

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 41: The Last of Me (5)

The fog had thinned to nothingness, and Rowan was surprised that daybreak had arrived. It did not seem so long ago when the sun rose yesterday, a full day had been consumed by the chaos and despair.

He had experienced so much, yet he could close his eyes... and easily remember when he was a miner digging through the earth or he when he was a frail Noble brat, who buried his head in books and dreams. Now in less than a week. He had become something different.

In less than a week, he had seen death and suffering far more than he could have ever imagined. He had killed and killed. This should have been a terrible dream, but he was awake and aware of all of it. So, what does that make reality but a nightmare.

What would he have to become to survive this reality? What atrocities was he willing to commit? What sacrifices was he willing to make?

Again that words came forth, unbidden, from his mind, "I thought I was a man, but I am nothing but char and cinders."

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Rowan finally approached the heavy gates of his manor, it was a draw bridge which dropped over a small mot filled with Azythin, a nasty material that corrodes flesh and bones.

They arrive to the cheering and weeping of the manor's staff, who saw the techniques Rowan had unleashed from a distance and heard the screams from the town. They had all shaken in fear.

The relief when they had felt seeing the arriving crowd was palpable, since most of them had families from the town, and they were distraught at the fate of their loved ones.

Rowan saw hopeful faces, that soon scrunched up in sorrow and disbelief at the sparse crowd behind him, he had done all he could, yet he still felt shame.

But he was amazed at the tenacity of these people. At the start of the day, this town was breathing and thriving. Well over three thousand people made this place home. Now what was left numbered no more than one hundred and twenty.

If Rowan did not fully understand the reality of this world. Now he did. Death came for all, but in this world, death was a malicious and relentless wave washing over the shore. The people were like loose sand, and with every wave, more of them were dragged to the cold darkness. Inevitable and unrelenting, it would never stop until it consumes all.

Then he saw something amazing that drove the darkness away from his thoughts. These people understood their helpless stance in this world, yet they kept on pushing for a better day, he had never seen strength like this.

Rowan saw them bracing themselves and picking their grief and placing them aside. Without the threat of immediate demise, they hugged their neighbors and comforted the children.

He saw Purdue the Dark Priest, his face drawn and tired. Yet, his voice of consolation and comfort was strong. Purdue caught his gaze and Rowan nodded at him, he returned the gesture.

He saw faces he knew from his memories, and those he knew from the souls he kept. In a manner, he knows everyone here deeply.

Rowan watches as a semblance of calm comes over the people. He watched the horror and the nightmare slowly pull away from their Visage.

But you only had to look beneath the surface, and you would catch a glimpse into eyes that held only pain but shielded by a strength borne from love. They did not complain over what was lost, but instead strove to protect what was left.

Seeing all these. Rowan wept. He was thankful for his shell, for he was sure his face presently would make babies cry. And in a weird way, tears were a form of release.

Why should he complain about the darkness and his loss? He was far more powerful than these people, but in their own way, they were all stronger than him, like an unyielding grass, they bend but they do not break and even if they are cut down and burnt, from the ashes they would make themselves new.

He had much to learn from them, for even in his plight, he still had much to give thanks for. Not only that, but he had already lost if he let despair win.

The butlers called to round up the people, for he was going to distribute them in the hall beside the manor, but Rowan stopped him.

He cleared his throat and addressed the gathered people, surprised at how effortlessly he switched to the role of prince, another stark reminder of how different he had become, not only his body had changed, his mind as well.

He was born to Nobility, and in this world that title meant something entirely different from the norm. It was not just a difference in social class or in the way of thinking. They could as well be a different species from the rest of humanity.

Rowan was not convinced that this made them better than regular humans, he could even argue that it worsened them in certain aspects. To him, sentience was a watershed. Any creature that had sentience had to be placed in the same category, and none was superior to the other.

So, even if he had the blood of gods running in his veins, he was not superior to humans, he was glad that the prince all through his life never drew himself away from humanity.

With that in mind, this world believed in might, and whoever had the bigger fist, would rule.

Although these sentiments were for good reasons. Gods and fantastical beings walked the land, and some of them were not virtuous. Many were downright evil, and humanity as a whole would suffer if it did not have capable leaders and guardians.

Rowan felt that Nobles began as that—Guardians. And as with all things that power touches, it tends to change and not always for the better. Nobles were no longer Guardians but became Rulers and Tyrant.

All his entire life he had been told that the blood of a Noble is more precious than the lives of ten thousand men.

The actions of these few here begged to differ.

The bravery and tenacity of these people was remarkable to him, and so he needed to give back to these people who had shown him a path from despair.

That was what he told them, as they all gathered before him in silence.

He could not promise them salvation, every path to that sweet release had been blocked, escape by land or water had been denied to them.

He was unable to promise them victory, for even he himself did not know the hour he would die, only that it was soon, and he feared he was not strong enough to face their foes...

Yet, he could tell them...

"When I was given the keys to these land to make it my own. I despaired. I questioned the decision of my family. Why should I leave the Magnificent Capital and go live at the end of nowhere? To live with people who have not seen a different scenery their entire

life? What could they teach me? They had no grand tale or ballads. The gods had never deemed it fit to walk their land, or dine in their halls."

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"I said to my family: They had no sense of fashion. No reputable arts or craft, they were not even wealthy. The tax they paid... pittance."

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The crowd began to shift, yet the tone of Rowan's voice held them, even the children went silent,

"Nevertheless I did come to your land, with hopes that I could see some redeeming quality. Something to stir my spirit."

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"What I saw was worse. Your farmlands were more rock than land. You hunt for meat where Demons and Mutants rove. Your rains were storms, and your ports are never peaceful."

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"Yet, day after day, I watched you create miracles out of suffering. You broke the land. You tame your waters. Each one of you left me in awe. You made me aware that it was me who was unworthy of these lands and of its people, and ever since that moment, I had fought to gain her acceptance... And I have failed."

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## **Chapter 42: The Last of Me (6)**

Rowan paused for a while and looked at the faces that watched him in rapt attention, "An unspeakable evil came to you like a thief at night. It is called an Abomination. Some of you may have heard whispers of this horror. But every one of you saw its fangs and bear its wounds. I cannot begin to imagine your loss and the pain you have felt. So with my bloodline as a descendant of the gods, this is what I promise you."

Rowan raised the Axe up in the air and let his Vitality flood the weapon, it began to let out a deep vibration that shook the bones of everyone gathered here, their bodies seemed to be filling with energy as the light from the Axe made their eyes glow like stars "I will destroy the monsters that brought you pain, every last one of them. We shall

bathe in their screams and I shall bring their skulls to you, and we shall drink wine from them, and from it bones we shall build an epitaph. For our fallen!"

"FOR OUR FALLEN!!!!" The roar that answered Rowan was primal and raw. He had managed to turn the helplessness and the fear of these people into rage.

He turned his faceless face to the butler, " Make sure my people lack no comfort. My home is theirs. Give them every comfort we can afford, including from my personal stocks. I do not require those anymore"

Rowan turned and left, his steps were heavy, and his people bowed to him, as he walked by. Maeve followed behind him.

His mind dwelled inside his Record, as he could not wait to settle down and dig into his paths to power. With the number of souls he just harvested, he could take the next step forward.

He could feel the ticking of the clock and the weight of expectations.

