

The Primordial Record

Chapter 331: The Greatest Battlefield In The Galaxy

"Mother, you have not changed a bit. Ever the same... with ambitions beyond the heavens, no wonder I became like this. My daughter is different, yet I understand the necessities of power, and I wish I could spare her the pain." Telmus' eyes became focused on the image and his hand moved as if he wanted to squeeze Fury's neck, "I could kill him right now... it would be so easy."

Minerva nodded, "yes, you could. Maybe you should. But then, Kuranis is also here, and to keep the pact intact, I will be obligated to stop you."

Telmus bared his teeth, "One day, I would like to see that."

Minerva arched her brow, "Your insolence is no longer charming... The burdens I placed on you will no longer be removed, you will fight your oncoming battles with it. Show me who you really are... or perish, a million years from now or ten million... I will find another like you."

Telmus smiled, and lifted his hands, and it was as if he was burdened by a heavy weight, he shrugged, "I am Telmus. There will never be anyone like me."

He had made his statement to express his state of mind and his supreme confidence, and that was enough.

He turned and walked away, the stars far away shuddering with each footstep he took.

It was possible if you had a special sort of vision to see around his body, then you would see heavy chains like spider webs surrounding him that connected to far off stars in space, and every step that Telmus took... he dragged them along.

The goddess his mother had laid a seal upon him to fight a battle beyond all mortal comprehension, perhaps even gods would falter before this task, but Telmus accepted it, even with the magnitude of the task before him, he did not beg for her pity or that the seal should be lifted, for he believed with every fiber of his body, that he was invincible.

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"We have just left the Tiberius Encampment and the road to the battlefield is up ahead, you have to watch your footing, for we will be sprinting across fifty miles under heavy bombardment. This is Death Valley! You lose a single step and you die. You hesitate for an instant and you die. Your luck shifts a little to the side and... you die. This is the

death trap that you need to survive in order to reach the battlefields. Pray to your Ancestors... Pray to your gods. Hell and all its riches await us."

The man speaking was a ten-foot giant in powered armor. He was a famous genius from the Horush Family who was in the Spirit Territory Realm, Micah.

He was speaking to three hundred plus warriors behind him, male and female, all Dominators at the Incarnation State, who hailed from the various Noble families.

This place was the gateway to the site of perhaps the greatest ongoing war ever in the history of the Nebular Galaxy.

The field of war on Trion. The Demons call it; The Graveyard of gods, while Dominators call it, The Graveyard of Demons and Mages. Whatever name they might call it, this place had tasted the blood of gods and men, and each grain of sand inside it was full of suffering, death and horror on a scale that would make even gods go mad.

It was said that for a Major World to ascend to a Supreme World, it was a feat beyond your standard understanding, and they were right. They would have to push for the impossible, to make the very Universe acknowledge their stand, and after then crush the will of the Universe.

Supreme Worlds could outlive the Universe, and in a manner, they were beyond the Universe. There were many steps to take on the path to become a Supreme World, and this War was among the last steps.

Yet, this Great War has been ongoing for two million years, and the battlefield stretched for countless billions of miles.

This part of the battlefield where the Dominators assembled was a small section of it, and the present Dominators were just a small grain of sand on a beach, all of them fighting for a tiny slice of the massive pie before them.

Due to such an intense war and the unspeakable amount of blood that had been shed on this battlefield, the land had become warped and turned into one of the most dangerous locations in the galaxy.

It was not only because of the constant wars happening on the ground, but because of the effects of the war on the earth. For on this battlefield, many gods, and demons had perished. Their death cries left curses on the battlefield. Their blood leaves permanent scars in reality.

The godly energies they used during their heaven shattering battles had permanently reshaped many sections of it for all eternity, and it was generally known that the deeper you enter, approaching the center of the battlefield, the more dangerous and strange it became.

There were tales of great corpses, thousands of miles long, of great Palaces and instruments of war. There were tales of entire worlds being dragged down and lost inside the battlefield... Countless tales of horror and wonder and madness, beyond what could be told in a thousand-mortal lifespan.

With the increasing aggression of Dominators in the Empire waging war on the surrounding worlds and increasing the boundary of the Empire, many foreign powers began to enter the field of the greatest battle in the galaxy.

Whether it was because of revenge or the desire to get stronger due to the nature of the battlefield and all the countless treasures left on it, it was clear to all that this field of battle was filling up faster than the occupants were dying, increasing the chaos of it all, to an unfathomable degree.

The factions on the battlefield are no longer black and white, but endless shades of gray.

Except for slaves and those that were condemned to death, you had to be at least the Rift State or its equal in order to be able to survive even the periphery of the battlefield.

Any battles fought here that were at the second great circle and below were not considered a battle, just minor skirmishes, even if millions were to die.

Nezrakim and Dora, after two whole years, the two Archangels finally reached the Battlefield.

Chapter 332: White Zones

Trion was a vast world, and because they could not use their flight ability to reach the battlefield in a timely manner, they had to slowly make their way across the planet.

It was a testament to the resourcefulness of the Angels that they were able to reach the battlefield in just two years and possessed two bodies.

With their Angelic Senses, they could detect the disturbance ahead even without using their sight, the battles being fought triggered the primal battle lust inside the blood of the Angels and Dora found herself licking her lips as she peered deeper into the Continent that was shrouded by twilight.

For the little information she could grasp using the senses of the Dominator she possessed, she saw that every battle here was intense, with multitudes of Mages, Demons, Dominators, and many other stranger powers fighting and dying every at every moment, but at least there was a semblance of reasoning that could be grasped by mortal minds.

Deeper into the battlefield was for powers that exceeded the Spirit Territory Realm, and true madness was the least of the dangers to be found there.

This road they were about to head through had been taken over by the Mages, and they had held it for the last fifty years, but with the new wave of Dominators pouring into the battlefield, they were beginning to break all the fortifications being held by the Demons and Mages, as an unchecked stream of bodies began to pile into the war.

