

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 51: Adrift In Fog (final)

The Abomination replied with a shriek of its own, using all three of its heads, which carried with it different tones and pitch, it was like the dying cries of a crow played in reverse. Strange and nauseating.

The Abomination was massive, almost the size of a fully grown male elephant. The multicolored hair waving in the breeze made it appear larger and ferocious. Its tail was devoid of any hair but was segmented like a rattlesnake, and tiny three—inch spikes liberally coated the tail.

Rowan observed that the tail could be a potent weapon, but compared to the size of the Abomination, it was too small to effectively attack with.

The physiology of these creatures just kept getting weirder. Nevertheless, Rowan did not let down his guard. This was an Apex Predator. No features on its body were wasted. But that did not stop a thrill of excitement coursing down his spine.

The Abomination charged at him, and Rowan lined up the beak like a spear to face the charging creature, and he properly set his feet to brace for the incoming clash.

He shot a burst of his Spatial Sight to run a quick analysis, and he traced every movement of the creature. Selecting his target, he gritted his teeth, leaned forward and set his shoulders with bone crushing speed, they both collided.

BO OOM!!!

Rowan was thrown backwards, and his body embedded into the pillar. Rowan blanked out for a moment and came to in a fraction of a second.

He pushed himself away from the pillar, the slight force he exerted broke the battered pillars in two.

The Abomination had also been thrown back, its massive body tumbling twice, and throwing dust everywhere, the spot where they clashed had lines of impacts radiating from there.

He moved to the left, dodging the falling beam. The gates it held came crashing down with a loud bang, and he winced a bit at the sound.

The greedy gremlin inside Rowan complained about property damages and the cost of repairs, pushing that little Scrooge aside, he focused on the Abomination that was wailing ahead.

The entire beak had penetrated its central head, so deeply it ends shot out from the neck, the shock of such a massive injury had killed a couple of souls inside the creature.

Knowing he did not need to make this gesture but still doing it just for dramatic effect, Rowan snapped his fingers and the wails from the Abomination ceased, and it collapsed.

The wave of Soul energy that streamed into him made him smile with satisfaction. Soul Seizer shrank and returned to his wrist, eerily fading through his shell and latching onto his flesh.

Rowan brushed away specks of dust from his shoulder and surveyed his garden. It was a mess. Craters and broken trees littered the grounds. The short fight with the Avian Abomination had destroyed his once pristine gardens. Even his gates were no longer standing.

Luckily, the sigils placed on the gates were drawn on a rare metallic ore that was difficult to damage. They were still functioning properly, he could tell because the fog had not come closer to the gate.

The sigils were drawn on hexagonal metallic plates that came in sets of seven. The character seemed simple at a glance, but a more careful introspection of the plates would reveal a somewhat 3D like effects on the drawn lines. They shifted in angles that defied meaning.

It was a fool's errand to try to copy a sigil, the way the lines were drawn, you could not even trace its starting point.

Little was known about these bizarre symbols before a reluctant explanation was released to the few Noble clans.

Sigils were a set of lost languages of power that could only be drawn by the Melcine Forges of the God King. They were rare and precious, and one of the hallmarks of Nobility was to have access to it. It could not be bought or traded, and it was strictly defensive in nature.

There were rumors of sigils with different capabilities, housing both offensive and support capabilities, exists. If there was, the God King kept that knowledge and their existence under wraps.

What made Sigils a powerful tool, was that they did not need any apparent source of power to function. They could exist perpetually unless they were destroyed and that was

very hard to do, almost impossible, Rowan had never heard or read of anywhere where Sigils were destroyed.

They were always recovered in the event of the owner's passing. The plates could be tracked, and this dissuaded the most hardened thief. After countless examples of entire families and even counties being wiped out for stealing a Sigil plate.

Rowan heard the rapid footsteps of Maeve and the Guardsmen, they were just making it to him, the battle was a short one.

"My Lord, we followed your battle from a distance. Apologies for my failure in guarding you."

"Forget it. There was nothing you could have done, and I am also complicit in this matter" Rowan interrupted her, "Besides, It was a short battle. Your efforts should be placed elsewhere. These attacks show we are not safe here as our defenses are solely lacking. A few more of these.... things, and everyone here would perish"

"Creating ambush points is ineffective, if they can just fly over them. With the tools, we have, there are limited countermeasures to this problem." Maeve seemed to have developed new frown lines.

The Guardsmen, meanwhile, were assessing the creature, poking at it. Captain Titus looked at the Abomination while frowning, this was not the first time he had seen the eerie method with which Lord Rowan was able to use to kill these creatures, he knew that a wound like that should not be able to kill them.

He kept that thought to himself however, and motioned for his men to check their surroundings for any breach caused by the battle... This mayhem around him showed that this battle was at the peak of Legendary, and if he was unsettled about how a helpless Noble could become so powerful in such a short time, he showed no indication.

Rowan's sight was wrapped around him, checking his reactions to these events, his sketch reveals there was something problematic about this individual, and he hoped his vigilance would bore fruit.

He had figured out some of his capabilities, and he would need to leave for the moment, the appearance of the Avian Abomination indicated that even if he stayed behind, there was no assurance he would be able to save his people with his current strength.

Although he was powerful, his offensive methods were still not complete, particularly his range offense, and getting to Legendary would most likely for him be killing two birds with one stone.

He would be enhancing his lifespan, as well as grow more powerful, and get his Legendary Ability. A unique power that could only be bestowed on a Dominator when he became a Legend.

Rowan turned and began walking back to the manor, calling for Maeve "So as I was saying..." Rowan suddenly stopped talking and looked at his feet, the dust was stirring rhythmically, it didn't require much thought to figure out this was the pattern of breathing. This could only come from a set of massive lungs, and the only creature that should be able to do that, should be dead.

He turned to see the Abomination risen once more, the head he pierced was the one in the middle, that one laid dead, the movement of the Abomination dragging it to and fro. It suddenly spread great leathery wings and its two heads rose and shrieked to the skies.

## **Chapter 52: Memories Of The Fallen**

The Guardsmen zoomed past Rowan, their actions were swift and precise, they drew their Swords and attacked. There was no hesitation and their cooperation was flawless.

With Captain Titus leading the foray. Like a pack of wolves circling their prey, they attacked the Abomination from all sides.

Their blades left deep wounds all over the Abomination. It angered shrieks were deafening. Rowan knew this was not enough to stop the Abomination. If it was not delivered a fatal wound by beheading, they would have to be cut into small chunks, for these creatures have a tenacious vigor.

Rowan saw the previous wounds they had dealt it, closed up and stopped bleeding. The Abomination was getting used to their abilities and patterns of attack, for they did not really threaten its life.

It suddenly lunged forward and swatted away one of the Guardsmen with its spiked tail, who did not anticipate this move from the Abomination, the guardsman grunted as his body flew towards the fog, sparks flew from the armor it was nearly torn in two.

The Guardsman was lucky, for the tail barely missed cutting through the armor, and he would have been lost to the fog, for the blow was powerful enough to fling him outside, and if not for the quick tackle of Rowan, who intercepted him in midair.

"Draw its attention away, do not bother with killing it. Lord Rowan would deliver the finishing blow." Maeve called out, and from that mystical spot she kept everything, she fished out the Great Axe from midair. Her brows were instantly dotted with sweat as her aura plunged.

The Axe gave out a shrill drone that made her teeth ache, it was clearly annoyed at her for using her ability on it, but what the Axe craved was battle and so it permitted this shift.

With sheer will, she tossed the Axe to Rowan and collapsed to her knees. She had never felt such a ravenous hunger from anything before. If she held that Axe for a few minutes, it would surely kill her.

