

The Primordial Record

Chapter 101: Deep Sea Blues

The two Ouroboros serpents flew leisurely around Augustus, their cold eyes saw the General as nothing but food. Rowan's eyes grew back and flashed with lightning, with his Energy Sight he could see that the General's Energy Signature burned like a furnace, he was the brightest being inside the Nexus.

Surprisingly, he noticed that Lamia's Energy Signature was far less bright, but it had more boundless complexities within, and Rowan guessed it must be because of the current state of the General.

He appeared far younger than when Rowan first met him, and with the instinct from Soul Reaver, Rowan felt the blooming vitality and Energy around the General was just a front, his soul felt incomplete.

Rowan's mind worked furiously, and he laid out a series of plans, but ultimately fell on a single plan—Play to my strengths.

He was expecting to meet one of the owners of the Nexus inside of it, and it was one of the worst possible outcomes he was expecting, although the energy Augustus was giving out was domineering, it was not debilitating to Rowan, this battle would be tough, but he was sure he could win it if there were no other setbacks.

The Ouroboros Serpents were now a bit different, as along their spine, it was possible to see tiny bumps, as if the backbone was about to tear out of their skin, the two Ouroboros Serpents he released were One eye and Two eyes, and they slowly began to increase their size.

When they were twenty feet long, and resembled giant pythons, they attacked like lightning.

"Wait, Rowan, I want to make a deal with you."

With his Spirit, he was able to pause their strike at the moment the Serpents were a single inch from biting through Augustus head, the General did not flinch, his eyes were fixed on Rowans, and he coughed.

"I commend your restraint." He arched an eyebrow when the serpents began letting out deep growls that sounded like rumbling thunder. "Because it would be extremely foolish if you choose to attack me, after all, I am the reason you are still alive and thriving in the first place."

"There are no dealings between predator and prey." Rowan said, "you have hunted me long enough, that any extra falsehoods you speak, is an insult to both of us, Augustus."

Did Rowan see a glint of anger in the eyes of the General when he called him Augustus without including his honorifics?

The General raised his hands in a placating manner, "You are mistaken Rowan, nothing that had happened here was by my will, I was just a partner who was promised power from the Singularity, and I was given no knowledge about how they would accomplish this task, it was all part of the bargain we struck, I would provide soldiers, weapons, and funds to their enterprise."

"In return, I would be given a Pathway that would free me from the shackles of my bloodline and enhance my soldiers. I had no idea about the catastrophe that was brewing inside this place, or the atrocities they have been committing all these while!"

Make no mistake, at this time they had begun to battle, not with fists or weapons but with the most devastating weapon for this particular situation—Words.

Rowan knew the General was aware of his single greatest weakness, which was his lack of information, he had no way to properly judge truth from falsehood; truths could also turn out to be false if presented in a certain manner.

The General had made sure that he killed off every avenue for Rowan to discover any corroborating witness to his speech except himself.

Not all the bodies piled in here were of those insects like Supervisors, most of them were humans, even though Rowan would have killed everyone inside this place if the opportunity had arisen, it would have also been a great avenue for him to find out the facts of what happened here

"That's an interesting choice of word Augustus... Catastrophe! That would perfectly describe what you did to everyone here, I see no accurate word to describe the condition of this poor bastard here." Rowan pointed at Boris the Werewolf, who had frozen in fear.

The General cocked his head to the side, "You think what I did here is a catastrophe? Walk with me." He turned and suddenly stopped because there was one more Ouroboros Serpents at his back, who snapped at him.

"Delightful... creatures you have here, Rowan, but we don't have the time to measure who has the bigger sticks." He edged around the Serpent and began to walk deeper into the facility, seeing that Rowan did not move from his position, he said, "Please... There is something I can only show you for to understand the situation we both find ourselves in, after I have shown you what is happening here, and you still do not side with me, then we can choose battle."

Rowan chuckled with flames in his eyes, "Dont tell me you are expecting me to willingly follow you like a sheep to a slaughterhouse because of a few words you spoke. Do I appear that gullible to you, Augustus?"

The General sighed, "Frankly I thought we would be busy killing each other by now, you do remember I commended you for your restraints. I do know there is no reason to follow me, after all, I am one of the perpetrators who gave you such a ghastly fate."

"The only reason I'm sure you would at least listen to my words is because I know you have a Noble soul, and since you came into this Nexus, I have watched your every action, and saw how you went out of your way to protect the weak."

"This is something I can never do, and this was what gave me the assurance that you would choose diplomacy before bloodshed. I hope I'm not wrong about your character, or we would both face a horrible fate, believe me Rowan, when I tell you there are far worse monsters out there than me."

"Before you answer me, think about it carefully, with my plans we have butchered every single being except for the ones you saved and that monster in the lake and I can assure you, this was not part of the laid out plan for the Nexus."

"We have essentially crippled this place, but we are not out of the woods just yet. This next part depends solely on your ability to exercise restraints and give me a chance to state my case before you blow the horns of battle."

"Be aware that we are running out of time, I have your father and the Bishop of the Order trapped, but my main body cannot hold them for long. Our survival depends on your next decision."

"Even if we battle now, and I kill you, that does not mean I won't be able to solve this problem that concerns you." Rowan growled, and his Ouroboros Serpents bared their fangs, and they grew a circle larger.

"All true, but if you do so, my main body would give up on cooperating with you and place my cards back into the hands of the Order."

"All these while, you have been presenting the carrot, I was wondering when the stick would drop." Rowan smiled.

"Although I would hate to go that route, you would leave me no choice but to side with them." The General narrowed his eyes, "We do not have much time, pick an option and let's proceed."

"Hmm... You are not giving me anytime to consider your words, but I will admit several discrepancies have come to my attention, yet if you have followed everything that has

occurred on this Island you would know I'm trapped by Sigils, and I would see that I destroy it first before I consider following you anywhere."

Chapter 102: Deep Sea Blues (2)

"Then it's a good thing that the Sigil you seek lies along our path, I have no intentions of controlling you, and if you gain your freedom and I gain the other benefits hidden in this place, we both win!"

"I would follow your lead for now, Augustus, show me what I need to see."

"Great, you would not regret this decision." The General laughed and began walking across the room.

No, I would definitely regret my decision if I choose to believe you. Rowan thought. He did not forget someone ordered the last Vestibulary he checked to be destroyed, even though that attempt failed, the General had been sprouting nonsense to distract him from that event, and that was just one minor flaw in his plans.

"Oh, and that 'poor' bastard." The General pointed at Boris, "it Was my gift to you. He may have sprouted some gibberish about what I'm doing here, but your worth is a thousand times his, and you were never a pawn in this game."

"Your gift comes with thorn, nevertheless I would accept it, although it is expected of me to give thanks for such great gifts."

"Perish the thought, as you don't have to thank me at all, for you to collaborate with me, I understand I must bring forth incentives. If you acquiesce with me on this venture, I should be the one to thank you."

Rowan paused for a while and decided to follow him. He recalled the red flames back to his hand, and suppressed the flames until there was nothing but embers left. He kept one Ouroboros Serpent behind, and he observed that the General looked at this development with curiosity, but he made no comments.

Their speed of their movements was fast, and Rowan noticed that the General might be trying to gauge his speed, so Rowan did not go beyond the level he had displayed until this point, they crossed the room and before them were three passages, the General did not pause and went towards the left, into another more expansive room.

The direction that the Sigil followed was towards the right door, but Rowan pretended he was not aware of that fact.

