

The Primordial Record

Chapter 321: Forbidden Region

Royal Guardsman Piers of the Horush Family fidgeted inside his Power Armor, running another diagnostics again to make sure his helmet was set properly. He was in space and although he was a second circle Dominator and could survive in the void with no problems, this particular section of space was not normal.

This was the area of space where billions had perished and notwithstanding that such a horrifying act happening here that would cause many unnatural side effects in the area, whatever powers that were used to commit this atrocity had left a mark in this area of space that felt utterly disgusting to the senses.

A red haze occupied an area of space stretching for hundreds of light years, and his job alongside many others was to patrol outside it, making sure there was no change in the area and keeping anything that may exist inside contained until higher powers came to check out the situation here.

After every Dominator below the second circle went insane and killed themselves when they approached this area, it was deemed a forbidden zone and elite Guardsmen were posted to the region, yet the second circle Dominators were not safe from whatever forces were inside this place and they had to be rotated every eight hours else their demise was next, most likely due to self injury.

This entire area, unless thoroughly purged by the family heads, would have to be registered as a restricted region, the likes that only third circle Dominators would be able to roam this space, but it would result in great losses for the Empire.

This area of space was a busy route for space travel and linked to more than thirty Empire owned planets, the effects of this area being restricted were destabilizing the entire region, for valuable imports and commercial activities had halted and for numerous worlds who needed these Spatial routes to avoid the high cost of Teleportation, going long without certain goods would lead to civil unrest and many other serious consequences Royal Guardsman Piers would rather not imagine.

As a Guardsman of the Horush Family, his power armor resembled an avian beast that was fitting his personal Incarnation and he had about three more hours before he would need to swap with another Guardsman. It was three hours too long in his opinion.

The time went by in a few blinks of his eye and his rotation appeared, he frowned and scratched his helmet wishing he could push through it and dig his fingers into his eyes, as over the hours the temptation to kill himself had been growing and if he was here any longer, he would summon his Natal Beast to devour him.

A frightening part of his psyche knew he would enjoy that experience, for his death would be the most pleasurable thing he would ever experience in his lifetime, and the temptation to kill himself had never seemed sweeter. What was the use for life when one could experience such a pleasure? Death would be a fair price.

He could not be happier that his replacement came.

This distraction made him not take notice of discrepancies in the features of the Guardsman that should replace him, he just weakly acknowledged his presence and zoomed off to escape the area of influence, while he had a faint premonition that if this area was not cleansed soon, this would be the place he was going to die.

If he was in his full mental capacity, he would have immediately noticed the Guardsman who came to replace him was from the Volgim Family when it was supposed to be a Tiberius family Guardsman.

All the Noble family had contributed a quota of their elite Guardsmen to patrol the area, and there was a specific rotation that was to be followed.

This Volgim family Guardsman seemed to scrutinize his surroundings and instead of patrolling around the Periphery, he went deeper into the forbidden zone.

This "Guardsman" was Suriel, and although he hated the sensation of possessing the flesh of mortal beings, this task was especially important and could not be left in lesser hands.

He could feel the feeble strand of essence his creator had left inside the item he hid and left behind and he moved in the opposite direction, this was the final confirmation of its position.

He took his time to refine and triangulate the position of the item until he had an accurate grasp of its location with no margin of error. When he was sure he had accurately grasped the location, he finally began the operation after all the time he had spent preparing for it.

There was a high chance that this location was being watched by many invisible eyes, especially the nemesis of his Creator, in the larger scheme of things, this place might seem unimportant, just a location where deities had battled, yet it might be the key to victory for his Creator.

For something as important as this, Suriel would leave no stone unturned in making sure he achieved his objectives.

The Lady of Shadows and Frost made sure everything went smoothly as she repeatedly refined the plan over and over again. Suriel appreciated the effort placed into the little details, it was the least that was expected for the Creator's wish.

This undertaking was to be made sometime in the future, but the current trends of the Empire had necessitated the need to make this happen immediately before any unknown factor destabilized the situation.

Keeping his mind focused on the task, Suriel glanced around him constantly. With the direction he was moving, he should be exiting the forbidden area soon enough, that was enough time for the trap he planted to trigger, which was related to his movement path that was being tracked by devices on his armor, as this was all a scheme to provide the necessary distractions when he needed it.

He began going along his normal patrol route, and generally acting as he was supposed to.

Today was the chosen moment to make his move, so Suriel had taken the risk to enter deeply into the forbidden zone after scrutinizing the best candidate that should be distracted enough to not check his movements patterns or if he was the correct replacement.

Piers was the right target, since he was the Dominator with the weakest Spirit in the whole Armada.

Above the forbidden zone were four Empire Class Battleships that served as a command headquarters for the Dominators assigned to patrolling this area, and Suriel was able to easily infiltrate one of the ships a few weeks ago.

Chapter 322: Heist

To reach the place took him a month of careful maneuvering through different bodies until he could come into position and take the body of a Guardsman, along the way he has hoped to find a suitable host to bond with, but he could not yet find any.

Besides, unlike Angels and Archangels, Suriel was a Sovereign and before he made any bond he must reach the peak of the Angelic State, after that, he must perform Origin Fusion before he could ever bond with anyone, such pursuits were still far too distant for him at this time.

Suriel had possessed more than a hundred individuals and from them, he collected memories and connections, and in less than a month he infiltrated a highly guarded zone of the Empire, where a Third Circle Dominator oversaw, and hundreds of Second Circle Dominators were stationed. This was enough power to destroy a Minor World many times over.

Countermeasures for the angels possession ability had not been shown, and it was unknown however if the Empire was even aware of this Angelic ability, after all, those

possessed had died and there were little indicators to show that Angels were the cause of the troubles that happened with the Guardsmen on Jarkarr.

Suriel had been discrete, of the hundred people he possessed all gave reasons to be missing for a long time, and even if details of their movements were later investigated and revealed to be false, he would be through with his mission and long gone by then. Also, of the hundred of people he had chosen, he had only needed twelve, the rest were a smokescreen.