This road would have never been considered as a route to the battlefield three years back, but now there were enough bodies to begin enclosing the entire two continents, as with each passing week, millions of Dominators were amassed and sent towards all the blockades around the continents.

The Empire had been hiding its fangs and biding its time all these while. The popular opinion for the reasons the Empire was beginning to pursue this war actively was linked to the battle at Jarkarr. Whatever had happened there must have completely angered the gods.

The full might of the Empire was unleashed and the result shook the entire galaxy.

The overall strategy of the Generals was to completely encircle the two continents and then begin to shrink inwards, mopping all resistance along the way.

Weaker Dominators were to be sent into the meat grinder in their hundreds of millions or even billions, until the way forward was clear for the true powerhouses to battle deeper into the continent.

"Are we ready to move?" Micah called out to the Dominators behind him.

The three hundred and thirty Dominators nodded their agreement to their leader, who brought a long whistle to his lips and blew out a long call.

All around the Dominators, numerous growls from invisible beasts began arising, they all looked around in confusion before noticing an army of wolfish beasts walking on two legs numbering in their hundreds appeared around them. The massive beasts seemed to grin at the Dominators before vanishing from sight.

The Incarnation State Dominators were all shaken by the appearance of the beasts, as an intense desire to acquire such abilities began burning inside their chest. Each of those beasts were at the Incarnation State, with a pair at the front who were at the second Great Circle.

The Horush Family could control beasts of all shapes and varieties. Their family geniuses could control thousands of beasts because of their innately vast Territories suitable for conceiving and evolving beasts.

Unlike other Noble Bloodlines, a Horush Family Dominator at the Second Great Circle had Territories that were three times larger than their counterparts. They could nourish massive hordes of beasts inside them, with the talented among them being able to fuse with many powerful beasts inside their Territory.

The task of this second circle Dominator was willing to ferry these three hundred plus Dominators across the threshold and into their allotted positions because he was also heading in the same direction.

This was not the only group heading towards the battlefield, the Tiberius Family encampment released well over twenty thousand Dominators to make their match across this road; they were all separated into groups, and not all groups were lucky enough to have a Second Circle Dominator as their leader.

These Dominators heading into the battlefield were among the new wave of Dominators who were all anxious to begin increasing their realms to new heights, as there was no longer any obstruction holding them back.

After the announcement that the Bloodline Lock had been lifted, there was an ever-growing wave of Dominators surging into the battlefield because, among other things, it was the greatest place to advance in all of Trion.

The endless battles by the gods and other powerful beings had not only created danger zones, but areas of incredible opportunities.

The Origin Treasure to control time was acquired by General Augustus Tiberius on the battlefield, so also were there many treasures scattered around the entire continents.

It was very possible for a lowly first circle Dominator to come in contact with treasures from beings of higher realms, even including gods. With such opportunities, it was easy to ascend to the heavens in a single step.

There were countless stories about geniuses who had mediocre bloodline or talents entering the battlefield and collecting profound inheritances and opportunities, allowing them to shed their mortal physique to that of a god. Tales of heaven shattering treasures that could allow the user to cross space and even time, even allow a mortal to battle a god.

This was just a small part of why the battlefield was very important to all parties in the war.

There was also the fact that the countless battles using so much reality breaking powers had created dense tides of Aether that seeped in from the void and beyond the material universe, boosting the amounts of Aether on the battlefield to impressive levels, it equals could only be found in certain locations inside a Supreme World.

The constant black clouds over the two continents were made from extremely violent tides of Aether that were incredibly viscous, that it was almost solid. Only Dominators of the Third Circle and above could move through them.

Just proceeding along the edge of the Battlefield would see an increase in the density of Aether in the environment and the deeper you enter into the battlefield, you would begin encountering areas called White Zones.

Chapter 333: Road of Death

These zones were one of the most important and sought after resource locations in the battlefield, as countless great battles were centered around it.

What made them special was due to the nature of the battlefield, where the dense tides of Aether could gather around a singular Aspect like lightning or frost or fire even the more unknown Aspects like Gravity or Blood and would then supercharge those Aspects, creating small pockets where you could easily collect an incredible amount of Aether Aspected to a particular bloodline.

Such an easy method to refine a bloodline or increase a Mage's grasp of their spells was a commodity that could only be found in this place. This led to astounding battles fought over the rights to reside in any of the Zones.

The most closely contested White Zones were those that contained more than one Aspect. Such Zones were incredibly stable and could last for centuries, and if a Noble Family could control a zone that was closer to their Bloodline Origin, they would protect it, fighting tooth and nail to keep the resources for their own use, after all, it was a finite resource and even if new White Zones were being created every day, it was always never enough.

If a Dominator of the Boreas Family encounters a White Zone that has an Aspect of Lightning and Frost enters that zone and practices using his Paths, it would be far easier to ascend through the Great Circles.

Unlike Rowan who was beyond using such resources to increase his State of Change, Dominators, Demons, and even the Mages all fought for these White Zones in order to grow more powerful.

For the present Dominators that were about to enter the battlefield, they did not need to compete for White Zones, they only need to survive and scavenge around the edges of the battlefield and the increased Aether concentration in the air and the constant battles would increase their bloodline potency, making it easier to ascend to the second great circle.

At the Second Great Circle, they could begin refining their Territories and Bloodline, it was at this Realm that White Zones became important, as Bloodline Refinement that would have taken centuries would be reduced to just a few months.

From the Spirit Territory Realm to the Incandescent Realm and Finally the Proclamation Realm, thereafter, the Third Great Circle.

Breaking into the third Great Circle needed more than just Aether, however, as there was an essential item needed to breakthrough, which was an Aura Field.

Yet, deep inside the battlefields, there were many rumors of different types of Aura Fields that could be found, but that was for Dominators at the peak of the Second Great Circle to worry about.

