

The Primordial Record

Chapter 61: I Am Legend (6)

His bloodline trait was activated, and if he was conscious, right at this moment he should have found himself in an ocean of golden blood, the farther you went up the ocean was the level of power you would be able to draw from.

The golden ocean of blood was extremely deep, it could be said that it had no depth. It was not possible to see a shore, for the ocean seemed endless.

Rowan was unconscious but the instruction he gave himself was not to be denied, he poured all his Soul points into Ouroboros, and like being caught between an unstoppable force and an immovable object, his bloodline was being forced to grow, yet he was not awake to select the ability he was to ascend with.

A storm began to build inside his body, as his Soul points were held back by a single point, yet it continued to pile up the pressure, he began to cough blood as his body began to crack open, and although he healed extremely fast, his blood began to decorate the teleportation rune beneath him.

It was a good thing his physique had grown to a terrifying state else the destructive forces raging in his body would have reduced him to atoms, it was unknown if he would be able to survive a wound like that given his fragile soul. It appeared that he would soon be torn apart from the pressure, until something gave.

His Soul points could not enter his bloodline, but its aura was able to penetrate the mystical location, which was the source of the Emyrean bloodline.

In that ocean of blood, an unknown aura that defied meaning but represented the height of potential in the multiverse swept through it, it resembled a formless force that could appear as diverse things to different individuals.

It was the height of desire for any sentient and non-sentient species, and its presence on the material world was a temptation that none could withstand.

Rowan only understood a fraction of the potential of his Soul point, which could be seen as a good thing as well as a bad one. There was a reason the Primordial keepers were not permitted to exist in the material multiverse.

The golden ocean beneath that had been still for most of the time since the beginning of creation began to stir, and soon it began to tremble. This Movement caused a great conflagration, and the surrounding space began to twist and was torn apart.

This space was incredibly stable, and it would be impossible for most known forces to make it even tremble. Yet, the movement of the golden ocean twisted this space, such display of power was shocking and represented the enormous powers that the golden ocean contained.

The Aura of the Soul points was enough to stir this impressive power, and then a compromise was given. As Rowan was unable to choose an ability presently for him to ascend to the Legendary State, an ability inside this entire ocean of blood was willing to bond with him was to rise and merge with him.

Presently, only one Legendary ability from the myriad of abilities would have to bond with him—An Emypyrean with the Light of Creation at the tip of his fingers.

For a long while, the ocean was like an agitated volcano, massive amounts of bloodline essence spewed thousands of feet into the air, and the skies were covered by thunderstorms that seemed to reach the end of existence.

Inside the ocean, massive golden runes began to arise, the power they released was powerful enough to suppress an entire star. What was important was that this part of the bloodline ocean contained abilities only given to Legendary Emypyrean, and the Bloodline Runes that emerged were a unique ability of Emypyrean.

For a while, there was endless pandemonium in the Bloodline ocean, before a loud call emerged from the depth of the ocean. The Bloodline Rune that emerged were massive, and their presence silenced a major part of the ocean.

These Runes had not seen the light of the surface for countless eras, and as they arose more of the ocean became silent, and there were twelve of them, they were all at a similar level of power.

They gave out deep golden glows that seemed like a sort of communication pathway between them because there could only be one winner that could merge with this Blood.

The twelve Bloodline Runes released massive amounts of power to intimidate their peers, but they were at a standstill, as they all had similar levels of abilities.

Their competition was stopped by a massive sound that shook the entire ocean of blood, even extending far past the Legendary parts of the ocean, and three massive Bloodline Rune emerged from the ocean, giving out a palpable sense of antiquity as if they had existed at the beginning of creation.

These Runes seemed almost alive, and their level of power had far surpassed the Legendary State and was giving out waves of power exceeding even the Incarnation State!

The twelve Bloodline Runes giving out golden light fled instantly and buried themselves inside the Bloodline origin, and the skies above the Golden Ocean became clear and silent.

The three runes began to arise, and they all seemed equal, and there was no confrontation between them, clearly this three Bloodline Rune were willing to merge with Rowan.

As they approached the massive aura that Rowan soul point revealed, a change occurred and suddenly the power that the aura revealed increased once more.

Inside Rowan's body, the soul points had never stopped trying to penetrate his bloodline, even if it was futile, and now instead of the usual single point attempting to penetrate the bloodline.

An astonishing change occurred, perhaps due to the blockage caused by the bloodline traits, and every soul point now labored to enter the bloodline at once.

What it caused inside the Bloodline origin was catastrophic, the Aura that the Soul points emitted before suddenly multiplied in volume, and shrouded most of the ocean and this formless Aura did not stop it spread at the Empyrean bloodline ocean, for it exceeded even that and proceeded towards the very source!

At the edge of the Bloodline Origin, were incredibly ancient Empyrean, older than any living memory, these Empyrean had outlived even the universe that birthed them, and each of them was larger than a galaxy.

They all bowed towards the beginning of the Bloodline Origin, and it seemed they have been at that position for an infinite amount of time.

At the beginning of the Bloodline Origin was an area of dense fog that spanned multiple universes in scope. It was impossible for a mind lesser than a god to even fathom the scale of this fog.

Myriad lights and ephemeral echoes emitted from this area, and in a tiny part of it, a trickle of golden blood escaped from the edge, it was this trickle that created the entire bloodline origin for Empyrean!

From that fog, it was possible to see massive mystical chains that seemed to have no permanent state, they fluttered between the corporeal and spiritual, and each chain could contain entire galaxies.

Those chains were uncountable in numbers, and they ran through the fog, and seemed to contain it. The Aura of the soul point spread past the chains and into the fog, and it was swallowed, leaving no trace behind.

The chains began to shudder as something resembling a voice escaped from that fog, it was guttural and deep, and it was not something that any living creature should be able to speak out.

The chains began to give out deep clanking sounds that echoed all over the universe and more chains were summoned, and the voice escaping the fog stopped.

In the commotion, a drop of black blood shot out from the fog with an indescribable speed, and the chains were too slow to stop the escaping blood which shot into the Bloodline Origin of the Empyrean and disappeared.

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One of the kneeling Primordial Empyrean trembled as the blood drop shot past it. It was in the shape of a sphere, but the sphere was made up of massive coils of countless serpents and dragons, atop the sphere was a sleeping female, and everything below her waist was what made up the coils of reptiles and dragons.

Her hair was made up of countless serpents, and if we put the size of this Ancient Primordial Empyrean into perspective, each strand of her hair should be larger than an entire belt of solar systems.

She began to awaken, but in the time span that such an Ancient Empyrean operates it would be in another seventeen million years before her eyes would open, and for an Ancient Empyrean, that was a blink of an eye.

That blood drop passed through the entire Bloodline Origin and the golden ocean froze, the three hovering Bloodline Rune that stood before Rowan's Aura were destroyed; it would take countless years for them to be reformed.

The black blood drop silently merged with that Aura and Rowan's path to the Legendary State was unlocked as the Soul points flooded into his bloodline, but all the Soul points were diverted into that black drop of blood, which began transforming.

The blood drop seemed to be shifting through countless possibilities to find the best manner to fuse with Rowan. The transformation stopped when it became three runes that resembled obsidian, that was shaped like a blade. It pierced through his heart, and they rapidly began turning black.

The black hearts released thin lines of black metallic tendrils that carved a path through Rowan's chest, and slowly a fourth heart was being created.