At this moment, Suriel was the only Angel who could possess a Second Circle Dominator, the second Sovereign was rapidly growing but he was not at Suriel's level yet.

To prepare for this operation, he had spent another three weeks creating multiple globes of plasma encased in hardened shells of metal using the metal controlling ability of the Dominator he possessed.

He had spent three weeks placing hundreds of such Metal Globes discreetly inside every part of the ship, but with every day that passed the risk of their discovery increased, luckily today was the final day and no such event had occurred. His next patrol placed him closer to the target location, and Suriel did not pause his movements, and he began to attract it over with his Angelic Authority.

His eyes coldly scrutinize his surroundings, while he pushed his Authority into a higher gear to accelerate its attraction power. For what seemed like forever but it was only a few minutes, he had it in his hands, and he breathed a sigh of relief when no presence announced itself, for his greatest apprehension were hidden eyes he was not aware of.

He waited until his shift was over and he was replaced by another Guardsman from the Boreas family who was confused about his presence but a lie about him taking his shift for his friend was all it took to sway the Guardsman, such a breach of protocol was frowned upon, but the Guardsmen gave each other a little leeway, for they knew that their task would mostly head to death.

Suriel returned to his quarters in the Battleship, where he refused the request of fraternizing with his fellow Guardsman and proceeded to lock and seal his room, pulling out many specialized sealing treasures and applying it all over the room until he effectively shut himself from the rest of the ship.

He had submitted his patrol report for review. The reports were something he could not fake, as the Rune Stone given to them would combust at the slightest hint of any tampering. With time running out, he hurried to complete his task with haste.

The creator had been in slumber for three months now, and the Astrolabe could no longer be accessed for quick movements, and so the Lady of Shadow and Frost, using

the aid of her vast Spell Craft, made a teleportation device that drew from elements of both the Astrolabe and the Shadow Realm.

It did not take long for Suriel to move the item into the device and he primed it.

An alert pinging inside his armor calling for his attention was ignored. He knew his actions were circumspect, but still, it did not take long for the strangeness of his activities to be noticed after his patrol path was reviewed due to the Rune Stone he submitted showing his patrol route.

To achieve complete stealth when he arrived here, the teleportation device was left without power, and disassembled. He slowly had to place them back together over the weeks on board the ship, and until this very moment could he power it up.

The Device was in the shape of a flat piece of metallic sheet, that, although it appeared simple, was incredibly complex to put together, with more than six hundred thousand unique parts. When he had placed the item inside, it enclosed itself in the shape of a globe.

Holding the device, he began ruthlessly siphoning all the energy inside the Body of the Dominator into it. His Guardsman power armor heated up and reddened, as the internal sections of it began to melt. His body and blood began to evaporate, transformed into pure Aether and the Territory of the Guardsman began to splinter into large globes of energy that was siphoned into the Teleportation Device.

Such a massive power spike by a Dominator at the Second great circle was like a bonfire in the dark. The entire ship became aware of his position.

The process would be completed in fifteen seconds and he only had one second before all hell broke loose and descended on him, the response of the Dominators at the Second Circle was lightning fast. Fortunately, he did not particularly require this Guardsman to live, and with no hesitation, he detonated his Incarnation.

The Incarnation of the Volgim Family Guardsman was a metallic cube, and it was a strictly defensive ability, which was the sole reason Suriel chose to possess this Dominator.

Chapter 323: First Year of Slumber

The ability of this Guardsman was simple, yet it possessed astonishing utility.

A normal application of this Incarnation creates a defensive perimeter around the user that could cover a range of fifty meters, it could perfectly defend against attack of the

same grade with an added function of absorbing the energies from the attack and buffing the defense with up to four times its defensive strength.

Also, the smaller the range of the perimeter shielded, the higher its defense up to double its defensive properties. Suriel also understood that destroying the Incarnation would lead to a drastically enhanced defensive power but for a brief period of time, and he only needed a few seconds to complete the energy transfer, it should buy him enough time.

His armored body flashed a dull blue, about to release the Incarnation, he detonated all the flames he had buried all over the ship.

The blast went out in a concentric wave that was brutal in its sheer efficiency and control, as calling it a blast would be a mistake, it should be called a Precise Coordinated Explosion, PCE! Because the flames did not mushroom out but were directed like a scalpel, as all the force and heat from the blast was siphoned in a single line using the metallic ability of the Guardsman.

The flames sliced through the Battleship like lasers tearing hundreds of holes through it, the arrangement of the traps he set behind made the explosion trigger in a grid like pattern, and the Battleship that was ten thousand feet long was sliced apart into chunks, before the fuel compartment in the engine room exploded and for a single second, the Ship was consumed by flames as hot as the sun.

The lasers only missed a single position on the ship, which was his quarters, and then he created the shielding over it using his Incarnation.

The explosion brightened that corner of space for the next five seconds, alerting the other Empire Battleships, and Dominators began to scramble from the ships towards the commotion as everyone instantly entered a state of battle.

The detonation was not powerful enough to kill any of the Dominators present in the ship but it would disorient them, reducing their response time, thereby giving him every valuable second.

It worked.

For the entire fifteen seconds needed for the transfer, he was not disturbed and as the orb lit up, he moved his essence into it and with a bright flash of light it vanished, taking Suriel's essence and the item with it.

Eighteen seconds later, the cube containing the Volgim Guardsman was found shining with a bluish color. It was a testament to the defensive strength of the Volgim Guardsman Incarnation that it took fifty Second Circle Dominators to tear through the cube, but the only thing left was the partially melted armor of the Guardsman.

Suriel had used every single energy and essence in his body and Territory to activate the teleportation device, and there was nothing left behind but scraps.