Mezrakim and Dora were in the body of two Tiberius Family Incarnation state Dominators, they stayed nondescript, and only spoke as little as possible.

The Horush Family Dominator nodded at all of them and proceeded to move forward. In a Major World like Trion flying was very difficult and Micah would rather spare his energy for protecting himself than to fly, also if he flew he would just be presenting a clear target for all.

The Wolf-Like Beast he summoned were thickly muscled and could take a lot of damage without breaking down, with a healing factor that would regrow limbs, he had made sure to exchange for these powerful beasts before he entered the field of battle. Their invisibility, however, was their biggest selling point which made them worth the price he paid.

He was willing to escort all these Dominators across such a dangerous region because if push came to shove, he could always use them as meat shields, as he was only willing to sacrifice a small part of the Beast he won't in order to pass this region.

The fact that he showed these Dominators the beasts before making them invisible was for them to think he would be using them all for their protection, when he had subtly withdrawn ninety percent of them into his Territory.

"Move!" He yelled and he began racing down the road. The rest hustled after him, all of them wishing to find cover inside the heavy bodies of the beasts that were no longer there, the movements of the beasts were silent, so that duplicity on the part of Micah was not detected, or so he thought.

They were moving at a decent pace, covering a third of the distance when something whistled through the crowd, as if it was being guided and impacted at the center of the formation, pinning an unlucky Dominator to the ground.

It was a spear made from ice that was thicker than a pole. It was eight inches thick, its impact destroyed the torso of the female Dominator, who was in shock, but before she could cry out the woman was frozen in place, her pain filled face set in a rictus of terror.

"Fucking Mages!" Micah spat in anger, the spear had snuck through their numbers and located the person with the least amount of protection. This was the hallmark of mages, they had impressive firepower, yet they were full of cunning.

"Defenses up!" Micah warning outcry swept through their ranks, and multiple blooming defensive glow began to cover the charging group. They had avoided using any sort of large scale defensive formation before in order to avoid drawing too much attention to themselves, but as they were already being noticed, they did away with any hesitation and poured all their Aether into any defensive abilities they had.

Metal Sheets rose in the air, circling them as the Volgim Family Dominators created large revolving shields. The Kuranos Family Dominators made shields from earth and fire, and the Boreas from Ice and wind.

As the family with Bloodline with some of the best defenses, they shielded each other, with the experience each Incarnation State Dominator had, they covered most of their weak points.

This action was repeated by the thousands of Dominators that were also charging down this road, as the entire pass bloomed with multiple colored defensive glows. Above them the skies darkened as a rain of missiles both energy base and physical began to rain down.

The Dominators increased their movement speed, and for a while only the loud bang of missiles hitting their defensive circle and the dull groan of those unlucky enough to get hit filled the air.

For a while, the skies were lit up with frenzied energies as death rained down on this road, and when they approached the other end of it, a tenth of their number had fallen. Thousands were already dead before even stepping onto the field of battle.

It was with rage in their heart that the group where Nezirakim and Dora were located descended on a pair of unlucky mages who were slow to retreat, and their first major battle on the surface of Trion began.

Micah yelled excitedly, "Kill them all!"

Chapter 334: The Darkness

Rowan was getting restless.

The nature of his Avatar of Eve Bloodline meant he could not truly fall into slumber, as without a soul, he could no longer rest. That luxury had been denied from him forever. Instead, his consciousness would be placed in a peculiar place.

He only saw himself inside darkness, and inside this darkness, time was warped, and every seconds outside could be years inside this place, and although Rowan was not aware how long it was that his body fell into slumber to digest the soul he harvested from a god, he knew he had already spent centuries inside the darkness.

That was a very long time, even for him, as he was not yet used to having a lifespan that made him almost pseudo-immortal.

The first few decades were tolerable, he did not make any plans or go over the events that happened on Jarkarr, he just rested and allowed his mind to go wherever it wanted. He imagined himself as a leaf inside a stream, just going along with the flow.

His mind had led him to the memory he had collected from the Third Prince... It also led him to the memory of his past unrecognizable self being tortured while the moons above him were towed to an unknown location by giant branches.

He spent years pondering over the memories, he knew he had many gaps inside them, but he never knew so much of it was lost, for what he could understand before his Transmigration, Rowan the Prince should have been only left with the smallest fraction of his memory, if indeed his origins dates back to millions of years ago, and his mother was the Empyrean of Life Elura.

His mind went over his mother and over the Third Prince and what sort of creature he truly was. Rowan went over the battles that occurred in Jarkarr, the mistakes he made, and the new direction he would be traveling in.

After he had sifted through most of his thoughts and suspicions, he began to wait for his body to awaken, but after so many years passed, he was no longer satisfied with waiting, and so, he began to explore the darkness.

He existed inside this darkness as a disembodied consciousness, and previously he heard the voice of Eva calling for him in the dark, now there was nothing but silence. Over the centuries, he had experimented with movements and he detected that he was moving, but since the scenery was the same, he did not know his momentum or even if he was truly moving.

Rowan had once spent decades just going in a single direction, without seeing any noticeable changes and then he stopped, for he had to concentrate if he wanted to move and could do nothing else.

He knew that the voice he heard at that time with the guise of Eva was from his bloodline, and if his will had been weak, he would have been devoured by it, becoming nothing but a shell for the Avatar of Eve Bloodline.

Rowan suddenly had a thought, was it possible for him to summon inside this place?

He was surprised it took him so long to really think about it, but it was apparent when he remembered why that was so, he had been trying to reduce his dependence on this Singularity until he could totally control it.

Except for extreme circumstances, he did not truly need any longer, as both his bloodlines could build on each other and develop, he was sure in time he would be able to accurately judge every single bit of his Attributes with perfect precision.

Well, this situation was a perfect time to use the Singularity for it might surprise him with a hidden function.