In the middle of this room was an industrial-size elevator, that led further down into the earth. Before the General stepped on the elevator, he went to an office space by the side, where he rummaged around for something. He pulled out a box and opened it, saying, "Haa, here it is."

Walking back to the elevator, he threw the box at Rowan, who caught it, "We are going further down into the true Hub of the Nexus, it is thirty kilometers into the ground."

He pressed a series of buttons and dragged a lever down, and the elevator began to descend as if it were in a free fall.

Rowan opened the box and saw a sleek set of armor that resembled the tactical gear of the Guardsmen, but these were clearly of much higher quality, for parts of them resembled fabrics, yet when Rowan touched the materials, its tenacity was stronger than steel.

"Put some clothes on Rowan. I understand that we've been a terrible hosts, and this should barely count. I can see that your bloodline is disposed towards strength, and you have not learned to control your abilities. The normal clothes or armor would be easily destroyed by your movements."

Rowan looked at the General, it was easy to see the experience he had gained by leading soldiers, and the sense of closeness he was trying to foster by giving him clothes.

There were various options he could take, he could pretend as if he were affected by the gesture or ignore the armor altogether, he ultimately chose to follow the direct route, and he pulled out the armor and began sizing it up, it was a little small.

"Don't expect me to thank you for these, Augustus." Rowan growled, playing the part of the disgruntled counterpart. Even as he increased the wariness of this man to be second place only after his father. He did not expect for any obvious traps to be in the clothes, the General played a much deeper game.

"I never expected any thanks, Rowan. Oh, and they adjust to your size, just begin wearing them, and it would enlarge or decrease to fit you. You can consider it another gift" The General smiled and looked away.

In a short while, Rowan was done, the armor hugged his body, and it resembled a fusion between the tactical gear of his previous life and medieval armor. Rowan tested his range of movements and saw that he was unencumbered.

They had been descending for more than five minutes now, and judging by their rate of descent, it would be four more minutes before reaching the bottom. He was not against going deeper into the facility because that was where the true controls lied.

For a Nexus of this size, the Warding Room must be massive and as far as they were descending, he was okay with that.

The most important point was that he could see that the Sigils still penetrated deeper into the earth, he would cut the chains bounding , and he would proceed towards finding ways to escape.

Rowan turned to the General, who was eying the two Ouroboros Serpents that were revolving around Rowan, he could barely hide the look of fascination in his eyes, Rowan Spatial Sight and his senses were beginning to ease up, and he could slowly read more of the General's emotion, and they were horrible.

"You are going all around the house, just to eat the food laid in front of your eyes, Augustus. I do not believe your talk of morality for a single moment, and even if those were true, why would you leave a profitable venture on your part, just because of some measly concern about their working practices."

The General was quiet, before he began to laugh softly, "You are right about all your assumptions, but you are forgetting a part of the narrative here. I will enjoy no benefit from this venture if I'm dead."

"Troublesome bedfellows? This Order of Broken Eye?" Rowan said.

"The absolute worst." The General whispered. "What they are doing to you is just part of their operation, when I became aware of the truth, I choose to pick another direction, if the truth comes to light about what is really buried beneath this place, everyone involved would be hunted and killed, I am doing this for my survival and without your assistance, we would not survive what is coming."

"Now, why does that sound familiar?" Rowan rubbed his chin.

"Do not lump me with that Abomination, Rowan, you have no idea the monster that thing really is. If you knew, you would have never accepted its fire. That thing is not just a sealed Abomination Core, it's among the firstborns. You may not understand what that truly means, but if that thing leaves this place, even the gods themselves would fall."

"It doesn't matter what you say." Rowan turned away from him just as the elevator reached its stop with a muffled rumble, "You are all monsters."

"Bah, you wound me with your words Rowan, nevertheless I'm sure you are aware that with your rate of development and your strange bloodline. That there would be no reason for the Order of the Broken Eye to keep you alive and watch you grow to this extent."

"They are not interested in using the Singularity to create a force they cannot control, and judging by your actions and your rate of growth, I can assure you they know you won't be under their control for long. As for what they want to do with you..." He paused, clearly expecting Rowan to ask the follow-up questions.

Rowan decided to change the game a little, the plans he laid down had to begin to bear fruit, and he had played along with him for long enough.

Chapter 103: Deep Sea Blues (3)

"You spoke of a deal, Augustus. I will hear it." Rowan said, deciding to push directly to the point, he would never believe a single word spoken by this man, unless it was given under the administration of Rowan.

He had too much ignorance about what was happening, and the General could easily deceive him, there was no reason why he would make Rowan more powerful by showing him the whole picture.

The General brought out a gray stone with a flick of his wrist, a silver light shimmered around a bracelet on his wrist.

A Spatial Artifact. Rowan had to get his hands on one of these, and then he focused on the gray stone in the General's hand, was that a Rune Stone? This should be the Central Control Unit of the Nexus.

Rowan was tempted to attack the General at this moment, but he pushed that urge aside, it would destabilize his plans, also he was curious about what the General was planning.

"Eh... Straight to the point. I admire that trait in a man. Very well, I will be direct. This is the key to the Control Hub, I seized it from the hands of Boris, and with this key, I have limited control over the administration of the Nexus."

"These controls include direct management of all the Flying eyes inside the Nexus, I have access to their feeds and also what they are able to broadcast out of the Nexus, I have been manipulating every data that..."

"Flying Eyes? Kind of an unimaginative name." Rowan interrupted.

He was not wrong, he had felt the burst of irritation inside the General. Rowan discovered very early on that his Spatial Sight could now judge the emotions inside a person, the increase in his Spirit coupled with the fact that he knew that Spatial Sight was connected to his Soul, made him guess a part of the reason.

His Soul Reaver bloodline made it straightforward for him to detect the emotions that the soul of an individual gave out, it did not depend at all on their body language, or at least he thought so, the abilities of the Soul Reaver bloodline were vague and mysterious.

Moreover, he had noticed that his Soul had increased in depth, which in turn fed into his Spirit and increased that attribute of his that had been lagging way behind his other Stats.

It did not take long for him to find the reason for the increase, it was due to the two Soul flames he had harvested from the body parts kept inside the Vestibulary.

Soul Reaver had merged those souls with his own, increasing his Spirit. If this new ability had manifested as a result of his increasing Spirit, it was another reason why he should quickly increase the Soul Reaver bloodline for an easy boost in that Stat.

Yet, he hoped to practice with all the abilities relating to the spirit first, to boost that attribute before touching Soul Reaver.

This ability to read emotion did not work really well for individuals with a strong mindset, like the General. Apart from the brief flash of anger and irritation he was reading from his soul, the rest was a blank slate, only giving him a sensation of intense focus.

He had finished experimenting with this ability, so he stopped his awkward acts and listened to the General.

On the face of the General was a blank look of surprise, as if he were unsure why Rowan would interrupt him as he was making his climactic assertions, before he feigned a cough and went along with it,

"I suppose you are right, Rowan. But the name fits their purpose perfectly enough, and that's all that matters. Of course, you've killed them all, so it's a moot point anyway."

"Then I guess my babies can snack on the rest." Rowan smiled.

The General frowned, then checked the Rune Stone, and that frown deepened.

The Ouroboros Serpents had detected several flying eyes clustered around Boris the Werewolf and all around the room. When Rowan saw the opportunity to destroy them using the very same words from the General, he took it.

Rowan scratched his head, "I figure since you cannot detect the remaining flying eyes, or you consider them useless at this time, then it's open season and my baby can eat them."