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Even though Rowan would be able to comprehend every single thing that happened while he slept when he awoke, Eva now had a habit of keeping a diary, where every single year she would update it with all the information she had gathered and the progress of the task Rowan had given to her.

This was the first year after his slumber, and she sat beside him, it was time to write down her report.

His body was now fifty feet tall and the pressure coming out from him was startling, and even without any breeze in the hall, a phantom wind was blowing all around it, generated from his ever-growing body.

Eva knew it was not wind but Aether. When she discovered Rowan's body was drawing in a massive amount of Aether from space, she was surprised because although the Aether he drew in was abundant, it was no match for the Purple Black Aether he had, but then she saw he was not consuming the Aether but the countless minor essence they carried.

Each grain of Aether carried a minuscule amount of essence, that it would take millions of them to even be barely of any use to Rowan, but in vast amounts, it might make a difference.

This led to the first major undertaking that Eva started. Around his growing body was a dense script, she had used most of the treasures gathered from Jarkarr to construct. It was the largest Spell Matrix she could construct at this time, she simply created a Spell Formation without any Focus.

Eva left it in a half-completed state, this led to the Spell Matrix to just continue drawing in energy, but there was no direction or Focus, as it was referred to in Spell Craft to act upon. Normally such a situation would lead to the Formation being destabilized and eradicated because of excessive energy buildup, but Rowan was endless well as he devoured every single drop of Aether.

Every single material she could spare was devoted to increasing the Spell Matrix, and she could see the effect on the faster growth of Rowan's body.

The second undertaking that took the most of her time was the forging of the Tome of Spells.

She had access to all of his Spatial Storage and after going through all the contents, Eva had forged twelve heavy tomes from the scales of the Ouroboros Serpents, these

creatures were marvels and their discarded scales after each evolution was a treasure that was unexpectedly perfect for forging a Tome.

She did not know how long she had to search for such perfect materials and unexpectedly she found them in the discarded shells of the dreadful serpents.

Eva had used every single scale to forge multiple Tomes, and although they were a spectacle of esoteric craftsmanship, she was not too satisfied due to the fact she could not infuse them with as much Aether as she desired, making them unfinished products.

Rowan's slumber had reduced the amount of Aether she could have access to, which in this case was just three grains, and this was only recently for that matter, at the beginning she could barely access half a grain of purple black Aether, but as time went by and Rowan grew larger, it would seem like the digestion of Erohim Soul was getting faster, and his limits was increasing making it possible for Eva to access more of the excess Aether he must be producing.

Chapter 324: The Cerulean Galaxy

His Mental Space was still enclosed in the thick Diamond-Like Soul Formation, and the Aether she could gather was only scrapped at the edge of that formation, thankfully it was a very powerful source of energy and she could use it to perform her day-to-day tasks, but issues such as crafting more powerful artifacts were beyond her for now.

The Divine Palace of Erohim was speeding into the tremendous darkness, and except for maintaining contact with the two Archangels on Empire controlled space and the heist she made to retrieve the item Rowan left behind, she had placed a dozen angels around the Empire to gather information and enter places of power.

She had slowly begun infiltrating into every Major Royal Houses of Trion, another dozen angels were tasked with infiltrating the two other Major Worlds, and collecting all the completed power structures of those worlds.

This was only the beginning. With understanding all the affairs of the multiple worlds, the next would be subverting and then taking control, and for those tasks, no one could be better than Angels.

The rest of the Angels were tasked with focusing on a much farther galaxy for Rowan to begin his true expansion outside the eyes of his enemies.

The speed of the Angels meant they were able to locate a relatively small galaxy that was six million light years away. A distance so crushing, only Angels and the powers of the Astrolabe would be able to cross it. Except she entered the Shadow realm, it would

be difficult for the Divine Palace to cross that distance, it was a good thing then, that it was not her task.

This galaxy was called the Cerulean Galaxy, and it contained only one Major Worlds and billions of Minor Worlds, of course, most of the Minor Worlds did not contain sentient life and any organized power structure.

She was searching for worlds with potential that would fulfill all the parameters Rowan desired, and this galaxy was the best choice of the hundreds she took her time to scan through.

If all went according to the plan and depending on the time he would wake up, it was possible that Rowan could conquer and control the entire Cerulean Galaxy in a century. A feat that was impossible to be replicated by any other powers.

The Space where Rowan resided inside the Divine Palace had been expanded on her orders, she removed more than fifty rooms around it, creating a massive hall of more than one thousand meters.

This would be the administrative center for where all operations and executive decisions were made for now, when the creator awakened and began his Ascension, his Territory from both bloodlines would dwarf anything she could hope to build here.

Aside from herself who stayed by Rowan's side, fifty feet ahead were ten Angels, all of them were still as statues with their flaming wings unfurled. The second potential Sovereign and nine potential Archangels were the permanent watchers, they were never to leave their post and be the first line of defense on any attack that may occur internally.

She was the best line of defense for Rowan and she had never left his side, of the three grains of Aether she harvested daily, she stored one for emergencies, for unlike Rowan who simply used his Aether as a mobile freezer, it was far more deadly in her hands. The rest of the Angels were her eyes, ears and hands all over the galaxy.

Further ahead were more than a thousand people, all carefully selected elite from the group taken from Jarkarr. The amount of information gathered was massive and the task to be achieved was unending. Eva was in a process of training the best and the brightest to serve as Scribes, to the Creator.

The thousand people were either sitting or moving about on massive hovering slabs of Magitite Alloy that had been enhanced by her Spells to serve as workstations.

Bright holographic displays surrounded each of them, and constant feeds of information were streaming across it. Only the necessary amounts of information that could be safely handled by them was directed towards their workstation, and they served to curate and process that information which would be fed directly to her.

She shared a small fraction of the capabilities of Knowledge Well and Astrolabe; she wished Rowan had been able to open another Chamber before his slumber, to aid her in her tasks, but she could work with what she had on hand.