Willing to try, he began searching his consciousness for the trigger he always used to summon, but soon he knew he was going to fail. Whatever this place was, he was cut off from his body. The triggers were there in his consciousness, only he could not touch anything.

In a manner, he was not awake, or he might even say he was not alive so to speak, but he was also aware.

When he found himself inside the darkness, the first thought that came to him was vague, and he had brushed it aside as unimportant, but now he understood the true meaning of it, and his understanding of the Avatar of Eve bloodline grew with that awareness.

He felt the darkness shake around him, and he knew something had changed as his understanding of his bloodline deepened; he became close with the darkness, and his perception of it grew stronger, he could almost feel it flowing through him as he was merging into it. He was darkness.

The words that brought about these changes were simple, and it should be an intrinsic part of this place: 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 just a shadow that can be dispelled with a little light?

This place, this darkness, was a reflection of himself, that had been given thought. The same way, Eva and his Palace of Ice Bloodline was a reflection of a power that existed an extremely long time ago. When he evolved his Soul Reaver bloodline, he drew from Primordial Darkness and copied a bloodline that was long gone.

Did Eva not say; she was nothing but a copy of a copy of another endless copy.

This bloodline of his... was it possible that if he could somehow find a method for this reflection to fall asleep, would there be another reflection of this reflection that would awaken?

If he thought about it the other way around, was it possible that his bloodline was just a reflection of another Rowan that was asleep?

This thought made him pause in shock as he still remembered the first dream he had when he first came to this world. He saw a throne of ice, and a man sitting before a host of angels.

The man had clearly spoken, "Take the light from my eyes, so you can see."

He did not forget that it was those words that truly initiated his Avatar of Eve Bloodline. Was it possible that his bloodline was a reflection of someone else's own, and if it was, what would happen to him when that figure woke up?

Chapter 335: Breaking Out

No! This was not how works, his bloodline might be a copy, nevertheless it was unique, and his bloodline may be linked to something long gone, it did not mean it was the same, after all, the Soul Reaver Bloodline became the foundation of this new Bloodline, making it fundamentally different from anything it was linked to.

His Ouroboros Bloodline was also connected to Chaos—The First Empyrean, the so-called controller of reality and creator of universes. Did that also influence him?

Rowan shook his non-physical head and decided to leave all these musings for one or two of his Consciousness Pillars when he woke up, he would be constantly trying to figure out the questions he needed to ask and the steps he needed to take when he became complete, but for now, trying to figure out concerns about topics that were so far above him was a useless endeavor.

Yet what was he to do inside this endless darkness? He had no way to influence reality, and the waiting was maddening. Rowan had ascended far past the mortal psyche, and endless loneliness would not cause any change in his mental state. However, it was the inactivity that got to him.

Knowing he had so much work to do yet spending so much time inside the darkness was what made it difficult to endure.

Then he felt something, almost like a pinch on a third limb. He knew something had touched him, but he did not know how to find the spot on his body. Rowan was like a deaf man hearing music for the first time, and he could not identify the sounds.

This sensation was now apparent because of his new connection with the darkness, and he became excited with the prospect of finding something new inside this unending sameness.

He waited patiently and stilled his mind, if it happened before, then it would most likely happen again, and he did not want to miss it.

Rowan waited for what seemed like years before he felt the pinch again, and he began to search for it. His vigilance was rewarded as he could feel where the sensation occurred, and his consciousness zoomed towards it.

When he reached that region of darkness where he felt the pinching sensation, there was nothing there, and he decided to wait here until he could see if there were any new changes.

When the next pinch happened he was right on top of it, and for a brief moment, he saw light, and then massive fangs with drools pouring from it.

Rowan's consciousness flooded towards the light unbothered by the fangs, as he found it somewhat familiar, besides he was no longer afraid of pain or physical damage, and he would rather be torn apart as he explored something new than spend one more century inside this place.

The light was beginning to disappear and Rowan forced himself to push through it, and it was difficult, almost as if he was a mortal trying to swim through concrete.

He was not going to make it, the light was fading too fast and he was only halfway through the gap, about to give up and try again, he heard an angered roar,

"What do you think you are doing? With all your potential given to you by the Creator, you still stooped so low to bite the hands that fed you and gave you life. You shall pay for this travesty. With every fiber of your being! Your death will be well deserved."

This voice slowed down the closing light as if the mouth filled with fangs was stunned by this turn of event, and Rowan forced himself to push through the last part of the hurdle and latched himself onto the jaws of the beast, but the strain of moving through the darkness and into the light knocked him out for a while.

When Rowan woke up, he felt incredibly dizzy and his mind felt... suppressed, as if he was squeezed inside a two-inch iron box, but he was not too distraught because he could clearly sense the outside world, although in a limited manner.

However, anything but the darkness was preferable.

It took a while but he slowly began to acclimate to his present accommodations and then he understood why he had found the light familiar, it was because presently he was inside the body of the little dragon whelp Vraegar.

Although he was not possessing the body, as his present state was far too diminished to possess anything but a mortal.

Rowan became very curious about his present condition because he was not a soul, but something much more abstract, and the closest thing he could describe his condition was a reflection. He was the reflection of Rowan Consciousness.

He could exist because of the nature of his second bloodline that made him soulless. Such a trait came with other hidden benefits he was slowly learning about.

At this moment, his body still slept, yet his reflection had been able to escape the darkness and take shallow roots inside the body of Vraegar.

He slowly gathered strength over the course of weeks as he observed everything happening inside the Divine Palace, but it turned out not to be much because his host, the silly dragon had been nibbling on Rowan's Essence as he slept, and had been found out and thrown into a cell deep underground, and he had received no visitors.

The Essence he stole from him was barely worth a tiny bit of a fingernail on Rowan's hand, nevertheless, he could understand the reason for Eva's wrath. Vraegar had crossed her bottom line with his actions, even though he was a dragon and it was well known that such creatures were greed personified, it was still no excuse for his conduct.