Rowan's single eye lit up when he saw the Axe. The Axe was supposed to be extremely light for a Dominator like Maeve. Nevertheless, it seemed to weigh a ton, plus its vitality draining effects, made her throw lackluster. She missed the throw, and it was going to fall short, far from Rowan's reaching hand.

But all these were meaningless because as Rowan opened his hand, the Axe that should hit the floor veered towards his palm.

A low keening sound of excitement came from the Axe. Rowan rewarded its commitment by pouring considerable loads of vitality into the Axe. It shivered and began to emanate a golden light from the Axe head. He gave it more and the Axe Head blazed with a golden flame.

Rowan eyed the Abomination. If one head were not enough, he would cut down all three.

The Axe agreed, and seemed to fit in Rowan's palm better. Rowan carefully circled the Abomination.

The next series of action happened fast and left Rowan in awe, reminding Rowan why the guardsmen were the shock troops of his family.

The Captain ran up a raised patch of earth that resulted from the earlier battle with the Abomination, he shunned gravity as he leapt forward. Twirling his sword, he cut through a section of the thick neck of the creature.

The blow pushed the head of the creature backwards only to be met by another guardsman who struck at the same wound deeply from the opposite direction, only the thick spine of the Abomination stopped the head from coming off, the Abomination cried out, and its head began to slump down, clearly stunned.

It was not over yet, as the captain fell, the last Guardsman was on his knees locking his hands together, he caught him, and with a yell, he heaved upwards against towards the falling head, the captain delivered the last blow and the head rolled down. The eyes on the head showing anger. The legs on the Abomination buckled and it fell.

Now you guys are just showing off. But by all the gods. There were a million more of such Guardsmen in his family! Rowan was now realizing how much power his family,

and the rest of the Nobility as a whole, controlled. After all, they were all descendants of gods, sometimes he forgot that.

Not one to miss an opportunity, he beelined towards the last head that was snapping and hissing at the circling Guardsmen, hearing his footsteps, it shrieked at him and the Axe answered it.

Rowan had never used the Axe to cut something before, only calling on its inherent ability to create multiple phantasmal duplicates of itself. The Axe added momentum to Rowan's swing, this meant that he would hardly use any effort when he wielded the Axe. The sharpness surprised him and he used too much strength.

Rowan was aiming to cut into the skull, that was all he needed for Soul Seizer to work, but the Axe went through the head like it was an illusion. The yellow blood pumping out, however, was not.

Turning to the last head that the guardsmen had cut, Rowan was not going to be surprised again, as he saw that a new head was growing from the neck the Guardsmen had cut.

He held the Axe over the last regenerating head, it was nearly complete, and the shape was different. Rowan, feeling a bit of spite, waited for the eyes of the Abomination to open.

When it did, it was not disoriented, its new head resembled a human's face, with teeth poking through the face, its yellow eyes fixed on Rowans and the Abomination suddenly reared up, only for its head to fall moments later.

Rowan hands were still. The Axe was that sharp. When the Abomination rose, its neck passed through the Axe Rowan held up. He even suspected that it did not feel a thing.

The two waves of Soul power that flowed into him confirmed his suspicion of this creature being a sort of Frankenstein monster. Multiple Abomination had been merged, but their life-force was kept separated.

The reason for the three heads was not because he was fighting against a single Abomination but three. He did not know if these tactics were frequently used by Abominations before or if this was a clear reply to his abilities. It was all bad News to him.

Rowan knew this had to be a blatant reply to his abilities, apparently the Abomination Core must be aware of the ease in which he slaughtered Abominations, seemingly disregarding their perverse vitality and, most likely, this was an experiment to understand how it works.

This reminded Rowan again that he was not dealing with a mindless drone, but a core. An Alien intelligence that could change strategies and learn from its mistakes.

A thought occurred to Rowan, and like a madman he began hacking the Abomination apart, each of the swings cutting out massive chunks of flesh, with the Axe he could use one of the Berserker skills he had – Smash.

Smash: Berserker jumps to the target, and smashes their axe into the opponent.

Also using Combo Attack alongside it, he tore the Abomination apart. When the upper part of the body was all but destroyed, he felt a frightening wave of Soul power flood into him.

"\_"

It was five times denser than what he received from each of the heads! There must have been another Abomination hidden inside.

The idea that occurred to Rowan was that if this was an analytical foe, it would attempt to keep its capabilities hidden, if it could separate the life force of the Abomination into three parts, why not four, or even five?

If he had not been careful, he may have died in an ambush he did not see coming.

## **Chapter 53: Memories of The Fallen (2)**

Rowan felt a headache coming on. The arriving battles were going to be harder as he could no longer one shot these creatures. Thankfully, he had a great weapon, and he knew his growing abilities would still make all these concerns meaningless soon enough.

Speaking about weapons, what happened to his shears? It occurred to him that he may have lost it during the chaos of the battle, and he had totally forgotten about it.

"I really need a skill on weapons care, can't go around losing my weapon and leaving them behind in a field of battle." Rowan knew it was not his fault, he did not grow up fighting battles, the only reason he was not a gibbering mess was because, in a manner, he was numb.

He had experienced too much in so little time, and he knew he needed a lot of quiet time to go through his garbage and work things out with himself.

The battle waits for no one. Rowan would forge on, until he succeeds, or he dies.



"Let's return to the manor, the compounds are not safe any longer." Rowan said. He recalled something and his eyes flashed, he turned to Maeve, "Walk with me."

When they were out of the ear shot of the Guardsmen, Rowan said, "Thanks for the save." Maeve cocked her head and her eyes lit up in understanding, "It's my duty. My Lord."

"Yeah, about that. Can you stop calling me that? You should call me by my name."

Maeve smiled, "I dare not. This is how it has always been. Your status deserves every acknowledgement."

"I do not care so much about my status. Our relationship should have gone beyond the need to be separated by titles and whatnot."

"I understand Master. This goes beyond you and me. The Nobility would have my head if word gets to them that I stepped beyond my station."

"Nobles" Rowan scoffed. "I see no Nobles here in my time of need. I only see you and your effort." Rowan paused, "I want us to be friends. If I am going to die in this coming battle. I would rather it be beside a friend, not my servant."

Maeve was speechless, "My lord... Master... I can't. I am sorry, but there are rules I cannot break."

"Oh.... If that is the case...." Rowan's voice became forlorn.

Maeve hurriedly interrupted him, her voice flustered, "But I have always been your friend, my lord. That would not change. Even though I serve out of loyalty. With the years, I have grown... fond of you. If you are to fall in battle, master, your enemies must have stepped over both my broken body and my ghost"

An uncomfortable pause grew between them, before Rowan coughed his eyes flashed a bit of confusion before he buried it.

Maeve was clearly embarrassed, and he hurried to change the topic.

"So...um, How do you bring out tools and weapons from midair?"

"I don't actually pull anything from midair, My Lord. This is related to a unique ability of mine."

Maeve made a hand gesture slowly, so Rowan could follow her movement, she simply uses her thumb to touch the tips of her middle finger once, and opened her hand, and a piece of cloth materialized over it.



She let it fall and repeated the gesture, and the cloth vanished. "That cloth was from the kitchen table inside the manor. My unique, legendary ability allows me to shift anything I have laid my eyes on, and I have touched within the last two weeks. As far as I know, distance is not a limit."

Rowan was mute in astonishment, he swallowed and replied, "That is an incredible ability, it uses should almost be endless."

"Spatial Ability falls under the Path Of The Giant that I walk on. But it is very rare to awaken it at such a low pathway."