With Knowledge Well, she had been able to keep the millions of data streams she received daily in an organized manner inside her head, and the Tome she crafted for herself also served as a backup.

Eva had scoured through the entire Palace of Erohim and collected many valuable resources that may have been useless to a family like the Boreas, but were nevertheless good enough for her at the beginning.

The Divine Palace possessed a dynamic weather, meaning there was a very realistic simulation of sunrise and sunsets, rainfall and other weather phenomena.

Its grounds were also endlessly fertile. Unlike the rest of Erohim's Divine Kingdom which leaned heavily towards the elements of flames and frost, the Divine Palace had all the basic elements in balance and perfectly suited for life.

Returning her perception to one of the Tomes she was holding, it was blue and made from the scales of the last born Six eyed Ouroboros, and she stroked the cover before casting her sight towards the people ahead until she located her target—Diane.

As the handmaiden of the creator, she had been assigned nearly mythical status by her people, who considered Rowan to be Erohim reborn. How could they not? They dwelled in the Divine Palace of their god, filled with rivers and forest of such endless bounty.

The world had ended, but their god took them up and brought them into his care. Inside his Divine Palace were vast fields filled with life. Their pitiful existence on Jarkarr which was filled with nothing but endless backbreaking work and slavery to the Empire has ended, and finally a new dawn was laid out before them.

Chapter 325: Spell Weaver

For these lost people, the most important thing for them was the chance to serve their god, which has now become the greatest height they could ever hope to reach. How many mortals in the many years of their planet's existence could claim such honor?

Parents instructed their children long into the night to be mindful and sturdy, for the chance to be selected by god. What was valued from the god was wisdom and alacrity of thoughts. For a people who had become used to performing only mind-numbing work, the chance to finally use their minds was a welcome development.

They were informed that they were the seeds of their entire people, taken by their god to become the first of many. For that honor, they were willing to sacrifice, and they would make sure their descendants follow that oath until the end of time.

Eva had recreated a basic structure of Education for the people, she could not do much without calling on more powers of the Palace of Ice, which was not accessible presently. Yet, it was miles ahead of what they had access to before, still Eva understood that this was just the tip of the Ice berg, in time this place would be the center of knowledge in the entire universe. The Knowledge Well Chamber made that certain.

What she could do however was to pull from fragments of her memory to begin creating a stable structure to pursue after the singular goal of her Creator.

Locate and secure the worlds he needed for his Ascension.

Eva had been going through the bloodline and potential of each of the mortals here, as her plans were twofold to select all the best and brightest and allow them to merge with an Angel.

This was a relatively new phenomenon, because she barely had a hint of understanding how it all works. This bonding had never happened before as far as she could tell, and this trait of the Angels bonding with a mortal host must be due to a new mutation created by Rowan's mutated bloodline.

He contained innumerable secrets that seemed to get deeper ever layer he dug into, and every time a new part of it was revealed to the light, it cast a glow on a greater part still left in darkness. She would make it her goal to reveal all there was to know and bring them to light.

Eva had found it interesting when she observed the two Archangels that bonded with Mortals, Dora and Nezirakim, in addition to an increased foundation, which meant if the angels' power level was a 10, a bond would increase it to 15 or even twenty, doubling their base capability, it also strengthened one of their angelic ability to an absurd degree, take for example Nezirakim flesh manipulation ability that had become much stronger than what a mere Archangel should be capable of.

She had held back on creating more bonded Angels because she was not satisfied with the stock she had available. Nezirakim and Dora were a fluke, and besides the two Angels had millions of people it went through before selecting them.

She did not understand all the intricacies of Rowan's abilities, especially his second Ouroboros bloodline, but she knew that when he seeded a planet, all the inhabitants would become his own, that would mean she could have the pick of billions or perhaps even trillions of potential recruits.

This would enhance the already terrifying Angelic Host to an unknown degree, especially when they began awakening more powerful Angelic Candidates like Dominions and Thrones. There was no need to rush to begin the bonding. This would be the highest honor for most mortals and she intended to only make the best bond with any Angel.

However, this was not the only route to power that was being developed, she made these twelve tomes to create a specific branch, which were the Spell Weavers.

If the angels were hammers, then Spell Weavers were to be the scalpel. They would be able to perform duties that angels would be unsuited for, and the diverse abilities afforded to them by their spell craft would ensure that they were very adaptable to most situations that they would come across.

Her first choice was Circe Boreas for the position of Spell Weaver, but this woman had been suffering a lack of motivation, she had stayed by the side of the river, where she had built a wooden hut and she did not leave that spot. Under the rich environment of Aether, she appeared to be on a path of self discovery. Eva respected her pursuit and left her to her own devices. In time, she would come around and then Eva would offer her power.

The next person she had found most suitable for a Spell Weaver was Diane, after months of watching her learn and adapt to her duties as a Scribe was becoming an asset. The girl worked hard, and her duty as handmaiden of Rowan did not make her complacent, but the opposite, she desired to be by his side and she placed all her energies to become someone worthy of standing by the side of a god.

Eva knew that would never be possible, but it was the effort that counts, and perhaps she would make that dream happen for her.

Diane was the golden girl of her people, and her dedication and astuteness was a welcomed surprise to Eva who saw to it, she was educated to be the best of Scribes handing her more complicated tasks daily, and now it was time for another promotion, as Eva ascertained that she was ready for it.

She whispered a message to Diane, to come to her at the end of her task. Her eyes widened at that voice and she looked across the massive hall to the figure of Eva that was cloaked in darkness, and she bowed.

None of them could see the form of Rowan which Eva cloaked, for in his present state, he would not be able to hide his nature from them, and if they could see him without any defenses in place, only death and madness would follow.

They could all sense the storm of Aether whistling past them, and even such a minor phenomenon in Eva's eye caused countless commotion in their minds.

She would inform Diane of her decision, and if she accepts, a ceremony would be held to celebrate the first Spell Weaver.

Chapter 326: These Voices In My Mind...