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The Third prince sat by the bed of a dying woman, while he stroked her white hair, her wrinkled skin conveyed old age, and she let out deep coughs that rattled out of her bony chest accompanied by painful spasms.

When she spat out phlegm with blood specks, the Third prince gently cleaned her mouth and spoke soft words to her to ease her suffering, for it was clear she was in her final moments.

When the spate of coughing ended, she looked at the Third prince with confusion in her eyes, she opened her mouth to speak, and her voice, even though it was shadowed by age, was still clear.

"I know that I have asked you the same question, a thousand times before, and I implore you for your compassion, at the least let me die knowing the reason for my torment!"

The Third prince looked at her with a warm smile, his chubby countenance made him appear harmless, and his smile reminded one of the goodness inherent in the heart of men.

Yet, that smile... That smile had given her nightmares since the time of her birth. He had been there from the moment she was born, she heard from her people that he started with her parents, he slowly skinned them alive and let them live in agony for months before he killed them.

She had suckled from her weeping mother's skinless breasts for the first three months of her life. His powers kept them aware and sane, he left soon after with a warning to the village head, for her to be taken care of.

Every year after that he returned, and he caused malfeasance, sometimes the pranks were harmless, like shaving her bald or flooding her home with urine, but other times they were diabolical.

When she was thirteen, she had woken up with the decapitated heads of half the women in the village, stacked as her bed, their hair as her blanket and their tongues as her pillow. She had screamed for hours until she lost her voice and nearly went insane. She was thirteen that year, but her nightmare never lessened, it got worse...

Not only that, but she had married, eight times in her lifetime, and after she got pregnant, he would kill the child and husband and make her live with their corpse for days on end...

Decades after decades of torture, of course she had tried killing herself, but she would wake with everybody in her village slaughtered, and then she would be sent to another village... After trying to kill herself three more times... She stopped, for she knew he would not let her die, and it would only result in the death of countless people.

Here she lay dying and, like a vulture, he sat beside her, watching her last breaths escape from her lungs, and savoring her despair and confusion.

"You are ninety-five years old today. Yet, do you know how old I am?"

She looked at him perplexed, and the Third prince sighed.

He was about to speak, when the shadows behind him swirled and a hooded figure came through it.

"The General has been restless, every third ping on my Hearthstone is from him, we need to throw him a bone, else we risk losing his support." The voice of the hooded figure was low with a hint of annoyance...

The Third prince's gaze never left the face of the dying woman, "Then let him play." He said, "Give him the keys to the test tubes and let him fiddle with them until he is satisfied."

"No way. I won't let that brute enter my Nexus."

The Third prince proceeded to rub his brows in irritation, "Then let him send a couple of men inside, there is already a stationed garrison inside the Nexus that he thinks is hidden. It's cute how he thinks he is so smart. He can be petty, so don't give him an excuse to use them."

"Only with our supervision, and he won't be given direct access, only the shielding of his men equipment is allowed." The hooded figure paused, "And how did he gain access to the Nexus and was able to conceal those soldiers within? Did you help him?"

Raising his hands in noticeable concession, the Third prince said, "Give the man some slack after all, he can figure his way to his rear end given enough time. I got frustrated at his attempts at subterfuge... I just had to give him something"

The hooded figure muttered a series of expletives under his breath, before he brought out a Rune Stone which the series of events happening in Calcutta was displayed.

"There has been a series of developments that I find particularly interesting. Your brat... His growth has been spectacular, and this unknown bloodline more so."

"Is that so? Now that is something I would want to see." The elderly woman began a new round of coughing, and the Third prince absently patted her head like a dog.

They both began to watch everything that had transpired in the manor, when Rowan killed the Demon, they apparently thought it was normal, but then, he left the corpse behind, the Third Prince scratched his head, "Wasn't the singularity supposed to influence him to eat the flesh of the Demon?"

"That function was, er... suppressed." The hooded figure said, "The Holy Mother demands it."

"Now, that's a little surprising. Seeing as without the flesh of Demons and Abomination, he would not be able to grow. Do you no longer require that data?" The Third prince spat in annoyance.

"Before you get aggravated, I hope that you understand without her intervention we have nothing substantial, and besides he is a failed subject, his lifespan should be lesser than a decade, and the only use for him is to test the viability of the plan. We do have better candidates."

"Like you, I suppose."

"Well... I won't say that exactly, I prefer a hands-off approach to matters like this. Er... I just want to gather data for my projects... Nothing more."

The Third Prince sniffed and turned away, continuing to watch the events taking place. He was silent until the moment Rowan manifested his shell, strangely they could not detect the presence of the creature that put together the shell for Rowan only it's sudden creation and Rowan's activation of Soul Seizer was also missing, the recording seemed to skip ahead, without none of them being the wiser.

## Chapter 43: The Last of Me (7)

Yet, the mystical shell that appeared, was enough to draw their attention. The eyes of the Third Prince lit up, as his pupils began to glow red, "What sort of bloodline is that? Even through the distance of space, I can feel its antiquity. I have never seen the sort. Rowan has Kuran's blood, no matter how thin it was, yet this new bloodline stripped away every last strand of it. Can you even begin to understand how difficult that is supposed to be? That old hag made sure to imprint herself in every drop of our blood."

The hooded figure choked and coughed, looking around in fear, but he soon settled and answered with an aggravated tone, "I have no idea, but the Singularity is supposed to draw a bloodline intrinsically linked to its host. Do you by chance have Dragon blood in the Kuran's line?"

"How do you expect me to know, some of my ancestors bred like rabbits and were famous for never keeping their third sword encased or their deep caves dry. We could as well have a bloodline connections to even insects."

"Well, that solves our conjectures, doesn't it? The Singularity can access bloodlines from outside the sphere of the gods. Every single user had a new bloodline or an upgrade of their existing bloodline. I have a theory that every single powerful bloodline that exists outside the seven could be traced back to it. But that's not the best part. Keep watching."

They watched the egg shrink and also Rowan discovering the yellow rock, he touched it and vanished for a while before he returned.

The Eyes of the Third Prince flared red as it began to combust, flames poured down his eyes like tears, and he clenched his hands tight. If he could cross that barrier... The boy had proven his usefulness, they now had a key to that place, and that was all that mattered.

"This result is astonishing, if the Singularity is the reason he could enter that place, we have reaped the most benefits. Let's kill him and strip that bloodline from his body, with that key, none of these projects matter." The Third prince said in excitement.

"I recommend caution, do not lose our end goals for a benefit not yet verified. For the moment, there is no proof that he might have reached that place. He may have reached the passage, but could not see the doors. So until we are sure of the true extent of his advance, I will call for temperance in our actions for the moment."

"You are right. Forgive my outburst."

"It's normal old friend. My reaction when I first saw that was worse than yours. I nearly pulled him from the Nexus. Let's continue watching... There are more surprises ahead."

The Third Prince settled and continued viewing the events with a more cool gaze. As he saw Rowans increasing feats of strength, his frown went deeper.

"Without consuming the bodies of Abominations, it's not logical how he is getting stronger, I am no longer at ease with this experiment, I am cutting it down to the last two percent of its proposed duration. We would use other subjects for more in-depth interpretation of the Singularity." The Third prince's eyes slowly turned green, before blazing to blue, his gaze grew deeper, as if he wished to tear Rowan piece by piece and uncover every secret he was carrying."

