet and four more times ever since, but she has seen no hint of any action to stop the Abomination Core invasion at its infancy.

The gods must be aware of this, why were they doing nothing to stop it?

"Are you getting senile in your youth, dear girl, what is your purpose here if not to stop this catastrophe? Have you received any orders to stop your search? Then proceed ahead, knowing you are the spear of Tiberius!"

Absomet cheered herself as she peered down the only beach of the fifth world, once again the trail had gone cold but she was getting closer. This planet was a water world, with 98 percent of its surface covered by oceans. Its inhabitants developed advanced aquatic properties to survive in this world, building great cities below the surface, but was most problematic, however, were their numbers; 24 billion.

These people must fuck like rabbits or eat like ants, how could such a relatively small Minor World contain such numbers?

This single planet would produce three times the number of materials the Abomination Core had available to it from the four other planets. This was bad news for Absomet, as with every moment, Lamia's Powers inch closer to her own.

"Then I guess it's time for drastic actions, anything less would be crazy." Absomet body vibrated with excitement. The way she saw it, if the gods were allowing Lamia free rein to do as she wanted, then Absomet could also go wild with her actions and do away with age-old restrictions imposed on her.

There were many restrictions placed on the powerful Rune Ship and her siblings, one of them was that the movement through the Shadow Realm was forbidden to her, it was forbidden for more than one Rune Ship to be in the same location within a million miles, and many other restrictions as well.

Almost tentatively stretching her might, she tore through the material universe exposing the layer beneath, she held her breath expecting loud alarms and numerous buzzes from the Justice Council slapping hefty fines and restrictions upon her, but nothing but sweet silence.

Absomet grinned and began summoning the thousands of pods she spread all over the planet to survey the world, and like bees returning to their hive, they all entered into the city - sized Rune Ship.

"Now the real hunt begins." Absomet laughed, and in a sing-song voice she crooned, "Augustus... I am coming...."

Her massive form entered the wide gap she tore in reality and silently disappeared from the dead world.

The implications of her being able to enter the Shadow Realm was not lost on Absomet.

War was coming, and her leash was off.

Oh, what a glorious time to be alive.

## **Chapter 320: A Single Grain of Aether**

"...This concludes my report on the matter." Fiona Shadowsoul said, and then her features went serious as the next words spoken were grave, "However there is something that I find really disturbing after I took the time to review the details of the event, and I don't know if such a thing is possible even while searching through all my records..."

She lapsed into silence and they all waited for her to continue, their patience beyond what mortals could understand.

"When I accepted this task from Ohrox, the Prince of Destruction said the person or persons of interest may have powers closer to a god, but they were not necessarily gods." She turned to Kohron, "I believe he said something similar to you."

Not waiting for his reply, she continued, "That statement struck me as odd, but I disregarded it, for there were many methods to acquire great powers even if one was not worthy of wielding it. When he summoned me to stay in his shadow and perform the part of the plan he set out for me, I had no issues with it. I could not see the entire battle up to that point I revealed myself, due to the fact he stressed my Energy Signature must be hidden until the pivotal moment and that mean I cannot peek through his shadow, and let me tell you Ohrox's Shadow was... strange, for his body was more of a construct than tangible flesh. I would personally love to know the technique he is using to achieve something like that. Anyway, I could tell that the individual they faced was powerful, but not overwhelmingly so, most likely it was a god using his Divine Body and not an Anima, but that notion was thrown away when I entered the target's shadow."

Kohron began to fidget, "Get to the point, Crow."

She ignored him, "I could not collect many things from his body, mostly because he had only a few things with him, but there is something that I still feel should be a trick or a glamour, else if it was real, then it would be terrifying..."

Her tone was getting lower, and the atmosphere over the Covenant was becoming solemn, Fiona Shadowsoul was an ancient witch that had lived for an unknown length of time, and there were few things that could make her shaken, and her demeanor showed that.

She continued, "What I detected inside the target's shadow was both frighteningly complex and alien that I could not understand any of it, so I chose to find patterns that would be familiar to me, and I could find none, except for one thing, which was his Aether."

"What was wrong with the Aether?" Arlushan asked,

"It was ordinary, Arlushan, with average potency that would be found in any Major World. But there were two things off about it. The first was its age."

Kohron scoffed, "You can tell the age of Aether now? Why don't you tell us the color of his soul while you are at it."

"Silence." Arlushan shot at Kohron and looked at Fiona with a piercing gaze, "Continue."

She licked lips that were suddenly dry, "I could easily tell the age of the Aether, or at least guess because there was only one grain of it."

There was silence in Covenant as they all stopped and considered her words.

Ulremazz Igorin could not help but ask, "What do you mean he had only a single grain of Aether."

Fiona slammed her hand on the table, "You heard me correctly. He was tearing Kohron and a freaking god of Trion apart with his bare hands, potentially froze a part of the time stream and destroyed multiple worlds, and he was only using a single grain of plain Aether! That is why I could guess at the age of the Aether, Kohron! From what I could decipher, he has been using that same grain for at least millions of years!"

She paused, "I keep telling myself it must all be a glamour, but I know when my attack landed, he was not placing any defensive barrier on himself, I know what I saw, it was a single grain of Aether and from it was this glorious tapestry of such complexity and alienness that it forms could not have any meaning as it was breaking several laws of the universe just existing, for even the concept of it was so..."

"Be quiet, Fiona, do not think about this matter any longer. Protect your mind from chaos, or your spark may be corrupted. This issue will be escalated to the Apocrypha level. I will have to contact my father. Bring the items you retrieved to me. Kohron, you will be summoned, do not worry about Ohrox, wherever he is, he would be pulled out from...." He frowned as he was distracted by Fiona tapping the table, "Do you have something to say?"

"Well about that, those items are no longer with me. The arrangement Ohrox made with me was to drop whatever I took and place them inside a random spatial tear. I was to create a storm to scatter the trajectory of the items, as it was the order given for the commission, I hope Covenant understood I had to follow it. I could track it for a few minutes, but even I lost the signals buried inside it. For all intent and purposes, whatever it was that I stole is now lost. There is no way for me or Ohrox to retrieve it. I regretted this action later, when I took the time to review my memories of the person I stole from."

Arlushan sighed, "Of all the times for you to be noble, this was not the time.... Give me the location you threw it in, I'm sure my father may be able to retrieve them in time. Tell me about the items you retrieve, show it to us if you are able to."

"Okay, let's see here, there was this particular long spike that had multiple serrations on it similar to the teeth of a Dreadbeast, it was freezing to the touch and embedded inside of it as far as I could detect should be thousands of Combination Runes of the Sixth Order..." Fiona began to list the items she stole from the Third Prince while crafting their likeness using Aether to present to everyone.