Maeve's breath in deeply and continued, "When I awakened this ability, it almost killed me, my mind could not fathom the process by which it operates. Thankfully, it was an innate ability of my bloodline, and I did, not really need to understand all the intricacies to make it work."

Well, there are some restraints on the abilities, disregarding the two weeks I have to constantly see and touch the items I need to access. I cannot move items greater than what I can carry and the more intricate or powerful the item, like the Axe, the more strenuous it is for me to shift it. And finally, I cannot shift a living being"

Rowan's head was lowered a little in deep thought. He knew about Legendary Abilities. To understand how it works, one must understand the pathway the Dominator treads.

When a Dominator gets to the Legendary state, the pathway he cultivates, would unlock an ability from the bloodline, and this ability was significant because it was easier to identify your strengths using the ability you were able to receive from your bloodline.

So, Nobles of the same bloodline could, unlock entirely different abilities at the Legendary state.

As far as Rowan could tell, there were seven major Pathways Of Dominion, all corresponding to the seven major bloodlines. Through his studies and the knowledge that he could acquire, he got to know about three of the pathways.

Even the names of the other four elude his grasp, The Pathways he knew included;

Pathway Of Storms. The Dominator on this pathway were known as Storm callers. They controlled lightning and frost, and at higher pathway they could control the weather. Some Dominator in this pathway tend more to frost than lightning and vice versa. Though, at the height of their powers, they all would be able to control every ability Under that pathway.

Under a pathway, many Dominators usually switch into different sub occupations that inclined more to their bloodline and talent.

A Dominator under the Path Of Storms could become a Frost Lord or a Lightning Weaver. An Ice Titan or a Magnetic Grehn.

The second Pathway Rowan knew was the Pathway Of The Wanderer. The Dominator on this pathway controlled all major aspects of nature. They could be termed druids, and they branched into many branches like Beast Tamers or Treants.

The Kuran family Tread on this last Pathway that he knew, which was the Pathway Of The Adept. According to family propaganda, this pathway was the most powerful of all the pathways, second only to the mysterious pathway of the God King. Dominators of this Pathway had control over flames and the Earth. They could draw down light from the sun or create a massive golem from the Earth's core. They could raze the skies or flip the earth.

Recently, Rowan was aware of a new Pathway, which was Maeve, Pathway Of The Giant. Though she admitted that she did not know whether this was the pathway itself or just one of the sub occupations under the pathway, and she had no idea of her bloodline as that information was known only to his mother, who had raised Maeve as a child.

Her background was still a mystery to him, and he knew for all her loyalty, there were things he could not get her to divulge to him.

Pushing the Pathways away from his mind for the moment, he focused on the most pressing problems. Their survival.

He was going to the other world. He had calculated the time he had spent there and saw that there was no disparity in the flow of time between both worlds.

If he spent one hour in that world, the same amount of time would pass in this one. He did not have to worry about missing major events while he strived to power up and break his lifespan curse.

## **Chapter 54: Memories of The Fallen (3)**

Rowan had to go to his personal chambers in order to access the yellow gem enclosed inside his mansion. He gave Maeve strict instructions that he was not to be disturbed in the next hour, by his estimation, that was all he needed to collect enough Soul points from that world.

The area where the gem lied was inside his bathroom, and he easily tore through the walls until he reached the gemstone.

He checked himself one more time, and squeezed the Axe, hearing its comforting buzz, he had some disquietness about bringing this weapon with him, although it had granted him a valuable aspect, there were many suspicious points about this weapon.

He thought about it for a while and still decided to bring the weapon along, it was his greatest weapon presently and if it could save his life at a critical moment, it would be extremely foolish to leave it behind. His eyes took on a look of determination, he was not leaving this world unless he became a

Legend.

Stretching forth his hand towards the glowing gem, another hand emerged from it and grabbed him, his enhanced Agility stat had shown him that this hand was a direct replica of his own.

He appeared inside that strange passage, and he walked towards the red glowing light, his hearts were calm and his trust in his skills was enough, he checked his Primordial Record and saw he had received a total of 174 soul points. He threw them all into Ouroboros, waiting for a couple of seconds for his body to grow adapted to his increased attributes, and then he let himself be drawn into that world.

He saw himself lying on his back when he came to, overhead was the Red Moon. He wondered if this world was always in perpetual night, he spread his Spatial Sight around him and immediately went tense.

This place was different from where he had first arrived. He had arrived in a ruined city the first time, and now he was at a beach.

Around him were massive piles of bones that covered the entire beach, and he found himself under them, and below him was the gleaming teleportation rune. He would have mistaken the bones for massive dead trees if he had not swept his sight around him.

He heard the waves break on the shore and his sight penetrated the fields of bones, and he saw endless desolation. Even the ocean that he saw was red like blood, and...

He rapidly drew back his sight and placed it around him, he would not repeat what he did the last time and alert the inhabitants of this place. His Spatial Sight was only indeterminable by those weaker than him, and he suspected that he was among the weakest here.

His sight entered , and he sighed in bliss, as he saw he already had fifty soul points already, and it was growing as he watched.

Instead of using his Spatial Sight he intended to use his eyes, he had discovered early on that his energy sight could be switched on or off. If it were active, there would be a gleaming light in his eyes like lightning.

He activated his energy sight, and he was nearly blinded, but in a short while, his eyesight adapted and he saw an astonishing new world.

The first thing his senses brought to him was the smell, it was a stale, sulphury smell with an addition of iron, which he surmised came from the literal ocean of blood.

The next was the sounds, there were none. Except for the sounds of the waves breaking on the shore, yet he knew this was all a facade, for all around him there was life, an overwhelming amount of life in fact.

The surrounding bones held energy like massive slumbering volcanoes. He did not have time to properly use his sight to check his surroundings, but that was a good thing because he was sure that the entirety of the bones on this beach belonged to a single being.

The energy inside the bones ebbed and flowed in a manner that resembled breathing. At this time, Rowan was still on his back, and so he cast his gaze around him, and he was able to observe the repeating patterns of the surrounding bones.

They were like tall pillars that pierced the earth and reached for the skies, the energy inside them was milky white, and by their curves, this series of bones appeared to be rib bones!

He was inside the ribs of a gigantic creature, and whatever this creature was, it was not dead, or perhaps it's body was not dead, even though its soul might already be gone.

Using his body as a reference, while still in the Mortal state, his body vitality was so rich, he knew even if his soul died, his body would not necessarily perish. How much more these beings who were on a height of power that he could not even ascertain.

If gods could ever die, This place should be their graveyard. The sense of power that these bones gave was palpable.

He thought about the massive amount of soul fragments in this world, perhaps these were just the remnants of a powerful being long dead, just the tiny portion of their souls could create so many soul points for him to harvest.

Looking at the soul points gathered, it was already more than four hundred and counting, he shuddered in excitement, and kept his eyes peeled for any approaching enemy, and he figured that he might be very lucky.

Apparently there were many of these teleportations rune in this world, and that meant he might not know where he ended up. He could have easily appeared inside the nest of some powerful creature that was very active, and who might disperse his existence with a sneeze.

In fact, he believed he was exactly in a place like that, but he was lucky that this being may have a high threshold for nuisance or because he was too weak, he wasn't seen as important, but the most likely option that Rowan went with was this being may be asleep.

It was an instinct, which was brought about by the energy flow inside the bones. It was a bit mesmerizing to watch, and the steady cadence of its movement, made him think of a sleeping child.

The beach had been empty when he first swept his sight around him, the presence of such a powerful creature must have deterred all others from disturbing its slumber, if he was going to be a frequent visitor in this world, it would be a good thing if he could direct the spot of his descent.