"My best guess is that it's a spillover from the bloodline he accessed." The hooded figure said, "he might be digesting the benefits it brought, and what supports this hypothesis is the presence of this unique wrapping on his body, he is literally walking with his shell! It must be a Dragon bloodline, but one that is mighty and focuses on body strengthening."

"Huh, so he turns out to be a brute. How disappointing, with his quick mind and clever disposition, I expected him to pick a more energy focused bloodline."

"Well it doesn't really matter anyway, his lifespan was spent when he was being merged with the singularity, and it would, he would need to get to the Incarnation State to elevate his soul, and that would take centuries."

"His Spirit appears to be compelling too, his movements are too clean otherwise. This is surprising, for this Bloodline is incredibly versatile. Which State of Change do you reckon he is on at this time?"

"Peak Legendary, with a foot into the Rift State. Note that it's only been a few hours, and he did not use any Pathways to grow, even without sustenance from the Singularity, his powers keep growing. I would love to see how much more he develops with a stunted Singularity, alas I don't believe his lifespan would be enough. Besides, he cannot grow past the Legendary State, for the only Aether inside the Nexus is controlled by me."

The Third prince grunted in apparent understanding, "Yet I would be more at ease with another subject. Let Augustus satisfy his curiosity, and then we pull the plug." He resumed watching.

When they saw the Axe, the hooded figure scoffed, "Augustus is a fool, and an exceptionally dangerous one. That weapon should have never seen the light of day."

"Ha ha ha ha... You are a funny one, old friend. You are a pot calling the kettle black. He toys with match sticks, and we play with an inferno, you are underestimating Augustus, do not regret it. Besides...."

The Third prince arched his eyes at the display of power that Rowan called down on the Abominations, "That little stunt right there would have drained most of his remaining lifespan. His vitality is impressive, but he has called enough projections to drain ten Rift State Dominators. Such a waste of essence, he wields the Axe as if he is throwing a rock. To waste it on such a pointless move is disappointing, since he won't be consuming the bodies. He is a fool, and even worse he is a sentimental one."

"Yet you are still worried about his development and terminating the project just as it is beginning to bear fruit." The hooded figure laughed.

"I don't like surprises." The Third Prince said, "You have given me enough as it is, with your tampering with the functions of the Singularity. In that case, he should be stuck as a mortal, now with this Axe, he is as powerful as a Rift State Dominator. Even though his abilities are inconsequential to me, I am not in the habit of watching a potential foe grow a foot, when he was given space for an inch."

After the battle and the speech from Rowan that had the Prince smiling in glee, he turned to the hooded figure, "Well, I have drawn my conclusion, but before I tell you, I want to know what is troubling you about these events."

"Well if you must know, what we watched seemed linear, but I expected you to have spotted some irregularities, especially towards the moments he received that new bloodline. You would only notice an error if you check the time stamps. There are specific portions of the missing recordings, somehow my Runes could not record them. This is troubling."

"We are dealing with a Singularity, there are risks that come with an undertaking such as this. Remember, we don't fully understand what we are dealing with here. This is the first trial run, I expect some degree of uncertainties." The Third Prince dismissed the claim. " In three days, we pull the plug."

"I know... Yet, it bothers me. Oh... What conclusions have you drawn."

"Oh... It's a small matter, compared to your lack of accurate data. You see, I can't put my finger on it, but I am certain that this person is not my son!"

"Of course he's not your son anymore. His bloodline has been changed to another, and the only thing linking you to him, is your name."

The Third prince looked at him in surprise, while he muttered, "So intelligent, yet still so dumb." He turned away from the hooded figure and concentrated on the dying woman.

The enigmatic figure slowly vanished into shadows.

## Chapter 44: The Last of Me (final)

"Oh, where was I, before I was so rudely interrupted. Yes... Your impending death, isn't it? Performing so many duties tends to muddle my mind a bit."

The dying woman knew he had no lapse in his recollection, just one of his endless games he liked to play.

He suddenly said, "Have you ever wondered: when you killed yourself, why you always awoke to find the rest of your people slaughtered."

Hate flashed through the eyes of the woman, it was difficult to forget the countless transgressions he had done to her, for he made sure he reminded her often, as if he wanted to keep the wounds in her mind as fresh as the day he inflicted them.

She said, "Was that not for your own sick desires? I do not remember me being an accomplice in any of your slaughter. You have made me a pariah my entire life and I do not have much time left, why do you continue to play these games?"

"Oh... There is still fire inside you. I thought you lost that decades ago. Well, I will answer your questions, but first I want you to answer mine. If you are not cooperative, I won't be able to help. So, you see, the ball is in your court." He poked her playfully on her face repeatedly.

Age had mellowed her emotions, and her suffering had taught her tolerance. Schooling back her hatred back into the depth of her soul, she asked, "Why do I wake up to the scene of everyone dead, anytime I kill myself."

The Third prince grinned, "Usually, you figure it out more quickly before your deathbed, but I have to admit I have been a little more rough with you this time." He paused before he said, "I am no god, Ameera."

She shivered, whether it was because he called her name, or the damning premonition she felt, suddenly she wanted to avoid hearing his next statements, and she could see that he saw the conflicts in her mind and his smile went wider.

"I cannot break some intrinsic laws of reality..." The Third prince frowned, "Not, yet I suppose, and anytime you choose to untimely kill yourself, I have to gather life force from somewhere, don't I? As always, there are always limitations to collecting life force to supplement another person, like similar species, familiarity and a host of other reasons we cannot get into now."

She began to shudder and tears dripped down her face. "All those times... I killed them!"

"Yes you did, hey... Don't cry, it was for a good cause. I told you I cannot rewrite some laws of reality yet. You are among some of my experiments to break some rules. I think you might have an inkling of what comes next. Don't you?"

"You said... I was slow this time in finding the truth... You don't mean?"

"Yes... Listen to the sounds of these people outside that love you. They shall fuel your next resurrection."

"How long... How much have I... Have you..." She stammered, her thoughts in disarray, her frail heart beating so hard, she could hear it over the sound of her mind breaking.

"I have lived a very long life and time gets blurry after the first few millennia, I can only guess, for you are one of my latest experiments, maybe a few..."

"Do not lie to me!" A cry that carried despair and anger in equal measure came from her throat, she would have been amazed by her boldness, before now, but at this time, she could not really think deeply, for her heart... Hurts.

The Third prince stopped smiling and a hint of pity entered his eyes.

The soft voice from him and the pity in his eyes worsened it, and she hated him, with every fiber of her being, how dare he try to posture with any semblance of humanity? How dare he...

"It has been nineteen iterations so far." The Third prince said, "Altogether, we have made this play for 1,350 years."

Ameera turned away from him, "You take pleasure in this?" He paused, seemingly surprised at her question, then he took some time to consider her words.

"In a manner." He said, "If I don't enjoy pursuing my goals, I would have left it all behind long ago."

"I hate you with everything inside me. I curse you... Monster. To never find whatever you seek." Ameera voice was clear, and her eyes were fixed on the Third prince, she pushed all her hate and anger to him.

"Perhaps your wish might come true, but..." He gently placed a hand on her head, and closed her opened eyes, her last breath was her curse.

