

# The Primordial Record

## Chapter 81: Envy!

General Augustus Tiberius had annihilated all four of his Incarnation, most Dominators ascended the First Great Circle, with just one Incarnation, he had four. He was a genius that would hardly walk this world in the next ten thousand years.

Yet, he was dying at this moment. He did not feel anger at this death, it was the method by which he was dying that frustrated him.

The end of Augustus Tiberius Incarnations brought about an endless rain of blood that swept through the entirety of Trion.

Mountains quaked, and the earth wept blood.

An Incarnation of Tiberius, the God of War had perished, and the world would forever have lost a light. The darkness crept ever closer.

Yet, it was not enough. His enemies still lived, they tore their way through the chaos that Augustus unleashed, and together they began unleashing techniques of fire and darkness, and they drowned him with enough power to shatter multiple islands.

General Augustus Tiberius had three seconds left to live.

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The form of the Abomination Core, which resembled the head of a woman, appears to be asleep at the bottom of the lake.

Her eyes opened slowly, as if she was waking from a long sleep, and then she smiled, and began rising from the depth of the lake.

The head burst through the surface of the water, and slowly rose, its size caused a minor waterfall to be created below her, as the water drained from her hair, there was something truly disconcerting about a head floating without a body, for something like this belonged in the grave, not outside in the sunlight.

When the head reached a thousand feet in the air, it stopped its rise.

The fog around the head was now very thin, and it was clear that the actions of Rowan had decimated a massive portion of the Supervisors, for there was barely anything left.

Her eyes peered around in satisfaction, and she brought out a long black tongue that she swirled around, as if she was tasting the air, her eyes turned to the rumbling battlefield ahead and elation colored her gaze.

At the shore of the lake, a pair of Supervisors were yelling in obvious panic. Unlike the ones who grew under human flesh, these appear in their true form; they resemble humanoid cockroaches, but without the wings.

They scuttled through the shore, their eyes on her as they screamed in a strange language and fiddled with a contraption on their four hands.

The Abomination Core turned its eyes to look at them, and the air stirred around them, and they went still like a statue, slowly black lines appeared all over their bodies, and they fell in pieces.

A man with white hair that reached his knees appeared in front of them, he had a mask made of black bones that resembled fingers that were clasped together, it was covering his nose and mouth, and tied around his waist was the rough skin of a man, it was possible to see the body hair and subcutaneous fat on the skin, as it appeared to have been freshly ripped out.

He was holding a single-edge curved blade made of black bones, the sword was at least six feet long, a closer look would show that he was not holding the blade, but it had grown from his arm.

He slowly brought it to his face, and the bone mask snapped open from the middle, as if the bony fingers were unclasping their digits, and they rested on the side of his face, covering part of his ears and neck.

His face was revealed, and he resembled Regolf. Yet, his human appearance ended there, for he had two extra pairs of eyes, one pair on his cheekbone, and the second slightly below that, both of which were closed.

He slowly drew his tongue across the flat of the blade, licking the yellow blood that stained it, as the massive blade retracted into his arm, he looked up at the floating head, and he vanished, he reappeared moments later on the head of the Abomination Core, where he watched the ongoing battle.

"Yes... it's so very close now, child. Soon I shall be free!"

Rowan had destroyed more than half the Army of Abomination, before the Core shivered and closed her eyes.

"Champion, find the weak link and rip it out! Mother can barely withstand the annoyances any longer."

The white haired man began flickering through the thick strands of her hair, and when he reached a closed eye, he would attempt to touch the spikes, but there appeared to be a force field around the spikes, and he could not reach it.

After trying for a while and failing to touch the spike, he left and tried another one, the movement of the man was like a machine, every motion was precise, and he used the same amount of time to check each spike, this continued until his hand touched a spike without any force field.

The Abomination Core screamed, "Pull it out, quickly."

The man with white hair grabbed the spike with both hands, and his hands began to slowly corrode, his skin and muscles fell off, but his bones were black like metal, and they held, but they too began to emit an acrid smoke as they slowly began to disintegrate.

The man exerted force and began to pull, his upper body swelled, and slowly the spikes were pulled away from the eye. His arms collapsed, nevertheless, the task was done.

The spike that had been brought out from the eyes, and the pulled out spike hovered in the air for a while, before it rusted and a passing breeze blew it away, and it scattered into metallic fillings.

The corroded arms fell off the shoulder of the man, and another was regrown in its place. The process of regrowth must have hurt a great deal as he shuddered and let out faint groans, the two closed eyes on his face seemed like they wanted to open, but he forced them closed.

Disregarding the discomfort of regrowing his arms, he continued searching for spikes and pulling them out, the process of regrowing his hand was still clearly just as painful as the first time, but he did not stop as the urging from the Abomination Core increased in volume.

As he continued with his task, the effects on him got increasingly difficult as most of his body began to collapse, but his unwavering determination did not cease. He could now slowly access the spikes he could not touch before, and he continued pulling, it was possible that he might perish before he was done, but the Abomination Core wasn't particularly concerned about that.

Below the head of the Abomination core, the empty stump where her neck was supposed to be, began to wiggle, and slowly a ball of flesh began to form, which burst open to show that her neck had regrown, the growth continued downward, as her shoulders were being slowly formed, bones, cartilage and sinews, veins and yellow blood appearing as if out of thin air.

"Yes... Yes... Yes!!!"

On the battlefield, where Rowan fought, a change had begun happening.

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As a seemingly endless stream of soul power entered Rowan's body, he stopped to access the battlefield, sweeping his Energy and Spatial Sight along the entire field.

It was a scene of pure devastation, the one - eyed Ouroboros serpent had finished killing every flying Abomination, and began to descend towards the carnage below, where its sibling was tearing everything apart, and occasionally letting out roars of excitement.

The one eyed Ouroboros serpent gave a long sonorous roar, and began to descend head first, and like an unstoppable juggernaut, it began plowing the ground with its body from one end of the battlefield to the other, separating the battleground into two.