Eva picked up another Tome, the one she used as her diary, and she began to write:

The First Year of the Creator Slumber.

Current population and Distribution:

Mortals: 20,124 [Male 9,980. Female 10,144.]

There have been 145 childbirths this year, and due to my intervention they possess a higher capacity for processing Aether by 0.8 percent, with further enhancement via selective breeding and Aetheric infusion in the works. In three generations, a suitable result is expected.

Plan for Energy Absorption Bloodline can be found in ARC-4456.

Profession: Due to limited lifespan, spirit and weak physique, mortals are not suitable for battle, reconnaissance, or resource gathering and management without investing a disproportionate amount of resources for little benefits; however, the bonding plan is a great reason to enhance the mortals as the results should be a unique combination that require further research.

A thousand of the mortals have been selected as Scribes, which are responsible to managing two percent of the information I evaluate. This vocation of Scribe was created to be used as a reward to bolster the devotion of the people, and not for operational efficiency.

The rest have been tasked to building a home for themselves, and they intend to construct a city in your name, it will be completed without any assistance from angels and with the plans, they drew up, it would take them twenty-four generations to achieve it, but the task fills them with drive and ambition, and they all do this for the chance of your praise and a way to give back.

I intend to monitor the performance of each generation and select specific mortals for the varied profession I am drawing up.

I have noted that being exposed to issues on the galactic level tends to leave the Scribes in a state similar to that of fanaticism, as the scale and reach of your power humbles them all. This was an unintended benefit, but not a desirable trait for Scribes, but such a world view would be slowly weeded away in time.

With the equal balance of elements in Erohim Palace and the massive amounts of Aether your presence generates as you draw them into you, sustenance is not an issue for them as plants develop hundreds of times faster, and the store houses were filled within eight months.

Various domesticated animals have been gathered from all the nearest worlds, solving the needs for balanced dietary concerns for the mortals.

A plan for breeding of Dreadbeast is underway, but it has seen little progress, for the Mortals are still too weak to handle such faculties.

They have all proceeded to worship you under the name of Erohim, I decided not to discourage them from this notion to breed a deeper level of bond between them and you, and if you are to be seeding thousands of worlds, then you will become a figure with a thousand name and faces, they would serve as a valuable sample to understand the relationships between mortals and gods, and so far, the results have been promising.

Except for elite members of the population in each planet selected, you shall be a god known by a million names, at least until you achieve total omnipotence.

Your handmaiden Diane has been showing promising potential, and I would be moving her to higher positions of Authority.

Angels:

Population and Distribution: 84

Potential Sovereign: 2

Potential Archangels: 53

Potential Angels: 29

As the arms of the Creator, their foremost task is to find suitable worlds, and at this time, 56 Suitable Minor Worlds have been located in the Cerulean Galaxy, far from any known powers.

The planet contains indigenous populations with potential, that are listed in detail in ATC-1223. At this time, there is no effort to make contact with the single Major Power in this galaxy, as the big push to infiltrate the world would begin in the Third Year, but first it is necessary to secure at least three thousand worlds before the Creator's awakening.

Contact with local gods has not been initiated, but intense studies of their abilities are under way, this report can be found in GOB-2211, but initial assessment is most local gods are far weaker than the gods of Trion, which should be expected, for the gods of

Trion should have abilities related to Empyrean Bloodline, the reason for their push to become a Supreme World is now clear.

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These voices in my mind...

Driving me mad...

Does a reflection in the mirror know it is fake? If that reflection can think, does it now truly exist as its own being and not a shadow that can be dispelled with a little light?

When the Runes the Third Prince used to investigate Trion while searching for souls touched Rowan whose control over the realm of Soul was absolute, it allowed him to touch a part of the Third Prince's mind.

It was a tiny part, barely a fraction of a fraction of a fraction, but it showed him the beginning.

At first, he was confused at what he saw, he only knew that it was old, but his encounter with his mother made him understand certain truths, and when he reviewed the memory in his mind once more, he understood it a little more.

The way it began was strange.

He saw a nothingness that existed for an impossible length of time, then there was a voice, "BE." and then, there was a spark.

Light bloomed and countless worlds and stars were born, and some worlds were so large they gathered up all the surrounding worlds and consumed them. A universe was born, and it was like a baby with its cries blasting out into the unknown, pushing away the nothingness to distant reaches.

But outside of all this was a feeling of a hand grasping for something, even during the nothingness, it was grasping, like a hand trying to catch light in his palm.

For countless years beyond reason this hand grasped and caught nothing, even until every light faded from the universe, even until turning to darkness the hand still grasped.

The cycle repeated itself, and as the universe turned to nothingness, the hand waited, and then a new universe was born, and the hand grasped and released. This universe died and another began, and so it went on.

Chapter 327: Second Year of Slumber

The hand would grasp and release until the universe died and it would wait for a new one to be born and then it would continue. An unending patience. An unending madness.

This went on for so long that Rowan wondered what sort of mind was capable of performing such actions endlessly. For this was not just a mindless effort, since Rowan had a feeling that every grasp of the hand was different, as if it was a thief trying to break through the most sophisticated lock ever created.

Every attempt it made was refined and corrected, the thief extrapolated every move, made countless tiny adjustments and tried again.

This hand continued that effort unceasing for countless eternities.

Until one day.

A small part of the hand broke through.

That world it descended upon was a desert world, and a tiny spark of something with a nature that could not be described with any known measurement tool that could ever exist in a material universe.

A great cry rose up, as something stepped through the fold of reality.

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The Second Year of The Creator Slumber

The Ceremony for the inauguration of Diane as Spell Weaver happened without a hitch, and as I've suspected she took to the new position well enough for a mortal. The celebration of her rise lasted for three days, as the happiness of the mortals were elevated for an increased period of time.

With such a great response, the next candidate for Spell Weaver would have a much greater platform to display their Ascension to this glorious rank.

