

# **The Primordial Record**

## **Chapter 111: Nascent Titan (final)**

Absomet hummed merrily as she tore through the skies,

"What does a girl have to do, to get into your life...la la la la

I have tried everything, yet you won't make me your wife... la la la la

Runnin' out of patience, so I'm coming for your life. la la la la

Come on, baby, let's play at the edge of my knife... la la la la

They say we're crazy, but we just love the strife... la la la la...."

Absomet was moving at a frightening speed, and had covered half the continent. Due to her bulk, she had to fly outside the atmosphere in space, else with her speed and mass, her passage across the land would tear the continent to pieces and kill off every mortal and Dominator in the First Circle. Absomet was the size of a large city.

Her voice was blasting throughout space, casually breaking the laws of the void, for her voice could be clearly heard everywhere in space, and it moved faster than the speed of light. She was the only being in Trion that would ever do something this flamboyant.

Because at the height she flew across, you could see the entire planet, and it was a massive planet beyond comparison. If Rowan were here, he would find that the planet was similar to the size of the Sun in his previous life—Trion was a Major World, and in the entire universe there were only seventy-seven Major worlds.

Beneath a Major World was a Minor world, and there were trillions of those in the Universe, and above a Major World was a Realm World or Supreme World. There were only four known Realm/Supreme worlds.

Absomet flew in the void of space, and above her were purple clouds filled with massive lightning bolts, the rumblings from the cloud filled the entire void and served as a barrier.

The cloud shrouded the entirety of Trion like an umbrella, and it could only be seen when you exit above the Exosphere of the planet.

Dwelling above that cloud was a gigantic Wooden Palace—The dwelling of God King Golgoth. He who reigned supreme above every other gods.

There were fourteen moons hovering over the palace and each of them shone with a different light. Trion originally had fifteen moons, but the God King took away fourteen of them, leaving only one to shine its light on the planet.

She could not leave her place at the tip of the continent for long, but she was overdue for a vacation anyway. Even if her absence would lead to some conflicts at the border and maybe a few cities were slaughtered, she would return to right the mistakes made by the incompetents, whose purpose was only to be sheltered by her.

She missed the freedom of a casual stroll, and from up here, everything below seemed so meaningless, but that thought only flashed for the briefest of moments in her mind.

She was a creature of War. The tip of the spear for Tiberius, and her existence would have little meaning outside the fields of battle, but over the long millennia, it felt nice to let one hair out a bit, maybe she would visit her shy brother and play some naughty games with him after this trip was over.

How her back aches from carrying the human species along. She needed these strange and amusing events now and then to break the tedium of her awesome self keeping life in balance. Keeping the Empire safe.

For her might were comparable to a god, and in some instances she was even more powerful, due to the singular purpose of her creation—War.

Trion was not a world at peace, from this height you could see that a fifth of the planet was covered in darkness and even the light of the sun could not penetrate that gloom.

Even from space, it was possible to hear the endless quakes and reverberation blasting from that darkness, endless fiery mushroom clouds bloomed inside the darkness like fireflies, only to be shrouded once more.

Massive abominable figures moved through the darkness, visible even from space, and alongside them were massive towers that resembled battleships, and they combated on a thousand battlefronts.

Millions of lives, screaming, dying, inside an orgy of violence that painted space-time with an endless brutality. It was impossible for a mortal to fathom a war such as this, their entire lifespan would be spent on an insignificant portion of the battlefield.

Only Dominators at the Third Circle, with a lifespan of five thousand years, could begin to understand the battle that was being fought here.

For inside that darkness was the endless war waged for the last twenty thousand years, against invaders from the stars, they had entrenched their roots inside Trion, and for the last twenty thousand years, the battle on the two continents they snatched had not stopped.

Not for a single moment.

For the darkness swirled and contorted, and it was slowly growing, only the wall of flesh and blood slowed its advance. The amount of blood spilled on this battlefield would drown a Minor world.

The soul fluctuations from General Augustus were now very close, and it was disturbingly close to those blighted lands.

She would arrive shortly.

Now what would Augustus be doing in the asshole of the Empire?

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Rowan's perception swept through the temple, and reaffirmed his observations that it was all the same. The same goddess statue, same altars, even down to the yellow crystals on the ceiling and the walls, it created a weird mental echo inside his head, as if he was at the same place with his consciousness split in two.

The only change was related to Maeve, for her double was not here with him, or he may have suspected he was inside a mirage.

Deciding on a whim to match his position with that of his serpent, in order to balance out their collective vision, he took a few steps to the side, and if he were to move a few steps forward... There... He would be in the same position with his Serpent.

The World suddenly lurched and everything flashed bright, he was disoriented for a fraction of a second, and the Ouroboros Serpent that was far from him, appeared beside him.

Rowan was a little bewildered, but after sweeping his senses through the temple he discovered that in some mystical process, the two temples had been merged together.

He had no idea why, or how it happened, but the most important thing was that everything inside the temple remained the same, and that meant, the Sigil was no longer far from him.

Maeve was no longer far from him.

Rowan slowly walked up to her, "Hey, how have you been?" He was surprised that his voice cracked a little. Similar to the vision he had, she was also kneeling, and this posture struck a chord in his heart.

He waited for a response and did not receive any, and he chuckled deprecatingly, "It's all okay now, I'm doing fine, I'm now much stronger now, and we can both leave this

place with everyone left, I am sorry that some of them may have perished, and I failed to live up to the promises I made, ahead of us is the exit... Maeve?" Rowan walked up to her and touched her shoulders, he wanted to turn her around, but he found out he couldn't.

It was as if she became heavier than a mountain, a bizarre field shrouded her body, and only when he touched her could he really sense it. Maeve began to speak, and Rowan's heart fell, for the voice coming out of her mouth was not hers.

It was a voice enveloped in age, and Rowan had a sensation that he was listening to a sound not only from a distant place, but from a distant time too. The sounds came out like cracked whispers.

"Young master, I apologise for my absence, but I have kept your clothes folded, and your meal is still warm, let me fetch it for you. I slipped a jug of wine beneath the gaze of your mother, make sure you take it while it still cold for the best taste!"

## **Chapter 112: Clash of Titans**

She stood up slowly as if she was a rusted robot going through a long forgotten motion, his perception wrapped around her body, and he could see the struggles she went through with every motion.

Her single muscles on her body were straining against what was inside her, and he could not help because the field surrounding her seemed indestructible to his perception.

Maeve had never given up, she continued fighting whatever was inside of her, Rowan thought that it was most likely whatever was inside her had been dormant, and when they saw his growing ability they sought to bring him to order, by controlling her actions.

Yet, they must have underestimated her Spirit, his painting showed that they had broken her body in countless places. She was not like him, the blows must have been extremely painful, but that did not stop her from fighting for a single instant, she had made a promise to him, and she would always persevere to keep it.

Maeve began to walk to one of the altars and Rowan once again held her shoulders, his voice was wrapped in fury, "Whoever you are, that dwells inside her body, release her, and I promise... of all my enemies, only you, will I not kill. Whatever games you are playing with her body stops now. She is not yours."

Yet, her movements did not stop, her steps were mechanical, and her eyes struggled inside her sockets. Rowan set his feet and made an effort to hold her.

His attempt to stop her movement was futile, even as she walked slowly, it was like trying to hold back a raging storm with your bare hands, her body was wrapped by an ephemeral force he could barely detect, and they stopped his hands from reaching her.