Yet, Vraegars action had opened a new pathway for Rowan, and now he discovered that his Reflection could exist outside his main body, because even from all the way down here, he could still tell all his consciousness pillars were in a state of hibernation, but there was still a fatal attraction his body was having over this reflection, and he knew if he got too close to his body he would be sucked into it.

Chapter 336: Cultivating Both Core and Territory

Rowan would prefer if that did not occur, as he was not fond of that darkness and he marveled at the fact that he took the shape of such an abstract entity like his reflection.

This state of being was similar to a legend he knew of in his previous life—The Monkey King.

It was said that this deity could imbue each strand of his hair with life, and when he was caught and imprisoned by his enemies, one strand of his hair that he forgot in the mortal world, gathered the forces of the land and battled the heavens to free him from his imprisonment.

This reflection of Rowan had none of those ideals, as the only thing he was after to understand the state of the current universe and the actions of his enemies while his body still rested. The first thing he needed to do was to contact Eva.

He had been adjusting himself inside Vraegar's body all this while, and this naturally led him to becoming curious about the Dragon's physique, and if his Empyrean nature changed anything beyond the norm.

The result surprised him greatly.

Vraegar was now at the Peak of the Second Great Circle, but his foundations were not stable, he must have collected quite a bit of Essence from Rowan's body but that did not mean it could be easily devoured, even if the Essence collected was empty of his Ouroboros Signature bloodline and just plain energy.

That Essence still actively fought against the Dragon due to its tyrannical nature, and if Vraegar did not find a way to settle it soon enough, it might lead to severe backlash.

Rowan felt this was enough punishment for the Dragon and if he was wise, it could also be a valuable learning opportunity, for if Vraegar could dominate the Essence of a Six Headed Ouroboros Serpent, his bloodline would be further enriched and his tier would shift closer to the pinnacle of dragons.

Vraegar resembled a western dragon from his previous life with a large head, long neck, broad shoulders, thick legs, strong tail and considerable wings that were similar to a bat.

His external scales were still white and they were harder than Davross, a thin film of energy covered the scales, similar to the energy barrier shielding Rowan's body, but this one was far weaker, this was most likely a benefit of consuming his Essence and also his connection to Rowan bloodline.

The Spikes running from his head down to his spine were razor sharp and now they were a deep red color, almost like blood, instantly giving Vraegar an Aura of menace and bloodlust. His serpent-like pupils were also red. He resembled a bloodthirsty wraith, with his white scales that seemed to merge with the surrounding. His sharp fangs were white, the tips, however, were red.

His size was malleable and he could take whatever form he wanted, but now he kept himself to the size of a horse, his long neck nearly doubling his height.

Going deeper into the body of the Dragon, Rowan noticed the lack of a Territory but something else, a large white core in the shape of a sphere that was in the center of the dragon's brain.

As Rowan got closer to the core in order to fully understand its structure, he noticed that Vraegar was becoming uncomfortable. He was muttering to himself about ghosts and looking around with frightened eyes.

Rowan paused and waited to see Vraegar actions, and soon enough he settled down and began to slowly doze off. Rowan reduced his investigative efforts and began taking it slow and was satisfied when it seemed to have worked, the dragon dozed away while groaning in his sleep, as his body fought against the influence of Rowan's Essence.

Rowan considered his child with a tiny bit of pity. It was a good thing Eva found him when she did, because this greedy dragon would be like a tick who became enraptured while sucking blood until it exploded. Vraegar would have most likely tried to feed again and again on his Essence if he was not caught, and death would be the only possibility.

Rowan sighed internally, he is still very young and lacking discernment. I will have to properly teach him how to live, let this be his first lesson.

Deliberately moving slowly, Rowan could finally observe Vraegar's Core. Following the Paths of Dominion and many other power systems would lead to this course where men and beast diverged. Men would own Territories, while beasts would own their Core, this could also occur in the opposite manner, but such cases were rare; Rowan knew of no Dominator who had a Core.

In fact, this was the case for most power systems, one of which was focused on building Territories, the other was to build Cores.

The two directions focused on two separate areas, Territories focused on cultivating energy, land or tools, while the core focused on cultivating the body.

Each has its advantages and disadvantages, and Rowan bloodlines were similar, His Avatar of Eve bloodline strictly focused on his Territory and his Ouroboros bloodline focused on developing his body. There was a reason why powerful beasts like dragons or phoenixes could grow to gargantuan sizes and become miles long, there were even legends of beasts large enough to carry planets on their bodies.

Although both of his bloodlines seemed to have other methods of cultivating the other aspects as well. Rowan Ouroboros bloodline could seed worlds and if he understood the descriptions inside his Primordial Record correctly, he would be able to merge them together, creating a supermassive world.

With his Angels, his Avatar of Eve bloodline could technically cultivate a body also because in a manner of speaking, every single Angel was also part of his body, even Eva!

There was a faint pulse of Essence traveling to the Core into Vraegars body, and it was slowly enriching it and making his body increasingly stronger with every passing breath. Rowan also felt something similar from the Ouroboros Serpents, but they were all sent towards the voids in his hearts.

Knowing that his Ouroboros Serpents were always regenerated inside his void hearts, he could understand the reason, as all the Essence they produced were funneled into it.

Chapter 337: Tormenting The Dragon

Vraegars body was very powerful, at least fifteen times as powerful as Rowan's body when he was at the peak of the Rift State and about eight times stronger than Dorian's body at the same level. That was not counting the protections of his scales and other powers he would have awakened.

It was hard to put such physical dominance into context. Vraegar should be at least five times more powerful than he was previously when he was a Shadow Dragon at the Third Great Circle, and he would be able to tear his previous self to pieces using only his physical body.

If Vraegar and Fury had a rematch, Rowan would be very curious about the outcome of that battle. Vraegar Constitution and powers had changed in drastic ways that would be hard to judge unless he erupted when he battled, nevertheless Rowan knew it was potent, and he was sure the only reason he could be imprisoned by Eva was because he allowed himself to be locked up, most likely due to the fact that he was fighting a battle within him also, alongside his loyalty to Rowan and the fear of him.