The snakes around his hearts became agitated, and giving out long hisses they began to attack his first three hearts, and horrifyingly began consuming it.

Rowan's heart presently was tougher than diamonds, but the snakes sliced through it like a hot knife through butter and each bite made Rowan's body twitch, they secreted venom that halted the regeneration of his heart and when his heart was devoured halfway, his soul awoke.

But his mind was blurry, he was still fragile and the transformation of his soul was just beginning, he helplessly watched his hearts being entirely consumed by the snakes, and after they finished consuming it, they began giving out silent wails of pain.

"Well, good for you." Rowan thought inside, "You ate my heart. Clearly it does not agree with you."

The disturbance they gave was massive, and their wails became louder, and simultaneously they all rushed to escape his body and since he had no direct control over them due to his weakened soul, they simply tore out of his body in a spray of golden blood.

One snake burst out through his mouth, it was as large as a python, and it continued shooting out of his mouth with deadly momentum and even after more than thirty feet of its body had escaped from his mouth, it was not the end, and more was still coming out.

The force of its emergence tore his throat to shreds, and his jaws were dislocated, the entire length of the snake finally came out to seventy feet long as its tail finally left his ravaged mouth.

Another snake burst out from his left chest and the last from his stomach, they emerged with such violence his body was nearly torn in three. The pain for him was meaningless, he sought to understand what was happening as well as observe the snakes that just left his body after consuming his hearts.

His body was rapidly healing, but the location of his hearts was noticeably empty, his blurry sight captured the three-massive forty – foot snakes hovering above him. He noticed that they were beginning to shed, for their scales were previously golden, but now, beneath the skin was presently a darker gold scales.

With a great hiss, they simultaneously discarded their previous skins, and they began to circle in the air while giving out hisses of joy, they also began to expand rapidly.

Rowan noticed that each snake had grown a little to seventy-five feet long, each of them seemed able to fly without any aid. Their faces were not like snakes, but more like dragons, and the snakes had distinct appearances.

The first one that burst out from his mouth, had only a single eye like a Cyclops, the large orb was entirely white and covered a large portion of its face. Its scales were dark golden with white stripes along its stomach.

The second, that came from his chest, had two red eyes that appeared remarkably close to humans. Rowan saw it even had lashes. This one seemed to have a gentle nature, as it stopped hissing and began looking around curiously, its scales were a light shade of gold, and numerous purple dots covered its scales.

The last from his stomach had three eyes, with the third being at the center of its head, its eyes were slit like a reptile, and its gaze was cold. Unlike the other two snakes that had an Aura of majesty, this one emanated brutality and blood thirst. It was golden red, with the red almost overtaking its gold coloration.

Its head were now as large as a cart, and it began turning both ways, as its tongue flickered from its mouth, as if it was scanning the environment for prey.

Its eyes became fixed on the hovering black eye that was still continuously generating a Soul storm around Rowan's body, faster than Rowan's sight could follow, it attacked!

The opened mouth was like the gates to the abyss, as massive needle - sharp teeth began to grow inside its mouth at a rapid pace, its mouth closed over the eyes, and its body swayed as if it was chewing on the eye.

The eyes of the third snake were slightly closed as if in enjoyment. No, it was enjoyment! As Rowan was beginning to detect a growing connection between him and the three hovering snakes.

He felt a phantom pain, as the head of the snake chewing on the Eyes of A Primordial Keeper exploded.

That action caused the other two snakes to react as they released an Aura of barbaric savagery, even the gentle second snake with the human eyes seemed to transform into a creature of endless blood thirst, and they began attacking the Eyes.

The head from the third snake had already reformed as the scattered pieces of its head transformed to golden mist and fused back to its flesh, and in seconds it was whole again. Rowan stared in dumb amazement.

It joined the attack, and again all three of their heads were blasted apart, but they repeated reformed their heads and relentlessly attacked, each of them had grown needle sharp teeth the size of long swords, that made a shrill sound as they cut through the air.

Rowan was detecting a formless energy flowing down the head of the snakes and into his body, it was cold, and he nearly gave out a moan of pleasure, as this energy seemed to be massaging his soul and was transforming it.

That energy went into the Soul Seizer bloodline, and Rowan did not have to check, but he knew the bloodline was evolving even without him using any soul points.

Somehow, even though the snakes were repeatedly being destroyed, they seemed Immortal and they were currently plundering vital essence from the Eye.

Giving out a furious scream that reverberated through the horizon, the Eye began to ascend, clearly intending to leave, but the snakes pursued it. Their speed was ghost-like, and in the short while before the Eye vanished from the material world, the snakes had repeatedly bitten and plundered a lot of its essence.

It appeared dispirited and weak, but it gave out a final scream that pushed away the snakes and reality was torn apart as it fled into a Crack in the middle of the sky.

- Chapter 63: I Am Legend (final)

Chapter 63: I Am Legend (final)

The snakes hovered in the sky, giving out mighty roars of exaltation. They must not have been cold-blooded, for he could see faint steam emanating from their mouth, and he could sense the fire in their blood.

"F*ck me. When do snakes roar? Seriously, though, should that be the primary thought in my mind now?"

Rowan rubbed his healing chest and began to stand up, he unleashed all his senses first to analyze his surroundings.

The link between him and the flying giant snakes was becoming more intimate, as he could almost sense himself inside them, flying through the sparse clouds under the Red moon.

The sensation almost felt like a fever dream, his mind was split into three extra sections, and even though he could not control his motion, he felt like he was in the driver seat of a roller coaster.

Using his Energy sight, which had surprisingly gotten more powerful, he saw a thick stream of energy linking him and the three snakes, now and then a pulse of power flowed down the snakes and entered his body and he felt himself noticeably becoming stronger.

In his Energy sight the snakes burned like a furnace, as they resembled an endless source of energy, there seemed to be a certain energy reaction occurring inside their bodies which released a burst of energy that flowed down the link and into his body.

Rowan closed his eyes for a few seconds and allowed himself to breathe calmly, knowing he was alive because of sheer luck and a little practical reasoning. He had no

time to fully experiment with his abilities and knew he was lucky that his conjectures were correct.

The only reason he was alive, was not just because of the graces of his people who gave up their soul light to illuminate his own, it was because even in the heat of battle and numerous problems, he was still thinking about the uses of his abilities.

The last time he was awake, he was at the edge of death, his soul at the boundary of dissipation, and he was furious at the powers playing with his life.

He had made a gamble, hoping his intense desires would fuel his actions, even if he were to fall, he had poured his intent into his soul, conveying out all his longings to live, to ascend beyond the Mortal Coil, to surpass all those who would do him harm, and to protect all that he was coming to love and cherish.

Rowan had made it. He survived against the odds, and he knew that the best chance to kill him was gone. He was not necessarily bragging because he knew that the board had shifted. Not only that, but he had escaped his most trying moments.

After all, how much threat could he have been before, he had held on with his last breath for longer than was possible, and he was a man at the end of his ropes, and even though he saw many suspicious events, he tried not to ruffle feathers.

But no more!

Now he had awakened, beneath that Red moon, with the three flying snakes overhead that appeared closer to him with every passing moment, he spread his arms wide, letting the winds of this world blow over his naked form.

His blond hair was now shoulder-length, and on his face was a slight growth of beard, his eyes were now more enigmatic, as it seemed to give out light.

I Am Legend!