"They could have been of some use to us in watching our backs, but let's proceed, shall we." The General sighed.

Rowan gestured, "Please continue."

So, Augustus. This is the visible trap you set for me, so I hold the illusion that I have blinded your sight. It's a good play, but it's not enough. Just because the Flying Eyes are used to monitor what happens inside the Nexus, that should not mean it is also the only source of surveillance inside the Control Hub. Besides, a Dominator of your level must have many detection abilities and your emotions are different from your expressions. Sigh.

They arrived in a long corridor that reminded Rowan of a Subway station, The General began walking down the passage and he continued speaking.

"Well, as I was saying, I can control the feeds and I have been subtly manipulating what the Order of The Broken Eye has been receiving all these while. If they know that your bloodline is different from anything we have ever seen, they will come for you."

"Although they know you have unlocked a powerful bloodline, I blocked the details of your awakening, some of the things I have witnessed from you have shocked me to the core—I saw the Dragon that created your shell, yet I know of no bloodline that would allow you to create three indestructible Dragons as part of your bloodline heritage, such an ability is nearing those of the gods!"

The General appeared a little shaken on the surface, but his Soul was screaming intense desires, lust, greed and so many negative emotions that the Axe Rowan had nearly forgotten that he held began to shiver.

Envy began to shiver in excitement.

Perhaps I was wrong about the source of my Ability to see emotions—This Axe—Envy, it seemed it wanted to feed on the General!

"I can also operate most of the facilities inside the Nexus, but there is one thing I cannot control... The exit."

"We cannot leave?" Rowan asked the General, as he continuously used his Spirit to probe Envy.

"The Exit of this place is behind something I cannot touch, but you should be able to manipulate it." The General replied with a solemn look on his face.

Rowan frowned, "You think it's because of my bloodline, don't you? Though, I want to ask you this question about something you said earlier. Why do you think my bloodline is different from anything found on the planet?"

The General replied quickly, "That is easy enough to know, as it is not a strange circumstance, we can collect bloodlines from other worlds, yet they are all suppressed in this world, they can only be merged with the seven main bloodlines."

"The Tiberius family is the bloodline of the God of War. My ancestor is also an avid collector of bloodlines. There is no other family bloodline that has been combined with more outsiders blood more than ours."

"If you want to know the true reason I became a partner of the Order, it is this: The goal of the Order is to free the Nobles from the bloodline suppression of the gods!"

"Suppression!" Rowan muttered, the way the General spoke that word conveyed so many meanings. The grass was not always greener on the other side, that was an indisputable fact of life, even powerful Dominators have their nightmares.

"The higher you progress in the State of Change, the tighter the chains of your bloodline becomes, those of us who have surpassed the Incarnation State and entered the Second Circle understand the tyranny of the gods. Our lives are no longer our own, but the plaything of the gods." The General lamented.

Chapter 104: Deep Sea Blues (4)

"I am a Scion of Tiberius, the God of War and my fate is of endless battle, my only worth to the Ancestor is on the battlefield, the clash of my blades, a melody to him, and my bloodshed in war is my oblation." The more he spoke, the General became more solemn, as if he were reciting a rite.

Rowan was silent, for the first time the emotions of the General matched his words, but the melancholy he was sensing from him got washed away, and was replaced by expectations and greed.

They arrived at a massive black gate that had numerous mystic runes embossed on the surface.

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All these while, Rowan's mind had been split into multiple parts, it was a talent that was a massive help to him, he could focus on multiple agendas at the same time. It was a talent that would push his multitasking capabilities to extreme heights, and at the moment he could split his mind into seven portions.

The addition of the Ouroboros Serpents had turned this powerful talent into a Rule Breaking talent. He could now split his senses into the bodies of each of the Ouroboros

Serpents and gain four indestructible avatars. He could not really control the actions of these Serpents, but he could direct them.

This was his checkmate to the schemes of the General, he was not only dealing with a single individual but five!

While he was focused on him and the three other Ouroboros Serpents, the fourth would be carrying out the main objectives—Freeing himself.

He had only shown the General the three Ouroboros Serpents that he was aware of, he made sure that their debut in front of the General was flashy and aggressive, he drew the eyes of the General, while the newly born Ouroboros Serpent shrank down to a thread and followed the trace of the Sigil.

Boris the Werewolf was dead. But Rowan was not the one who killed him.

The Third Serpent that he left behind did not kill Boris, it had spent the time eating. Rowan discovered with his Energy vision that most of the materials used inside the Control Hub were very energy dense.

When Rowan became aware that the creation of this place involved many high-level resources and everything here would be considered extremely expensive or hard to obtain, for instance, even the Shell of this place was created with an alloy of Davross, something so expensive and rare, he suspected that half an entire continent store of Davross was used in this place.

Davross in the eyes of the Ouroboros Serpent was a choice meal, for it carried a dense amount of a peculiar energy Rowan did not understand, and if he were to hunt for this metal outside this place, he would have to comb through half the planet before he could gather what was available here.

He had not forgotten his impressive Legendary Ability, and he aimed to eat everything that was not nailed down inside the Nexus, and to maximize efficiency, in order for him to activate a single World Engine quickly, he decided to leave all the resources to one Ouroboros Serpent.

The Third Ouroboros Serpent began to expand, when he first entered the Legendary State they were seventy feet long and now even Rowan did not know how large it would grow to become.

It began to expand and Rowan watched with bated breath, as it rapidly surpassed 100 feet (ca. 30 meters), then 200... 300... 500 and it kept growing.

A short while back, when Boris the Werewolf was still alive, he was not really paying attention to the Serpent as it expanded, but his failing heart skipped a beat when it exceeded three hundred feet and continued growing, the wide room, suddenly felt

small, and he felt like an ant when it became seven hundred feet long, yet it did not stop. When it became a thousand feet long, its growth ended.

The ouroboros serpent turned its gigantic head and peered at Boris, it had three eyes and each of them were larger than Boris' entire body.

It was at that moment that Boris the Werewolf died, his heart simply exploded in his chest, and coupled with the torture he had received for an entire week, the presence of the Ouroboros Serpent was the final straw.

It was true that Rowan did not kill Boris, he died at the sight of his Serpent!

The Aura the Ouroboros Serpent gave off was not something a normal mind could comprehend, it drew in a single breath and sucked all the air out of the room, Rowan consciousness was what stopped it from roaring, else the room would have exploded.

Sensing the power that was flowing inside the body of the Ouroboros Serpent, Rowan was dumbstruck. Was he being too careful in dealing with the General? This power from his Serpents was horrifying, and he doubted the General could last more than a minute in front of a single Serpent.

Still sticking with his plans, Rowan decided to adjust them to the new abilities of his Serpents, he was not aware of their powers before, due to how fast he grew his abilities, each time he let out the serpent after evolving his bloodline he had to test them again.

It was like he just replaced his limbs with a robotic pair, if he did not properly test its strength, he could not judge its capabilities. That was the reason he first let the Ouroboros Serpent destroy all the Flying Eyes left inside the room with them before transforming.

As it stands, the bulk of the Ouroboros Serpent had filled up more than eighty percent of the room, and because it was hovering in the air, it did not touch any of the bodies in the room.

After looking at Boris for a moment, it looked away disinterested, it remembered the first meal it ate when it was born, it craved that again, Boris would not even fit the gap in between its teeth, and there were better choices out there.

It looked away, it sights penetrating the entire facility and seeing several choice targets, it began to move.