She continued speaking, it was as if it was all she could do, as if every word she spoke was like she had fought an endless battle for right to speak those words. Rowan roared in fury.

"Young master, you get cold at this time of the year, and yet you always refuse to close your windows, you said you always preferred the natural light of the sun and moon, but don't you see that you make your mother worry so, and I don't know if she could cope if you got sick."

Rowan's blood was beginning to erupt, and his Serpent released deep growls that began to shake the air, as fury and helplessness threatened to overtake his senses, he pressed everything down and focused and released her from his grasp.

Maeve reached the massive fifty-foot tall altar, and she slowly began to climb it, her fingers dug into the wood, and she dragged herself up the altar, her legs dangling below her like two pairs of loose sticks.

Rowan groaned in frustration and turned towards the blue stone in the goddess grasp, giving a mental command, the Ouroboros Serpent beside him flew towards it but was bounced back by an invisible field.

He saw that Maeve paused, before she started climbing faster, sensing an opportunity, Rowan began pouring essence into Envy, and commanded the second Ouroboros Serpent to directly attack the altars.

The force had built up in the Axe, and judging that it was barely enough, he released it towards the altar Maeve was climbing, the air in front of him shimmered as the vibrational force slammed into the altar like a bomb.

Whatever material the altars were made up of was very durable, as the blow could only shave off some slight shavings of the wood, but it did the most important part and shook Maeve down from the altar.

He loathed the thought of hurting her, for apart from his mother, she was the only family he had.

She fell down while shrieking like a bat out of hell, landing on all fours, she began to scuttle back towards the altar.

He turned towards the goddess statue where the Ouroboros Serpent was straining to reach, and he told it to stop holding back, and they both roared, which was so loud, that a visible wave of force exploded from their mouths, and they began to grow.

In less than two seconds they were more than seven hundred feet and a single Ouroboros Serpent clamped its jaws around the entire statue of the goddess, the invisible field began to throw out large sparks and emit a shrill sound like metal being compressed.

Needle sharp teeth as long as thirty feet inched closer to the statue with every passing moment and the other Ouroboros serpent charged towards the altars as Rowan ran after Maeve, thankfully her speed was still slow, and he tackled her to the ground.

He immediately noticed that the surrounding field had decreased in strength, and it should be because he was attacking the statue with his serpent and whatever powers were used to hold the force field around her body were being diverted to protect the goddess statue.

The Ouroboros serpent attacking the goddess statue roared again in fury as its size increased once again, the goddess statue blazed like a torch as the force exerted by the Serpent had increased a hundredfold.

The bite from the Ouroboros Serpent did not only carry a planet - crushing force, its teeth were supernaturally sharp, it was the sharpest thing Rowan had come across, it was able to slice through Davross and Mithril with ease, and the most important aspect was the devouring force behind it.

The Ouroboros Serpent was not just attempting to crush the statue, Rowan rapidly glimpsed at and seeing the rapidly rising energy points, he understood that it was also devouring the energy in the fields protecting the goddess statue.

His hands could finally reach Maeve, and as he was behind her, he wrapped his arms around her body and held her while she was shrieking.

A loud explosion happened when the second Ouroboros Serpent bit through half of an altar with a single bite, rapidly swallowing it, it went for the remaining and gulped it down, turning towards the next altar, it was now so large it did not need to move its entire body, just stretching its neck was enough to reach the second altar and that too was summarily consumed.

Maeve's body began to vibrate as if she were being electrocuted, tears of blood began running out her eyes and her screams became more piercing.

Her condition worsened as the Ouroboros Serpent bit closer to the statue, her falling life force made Rowan understand that his actions were killing her.

His Serpent paused, and Maeve began to speak, her voice was low and each word she spoke brought blood out of her mouth, until her chest was soaked with blood,

"Do you remember young master, the time when you were still a child, barely nine years. You would always choose to read the largest books you saw, and even though you would spend weeks trying to find the meaning behind the archaic terms and long-winded writings, you always persevered."

"You would sit in your chair by the hearth, and you would read until you fell asleep..."

Rowan began to laugh, it was slow at first, and it went higher in pitch, "Shut your fu\*king mouth! So, this is how Sigils works, it's a very intriguing idea, and its execution is superb, but I'm afraid you made many mistakes... You don't sound like my hand maiden, and this story you are telling me is of no consequence for in her own way, she had told me her goodbyes a long time ago, and I am not the Rowan you once knew"

Through the jaws of the Ouroboros Serpents, he saw the eyes of the goddess statue shake, and the marble around the eyes cracked and real eyes blazing with an unearthly madness were revealed beneath.

## **Chapter 113: Clash of Titans (2)**

Rowan pointed Envy at the statue, "So, you are alive... but, it would not for long."

The eyes of the goddess statue blazed like the sun, the shielding around the statue lost power after it had all been drained away, it released its last few flashes of light before disappearing and then the jaws of the Ouroboros Serpent closed around it with a resounding crash.

The goddess statue exploded, and the top half flew in the air, her blazing eyes still gazing at Rowan with a mindless fury and wickedness that seemed to carry weight, when the second Ouroboros Serpent came from behind and swallowed it.

There was nothing in creation, these Serpents would not eat.

They both roared and turned to the last altar, where they fought to grab the biggest bite. Rowan pondered, what was that creature? Was it a golem or the statue of a goddess?

The body of Maeve went still in his hands, and her breathing ceased, Rowan checked for any signs of life and saw none, he did not know what to feel right now, as he had been expecting something like this, and in his own way he had mourned her.

The vision that Envy gave him, allowed him to come to terms with his intuition and resolved a bit of the concerns he had.

Rowan gently dropped her behind him, when he had checked her body for life signs, he had noticed many cracks on it, inside her body, her heart had shattered to pieces, he could see fragments of Sigils around it.

The part of him that was of the prince began to mourn, and Rowan clenched his teeth and turned to the blue stone. Whatever grieving he would do should be outside this place.

The blue stone that the statue held aloft, seemed to float for a while, defying gravity, it rotated slowly in the air, as if a malevolent will kept it afloat, not wanting it to reach his hand.

Rowan filled his Axe with Essence and swung it at the floating stone. With a shrill scream filled with rage that emanated from all around him, the blue stone fell and cracked open, leaking a noxious yellow fluid.

Rowan began to walk towards it, as he readied his Axe.

His mind was in chaos about what he had seen, and the awareness that his paranoia was correct. The roots of the Sigils were deeper than what the surface revealed.

He suspected that Lamia knew how truly deep this pile of deception went, but she used him as a pawn, as long as he caused more destruction inside the Control Hub, she would find ways to escape.

There was a deeper reason why the General thought he could lure Rowan down into the depths of the Nexus if he mentioned the presence of the people Rowan was protecting.

A reason why, even though he was in a protected and sealed location, he was relatively left to his devices to discover and fight the monsters inside.

A reason why the people around him were so self-sacrificing. They gave their all, even their souls, to protect him.

It was all so glorious, the speeches, the battles, the sacrifices, the tales of loss and sorrow, it was all so beautiful in its performance, enough to bring tears to the eyes.

Yet, it was all smoke in a mirror. It was a carefully crafted fantasy, and it all had a singular purpose, to drive into his heart a love of this place and its people.