His three companions suddenly roared, their voice had a penetrating quality that made the surroundings vibrate, they were expressing their excitement.

He could feel the power coursing through his veins like magma, and unlike previously when he was feeling a faint sense of lethargy in his soul, currently he has never felt so alive!

He could not help himself and gave a loud roar too, the three snakes joined him, and for a while only their cries of excitement were heard.

Can you see me? His roar seemed to communicate with the souls that gave him a second chance. He did not fail their expectations.

He reviewed himself with his sight, his body standing at seven feet tall, with muscles to put a Greek statue to shame, accompanied by a streamlined beauty that only a body at perfection could bring.

Beneath the surface of his body, was an engine of power that thrummed with endless vitality and potential. His body felt present. As if his body had become more real. The alacrity in his Soul made him aware that the curse of his fading lifespan was gone.

He bent to pick up the Axe which was now very still, it had sucked all its energy inside, and if not for the growing veins of golden energy on the weapon which were now closer to the Axe head, he would have taken it for dead metal.

With his Energy sight, he could see that the green color of the Axe was not its true color, instead it acted as a sort of seal that bounded the true form of the Axe.

Rowan was not too surprised, for he knew the history of this weapon must be quite deep, and even though thanks to the Axe he was granted the Berserker Aspect, he was still wary of the weapon.

The growing vein of gold was his Vitality, that had been eating away at the seal covering the weapon, even when he was a mortal, the Essence he had funneled into the Axe was not so easily digested.

The weapon had been greedy in consuming his vitality, the desire to consume an Essence such as this must have been very overwhelming, but it would seem that the opposite was happening, as his Essence was slowly digesting the Axe. He idly wondered what would occur if he finished stripping away the seals from the Axe.

It was part of his upcoming agenda, but it was not at the top of the list, and he did not need to put much thought behind it because his Vitality was slowly consuming the seal on the weapon anyway.

Even if he never got to use the Axe anymore, it was not much of a bother because he now had weapons, three of them, and alongside the power he was feeling burning inside him, his body could be the most potent of all his weapons.

He began folding the discarded snake skin, from their first shedding. It had a faint golden glow around it, and as he folded it, it felt like he was molding metal, he was not used to walking around naked, so he began wrapping the last snake skin around his waist, and with a few tucks here and there, it stayed right around his waist.

With his ever-growing powers, he would need a material that he could safely wear. His body was extremely powerful and tearing through his clothes and armor was effortless.

If he could craft a set of clothes using these scales, he would have solved an essential need of his, although his body was beautiful in every aesthetic sense, he was not a

shallow individual, and he would find it extremely off-putting to constantly change his clothes every hour.

His body felt like an endless abyss filled with uncountable mysteries, that would take him an eternity to search through. But he had , and he would soon receive his answers.

Although he almost did not want to use the Record and slowly delve into his abilities' bit by bit, that was a luxury he could not afford, he expected that he would need to kill lots of people soon, and he needed to thoroughly understand all the weapons in his arsenal.

He was about to open , when he heard a frightening crack, and his surroundings shook. The blood sea ahead of him began to bubble, and a massive skull rose from the ocean.

Chapter 64: Strings

The skull was of an avian beast, that had a long pointy beak, the red ocean poured from its two empty eye sockets, and it seemed as if it was weeping blood.

A massive spinal column emerged from the ocean that was connected to the massive bones around him, and he realized that this being was far larger than he thought, and the body ashore was still a part of it.

A greater part of its body was buried inside the bloody ocean, and as it arose, it brought a formless pressure that drove the breath away from his lungs.

It appeared he might have overstayed his welcome, he hurriedly poured his Spatial sight into the Rune below him, his mind tensed as he saw that whatever method the teleportation circle used, it would take a few more seconds to charge, before he could leave, the pressure from the giant was beginning to mount, and then his snakes... attacked!

"Godda*nit... They are like mindless brats, who bite everything that moves!"

The sounds made as their numerous needle – sharp teeth rip through the bones were spine-chilling.

This was all disregarding the fact that they were consuming the body of a creature with powers that Rowan feared neared or were equal to a god.

The reaction of the giant avian skeleton was a bit sluggish, but it soon shook in agitation, when the third snake with three eyes, which unlike its other two siblings who ate along the surface, it was focused on boring deeper into the skeleton.

It must have reached particularly deep, for the skeleton gave a strange scream like nails scratching a board, and a green ghost fire emerged from its sockets.

Its eyes blazed for a moment with that emerald flame before it spewed it at the three snakes, and they turned to dust, yet even before they died, they opened their mouths wide and greedily swallowed the flames.

"..."

Rowan felt a thump inside his chest, and a frightening sense of weakness before his body steadied itself and looking inside his body, he saw the three snakes had resurrected inside the void, where his hearts previously resided.

Before he could give any instructions, the snakes burst out of his body with startling speed, driving him to his knees as they shot towards the giant.

They emerged from his body, in a reduced form, before they rapidly expanded once more, which was a good thing because with their current size, they would kill him the moment they emerged from his body, as his constitution was like paper to them.

Okay. He was never going to get used to that.

The snake with two eyes with a more mild temperament did not rush into battle like its two siblings, but paused, and seeing the massive bones surrounding them, rushed towards the bones and began to take massive bites.

Their stomach must be endless, for Rowan had seen it must have eaten more than twice its body weight. A massive rib bone began to wobble, as the two-eyed snake had eaten its connecting part to the vertebra.

Meanwhile, the other two snakes were braving the onslaught of the giant head, who was spewing a fresh round of green flames.

Both of them were blasted by the flames coming out of the eyes of the giant skeleton, and Rowan was surprised that the damage inflicted did not turn them to dust, instead only their scales and most of their flesh were burned off.

Their skeletons roared in anger and charged ahead through the flames, meanwhile, Rowan had been feeling a massive amount of pressure building up for a while now. He knew he had to leave, else if this giant erupted with whatever techniques it was brewing, he doubted he would survive it.

Thankfully, the Rune lit up before him, and he began to fade away, the two snakes ahead burned to ash as ultimately, they could not handle more of the flames, but they had swallowed a lot of it.

The last snake seized the falling rib bone as they disappeared, behind him the world shattered as the giant skeleton unleashed its endless fury, but Rowan was already inside the Spatial passage.

The last snake outside his body had its mouth opened wide as it was swallowing the rib bone, eight times its length. The other two gluttons burst out of him, tearing his body apart, as they began fighting for the rib bone, in less than ten seconds, they had finished consuming it.

The Spatial passage did not seem to have any influence on the massive serpents, as they flew around, and the three eyed one began biting the glowing floor of the passage.

The others looked around, and the one – eyed snake fixed on the Axe in Rowans hand, and charged over.

"No you don't!" Rowan moved the Axe away, but it had already a bit down on it, and Rowan did not know which of them was more surprised that the needle sharp teeth did not penetrate the Axe.

The Axe retaliated with a green glow that pushed the snake away, shaking its head in annoyance, it joined its siblings in roaming the spatial passage and occasionally biting at the walls and floors, leaving a glowing imprint of their teeth on them.

Rowan wanted to laugh at their silliness, as he felt that he was looking at babies that were mouthing. Everything was new and fresh in their eyes, and everything must be tasted!

He almost wanted to let them play, as he took the time to check , but that was before the passage vibrated, and the snake with three eyes reared up as it swallowed a massive pile of glowing gems from the passage floor.