He blew gently at her corpse and she turned to a human—shaped pile of ash, but her clothes and the bed she laid on were untouched.

A dull red glow rose from the ashes, and he opened his palm, and the glow came to rest on it. It was a soul surrounded by chains made from flames, and even as he watched the soul began to slowly fade, the slight frown was the only indication that the last ninety-five years he spent on this iteration was a failure. "I have time Ameera, in the face of time, your curse is meaningless."

The Third prince left the small room where Ameera died, outside there were well over five hundred people gathered. Ameera had been a controversial figure. One whom the whole village hated.

As the Third prince went outside, a cheer rang out, the jinx was finally dead. The Third prince grimaced and snapped his fingers, and everyone from the men, women, and children to the animals all turned to ash.

From the ashes he gathered a formless energy and fed to the fading soul he clasped. He sighed and made a gesture and the soul vanished, he turned away and slowly departed the village, heading towards the setting sun.

A woman a few thousand miles away, smiled in her sleep, as she snuggled deeper into the arms of her lover, a faint glow lit up her stomach, and she frowned in discomfort, but as the glow faded she settled deeper into sleep. Unaware that tonight, she had just conceived and the future of her and her lover was altered.

## **Chapter 45: Cocoon Breaks**

It was a short walk to his room, where Rowan retrieved his diary and, glancing around, located a sketchbook inside the drawers of his workstation, he also took out a wooden square box, that was beside it. The box was polished to a dull green finish, and embossed in the bottom left corner of it were the words: Rema Trading House.

Keeping all these close to him, he walked to the laboratory, denying Maeve questing hands to carry the items for him.

Realizing that he did not require her assistance, she hurried ahead and had the doors to the laboratory opened before Rowan reached them, she used the opportunity to run a quick scan through it, frowning at the broken windows. Those would have to be fixed soon enough, but at least the metal barriers were still in place, so that makes this place the safest for now.

She saw Rowan placing the Axe by his side, plus the books and the box he carried, and she decided to place a spatial anchor on the weapon, but she retreated with a flinch. The weapon had sliced through her links without any effort.

Shaking her head at another point of interest she would have to keep an eye on, she rapidly went through the wardrobe for a fitting wear for her Master, which she began to assemble by the door.

Rowan found a section of the floor that was free of any clutter and sat down cross-legged. He closed his eyes and made an effort to calm his spirit, his mind had been overworked, and he needed to be calm for his next upgrades to his bloodline. He heard the sounds of the door to the laboratory closing, and for a short while, silence prevailed.

Rowan called up .

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength : 116.7

Agility : 115.9

Constitution : 200.4

Spirit : 58.5

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Aspect : Spatial Sight (Tier 1)

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

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

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

Records:

[ATAVISM]- level 0 [1000/4000]

– level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point :542.1134

Remark: Divine Squire.

Rowan peered at the Remark and scoffed. Apparently, had a weird sense of humor...good to know.

He was a Divine Squire by its estimation, which was amusing. Was it acknowledging the fact that Rowan had defended this land, and therefore he was the acceptable landowner?

He looked at the amount of Soul points he gathered and the increasing amount that was needed to upgrade the now Three headed Ouroboros, and he sighed.

He swept his sight through his shell one more time, to verify if there were any emerging tattoos, satisfied there was nothing, he prepared to push everything into this bloodline, and thereafter he would enter that world with the Red Moon.

It was dangerous, but it would be the best way to upgrade his bloodline, he did not plan to leave that place unless he was at the brink of death, or he became a Legend.

If he followed the previous pattern of his evolved bloodline, he expected many more attributes than he got when he uses the Soul point.

His Attributes at this point were beyond abnormal, and he could not wait to see the result of this new push.

Rowan shoved all the distracting thought aside for the moment and mentally thumbed the button to push Soul points into the Ouroboros Record.

He had Five hundred and forty point to spend, and leaving two points behind, he opened the floodgates and his bloodline roared in excitement, the tattoos on his chest began to move all over his body.

The three golden serpentine creatures crawled from his chest, down to his feet and then his head, more elaborate details were emerging from their bodies as they became more lifelike as faint hisses came from them.

Like water draining down a sinkhole, the point poured into the bloodline. There was a slight pause and the shell began producing Empyrean Essence, with the reaction from

his bloodline he inferred that without the shell, his Soul point could not necessarily produce Empyrean Essence by itself.

Even though he had access to the Stuff of Creation, he could not create what he did not understand, it was the reason he was unable to use his soul points to produce whatever he desired.

Maybe in the future he would be able to use his Soul points in a more versatile manner, but not for now.

As his body eagerly drained the Essence, Rowan realized that he may have overlooked something important, and then he screamed in pain as his shell collapsed like an inflatable doll.

Rowan thought he knew pain.

His bones broke into pieces, then into smaller pieces until they were like grains of sand. His blood bubbled as they congealed and got denser. His muscles, including his heart, collapsed, and new fibers grew like steel wires. His broken bones were liquefied, and new bones began to emerge. The only thing holding him together was his shell.

His screams had cut off a while back when he became like putty.

All this change brought pain. His bones previously were now harder than steel, crushing it brought him an immense amount of pain, his healing factor had been placed on hold, and with his enhanced Spirit, he could feel every single shred of pain that would result from your body being crushed to pieces.

Rowan once created a list in his head, to rate the degree of pain he had felt throughout his life, it was his way of quantifying his torments, it did not make his pains easier to withstand, but it gave him a sense of control.

He had never felt he was unlucky, he had never believed in such ephemeral forces, what he believed in was that if you played with fire long enough, you will get burned.

He had lived a hard life and the nature of his job, made it an inevitable accident waiting to happen.

He had once had his ribs crushed by a collapsing mine shaft in an unregulated sector because he needed the cash. He had been pinned under debris. Where he stayed under the rock and in the dark for two days. And every breath came in a short gasps and every second he cried for death.

He would wake up after he fainted from the pain. Delirious, hungry and thirsty... He was in darkness and there was no sound except his labored breathing and his frequent dry sobs, and the pain would resume and submerge every other concerns.

He had prayed to God. Not only that, but he prayed to the devil. He prayed to the heavens and the earth. None answered. None helped.

In the darkness he forged himself anew, no one was there to help him, no one cared and if he did not save himself, he would die here, lost and forgotten.

Rowan dragged himself out of that tomb of rock and rusted metal. Bit by bit he crawled, gritting his teeth until his gums bled, as every broken bone in his body fought for attention over his senses... His blood stained the rocks, and he left pieces of his flesh behind.

After he survived that harrowing incident, his recovery also brought him a new phase of pain and humiliation, for he had mixed with the wrong crowd, and like jackals converging on a helpless prey, they had sensed the weakness of his flesh, and they sought to take advantage of it.

He had shown them that his body was broken, but his spirit was stronger.

## **Chapter 46: Cocoon Breaks (2)**

Rowan could boldly say that he knew pain. His life had been filled with it. Yet, he had adapted.

Rowan believed the pain he had experienced made him pretty robust. He was a tough bastard. He would not have survived the Spatial corridor to that world if he was weak.

Rowan thought he knew pain. But not like this.

Now every scale had been thrown aside. This was pain on a level he never thought was possible. And he knew what worsened it was his spirit. It kept his mind clear and made him aware of every second of torture.