Furthermore, his newly born Ouroboros Serpent, had just found the location of the Sigil. He had sent it down the passageway to the right following the Sigil, while he and the General went left.

There was no elevator shaft leading towards the Sigils, so the Ouroboros Serpent simply devoured everything in its path as it dug into the earth.

This new Ouroboros Serpent was similar to the rest of its siblings except that it had four eyes and its color was vastly different from the rest, for it was blue.

It had studiously followed the path of the Sigil through the earth, until it reached a cave, there was no light inside this cave, but the Ouroboros Serpent could easily see through the darkness.

It looked both ways, the other side of the cave led to the Warding Room, while to the left was the direction where the Sigil was to be found, but there was a new discovery.

There was a majestic palace at the end of the cave. It appeared to have stood inside the earth for countless years as an air of antiquity shrouded the palace, and a heavy layer of dust had covered the entire palace.

Although there was no visible damage to be found, Rowan made sure the Serpent kept its size to be minimal to avoid damage to the environment.

Flying toward the palace, the Serpent quickly reached the great doors, which were made from the same material as the gate Rowan and the General just encountered. After trying to push it open to no avail, it began eating the doors, they were rich in energy!

Chapter 105: Deep Sea Blues (5)

The doors took a little over three minutes for them to be devoured entirely, and while devouring the doors, Rowan took the time to scrutinize the embodiments he saw on them.

On the doors was a familiar image; in fact, it was one of the foremost things he saw when he first came to this world. It was a peculiar entity that had burned itself into his mind. It was the mermaid with three pairs of arms.

The image on these palatial doors was covered with dust, and by ordering the Ouroboros Serpent to blow it away, the true portrait of the Mermaid was revealed.

The face of the mermaid had been left blank, but a closer examination would reveal that it was not always the case; sometime in the past, someone had chipped away at the face of the mermaid.

In each of her hands, she carried little sleeping babies; as she had six arms, she held only six babies. A closer look at the babies, and you could notice there was something wrong with each of them.

The babies all appeared human, but each of them had certain distinct features that were wrong in various subtle manners, and although the babies appeared human, they all seemed dissimilar to any babies he had ever known in a manner he could not yet describe.

One of the babies had three eyes, but the eyes were vertical; the second had no eyes and two noses; the third was missing its mouth and ears; the fourth had no toes on the leg; the fifth had eight fingers and toes on each limb; and Rowan paused at the last baby, where a cherubic figure lied sleeping.

This baby had no visible deformity like the rest, except she had long, luscious hair, and intertwined with the hair were hundreds of tiny eyes.

Was this Lamia and her sisters?

He remembered that Augustus said that she was different from the other Abomination Core. She was a firstborn. What did that mean? How old was this embodiment? If this was Lamia, then how old must she be if she was among the first Abomination Core in Trion?

Was this mermaid their mother? And did Lamia not claim the Abominations were the original rulers of this world? One of the visions he had when he consumed that soul flame was of an Abomination Champion Vorsher who served a Core called Myrrah.

He had said not to forget, for the world had betrayed her first. Who was he speaking about? Was it about one of Lamia's sisters or this mermaid—the mother of abominations?

There were so many mysteries and so many questions he needed to ask that it was a good thing his lifespan was measured in tens of millennia; otherwise, he would never be able to find the truth.

Rowan had come to realize that everything inside the Nexus served a purpose, and nothing placed here was done out of convenience. Behind every face may be an important piece of the puzzle that was the madness of this Nexus.

What was the image of the Mother of Abominations doing inside a palace deep inside the ground? Why would the other end of the sigil be kept in a place like this? Except that there was another entrance to this location, this door appeared to have not been touched for centuries.

It was a good thing that the Ouroboros Serpents were indestructible, and he could use them to enter various dangerous locations without any fear for his life, for there was something wrong with this place.

Even with the filter on his senses through the Ouroboros Serpent, this place just screamed its strangeness, but for his freedom, he would be willing to enter hell itself, and he would slowly understand everything hidden from his sight.

The Ouroboros Serpent made sure it devoured every single bit of the gate, and Rowan tried to ignore the fact that the doors were bleeding, but of course, the Serpents did not care; they were busy slurping down every single drop.

Rowan was a little exasperated because he wanted the Serpent to proceed quickly into the palace, but this door was like a mouthwatering delicacy, and it lost itself for a moment in pure bliss.

He could not really blame the serpent, though. Rowan shared its sense of taste for a moment and discovered a depth of sensation that nearly broke his mind. He quickly stopped the merge.

Even if the mind of the Serpents could tolerate whatever was blasting into it from those doors, Rowan still had much of his humanity left to casually indulge in those sensations. If he did for long, there would be nothing left of humanity inside his body; he would become a being of pure gluttony.

The adverse effects on the serpent were non-existent, for they were monsters that Rowan had hardly begun to comprehend.

After it came from its food coma, the serpent entered the palace and discovered the space it entered was ample. And it resembled a temple. The floor was made of a black stone that seemed to absorb any light, and yellow crystals illuminated the area.

The crystals that illuminated this place failed to light up the ground, as they were scattered all over the far walls and the ceiling that was far above him. The light from them seemed like dead yellow stars.

The light they brought was just enough to paint this temple in dusk, but still left the floor in darkness. If not for his spectacular eyesight, Rowan would have thought that he had been transported into the void of space; he supposed this must be the effect the creators of this temple were hoping for.

He called it a temple because of the three massive altars inside this place; they should be fifty feet tall and at least seventy feet wide, and they were made of greenwood.

The knowledge of the type of wood from which the altar was made came to Rowan: oaken trees—a massive tree that had all but become extinct, their leaves scraping the clouds, and their trunks could not be encircled by ten thousand men linking hands.

There were three massive sacrificial bronze bowls on the altar, and it were filled with decaying bones.

The altars were arranged in the shape of a triangle—one in front and two behind. In the center of the triangle, standing above them was an enormous alcove with four outlets above it where water poured down, and inside this alcove was a statue of a warrior goddess.

She was made from white marble, and the yellow light touching the statue almost made her appear to be alive.

She was armored in golden armor and had a sword sheathed at her waist. Her hair was black, and when the water falling from above touched the hair, an optical illusion almost made it seem like they were undulating and waving. Her arms were held upward, and she held a blue oval stone cupped inside them.

If not for the size, the unfeeling eyes of stone, and the posture that no living being could hold for any length of time, he would have sworn this statue was alive.

And her face—her beauty mocked any he had ever known.

The smile from a mother, the grin from a lover, the wink of your first crush—she encompasses all those ephemeral qualities of beauty and makes them part of her own physical beauty. A beauty beyond what every man or woman would ever know.

This was the face of a true goddess!

But Rowan's focus was on the blue stone held by this statue because inside of it was buried the other half of the sigil.

The void inside his heart suddenly shuddered, for kneeling before the statue of the goddess was Maeve!

At the edge of his hearing, he thought he heard the swishing of waves.

Chapter 106: Deep Sea Blues (final)

The general pointed at the black gate and said, "My suspicion arose when I first saw this gate. It was something that cannot be created by us, for it is made of Mithril—God's poison."

"Every god on the planet laid down a rule that was penned with their golden blood. It states that this metal was barred from this world. If such a large piece of it was brought down here only to be used as a gate, you could imagine my astonishment. This place has been where my efforts have been mostly concentrated these past few days."