Rowan's face went black as chaos erupted all over the passage, and it began to shrink, outside the passage was only the chaos of endless space.

He began running towards the green door, the snakes screamed in surprise and instead of fleeing, continued attacking and eating the shrinking passage.

Rowan's anger was beginning to mount as he forcefully pulled them into his chest and with a force of will, he opened the green door and reappeared inside the mansion.

The gem behind him began to crack, he turned around in anger, as in less than three seconds the massive yellow gem collapsed into dust, the wave of breeze blowing towards him as they filled the void the gem left behind, did nothing to chill his growing outrage.

An endless source of soul points just disappeared because of the need for these gluttons to feed their endless stomach.

AAAHHH!!!

He felt like hitting something really hard, to reduce his frustration. But the wave of spatial powers that began to flow through his body made him pause as he watched his Spatial sight beginning to grow.

Its dimension was rapidly expanding, and soon he was able to effortlessly cover the entire room and most of the adjoining passage.

The vision his Spatial sight showed him got richer than before, and that eerie dimension that formed over him, when his body senses and his Spatial sight merged got stronger, as he effortlessly levitated a couple of chairs inside his sphere of influence.

His anger was mildly tempered by this, but it still burned bright, the exuberant snakes became meek as they turned into a ball and hid their faces inside their coils.

Looking at his growing fourth heart, would they soon become another new source of headache? In fact, how many hearts could he even have? His body did not seem to even need them at this point.

His body was far from normal, and seeing as how it could hold massive living organisms, it was unlikely that space was an issue for him, so he had no idea how many hearts he could even end up having.

Sigh. Now would be a good time to get knowledge from another Empyrean, but where would he find a being like that? This world must be like a speck of dust before their eyes.

Well, it was time to check his Record, he had held back long enough to settle his spirit, he hoped he was ready for the revelations it would show him.

He was mistaken!

Chapter 65: [Bonus Chapter]Strings (2)

P

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength : 716.7

Agility : 715.9

Constitution : 1100

Spirit : 280.7

Class: None

Title: Plane walker, Chaos Blood

Aspect : Spatial Sight (Tier 3)

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

Enrage (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Vortex (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Bash (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Dash (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Smash (Level 10— Mortal State Completed) Combo Attack (Level 10— Mortal State Completed)

Passive : Decipher language (complete), Icy soul (level 4)

Records:

[CHAOS BLOOD]- level 1 [0/10,000]

REAVER – level 0 [0/5000]

Legendary Skill Gained: Chaos World Engine [3/3]

World Seed Level: Minor World

Chaos World seed Charge:

Seed One – 313,876/1,000,000,000

Seed Two – 308,776/1,000,000,000

Seed Three—765,665/1,000,000,000

Rift Rule Gained: Absolute Body [Locked]

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path Gained: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Active Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Aspect Upgrade: Spatial Sight [(Tier 3) Spirit +50]

Bloodline Upgrade: Soul Reaver

Passive Skill Upgrade : Icy Soul → Ice-Fire Soul [(Level 6) Spirit +150]

Soul Point :1458.4532

Remark: Nascent Titan

Rowan doubted it was less than twenty-four hours since he left for that world, and he had obtained a transformation beyond his wildest dreams.

There was so much information on his updated status, that he did not even know where to start from, but seeing the many zeros beside his lifespan made him grin so widely he did not doubt that he resembled a clown.

What does it mean to have thirty-three thousand years of life, if he uses the historical events of his previous life as a time frame, that meant that he could have eaten with the Pharaohs, had a chat with Gilgamesh in ancient Mesopotamia, watched every rise and fall of human civilization, and he would be barely middle-aged.

He could watch the very mountain corrode into sand, and the years for him would have the importance of minutes.

What would such a life span mean for someone like him, who, combining his two lives barely lived a grand total of sixty years.

Going from Zero to tens of thousands in a few short moments was jarring, and his mind was numb trying to imagine the sheer scale of such a number.

He solely doubted any Dominator in this world had such an exaggerated lifespan at the legendary state, even Rift State or Incarnation State Dominators would be floored by his lifespan.

Theoretically, if he kept growing stronger, then his lifespan would turn every single enemy he is currently having to dust, he could just take a nap for tens of thousands of years. The surface world would have changed, ten times over.

"But my enemies are not just fragile Dominators, are they? Just the same way the Dominators are slowly becoming ants before my might, I am less than an ant before the Primordial keepers."

He tempered his excitement, this might seem like an extremely long time to him, but with the timescale of the truly powerful it was nothing, his mind was still too fixated on his mortal life, and gathering truly universal powers would take an extremely long time.

He pushed his focus to the rest of his Attributes, his mind working the numbers with surprising ease, as his enhanced Spirit made his thought flow to be smooth.

Agility made his perception of time to be extremely slow, and gave him more time to think with every passing seconds.

His Stats were expected, as he had calculated how much he would gain from reaching the Legendary State. His Constitution had surpassed the Rift State and was now in the realm of Incarnation!

Rowans Spirit growth never failed to surprise him, as it was an attribute he had never actively cultivated, but it's uses to him were invaluable, perhaps it was because he used those skills involving Spirit far beyond their capabilities that they grew extremely fast.

He now saw a slight disadvantage concerning his ever-growing physique, that is he may never get to push his physical skills to the limit because he was too powerful.

What was the use of learning all the intricacies of waving around a sword, when a simple punch from you can level mountains?

Rowan slapped that silly thought away from his mind, he just fled from a being who could have turned him to dust. Disregarding his lifespan, if he was trapped by that creature and repeatedly killed, in due time, he would die a true death.

He sighed, aware that he was trying to run, when he should be walking, he should not be so eager to test himself against foes like that, but with his potential, he would inevitably get to that level.

From the interface of , it was clear that skills could grow, and its might could exceed his imagination, with the right skills, it might be possible to fight someone far above your level.

Rowan was determined not to become lax in his journey towards power, he would use every available tool he had, until he had crushed all his enemies to dust.

He was aware that his seven-foot frame was just a facade, it held within, a boundless growing mountain, his Strength, and Agility dwarfed his previous self by a significant amount, and the world had now become extremely fragile to him.

If he were to live comfortably, he would have to build his home out of Adamantine or something similar.

The thought of that brought him joy, to be able to live and discover what this world had to offer him, to slowly learn and build, he wished for such a life, but not yet.

Not much time had passed since he awoke in this world, but the events that had occurred around him were branded into his mind.

He could still vividly see every laughter, he could still feel the goodwill of the souls who gave him everything, how could he look their children in the eyes without doing his possible best to tear down all those who caused them pain.

His blood began to boil, and the snakes were stirring, they were creatures with primal intensities. They held no fear or doubts, and they were relentless.

He calmed himself, everything would fall in its time, whatever experiment they performed on him, he doubted they understood what he had become.

The presence of a transmigrated soul brought about an intense shift in whatever laid down plan they had, that it would be impossible for them to correct them.

He had a new Title—Chaos Blood. Rowan wanted to find out the meaning via , but it came out blank. Could the Record not access the meaning of this Title?

That was surprising, he had assigned a mantle of omniscience on , but it seems there were some things it could not even access.

Rowan would like to think it was because he might be limiting this enigmatic black book in some manner.

Apparently, the Ascension to the Legendary State came with many unknown factors, and the most likely cause was the Legendary Ability that came from his bloodline.