He had been very wrong. Power came with a price and upgrading an Omnipotent bloodline came with its own risk, especially in his case where his bloodline had been upgraded to the limits, it would grant him immense benefits, but it was also proportional to the dangers he would face.

In his last life he had made a scale, and called it his List of Glass. It would hold all his pains, and even though it was made from glass, it would never break.

He would not break!

This pain was great, but it, was nothing new, he had endured a similar amount of misery before, and as always, they always seemed insurmountable, yet he was still here, was he not?

He took the pain and pressed it into his list, as his mind trembled and threatened to tear itself apart.

He would not fall!

His body had become chaos, yet his will became like iron. He had once dragged himself from the jaws of death, and although he covered his scars with humor, the scars were still there. He used that experience to piece himself together from the pain.

How long he was in the state of near death was something Rowan could not tell, but slowly but surely, his senses returned to normal and surpassed the normal, and the understanding of his new bloodline increased.

A faint sense of knowledge flowed from Ouroboros, and he knew why he was in so much pain. He would perish in body and soul if he failed to keep his sense of identity as his bloodline was evolving.

Rowan's physique was breaking through a threshold, and for his body to grow more powerful, it had to be broken down and a new foundation rebuilt. On this foundation, his successive transformations would grow upon.

His body slowly began to fill up inside the shell until he was back to normal, but that was just the beginning. For his growth did not stop.

He had not checked how many Stats he must have gained, but it must have been a lot because his frame could not fit this amount of power. He must grow. His development came with pain, but it was almost enjoyable.

And thereby a new dilemma came up, his shell was too small! It had expanded to its limits, but it was not enough for his present form.

His body strained against its hold, and he felt an intense sense of confinement. He must grow... The Shell that formed around him was not meant for an Empyrean the likes of the Three Headed Ouroboros. It was too small and would have never contained its growth.

Rowan knew his current bloodline was more tyrannical and if anything was going to give...

He felt the first tear in his shell. It was small, and it healed quickly, but his body had filled up that tiny space, and although the shell had healed, it was more spacious.

This pattern continued, until the pressure eased and he could fully express himself. His shell had grown, but now it was weaker. It had outlived its purpose, and would no longer produce Empyrean Essence because at this stage of his evolution he no longer needed it.

He stood up to his feet, and unleashed his Spatial Sight to scan his body. His shell appeared dull and gray and the golden tattoos on it were gone, and Rowan knew the reason, for around each of his heart were three serpents.

They curled around the organs, and their eyes were closed, they resembled the dragons from the eastern mythology in his previous life, but without the waving beard.

Rowan observed the three small snakes inside his body, and saw they appeared tired, he knew his transformation had been rigorous not only for him, but also for them, and because he had surpassed the trial, they were able to also.

His body was becoming weirder, changing in a direction he could not anticipate, but as long as he was still breathing, that was all that mattered.

A new sensation of hunger began to grow from his hearts, he was a little confused, but a new understanding entered his mind, and he knew that he must feed the snakes with the shell.

But because he understood that did not mean he knew how to do it. The snakes, however, knew what they wanted, and he felt a mental plea from each of them, it seemed like they needed his consent.

He considered it for a short while, and then he permitted it. The shell was important, and had saved his life more times than he could count, but if he continual growth depended on him losing the shell, it was not an issue., besides he was sure he had outgrown it uses, he had not checked his stats for the moment, but he had no doubt he was now far stronger.

The world around him was becoming more slow, and every motion of his body made the air around him tremble.

He gave his consent and the snakes opened their mouths and gave a tiny bite, and he felt a piece of his shell disappearing from his face, back, and thigh.

The snakes seemed to chew, and they settled back into slumber, he had a sense that they would be waking up sporadically every hour or so to eat.

Why does it feel like I'm raising a couple of inconsiderate brats?

The shell that disappeared was around 12 cm in diameter and the one that was eaten was around his left eye, the cut was rough and appeared to be chewed on by tiny razor sharp teeth.

He opened his eyes and for the first time since he got the shell, he saw the world with his eyes, his left eye to be precise, since his shell still covered the right eyes.

He could immediately tell the difference, for his vision was not what he would ever describe as normal.

Everything his eyes showed him was gray and lifeless, except for some few spots in his laboratory that emitted a dull glow, the rest of the world appeared drab and colorless in his vision.

It took him a short while to understand what his eyes showed him was related to the amount of energy contained in an object.

The Axe beside him flared and swirled with power, it was the brightest thing in the room, when he focused a bit, his eye penetrated the walls, and he could see the energy state of everyone his sight touched on the floor below him, this was the limit for now.

His Spatial sight acted as a mirror, and he proceeded to look at himself, and he was blown away by how big he had gotten.

He stood at a healthy height of seven foot five, and his frame was like that of a gymnast. His muscles were well-defined, and his body looked as if it was chiseled out of granite.

Knowing his future to be that of a colossus the size of a planet, he wondered when he would not be able to fit into the normal world any longer.

What drew his attention, however, were his eye that he could now see.

His eye, even to him, was perfect. It seemed to glow with an otherworldly light, and had a charm that could draw your gaze. His eyes seem like a conduit to mystery. Its structure had clearly changed because It was no longer the same as a human. It was golden and slit-eyed as a serpent and little flash of lightning roamed within.

## **Chapter 47: Cocoon Breaks (final)**

Apart from his eye peering through his shell, Rowan had not seen his appearance. He knew he still appeared human, but only on the surface. He did not forget that he was still in the Mortal State of his bloodline, and already his bones were metal, his blood was golden and dense as mercury. He had three hearts and around them were three living snakes.

Oh. Was he still missing something?

He was still in the mortal state, yet he could bet his transformation had exceeded most Dominators, even at the Rift state, his growing height and an increasing alien physique was serving as a warning to him about the changes he might expect in the future.

His Sight brushed through his body once more. Maybe this was the most human he would ever resemble going forward. A faceless man behind a shell with the eyes of a Dragon? But who was to say what his future would be like if he survives.

He recalls a catchy song in his past life, that had flashy dance steps, he was not much of a dancer, but with his Agility Attributes he was sure he could throw down with the best of them.

This thought made him smile, and humming the song, he opened . No matter the obstacles ahead, as long as he kept getting stronger, he was satisfied.

P

Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/11

Strength : 224.7

Agility : 223.9

Constitution : 362.4

Spirit : 58.7

Class: None

Title: Plane walker

Aspect : Spatial Sight (Tier 1)

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

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

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

Records:

[ATAVISM]- level 0 [1540/4000]

– level 0 [0/1000]

Soul Point :2.4532

Remark: Divine Squire.

Damn. He was becoming a monster. Even with his inflated stats, he knew that could not accurately describe his abilities.

His body was different from any other Dominators, he may have not really understood how yet, but his physique made every stat he had to carry an extra kick.

With the toughness of his body, he would be able to truly push himself without fearing any adverse repercussions, and with his healing factor, it was easy to recover damage.

His stats almost made him desire to run back to the lake and have an earth-shattering battle with the Abominations, and he found himself considering that option for much longer than he had expected.

What tempered his enthusiasm was the head of that woman he saw in the lake. According to his understanding of Abominations. Their core would not move from their position, unless it was going to be leaving the area.