It was how the Sigil works, it was how they could tie down pages of . If the host of the Singularity allowed all this emotion inside of him, accepted them and kept them in his heart, they would have a stake inside the Singularity.

Willingly or not, he had been condemned to be their pawn.

Rowan the prince was a perfect candidate, he was a despised and weak prince, who lacked the fundamental attributes to succeed in this world—Power. He could not walk the pathways of power, he was too weak to hold his birthright, as the descendant of a god.

Even though he grew to be emotionally intelligent and resilient, it must have been really hard for him to cope at first, to see others easily succeed when you are destined for failure.

To have no friends among the nobility, no lovers, only the solace of cold books on rainy nights.

He had only two people who cared for him, his mother and his maid, and they all tried to fill his life with light and love, and he took them as his source of strength and contentment.

Yet, Rowan was never a bitter child even as he grew to adulthood, he was intelligent enough to be content with what he had.

He may never experience the joys of feeling Aether roaming in his veins, may never get to hold out his palm and allow a fireball to appear out of thin air, he had seen his mates do the same, and those younger than him, he was cursed to be a mortal, in a family of gods.

But for the prince, he had enough, a good mother and a loyal maid, who had sworn to protect him, until he grew old and his mortal life ceased. He was okay with the short span of years that was his dues as a mortal.

He did not expect to marry or bear children, he did not expect positions or adulation, it was enough for him to wake up and be with his books, while knowing he had the love from his mother, it may have been a dull life, but Rowan the prince loved it.

When all those were ripped away from him, he fell into despair, and he became destabilized.

When he was provided an opportunity to change his life, to save his mother. Who would blame him for choosing that option?

He left all the comforts he had come to know, and entered a world he had little knowledge of, only to become a tool for his father to grow his powers, he died in despair believing he had failed, but someone else had taken his place.

To reinforce the control over him, as far as he could tell, the plan was for him to be given a semblance of power, and a tragedy for him to manage and control, they gave him a people he could protect and care for.

All for the purpose of using him, not only to access his Bloodline Source, but to control the Singularity.

He was the doorway to access , and his emotions were the backdoor the Sigils used to control him and the Singularity.

There was only a single mistake, a one in a trillion-chance event that happened, a new soul came to reside inside the body of the prince.

He became Rowan Kuranos, yet he was not, and his descent brought with it, new variables, abilities, and bloodlines. He became a square peg in a round hole, he was unable to fit the mold given to him.

Which was a good thing, for it gave him time to breathe above the surface of the lies, but terrible news for him, if it were to be discovered by anybody else, at least until he could defend himself.

From the first moment he felt his body begin to react under his father's touch, and his emotions going haywire, it was the first time in his life where he felt a total fear that was impossible to articulate.

Even waking up in a pile of bodies bearing his own face was not as mind-bending as feeling his body work against him. From that moment on, Rowan knew he had to prepare for the worst.

## **Chapter 114: Clash of Titans (3)**

Even the threat of his fading lifespan was easier to bear for at least he could see it, although he ended up misunderstanding the numbers, but at least he survived.

But if he were to grasp something he could not properly comprehend, he would have to make sacrifices and push his mind to perform tasks he had never done before, he had to evolve to become a player as a pawn.

So, he played the game.

Ever played a role so well, you became the thing you played as?

It was an important distinction to note that, while the memory of the prince was still blurry, he was sure there was a reason for that... His own, however, was not.

It could be argued that habits and characters are created from memories, and if you carefully scrutinize the life of the reincarnated Rowan, you would find that he had little reasons to fight for those around him.

At the moments before his transmigration, he had given up on life, the future was a bleak prospect, with nothing on his horizon but endless backbreaking work, and of him dying in a small corner, with his corpse probably left to rot for weeks, before the smell drive people to bury what was left.

He really had such a fatalistic mindset, where he saw no satisfaction in life, but Rowan accepted this part of him. He did not deny his warped worldview or hypocritically claim he was perfect when he was not.

Not only that, but he simply made a list—Called it, The List of Glass. Inside he kept all the sh\*t that would break his spirit, he kept all his pains and suffering and just... continued with life.

He had been hurt terribly, physically and emotionally, he had been broken, betrayed, and he just kept it inside the list. Every day, he would arise at the break of dawn and continue with his existence until the sunset.

He did not complain or argue with the card life had dealt him, he had tried that before, and it did not work, complaints only brought him pain, so he just kept carrying on as best as he could, and as far as he knew, it was him against the world, either he breaks or the world does.

His memory returned to the moment he unlocked the Ouroboros Bloodline, the vision of an Empyrean tearing apart a planet, and although he did not admit it then, he suspected it was his world.

could only create a Record for something intrinsically connected with the life of its host, or in his case, the death of its host.

So, in a manner of speaking, his previous world broke first before Rowan did.

This strange world would not break Rowan, and so, with the tiny snippets of information he gathered, he began building a mental folder of those times when he felt he was not in control of himself, and as his spirit increased it became easier for him to spot and understand those moments.

He played along, and slowly came to become the role he was playing, and he would have fallen off, if not for his weird soul which kept him in balance.

The first time the Third Prince held him, and he began to cry, he had felt the leash around his neck, when he awoke and Maeve told him about the world of Dominators, he had felt the leash tighten, when the infestation of the Abominations started, it tightened again....

When he was given the Axe...

The hopeful cries of the people...

Maeve's care and devotion...

The valiant spirit shown by those who had lost so much...

The Sigils he came to discover did not affect just him, although he was the primary candidate, it also affected the people inside the Nexus in various degrees, it could create within a realistic sensation or emotion that it was difficult to tell the difference between what it fed to you and what was your true self.

It was as if everyone inside the Nexus was a puppet, with most not aware that they were dancing on a puppet string. But these were real people with real emotions and no matter how distorted their beliefs had been channeled to uphold the agenda of the wicked, it does not take away from their sacrifice.

Although he could not tell if their every action was done willingly, he would accept their care, he would be a hypocrite if he could enjoy the benefits of their goodwill, while spitting on their faces.

Even as a powerful Empyrean, it was an uphill battle to isolate his true feelings from the influence of the Sigil, talk less the mortals.

Reaching the blue stone, he nudged it with his leg, turning it over to reveal the rupture. The weight was lighter than he thought it would be.

The fumes it released made him gag, it was so strong that he knew it would be poison for any mortal or first Circle Dominator.

Rowan felt a constant tingling all over his body, and understood it was because he was rapidly healing from whatever toxic substance that this broken stone was giving out.

Something inside the stone was quivering and pulsing. There was life inside of it!

Rowan bent and seized the edges that were cracked open by the fall and pulled outward, barely holding back the intense sensation of nausea. This was not just a physical sensation, the smell was like a rot that could stain your soul, something utterly disgusting was inside this stone.

Looking closer, the stone looks more like an egg. And the yellow fluid draining out resembled the yolk. He applied more pressure and the crack slowly extended.

When the crack was wide enough, something slimy flowed out of the stone, covered by a yellow husk. The pulsing was coming from inside the husk. Rowan could not help but notice that the husk resembled a cocoon covered with pus.

A feeling of dread came over him, knowing that this feeling was coming from the Sigil, but it was still so intense he felt like he was the one feeling it.

Tired of this game, he shook his body and the sensation broke around him and flowed away. With the passing sensation came the faint feeling of intense hunger from in his chest.

Rowan touched his chest, was sensing something it needed inside this cocoon. The other end of the Sigil was buried inside it.