Well, some things were out of his hands, he proceeded to sit down cross-legged as his soul point had exceeded 800 points, it was so close now.

He began a series of deep breath, with the holes in his shell, he had no more trouble breathing, and he could focus on other things.

The Axe he held was mysteriously quiet, not even letting out a hum, the behavior of this Axe was questionable. He felt it was most likely sentient, but he had no ways of communicating with it.

He wanted to push his spirit into the Axe as he had never attempted to do that before, but he pushed that thought aside, this was not the time for such experiments, it would be a great source of regret if he lost this stable manner he was gathering souls because of a whim.

His soul point broke the thousand point threshold, and Rowan fingers began to itch in anticipation.

## **Chapter 55: Memories of The Fallen (final)**

If not for the overwhelming sinister nature of this world, this place would be a great place to relax, there were no howling Abominations and wailing mothers, no weeping children and sounds of weapons tearing through flesh...

Only the bloody waves breaking over the shore, and his soul points increasing at every turn.

He felt a wave of tiredness over his soul. It has been a tough couple of days, hasn't it?

At this time, he had spent only ten minutes in this world, and he had gathered a thousand points of souls, seeing that his path to Legendary and even beyond opening up for him, his mind went still, and his three hearts became calm.

He allowed himself to fall into a state of near slumber, and he awoke every ten minutes to check his soul point growth.

When he gathered 3000 points, he finally breathes easier, and went into a state of semi slumber once more, when he gathered 7000 soul points, his excitement was even not that much, it seemed like it was a normal state of affair.

When he gathered 10,000 soul points, he was nearly asleep, until he had an intense pain inside his hearts. His consciousness seized, and like an electric jolt through his system he pushed his sight inward, and he came to a painful realization that he was dying.

Rowan had made a fundamental mistake. When he saw his lifespan, he had judged he may still have a little time left, Surely he must have had a few weeks or months left to gather powers and take care of his affairs, but he was very wrong, he had been at the final moments of his life.

When a mortal was at the edge of death, they could burn their vitality and push through the obstacles in their way. Seemingly achieving great feats of strength and living far past their due time... If only for a moment.

Rowan was wrong... The Primordial Keepers did not make a mistake when they attempted to kill him and failed... No, they succeeded, for he was already dead, and he had no lifespan left.

His Record did not show him an exact number of days or weeks left because there was none, at that moment when Maeve had found him with a knife sticking through his eyes and into his brain, he had exhausted all his lifespan.

What kept him on his last breath for so long was two things, his stubborn spirit and his inexhaustible vitality, his soul had only the barest wisp left, yet as he evolved the Ouroboros bloodline his vitality increased to a ridiculous amount, and that was what fanned the flames of that last dying wisp.

He had so many problems on his mind, he had been torn in different directions, trying to understand, to fight his way out of this hell he woke up into, he had never relaxed for a single moment.

But everything had an end, his growing soul point finally made him relax his spirit, and that last tenuous grasp on his soul slipped from his aching grasp.

Like all selfless individuals, the soul of the prince had influenced Rowan far more than he knew, for instead of pursuing his survival at any cost, he placed the needs of the many over his own.

The pain in his hearts increased as the snakes were going crazy inside him, they were a part of him, that in his mortal state he could not yet grasp.

His hands seized his chest, and with his last, will he attempted to push his soul point into Ouroboros, but he was so exhausted... He screamed and fought for his mind to move, as heavy darkness began to encroach over his sight...

Move, damn\*it... MOVE!!! I have everything I need to live, and I can't fail at the edge of winning, please... Not like this.

Not... Like... This...

His hands collapsed by his side, and his breath ended, his soul slipped away from his body, and it began to ascend.

Overhead, the skies of this world that had never seen the light of the sun changed.

For the Soul of an Emyrean was dying. The surrounding bones began to tremble and overhead the skies parted and a Great Eye, that seemed to contain all the darkness of the void, opened.

. . . . .

. , , , , .

. . , . - .

, , ,

. , . .

!

, . . .

, .

. . , .

, . .

.



!

, . .

. . . ' , , , man ?

.

, !

The bracelet that encircled Rowan's wrist, rose and expanded, and the Jaws of Dagon opened forth. Rowan's soul was already halfway through the opening in the sky, where that Great Black Eye watches, when the Jaw seized his soul and dragged it down.

The Great Eye above trembled and slowly began to dissipate, the reason it could stay in the material plane for so long, was due to the nature of this place. The prize had not escaped its grasp, for it was a dying flame, that could only shelter itself from the storm for a little while before it expired.

The Great Eye reduced itself to a pin prick, and became a spot darker than night, and it waited for the shelter to crack open.

Although it was patient as the endless void, it still fashioned a Soul Storm around the body of Rowan.

\*\*\*\*\*

Rowan found himself in darkness, his thoughts were slow, as if his mind was filled with syrup, he felt so cold, if he had a body, he would have been shivering.

There was one spot of light ahead of him, it was golden and felt like the sun, and he wanted to enter that light, but he was so tired... But he mentally pushed himself to move...

Rowan's form was pitiful, if a soul was a burning flame, he was less than the smoke that escapes the fire... Yet the will inside that smoke was powerful.

A lifetime of pain and loss had crafted that life force from coal into a diamond, and if all that was left of him was just a wisp of himself, he would never stop.

Yet, his resolve was powerful, but he was wasted, and his grasp were losing their hold on his awareness. Even inside his Jaws of Dagon, he could only last for a while, he was too weak and slow to enter that golden light.

His body was before him, but at the speed he was moving towards it, he would inevitably fail.

But that did not make him to stop his advancement, the wisp of his soul made that golden light It's everything... His focus was total, and if he were to slip into death, his eyes would remain permanently fixed ahead of him, nothing would hold him back... Not death, least of all despair.

If I am to die. It would be on my feet, striving for life. Let it not be said I failed my promise, while on my knees.

He remembered crawling through the darkness in the mines, bones broken and his mind on the verge of shattering. He remembered it like it was yesterday, at that time his soul was far weaker than it was now.

Yet he did not break.

He remembered the madness of the Spatial corridor, where he held himself on the verge of madness for what seem like an eternity. His stubbornness to never give in to despair has always been his one character trait he had never let go off.

After all, no one else, would ever walk in his shoes, he was the master of his fate. He alone understood what he went through, for empathy only goes so far.

His soul was getting weaker, the enhancement of his Jaws of Dagon was weakening, for even as it held it soul over his body, a horrifying suction force was trying to pull that wisp away.

At the last of his strength, he felt a growing warmth flowing inside his soul, it began as a trickle, and it slowly grew to become a flood that covered the wisp of his soul.

It was like music that would make you cry.

It was like being wrapped in a hot blanket after braving a storm, it was a lover's laughter, it was a mother's warm embrace, a father's smile that shows his pride in you, it was everything a mortal could experience, both good and bad. It was everything a person was and could be, and it was given freely to him.

It was the soul of his people he had kept inside the Jaws of Dagon, they came around him, and they poured their strength into his dying wisp.

Rowan's soul was like a gray smoke, while their souls were like a shining lamp, and as they gave him their everything, they began to vanish. For even in his weakened state, his soul quality surpassed them all.

Rowan tried to stop them... Tried to say that it was not worth it... He was the Empyrean, he was the one who was supposed to save them.

But a harsh slap resounded inside his soul, and he paused... Stunned.

" . . . . "

## Chapter 56: I Am Legend

Rowan was stunned by the selfless acts of these souls for his sake, comparing the vigor of their souls with his, was like comparing a candle flame to a burning tree.

Even though his soul was on its last wisp, it was still a soul with two Omnipotent bloodlines, especially as one of the bloodline domain was of the soul itself.