"I attempted to open the gates, and of course, I failed. I could barely even touch it, for the weakness of the gods still affects their descendants. Mithril would actively suppress every bloodline power that came close to it."

"So where do I come in?" Rowan said, "My source of power still comes from a bloodline, just like you all." Rowan tried not to smirk; his Serpents had just undergone a food orgasm by eating a door made from Mithril, and he had to keep a tight leash on the two Serpents here with him, or this door would be gone in the blink of an eye.

"Yes, but there is an important distinction: your bloodline, you see, is not of the gods. Until now, I still do not know how you received such a bloodline. According to the information we were given by the Order, your father was chosen first as a candidate to acquire a bloodline source; after him, it would be my turn, but you did not acquire the bloodline source of your ancestor, and that is what is different about you. You did not awaken the bloodline of Kuran— the Scion of Light."

"Slow down, Augustus. What do you mean by bloodline source?" Rowan inquired; his eyes lit up, and he knew he was about to acquire a valuable source of information about

"Well, that was the entire pitch of the Order of the Broken Eye." The general leaned back as he began tapping the side of his waist. "It is the reason you were selected, Rowan. According to the Order, the purpose of the singularity is to perfectly replicate the bloodline source of its host."

Rowan shifted from his position and asked, "Then why is something like that important to you?"

"Important, I think, is even placing this subject lightly; it is everything to a dominator." Allow me to clarify something for you. Although no Dominator has ever become a god, there is a clear path to godhood laid down before us."

"There are four great circles for a dominator to ascend through to become a god. From mortal to incarnation state, they are all within the first great circle, which is the four states of change within the great circle: first as a mortal, second as a legendary, third as a rift, and fourth as an incarnation."

"After breaking through the first great circle into the second great circle, where you have only three states of change, on the third great circle there are only two states of change, and on the fourth great circle, there is only one."

"After the fourth Great Circle, you can become a God; you would be endless and ever powerful, and the worship from your creation shall sustain your spark until the end of time. But you see, there can only ever be a single god under one path."

"It is possible for you to become a dominator of the Fourth Great Circle, but it is impossible for you to transcend that state."

The general stopped and seemed to organize his thoughts for a while, then he pointed at Rowan and said, "The singularity inside of you would break that balance; it would give you a bloodline source of the god untainted by their touch."

"You said there can only ever be a single god on a path; even if you become a dominator using the untainted blood source, how can that path sustain another god?"

The General began to laugh as he increased the rate at which he was tapping his sides: "The Singularity is not just a beacon of our salvation; it is also the Horn of War! War with the gods!"

"I told you, the order seeks to destroy the suppression of the nobles by the gods. Do you know of the Great War?" The general's voice had begun to take on a note of desperation.

"I do. It was the war where the God King and his siblings drove away all other gods from Trion with the help of the Nobles, after granting them their bloodline."

"Then let me ask you, do you think it would have been possible for the god king to win the war without an army of dominators that were greater than the sands on a beach?"

Not waiting for Rowan to answer, he continued, "I told you of bloodline suppression, and what it meant was simple. On each of the Seven Great Bloodlines, there can be an unlimited number of dominators at the First Great Circle; on the Second Great Circle, there can only be 9,999 dominators; on the Third Great Circle, only nine; and on the Fourth, only one."

"Can you imagine the endless struggles it takes to surpass a great circle?" And now, after all of those tribulations, is the knowledge that you can only have a spot on the limited next great circle if you kill the dominator on that circle, and you shall have to live in constant fear of those below you while striving to become stronger, so you would not be the first choice to be slaughtered when a new dominator arises towards your circle."

"You may think the higher you climb, the easier it will get, but you would be wrong! It is a ceaseless battle that awaits! The Singularity is hope for us all. It was hope for me. But I should have known that nothing this great would not come with its drawbacks."

The General finally became frustrated at what he was tapping and drew out the Rune Stone he had hidden on his waist. He saw something there that made him frown, and he looked up at Rowan, who was smiling.

"I thought you knew that my alchemy labs were built with the same configuration as this control hub; when you started gathering all the power into the alchemy coil, did you not think I would notice? And even if the Sealing Circle is located in the Warding Room, it would be foolish of me to underestimate how far its coverage was."

The general paused, and then he sighed, "But I moved them from their previous locations."

"All that energy in a single alchemy coil... tsk.. tsk..." "You may have moved them, but in my eyes they shone brighter than the sun, and my baby thanks you for the pleasant meal."

The general looked at Rowan with a dim look of appreciation, and before he called upon an ocean of ether, the surrounding air turned red like blood. All that ether was channeled to the rune stone, and it began to shine bright. "Even without the Alchemy Coil, I can still power this sealing rune by myself. Or did you not think of that?"

Rowan suddenly felt an intense, attractive force exerted on his body, and he stopped and glanced down, noticing the floor around his feet was beginning to crack. He looked back at the general, who looked visibly confused.

If he were an average Legendary Dominator, he would have been squashed flat on the ground, but nevertheless, the Sealing Circle was not supposed to be this ineffective.

Rowan began walking towards the general under the pressure, but with his countenance, you could see the ease with which he parted the suppressive force around him.

The General slowly backed up, "Impossible, even if you destroyed the magitite ore, the fragments of the shattered magitite would still be enough to seal even Third Circle Dominators!"

"It's that powerful?" Rowan sighed, "But are you not underestimating the appetites of my babies a little too much?"

Chapter 107: Nascent Titan

"Those fiends can eat Magitite?" The General screamed. Rowan could understand his Surprise, Magitite was notorious for being very toxic. Special sealing spells and Runes

are used on every inch of it, for a lump of Magitite the size of a fist can poison the surrounding landscape for miles.

This was a very controlled substance, that could only be purchased by an official Alchemist at the Central Alchemy Headquarters at the Capital. The only reason he was able to purchase one was because of his mother.

Rowan likened it to the radioactive element of his previous life—Radium, with the lethality cranked up to the max settings. Of course, this was not a problem for his Ouroboros Serpent, it was all a massive source of Energy for Three–Eyes.

There were minor fragments of the Magitite left, and that was the source of the negligible sealing force exerted on his body, but as he walked towards the General, even that disappeared, Three–Eyes had finished consuming the rest of the Magitite, and it moved ahead to other energy dense delicacies

"Why did you think I let you ramble on for so long, my baby was busy eating, and it was a pretty large meal, and it needed the time." Rowan paused, "Also, there was always one thing you failed to mention. How do you harvest the bloodline Source of the host of the Singularity?"

The General looked at Rowan for a while, and a red blade appeared in his right hand, and in the other hand a spear, "You kill them, of course. You must collect everything in its entirety."

After freeing himself from the last fetters binding him, Rowan replied to the General, "Yet, don't you have a conundrum on your hands? I have no bloodline relating to the gods, why do you want to harvest my own, after all it might not be equal to yours."

"Don't you get it?" The General chuckled, "All bloodline entering this world are suppressed, except it comes from the Singularity, besides I have been on the battlefield for a thousand years, traveled to a hundred world's and I understand that what you have is unique. So, I want it!"

"So, there was really no instance where we cooperated." Rowan sighed.

The General pointed his sword at Rowan, "There is no discourse between lion and men. If I could seal and harvest your bloodline without battle, of course I would take it. Shame, I would have made it painless for you."

"Now, why don't I believe that." Rowan stopped wasting his time speaking with his enemy, and charged, the two Ouroboros Serpent beside him roared and followed.

The two Ouroboros Serpent overtook him, and expanded to thirty feet long, their open mouth with needle sharp teeth was enough to swallow the General whole.