The pulsation from the cocoon increased as if it had sensed the desires from , and a noxious stench of fear and malice radiated from the cocoon in unending streams.

In a moment, it filled the entire temple and the yellow crystal that brought light inside the temple began to dim and die out. The crystal cracked in pieces and fell.

The moment they cracked and fell apart, they released a blinding silver glow, which made Rowan recognize that these crystals were Ellium. A rare stone that grows in clouds, they drew their light from the stars, and they glowed with a bright light for centuries.

Poets and lovers used it as a symbol of love, for Ellium would glow forever unless they were plucked from the cloud, and yet their light would still abide for centuries. Until the moment they gave out their last light, it would never dim.

Rowan was fully aware of the tales and lies that could be woven from something like that. It checked all the boxes for sappy nonsense.

Yet, their lights were never supposed to dull, only quench. But the darkness and corruption of whatever was inside the cocoon had dimmed that light, and finally, it was killing it.

Watching the dust of the falling Ellium shards, Rowan clenched his fist. Darkness began to cover the entire temple.

The falling shards are almost like a premonition.

The last light went out, leaving Rowan and his Serpents behind with the dull throbbing of whatever was living inside the cocoon.

## **Chapter 115: Clash of Titans (4)**

This darkness was similar to the one he first encountered inside the Control Hub. No, this was worse because he was directly in front of its origin.

The pulsating mass in front of him seemed to be one with darkness, and its presence had drained all light from the world. It was total darkness that was akin to black tar, it actively prohibited all light, leaving only a void, empty of all but... Evil!

What else would you call darkness that seemed to glory in pain and despair? The screams that were coming from the Sigils were silent because the darkness was consuming them.

Inside this darkness made him feel like he was inside the jaws of a foul beast, and instead of eating him, it was tasting his fear, sucking them down and relishing every drop.

But Rowan was not the same man he once was, his heart was also empty like the void, but where this darkness was filled with wickedness, despair, lamentations and foulness, his void was just deep, possessing an unfathomable depth beyond reason. The darkness could only taste the fear from the Sigils, not him.

Rowan willed it, and released Bone Rot. A tongue of green flame appeared on his palm, and he slowly fed essence to the flame, making it grow and expand.

He almost had to push the flames with his will before it would grow, for the darkness was refusing any light to pass through, but what Rowan had in abundance was essence, his vitality was an unquenchable torch.

It was not a matter of if the flame could burn the darkness, for him, it was only how much vitality was needed.

With every growth in his bloodline, Rowan always had to reevaluate his baseline, when he was a mortal, releasing all his vitality was equal to maybe half a percent of his current life-force. His Constitution had increased thousands of times over, and it showed in his ever-increasing essence store.

Throughout his fights, even with Augustus, he had never gone beyond twenty percent of his essence being released at once, there were two reasons for that, the first was that he mostly released his essence from his hands into his weapon or technique, so he only had to release the essence generated in his arms alone.

The second reason was that he lacked control over his essence. If he were to release all his essence at once, it would be like a flood, it would escape from every spot in his body in an uncontrollable manner, it would serve no purpose.

This also affected his magical techniques too, like the flames, but they were easier to manage because unlike pushing his essence through his body, he only had to funnel his essence to the magical technique inside his Spirit.

Technically, he should have no drawbacks in releasing all his essence into a particular technique, but he was held back by his Spirit, he could unleash all the vitality in the world but if his Spirit could not handle the strain, it would harmlessly scatter the technique.

If he wanted to reach his full potential, then he must be able to unleash all of his essence in a controlled manner, it would instantly multiply his might to an unknown degree, but that was something for the future.

Rowan began pouring vitality into Bone Rot, and the flame responded with a growing whoosh, the darkness could no longer press down on the flames, and it began to brighten and grew even larger.

When the flames were at least six feet across and large as a cow, he released it, and guided it with his Spirit, the bright flames went above him, releasing emerald light that pushed back the darkness.

The light revealed the two heads of the Ouroboros Serpents behind him, they were on his right and left, and their heads were so enormous, only a small portion of their snouts could be clearly seen, and their massive eyes glowing through the darkness.

The green flame also revealed the cocoon, which was releasing a constant stream of darkness, most likely it was a defensive mechanism against him.

Rowan released another ball of green flames and hovered it directly above the cocoon, he used a single finger to press against the cocoon, it was cold and slimy, and was not too tough.

Although going by Rowan's present standard of toughness, this cocoon was tougher than a sheet of stainless steel. Taking his finger away, the darkness and cold lingered on it, before his burning vitality dispersed it.

Bringing up the Axe, Rowan slashed down, and a man wrapped in a fetal position slid out of the cocoon. The skin of the man was chalk white, and there was no visible hair on his head, eyes, or skin. His eyes were closed and unsettling enough, when he breathed, his chest did not move, only his stomach.

He had no belly button as a spectral cord of darkness was attached to it, that soon dispersed as Rowan tore through the cocoon, this detail struck him as vitally important

On his hands and toes were black nails shaped like claws that seemed to drink in darkness, and underneath his eyelids there seemed to be an orb radiating darkness, for slivers of black glow escaped his closed eye.

Rowan nearly knelt in pain, as was pounding itself against his Spirit, it yearned to collect something from this individual.

Wait a minute... Rowan froze, as he pushed the head of the man to the side, so he could properly expose his facial features.

The face was pale and smooth like an egg, and it was devoid of any facial hair, it had a high cheekbone and a strong jaw line, all its features put together was the face of Rowan.

Why was a clone of him here? Although it contained some inhuman features, it was still him. Perhaps this could answer his question about how he saw so many bodies inside that room that had his face, but were not him.

He was sure that if he checked those bodies, they wouldn't have any belly buttons, could this be the reason his vitality was so weak when he awoke? That meant his essence was previously drained to create clones to test the effects of the Singularity on them.

Rowan once thought about the reason he was chosen to undergo what was most likely a very rigorous experiment to merge the Singularity with him, knowing he could die at any moment if he was excessively strained. His Constitution was weak, but it did not mean he still lacked life-force.

The most likely method if he thought about it was that they had extracted his essence to create clones of him, that process must be the reason he had regressed to a childlike body.

Rowan did not doubt that they would be able to do something like this, and the reaction of meant that there was something of itself inside this body, which was enough proof.

A quick scan with his perception showed that this body was an exact copy of his previous body, Rowan shaking hands touched the face and the eyes of the man opened; it was green like a blooming field in summer.

The eyes held confusion for a second before recognition set in, and Rowan saw understanding in those eyes. Whatever method was used to create these clones, it also gave them memories, "I... I... run, it's coming...you need to save..."

It struggled to speak, as a tear ran down the side of his eye, but Rowan understood what he meant, he wished for him to escape saving himself.

Rowan nodded at his clone, "It is okay... look at me, I don't need to run anymore, it is time for them to run."

The clone must have recognized something in Rowan's serpentine gaze, and slowly smiled, that was his last expression before the light behind his eyes vanished, and the green eyes went black. His familiar presence was gone, replaced by the darkness, which came to inhabit it.

The creature smiled at him.

## Chapter 116: Clash of Titans (5)

Rowan did not know where his Rage stemmed from, but from the moment when those eyes opened, he had recognized himself, before it was crushed underneath by the darkness, it was like watching himself being killed all over again.