The dust plumes from its movement shot towards the skies and covered the entire battleground, it shook itself and emerged clean from the dust, blood, and flesh that covered its body.

It roared at the second Ouroboros serpent at the other end of the battleground, as if indicating that this side of the fight is mine, slapping its tail on the ground, it began to rise before turning to its half of the battleground.

## **Chapter 82: Envy! (2)**

Abomination lacked the capacity to feel fear or hesitation, they had no capacity for emotion, and perhaps the only thing they could really feel was a permanent hunger.

They charged at the Ouroboros serpent, yet it did not particularly care for their valor or stupidity, they were all a source of energy to it. Opening its maws wide, with needle sharp teeth resembling swords, it charged over.

The two - eyed Ouroboros serpent carrying Rowan also began to descend, Rowan stopped making more phantasmal Axes, for he noticed that this technique was surprisingly not intrinsic to the Axe, but it was due to the green exterior of the weapon.

His vitality had burned through more than eighty percent of the green pigment on the Axe, and Rowan knew he would lose this technique as long as he made a few more moves with the Axe.

He thought it would be a shame, an area of attack skill that was powered by his vitality, was the perfect match for him, and losing it would not be too debilitating, but it would still sting.

The saving grace was that he would finally learn the true nature of this weapon, as it seemed the true nature of this Axe had been buried underneath and his vitality had stripped away the seals bounding it.

A few hundred feet before they reached the ground, all three of the Ouroboros Serpents became tense, and Rowan sensed a tremor that could only be felt by his Spirit, and looked towards the lake. The three Ouroboros serpents also turned towards the lake.

The last of the fog was suddenly stripped away from the air, and from his vantage point he could see all around him for miles, his sight, however, was focused on the lake, where he saw the smiling face of a woman with goat eyes, who only had a head. Scratch that, she now had a neck and a body was growing beneath her.

The situation in the battlefield began to change, as within the torso of every Abomination including the dead ones, a red flame began to burn.

The Abomination began to howl, as they began to liquefy into a thick yellow paste that vibrated with a red glow burning inside the thick fluid.

In a short while, the entire ground was covered with a thick yellow paste that glowed with a dull red light, as the last screaming Giant melted, the entire battlefield resembles a small lake of bloody flesh, an eerie silence descended over the field where a short while back, absolute pandemonium held sway

Well, that certainly took a new turn, and although Rowan had been expecting something. He did not think the impact of his actions would be so radical.

When he understood that the fog that appeared was a method used by the Supervisors to control the Abomination Core, he saw no issue destroying the Supervisors along with the Abominations.

Although that was not the path he would first choose, they had attacked him, and he would never discard this massive source of Soul Points, seeing as he had lost access to the portal to that world, which, looking back now, might have been a good thing, since he would not willingly stay inside the Nexus, and he was unwilling to leave anything behind that may aid his father.

He battled the Abominations, while knowing that he may end up freeing their control, it was an added source of chaos that may aid his escape, and throw a wrench in whatever unholy plans they were cooking up.

Also, he figured since they were both prisoners here, then the enemy of my enemy was an ally.

The fog had retreated, for it would seem that in the previous carnage he had ended up butchering most of the Supervisors. Well, good riddance to bad rubbish. The method by

which they had dwelled inside the priest, and used his body as a sort of puppet, still caused him a great deal of anxiety.

Yet, it would have appeared that control was only a part of the usage of the fog, it also served as a seal.

Rowan could see with his Energy sight that the power within the liquified Abominations was constantly rising, and countless processes were happening inside the fluid that were changing it into something else.

Looking at the figure hovering over the lake, the body of the Abomination Core had regrown until it reached her waist, where it stopped. Her torso was ridiculously feminine, and her skin was blue with dozens of pale yellow stripes running down her frame.

From this distance, he could see a man-sized figure shimmering through her hair and pulling a sort of spike out of the numerous eyes dotting her hair, that figure began to fall, and she delicately caught it, she placed the figure inside her cleavage and her eyes turned to Rowan, and she locked eyes with him.

Previously, he did not care so much about the Abomination when he was butchering them, for although they were dangerous foes, at his current power level, they were nothing but fodder before him.

But it appears to be that he might have underestimated the threat of this creature by a large margin, the power he felt from the Abomination Core was extremely powerful, not as much as the giants in the Red Moon World, but it was the next most powerful thing he had ever felt.

Rowan was concerned, but ultimately, she was not his primary concern, if she decided to fight him, he would oblige her, but first he needed to escape the Nexus. He peered at and saw that he had gathered well over eleven thousand soul points.

With this, he was assured to push his abilities to the next level, and if this Abomination Core turned its sights towards him in strife, the level of power she would be expecting from him would be vastly different from before.

He summoned his other two Ouroboros Serpent to his side, and they began circling him. He would not be idle and wait for her next move, it was better to power up first.

Suddenly, the Abomination Core above the lake uttered a piercing scream, and Rowan nearly bent in pain, for the sound was like nails piercing through his skull. His Ouroboros Serpents also shook in pain, as they let out roars of their own. And as suddenly as the Scream began, it also ended.

Rowan then senses a vibration below him, as the liquified Abomination began to gather, as if drawn by an invisible large magnet, and in a short while they formed a large

quivering mass of flesh that was slowly beginning to take shape into a single massive creature.

Rowan stared in astonishment as the mass solidified into a single humanlike figure that was gray like a rock and stood over four hundred feet tall. It had four faces on a single head and those faces were pointed in four directions, north, south, east and west.

The face in front was of an old man, by the side was a bird, the other side was a wolf and at the back was a young man.

It also had three arms, two on the left and one on the right, on the two left hand it held a bone lamp, one hand was supporting the handle of the lamp, while the other held the base of the lamp.

The red glow that had been shining inside the massive figure gathered into the bone lamp and a red flame began to burn within it, it also gathered over the body of the figure, turning into a sort of robe that resembled a Kasaya worn by monks in his previous life.