It was hard to judge the powers of an Abomination Core because he was not privy to that information previously as he was not a Dominator. But he knew it must be mighty, and he would not be able to fight it at this time.

The manor was protected by Sigils. He did not understand what it truly was, but it was only given to the seven Noble families by the God king. It was etched into Orichalcum plates, and it produced a mystical barrier that had great defensive powers.

Most notable of all was that, Sigils we're mainly defensive, there were rumors about other uses for them apart from the defensive barriers they created, but he had never seen them.

Rowan walked to the window, and placed his hands on the iron bars, and pulled it open, it was so easy, it was almost like bending a straw. He should be going to that world with the Red moon, but he needed to relax for a moment.

He had just survived an ordeal that would break most humans, and the act of standing still while looking at the rising sun was cathartic. Rowan the prince had a habit when he was tense. He made sketches.

Rowan was going to push himself until he broke into the Legendary State in that world, nevertheless, he felt he needed to remind himself about why he fought and also to clear his mind.

Going to battle or to your death willingly was not an easy thing to accomplish, he sometimes wished that he was broken, able to perform feats of incredible brilliance or cruelty like the heroes from the books he had read without it affecting his mental state.

But that was far from who he was, at the moment of action, he did his possible best without flinching, but after the events had passed he usually finds himself beset by doubts.

He was wasting time which he needed above all else, so he would have to be quick, he turned away from the window and moved to the metallic table he used for experimentation.

Rowan moved the beakers, pipettes, an alchemical cauldron and a pair of tweezers out of the way and set down his sketchbook. Besides it, he placed the wooden box.

Rowan gently opened the box and within were a dozen graphite pencils, their tips were all sharpened until the desired length. Their colors on the pencil wrappings ranged from dull bronze to green gold, and carefully numbered on each was the number one until twelve. On the side of the box was a circular opening where Rowan knew he could sharpen the pencils if he so desired.

The prince took painting lessons as one of the required learning courses for alchemy studies. He soon came to fall in love with the art itself. Finding the process of placing pen to paper as freeing.

Rowan decided to follow the habit of the prince when he was feeling stressed and despondent. The act of placing his memories on paper seems to dull the edges on the sharper sides of his recollection. Easing him into analyzing his shortcomings and the events that transpired.

As far as he was concerned, this would shorten the time it took him to properly go over the events of the past few days, and maybe reveal to him certain shortcomings he had made.

He opened the sketchbook. It was a relatively new copy and had only a single picture drawn.

It was of a smiling woman. Rowan's mother.

The sketch of the woman had been done with utmost care and attention. From an artistic perspective, it had all the necessary elements to bring a face to life, from the shades and the contours to the deft trick he used to make the eyes look real. Yet for all the subtleties here, there was still emotion here. For he kept all her flaws.

A small scar by the side of her eyes when she fell as a child, the slight wrinkle in her nose as she smiled, Rowan had captured his memories of his mother and placed them on paper.

Rowan had created an alive picture. Her hair was long and slightly curly as it tumbled over her shoulders. She had an oval face, and expressive eyes. What drew Rowan's attention was her smile. He had been able to capture its warmth in his drawing.

" . . . "

These words were written just below the picture. Rowan's mood when he wrote them was a memory he did not have.

## **Chapter 48: Adrift In Fog**

Rowan flipped the page over, and selected a pencil, his hand moved to the fourth pencil by itself. Rowan was too distracted to notice.

Not letting his mind dictate his actions. Rowan began to draw. His movement was at first sharp and jerky—He was not used to his new strength. It took a brief moment to stabilize, however, and his pencil began to flow over the pages.

The first sketch he made was of the Dark Priest Purdue, he was a peaceful man who surprised Rowan by the depth of his convictions, he still recalled the shouts of the priest as he battled, filled with righteous fury and sorrow, plus he was a Legendary Dominator.

He had clearly hidden himself deeply and Rowan had never recalled before now the priest ever using any Dominator powers, that was incredible because the allure of using your power was intense, and it took a decisive mind to place aside his power and toil as a mortal for decades.

The picture Rowan drew was of the priest shooting dark lightning from his fingertips, incinerating a couple of Abominations, on his face his expression could be interpreted as either laughter or sorrow, it was a unique expression that Rowan stopped and accessed for a while.

He did not remember seeing such a scene, but he guessed that his Spatial sight reveals so much information to his mind that it was impossible for the present him to interpret

them and that most of them were buried in his subconscious and only acts like this could dredge that swampy depth and unearthed hidden stories he might have missed.

As if with a mind of his own, his hand wrote below the sketch.

" "

This was... Totally normal. How much weirder can it become? Is my subconscious telling me I have a hidden kink for old men shooting lightning from their fingertips?

Or a much better interpretation was that these were the memory of the priest itself, and perhaps in the heat of battle, his sight was able to capture some of his emotion.

He was not convinced that this was too much of a stretch, for the aura field around people, he had come to find out, was colored by the emotions they were feeling at that time. If his sight could emotions, it might be able to also pick up surface thoughts too.

Rowan chose to believe this version because he hardly understood a fraction of what his Spatial sight showed him, and he would prefer not to have such a unusual pursuit, anytime now or in the future.

Rowan flipped the page.

He selected another pencil and began to draw. The next person emerging on the page was Captain Titus. He had one arm, and his blade was swinging with great speed that he left lines of gore hanging in the air.

Countless heads were by his feet, yet his countenance was eerily calm, as if he was born to such slaughter, and the glint in his eyes resembled amusement.

Again, his hand unbidden began to write,

". . ."

"...."

He sighed and turns the page, the previous two pictures took less than thirty seconds each, his Agility Stat, made his hand fly over the page, this one took two minutes, and Rowan could see why.

It was a dense picture with at least a hundred people inside, they were of all the people rescued in the town, tied around their necks were a noose, the rope from the noose extended and pierced through the clouds, and their faces had no flesh, only white bones.

In the skies above, a massive lidless eye peered down.

" ?"

Rowan could not help but shiver. He felt his Primordial Record react, but ignored it for the moment. His mind was strangely more relaxed, as if he had taken a considerable weight off his chest.

He had an intuition that these sketches were significant, his mind began juggling possibilities about the reasons for this intuition of his before he put an end to that. He was aware of his time constraints, and he allowed himself to draw the last sketch before leaving for the world with the Red moon.

It was of Maeve.

Maeve, seeing her Master sitting on the floor, felt unease for he did not deserve anything that was happening to him, although she knew that the paths of the powerful were not straight, and they would face more adversities than normal, she still felt a sense of sorrow.

She had seen no indication of battle shock from his disposition, but different individuals handled traumatic situations differently, seeing him with his sketchbook and his pencils' collection made her sigh in relief, he was holding himself better than she would have ever imagined.

She carefully arranged the clothes she prepared for him, as a Dominator of great power, normal clothes would simply not be good enough, he would have to return to the family, for specially crafted clothes and armor.

The only thing she could do presently was to reduce the burden on her master. She knew he loved his people, so she should make sure that the worry of his, for their welfare, was properly seen to.

Alongside keeping her eyes out for traitors that would surely dwell within, she had plans for certain traps to lure them out, but they need careful plans and execution. She would not worry her master about that aspect, she would only bring their heads to him.