He had a new title, and somehow all his pathways until the Incarnation state had been unlocked. He tried accessing the locked abilities, to see if he could glean their meaning, but he could not.

With his previous knowledge, he thought you had to select new bloodline abilities every time you broke through a state. But it seems like the ability he got from his bloodline was so powerful he could only utilize part of it in each state.

What sort of ability could be that powerful?

It pushed every successive abilities he might ever have to the side, it appeared to be powerful though, so he had no problems with the ability for now.

He had two box, he had yet to check, his Legendary skill and his Soul Seizer Bloodline upgrade. He still felt great apprehension from this skill, even though it was the true fuel behind his bloodline growth.

Chapter 66: Strings (3)

The bloodline was now Soul Reaver, and although they came across as similar titles, he did not doubt that this one was more powerful than the Soul Seizer Bloodline.

As his Spirit grew, so too did his ability to comprehend esoteric forces and other fundamental laws, he was now more capable of understanding certain intricate flows of power.

The Soul Reaver bloodline oozed power and control, it pointed to a path beyond the material universe, to the control of forces so abstract, that its presence could rewrite the laws governing reality.

Yet, he had no desire to even upgrade or utilize the bloodline beyond its soul collection ability for the moment, if he could still collect soul points without any issues, he did not plan to touch this bloodline until he understood it well enough.

He may be making a mistake, but he was unwilling to walk on blind in any matters concerning the Primordial keepers, unlike his Emyrean bloodline he sensed malice from this other bloodline.

His field of vision was still too small, as he had not gotten into contact with the wide world, before touching this bloodline he had to make sure he was prepared.

If life itself was a chessboard, he was still a pawn, even with all his potential, it would be easy to crush him, maybe if he was a youth or a younger man with less experience in life, he may be willing to charge into battle without second thought.

He was not a young man anymore, and even if he would fearlessly charge into battle, he would make sure he properly assessed his odds.

The massive amount of Soul point that was needed to develop the Soul Reaver bloodline also made his eyes twitch, he pushed this genie lamp to the side, it was tempting, and would likely have stupendous benefits, but he still had his fears that he was too ignorant about the true meaning of his Emyrean bloodlines.

If this world had gods, then it was not farfetched to think they must have vast knowledge of other powerful beings, he doubted he would be able to collect any information from them... Yet.

But that was not the point, there must certainly be libraries, and other sources of valuable information he could be able to gather. At this time, he was in a cage, but he would soon break out and his second source of weakness—Lack of information, would be solved to a certain extent.

It was not lost on him how peculiar his situation was, he may have had access to knowledge that could exceed the scope of everyone around him, but he was missing certain fundamental common information to tie together all this knowledge he had.

He was like a mad scientist that could know the formula to the most complicated equation in existence but did not know how to tie his shoes, or cook his food. He was an Idiot Savant who knew of powers far beyond the gods, but could not understand the mortal stages that were below them.

His perception dwelled on the second box he needed to uncover, his Legendary Ability. The presence of this ability emitted was strange, it seemed to faintly suppress his bloodline, as if it suppressed itself in order to fit inside him.

He guessed maybe it was because this bloodline ability was too powerful, and even though his Attributes were extremely inflated for a legendary State Dominator, he was still too weak to harness its might properly.

Just the Legendary ability that was randomly selected by his unconscious self, had such a vast Aura behind it, he felt humbled.

Was this just a random bloodline ability, or did he just win the lottery? The snakes in his heart actually began to stir, as this ability had become intrinsically connected to them.

It was a stark reminder that however he had grown, he was still an ant in the sight of the truly powerful.

Speaking of ants...

Rowan's hand snapped out like a whip and seized an invisible object, it quivered in his hand, making long hissing sounds, before it revealed itself.

It was an eyeball with bat wings grafted to its sides, the pupils were silver, and it dilated rapidly, as if it was scanning him.

Rowan felt an intense revulsion, not just because this thing had essentially been a voyeur watching every move he had been making, but because from it, he could sense the Aura of that hooded figure.

Now that he really thought about it, he knew where he had seen a lesser version of that Aura, it was from the Abomination Thrall that was causing havoc inside the mansion.

It was a testament to how distracted he was that he did not take time to do an in-depth scanning of all the individuals inside the mansion, but all that was soon to end.

He wondered if that father knew he was working beside an Abomination Thrall? Knowing him, he doubted he would care, the Third prince was a man who wears faces like a mask, but one thing Rowan could be sure of, was that he was worse than any Abomination Thrall.

It was clear now that he was being closely monitored, both by visible and invisible eyes, but he doubted they knew how powerful his bloodline was, else they would have killed him when he was a mortal.

Even the Primordial Keepers knew of the threat he posed, and they crossed from outside the universe to kill him.

He knew they must have a part to play in him receiving , but he doubted they knew what his bloodline was because from what he could understand from , the bloodlines he had access to must have a fundamental connection with him.

The Bloodline of Scion of Light and Scion of Darkness must have been linked to the previous prince, so if Rowan had not transmigrated, he was sure that the prince would have only had the option of those two choices to select from

The abnormality that arose was him, he was sure his soul crossed a different universe before it arrived at this body, and he brought with him the touch of the Primordial keeper, for he was a soul that escaped their grasp, so he was sure that used that connection and made this bloodline available to him.

He had a hint about how he got the Ouroboros bloodline, for one, he did not remember how he died. He was sure he had been drinking, but that was it. Furthermore, he was still healthy and kept himself in great shape.

But he remembered the introduction to the Ouroboros bloodline, where he saw an Emyrean tear through a planet as it was born.

What if that planet belonged to his previous life? After all, he was alive one moment, and in the next, he was inside another man's body (although that body was a child then, but that was not the point.)

That should be the most reasonable explanation of how he got that bloodline, an unlucky or a very stubborn soul that had his body destroyed by an Emyrean and escaped the clutch of the Primordial Keepers.

This chance of each individual event happening on its own was very unlikely, for the three such events to happen to the same soul (killed by an Emypyrean, escaped the Primordial keepers and transmigrated to another world or universe was so infinitesimally small that he knew he was unique in all creation.)

Although it sounded very boastful when he thought of it, in that way, it was most likely the truth, so that would mean that although he was in a bad position previously, he just needed a slight advantage to pull ahead in the race.

He had solved the issue of his lifespan, and now it was time to attack. He was not used to allowing those who would do him harm a moment's respite, he would take his advantages and use it to tear apart this charade.

Chapter 67: Strings (4)

Rowan squeezed the Eye, turning it to mulch, suddenly his palm opened, and a mouth filled with many sharp teeth seized the pulped eye and retreated. Rowan paused, of course it had to be the three – eyed snake. That little glutton was simply the worst among all three of his siblings.

He saw that this meal only gave it a single energy value, but that would never stop it, he gave the snakes assurance that they would soon be feasting on better meals soon.

Sighing, he called up his Legendary Ability and from the depth of his bloodline, he understood what it was, and he nearly fell to the ground in shock.

He had to place his hands on the wall, and he disregarded his strength for a while and his hand effortlessly went through the concrete walls.

He distractedly pulled his hands away from the wall, his mind screaming in shock. Should something like this be possible?

With everything that had happened to him, it would be tough to break his mind. He had no doubt that outside this place, the world would be filled with wonders beyond what he could presently imagine, but the scale of this ability that was within his grasp was frightening.

He felt such a power was not to be given to anyone, although he had seen creatures of immense powers, the potential of this ability of his would be unmatched.