The eyes on all four of its faces were closed, and the air trembled as it slowly began to rise off the ground, and it stood level with Rowan in the air.

The arms in front of the creature came to the front and, like a monk, the right palm went flat against the side of the lamp as if it were in prayer.

Rowan stared in amazement. What the hell was he witnessing?

## **Chapter 83: Envy! (3)**

Rowan knew his biggest weakness was a lack of fundamental knowledge, although he could plan for numerous unknown events using the data he had on hand, this would always lead to a flawed method of deduction.

It was like asking him to guess the size of a house, by just placing him inside one of the rooms. He could do his best to figure out how big the house might be from the size of the room, to checking the length and breadth of its windows and the doors, down to the overall dimension of the room.

He could spend hours racking his head, and performing countless calculations, but he would be wrong because no matter how he tried to solve this puzzle or any premises he might draw, he could never truly understand what he does not know, and his guess work could only go so far.

Not only that, but he could have guessed the house could be the size of a grand palace, only to find out that it was a single room. Furthermore, he had expected the Abominations he faced to just be newer variants of endless brutes, only to witness something apart from his experience.

Rowan was encountering that sentiment, all over again, as he examined this new Abomination variant.

The red Kasaya it was wearing fluttered, in sync with the red flames inside the lamp, as if they were one entity. The face of the old man appeared peaceful, and apart from its enhanced size, seemed normal.

Was this an Abomination?

Color me surprised, these things can change classes on a whim! Were they not supposed to be some kind of mindless berserkers, and now they are what? A mutant monk?

Well, if an Abomination had the potential of evolving to godhood, then he might have underestimated the path of their growth. It should be common sense that for something to become a being as lofty as a god, it must possess certain qualities.

Well, he had never seen a god before, and therefore he had no idea of the qualities they might have. He was just learning as he went along.

The Ouroboros Serpents around him were getting restless, they could see the amount of energy brimming inside this Abomination and with their nature of craving energy, they wanted to charge ahead, but Rowan reined them in.

Battling with this Abomination was risky. With the wave of power he was sensing, this creature might just be at the Incarnation State, or maybe even higher.

Furthermore, this was not his main goal, he would rather focus on leaving the Nexus, before the big bad appeared, than fight this Abomination.

He looked back at the Abomination Core, to see if he could communicate with her, that was before she smirked at him?

A red sun bloomed beside him, and before he could respond, a pillar of red flame shot at him with the speed of a laser. The Ouroboros Serpents barely covered him before the flames turned them to ash and blasted into him.

His body burned as his skin and muscles melted, and yet the red flames also carried a physical force as it slammed him to the earth, pushing him hundreds of feet into the ground, and the red flames were maintained for ten seconds before it stopped, and it began to build again.

The ground had exploded, and a massive crater that appeared to be the doorway to an active volcano appeared, the surrounding ground for hundreds of feet had been turned to glass by the heat, the heat wave had spread to the remnants of the town, and it burned to ash, the black smoke from the town turned part of the sky dark.

Rowan was lying at the bottom of that hellish furnace, where he only had his head and part of his shoulders left, the rest of his body were just golden bones, gleaming in the flames.

He had barely placed the Axe in front of his head before everything had turned to light and heat.

The hand holding the Axe was down to metallic bone as every piece of flesh on it had simply evaporated, he squeezed the shaft of the Axe in rage at himself for underestimating his foes. His danger sense was definitely malfunctioning, as he should have begun running the moment he saw the situation changing.

But why should he run?

He picked himself up, in the short period before he stood, more than seventy percent of his body had regrown, the Ouroboros Serpents had rematerialized inside the void of his hearts and the pain of having his flesh vaporized had faded.

He would be naked, if he did not have the foresight of wrapping the skin from the Ouroboros serpent first shedding around his waist. The skin appeared to be partly melted, but it would still serve.

Recalling the method by which the Abomination created clothes out of the red flames, he shrugged mentally, for there was no way he could control his energy to such a fine extent. But at least he had a direction he could follow, he might not need mystical clothes if he understood how to create them using his energy.

When he fully stood up, a shadow covered the crater he was in as the Abomination flew over the crater it made, and his sight showed him another blooming red sun erupting from the lamp.

Rowan only had the presence of mind to lift his Axe to block his head, while summoning the Ouroboros Serpents with mouths open wide, whatever energy they could devour would reduce the impact on him.

Although it did not seem to really matter, as his body was mostly destroyed. The keyword being mostly, as his head was safe, and that meant his spirit was still in peak conditions, and he could easily call up his Record.

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Name: Rowan Kuranes

Age: 11/33,000

Strength : 716.7

Agility : 715.9

Constitution : 1100

Spirit : 285.6

Class: None

Title: Plane walker, Chaos Blood

Aspect : Spatial Sight (Tier 3)

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

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

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

Records:

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

REAVER – level 0 [0/5000]

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

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One – 753,865/1,000,000,000

Engine Two – 568,564/1,000,000,000

Engine Three—997,666/1,000,000,000

Rift Rule Gained: Absolute Body [Locked]

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path Gained: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Active Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Soul Point :11,898.4532

Remark: Nascent Titan

This would be the first time he would be upgrading himself in the Legendary State, he could see that he had gathered close to twelve thousand Soul Points from the last battle, which was spectacular because it meant he might break through to the Rift State with this amount.

But looking at his budding fourth heart, he was not convinced that was very likely, no doubt the amount of Soul Point he would need to get to the Rift State would double or even be multiples of what he was expecting.

Yet, he doubted that was such a bad thing, as he could see that his existence had disregarded the concept of levels.

There was no need to rush to the next level if his strength was enough to crush everything even at the Legendary State, unlike others, he could rapidly get stronger at any moment. So, he was learning to disregard the notion of levels, and just enhance his bloodline as much as he could.