Rowan did not know how long he had been sleeping and how far his Angels would have developed, for they needed a decade before they became fully grown.

If he had been sleeping for a decade then any Angel would be able to tear Vraegar apart because a fully grown Angel was equal to a Fourth Great Circle Dominator or an Earth god.

If not, then he was sure that apart from Archimedes that may hold back Vraegar for a little while, no one here in this Divine Palace was his match.

That meant he had to be careful with his dealings with Vraegar at this time, he may have pledged himself to Rowan, but now his position was not stable. He should not

come in contact with Vraegar but someone else closer to him, like Eva or his Angels, so this meant that he would have to wait.

The wait took another four months, but Rowan had become used to spending a large amount of time in isolation, and he simply waited it out as he made plans for the future.

Yet, he was not idle, as he made a surprising discovery, he realized that a massive chunk of the stolen Essence responded to his presence and when his reflection entered into it, the energy appeared to be beneficial to it, and so he began to divert the Essence subtly into his reflection, and began growing in strength.

He had experimented leaving Vraegar's body, but he discovered his reflection could not last for long outside a living vessel. He would have to possess a weaker body to function properly before he might begin to make any other move.

An Angel came to Vraegar with wings of flames tucked behind her back, her voice was resonant as she said, "You are summoned, traitor!" Although this Angel was armored from her head to her toes in seamless golden armor, her shape and voice were clearly pleasant.

Vraegar shook himself awake, his wings spread extremely wide as he attempted to make himself alert, but he was clearly failing, his attempt to suppress Rowan's bloodline had been going awry, especially because of the presence of Rowan.

When Rowan saw how quickly Vraegar had grown using his stolen Essence and his inability to truly control this dragon due to his unforeseen slumber, he began interfering with the process of the Essence assimilation.

Originally, Rowan already had plans he would use to tame this Dragon fully, he left the basics to Eva to accomplish for him, and it appeared she had succeeded for although Vraegar was now powerful, he was still docile, and did not harm any of Rowan's root interest. His lust for power was another matter separately.

Rowan understood that if he had tried influencing Vraegar directly, then there was a chance that he would be discovered, so Rowan used the stolen Essence.

He began by stirring the Essence into a storm, making Vraegar spend ten times the amount of effort in order to digest it, and since it was as mental battle rather than physical, the young dragon was worn out.

Rowan did not know this but Vraegar had been feeling intense regret ever since he stole the Essence from his slumbering father. It was not the act of stealing that made him regretful, oh no, he understood his father would understand and might even encourage his actions.

In their world, it was strength above everything, not taking the pie laid out in front of you, even if it was not yours in the first place, was a bigger sin than struggling to make your own.

His true regret was that he was still too weak to digest the Essence, and this knowledge brought chills down his spine, after all, this was just excess energy that was abundant inside his father's body. What sort of Empyrean could his old man be? Was he some sort of god among Empyrean? In addition to this troubling Essence, his Dragon Senses had been going haywire for the past few months.

He had begun hearing phantom sounds and seeing strange colors, sometimes at the edge of his perception, he would have sworn he heard whispers. The sound that came from those whispers were filled with ancient madness and gloom, and Vraegar did not know how long he might last if this condition continued for too long.

He could not really rest because he felt a pair of eyes gazing deep into his soul, and touching every single part of him. This act of violation did not trigger his anger but made him restless because he knew instinctively that what was happening to him was a result of the Essence he stole, it was all a trial to show his worthiness.

His anger at his weakness was only overshadowed by the fear of his father. What he had stolen from Rowan was just pure energy, this was the least he could take without triggering any suspicion and backlash. Yet just his energy was about to tear Vraegar's mind apart.

Chapter 338: Hail The Creator

Vraegar wished for his father to awaken, even if it was just to punish him, Archimedes was a great companion but the Kirin attitude was not a right fit for him, deep down, Vraegar felt that only members of his bloodline should be feared and respected, everyone else was merely fodder. What was more divine than the Royal blood flowing inside his veins? He walked through long hallways filled with gigantic statues of his father. The previous statues of Erohim had been torn down, to be replaced with something better. The Divine Statues were also filled with enormous amounts of deadly energies that could be unleashed within a moment's notice. He was brought before a room and led inside, the Angel shut the door and left, the sound of the doors being sealed resounding in the silence.

Vraegar walked to the large open windows and looked below him, where he was treated to the sudden pleasure of seeing his slumbering father.

He sat cross-legged and was almost a hundred feet tall at this time, Vraegar's Dragon senses noticing the unstoppable growth of his father's body, earned by a god's Divine Spark and an unfathomable amount of Aether, the intense pull of Aether bent the visible

light around his body, thereby making his magnificent form become shrouded in swirling darkness that resembled the gates to an endless abyss.

Vraeger crouched and prostrated before his father, his eyes gleaming with intense fear and desire. He could not stay long in his presence else he feared he might go mad, as his nature went to war, his lust for this power and the fear of it, almost splitting his mind in two. Every memory of him left him with awe, from his unfathomable bloodline to his sheer presence.

"So, you understand filial piety!" The cold voice of Eva sounded beside him. She had suddenly appeared beside the Dragon and she too looked towards the sight of Rowan's body. The shadow she stepped through folded into itself and vanished.

Vraegar's plan to make a nuisance and disguise his lust for battle faded at the sight of his father and he wearily said, "Lady of Shadows, I know my wrong and I'm willing to pay my debt, tell me how many worlds do you want me to burn."

She regarded him for a moment, her cold black eyes like an endless abyss, "I never saw much use for something like you, yet the creator still gave you life, but who am I to understand his ways? So, Dragon, I will have better use for you than setting fires, there are many suitable tools for that sort of affair. For whom much is given, much more is expected. You are a golden seed planted on a golden soil, and the fruits you shall bear, should be bountiful."