The General looked on calmly, even as the serpents were only a few feet from him, and the abyss down their throat were starting at him, and he simply closed his eyes and when he opened it his countenance changed.

His body seemed to swell, and his size increased a little, thick veins the size of tiny snakes appeared all over his body and his expression turned to those of a crazed maniac. Gone was the gentle almost fatherly figure of the General, what was left was a rampaging beast.

His armor creaked and went black, while blood mist appeared around his body, the breath that escaped his mouth carried steam.

The General growled and called Aether around him, and the surrounding space was colored red, and he disappeared in a flash of bloody light and appeared behind Rowan, the Ouroboros Serpent biting empty air.

He swung the sword at Rowan's neck, his sword slicing through the air with a bloody light, the speed was too fast for Rowan to block the sword; he could barely lift his shoulders to block the blow.

At the last moment, the General curved the sword, changing the blow from a slice to a thrust, he leisurely bounced the sword upon Rowan's shoulder and penetrated his throat.

The second sword went under Rowan's arm and was stabbed into his armpit, the sword angling down to stab the void where his heart used to be before, but the sword tip that touched that void instantly disintegrated, although you could not tell from the outside.

The sword's stabbing him seemed to ignore part of his defense, and the tip of the sword piercing his throat emerged from the back of Rowan's neck, severing his spine.

The force that interfered with Rowan's defense was a strange sensation, it gave him the feeling as if no matter how high his defense was, this blow would still penetrate his body.

So, this is one of the General's ability, he can ignore a portion of my Constitution, and his blades can easily slice through my body. I must not allow him to reach my head, or it was possible that he might kill me. His lifespan was bought with the sacrifices of many, he would never let his enemies steal a single second from him.

This wound, however, was not fatal to him, and the rest of his body could still move, irrespective of a severed spine, His Axe could not move fast enough, so Rowan called on his Berserker skills and activated Bash, a golden red haze appeared around the hand holding the Axe, and his swinging suddenly went two times faster.

The General arched an eyebrow and retreated fast, leaving his swords stuck in Rowan's neck and armpit, but even as he retreated, his hands moved like a whirlwind, manifesting multiple spikes in a fraction of a second, and he had stabbed Rowan six times on the hand used to swing the Axe, leaving spikes from his forearm until his bicep.

"Interesting, you inherited our Bloodline Technique from the Axe. But the way you use them..." The general vanished again in a flash of red, as the two Ouroboros Serpent had already circled and attacked him but still failed, and they munched on empty air.

He appeared in front of Rowan, who had switched the Axe to his Left hand, and used Bash again.

The General ducked the blow and brought out a massive red sword and impaled Rowan through his right chest, Rowan swept with the Axe in a returning blow, but as if he had eyes in the back of his head, the General narrowly ducked the blow again, and shoved two more giant swords into Rowan guts. "... It is fu*king disappointing." The General growled.

The Ouroboros Serpents roared in fury as they began to grow, and the General disappeared in a flash of Red light, and as he was close to Rowan, he discovered that the Generals' movement was not teleportation, but a familiar technique.

The technique he was using to move that quickly was Dash!

Pairing that with Combo Attacks from the Berserker Skill Tree, he was turning Rowan's body into a pincushion. This Dash movements brought the General behind Rowans.

He manifested two great Axes in a flash of bloody light, and using a Smash Attack, sliced through a third of Rowans thigh, and he fell on one knee and the other sliced into his neck, and it was all Rowan could do to angle his body so that the blow cut downward into his chest instead of taking his head off.

Rowan's second knee touched the ground, his body nearly cut in half, the weapons the General struck him with, seemed to adhere to his flesh and try as he might, he could not pull them away.

Another Ability that prevents healing by maintaining a constant damaging effect, the blades are stuck to the flesh, and it is extremely difficult if not impossible to pull them out. Hmm... The bloodline of the God of War, is indeed suited for the battlefield against enemies with powerful bodies.

The Ouroboros Serpents were now a hundred-foot-long, and the General kicked Rowan on the back, making him fall face down to the floor.

Chapter 108: Nascent Titan (2)

The General gritted his teeth and a bloody light bloomed around him, which coalesced into a vortex in his chest that resembled a bleeding open wound, and from this vortex, two twenty foot spearheads began to appear.

The General cried out and made a throwing gesture with his hand, and the two spears vanished in a flash of red light, and pinned the two Ouroboros Serpent to the roof by their heads, silencing their roars.

Rowan had to admit that his fighting experience was still too low and just because the General's power levels may be similar to his own on paper, but their application of said powers was the difference between night and day.

It was easy to forget that Rowan was at the Legendary State while the General was at the peak of Incarnation State.

The two Ouroboros Serpents, however, were not dead, and as they trashed around, the massive spears began to crack.

The General roared in anger and the red vortex in his chest expanded, and multiple gigantic spears flew from that open wound and began pinning the bodies of the Serpents.

Rowan noticed he made sure not to kill them, but only pinned them to the walls, which was a brilliant move using the information he had available to him. The General might look like the classic Berserker, but he fought with a great eye for strategy.

After shooting more than fifty giant spears in total, the General collapsed on his knees, breathing hard. The bloody light around his body had dimmed, and he began eating multiple red crystals to replenish his bloodline essence.

Augustus' mind was in chaos, although it appeared as if he was dominating the fight, only he knew how difficult it was for him the entire time.

Upon his first strike, he realized at the last moment that the bloodline essence he used on each of his swords would not even pierce through Rowan's skin and in that single moment he sacrificed a thousand swords each to merge into a single sword, and with that, he was able to pierce his body.

Before this battle, he had created more than a million swords, spikes and spears, but in less than three seconds he had nearly run out of weapons.

To Pierce through the Dragons, he had to be even more excessive, as he had to sacrifice ten thousand spears just to fashion a spear big and strong enough to pierce through their bodies.

To power his weapons, it required massive blood essence, and he had to push an entire storehouse of Aether in his every blow, for the physique of Rowan was too perverted.

He was not a normal Incarnation State Dominator, and he was at the peak, he could fight on equal ground with ten other Incarnation State Dominator using his abundant experience and the power of his bloodline, but against Rowan, who was only a Legendary State being, he had exhausted all his Aether in three seconds!

General Augustus almost felt like he was stabbing through a mountain of Divine Metal and not flesh and blood, and the opposing force of every stab he made was damaging his body.

Rowan's eyes all through this short confrontation were not the wary gaze of a combatant, but the patient eye of a predator who was watching his prey exhaust all its energy. There was no fear in those eyes, only cold calculation and amusement.

The remnants of Augustus' soul started to shiver. What bloodline did this bastard unlock, there was no record of such a bloodline in the Kuran family archives and in all the surrounding worlds he knew, there was nothing like this.

Rowan began to laugh.

The Ouroboros Serpents suddenly stopped suppressing their growth and their bodies expanded to more than six hundred feet, which made the twenty-foot spears stabbing them resemble toothpicks.

They could not grow any bigger because they had filled up the entire passageway, leaving only a small room for Rowan and the General.

In the front of the General were the two gigantic heads of the Ouroboros Serpents, their cold gazes assessed him, and the glow from their eyes filled up the small space, behind him was the Mithril gates.

The broken body of Rowan stood up, and he was enveloped in red flames, he gave the flame his essence, and it flared bright, the General squinting his eyes against the sudden flare of light.

All the blades sticking through his body melted into bloody water, and as if the clock were reversing back in time, his body seamlessly healed himself, and he was at his peak again.