Rowan replayed the memory that showed him, when he checked the details of this ability.

His mind had blurred, and he was transported to another location, where he saw a blue planet that reminded him of his first world.

His sight was transported into the planet, where he saw lush forest and grand oceans, beasts of all shapes and sizes roamed this beautiful world, the skies were blue, and the air smelled like flowers.

Abruptly, the blue sky turned red, as a falling object blazed down towards the planet, leaving purple contrails like a comet. He knew that was a World seed.

The seed impacted on an ocean, throwing a wave thousands of feet into the air, and it quickly reached the bottom of the ocean, where it drilled into the core of the planet.

In the core of the planet, it began to rapidly disperse itself, and it took root. Using the energy from the planet, it began releasing massive branches, hundreds of kilometers long, that penetrated the entirety of the planet.

When the branch had occupied the entire core of the planet, it began releasing tiny, invisible spores that enshrouded the planet.

Decades passed.

Gradually, the vegetation of this planet began to change, followed by its beasts and insects, even down to its microorganisms, the planet slowly became the living heart of an Empyrean.

The evolutionary pathway of the planet changed, and massive beasts and powerful sentient races were born from the indigenous species, who resembled more of their creator's image with every generation that passed.

The last thing the vision showed him was a colossus with eight arms and four heads, holding a planet in each hand.

The world he held was a hell world with beings that resembled Asuras. Their mighty roars reached space.

The details of this ability streamed into his mind.

Chaos World Engine: Create a World Engine that births World seeds. After seeding ten thousand worlds, the Chaos World Engine would be upgraded.

World Seed Level: Minor World → Major World → Realm World.

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One – 313,876/1,000,000,000

Engine Two – 308,776/1,000,000,000

Engine Three–765,666/1,000,000,000

Well, this ability was broken as hell, but it did nothing to drastically improve his powers at the moment, but the potential of this ability was limitless.

Thinking about its utility almost made cold sweat pour from his brows. By now, he did not trust that the vision he saw was the true limit of his ability.

The Emphyrean he saw in that vision seeded eight planets, but according to , his Chaos World Engine could create world seeds, and for the ability to be upgraded, he would have to seed ten thousand worlds!

What made this ability even more crazy when it fell under his hands was because, each of his snakes were theoretically a single Chaos Engine, that would mean for him to completely upgrade this ability, he would have to seed thirty thousand worlds.

D*mm. It was a good thing that there were plentiful worlds in the universe, else he would be stumped on how he was to go about seeding worlds.

How could he get to those Worlds? Well, not considering the fact that there were mystical methods to essentially teleport to foreign worlds like the ones his snakes just destroyed. He did not find it such a bad idea to seed the world he was in right now.

I mean, why search far and wide for something, when you could find it right beside you.

Okay, if he understood this correctly, a world seed could transform a planet into your domain, everything inside the planet would be molded in your image, and the entire resources of the planet would be at your disposal.

Just the resources from a single planet, the indigenous species, the massive Aether it generates, and many more benefits were simply incalculable.

What would it mean to seed thirty thousand worlds, or even more? Would he be able to create armies from his seeded planet that could cover an entire galaxy? How powerful would he become if he could have access to Aether from thirty thousand different planets?

It took a while for him to settle down, maybe this ability did not come with an immediate leap in his combat capabilities, but it would eventually surpass any sort of ability he could ever have.

He might also be wrong about the immediate usage of this ability, for he remembered the sheer adaptability of the snake, that he was sure was a side effect of them being the host of the Chaos World Engine.

They could consume any energy and still gave him tangible benefits from those consumed materials.

Besides, he did not really need any more fancy abilities, his body was a powerful weapon all on its own, and the more he upgraded his bloodline, the more powerful he would get, and this would also reflect on the snakes too.

They could be the perfect long-range attack he solely needed to round up his skill set. Coupled with the fact that they would swallow any energy given to them, made it very possible that he had any opponent in the Incarnation state or below.

He did not know the capabilities of his father and his other accomplices, but to play it safe, he should assume they were all beyond the Incarnation State, then he would have to play it safe, but not too safe.

He would need to test his capabilities shortly, and it was good enough that he had enough Abominations to try his hands on.

It would take time to gather the amount of energy needed, but knowing the gluttonous habits of the snakes, and their seeming immortality, if he let them loose, they would gather massive amounts of energy in little time.

He should really begin thinking of names for the snakes, especially if he was growing more hearts, which translate to more snakes in the future. But what sort of names would fit these creatures?

The usage of his present attributes made him flow through his thoughts in no time, to the outside world he may have appeared to be deep in thought for a short while, but he had already made many plans going forward.

Leaving future matters aside, it was time to deal with the present situation, starting from the invisible eyes watching him to the invisible strings that were bounding him.

Inside his "Domain" he could clearly sense the flying eyes and the three invisible strings that bound his head, heart, and eyes.

Chapter 68: Strings (5)

A boy with white hair, carrying two heads stood before the shore of the Sylvan lakes, behind him was a trail of gore. The journey must have been more than ten miles, and he had bled through most of it.

His blood he shed alternated between the vivid red of a human's blood and the muddy yellow of an Abomination.

These two opposite natures dwelled inside his body, and instead of the invasive blood of the Abomination corrupting and taking over his body, it seemed to have been stalled.

For every time, the foul blood of the Abomination rose to take over his body, an inhuman resolve from the boy pushed it back.

It could be seen by the white hair on his head, coupled with the heavy wounds on his body, that this boy had suffered far beyond what any human should.

Regolf had forgotten everything, except for two things.

He was starving, and he had to protect Steisa and momma... It was all that occupied his mind.

Pain went by in a haze, and in the depth of his madness he kept hearing the same voice. It came with the voice of Steisa...

Big brother, you are finally here with us!

It came in the voice of Rose, his mother...

Come closer to me... My child...

Now and then, the hunger pangs would get too much for him, and via the urging of the voices, he would bend and eat off the bundle he held in his hand.

The blood of Abominations was powerful, but it could not be created out of nothing. The boy had been healed countless times, and that blood needed sustenance.

Although there must have been something inside him that rebelled, making his healing wounds tear apart again and again. That resolve had gotten extremely twisted, for he slowly ate the last of the bundle in his hand.

He let the bloodied cloth drop to the floor, and unexpectedly he began to wail, giving out a long-drawn-out howl like a hyena, and as suddenly as it started, it stopped.

Regolf stood there by the shore, for what seemed like an eternity. As he stood, the water in front of him began to bubble, and massive shapes began to move within.

In a short while, Giant Abominations began coming out of the lake, there were three... Four... A dozen, until finally fourteen Giants, stood before the lone figure of the boy.

Some of them eyed him with various eyes scattered all over their bodies, but soon looked away in apparent disinterest.

In the case of Regolf, if he could see them, he gave no indication, he just stood and stared at the lake as if he were waiting for something.

A soft sigh came from the lake and the fourteen Giant Abominations that stood at its shores went still like statues, as one, they all turned towards the lake.

A solemn voice came from the depth of the water. If any mortal had heard it, their bodies would have exploded on the spot, their souls would be crushed and their lineage cursed.

A Dominator would be transfixed and would, shortly after, a grisly fate much worse than death would follow.

"The time draws near. My wait is nearly over. A mother loves all. Even the least of her children."