She had used her Legendary Ability—Space Lock, more than what was recommended. Her head was pounding, and she may have sprained her muscles in her back, for even walking brought a flash of pain, though it was impossible to determine that looking at her demeanor.

Thankfully, she was at the Peak of the Legendary state, and in a few more hours she would have recovered enough to partake in another battle. Space Lock did not require much consumption of her Spirit, and she would have enough utility from her Legendary Ability soon.

She carefully closed the laboratory doors behind her and proceeded to the first floor, as a precaution, she would be placing anchors on all the heavy weapons in the manor, and the doors of the halls where most of the people stayed, if there were any movements from any of these, she would be made aware.

"Apologies ma'am. There has been a series of development the captain would like to forward to you." The posh voice of the butler entered Maeve ears.

"Oh..... OK. In that instance, I would like for you to present the plans for the shelter and feeding arrangements of every man, woman and child and place them in my hands within the hour. You can use every resource available to you."

"Um... Ma'am. I would recommend you speak to the captain first before any further arrangements are made." The clear voice of the butler had a hint of despondency in the tone.

At this moment, Maeve looked at the butler and saw his expression, his face was pale, and his eyes were shifty. Sweat beads his forehead, yet he still retained his attitude of professionalism.

He was a short man, who was also whip thin. His lips were two lines of dash and his eyes entered his skull. His balding head still retained the dark hair of his youth, or maybe he was just used to dyeing it. Despite his appearance, the butler was a gentle soul.

Maeve nodded and hurried down the stairs, getting to the hallway below. It was now empty but for one Guardsman. This one was a woman, but Maeve did not know her name. Not because of any inherent bias, but because except a Guardsman broke into the legendary state. They would remain Nameless. Most of them never got to have a name.

"The Captain is at the gardens outside." The Guardsman handed her a spyglass. "You would need this also."

"Were the Abominations mounting another attack?" Maeve frowned and in long strides arrived outside, she spotted the Captain with a spyglass on his face.

Maeve did not bother calling out to him. It was immediately clear why she was summoned.

Maeve stood for a while in shock and hurried back to report to Rowan.

## **Chapter 49: Adrift In Fog (2)**

Rowan scrutinized the picture he had drawn of Maeve for a while before closing the sketchbook, his hands shook a little and his golden eyes flashed with an incredible amount of fury before he settled, and he proceeded to check the message from the Record

Aspect Upgraded : Spatial Sight [(Tier 2) Spirit +30]

Spirit: 59.1 → 80.1

So, this also work?

His Spirit had been lagging from his other Stats, and even though the growth was steady, it was simply too slow to serve his growing abilities.

Many of his actions depended on his spirit, and although he had an Omnipotent bloodline that he was sure would boost his Spirit to incalculable heights, he believed it was too dangerous at this time.

He had detected no malicious will from the Ouroboros bloodline, yet he would have been killed while cultivating it, if not for his willpower. Pushing Ouroboros to Legendary first would grant him more lifespan, and only then would he push for Soul Seizer next.

The knowledge from his bloodline was profound, and he could not understand most of it as a mortal, but he knew he would be reforged in body and soul when he became legendary. At that time, even if he would not be omnipotent, his lifespan would not be a burden on his neck, and except for foes that severely overpowered him, killing him would be almost impossible.

He did not detect any particular difference in his Spatial Sight, he doubted he would be able to spot the contrast between now and before.

Spatial sight still gave him far too much information for him to process, and he subconsciously ignores most of them, his Spirit, however, was close to the Rift State in Attributes, and maybe he would be able to understand some of what he sees.

The coverage, however, had clearly increased to about twelve meters around him, when previously it was only five, and when he attempted to shoot his sight in a single direction, it travelled for more than fifty meters.

With the Berserker skills he got from the Axe, coupled with his new enhanced vision, he was willing to go toe to toe with any Rift State Dominator.

He felt the little serpents stir awake around his hearts, and this time he tried to steer them towards his limbs, it would be safer if he lost his shell on the parts of his bodies that for him were non-fatal.

Even if the classes of enemies he might be facing in the future could easily bypass his shell, every iota of time it brought for him was welcomed because it was important to note that, with his growing stats, the world was getting more slow in his eyes, and he would be able to accomplish numerous actions in a single second.

The snakes obeyed him, and parts of the shell in his forearms disappeared, as they went back to sleep, Rowan detected they had grown bigger, but strangely enough he could not give a precise measurement of their size.

To his perception, the snakes should be about ten inches long, yet when he looked closer at them, they seemed to expand yet simultaneously retreat in his sight. It was as if they resided in another plane of existence, one which was so distant from him that his sight could not reach them.

He was like a child who sees the moon in the sky, and thinks he could hold it in his palm if he were to climb the highest tree. That was the sensation the snakes gave him, which was: The reason that they appeared to be small was only because he was looking at them from a far distance.

Pulling away his perception from inside his body, he frowned when he noticed that the day was the turning dark.

He pushed his sight outside, the frown on his face deepening, faint rumbling came from the clouds as if a thunderstorm approaches, they were clearly out of time.

The door opened and Maeve hurriedly rushed inside.

"My lord...."

"I know Maeve. I could see it through the windows."

Rowan's single eye turned to her, and he noticed she shivered beneath his gaze, he quickly turned to the scenery outside. "Well if we had any intentions to leave before, that would be difficult, for it would seem someone wants us to stay behind." He added in a whisper, "Although I have never intended to leave. Not yet, at least."

The surroundings had changed. An endless fog that roiled and shifted and rose so high it reached the very clouds surrounded the manor.

It was akin to being placed inside the eye of a hurricane. This phenomenon happened silently and quickly.

From the fog came faint wails, and indistinct movement could be detected if one looked carefully.

"Call up the captain, we need countermeasures." Rowan told Maeve as he stood up. "I can detect no attacks yet, but let keep our eyes sharp. This fog seems more like containment. We have been herded to one location, and the hunters do not want a single prey to escape."

In a sheer feat of athleticism, Rowan jumped to the open window, and into the ledge outside it. He bent his knees and leapt up nearly twenty feet up, catching himself with one hand as he levered himself up to the roof.

He needed to see his surroundings from a higher vantage point, taking advantage of the ability of his eyes to see energy, since it was not particularly affected by distance, and if he could see an enemy he would be able to judge their capabilities using their energy signature.

From here he could see everything around him, the rolling fog filtered the morning light coming from the rising sun, painting the air with a iridescent glow. The world suddenly seemed like it was underwater.

At the manor grounds he could see torches were lighted and placed in areas with low visibility away from the gas lamps.

Rowan heard the breeze blew by him, and noticed how silent the world was from up here.

He observed that he could now feel the passage of the wind on the patches of his shell that had an open skin, his shell had blocked that from him.

The new sensation of touch he had now received seemed to sync with his nervous system, and for the first time, his real senses bloomed, he could see the world, not the one being fed to him by his Spatial Sight, but the senses from his flesh and bloodline.

Rowan had no way to describe it, but it was the total awareness of his body. Just from the wind touching his skin, he could detect its speed and humidity, various smells and microorganism and materials that were swept along were accessed by his body and fed to him in real time without overwhelming him.

It felt wondrous. It was a series of sensations he would have never been able to feel as a human, at this point, whatever price he had paid to be here was entirely worth it in his estimation.