Rowan looked at his battered armor in irritation. He would take time to experiment with his essence to create clothes and armor, he could not go through life fighting all his battles, butt naked!

He cracked his neck and raised the Axe to the General. "Ready for round two? I will no longer hold back."

The General snarled, and his black armor began detaching itself from his arm and formed twin black pole arms, he twirled them, and crouched a little, readying himself.

Rowan began pouring Essence into the Axe, and at the same time he released the Flesh Light, allowing it to cover the Head of the Axe, he diverted the stream of vitality into two, feeding both the Axe and the flames.

Rowan shuddered and released the second flame he had, Bone Fire.

The green flame raced down his arm and covered the Axe head, the two flames mixed and both of them repelled each other; they settled on each side of the Axe Head.

One side of Envy burned with the red flames of Flesh Light, while the other burned with the Green flames of Bone Fire.

The face of General Augustus went solemn, and he called up all the Aether he had just regenerated and his body glowing with red light, he charged at Rowan using Dash.

He had underestimated this bastard a little too much, and he was going to burn the roots of his bloodline once more and cut him into pieces. "I am going to crush your flesh and drink your blood until the last drop!"

Rowan's reply was to release the vibrational waves that had been building inside Envy. He had poured his unlimited reserves of Vitality into the weapon, and Envy was screaming in his hands. He used no technique or any fancy moves, Rowan just swung his weapon.

There was a sound like cloth ripping and a visible vibrational wave erupted from Envy, the wave was many times faster than sound and swept through Augustus body and his charge was stopped as his entire body was lifted as if he were blasted by a giant hammer.

His body slammed into the Mithril gate behind him with a sound like ringing bells, and his armor and weapons all cracked and were blasted to pieces, his face, and arm that were not protected were shredded until the bone; he was left with a gleaming red skull and remnants of a pair of skeletal arms devoid of any hint of flesh.

The rest of his body that was protected by his armor was marginally protected as his skin was shredded off, but the single attack was not over.

Augustus had barely had the time to scream when the second wave of force that erupted from that single blow, which was a wave of green fire that filled the entire room and rolled towards the General like a tide of green flame.

They swept past him, and he was reduced to smoking bones and the red flames followed and swept by, the air ripped and groaned, and the entire room was melted by more than six feet in depth, leaving the Mithril gate.

After the light subsided, what was left of General Augustus was a shriveled skull and part of his spine that had been pinned against the gate. His remnants fell on the floor and acrid smoke flowed from it. A gleaming silver bangle rolled across the floor towards Rowan.

Rowan paused and examined Envy with mute shock.

Chapter 109: Nascent Titan (3)

Rowan had underestimated his abilities to a laughable degree, as his greatest insufficiency was information, although he acknowledged that his bloodline was powerful, he did not really understand by how much.

Rowan had never actually understood the operation of his bloodline or where he really stood in the power dynamics of the universe, but as a newly born Empyrean who was growing at an astonishing rate, he would soon begin uncovering all the truths of his existence.

Also, with a series of unique coincidences, he had unknowingly evolved this already powerful bloodline to greater heights than he could have ever imagined, and if he truly understood the significance of some of the words on , he could become more bold in his activities, or he might wrap himself inside his shell, as the knowledge of the forces he dabbled into, could lead gods to madness and shake the foundations of the multiverse.

It was unknown if the ignorance of his bloodline and the powers that dwelled within him, would be a boon or a curse.

Yet, looking at Envy in his hand, he began to understand a little bit about the ridiculousness of his powers.

He had first thought his strength would lay in his endurance, due to the impossible Constitution granted to him by his bloodline, he wanted to pattern his fighting style around exhausting his enemies, confident in the knowledge that he could never really grow tired.

With the insane regenerative factor of the Ouroboros Bloodline, he had a nigh infinite stamina, he would be able to exhaust anyone to death giving enough time. The issue of his lifespan had been solved, and now he was not afraid of a battle of attrition, but he welcomed it.

Yet, he had been slowly accumulating strength and power without his realization.

His weapon Envy was a mysterious weapon that gave him the ability to manipulate vibrational forces, coupled with the two flames he wielded that were clearly more powerful than any mortal flames, plus his unlimited Essence and if he added his four Ouroboros Serpent to the mix, it became a scary array of powers that could challenge anything.

Then it was possible that in the First Great Circle, he had no opponent, even if an army of First Circle Dominators went against him, he would bet on his victory. They could never wear him out, his eyes should turn towards higher powers and whatever mysterious abilities they might hold.

After all, even with his impressive regeneration, it was possible for a godlike Dominator to teleport his sorry a*s to the center of the sun, he did not think at his level of power he could survive such a move.

With more Soul Points he could continually increase his abilities, but he wanted to rapidly destroy the Control Hub before upgrading his bloodline once more because he would be in a state of weakness for at least an hour.

He realized, no matter how powerful he could grow to become inside the Nexus, he was still on the enemy's chessboard, he would only know true victory if he escapes.

He expected his bloodline to evolve once more, when he pushed five thousand Soul points into it, but if he followed the experience he had evolving into the Four Headed Ouroboros, his Serpents would be disabled for an hour at the least, as they assist in birthing the fifth Ouroboros Serpent.

His current level of his power did not make him conceited, he still had enough Soul Points to become even stronger, and he slowly began adding Soul points to his Ouroboros bloodline, and his body began to shake and release steam.

The budding fifth heart inside his chest began to grow, and Rowan walked slowly, for with every second, the power inside his body was increasing as his body was renewed in each second.

His shoulder-length hair began growing longer, until it reached the middle of his back, his body became even more refined every second, it was not an understatement to say Rowan was changing himself with every passing moment.

Rowan's plan was to push 4,999 Soul points into his Ouroboros bloodline, priming the bloodline for evolution. He could rapidly increase his power and still not be debilitated in case of an emergency.

Rowan wanted to maximize his efficiency, so he sent a single Ouroboros Serpent in the direction of the lake; his Serpents had detected huge amounts of objects radiating energy at the bottom of the lake.

He sent the One-eyed Ouroboros Serpent, of all his Serpents, this one was the most discreet, and because he knew Lamia was near the lake, the Serpent had to be a smooth operator.

Since he could not directly control the Serpents, Rowan was learning to maximize their utility using the varied traits all of them possess.

When he had a few moments of peace, he would push that last point into the bloodline to complete the next evolution, and by then he would be expecting a new Ouroboros Serpent.

The boost from each bloodline evolution was not simply additional, but rather an exponential increase; his Serpents went from seventy feet long to a thousand feet long with a single evolution.

Who knows how massive they would grow to become in the next evolution, maybe they would become ten thousand feet long or more, and further along his path, what more excitement awaited him?

At that time, it was not unreasonable for his Serpents to swallow an entire planet, if their growth size remained stable, the thought of holding planet sized Serpents inside his heart felt too fantastical to imagine every so often.

Even though many thoughts went through his mind, with his Spirit, it occurred in less than a second.

The Spatial Artifact in the shape of a bangle wanted to roll past him, but he stopped it with his foot, and bent down to pick it up, he had been eyeing it a while back, and was amazed that it was still flawless despite the beating it received from him.

The ground suddenly shuddered as if an earthquake was occurring, Rowan released his Perception to investigate, but soon relaxed when he realized that the quake was a result of his actions.

The Three-eyed Ouroboros Serpent he tasked with devouring the Control Hub, had finished consuming the entire Northern section of the Control Hub, a wall of Davross thousands of feet in breadth had been consumed.