These souls were tiny flames...

Grunmir...Voramyrr...Svegrim...Torernir...Gragvar. Grarnir... Thogir...

.

What they were doing was futile, it should be impossible for them to affect his withered flames, yet...

Alana...Morin... Branrik... Ragodr... Fjarmir...

They came and did the impossible, from the tiny flames they gave out, they reignited a forest.

, .

Each soul that touched his left him their goodwill.

"Young Noble, thank you for saving my son... He is a little dumb, but he has a strong back and quick fingers. It is my honor to give you my flame..."

"Kick their nasty behind, sir... Those demons are me in front of my children..."

"Why did I never consummate my marriage after three months... Those bastards killed my Gregori... Kill them all..."

"Take it easy, young Noble, Alana is cheering for you. Please live well, and Alana would be happy"

.

Rowan's soul came ablaze with a glow that rivaled every color put on a canvas. He did not know what to feel at this time, it was a complex mixture of amazement and sadness.

When he places these souls inside his Jaws of Dagon, it occurred to him that is he was able to collect souls, why could he not collect his own like a Lich. He had not been sure that he might succeed, but he was never one to lay down and die without fighting.

He had asked himself: If he was in the final moment of his life, was it possible to extend that duration for as long as possible? Rowan had succeeded, yet he had also failed.

He could safeguard his soul for a moment, but ultimately, his Soul Seizer bloodline's Jaw of Dagon was still too weak to harbor a soul like his own. His soul was unique, a merger of two different souls from two separated Universes.

It may never be possible to know how someone like him came to be—but he was.

Already he could feel the surrounding strain. Only if he could place the Jaws of Dagon inside his body, he might be able to start upgrading his bloodline.

But a Soul Storm raged around his body, preventing him from descending, and more souls gave up their flames, and he burned brighter. His strength grew, as his unique soul, became... More!

With a yell, he began forcing the Jaws to push through the storm and enter his body, he strained and pushed with everything he had, but as he began inching closer to his body, the storm increased.

Keepers! e, !

When he knew he could not move a single inch more, he stopped and watched the last soul flame enter his, and he gave his silent acknowledgement to these people who had given the ultimate sacrifice.

The Jaws could keep him safe, yet its speed was slow, and it was heavy. He scrutinized the soul storm around his body, it would tear him apart.

He was too angry to care all that much, he had made promises, and he was too tired of failing them.

Rowan pushed his blazing soul out of the Jaws and into the storm.

His soul was breaking, as his flames began to dim. The pain he experienced was horrendous, as everything that he was, became fragmented.

But his Soul was light and fast, and even as his flame died, he touched his body and gave a single order, before his soul collapsed into darkness.

\*\*\*\*\*

The Sylvan lakes were dark and empty. Every trace of life had been killed and devoured, nothing else existed in the lake except evil.

The lifeless water was cold and surprisingly appeared to be very clean.

Life held many things, chief among them being chaos. Life was messy and out of order. Things fail or break. Life dies and is renewed. Even in death, life thrives.

The lake was empty of even death itself. Just filled with the cold and silence of emptiness.

A silence that was broken by a thumping sound reminiscent of a new heartbeat. The sound echoed sporadically, and not in any particular order.

At the bottom of the lake lied the head of a woman, from a distance, her features seemed perfect. But a careful observation would bring about some oddities.

Because you could see the head lying at the bottom of the lake even when you were outside of it, and this observation was important because the lake was quite deep and if this was not a trick of the light, then that would mean that the head must be gigantic.

The face was blue with yellow stripes that ran all through and her hair was black and flowing in the silent waters.

Even in her gigantic size, her face was still beautiful, in a primal way.

Nevertheless, the veneer of beauty was all from a distance. A closer look would reveal the horror beneath.

The head lied on a field of bones, and it must have laid there for an inestimable amount of time, for there were multiple layers to this grotesque bed it rested upon.

At the top layer were bones of humans and beast of all shapes and sizes, and beneath were bones of giant that looked like rocks. Beneath were the bones of Nobles in varying forms. Some bones of Nobles were as tiny as ants, and some were as tall as mountains.

Beneath the bones of the Nobles were the bones of Demons, and some of their remains could not be described, for their shape was too chaotic. And beneath all that rested a winged skeleton.

The skeleton was inside a diamond shaped crystal that served as a coffin. It held a great sword and was armored in gold.

It was clear this was the first creature entombed here.

Her individual strands of hair were as thick as pythons, almost six feet in diameter. Clustered within her hair were countless closed eyes. The eyes were all pierced with long spikes.

Except for one eyes, out of that eye crawled out a tiny tadpole like creature that swam upward, it gingerly maneuvered through the dense locks of hair as it swam upward, until it became bigger, and it slowly morphed into a small infant with yellow eyes that glowed in the water.

The moment the tiny creature broke the surface of the lake, another tadpole was spawned from the eye.

The infant Abomination swam towards the shore, where hundreds of bodies were placed, most were dead, but interspersed in between the corpses were signs of some that were still breathing.... moving.

Strangely, these bodies were not from the town, most of them were strangers that had no reason to even be close to this location. Some were Arathians that lived at the far edges of the continents, some were Belmains, a seafaring people, and multiple other races.

The bodies were surrounded by tens of Giant Abominations. The tiny infant creature crawled through the bodies and selected a body of a young woman, and with eyes gleaming with delight, it unhinged its jaws and began to swallow.

A sound came like a crack of thunder and a tiny glow shone on the surface of the lake and two glowing figures stepped through from the light. The figures grew until they stood at a man's height.

They both wore mysterious metallic Armour with a strange mask that had a central piece resembling the trunk of an elephant.

## **Chapter 57: I Am Legend (2)**

One of the armored figures spoke as they glanced at a ticking device, "We don't have much time in this Nexus Event. Check your readings and let's finish the mission promptly.

"Readings are all in the green."

"Good. How long do we have before contamination exceeds the minimum threshold?"

"Two minutes and counting."

"Proceed with descent and extraction."

Like a flash of lightning, the figures pierced through the water and approached the sleeping Abomination Core.

They reached the hair and proceeded until they stopped at a closed eye.

"Extract Divine Armament Tycho XXVII?"

"Waiting for final approval... Proceed with extraction."

The first armored figure took out a glowing blue slate. Pressing the center of the slate, a glowing hologram appeared. They resembled floating cubes.

He moved them around until it formed a particular pattern and the surrounding environment blurred for a moment and returned to normal.

"Shielding has been lifted for twelve seconds. Readings are normal across the board. No unexpected shift from parameters. Proceed with extraction."

The second armored figure seized a spike that pierced a closed eye, this eye was directly beside the unsealed eye. And he began to slowly pull it out. " This is so very wrong." he whispered to himself.

"Hurry, soldier. The contamination threshold would be reached in fifty-two seconds."

With great effort, the weapon was pulled out. The spike wiggled around rapidly and soon turned red-hot, the surrounding water evaporated into steam and in a second it turned into ash.

The closed Eye shivered. It was awakening.

"Mission completed. Contamination Threshold?"

"Forty-five seconds."

"Excellent. Let's move out."

As the two armored figures zoomed out of the water, one of them glanced below him and saw two wide open eyes glaring at them.

They escaped from the water and proceeded to the glowing spot in the air, the first entered and as the second was about to enter and leave, a thought made him look back into the lake.



He saw eyes after eyes beginning to open, even with the sealing spikes, still piercing through them, the eyelids were torn in two, but the eyes were still opening, he wanted to scream, but his training kicked in, and he counted the open eyes, he saw that twenty were already opened, and it still continued, he gasped in shock.