The Process of becoming a Spell Weaver requires Diane to merge with her Tome. In seven months she was able to merge with her first page, which was a bit faster than my estimation.

She has acquired a trace of your Ouroboros Bloodline which was an unintended benefit, as of this moment, she is a first order Spell Weaver with powers comparable to an

Incarnation State Dominator, but with the range and utility of her spells, she is a hundred times more dangerous and versatile.

Her Spell Weaving traits falls under gold, and with her enhanced computational ability, she is now capable of doing twice the work of the thousand Scribes. However, I have noticed an over exuberance on her part, as she longed for more duties.

I would assign an Angel to her to polish her combat potential and awareness, although she is not meant for battle, it is necessary as a Spell Weaver under my name to excel in all fields; she must be among the greatest of warriors.

The push into the Cerulean Galaxy has faced few setbacks, but it is clear that if we want choice pickings of the best worlds in this galaxy, then we would need to handle the gods of the Major World and subdue it.

Unlike the Empire, the gods of this Major World had created a more open approach, and created a Forum for all the gods in the galaxy to jointly rule and defend it. We have identified a total of 65 Minor gods and 3 Major gods. This strengthens them as a group, and it would be hard to pick off the gods one at a time.... Hard, but not impossible.

Plans for the god killing and subversion strategy can be found in GOK-2211.

The situation in the Empire has become more volatile, as the unlocking of the shackles of bloodline by the gods had led to an increased number of Dominators. It is unknown if this is due to the influence of your father or the effects of the battle that occurred on Jarkarr. Nevertheless, the war with Covenant has entered a feverish pace on the surface of Trion.

The Empire has begun spreading its wings and swallowing more of the Minor Worlds around them; as of this moment, a thousand worlds have fallen to them, and 30 gods have been subdued. The nebular Galaxy is in chaos. There are talks of another war on the horizon with the two other Major Worlds.

The one major announcement on all worlds of the Nebular Galaxy is your name, as well as Ohrox the Prince of Destruction. In all the underground Circuits I have infiltrated, you're the number one most wanted figure on the list, and the heat in your name has caused me to reduce our activities inside the Empire to the barest minimum, while consolidating our foundations.

The Angels had all reached management roles in all seven noble families, including the Braimian Court. Infiltration into the Justice Council has been particularly difficult, due to the nature of the organization.

The plan for it has been ongoing and the first Angel is expected to enter into the Justice Council at this year's end.

In all the Empire, however, there is one Noble Family that I find interesting. The Minerva Family. Their patriarch Telmus is particularly noteworthy. Details of this Dominator can be found in TLM-001.

Fury has resurfaced on the battlefield in Trion, and the two angels Nezirakim and Dora also reached the battlefield. Their reconnaissance has begun, and their mission underway.

As you grow larger, the amount of Aether you are drawing from the Universe is becoming alarming, creating a surging Aetheric Tide inside the Divine Palace. This had led to many unintentional consequences that may lead to our presence being noticed, and it mutated the domesticated beast into Minor Dread Beast, which became a source of nutritious supplement for the mortals and proper training resource.

A greater part of our resources is being gathered to create a shielding matrix all around the Divine Palace to hide the activity. I hope it will be enough.

Vraegar has ascended to the peak of the Second Circle and is on the verge of growing towards the Third. Such a rate of attendance is unprecedented, until I discovered he has been drawing on your essence in secret using the trace of your bloodline inside of him.

This despicable act was hidden because he drew a fraction of your power every time there was an Aetheric Tide. He has been imprisoned deep inside the Divine Palace for the moment.

I am drawing up plans to make good use of the power he stole from you while you slumber, and he has shown resolve to pay for his crimes. I intend to draw every single bit of value from every cell of his body.

The god killing plan would begin with him. He would be our Spear.

He shall lead the light, while our Angel would follow in the dark.

If he is to die in this task, it would be a small price to pay for what he stole from you.

Chapter 328: Lost History

These voices in my mind....

Making me despair...

This memory was not from his father, but he knew it was deeply connected to him.

Somewhere deep inside of him, as if it was a reflection of himself that he had forgotten, but now, knowing that this reflection was his own, it brought back its own set of memories.

It was as if he had always had a left hand, but the knowledge that he had such a limb was taken from him, and so every day he had always been dimly aware of that hand, but had never bothered to associate it as part of his body.

Truly knowledge was power, and for someone like him, all new knowledge shed light on the massive structure that was his body and mind. He was like a building that had a thousand rooms, but he had always been locked inside one room, and therefore always thought he was just one room.

This memory was merely a new light shed in the many rooms that made up his being.

He saw himself laid down on a black platform that stretched for hundreds of miles. The Platform was made from a weird mixture of wood and metal, and it contracted and expanded as if it was breathing, and below him was a lake filled with red water.

The water was thick and warm that emanated a stream of purple mist, there were numerous large creatures bathing inside it that frolicked with a manic intensity. Rowan saw that there must be influenced by something, as acts of intense sexual acts were being performed by the creatures inside the river. The sounds coming from the river were horrifying, not at all pleasing to the ear. If Rowan had ever wanted to know the sound of uninhibited lust, this was it.

He looked up to the skies and saw fourteen moons, but two of the moons were being dragged away by enormous tentacle-like branches. He had read from the books given to him by Circe, that once Trion had fourteen moons, but the God King took them... was it possible that what he was seeing was that event playing out?

The sight was shocking but he had seen greater, nevertheless it distracted him enough to address the constant pain he had been feeling.

"At what time did it happen? When did pain become so normal for me, I have to force my mind to focus on it?"

He saw himself, but it was not his face in fact, this face seemed to be ever-changing, first it was of a man, then a boy and then a woman, before transforming into different creatures and then back again, Rowan thought he recognized some of the faces he changed into. This should be his abilities in the past.