A drop of gray blood rose from the water. The water parted around it, and the air seemed to burn.

"Poor children. Take of Mother's breast. You shall starve no more."

The Giant Abominations went crazy and began to attack each other. The battle was not quick, even though they did not defend themselves. They tore each other apart and their nature worked against them as they healed quickly.

But their perseverance to kill and devour the other was inhumane, and soon they began to consume each other. The saliva from their mouth seemed to restrict the healing capabilities of their bodies.

It was a grisly affair, and the screams from the fallen Giants being devoured would send chills down the spine of anyone. Bone and flesh were chewed and torn apart, and the yellow blood flowed into the lake in a small flood.

A single Giant was soon left, and this one was very nightmarish. It had devoured the thirteen other Abominations, and its body was shattering apart.

It had become a creature of pure disorder. None of its features could serve any visibly sensible purpose. It screamed with numerous mouths at the pale sky.

The last Giant Abomination had more than fifteen heads and an excessive number of limbs. Eyes grew under its feet and tongues grew from its chest.

It stood more than seventy feet tall, and it began to grow other limbs that could support its weight, but they ended up exploding from the sheer weight of this creature.

It screamed in fury, as it had yet to learn control over its new form that was proving too difficult for it to effectively control.

Bones grew out of its skin and from its numerous opened mouths came out human hair, which flowed in long silken strands. The Giant cried out in the voice of a host of devils. For many souls dwelled within it, and it could not find an equilibrium with itself.

It shambled and slowly crawled towards the gray blood that was burning in the air. The sounds from the dozens of mouths in its body screamed of desire.

When it got to the blood. The biggest mouth in its body opened. The mouth was located on a random shoulder. Inside that mouth was another mouth, and that one also opened to reveal yet another mouth, like a haunted Matryoshka doll.

A final mouth opened and a thick green tongue that had ears growing on it and intestines entangled around it, stretched out like a decaying worm and lapped at the blood, like a dog.

The mouth began to slowly disintegrate, and it screamed and returned into the body. Another mouth came, and it opened and also lapped at the blood. It soon began to fall apart, and it returned and another mouth came.

The creature used the mouths from all over its body to lick the blood, and the Giant Abomination gradually began to shrink.

It used that method to slowly whittle away at the drop of blood until it consumed half of it. Anymore and it would destroy itself, for it was severely bleeding as the portion that disintegrated from touching that blood did not heal.

When it appeared as if the Giant Abomination could no longer consume the blood, the remaining blood drop began to fall into the water.

A sigh came from the depth. "My children have fallen fast to frailty. My milk left to waste."

A single great eye opened in the body of the shrunken Abomination. The eyes were filled with lust, greed and other fell desires.

The Abomination suddenly leaped forward and opened a jaw that was the size of half its body and swallowed the blood drop.

It curled into itself on the shore of the Lake and it began to burn. Pieces of it liquefied and turned to black ooze, and it slowly shrank until it formed the shape of a placenta.

A whispering voice that sounded like the chill of the abyss came from the placenta.

"Mother. Your child comes."

"You are not good enough, little one. My champion is here!"

Chapter 69: Strings (final)

Regolf twitched and began to walk towards the milky white placenta, he seemed to have smelled a very pleasant fragrance, and the hunger that had been driving him to madness increased tenfold.

He leaped onto the placenta, that was ten times his size, and began to devour it. His teeth were too fragile, so he ended up breaking them, and when they got stuck, the force from his bite pulled them from their roots.

He worked on the corner of the placenta for a while, it was very tough for his fragile human teeth to chew through, but even as he lost all his teeth, the yellow Abomination blood soon grew new ones for him.

His persistence finally paid off, and he managed to chew through a small section of the placenta, and began to drink the fluids inside.

A panicked scream came from inside the placenta. "Mother!!! Why have you abandoned me? I was to be your champion."

"Hush child... Time has changed. I would soon be free of my torment. In the new world that comes, you are too frail to endure in it. I do this for your sake."

"You should have believed in me. Mother. I would have... Prevailed."

The voice from the placenta went increasingly weak until it faded.

Meanwhile, the body of the white hair boy had been growing crazily, from the shrunken figure of a boy, to a healthy man. His white hair had grown until it reached his knees, and his mouth was fixed on that opening as he drank.

Soon he began to shudder, and his body began to strain against something invisible. His body would grow to an extent before it was crushed down, as if by invisible hands.

Behind him, the water began to bubble and fog rose from the water, the fog began to pulsate, in the rhythm of breathing, and as it swirled around, it was possible to see a massive entity inside.

Unlike the sight that Rowan had seen, the gigantic head of the Abomination core had truly arisen, it turned towards the manor, her eyes holding incomparable mysteries.

"Hold for a while, my Champion. Soon we shall be free."

The spikes in the numerous eyes in her hair continued to quiver, and it was possible to see tiny strings like spider webs on the body of the spikes.

Rowan's hands passed through the strings, they were intangible, but now that he could see them within his domain, it was possible to slightly feel them.

It felt like strands of cobwebs that lightly brushed your skin, and beneath that physical sensation was a gut churning sense of intense disgust. It was that familiar feeling he once felt when he had awoken in this world, and also when he touched the eye tattoo on his chest.

He had already felt it before, but his senses were far too weak to understand what he was feeling at that time. He knew there was no way they would have left him with a tool such as , without leaving safeguards.

Rowan used his senses to trace the strings entering his body, and he saw that although it went through different parts of his body, which was his eyes, forehead and chest, they were all linked to .

They seemed to be bounding certain pages, precisely the first six pages, he had his curiosity at first, about why he was only able to access the seventh page of .

But since he had no idea about how the singularity works, it was a mystery he thought at first that he may never get to understand, but he should have been more discerning, to be fair though, he had no experience previously in Singularity management.

His mind began to work furiously, as he began reassessing what he knew about the Singularity and the possible effects of the locked pages.

Knowing he had no advantages beyond his Omnipotent bloodline, and the ease by which he had acquired skills and Aspects, he began to make plans and set contingencies for issues he could not anticipate because of his limited understanding of this world.

D*mn it. He needed further information, how was he going to find an unbiased source?

Rowan had to rightfully assume that every source of information around him was compromised in subtle ways that might throw him off the truth.

He would have to use the tools that he had available to him, and make do with it.

Using his spatial sight, he began to zoom into the structure of the strings, which looked simple from afar, but viewing it at closer lengths, he saw that it may be one of the most intricate things he had ever seen.

From up close, each of the strings resembled massive spirals of glowing lines that intertwined in many complicated manners and patterns that even with his spirit, he was unable to trace where one line started and another ended.

They could almost be described as beautiful. These were a series of lines arranged in geometry beyond any mortal reason, an instinct told him that this was the handiwork of a divine being. Nothing else could reproduce something with such stunning complexities that it boggles the mind.

Mind you, with his present spirit, Rowan would be able to understand and outperform many computers in his previous life in relation to pattern recognition, analytical reasoning and so much more.

His Spirit could effortlessly deduce every single trajectories of incoming missiles, energy bolts, various natural forces like gravity, wind, and even light entering his domain, and give him accurate results inside a chaotic environment like a field of battle. Yet with such a potent tool in his arsenal, he could hardly understand the glowing lines on a single inch of that string!

There was also something extremely strange that happened the closer he viewed the strings, he began hearing screams, and not just any normal screams, but resonant howls that sounded extremely tragic, if he had ever wanted to know about what the sounds of hell would ever be, it was here!