Suddenly, he wanted... needed to kill this thing, who was making a mockery of his body and soul.

His Serpents were forbidden from touching it, he would butcher it with his hands.

He kicked the creature's arms open, exposing the chest as he lifted Envy. With one swift motion, he swung the Great Axe into the chest of the creature.

The Axe was stopped by a raised hand, this creature seemed to have an impressive constitution, but the vibrational force that Envy carried shredded the limbs to mush, leaving black bones, the next blow severed that limb at the elbow, and from the open wound it bled shadow and darkness. But it was still smiling.

The eye of the creature opened wide, and Rowan was beginning to see bits of glowing red runes that reminded him of the hieroglyphics that were inside ; he would not let it unleash any move it was about to make.

Rowan was already swinging Envy again, The Great Axe slamming down with a metallic whine, the creature raised his other arm to block but was not fast enough and Rowan had put an extra oomph behind the blow.

The Axe buried itself into its chest, and although its constitution was high, the chest exploded into gory bits, but Rowan was surprised that the bones beneath were still relatively fine, the Axe had only managed to dig a few inches deep into it.

The bones were like black metal and had tiny spikes all over it, and reminded Rowan of a lesser version of his bones.

Rowan wrenched Envy back with a savage motion. He actively called up the Soul Reaver bloodline to pull out whatever soul was in this creature, but it was futile, for it felt blank... Soulless.

Disregarding that setback, Rowan kept swinging Envy, landing four heavy blows. The Constitution of this creature must be deceptive, or it was currently growing stronger, for Rowan felt he was cutting into a block of metal, its resistance was slowly increasing.

He was aiming for the head, but the creature was slippery. With the limited space it had, it moved its body like a snake, making sure Rowan blows did not connect with the head. The ones that came close were deflected by it, although it lost nearly all the flesh in its remaining arm.

The mouth of the creature opened and closed, as if it was searching for words or remembering how to talk.

It would be a little difficult going for the head, so Rowan went for the next best option, the limbs, and with the next three blows managed to shred off the other arm and a leg at the knee. Reducing the mobility of the creature to near zero.

Rowan was standing over it, and could finally get a clean shot at the head. Although it was tough, it did not seem to have an impressive healing factor, most likely because it was still growing and was not fully developed, so most of its abilities were not yet functional.

The runes in the eyes of the creature became half complete, and it seemed to be creating a book in its eyes, and a sense of danger filled Rowan, he paused for a fraction of a second, and the creature detected that slight misstep.

The shadow brought its only leg up, rearing for a kick, Rowan was already reacting, he moved a little to the side, his motion was just right, and there was no extra wasted movement, he could not afford another blunder.

The leg whistled past him sounding like the Crack of a whip, a blur to the rest of his senses. Rowan poured his essence furiously into Envy and willed the Red flames to cover the Axe Head, and also covered the red flames in a coat of green flames, creating a multi-layer offensive move.

He swung down hard, aiming for the neck, but the Shadow moved like mercury, dodging the blow, which was fine, for Rowan was expecting that motion from it. Envy bit into the shoulder, and instead of Rowan pulling the Axe back, he pressed his weight on it. Pushing all his strength and weight behind it.

The Shadow opened his mouth in a Wordless scream, as it brought back its leg to kick again. This time Rowan did not dodge, he only braced himself, and angled his body so when the blow from the shadow landed it pushed him back, but the motion drove Envy deeper into the chest of the Shadow.

The creature must not have realized it's folly, for he kept lashing out with earth-shattering kicks, pushing Rowan back, mini shockwaves blasting out from the impacts, but Rowan made sure all his weight was on Envy, and every shift backward tore into the creature, the vibration from the weapon acting like an electric saw, slicing through the extremely tough bones of the creature.

The Red and Green flames were burning hard, but did not seem to do much. In Fact, it appeared to be fading. The darkness that poured out from the various cuts on the creature's body was extremely cold. And the darkness had a corrupting effect on the flames, as Rowan noticed a bit of gray fire beginning to flood the flames.

Rowan willed back the flames, there were still mysteries he wished to unearth from them, and he did not wish for the flames to be influenced in a negative manner.

The mindless blow from the creature stopped, it must be aware of the damage it was causing itself, as the blows from it were beginning to weaken.

Envy had nearly cut it in two, and the shadow and darkness pouring out from it was a conflagration. It burst out like a hurricane, and it nearly drove Rowan back, before he steadied himself.

But Rowan had not finished with his attacks, all these while he was being pummeled, even though he had been using the force of the attack to cut the creature in two, what he had been focusing on was his Flames.

He did not only coat his flames around his weapon, but he created other balls of flame and gathered them in his chest, where he began to compress them, and when they became smaller he added more flames, and surprisingly, the blows from the creature assisted this effort.

Every kick from it was like a hammer on a compressed spring. Every blow condensed the flames and Rowan gathered more of it, until his Spirit began to buzz, and it felt as if his head was about to burst.

During the endless compression, the two flames had gone through a weird change and the two easily fused and created a silver flame with a hint of red and green inside of it.

It was impossible to hide the light from the flames again, as it bloomed like a sun in front of Rowan, driving away the darkness and the creature, seeing this light make its first sound, it was a shriek, as its smile ended and Rowan began to see panic in those eyes.

Rowan could not even wrap his spirit properly around this flame for it seemed to burn away its touch, he had created something that was truly destructive by chance.

Although he could not control this flame with his Spirit, it was barely enough to direct its path, and Rowan slammed it into the open wound of the creature.

It was a one-sided fight, and Rowan would have it no other way, he was aware that this creature had the potential of being the most dangerous being inside the Nexus, for it had a growing copy of in its eyes, and Rowan suspected that this was a hidden chess piece that even the General was not aware of.

## Chapter 117: Clash of Titans (final)

The fireball's descent parted the darkness gushing out of the chest of the creature and sunk into its chest, where it disappeared, and then like the dawn of a new day, silver flames erupted from the creature.

It came with so much force that the fire rose up well over three hundred feet. It was a pillar of flames that bore through the ceiling of the temple and drove Rowan back.

The floor around the creature was depressed into a bowl, as the surrounding floor simply evaporated. The shriek from the creature ceased, as the pillar of flames began to lessen.

Suddenly, a figure leapt out of the glowing crater, it was covered in flames and had only a single leg, it landed on that leg and turned to Rowan, and it shrieked again, its lower jaw extended until it fell off, cutting out its screams.

The figure shook and waved the stumps of its arms, as if trying to put out the stubborn flames, it nearly fell before it steadied and tried to run on a single leg.

The creature did not go far, it could only hop five times, each time it landed, pieces of it fell off; it made weird sounds from its throat, as it attempted to jump for the sixth time, but Rowan Axe was waiting for it.

The blow dug deep into its forehead, Rowan silently cursing at the hardness of the bones, but the blow had revealed the hidden darkness inside the head, and it was rapidly consumed by the encroaching silver flames, finally, the creature fell.

The flames slowly began to die down, and Rowan peered down at the burning figure. It was now burnt to charcoal, and all the surface flesh had been turned to ash, except some stubborn patch of muscles, and the exposed bones glowed white-hot.

What was left of it was a glowing skeleton, eyes that were now black holes and pieces of squirming viscera.

Yet, this creature still moved. In its eyes were the growing runes, and they were near eighty percent completion.