Rowan could understand why his father could be so arrogant and dismissive of him, even though he must be holding within his body the most powerful item in the universe. It was because so much of himself had been taken away, he had been lied to and

manipulated, his truths were falsehood and he would never be able to live to his full potential without understanding who he truly was.

He was a Titan that had been brainwashed to believe he was an ant. How could he fight his enemies, when he did not even understand his own powers?

His attention was soon drawn to the source of his pain, and he saw that it was only his face that was free from injury. From his neck down to the sole of his feet, his entire skin had been flayed away.

His muscles had been sliced open, each strand separated evenly, his veins and arteries had been arranged in a manner where he could trace each one of them like highways in a city.

He found his beating heart laid to the side, and besides it the pale flesh of his brain.

"Oh there you are!" His mind called out cheerfully. He was wrong about his head being unharmed after all, for the top of his head had been sliced off and his brain lifted from his skull.

His beating heart shivered and pumped out a healthy spurt of blood that flew for more than a hundred feet, and it did not take long for him to understand that the red river below him was not a weirdly dyed water, it was his blood. How long has he been like this?

"Where is it? Where could it be hiding? I have searched every single atom of your flesh. Where is my singularity?" A low voice that felt like razor blades in his ears spoke beside him.

It took a while for the voice to give rise to a shape, and it would seem that his earlier conjecture of a razor blade speaking was the right term to use for this creature, as it appeared... disjointed, as if it was made of roughly glued together scrap iron.

It was all sharp edges and tarnished glow, and the best thing he could describe it with was a man shaped thing made from pieces of broken blades sticking out like nails.

What made it weird however was the carefully structured human mouth in a face made up of countless metal.

The figure was familiar, where had he seen it before.

Then it came to him. His earlier recollection of the memory he stole from the Third Prince, his father. It reminded him of that hand that broke into reality after countless eternities of effort. The greatest thief and abomination... His father.

That figure brought up a misshapen hand and dragged it down his body, creating bright sparks of pain that made the soft flesh of his brain tremble.

Like a machine that was all fury but also precise control, his body began to be dismantled further, each piece of flesh, veins, arteries, blood, hair, tissues were being pried open. The pain was horrendous. He had been melted down into atoms before, when he was discarding his Mortal shell to become an Emyrean, and that pain would have destroyed most minds, but this one was somehow worse.

It was because of the feeling of intense violation. His Ouroboros Bloodline sought to change his body and the pain was a welcomed side effect, but this... just wanted to rape every single part of him.

"WHERE IS IT!!!" The horrifying scream blasted his consciousness apart.

Chapter 329: Minerva

"My love... your mother is here." A beautiful woman with white hair and brown skin entered a tent made from a golden hide that rippled with breeze carried from a descending sunset as she spoke to a naked sleeping man curled around two large pillows, whose midnight black skin sparkled like onyx.

"I know, let her wait, I want some shut-eye." Telmus grumbled and sank his face deeper into the pillow.

The silence that followed seemed to carry an endless amount of shock, before a hand that wanted to deliver a slap on his naked butt was halted as Telmus effortlessly stopped it with his own, "Don't, you would hurt your hand." he said.

She was a Dominator at the peak of the Third Great Circle, which was generally known as the strongest beings before reaching Earth god, and yet, she believed him.

"Yet you would hurt us all with your stubbornness and sheer stupidity." She spat and with supernatural strength, she dragged him up and threw a robe around his shoulders, and became busy arranging his outfit in a presentable manner to receive his mother.

Telmus chuckled at her behavior, "Still your runaway heart, my love. If the sky falls, I shall be here to hold it up."

She seized his robes in her hand and dragged his face to hers. Only this close could you see the beginnings of wrinkles by the side of her eyes, her brilliant silver eyes were now a bit dim and her white hair no longer shone like the moon, yet she was still the most beautiful woman he had ever seen. Maiah. His love.

"You bastard!" She said, "For so long the sky has been empty without your presence, don't you ruin it again for all of our sake. You must honor your mother, as well as respect the gods!"

Her eyes began to glaze with unshed tears and Telmus' gaze became a bit solemn, "I am who I am, my love. Can you tell the sun to stop shining or the water to not be wet? What will be, will be. But I promise you, this world shall shatter before I leave your side again. I am Telmus, and I will never make a promise that I will not keep. Not again."

He pressed his lips to hers, and she beat against his chest for a while before drowning inside of his touch, with the strength of a Third Great Circle Dominator, she suddenly turned and launched him outside, his laughter fading away into the distance, and she collapsed weakly to her knees.

Telmus was capable of making her knees go weak with just a kiss, even after thousands of years. She looked fondly into the horizon before turning away. She was preparing for her elevation to the fourth great circle, to becoming an Earth god. Something that had been forbidden since the end of the Great War when gods walked the earth.

After the shackles over Dominator's bloodline was unlocked, the entire Empire went into a state of overdrive, the effects on Dominators were both vastly negative and vastly positive.

Suddenly age-old barriers and class that had segregated the Noble families were broken down, power structures erased and ambition arising from ashes. The Empire would have been torn apart if not for the gods wisely channeling all this power and pent-up aggression to the stars, triggering a wave of conquest all over the galaxy.

For her, this was a prayer answered, after waiting for her husband for such a long time to return, her lifespan was running out. It was a risky prospect ascending to the fourth circle and even if the way was now open, there was no assurance of success as this elevation was the greatest height a Dominator could reach.

Of all the old monsters like herself who had resided at the peak of the third Great circle for thousands of years, none had succeeded to make the transition to become an Earth god. She knew of three that already perished this year alone, their wails of despair sweeping through the entirety of Trion.

Nevertheless, she would be the first to succeed!

The heavens had answered her prayers, returned her husband to her arms, and given her a child. Who was she to fail their graces and not ascend to the fourth circle so she could enjoy their blessings?

Telmus saw Minerva in a field of barley, like always his mother's face was looking away from him. There was a time when he was young he would always try to startle her by approaching so quickly he caught her surprised, such a notion was incredibly stupid.