So, Rowan closed his eyes and, for this moment of stillness, tried to forget. It was almost serene.

How marvelous were the gifts in this world? And how profound was the horror that it brought.

With his Spatial Sight around him, Rowan felt a wondrous change, as if his surroundings were all under his control, he looked down at his feet, at a piece of loose tile, he gazed at the tile, and slowly it began to levitate, he released it, and it fell slowly as if the surrounding gravity was lessened.

He felt the snakes inside him shiver before the clouds above him parted and a set of massive claws swiped at him.

## **Chapter 50: Adrift In Fog (3)**

Rowan's new senses aided him here and with the warning from the snakes inside his body, he leaped to the left, the massive claws barely missing him.

A massive avian creature had broken through the fog, and it began to circle the manor. It had wings that were leathery and green coloration like old mold.

There were sharp spikes sticking out from its spine. It had three heads with long serpentine necks that were covered with pustules and opened wounds. In fact, all of its body was filled with deep scars that bled as it flew around. Pouring foul smelling fluids everywhere.

Most surprising was that, this Abomination had hair like humans, they were of all shades and in varying lengths. Rowan had an inkling of the reason for that. His speculation filled him with rage and disgust.

Rowan previously heard of a flying Abomination from the accounts of the people, but he did not catch sight of it during the rescue, and it must have retreated before he arrived.

Even as this Avian Abomination flew around, the three heads were locked onto him, and giving a loud shriek, the Abomination plunged down at him. "Motherfu..." Before Rowan could mutter any choice expletives, a massive claw raked towards him, he took the most likely option and jumped off the roof.

He would rather not damage the manor by their confrontation, and he was in an unfavorable position, with unsteady footing up there.

The charge from the Abomination had been too fast for Rowan heard the slam on the Roof, before it exploded in a wave of terracotta tiles and wood trimmings, as he fell from the four-story roof.

With his Agility, he was able to turn in the air as he fell, for the claws were a few feet away from him. It turns out the Abomination could dive much faster than Rowan could fall. The only option he had was to raise his hands and protect his head.

There was a meaty thump as Rowan hit the floor, he hardly felt the impact. His body rebounded slightly from the ground before the claws shortly followed behind, he had no ways of avoiding it and with a massive bang, the Abomination smashed Rowan into the ground.

It dragged him over and ruthlessly pecked him, the force from the attack driving him into the ground, as sand and rocks flew from the impacts.

Rowan was disoriented as the motion from the avian Abomination was too hard to follow. The attack from the beak was very fast, almost like an industrial jackhammer.

Thankfully the damages it inflicted were not that monumental for his present body, what forces that could penetrate his shell just left minor bruises and those healed instantly.

"Get off me!" Rowan yelled as he tried ineffectually to push the claws away for a little gap where he could shimmer out from under it.

The Abomination, noticing its assault was ineffective, switched tactics. Holding tight to Rowan, it flew a few meters into the air and, with a quick flap of its meaty wings, dived and slammed Rowan into the floor.

It did this twice, utterly wrecking the gardens outside and creating ditches tens of feet deep, but this action slightly loosened its grip on Rowan, who took the opportunity and rolled out from its grasp.

Rowan crouched and breathed deeply, he hurriedly cast his gaze around fruitlessly seeking for a weapon to even the playing field.

Rowan's inexperience as a seasoned warrior showed its ugly head now, for he had left his weapons inside the manor.

could give him all the techniques and abilities to be a great warrior, but it could not impact the experience of getting to that level.

Any other warrior who had the same depth of combat abilities like Rowan would never leave without their weapon by their side in an active combat region.

The Abomination shrieked as it circled Rowan. Such tough prey was not to its liking. Rowan was like a tortoise inside an Adamantine shell.

"Who needs weapons anyway." Rowan lightly punched both side of his head and faced the circling Abomination. He lifted both hands like a boxer and faced the circling Abomination, his footwork was steady.

He had many skills from the Berserker Aspects, and now he had a target practice right in front of him, which he could use to validate those skills. It occurred to him that if he

was going to that dangerous world, he would need to fully understand his capabilities and not go into danger hoping on luck and his stats.

"Come on!" Rowan yelled. The Abomination shrieked and attacked him with all three heads. Its eyes were red and Rowan noticed the beak of the Abomination was slowly changing shape, becoming more pointy, almost like a blade.

Rowan dodged the attacks narrowly, his body contorting in various positions to avoid the beak of the Abomination.

The new awareness he had gained from the fusion of his Spatial sight and his body's natural senses played a powerful role in his movements. The bird was fast, but this skill made him almost anticipate all its actions when the heads were close to him, giving him a split second to adjust and avoid it.

Rowan quickly got used to the speed of the Abomination, and when it next attack missed, he fired back with a heavy Haymaker putting all his weight behind the blow, directly into its eyes, infusing that blow with the skill—Bash.

Bash: Smash all nearby enemies with a mighty overhand blow, disorienting and stunning them.

Rowan had felt the skill drawing on his vitality and a bit of his Spirit, he air circled his fist, creating a vortex, and when his strength was fully employed in addition to his metallic Constitution, it turned his fist into a devastating weapon.

Its shriek was deafening as its eyeball exploded, and a part of the skull was cracked, it retreated and the eyes from it two heads turned red, as It entered into a berserk state and furiously doubled its speed.

Rowan had become more comfortable with the pace of the fight and after the mild disorientation from its sudden attack, he realized that even without any weapon, he was not disadvantaged against this creature.

His heavy golden blood began to rush through his body faster, and he calmed himself, placing his mental state in a sort of Zen-like meditation, he intended to destroy this creature.

"That's it... Little bird, come to papa." Rowan had been angling himself towards the pillars at the gate of the manor. Their battle had driven them towards the edge of the fog.

The Abomination may or may not have understood Rowan, nevertheless it shrieked again and attacked. Rowan calmly sidestepped the lunge and the attack missed, the beak of the Abomination pierced into the pillar behind Rowan.

Not letting the Abomination pull out, Rowan hammered the side of the beak, using another of his Berserker skills with a fast fist Combo Attack that left it cracked and bleeding. It struggles finished the job, however, because as the Abomination pulled it head back, the beak was left behind.

Combo Attack: Strikes a nearby target and restores a set amount of Spirit.

Rowan grinned for he had noticed a slight tingling in his fist, he had ignored it because he powered most of the Berserker skills using his inexhaustible vitality, but he could understand the utility of this skill.

With this skill, he would be able to rapidly gain back the Spirit he uses during battle and since his Stamina was very high due to his Constitution, he could now fight for an extended amount of time without worrying about his Spirit.

His first battle as a Berserker was displaying the shocking values of the skills he had gained from that Aspect.

Rowan turned and set one foot on the pillar as a counterbalance, and pulled at the embedded beak. With a grating sound, he withdrew it from the stone.

He turned it over, running his hands through the beak, it was black with a dull yellow spots staining the beak. It was pointed like a spear, and pieces of torn flesh were attached to the impromptu weapon.

"Not as good as the Axe." Rowan gestured at the Abomination, motioning it to attack, "But it would have to do." His single golden gaze locked on the creature. His eyes were that of a predator. Soul Seizer – Jaws of Dagon, rose behind him, it rotated slowly. Stirring the fog. He brandishes the beak. "Come!"