It would not matter if his enemies were in a higher State of Change, if a single blow from his hand could crush a planet.

## **Chapter 84: Envy! (4)**

He began pouring Soul Points into the Ouroboros Bloodline, and he began to immediately feel the effects.

As his Soul Points began enhancing his bloodline, it was as if countless firecrackers were exploding throughout his body, he began to regrow his flesh faster than the red flames could consume it.

Every time his flesh was destroyed by the flames, the newer flesh came out stronger and more resilient, and he was filled with endless energy, he began to release the Ouroboros Serpents to fly out of the crater produced by the red flames.

At first, they could not fly more than thirty feet before they were turned to ash, but as his bloodline grew, so too did the Serpents, they got bigger, and slowly they began to adapt and flew higher, from thirty feet to fifty feet, until they reached the top of the crater.

The face of the old man suddenly frowned, and his head rotated, and the young man's face came to the front, that face unexpectedly opened its mouth, and another stream of red flames poured from it.

The new stream of flames pushed back the serpents down to the bottom, but it could no longer destroy them, their flesh was turned to ash, but their bones still had life, and they roared at the flames. They strove to rise, steadily gaining momentum, even as they were still growing.

The important part was that they had blocked enough of the flames for Rowan so his body was now complete, nevertheless his mind was not on his body, but inside of it, where he saw that his fourth heart was now complete, and it was at that moment he arrived at five thousand point into the Ouroboros Bloodline.

It began to evolve.

A shockwave erupted from his body that seemed to trigger the three serpents outside, and they roared as they flew back into his body, and they returned to the void in his heart.

"Hey, where are you all going? Get out here!" Rowan shouted at his Serpents, but they ignored him.

"Not that I necessarily need them at this point," Rowan glanced at his new and inflated Attributes.

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Name: Rowan Kuranos

Age: 11/33,000

Strength : 1717

Agility : 1716

Constitution : 2600

Spirit : 285.6

Class: None

Title: Plane walker, Chaos Blood

Aspect : Spatial Sight (Tier 3)

Berserker (Tier 1)

Skills:

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

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

Records:

FOUR [CHAOS BLOOD]- level 2 [5,000/15,000]

REAVER – level 0 [0/5000]

Legendary Skill : Chaos World Engine [3/3]

Chaos World Engine [Minor]

Engine One – 985,225/1,000,000,000

Engine Two – 897,645/1,000,000,000

Engine Three–1,001,876/1,000,000,000

Rift Rule Gained: Absolute Body [Locked]

Incarnation Path Unlocked

Path Gained: Chaos Territory Creation [Locked]

Active Skill Gained :

World Soul Manipulation [Locked]

World Recreation [Locked]

World Merging [Locked]

Soul Point :6,901.2311

Remark: Nascent Titan

Even though he always expected his Attributes to skyrocket every time he upgraded his Bloodline, he would never get used to the feeling of his body growing stronger and the world around him getting weaker.

He had not gotten taller or more muscular; however, he saw that his body was more streamlined, and every inch of his body was packed with frightening strength. So much so that he began to feel that he could tear reality itself into pieces.

His Agility made the world slow down, and he could feel each second stretching itself until it almost felt like a minute and even his Spirit began to lag behind his flesh, as his senses felt as if it were made-up of quicksilver.

With the disappearance of the Serpents, the pillars of red flames slammed down onto his body with no obstructions. He could have avoided it, but he did not. Rowan began to laugh as he opened his arms and welcomed the flames.

The flames slammed into him like a truck, but his knees did not bend from the impact, and unlike before, his eyes were kept open, and although the flames made his eyes dry out, and slowly began to boil inside his sockets, yet compared to the absolute decimation his body faced before, this amount of pain was meaningless.

The Red flames that had once turned him to a pile of steaming bones could only burn away the surface layer of his skin, although his appearance was frightening because his skin appeared to be in a state of flux, he was basically undamaged.

He would regrow his skin, only for it to be burned away, exposing his muscles, and soon his skin returned once more only to be burned off, the circle repeating itself.

Nevertheless, he was able to stand beneath the full weight of the red flames. With his Constitution that had reached this new heights, the concussive force of the flames almost felt like it was massaging his body.

He did not need to look to notice, the face of the young man beginning to frown. "Keep that look on that face, for I'm going to tear it off." He was surprised at the sheer brutality growing in his blood, it was so deep he would have sworn he tasted blood. He began to feel a bit of concern welling up in his spirit.

It would appear that as his bloodline grew stronger, and as he was beginning to unearth deeper mysteries lying inside of it, his bloodline was beginning to influence him.

Since he was in a fight, Rowan disregarded this growing concern and instead pushed this intense emotion bubbling inside his blood to the Axe. The dull hum emanating from the Axe, turned into a loud metallic shriek, as the green coating over the Axe began to visibly decline.

He began shoving heaps of Essence into the Axe, and it began to glow so brightly, that it could be seen from inside the pillar of red flames that covered his body. The glow was the green of new grass, it was a glow of an endless verdant field, and only a Bloodline Essence like Rowans could have unleashed this sort of power from the Axe.

The moment the pillars of flames ceased, Rowan stamped his feet, and the ground detonated. He did it because he did not have any stable footing, the flames had melted the rocks below him into lava that had reached his waist.

Now that he had stable footing, he crouched a little and just vanished from sight, a second went by and the place he was previously standing at, simply exploded. A series of explosions followed his rise, as he blasted the air apart with his body.

Unlike when he released the phantasmal Axes, he did not do that now, realizing that doing such would spread the power of the blow over a wide area, it would be sufficient for the fodder Abominations, but not for this one.

He needed all that power directed in one spot!

A green sun suddenly blossomed in front of the Abomination's face. Rowan went for the head. And the Axe sliced through half of the face, beginning from the forehead until he split the nose of the young man's face and reached the lips.