The screams were disturbing in their sheer intensity, there was no way to fake the sheer sense of terror and pain emanating from it. Rowan felt a blossoming feeling of fear in his chest, the screams touched something deep inside him—His mortal side, that he thought he had lost.

I was never really free after all.

He had a thought, and he commanded one of the snakes to touch a string, the serpent shrank itself, until it was the size of a small snake that was four foot long, it pierced through his bicep and crawled to his chest where it began to nibble on the string.

Rowan heard and felt a part of the string beginning to give, and he commanded it to stop, although he wanted to free himself quickly, he needed to make certain preparations.

He would rather not be rash at this moment, the snakes had access to his consciousness, and it flew and began swallowing the invisible eyes inside the room.

There were three reasons why he stopped cutting the strings, it was because he found their makeup very familiar, and it would take a short time to confirm his suspicion.

He felt that if he cut this string already without verifying his suspicions, he may end up regretting it.

The second was that, there were too many eyes watching him at the moment, he needed to pluck them out. Both the invisible...

Someone began knocking at the door, "Young Noble, your presence is being urgently requested." The voice belongs to captain Titus.

... And the visible.

Rowan paused before he replied, "Give me a moment." Rowan turned towards his wardrobe, to prepare for his final performance because after now, he was done playing games.

The third reason was that, he had sworn to protect his people, he was saved from death by the goodwill of their fallen, he would take no action that may put them in danger, he would need to separate the wolves in sheep's clothing.

He had only one chance to make it right.

Chapter 70: Dawn of Battle

Two men sat by an open flame, one of them poked at the flames with his bare hand, to stoke the fire, as a succulent pig on a spit was rotating above it.

Now and then, the figure takes a brush, and coats the roasting meat with a fragrant sauce, the scent of delectable roasting meat fills the air, there was a metal jug by the side of the fire, and a purple colored wine was faintly bubbling inside.

The aroma from the roasting meat and the bubbling wine filled the surrounding, bringing with it a relaxing atmosphere, the full moon overhead poured on the clearing where both men sat, and around them were the sounds of small animals and insects.

"it is unclear to me why you keep doing that." One of the men said, it was a hooded figure that was speaking, his face lost inside deep darkness that defied even the light cast by the fire, in some angles, it may even appear as if he had no head, only a hood covering a ball of darkness and in his hands was a book, that was the exact replica of .

Unlike that resides inside the body of Rowan, this one was tangible, and the first three pages could be opened, but it was seen that the pages were blank, and their color was white as bone.

"My spices are running out... What? Oh... You mean this." The Third prince pointed at the barbecue and the wine. "Well, I could say the same of you and your Order, concerning that book. After all this time, you should know by now, that you will not be able to read it, you have a sort of control over it, should it not be enough? You have achieved what many couldn't, even the previous holders could not understand those damned words".

Sigh. "Just because you know how to use something, does not stop you from trying to learn how it works. Moreover, Saying we have control over the Singularity is false... Ten thousand years of sturdy and we have barely scratched the surface."

"Ugh... When you put it that way... Anyway, replying to your first question." The Third prince cut a large part of the roasting pig, and started eating it, he took a long swig from the hot wine and said, "I think it was maybe four hundred, or possibly, it was five hundred years ago, when I came across a particular Barbarian tribe in the North."

"Why am I not surprised that you would visit places like that." The hooded figure said as he carefully closed the page of the black book and kept it inside the fold of his voluminous robe.

"Why wouldn't I? Although our abilities are severely suppressed on that continent, and dying to the countless dangers there is easier than breathing... I am telling you, my friend. Nowhere... And I mean nowhere else in this world would you find food better than that place."

"You don't say..." The hooded figure replied disinterestedly.

"Maybe it's because of the countless herbs and spices they have." The Third prince eagerly gestured as he took a healthy bite from the meat, oil staining his lips, "Or their tradition of selective breeding of their population into various caste, so you have an entire family who for hundreds of generations have always been cooks or butchers, not just that, even in the family of butchers, they have individual units who only kills just one specific animal or cook only a single dish. Imagine perfection honed over countless year's..."

It was clear that the Third prince was very passionate about the subject of food, "I have eaten all sort of delectable cuisines on all five inhabited continents, from the palace of kings to the slums with beggars, I have tried every known dish and also some lesser known ones, but nothing beats the Barbarians."

He took the time to chug down his wine, and swirled the jug, as he did, tiny strands of moonlight gathered inside the jug, and it was refilled by the purple wine, "Back to your question, this particular tribe was of warriors who had a tradition of feasting before a battle, which in itself is not a particularly strange event, everyone else does it but what caught my attention was the spice."

The hooded figure was getting a little more interested in his story, "What's up with the spices?"

"hehehe... This is a good one. Their prisoners of war: men, women and children are taken and nailed on wooden logs that are kept in a few feet of water, so the logs can soak up moisture, and the herbs and spices are grown on their living bodies. I want you to imagine flying over miles and miles of fields with such delightful red herbs that from the skies look like a carpet made of sunset. The scent of the herbs carried by the wind was beyond compare, while, below it... The screams of countless people."

Rowan pushed the door open, the Captain's eyes became fixed on his chest, no doubt expecting someone smaller, his eyes slowly travelled up to his face, and they widened in surprise. To his credit, he was quick on the uptake, he quickly recovered his composure and his discerning eyes pored over the details of Rowan's face.

There were portraits of him inside the manor, and even though he was now seven feet tall, with a chin that could cut glass, he still had his boyish looks. His golden serpentine eyes only served to enhance his features. His shoulder-length hair resembled gold threads, and they highlighted his face, almost as if he had a halo behind his head.

He was wearing a pressed black trousers, with a white silk long sleeved shirt with gold buttons, he left the first three opened, over it, he wore a dark red long coat, with the emblem of the kuranes family on the left shoulder which was an erupting volcano.

In his left hand was an Axe, that had a golden shaft, with a green Axe head that was tainted by golden veins. A closer look would reveal that the area where the golden veins were concentrated on, was the spot where the snakes had bitten into, when it wanted to eat the weapon.

"Lord Rowan... You are..." The captain, even with his composure, found it hard to describe the present state of Rowan.

He was breathtaking, not only because his appearance could be described as perfect, but his sheer presence was palpable, this was brought about not only by his Massive Attributes, but also his Emyrean bloodline that had repeatedly evolved and transformed his body countless times over.

His bloodline was, originally, extremely domineering and Rowan was a cut above the rest, he had just entered the Legendary State, but his presence reminded Captain Titus of his superiors, those lofty and distant figures whose existence seemed to wrap reality around them.

Only the extreme horror in his heart could shadow his surprise, and then Rowan spoke, the sound of his voice dragged him away from the reverie he was under.

The captain noticed his voice had become deeper, yet possessing a rich quality like a finely tuned musical instrument, he felt his heart shake, and he became slightly confused because for an instant, he had the urge to worship him.

"There must be an important reason why you disturbed me captain, I gave clear instruction that I should be left alone. Did something urgent come up?"

"Yes, my lord. Something happened inside the manor that we found critical enough to bring to your notice. Maeve is busy with setting up the Sigils, and this might turn out to be extremely difficult on morale, if not handled properly".

"If that is the case, lead the way, captain." Captain Titus saluted, and turned around as he began walking briskly towards the stairs, where he began descending to the first floor.