His mind abuzz with horror and trepidation, he stepped into the light.

The light vibrated and slowly faded away.

The armored figure appeared underneath a glowing rune, sparks of lights like fireflies rained all around him.

He was anxious to report what he had seen when he smelled something off. His mind went into overdrive as he pulled off his helmet, as he could not see with it outside a Nexus Zone.

It was a slightly complicated affair, As the helmet was in three different layers, but he quickly began taking it off, a single layer at a time, as his heartbeat accelerated, he could properly smell what raised his feathers, and it was the familiar smell of blood.

The last layer came off, and he saw three men surrounding the decapitated body of his squad mate. The one holding the blade was the General—Augustus, who turned to him as he carelessly tosses the head to the side, "I hope you understand that in extremely sensitive cases, such as this one, we cannot let you live after you have completed the mission."

The armored figure paused, his eyes tracing the head, as it left a trail of blood, the last look on his face was surprise and maybe fear.

The man whose head rolled on the floor was his younger brother, and he was not supposed to take this mission. But this was supposed to be a relatively safe mission, even though everything about it was hush, hush.

A mission from the big Noble family would boost their career prospects, and open new doors of opportunities for them, he muscled his little brother to come along with him. He would share his good fortunes when they arrive, for this was the only family he had left in this world.

Many thoughts ran through his head presently, but he steeled his nerves and nodded at the general, "Understood Sir."

He dropped the last piece of his helmet carefully beside him, making sure each of the components was in order, he was a great soldier, who understood that above all things was order. "I am ready, General"

General Augustus smiled and looked at the other two figures beside him, a smug look on his face, turning back to the soldier, "Turn around and kneel."

The armored figure proceeded to carry out the instructions and the General slowly walked up to him, and placed a hand on his shoulder and said, "If you have any family, they shall be well compensated, as stipulated by the statute."

"No General. I have no more family. I am alone."

"Okay soldier. I would be quick. Oh! By the way, do you have anything to report that was out of the ordinary inside the Nexus?"

"No General. The Extraction proceeded as it was outlined. The second eye was unsealed with no interference. "

"Great news, Soldier. It would be quick."

Augustus Tiberius lied. It was not quick. He had noticed the flash of hatred in this soldier's eyes before, he hid it carefully. He slowly sawed the blade through the neck of the soldier.

The soldier was a legendary Dominator and had an impressive physique and healing ability. To his credit, the soldier did not scream; he only squeezed his hands tight as his head was slowly sawed away.

"You do know that he was lying to you." The figure inside the hood said.

"Get off your high pedestal, little shadow." The General frowned, "Were you not the one who deemed this operation a failure, and requested to clean house. I know he hid something from me, but does it matter? The second seal is gone, and the board shall be reset, leave the machinations of ants to ants. His secrets, whatever it might be, are meaningless."

A loud laugh suddenly broke out, the Third prince held his rotund stomach, and pointed to the hooded figure, "Little shadow... The name fits, doesn't it?"

"Be that as it may." The hooded figure huffed, "It was a very careless error, your bloodlust knows no bounds, and you just wanted an excuse to kill your men. And you wonder why I don't like you."

General Augustus dismissed the hooded figure with a wave of his hand, "dying by my hand is a blessing to their pitiful lives, there are millions more just like that, and of all the uncountable ways they are going to die, to do so by my hands is... An honor"

He turned and picked up the two heads and began walking away, "Inform me when you this debacle is over. Also consider my partnership over if you make such impromptu decisions without a proper meeting first."

In a short while, he transformed into a red line that broke through the clouds as he raced towards the horizon.

"How much longer before I get to kill that brute." The hooded figure growled.

"Well, judging by the heads he carried away, he is soon to know the truth. He is rash, begin preparing the Moon in the well. I will shield Fate Eyes." The Third prince said, and he sighed, "Let's get this debacle over with. The possibility of going to that place has made all else lose it meaning to me."

The two remaining figures made some more plans as they soon hovered over the ground and pierced the sky.

The area became silent and empty, except for the two bodies missing their heads, a short while later, the hooded figure reappeared and collected the two bodies and left.

An hour after he left, the Third prince appeared and looked at the scene bereft of any corpses, his eyes flashed red; it was impossible to know what he was thinking, he gave an enigmatic smile, before he left.

## **Chapter 58: I Am Legend (3)**

Augustus Tiberius. First of his name. General of the Red Legion of the North. The Faithful Sword of the God King, Golgoth, flew to the floating Rune ship, Absomet. His hand held a decapitated head that had its eyes closed as if it were asleep.

The cut around the neck was not clean. The blade must have been dull, for the wound was jagged, and the flesh almost looked torn apart.

The Rune ship Absomet was one of the Three Herald Class Warships of the Empire. It was five hundred miles long and three hundred across. It possesses an enlightened spirit that had grown with the Tiberius family and was responsible for directing troops at the forefront of battle.

With the help of the Enlightened Spirit, Absomet was sentient.

Absomet in its own right, was a weapon of absolute destruction. It could house a million soldiers and all their additional machinery of war.

Literally coated with Living Metal etched with Sigils. Herald Class Warships were almost indestructible. And unknown to Rowan, these Warships were able to utilize Offensive and Support Sigils.

No one knew exactly when Absomet was created or how. Its makeup was shrouded in secrecy, and only the head of the Tiberius family had access to the Enlightened Spirit core. This year, Absomet was Thirty-three thousand years old.

Even the head of the Tiberius family did not know when or how she was created, as powerful and old as he was, there were still secrets kept from him by his father—Tiberius.

Every Noble family descended from the bloodline of a god, and their surname was the names of each of the siblings of the God king.

Kuranes... Tiberius... All were the brethren of the God king.

After the Great War, the siblings made the most powerful Dominator of their bloodline the head of their individual Noble families, and as a boon, they were given permission to use the names of their Primogenitor.

So, each head of the family was called the name of their god.

General Augustus floated in front of the massive battleship, that covered an entire part of the horizon, Augustus always tried, but he still failed to stop the awe that covered his heart, anytime he was close to this monstrosity.

The massive Rune ship was larger than many cities placed together, and its sheer destructive capabilities were spine-chilling.

Absomet primary duty was to stand watch at the edge of the Marauder Continent of the North. It was designated as one of the three pillars who watched over the Northern continent.

"Augustus. You slimy little fu\*k! I lend you my soldiers, and you return with his head? I told the old man to pour his seed on the fu\*king ground when he was with that slut. But, no. He just had to have your inbred ass." The voice of a bubbly young girl sounded in Augustus head. The voice of Absomet was no indication of its status as a monstrous ancient warship.

The only indication that Augustus heard Absomet was a slight twitching of his left eyes. For anyone who knew the General, this level of restraint from him would be a very shocking surprise. The Tiberius family were known for their pettiness, and Augustus was among the best of them.

He had razed an entire estate of a visiting diplomat to the ground just because the six-month-old baby of the poor diplomat was constantly laughing every time Tiberius spoke.

The poor diplomat was very pleased because it was the first time he had seen his cute new baby laughed so hard. He was a little worried because he knew of Augustus' pettiness, but he dismissed his fears when he realized it was just a baby. Besides, who slaps a smiling face?

Augustus began by breaking the child's neck right in front of the horrified parents. Drawing his blade, he slaughtered every one inside the estate.

He had been in a superb mood that day, the diplomat had offered sizable bribes. But it was just in the way that the baby laughed, so pure and uninhibited, that set him off.

"Absomet, these men are under my command and I will utilize them the way I see fit." Augustus' voice had changed to a deeper growl, his patience was clearly running thin.