All the faces of the Abomination shrieked, and the voices were so loud that it pitched out a shockwave that made Rowan's eardrums blow up. Inside the opened head of the Abomination were countless screaming faces of men, women, and children.

"You are as ugly inside as you are outside." Rowan said, and he unleashed the technique on the Axe that had built to a feverish point inside the head of the Abomination, who had begun raising the lamp in his direction.

From the sky, it was as if a green sun arose on the ground, and began to spread, devouring everything in sight, until it suddenly reversed itself and winked out of sight.

## **Chapter 85: Envy! (5)**

The figure of Rowan fell from the air, dropping for hundreds of feet before landing on the ground on a single knee, at this moment he was nothing but a golden skeleton, but he

was alive, the Axe he held was still burning with a green flame that was slowly dying out.

As he was standing from his knees, his flesh seemed to bubble out of thin air, and the moment he stood up, he was whole again. The Ouroboros skin barely survived the detonation from the Axe, so thankfully he was not naked.

At least, some things are not breaking down on me yet.

Behind him, a small mountain stirred, it was the broken body of the Abomination. The entirety of the top of its head had disappeared, leaving only a black smoking jawbone, barely held together by small charred gristle and sinews, the rest of its body was no better.

As he watched, the remnants of the Abomination's body began to collapse into Ash, of all three of its arms, two had disappeared entirely, the last arm could barely support the lamp that held a sputtering flame.

The green flames from the Axe seemed to carry an incredible corrosive nature, even his bones that he felt should be twice as tough as diamond had felt a little brittle before his recovery made them whole again.

With the amount of damage he had inflicted on this creature, he expected to have collected its soul, and indeed he had touched its soul deeply when he struck with the Axe, but he could not pull it out of the body.

It was like he was a child trying to uproot a giant oak with his bare hand, the soul of the creature seemed to have developed an inconceivable weight.

It did not take long for Rowan to realize that it was his Spirit Attribute. It was now simply too low for the beings he was currently fighting. Of all the creatures he had killed, he doubted if any of them had a higher Spirit Attribute than him, but things were clearly changing.

He should slowly reevaluate his decision for not upgrading the Soul Reaver Bloodline, after all, without its ability to make most of the wounds he inflicted, instantly fatal, his offensive ability would be cut down by a large percentage.

Yet, he still felt a deep aversion to this bloodline, and he would upgrade it until he understood more about bloodlines and how the whole freaking power system worked. He would rather not make a mistake concerning a bloodline such as this one.

If that meant he would lose a powerful weapon presently, then so be it. Besides, he knew it was because his insane rate of growth had warped his views on how a Dominator was supposed to grow.

Soul Reaver could already grow his Spirit passively, and its increments were not small, but since he was used to collecting hundreds of points in attributes in one sitting, he had become especially greedy for quick progress.

Well, against the sort of enemies he faced and the plans they had for him, he did not think his greed was a particularly bad thing, he thought.

Rowan felt a spiritual wave begin to blow past him into the body of the fallen Abomination, and the red flames that were about to die, began to regain their glow.

Was this spiritual wave Aether? Even though he could not control this stuff yet, his senses could recognize it, and unlike him, with an inexhaustible vitality, this Abomination apparently required it to heal its grievous wounds.

Rowan shrugged, if one blow won't kill it, he would use a dozen, if that won't do, then a thousand. He just had to get used to killing with more than one blow at this time. He could live with that!

Rowan lifted the Axe, and as he was about to move to finish the job, he heard the voice of the Abomination Core in his ears, as if it was by his side, whispering to him.

Rowan would not lie. That freaked him out a bit.

"Greetings, Spawn of the Stars. I would advise you not to kill that child."

Rowan arched an eyebrow, the battle had not yet quelled his burning blood, and it was all he could do not to give her the middle finger, not that she would know what that meant anyway, but it was the thought that counted. Instead, he just said, "Hold that thought."

Walking up to the lamp that was getting brighter, he poured Essence into the Axe, the green flame brightened, and from the jaws of the fallen Abomination, he heard a decrepit whisper... "I stand before your throne, Mother. Defeated."

Rowan swung down with his Axe, concentrating all his Essence to meld the green flame around the weapon. The Axe slammed against the lamp with a loud bang, as cracks began spreading all over it.

Two more blows shattered the lamp, a long wail escaped from the shattered lamp, and whatever power was keeping the last of the Abomination together vanished, as it collapsed into ash.

A tongue of red flame the size of an apple, rose from the shattered lamp, and it was flickering, as if it was about to go out, an intense wave of Soul Power filled his body and looking at the sputtering red flames, he perceived a call from the dying flame, and he

held out his left hand, the red flame like a lost lamb returning to the arms of the shepherd, drifted and settled on his palm where it began burning with a bright red glow.

Rowan noticed that it fed on his vitality to maintain itself, but the consumption was inconsequential to him, and as the red flames on his left hand bloomed bright, the green flames on his Axe held with his right hand vanished.

He heard a sigh from the Abomination core, "Thank you, Spawn of the Stars. I would have paid a heavy price for this boon you have freely given me."

Rowan had barely processed the meaning of her words when the Axe he held suddenly shook violently in his hand, and for the first time he distinctly felt the emotions from the weapon.

It was a jubilant emotion that came from the weapon, it was as if, it had let go of a burden that had been crushing it for a long time, the Axe began letting out long hums of satisfaction that were so powerful, that Rowan felt his bones begin to ache.

With his current physique, it was remarkable that he could feel this level of discomfort from what was literally just the Axe purring in satisfaction.

Rowan felt a prick in his palm, as the handle of the Axe sent a wave of mental energy, it seemed the weapon wanted to communicate with him, he thought about it for an instant, and decided to accept it. His sight was covered instantly by a vision.

The vision transpired in less than a second, but he had spent a long time inside of it, bringing the Axe to his face, he saw a line of words appears around the hilt, and he recalled the vision again.

The vision was like a long dream. The dream began as he felt all dreams do in this world, with claws, screams, and fire and the laughter of cruel gods.