Rowan stepped on the Shadow, its movement was weak and slow, but Rowan knew that could change in a heartbeat if the runes in its eyes were completed.

He raised Envy up and swung down on the skull of the creature. Envy dug maybe two inches deep, Rowan forcefully pulled back the weapon, the skull seemingly holding it fast, but with his strength and Envy's vibrational force, he pulled it out.

Rowan was amazed at the tenacity of this creature. It was still fighting. It tried to bring the burnt stumps of its arms and legs to push Rowan off.

BOOM!

BOOM!

BOOM!

Rowan replied to its stubbornness with more blows from Envy, The sounds of the fallen weapon were like thunder. At the seventh blow he had nearly cut the skull in two, that was when he heard a sigh.

"Wait.... My sweet boy!"

Rowan did not pause. "I am not your boy."

Three more blows separated the skull in two. And the dull twang of the Sigils snapping was such a beautiful sound to him.

He felt an unknown weight drop off his Spirit, and he could not help but roar. He had taken the first step towards his freedom, he kept his elation aside as a new sensation struck him, it was of hunger... An intense hunger like nothing he had ever felt before.

It came from an unidentified location inside his body, and it was very infuriating, it was like a phantom pitch he was unable to scratch. He scrubbed through all his consciousness to drag it out of him.

had always existed in a strange state inside his body, neither physical nor ephemeral, he could access it with his Spirit, but he could not necessarily touch it, if not for the tangible benefits he had received from the Singularity, he might have thought it was just a figment of his imagination.

Now, changed its state to a physical form, and Rowan felt its presence more clearly. It felt... Alive!

It was with a rapt fascination that he watched crawl it way out of his chest. An oval opening appeared in his chest and slowly came out.

He did not think it might emerge physically, but he was mistaken. resembled a black book. There were no designs on the cover and judging by the width, it would be a book that contained maybe a hundred pages.

When a portion of it came out of his body, its movement slowed. It appeared was straining to leave his body, he was a little nervous because this was the source of his strength. If he loses this power, how would he be able to survive in this world?

It took a little while before he nearly laughed in a self-deprecating manner, for if he really thought about it, he did not need all that much any longer.

It had already provided him with two Omnipotent bloodlines and as he had already escaped his most trying period, which was his lost lifespan, if he could leave this place, then he could slowly develop his bloodline over the next millennia.

His lifespan even in the Legendary State was 33,000 years, what sort of timescale was that! He would be able to achieve so much in that time frame.

Even if the development of his bloodline increased at a turtle's pace over the next tens of thousands of years, he would soon ascend to the Rift State, in due time, and his lifespan would inevitably increase as well.

He could slowly experiment with Soul Points outside the influence of , it was the stuff of creation after all, and if he was able to master it, he was sure in the upcoming future he would still be mighty even without the direct aid of .

It had already given him the method to fish, why was he still holding tightly to it? If he could understand how to utilize soul points properly without , he would no longer need it.

These thoughts flashed past his mind, and another unexpected shackle in his belief was dispersed.

Rowan eased the pressure he had been subconsciously heaping on the Black Book, and it quickly eased its way out of his chest.

The Book hovered in the air, before floating up to his face and lightly bop Rowan on the nose. Rowan's eyes widened as he felt a slight annoyance mixed with amusement from the Black Book.

It almost felt as if was reprimanding him, he could almost hear an old voice, "Kid, just because you can now crawl, you think you can already outpace me? Let me remind you that a single piece of my chest hair is larger than your thigh!" Or some nonsense like that.

Rowan had felt a slight embarrassment for holding back , and humor was a good way to quell his mind of any negative influence.

began to enlarge as it opened up. It grew so large it nearly touched the ceiling of the temple hundreds of feet above, It flipped through seven pages and then it turned ethereal.

Rowan's eyes were fixed on it, then he was distracted by tiny glowing lights, he looked around and saw light dots emerging from the burnt Corpse of the creature he killed, the red light particles circled the Corpse before coming together into two pages.

These pages were enlarging and shrinking as though it were breathing. When enlarged it resembled a whole book similar to , but the cover was white, and when it shrank down it was just a page with a picture of a quill feather and an open bowl, and the second page held many dense writings.

He felt a mental fluctuation from , "Look Away!"

The two Ouroboros Serpent began to growl as they backed away, for the first time, Rowan felt a new sensation from them, it was a disquietness.

It was not long before Rowan discovered the reason for that, the hovering Primordial Record released a bright red light that struck the two pages, but before the light could touch them...

She was there...

The goddess!

## **Chapter 118: Sight of The Blind**

These series of events happened in a tenth of a second:

Rowan took one look at her and his eyes exploded, he grunted as his body was hurled backwards by a crushing force, and he began to disintegrate, his Ouroboros Serpent wrapped around him, creating a wall of flesh around him.

But soon, the two of them roared in pain, as they slowly turned to ash. This also happened to the two other Serpents outside this place.

The surroundings seemed to shimmer as if they were underwater, and black lightning filled the entire space leaving deep tears in space, and the world groaned and began bleeding Aether.

A sound like the cries of a thousand dying angels filled the air, before silence prevailed.

The moment ended.

The goddess vanished.

But the horror had just begun.

Rowan had only glimpsed the goddess with his vision, but that alone was enough to not only tear his flesh apart, but branded the image in his mind like a virus infecting a cell.

He could not understand the image he saw, only that, its existence inside his mind was corroding all his thoughts and personality. He used his meager spirit to fight back, but it was consumed in a fraction of a second.

His scattered flesh turned into hundreds of giant bats made of gold, and they screeched before turning to dust. His body quickly regenerated only to be scattered to pieces, and those pieces birth different lifeforms that did not live for more than a few seconds.

Rowan's arms exploded, turning into a herd of white and yellow zebras who neighed sorrowfully as they turned to dust, his spine became massive crocodiles dozens of feet long, they also died and it continued endlessly.

His consciousness was under intense pain, and at every passing moment he was inching towards death, as the destruction of his body was not ceasing and his Spirit was being stretched to a breaking point.

The four Ouroboros Serpents were reborn inside his heart, and they all shared the burden, giving him a small chance to gather himself and consider his options.

There was no time, else Rowan would be busy slapping himself. When something as powerful as says to look away, it probably was the wisest option to follow that simple instruction.

He did not think he was being too harsh on himself, he had to become used to making split second decisions without wasting too much time thinking about those decisions.

Of course, could have given him more time, but would his enemies do the same? Besides, he could not be sure if had to do what it did as a matter of urgency.

This was all his fault, and he had to fight to survive through this somehow.

The image of the goddess was only present for an instant before it was dispersed by , and if he had looked away, he would have been safe, but not only did he not just look at the goddess, he had also used his Spatial Sight, branding that image into his Spirit.

The image of the goddess destroying his body was not the problem, as long as he was not vaporized completely by any attack at once, then it was most likely that his regenerative ability would keep up with any deterioration, the issue was his Spirit.

He had no defense on his Spirit, and it did not share the same robustness as his flesh, and yet it had been repeatedly destroyed, it was only his powerful vitality that continuously fed his Spirit that allowed him to hold out.

He had no method to even visualize his Spirit, so he could not properly mount any defense, the only thing he could perceive was a vast consciousness that resembled a blank face.

It was larger than the sun, and every moment that face was covering his entire introspection and he could barely put two thoughts together. The blank face kept pushing out more and more of himself, until he could barely scream.