Rowan had to be quick and destroy or neutralize the stone housing the Sigil, for this place was coming down, even as the fourth Ouroboros Serpent went closer to that goddess, he began to prepare himself for any eventualities, as he continued increasing his bloodline potency with Soul points.

The action from the Serpent increased, causing an increasing range of earthquakes that shook the entire Nexus and deep groans emerged from the ground.

The Ouroboros Serpent had its mouth open and was gleefully consuming, not caring about the devastation to the surroundings, its massive thousand-foot shape, churned the earth and turned rock to dust. The speed of its devouring increased with every passing moment, as it was becoming bigger!

The Ouroboros Serpent was not growing because of what it was eating, everything it ate turned into energy that was allocated to the World Engine Seed. It was growing because Rowan was continuously improving his bloodline.

Every single Soul point that Rowan poured into his bloodline affected him, but not as much as his Serpent, it appears as if the real beneficiaries of growth in the Legendary State were not Rowan's body, but his Serpents.

A flood of soil and rock surged into the Control Hub, and on the surface of the ground, the effects were more apparent as the entire town shuddered and massive rifts began to form on the land, one of those rifts extended towards the manor and cracked it into two.

The entire Nexus was being destroyed at a visible rate by a single Ouroboros Serpent.

Chapter 110: Nascent Titan (4)

The water of the lake exploded upwards as massive waves were lifted hundreds of feet into the skies.

The lights in the eye of Lamia shined as the barrier covering the lake began to dim. She made a gesture with her hands and her Champion began attacking the spikes inside the numerous eyes on her hair.

He began to steadily pull them out; it could be noticed that the barrier over the lake was linked to the Control Hub, and as the Serpent consumed it, the barrier over Lamia was weakening.

This child is performing far better than she would have ever thought. He was surely the best pawn she had on hand. She knew of no one else inside the Nexus that could perform this task better than he could. Not even that fool playing Soldier.

Her mouth went crooked as she grinned widely.

Lamia opened her mouth and the countless bones at the bottom of the lake began to stir and slowly began arising and surged into her open mouth.

Her stomach began to slowly expand, until it seemed as if she was twelve months pregnant! Yet for the number of bones she had consumed it should be far larger.

This continued for a while before the last of the bones entered her mouth, she frowned for this was hardly the amount she was expecting, and most importantly, her most prized possessions were not among them.

What she had just gathered were only the surface layers of the bones at the bottom of the lake, and although they were the most plentiful, most were simply the bones of mortal or weak Dominators of the first circle.

Her real prize dwelled deeper within the bones, where the remains of powerful Dominators of the second and third circle rested, numerous demons and various powerful creatures also lay there and chief among them was a fourth Circle Dominator, a being only second to a god.

An awful premonition began to grow in her heart and her eyes penetrated the gloom, she saw the remnants of a tail slipping back into the ground.

Lamia's eyes burned with fury before she settled, and a strange smile bloomed on her face. There were some things this child should not eat, else he would pay the prize.

The darkness Rowan encountered inside the Control Hub that was seemingly dispelled began to appear around the bulging stomach of Lamia.

She began patting her stomach and crooning a gentle song, as her hair started to wave in the air like massive piles of snakes.

Her stomach began to grow cold, as flecks of ice began forming around it, she began to create real Abominations, not the paltry shadows she was forced to make before, and inside the Nexus, she was hidden from the eyes of the gods, and no one was here to stop her from creating what had been forbidden from her for so long.

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Rowan placed the investigation of the Spatial Artifact on hold as he walked to the remains of the General, his perception swept through the charred bones, and he detected no sign of life. Yet, there was a problem, as the General was not dead, for Rowan had not harvested his soul.

At his final moment, Rowan felt a pulse in the General's soul before it vanished, but since that soul was now extremely weak, Rowan had felt its passage, and knew it was not far from him, the General was likely still within the Nexus.

Envy began to shriek, it was a shrill metallic sound that could make heads explode around it for miles. The sound was the rage of a weapon that had been denied its price.

But not for long. Rowan felt the Axe beginning to release a subtle pulse, and like a bloodhound, the Axe began to breathe!

It was a steady inhalation that drew upon a new ephemeral concept left behind by the General, and it was fear. With Envy, Rowan now knew the color of fear, it was yellow, and it reminded him of an Abomination's blood.

Unexpectedly it's movements ceased and Rowan felt an image branded in his consciousness, it was a wisp of a Soul that was in the process of possessing a soldier who sat on a large horse - like creature, a moment later, Rowan recognized the creature as a Runethor, and their location should be at the forest, west of the manor.

The General was like an undying vermin. Even though Rowan knew someone like this would have his lifesaving means, this was just ridiculous. The General had easily left his body behind and possessed another, but should it be this effortless?

After thinking about it for a short while, he saw a similar feature in both the possessed soldier and the General, which was the armor. Rowan noticed that apart from the color that set them apart and some minor embellishment, they were still made from bones.

The poor soldier did not know he was being possessed and Rowan hardly blamed him, the Nexus was falling apart and pandemonium was everywhere, Rowan hoped that the people he left behind would have a marginal amount of protection from the chaos, also he sent the One-eyed Serpent to protect them.

He should hunt the General next and kill him, but he should first protect the weak. He had sworn an oath to their dead families, and it was not so long ago that he was human, he could not easily forget his roots in the blink of an eye.

Envy finally settled after locating her prey, Rowan could feel an intense sort of anticipation from the Axe.

In the vision the Axe showed him, there had been other soldiers there, with similar armor, that meant Rowan would have to wipe them out at once, before they spread out or escape the failing Nexus, if the General would just keep hopping bodies that were spread far out, it was possible that he might escape.

Rowan frowned, his plans to allow a single Ouroboros Serpent to consume the entire Nexus for the energy may not be possible with unknown outside interference, he

commanded the single Serpent behind him to consume the Mithril gate and reveal what was behind it.

Stepping on the charred skull of the General, he crushed it into ash, and drove his Spirit into the Spatial Artifact he held and discovered that there was a tenacious layer of Spirit permeating the Artifact.

After attempting to grind his way through the Spirit barrier, he had limited success, for if he were to use this method, judging by the density of the Spirit power inside, it would take him at least a decade to grind his way through it.

Rowan was stumped for a while, before he decided to use his Spatial Sight to investigate the Artifact. Using the same trick he used in compressing the vibrational wave and the flames from Envy, he molded his Spatial Sight around the Artifact.

The first thing he saw was a stunning 3D view of the entire bracelet, it was silver and appeared to be flawless, but as he zoomed in closer, he saw an image of a cube and inlaid in tiny letters were the word: Mist Tower.

Rowan guessed this must be the label of whomever produced this Spatial Artifact, and pushed more of his Sight into the bracelet, until it expanded to the size of a building in his perception.

Yet, he still went deeper, until the flawless state of the bracelet became packed with bumps and large mystical trails that resembled a river filled with purple luminous particles that were fixed in a rigid position, but were still vibrating in a mysterious pattern.

Rowan did not understand what he was seeing, and he scrutinized this trail of purple particles if he could see any hint of how to break it open without crushing the bracelet.

When the Ouroboros Serpent finished consuming the Mithril gates, he wore the bracelet on his left arm; he would experiment on how to open it later.

As the gate was consumed in its entirety, Rowan finally saw what was behind it, and he paused in contemplation.

There was another temple behind this gate.