He saw himself as a mortal, and he nearly cringed in shock, when he noticed the weakness of his flesh.

How could I have ever been this fragile?

Using one hand, he poked his biceps and abs, and feeling the tenderness of his muscles made his face whitened. He touched his chest and felt his heartbeat. So weak!

## **Chapter 86: Envy! (final)**

He had the urge to curl up and escape from this vision, for the fragility of his flesh brought him great discomfort. The imperfection of his vision, the pitiful capacity of his lungs, and the many minor aches of a mortal body nearly drove him insane with disgust.

He couldn't even take in a full breath because part of his nostrils were blocked, and he felt an itch beginning to grow in the crook of his back.

He closed his eyes and strived to clear his head, his mortal mind made it difficult, he had ignored how much his massive Spirit made such an activity, for him, effortless. But this mortal flesh held too many concerns that battled for his attention.

He began trying to remember how his massive Spirit had made him feel, luckily he always had a great recollection, and as he remembered that state of being, it began to settle over his consciousness.

He felt a shift, and his body became stronger, and he opened his eyes only to see himself inside his shell, it was the first step he took to escape his mortal flesh, and although the present him could crush a thousand of this body, it was infinitesimally better than his previous mortal body.

His Spatial Sight did not return, but his senses were sharp enough, and so at the edge of his perception he heard the cries of pain and despair, sounds of slaughter buried his senses with the smell of blood and ripped guts, and he saw countless people—They were being eaten.

Not by Abominations, but by seven gigantic mouths with teeth that had been turned permanently red because of the countless lives they have eaten.

They chewed and swallowed, rivers of blood pouring through the gaps of their teeth. Suddenly, as one they stopped, and he felt a chill in his spine for he knew that he had seen them, and they were beginning to search for him.

A bloody wind suddenly picked him up and blew him away to a dark place, and he found himself alone. He was glad that the wind took him away from that place, but since it was so strong, the wind had destroyed his shell.

In the darkness, he heard a whimper, and that sound brought light to his surroundings, and saw a familiar shape—Maeve. She was on her knees, with her back to him. On her body were terrible wounds.

She had no arms, and one of her legs was a crumbled mush, as if someone had repeatedly crushed the leg with a heavy object. She was missing a part of her skull, a part of it had been cleanly sliced off.

He could see inside her head, her brain pulsed weakly as if it had a dying heart hidden inside. And from that dreadful wound a golden feather grew.

A horrendous blow had almost cut her in two, and her guts had been torn out sometimes in the past. She gave her last breath, and it echoed, "They would have to cross my dead body, to get to you, young lord."

Rowan did not know what to feel presently, on one hand, this was just a vision shown to him by a weapon he did not fully understand, was it prophecy, events of the past or the coming future?

Recalling the painting he drew of Maeve, it was eerily similar to what he just witnessed, the only difference was that she had been shielding his fragile body.

He smiled a little and knelt beside Maeve, he remembered a promise the young prince gave to her, that he would always try to smile, even when he did not want to.

Whatever experiment was performed on him so that he may become a host for , was not done with her agreement. She had fought them until her last, yet those bastards... They did not let her die.

The Maeve that had been with him was filled with injuries he could not see, yet his sight had shown him that she was still fighting for him.

How much pain have you borne for me, without my knowing?

"I don't know who is holding you now, but I will get you out." Peering at the vision of her corpse, she seemed to be looking at the clouds, so he knelt beside her, and he also watched the clouds alongside her.

It was unknown how long he stayed beside her corpse, but he knew, outside in his body, it had only been a fraction of a second.

Beside him, the corpse was now bones, and a single motion from him, caused it to collapse into dust.

A gentle breeze came and gathered that dust, carrying it to the clouds above. Rowan unconsciously wanted to catch the bone dust, but he let go at the last moment.

It was unknown how long he knelt there, or what thought went through his mind, but he sighed and wanted to drag himself away from this vision. Why was the damn Axe showing this to him?

A change happened. He saw a green glow appear on the horizon. The glow—It seemed to free up the lethargy bounding his body. Rising, he began to walk towards the green light.

The vision behaved like a dream because, as dreams tend to do, each step he took made the scenery change like an Escher painting, and he saw himself before a vast plain.

The green brilliance was directly ahead, up in the skies. And the glow was becoming brighter because that light... It was falling!

From his vantage point, Rowan could eventually see what the green glow was. It was a very familiar Axe. Unlike the four-foot great Axe that Rowan wielded. This one was the size of multiple building stories. Arcs of lightning wreaths the colossal weapon, and its descent tore the skies in two.

More quickly than Rowan's current body could anticipate, it reached the ground. The impact was deafening. And a green light flashed by him, so bright his eyes were burned away from his socket, leaving two gaping holes that bled blood and ash.

Yet, he could still see!

His body began to move, seemingly against his will, to the deep pit where the Axe rested. His feet were strong, but it were still fragile, it was pierced by shards of melted glass and roasted by the fires from the Earth.

But he persisted.

What drew him was the Axe. It was screaming in a voice like two divine metal striking together.

When his body reached the Axe, he took his hands and touched the weapon. Thus, he saw the travails it faced.

It was being eaten by an enormous serpent with eyes all over its body, countless chains pierced through the body of the serpent, and it bled darkness. The color of the serpent was blood-red. The serpent tore enormous chunks of living metal from the Axe, and the weapon appeared to shiver with pain.

With every piece torn from it, the Blood-red snake grew, and when it had consumed a third of the Axe it turned to him and spoke,

"I gave you my blood. Why do you linger in times long past?"

Rowan was perplexed, but for the moment he could not speak. If he could, he would have been screaming questions.

Rowan had a feeling that what he was seeing was essential, it could be the difference between surviving or perishing.

His mouth opened in a silent scream, but no words came forth, he had to understand. And he shook his head back and forth, clearly distraught.