She paused as if in thought before continuing, "Tell me Vraegar, how much would you be willing to sacrifice for your creator?"

Vraegar did not reply immediately, he waited for a while as if he was considering her words. When he spoke, it was slow and considerate, it was just a few words, but it carried a weight that only words spoken in truth can carry, "I don't know if I can sacrifice... My nature is of chaos."

Eva looked away in disdain, "Of course, what was I thinking! After all, you are a dragon. Your fell nature seeped in your blood. As untrustworthy and greedy as ever."

Vraegar bared his teeth at her, growling deep in his throat, "You know nothing about me, Lady of Shadow, give me my punishment and I will not shirk away from any task, no matter how perilous, what I will never tolerate is you insulting my bloodline. It is from my Father! I will battle to the death with you if you besmirch his name."

Eva looked shocked, and a flash of surprise went through her face. As far as she could tell, this greedy dragon really adored Rowan, yet his Draconian nature was still heavy on his Spirit and he could not be fully trusted.

The laughter and the clap surprised both Eva and Vraegar, the latter yelped in shock like a dog and jumped twelve feet into the air, his tail curled into itself, as his scales stood on end. This was the first time in his life that he was truly shocked.

"That was a truly amazing speech, whelp. Almost as if you practiced it. Yet, I recall you licking your chops as you plundered my Essence. Why did I not see this adoration from you when you were stealing from me?"

Eva's eyes went wide, and then she knelt, "Creator!"

The air suddenly shook and the entire room seemed to warp as if it were a reflection on clear water that was being stirred, and with a loud crack, space expanded, revealing fifty Angels with wings spread wide, kneeling before Rowan.

Led by the unnamed Sovereign, the Angels chanted out, the sound carrying over the entire Divine Palace, and into the ears of every man, woman and child, and they all fell on their knees in worship.

"All hail, The Most High!"

"Hail! Hail!"

"All hail, The Creator!"

"Hail! Hail!"

The body of Rowan that appeared was a ball of shapeless golden light, and the light slowly expanded as if it was feeding on the adoration of everyone present, from the light, a glowing figure that resembled the faint wisp of a mayfly's light appeared before them, holding the vague shape of Rowan, who was hovering in the air with his arms folded.

Except for Vraegar, everyone else were on their knees, as he was still in shock, he had felt Rowan leaving his body and taking with it most of the Essence he stole, even the ones he had painstakingly refined were taken away.

The increasingly dangerous light he was perceiving from Eva was all it took to shock him back to his senses, and he hurriedly fell to his knees, "A thousand Hails to you o' father. The kings of kings. The light in the darkness. The keeper of my faith. The Rising Sun. The First Light in all Creation. The..."

"Enough." Rowan snapped, even he became sickened by the amount of boot licking coming from the Dragon.

Chapter 339: Tell Me Everything

Rowan's reflection had been bolstered by the Essence taken by Vraegar, but even that has its limits, for already, he was beginning to feel the Essence being consumed in a drastic manner, his time was running out. In addition to that, the attraction from his body was increasingly getting more strenuous to push away, and only his impressive will power was what held the strong desire of melding into his body at bay.

He turned to the Sovereign who had led the adoration, and he smiled at him, "Come to me child."

The Sovereign seemed to shiver and he walked up to Rowan while folding his wings behind him, and he knelt on one knee. Rowan floated down to him and placed his glowing hand on his head, "oh my child, I've done you a great wrong, a Sovereign should never be without a name for so long." He turned to Eva and asked, "For how long have I been inside the darkness?"

Her eyes flashed at the phrase he used and she said, "today makes it the third year Creator."

Rowan shuddered, it was such a short time, and also a long one. If he followed the age recorded on his Primordial Record, he was now fourteen years old. He had spent more years sleeping than awake.

He sighed, even with all his plans, things hardly went the way he wanted, he had discovered it was about fifty-fifty, that things go the way he wanted and planned.

Rowan continued addressing the kneeling Sovereign, "you have been so patient my Sovereign, you stayed by my side without complaint and protected me during my slumber. You have earned your name... I name you Erudiel. The one who waits... The one who protects."

Intense golden flames covered the Angel, as many new, complex runes were added to his armor. When he stood up, his position as Sovereign was complete.

"Leave us." Rowan gestured to all, and except for Eva, everyone else left, Vraegar paused as if to speak before he sighed and walked away, his tail dragging behind him.

Eva came up to him and said slowly, "You are... a reflection of the Creator! Amazing, how could this be possible? You are still far from the realm where something like this should be possible. Such abilities require you to visit the Pillars of the Universe."

Rowan smiled, understanding a reason he might be able to control a reflection, after all, he had harvested a lot of Primordial Aether of Darkness when he was evolving his Soul

Reaver bloodline to The Avatar of Eve bloodline. He only replied to her, "There is nothing like me."

Eva dumbly nodded her head, "I fear that you will never cease to amaze me Creator. But, I can see the cracks begin to widen in your reflection. If you have a mission in mind and you wish to pursue it, there are many available Angelic bodies for you to take root."

Rowan shook his head in disagreement, "No, I have other plans, and for it to succeed, it will require something... different. What I need is a mortal, as I will not last for long inside the body of an Angel before my main body forcefully drags my reflection back. I will need more time to make any meaningful changes."

Eva frowned as she stroked her chin, "Even if it's just your reflection, it would be nearly impossible to find a mortal that would be able to house it. I have an option in mind, yet I don't know if you're willing to possess her. If you do, her mind would not survive the process. It will be her honor, Creator."

Rowan was quiet as he remained in silence for a short while, deep in thought. When he left Vraegar's body, he discovered he had a peculiar relationship with Aether. It must be because of the peculiarities of his existence because he almost seemed to be melding with Aether.