He kept his last thought process under tight guard, and began brainstorming on how he could survive this disaster, even as this last bastion inside his mind began to crumble.

The first option he thought about was to allow himself to die, but after thinking about it, he knew that would be a bad option, when his Spirit was first infiltrated by the wisp of the Primordial Keepers, even though he had died twice it did not reduce the effect of their gaze.

He could only ride out this Storm. Even currently, Rowan refused to enhance his Soul Reaver bloodline, in his panic he would rather not jump out of the frying pan and into the fire.

He may be able to suppress the image of the goddess in his mind if he upgraded that bloodline, but it might open a doorway to greater access to the Keepers.

Deciding to stick to what had been giving him a limited chance against this mental invasion, he pushed the last Soul point into Ouroboros, if Rowan were fully conscious, he would have been amazed that he was able to bypass and use the Soul points he had to grow his bloodline.

His usage was crude however, and although he thought he used a single point, the truth was that with the efficiency of , he wasted more than a thousand points for the price of one.

It was impossible for him to control Soul Point and channel it as effectively as , but he had made the first step in accomplishing this process, and it might just be the silver lining in this entire disaster.

The process by which the goddess corrupted his Spirit placed him in a unique state that would be extremely hard to replicate as he grew stronger, there was something's you had to experience at a certain time because even if he faced a similar occurrence later on, it was impossible to tell if it would give him the same result.

His fifth heart bloomed, and under the constant corrosion of the goddess image on his body, his Ouroboros bloodline was stimulated, and the hearts grew faster, with the remaining four serpents sacrificing themselves, so they could quickly feed the fifth heart.

Outside his body was a scene of madness, mountainous piles of ash flooded the temple from the creatures that were created from his body, Rowan had unconsciously protected his head, and everything below that was in chaos.

He must have created millions of various creatures by now, and only the grace of his unending vitality kept him sane and barely alive. His body would repeatedly explode, creating giant spiders, worms, goats, birds, fishes, toads, all kinds of known and unknown creatures were birthed by his body, although they did not survive for more than a few seconds, their deaths left piles of ash behind.

Rowan's fifth heart completed its evolution in record time and the fifth Ouroboros Serpent was born, and his birth triggered the evolution of the rest of the four Serpents.

Inside the five voids in his chest, an intense change was happening to all his Serpents. The bumps along the ridges of their spine exploded and sharpened spikes grew out, all the way until their tails, and extra rows of teeth were created, and their size began to balloon once more.

They began feeding their vitality into Rowan's body, and he began to glow like the sun. His vitality increased until it began to burn the air. His eyes opened and lightning shot out from them, up until four feet.

The Terrifying blank face remained in his consciousness, but it could no longer grow.

The destruction of Rowan's body slowly ceased, and his body began to recover.

## **Chapter 119: Sight of The Blind (2)**

Rowan was on his knees, while he accessed his body condition, his evolution had stopped his uncontrolled mutation. Yet, it had not ceased. He had been able to create a delicate balance inside his body.

He was on a knives edge, and his teeming vitality was working overtime to keep his body in balance.

Nevertheless, he had never felt so weak. His body had kept his degeneration in check, but he had paid for it. It did not take long to realize that he would not be able to unleash his Serpents, as they were the only thing keeping his body in balance, and still feeding him the minor bits of energy for him to function.

If you were to scrutinize Rowan's body on a cellular level, you would discover his cells breaking apart only to be fused back together repeatedly, it was like a video stuck in a loop.

Rowan had a new budding heart inside his chest, so he was aware that if he evolved one more time, he should be able to push back whatever influence was attached to his body.

The previous situation still sent chills down his spine. Rowan was aware that with his Empyrean bloodline, he would soon draw the attention of the gods; that was already a foregone concept, but he felt he might have a little more time before he began touching that realm.

He had nearly died just viewing one of the gods for a fraction of a second, and he knew her gaze had not been directed towards him, as he detected no malice. He had not even been registered as a threat, he was just a dust by the side.

It had been a confrontation between her and , and he had not even caught a glimpse of the fight, just seeing one of the combatants was enough to kill him.

If this was the true mastermind behind the Nexus, then he had his job cut out for him, if this so-called Order of The Broken Eye had a god overseeing their operations, it was bad news for the current him.

has really spoiled him, previously he was able to view gods and Empyrean whenever he accepted a bloodline, it had placed him in a position where he could easily see them.

Maybe because he had seen such grand sights with the visions granted by , that he took for granted the power of these powerhouses.

The Black Book must have filtered everything it showed him, until Rowan's tiny mind could understand them, and he had underestimated what it truly meant to be a god.

He was grateful that the goddess's gaze was not truly directed at him, but towards , he was not so arrogant in his abilities that he thought he could challenge a god even with his potential.

Although he had lucky encounters that increased his strength, it should not be easily forgotten that he had lived less than two weeks in this world. Rowan believed that if he was able to safely develop, then in a year or two, he would be able to challenge a god.

In a decade, he would be able to slaughter all of them!

Rowan now had a weird mental space where a blank face filled up eighty percent of it, circling the mental space were various Runes that resembled tiny fireflies.

He identified those Runes as the magical abilities he had, like Flesh Light, Bone Fire, Spatial Sight, and Berserker.

Each rune was distinct with varying complexities in their makeup and colors, with the Berserker Rune having six nodes connected to it, Rowan inferred it must be the various techniques associated with that Aspect.

Rowan was astonished with this new development, was this not a mental space that should only be available at the Rift State and above?

At the bottom of the mental space was a small patch of golden mist, this should be his Spiritual Essence that represented his Spirit value.

Although this blank face had opened up his mental state in advance, it was not necessarily a good thing for him, as he had no ability to wield Aether and control his Mental space, so this mental space was useless to him.

Plus, he had no idea how to remove this massive face from his Mental Space, and even though he had repeatedly inspected it with his perception, and discovered that it was like a blank canvas, it was still extremely uncomfortable to have something like that existing in his head.

He was distracted from his introspection by a dull palpitation in the air, and he looked up to see accepting the two floating pages.

They fluttered in the air, before drifting to floating above, it settled right before the seventh page. The two previous pages on were like phantoms that faded away, allowing these new pages to merge seamlessly into it.

The black Book flashed with a red glow, and the cover of began to fill up with words, and to Rowan's shock, he could not understand them, it flashed again and the words disappeared. Rowan inexplicably felt a feeling of loss.

His hand was held up in front of him, as if trying to grasp something that was not there. He closed his eyes and tried to remember what he saw, but his mind was a basket full of holes and that memory was water. He could not hold anything back.

With his Decipher Language passive skill, he had thought he could read every language in creation. Either the language was still higher than the skill or it was not a language at all, yet it had felt like words.

He suppressed the melancholy mood that came over him, if could give him access to Empyrean Pathways, that meant the secrets that it contained should surpass what his mind can hold at the moment.

He did not believe that this was the last time he would come in contact with those words, and when that time came, he would be ready.

trembled shut and zoomed back into Rowan's chest.

Rowan immediately noticed that the two other Sigils bounding s began to fade, and with his Sight, he could see tiny pieces of the Sigils being worn off, but judging by the complexities of the Sigils, it would take centuries before this process was completed.

This was an extremely great development! As Rowan knew, he would never truly be free unless he cut out every string bounding him. His greatest enemy, as always, was time.