By chance, his perception caught a line of words near the hilt of the Axe, he was only able to see it due to the snake twisting the handle of the Axe, exposing the insides, and he could only see part of the message "Iron is my blood..."

Rowan heard the cry of the Axe once more and this time, he could understand its message. "I am Envy... I submit to the Child of Chaos"

## **Chapter 87: Know Thy Fear**

Rowan came into himself from his brief musing on the vision the weapon showed him. Not just any weapon, its name was Envy.

It was a strange name for a weapon. It was a strange name for anything as a matter of speaking.

The weapon had now lost every green coloration it had, right now, it appeared a bit rusted, with bumps and scratches as if it was corroded by acid. Veins of gold snaked all over the weapon, and they seemed to pulse in accordance with his breathing.

The weapon appeared old and harmless, but the constant hum that it emanated was proof enough of its shocking lethality. Rowan feared that only Dominators that were in the latter parts of the Incarnation state or higher could hold this weapon, or anyone else would simply be vaporized just by touching it.

He also noticed that the weight had increased, the change was not subtle for before now, the Axe had weighed twenty-eight kilograms, but now judging by the numbers his perception was giving him, the weight of the Axe had increased to a hundred and thirty kilograms.

If it had any other abilities, apart from the vibration and increasing weight, he had not discovered it yet. But he was still satisfied with the overall abilities of this weapon, after all, he had a Berserker Aspect, and he only required a solid weapon to allow that Aspect to shine.

He was aware he had not been using this Aspect of his to its full potential, and he would strive to change that because he felt there was enormous potential inside of it.

He peered back at the lake, where he saw that the figure with white hair had resumed his activities, and had begun pulling off more spikes from the hair of the Abomination Core.

With his present alacrity of vision, he could see the Abomination Core with startling clarity, and he saw her regrowth that had stopped at her waist, had resumed.

More of her body re-emerged from the waist down and the regeneration stopped at her knees, the man with the white hair seemed to have hit another road block, as he seemed unable to pull out any more spikes, and he proceeded to sit on her shoulders.

The Abomination Core began to move, and as she glided through the air, the lake beneath her parted until you could see the bottom, where countless skeletons lay.

Her hair did not move with the wind, but they rose around her head like a crown, and the many eyes inside it, blinked and peered around with hatred oozing from their gaze.

Rowan squeezed his weapon and leaped out of the pit, scanning through his body, he saw that all three Ouroboros Serpents had all converged around his new fourth heart; they were breathing a red mist that resembled blood into the heart.

He felt a twinge of pain as his heart began to expand until it was three times its previous size, sudden bumps would appear on it, as it looked like something was growing inside his heart, and was slowly tearing its way out.

He reckoned the fourth Ouroboros Serpent was about to be born, and he dimly wondered how many of such creatures would end up inhabiting his body, since he was beginning to see a budding fifth heart. Did his bloodline evolution have any limit?

The Abomination Core was fast, and soon reached the shores of the lake, but her movements were halted, for she bounced back as if an invisible wall were covering the entire lake, denying her passage.

She slowly ran her claws through the air, and ripples appeared around her clawed digits, the invisible field blocking her rippled as if she was underwater.

Rowan was not too surprised about this development, it was standard practice to separate invasive specimens kept inside a Nexus. Most likely, the keys to her freedom lie in the Control Hub below.

The Abomination Core was still running her hands through the air, and he decided to ignore her for now. Shooting a burst of his Spatial Sight to the manor, he saw that a considerable part of the mansion had collapsed.

The effects of his last battle had reached the house, but the sigils placed on the door of the cellar were effective, for everyone inside was still safe, except buried under piles of iron and concrete.

He had anticipated that this might occur, so he instructed them to bring a certain beaker with them previously. It contained an alchemical solution that acted as an air filtration unit. It would ensure that none of them would suffocate while they were below.

Coincidentally, the facility governing the Nexus, was directly below the crater made when fighting the Abomination, and Rowan, seeing that the Core was trapped at the time, decided to raid the facility.

"Spawn of the Stars, wait a moment longer. I wish for your ears."

That sounded more malevolent than it should have, especially coming from a flying creature hundreds of feet tall, who could easily be called the Mother of monsters. Should he listen to such a creature? Yeah, let's not do that.

Rowan ignored her, bracing himself to jump into the pit.

"If you ignore my words, Spawn of the Stars, you shall fail in your quest to leave this cage, and we shall both perish"

Rowan pushed down the growing irritation in his blood, his mind already working through the events that had happened. He stopped his movements and turned to the Abomination Core.

"You make bold claims Abomination, a short while ago, you were trying your hardest to kill me, and you have nested on my lands and killed a lot of my people, my fight with you has not ended." The distance between them did not in any way hamper their communication, they were above mortals and concepts such as distance were slowly losing its meaning to Rowan.

"As you breathe air, and eat meat for survival and growth, so also do I. No excuse for my actions would I give you, yet know that your suffering is not by my choosing and like you, I am here against my will." The Abomination Core sighed, and gave a formal bow. "But first, where are my manners, please, call me Lamia."

The sheer mental dissonance of seeing a flying-blue-naked-giant-lady, was only topped by the basic noble etiquette she just displayed, and of course, she was speaking Medan, the language of the Gods and Nobles.

It was almost instinctive for Rowan to bow back, the etiquette of nobility was ingrained in his bones and this tradition went back for tens of thousands of year's, since Dominators lived for a long time, they had a firm stance on tradition, even among enemies if basic courtesy is shown, one is expected to show the same. Especially when you both communicate in Medan.

"My name is Rowan Kuranos, and although you are my enemy, I shall listen to your words before my Axe rips through your throat." He bowed back, and for that extremely strange moment, had their heads bowed towards each other.

"Rowan Kuranos? You bear the name of a god, but you are not one of their children. I sense none of their foul blood inside of you. But, since it is your given name, then I shall respect its value to you."