Of course he failed.

Yet, he was stubborn, and was never one to back down before a challenge, no matter how impossible it seemed to him, would that not be letting down his bloodline and potential?

This led him down a path of obsession, and obsession to beat a goddess... to surprise his mother. This obsession culminated in him creating and breaking many records in the Empire, he had not only defeated Minor gods of other worlds, he had also battled, not one but two gods of Trion at the same time.

Yet, it was not enough. For Telmus, it was never enough.

Many people might have asked, what was it that made you want to become the strongest? His powers were not just handed to him, Telmus had honed it in a million battles on a million wars, as he waged a campaign in the stars.

The people with such questions would have guessed many fantastical answers, but none would understand that he just wanted to surprise this bitch... even once.

"Mother." He began walking closer to Minerva, knowing this was not an Anima but the goddess in the flesh.

Telmus knows this, but he refuses to acknowledge her presence by lying down and scraping himself on the floor like a worm. As he grew closer to the goddess, the floor below him turned to silk that surrounded the ground that contained countless spider webs.

Being this close to a goddess mean you enter their Domain, even if they don't wish to pull you into it. Their very presence warps reality into something closer to their very nature.

Chapter 330: The Balance Of Power

Telmus suddenly grunted, and began walking a little more slowly, every step he took seemed to be calculated and precise and when it felt like it took forever, and the stars in the skies seemed to shift when he walked.

He finally stood by the right hand of the goddess and he looked at the sight that captured her interest and his heart skipped.

His daughter was below, she was a few thousand miles away, but for them, she could as well be a few inches away. She was playing in the field and her laughter was resonant. She appeared to be a fully grown woman of eighteen, but in the normal flow of time, she was just two years old.

Minerva sighed as she looked at the playing child, "You should have told me you have given up so much of yourself."

Telmus just frowned, not bothering to give any reply.

"Stubborn as always, Child." Her dreamy voice seemed to float above the wind, carried by unknown currents as it echoed through every single cell in his body, shaking it down to the foundations of his being. No single Dominator in all of Trion, would be able to withstand those words.

This was a living goddess, not an Anima. The corruption of their Domain was a hundred times more potent than if it was an Anima that stood here, but Telmus was able to stand a few inches by her side and not lose any ground, even when she spoke.

For gods and goddesses, most of the time, their words were weapons, for the act of speaking was a sign of their will made manifest. Their words were enough to crush worlds.

Telmus brushed invisible dust off his shoulders, "Mother." He bowed a little. He was stubborn, not stupid, he would pay his respect, but only to the extent that was expected from him, nothing more.

He saw a ghost of a smile play along the edge of her lips, he knew she loved this game of hers. Why did he always insist on playing this game with her? Did she not abandon him to the darkness for all these millennia?

Minerva looked at the vast fields of lush crops and the laughing girl below, "It's beautiful in its own way... Trion."

Telmus nodded, "Yes... it is beautiful."

The goddess appeared surprised at his words, "I thought you would never change Telmus. Yet, even I will admit I was wrong about your new outlook in life. Death suits you. Do it more often, child."

"you no longer have a say in what suits me, mother. You have abandoned that right when you left me in darkness for all this time." Telmus frowned, "I made my own way through the darkness, holding it at bay for all these millennia... for you mother. Yet, you abandoned me to the reaper."

The darkness inside Minerva eyes seemed to pulse and rotate like a black hole sucking in all the Aether, and for a brief moment far beyond what most Dominator could even fathom, all Aether disappeared from the planet before returning, "Don't be a daft child. I placed your soul inside my web. The only reason you can now see the light of day is because of my intervention."

Telmus growled, "What does the fox say to the hen?"

Minerva's eyes rotated to look at Telmus without moving her head, and then she rolled her eyes. Such an act from the goddess did not appear coquettish, but incredibly frightening. She sniffed before speaking, "There is an assignment for you from the gods."

"I refuse. There is nothing I want more in this life, I would rather spend it with my family." Telmus looked away.

"Even if it means a spot on the table above."

He scoffed in disbelief, and then waited, not seeing any reaction from her, Telmus turned to her, his white hair beginning to float in an invisible air current, "That sort of reward is not possible. There can never be a spot above. The presence of the God King has assured that outcome."

Minerva smiled, "Have you seen the state of the Empire lately, everything is now possible. I have denied the gods the Mirror of Fate, sealing it away because of their fears and so they cannot tell the direction of the winds of fate. Yet, I'm fate! Even without my mirrors, I still see farther than all the gods combined, and so they fear and isolate me, placing me in a prison made from gold. A spot would open Telmus, and you shall seize it."

"Even if that were to be so," Telmus said, his eyes acquiring a longing gaze, "It's no longer for me."

"Yes, not you." Minerva agreed and she gestured with her head, to the sight that made Telmus' heart first skip a beat, "For her, to the one you have given everything."

Telmus sighed, "She is the best of me."

His daughter, now eighteen, and at the Second Great Circle would no longer age for thousands of years, and so he stopped forcing her growth.

She was meditating down in the field below, her white hair spread around her feet like a carpet, unaware of the two persons watching her.

Minerva laughed, and reality smiled, "Death was good for you."

"If I do this." Telmus growled, "I want a shot at him."

"You cannot win, Child."

"Will you do it or not?"

Minerva sighed, "Get ready, in time you would be summoned to the battlefield, where you shall end the Great War once and for all."

She turned as if to leave and as part of her began to fade away she paused, "You are being too lenient on the girl."

"I don't remember asking you for parenting advice." Telmus growled.

"I know you hate me for pushing you to battle and despair, but look at the results Telmus..." She paused and waved her hand, and a lifelike image of Fury appeared before her, "By now you should have heard about this experiment by the Kuran Family. There are talks that a new metric would be used to determine the Royal Selection Process for the Throne eight years from now. Make sure she is ready. It is time, the balance of power is shifting. I have waited for too long."