The two other strands of Sigils penetrated the roof of the devastated temple and disappeared far into the horizons, and where they led to, he did not know, but they were most likely connected to those corrupted clones of himself.

Rowan intended to hunt them down and destroy them, he would never allow any parts of himself to be used and manipulated any longer.

Recovering the first two pages of had appeared to tip the scale in his favor, but he knew the true test had just begun, and he may end up being the enemy of the entire planet, yet such a challenge in the future made his blood tremble in anticipation.

First, he had to view all the changes that had happened to him over the last few hours, no doubt it would be monumental.

P

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength : 3/ 2797

Agility : 5/ 2716

Constitution : 15/4390

Spirit : 1/ 585.8

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)

Flesh Light — Level 2

Bone Fire — Level 2

Passive : Decipher language (complete), Ice–Fire soul (level 6)

Records:

FIVE [CHAOS BLOOD]- level 2 [10,000/15,000]

REAYER – level 0 [0/5000]

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [5/5]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One – 865,225,788/1,000,000,000

Engine Two – 1,897,645/1,000,000,000

Engine Three– 458,001,876/1,000,000,000

Engine Four – 1,767,665/1,000,000,000

Engine Five – 0/1,000,000,000

Rift Rule: Absolute Body [Locked]

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Path Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Active Skill Upgraded: Flesh Light [(level 2) Spirit +100. Constitution +40. Strength +30]

Active Skill Upgraded: Bone Fire[(level 2) Spirit +50. Constitution +100]

Condemned: Flesh of Madness (Suppressed)

Soul Point :1,890.4566

Remark: Nascent Titan

## Chapter 120: Sight of The Blind (3)

Rowan paused as he scrutinized his abysmal condition, he had severely underestimated the damage done to him, even though his bloodline had suppressed the curse, the effects were still apparent.

According to , he had been condemned by the goddess with the Flesh of Madness. He was at the edge of death at the moment.

Frankly, he was used to situations like this, and he had been in worse positions before, it was just a matter of finding the knot to this particular problem and loosening it.

His mental state was far from what it was previously, and he was able to push past obstacles without wasting time lamenting his poor fate.

Rowan peered around him, the limited scope of his senses showed him the massive mounds of ash surrounding him, and he clenched his teeth in stubbornness.

He would beat this!

Groaning aloud, he stood up from the floor, he was close to the Warding Room, and he could see at the end of the temple a considerable gash that led to that chamber.

Recall that there were three passages leading deep into the earth, the temples were located on the right and left passage, while the Warding Room was in the middle.

When both temples merged, the location of the Warding Room was shifted towards the bottom of this chamber.

He had to escape the Nexus now, else if the General or Lamia knew of his state of weakness, they would descend on him faster than he could blink.

He had no method to properly inspect his surroundings and track the whereabouts of those two, he did not know about the General, but he was sure that Lamia would be able to tell that the goddess had been here for a moment.

This should slow her down, and she would reconsider placing her senses to investigate whatever was happening down here, but he did not expect that to hold true for long.

He should escape as quickly as possible, before her yellow eyes turned to this place, he expected the General to be running for his life, but since he claimed that the individual he fought was his clone, he might commit reckless actions.

He slowly began walking towards the large crack, which was not there by chance, he had instructed one of the Serpents to tear a path to the Warding Room in expectation of his exit.

His encounter with the goddess had placed a roadblock to his goals, but he was thankful he had the foresight to open the path to his escape in advance.

He did not particularly care for the promises he made to the people left behind in the manor, if he could save them without any problems, he would do so, now he had to focus on saving himself first.

It was not that he became heartless, but his decisions to protect those people were not entirely his own. He hardly understood how this world works or how he would be able to survive in it. It would be impossible to bring along a number of people with him, he would not be able to protect them.

Most importantly, they were also under the yoke of the Sigils, he was sure most of them did not make every decision with their clear mind, after all, they were all puppets in this mad exhibition.

Yes, he would abandon them. Did that make him as bad as his father and everyone who was responsible for this project? Most definitely.

He had made a promise and he was breaking it. Rowan could give as many fanciful excuses as he wanted, but he would never be a hypocrite.

He would leave them behind so he could survive. The only promise he could give them, was that he would avenge them. Although Rowan thought that vengeance was useless to the dead, and was just an excuse made by the living to feel good about themselves, that was the thought process of his previous life.

In this world, existence was more fluid than just the divisions between the living and the dead. Someday he would find their souls and let them judge him.

His mind was teeming with thoughts on his current predicaments, he had planned to kill Lamia and the General next, but those plans had to be shifted, he was now the one in danger.

Checking his available Soul points, it would not be enough to bring him to his next evolution, which was the peak of the Legendary State, but maybe it would be enough to grow his attributes to the point where he was not as weak as a mortal.

Except leaving ten points behind, he basically pushed everything into his Ouroboros Bloodline, he shuddered as his steps became steady and his energy rose. The boost in power was greater than he expected, it was enough to ensure his survival to an extent.

He called up to review the details of his upgrades, was it his imagination or was the process clearly faster? The Black Book seemed to be pushing itself towards him.

P

Name: Rowan Kuranes

Age: 11/33,000

Strength :100/ 3170

Agility :100/ 3089

Constitution : 500/4948

Spirit :585.8

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)

Flesh Light — Level 2

Bone Fire — Level 2

Passive : Decipher language (complete), Ice–Fire soul (level 6)

Records:

FIVE [CHAOS BLOOD]- level 2 [11,180/15,000]

REAVES – level 0 [0/5000]

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [5/5]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One – 865,225,788/1,000,000,000

Engine Two – 1,897,645/1,000,000,000

Engine Three–458,001,876/1,000,000,000

Engine Four – 1,767,665/1,000,000,000

Engine Five – 0/1,000,000,000

Rift Rule: Absolute Body [Locked]

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Path Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Condemned: Flesh of Madness (Suppressed)

Soul Point :10.8764

Remark: Nascent Titan

He basically had the attributes of a normal Peak Legendary State Dominator except for his Spirit that had been fully unlocked, which was a shame because it was his least used stats.

At the least he could now function with a degree of competency, maybe enough to bluff his enemies before he recovered, but he could not release any of his Serpents yet.

He called up a tongue of Bone Fire to light up the area, and something weird happened inside his Mental Space. Rowan paused for a while before moving on.

He bent down to pick up Envy, the intense vibration from the weapon felt nice, as it seemed to loosen his stiff body and made his blood flowed faster.

Rowan walked to the warding room while focusing on , in addition to the new pages he had received, it was necessary to review his recent Stats and how he was to proceed.

He suddenly felt the airflow change, and Rowan leaped forward and dodged a thick chunk of rock that fell from above.

It was the start of a series of tremors that rocked the entire area. The Nexus was beginning to collapse.

Rowan might have been too enthusiastic in consuming all the energy inside the Nexus, for he had turned it into a beehive and a little nudge would be all it would take to collapse the entire Nexus.

Well, with the appearance of a goddess, he was sure it was the final stroke that would break the delicate balance inside, and the Nexus was collapsing on him.

Rowan picked up the pace and began to run, his Spirit guiding him, so he could move more efficiently, he did not have the Stats to muscle through every barrier in his path.

Reaching the Warding Room, his Spatial Sight zoomed across the dark enclosure that was beginning to grow cracks all over the floors and the walls to the end where a yellow portal was swirling.

The Exit.