"Yeah right, spineless little sh\*t, for the next thirty years, and you would be rotated for the next bastards to try their hands at warfare. But at least I can be assured that there would be nothing worse than you."

Absomet was quiet for a while before she continued, "The Ancestor of that head you are holding was once one of my best soldier. I took that squealing babe from the ruins of Eloria. Where the Great War ended. That baby had no right to be alive. He proved his excellence when he became a Legendary from a mortal within a short two decades. A damn blink of an eye. Without a single shred of Old Blood inside of him. I taught him how to fight, I taught him how to fu\*k. And he was magnificent!"

Augustus pressed his brows, an intense headache was building within, "Absomet, Let me in. Do you expect me to listen to his entire family history?"

"You little sh\*t, you would do well to listen. I have bred that line for eighteen thousand years. If I did not keep samples of their bloodlines, I would be back to zero. Your mindless buffoonery has cost me centuries! I would have to regrow a new batch from old stocks"

Augustus golden eyes deepened to a dull brown as he brought out a token, "Let me in this instant. This is an order."

"Of course.... E-Levels are now open to you. All facilities are primed for your usage, General."

A red light flashed, and General Augustus disappeared, but not before he heard Absomet murmur, "The next thousand years family meeting, I am calling for a purge!"

Augustus appeared in a posh office space. Space would be the right word. This place appeared like an open field. E–Levels space were usually subject to Spatial manipulations. The space was far larger inside than the outside would suggest. This level was meant for the elites and the direct line of descent of the Tiberius family.

This office was a direct replica of his favorite office at his palatial manor. He made sure every single part of it was recreated faithfully.

The place lacked any sense of style. Augustus did not have one. He simply picked all the expensive furniture and paintings he came across and gathered them here.

An Emperor sized bed was placed at the center of the room, where two sleeping women in chains snuggled together. Lust briefly flashed across his eyes before he dismissed it and walked up to his Armory.

General Augustus frowned as he kept the token away. A necessary condition to be considered a candidate for the leader of the Tiberius family was to command Absomet without using the Orn token. He had thirty years left of his hundred-year stay at the Herald Class Warship, and he did not think he would succeed.

He had made too many enemies and burned too many bridges that the only path to his survival in the future was one of ultimate power. The title of head of the Tiberius family seemed to recede from his grasp with every year that went by. So, he had to look for other bed fellows.

He entered an alliance with a pair of risk-takers, and if they could succeed in their scheme. The path to ultimate power lied before them.

A decrepit old man slept on the floor in front of his Armory. He was sleeping and a line of drool escaped from his open mouth and ran across the floor. The old man was in a gray cloak that had seen better days, and his white hair was dirty and stringy.

He muttered softly in his sleep, and he looked very vulnerable because of the way he was curled up and sleeping peacefully.

Augustus harshly kicked him awake, "Old Demon, wake up. I need you to do a reading for me."

"Of, course General. " The old man woke up and sleepily replied to Augustus. He stretched and gave a long yawn. Inside his mouth, his tongue was black and forked like a snake.

EXPANDING THE WORLD (VER 1.0)

Hi guys,

I won't be doing this much often, because I feel it breaks the immersion in the story.

Note: You don't need this info to understand the story. But since I would be dropping these names randomly throughout the story, it might help.

Yeah I know I should make a glossary. I'm working on it.

Calendar

The Eternal Era of God King Golgoth

Twelve month makes a year, I drew inspiration from ancient Greece calendar.

Truiplop

Hekaton

Metagei

Romion

Pyanop

Yuleti

Maimak

Anthesterion

Elapheboli

Mounichi

Thar-gelio

Skirophorion.

It is rumored that these were the names of the Elder gods who created Trion. They were worshipped in a distant time, nothing of them remain but their names.

It was said that in core of the planet, rested their bones.

## **Chapter 59: I Am Legend (4)**



The old man gazed at General Augustus with a mildly annoyed frown, but when his gaze shifted to the head he held, his look quickly transformed into a fawning smile.

He was missing most of his teeth, except for two sharp incisors, that were dirty brown. His eyes appeared shifty and were never settled on a single thing, and he looked about with quick, jerky movements like a rodent. It made him appear incredibly distrustful.

General Augustus brought his arm forward, giving him the severed head, "Give me everything you can draw out from this brain. I only care for the last few hours. So be thorough as possible."

The old man smacked his lips, his voice sounded as if he was trying unsuccessfully to stop himself from laughing and failing, "He he he... As you command, my master. Every laughter, every thought, and every sight he had witnessed, shall be yours. "

He collected the severed head and looked at it from a different position, seemingly admiring the features of the face, "He he he... This is a big one. It's been years since I last tasted the flesh of legends. Oh, and he has the bloodline of the Bone Army, this would be a delight. "

"Stop dawdling and get to your task, Imp." General Augustus frowned, his temper was clearly on a short fuse.

Bowing deeply. The old man closed his eyes and began to mutter in a strange language. His muttering soon increased into strange growls and grunts.

The sound slowly merged into a deep chant. The voice coming from his mouth was very strange because it sounded like multiple people speaking. Some were clearly female, even children's voices.

He slowly brought a sharp fingernail to the middle lip of the mouth, as he turned the head to face him, and he sliced down. Parting the lips into two from the center.

The fingernail went up the face and two quick slices took off the eyelids. A pair of red eyes holding deep fury and resentment stared back. The old demon eyes showed intense glee. Their kind fed on negative emotions, and a face like this was like viewing an exquisite canvas.

General Augustus stared at the ritual with rapt focus. His eyes following every gesture and his ears pecked up to pick apart the language the Imp used.

He could not understand Thulle—it was one of the first languages, favored by Demons and other fell creatures.

General Augustus had formed a habit of looking over his subordinates with full concentration. He found out that it focused them and made them believe he understood far more than he did.

If the Imp knew about this weird quirk of the General. It gave no signs.

The old imp's face was set in firm concentration as he never stopped chanting. A purple light began to grow inside the mouth of the Imp until it created an orb. With a harsh sound, the Imp spat the orb into the mouth of the head.

The light scattered when it touched the head and reassembled into multiple bugs numbering in the dozens. The bugs dug into the cut in the lips and soon all of them penetrated the head. In a short while, a sickening sound of chewing came from the head.

The Imp finally stopped his chanting and began to breathe deeply. He was readying for the final part. He focused his gaze and suddenly began to breathe in.

The eyes from the head bulged and exploded as waves of bugs poured out of the eyes and floated in the air, their wings were buzzing like flies. When all the bugs appeared, the head deflated into itself and in a short while turned to dust.

The flying bugs gave a little shrill of pain, and they all exploded. Leaving behind a purple light that oozed a loathsome stench.

The Imp looking at the purple light with intense desire before he barely quelled it. He gestured to the light, and it floated towards the General, "Here lies the memory of this Legend, General. I took great care to preserve all the most recent events he witnessed. His will was very firm, and his hatred was... delectable. Even in death, he fought to keep secrets from you. But I wrung out every drop."

General Augustus grunted and looked at the floating light, he sucked it into his mouth and said, "For your sake and all of your brood, make sure you left the memory behind for your consumption. The secrets they contain are worth your life a thousand-fold."

"I have served you for a hundred and twenty years, General. I have not failed you. I would not start today." The old imp bowed until its face touched the ground.

Dismissing the Imp, General Augustus went to his palatial chair, that should be styled a Throne. It was covered in precious stones and ornaments, carvings of Dragons and Phoenix, with great Behemoths adorned the chair.

Beneath all the fluff, however, were carefully laid runes and enchantment that made this Throne one of the most precious Artifact that he had.