This effect more than anything was what was responsible for the slow decay of his Reflection, as it greatly reduced the rate he was consuming his Essence. Rowan could not risk pulling any more Essence from his main body, else he risked assimilating with it.

This relationship with Aether also brought another benefit, for it gave him a type of omnipresence.

Everywhere that Aether touches, his mind could reach it. He was able to quickly get used to this method of understanding the world as it was similar to the Angelic Sight.

With this new quirk of his present form, he was able to understand the entire situation of the Divine Palace, and he saw every single living being inside of it. From the newborn baby that had just been born from a mortal woman, that had the light of Aether oozing from her eyes for she was born a Legendary State Being, with her parents staring down at her, enraptured in wonder, to the thousands of Dire beasts of all varieties to the Hall of Scribes where Maeve collected information from all around the galaxy and many other wonders.

He saw Diane, his handmaiden, hovering in the air as she was carried by a golden tornado that did not even ruffle her dress, the page of a large golden book flipping itself in front of her as it bopped up and down, held with invisible hands. This should be the candidate Eva spoke of, her new state likely due to the hands of Eva, as well as the new type of children. He would not consider such an option just yet.

His perception carried by Aether passed through the Divine Palace and entered into the void, Rowan pulled his focus away from the Aether, keeping only a small part with the spreading Aether so he could see the universe.

Rowan sighed and turned to Eva, "I have been gone for a while. The battle on Jarkarr should have far-reaching consequences, show me everything that has transpired while I slumber. I want every single detail. "

Chapter 340: Barbarian

Nodding her head as she accepted the command, Eva began to bring her hands slowly together and muttering a low chant, there were billions of tiny runes flashing inside her eyes, suddenly, a purple cloud swirled into existence in the middle of her closing palms, if someone would closely examine the rolling cloud they would notice the purple cloud contained sounds, images, text and so much more.

She brought her hands closer together, and the movements of the cloud became more violent as more information was poured faster into it as her hands slowly came together, and when both palms touched, a single purple drop remained.

"I have trimmed out all the fluff, but this is every single data collected from all over the galaxy for the last three years. It is... dense, are you ready?"

Rowan did not need to breathe, nevertheless he took a long one, and then he gestured for her to continue.

With a wave of her hand, she sent the purple drop into the reflection of Rowan, whose spectral body became stained with a shade of purple. He groaned as countless streams of data, equivalent to billions of terabytes of information bombarded his consciousness every single second. Sounds, images, all the memories of tens of Angels scattered throughout the universe, he collected them all, and when it was finally over, he could not help but sigh in relief and then Rowan began his review.

He missed his multiple consciousness at this time, as he would have been able to review the entire data in a much lesser time period, however, Eva had done an outstanding job at highlighting areas of interest for his immediate attention, namely the new galaxy they had begun infiltrating, the Empire and the wars being fought on her surface, the new changes inside the Royal families, and so much more. It was astonishing the amount of information that was gathered over these three years, enough to fill every library in a Minor World.

After going through each file, the decision he was about to make was finalized in his mind. His thoughts were now fixed, yet he still had a few questions that were troubling him, and it was all related to the moment he transmigrated.

Rowan remembered a conversation between his father, General Augustus, and a mysterious hooded figure. His great memory recalled every single word spoken, especially one word—Barbarians.

According to the General, they were losing a war with the Barbarians, and the experiments they were performing were not bearing fruit. Yet, all the current investigation on the Empire had not revealed any single enemies that may have been called Barbarians. With the revelations from his mother, Rowan was now critically going through most of his memories, and that particular discrepancy stuck out like a sore thumb.

The only two major enemies to the Empire were the Mages and Demons, and they have been in a war that had been ongoing for two million years. He told Eva his observations, and she agreed with him, saying, "I think we should critically review every single one of your memories while you were in the Nexus. Looking back now, I don't think you were brought into the Nexus after you awoke the first time, that would be too risky for a valuable experiment like you, but you were always within it." Eva frowned when she said the word experiment.

Rowan nodded, he did not see any reason why the experiments on him would be done outside the Nexus, so that meant...

Eva saw he had arrived at the same conclusion, and Rowan paused in shock as he rubbed spectral fingers in his forehead, as if he was massaging away a headache, "I never saw the entire Nexus! There must have been a small part of it that I missed because I did not see the mansion where I had awakened. Maybe there are deeper parts of the Nexus I never saw. Perhaps even the General and that hooded figure might have been deceived about what this was all about. Eva, I need to find the General and whoever that mysterious figure is. Task a pair of Angels for that!"

knowing how powerful his father was, he saw no reason why he should treat both of them like equals, it was most likely that they were merely pawns in his unending game.

Rowan shuddered when he thought about the trap he had set for his father, he was indeed very lucky his hidden cards were just enough to tilt the scale in his favor, else he would be setting a trap for a small fish unaware that he was catching a Kraken. Rowan knew he would never be underestimated again, and the next time he and his father clashed, that fat spider would be going all out. Rowan feared he was a long way to becoming his equal.

Rowan looked at his spectral hands, it was halfway as bright as before, his time was rapidly running out. "Eva I want you to immediately search for any known mention of the word Barbarian, in any of the Empire Archives you have access to."

Eva went silent for two seconds as she merged with all the Angels scattered across the Empire, and focused on an Angel who was buried in the Bramian Court, who was

responsible for Record Keeping, and was an assistant librarian in one of the greatest libraries in the Empire with records dating back millions of years, before long she replied, "The only current close mention of Barbarians is from Nebulon Prime, a major world on the brink of war with the Empire, aside from that, there are vague mentions of Barbarians around seven million years ago, but information in that period of time is not within the scope the Angel at this time."

"That is good enough." Rowan replied, "This Tomes that you've created, tell me about how they work?"

"They are an extension of your bloodline that I crafted using your Ouroboros Scales. With them, I can create an unhindered channel to any branch of Aether."

"Good." Rowan said, "How many do you have left?"