He settled on it and closed his eyes. Veins of purple light began to glow under his skin before they subsided. His expression was still before it broke into a frown and then a full-blown panic.

"How could this be. Those bastards lied to me. That's a Sealed Chaotic Abomination. This is not what I signed up for. These bastards want to turn my effort into dust!"

"Bastards!!"

Augustus' scream of fury shook the entire room. His skin turned red and a black substance like smoke began to emanate from his pores, "This was not how it should go. What were those traitors plans?"

He looked at his consciousness and he saw a ring of thorns surrounding his spirit. "The oath we all swore still bounds us."

His breath slowly was coming under control, he distantly heard the coughing and crying of voices, but he pushed them away from his consciousness, "The binding Oath still stands. That means they have not betrayed me yet. But why put our undertaking in such dangers? Are there other benefits to the singularity I am not aware of?"

His head was bowed in thought. He only looked up when he saw a figure that had crawled to his feet. It was a mess of blood and bones. The skin from the figure had melted, and it's dying hands could only reach for him before it fell and the body breath it last.

When General Augustus released his Aura in frustration, it tore through the room and the two women who laid on the bed were only mortal. Even if they had more stamina and were beginning to walk on the Paths Of Dominion. It would have done little to no good. Even a legendary Dominator would still die before the General's fury.

"No. I cannot stand for this treachery. No matter how they would choose to veil the reason behind it. We need to re-discuss the terms of our agreement and partnership.

"Whatever benefit to be had by triggering a Sealed Chaotic Abomination. I want a part of it. To risk the wrath of the God King and every Noble family in Trion. The benefits must be incalculable."

General Augustus realized the loophole those despicable partners of his used to circumvent the Oath. The mentioned the presence of an Abomination on the plan. But not the type of Abomination. It was a subtle difference, but in this situation it meant everything.

He stood up and waved his hand. His Throne shrank and entered his Forehead. He needed answers, and he was going to get them.

## Chapter 60: I Am Legend (5)

Rowan's body lay on a beach, in a world of death. Around his still form, an ephemeral storm rages, while an eye blacker than night watches in fury. Suddenly, his body twitched, his hand slapping the ground repeatedly, and then he began convulsing.

The shell on his body began to quickly dissipate as multiple invisible mouths consumed it, and numerous bulges appeared underneath his skin, as if countless roaches roamed beneath.

In a short while, every shell in his body was gone, and he lay naked on the beach, except for his twitching body, he was not breathing.

His body began to grow hot, the surrounding air began to warp by the increasing heat, a mini vortex was created around him as a result of the extremely hot air being forced away from him.

He began to grow. His increasing attributes were not just numbers on a status screen, they reflected on his physique, and with his Ouroboros bloodline, his body had begun a transformation that made his flesh comparable to Divine metal.

He grew to seven feet tall and stopped growing, his body made metallic clunks as his muscles expanded and toughened, his skin got darker until it was a light shade of bronze, and every motion he made was like a blur to the naked eye.

Slowly the activities in his body seized, and yet, he did not breathe. Inside his body, a peculiar change was happening.

Before Rowan soul fell into slumber, he poured all his Soul points into the Ouroboros bloodline, but this process was a continual one. Even if he wished to pour all ten thousand of his soul points into the Ouroboros bloodline, it would only funnel the Soul points one at a time, although this process happened rapidly.

As the Ouroboros bloodline grew, the snakes around his hearts were intensely stimulated and their growth increased exponentially. They gave out quiet hisses as they feasted on his shell, until there was nothing else, and they began to expand in size.

Rowan had a conjecture previously about the nature of the size of the snakes in his heart, and if he were conscious at the moment he would have seen something amazing happening inside of him.

Although the snakes were growing larger, the space they occupied remained the same, his body almost seemed like it contained an infinite amount of space around his heart and no matter how big the snakes got, they would always be contained inside his chest.

His bloodline growth was constant, as it slowly ticked upward, and then it hit the threshold of the Legendary mark and paused.

It was as if the last Soul point encountered a barrier, and it could not push through, and it stayed that way, but a pressure was beginning to build. Rowan had dumped all his points into Ouroboros, and one way or another it was going to develop that bloodline.

For a Mortal to become a Legendary State being, it would need to be thoroughly prepared for it was about to elevate his entire being from the mundane to the mystical.

There were specific rituals, and specific preparations to be made because it could be argued that this step was the most important to becoming powerful, for even though a proper Mortal foundation was necessary, it was at the Legendary state that the true wheat would be separated from the chaff.

At the Legendary State, the Dominators body is now capable enough to access and contain Aether, but they are unable to utilize it in an active manner, that is, until the Dominator ascends to the Rift State.

The known State of Change that Rowan knew were: The Mortal State, The Legendary State, The Rift State and The Incarnation State.

Though there should be many other States of Change higher than the Incarnation State, he was not at the level to access such information. Nevertheless, from the Legendary State, the Dominator could utilize Aether only through their given ability and from the Rift State they could now wield Aether.

Aether is called many things: The life force of a world, The blood of gods, or The light of wisdom, but essentially Aether was a force that only beings of Legendary state and above could access.

It could be found in all corners of the universe in different densities. Some parts of the universe had a stupendous amount of Aether while others barely had none.

Regions of the Universe that had massive amounts of Aether usually developed into a vibrant and powerful location, where gods, titans, beasts and elemental creatures could be born into. They were regions of great prosperity and also greater conflicts.

When a Dominator crosses the cusp of Legendary, their bodies are opened to Aether, and their bloodlines are nurtured to produce an ability it is inclined towards.

This step was critical, for the first great divide of a powerful Dominator to a lesser one was at this point.

Unique Dominators that were born at the Legendary State or above typically had powerful Legendary abilities that were closer to the roots of their bloodline. Those

abilities had a high potential for growth, and could often determine the endpoint of a Dominator.

A Dominator that had a passive ability of gathering and purifying Aether would regularly grow to higher States of Change than one whose Ability was Strengthening or Fireballs. However, no ability was useless and most times it depended on the ingenuity of the Dominator to find the best use for it.

Every so often a powerful ability was not a good thing for the Dominator, for some were left with abilities that were too destructive, or others were too mystical, the user could not understand its usage and ended up harming themselves.

There had been babies born at the Legendary state who obtained abilities relating to Spatial traversal, they found themselves locked in a unique region of space that only they could access, the only thing that was heard from them was their steadily weakening cries over the months before death took them.

Few would survive such an ordeal, for the space they were in could not be rashly broken into, else it would collapse and only luck could enable one to find them using a careful manner. Most likely, in a few years later, their bones would be spat out around the area of their birth.

Rowan's case was different, for as an Empyrean, they were the children of the universe and this gave them the right to have access to all their bloodline abilities, but at each State of Change they could only select one that they could tolerate.

You could learn and develop the Abilities alongside the ones given to you when you reached the Rift State, but that was very difficult, or get those Abilities as you upgrade your State of Change.

At every State of Change, a Dominator was given a chance to draw one ability from their bloodline origin.

Unlike every other being who had to be lucky to have a powerful ability, an Empyrean just had to choose the direction it desired to develop towards, and if his bloodline could tolerate that level of power, it was then selected.

Not all Empyrean are created equal and some are vastly more powerful than others, but the weakest Empyrean was not something most creatures in the universe could stand against.

For even the weakest Empyrean, at a minimum could destroy entire solar systems with ease.

Rowan was at the edge of Legendary before he passed out, and unlike a normal form of unconsciousness, he was barely alive. The sacrifice of his people gave his soul a bit of

light, but they were ultimately too weak to cause a fundamental change to his soul, nevertheless they gave him more time, and that was what he really needed.