The ease by which the Abomination Core communicated with him, was surprising, but this fact did not ease his wariness it enhanced it instead, from the knowledge he knew off previously, although Abomination Core had intelligence, they were feral and bloodthirsty and there was no way to effectively communicate with them.

Obviously, that knowledge was clearly false and as with most of the everything he thought he previously knew. The clarity of her speech should have alerted him to the intelligence of this monster, it was an oversight on his part.

The Abomination Core—Lamia, previously spoke to him with Common speech because he guessed she would rather not alert him to the full capacity of her intelligence, but because she was blocked by a force field, and realizing she would need his help in breaking out, she decided to lay her cards on the table.

## Chapter 88: Know Thy Fear (2)

If Rowan harbored any misconceptions about her intelligence in his heart, he hastily discarded it.

Rowan decided to probe her words a bit, "Why do you call me a Spawn of the Stars?"

"The answers to your questions are clear, even to a blind mortal. I call you a Spawn of Stars because you are not one of us. I am a child of this world, and although our histories have been maligned by the gods, we still have our birthright. Trion is in my blood and in everything else, but she does not dwell within you.

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This was not how my story was supposed to end. My light was supposed to illuminate an entire era!

General Augustus Tiberius had a single second left to live.

He had given his all. He had excavated every single iota of power in his body. Technically, he was already dead an hour ago. His body had been repeatedly

destroyed, his foundation scattered, and his source blood had covered the ground until the horizon ended.

He had expected betrayal, craved it in fact. After all with the warlike capabilities of the Tiberius blood, even Ascendant Dominators, who were in the third circle, were not necessarily his match. Coupled with his treasures and artifacts. He had felt smug in his powers.

Although they were both powerful, each at the peak of the second circle, the only reason they could have fought and killed him was the Blood oath that was affecting him.

Only his anger and despair made him fight. He had unleashed such power it would make an Ascendant Dominator cower in fear. Yet even at the verge of death, he was still confused about a single detail. With all the pandemonium their battle had caused, why was the world still silent?

He had broken out of the mirage world, that he had first been trapped inside, and according to the speed and direction he had been traveling, he should have returned to the Rune Ship. Not only that, but, the detonation of his multiple Incarnation should have alerted most of the powers on all seven continents.

How could they shroud the gaze of fate for so long? An Incarnation of Tiberius had fallen, in his last moments he expected the full wrath of the God of War to fall. For his manner of death would not be pleasing to him.

Yet, the silence of the winds and the ever close hands of death mocked his expectations.

"Do you think he is finally seeing the truth after all this time? Don't tell me he is just noticing it. You were right, he is a slow one! Augustus, you did not escape the mirage world. You have been going around in circles. Ha ha ha ha, if only you used as much strength to fight as you used to run, then maybe you might have survived." The voice of the Third prince mocked him.

Finally, the true death was upon him and he was unwilling to fall. Two thousand years of life had made him cruel, and he would never quietly enter into the dark.

He did not speak to the two dark specters hovering over him, he would never give them the pleasure.

At the edge of death, knowing he had lost.

General Augustus Tiberius finally began his true counter-attack.

He used his Origin weapon, which he called, Throne.

He had been lucky to find a part of an Origin Artifact inside the ruins of the Great War, when he was just at the Rift State as a Dominator. Furthermore, he knew he had found a treasure beyond comparison that would lead him to immense benefits.

He was wise and kept all the details of his find to himself, he killed everyone who knew he had come to that blighted field of battle, and he fashioned the Artifact in the shape of a throne, covered in countless adornments, hiding its glory under flashy fluff, convincing every one of his love for luxury and his bad taste.

He had kept his deepest secrets in plain sight, and even after understanding how the Origin Artifact worked, he had carefully used it only twice, and since there was no way for him to actually repair an Origin Artifact, he was left with only a single use remaining.

The activation of the Origin Artifact did not cause much commotion, but his two attackers quickly retreated behind multiple powerful barriers, it was apparent they knew he had a powerful weapon he had not used.

It was a shame that the Origin Artifact was not an offensive weapon, yet its uses were great enough to change fate itself.

He placed his entire will and what was left of his awareness into the Throne, and the light in his eyes vanished, the fluctuations emanating from the Origin Artifact ceased, and everything else fell to silence.

General Augustus Tiberius slowly landed on the ground. He was naked, the tolls of the battle had stripped away every Armour and protection he had.

The lines of his body exuded strength and perfection. Every inch of his body was perfect. His golden eyes lost their light; they resembled a lifeless sun.

In death, he still stood. His head was raised high, no son of Tiberius would die on his knees.

His features softened, and he appeared to be at peace.

A hand emerged from the shadows and caressed his face. The hand traced down his body and a voice sighed, "Truly he was a great warrior. He knew his death was nigh, yet he never flinched. He handled himself better than I give him credit for." The hooded figure sighed, as he had checked the body for the Origin Artifact, but he could not find any trace.

"Yeah, that's all fine and good, but he used an Origin Treasure, I am surprised I am not fighting to live at this moment. Good thing it was not a weapon." The Third prince touched himself, as he patted his rotund stomach.

"Rein yourself prince. The fluctuation that it gave was weak, it was most likely a fragment of an Origin Treasure. I would have preferred if it was a weapon, as it is, we do not understand its effects." The hooded figure began investigating his surroundings, "It is just as I thought, the mirage space has been sealed."

"That's interesting." The Third prince frowned, he also investigated the space using his means, "for how long, do you suppose this sealing would last, I am not very versatile in spatial manipulation."

"Maybe a couple of days, but if we start tearing apart this mirage world, its foundation would cease to exist, and we would be out of here in hours."

"Sigh... Would you be willing to tear apart your favorite toy, I remember this Mirage World took you centuries to craft" The Third prince laughed in amusement?

"Destroying this Mirage World is not the problem, please keep in mind, you were complicit in allowing him to keep a regiment of soldiers inside my Nexus. The Mirage World cannot hide the fact that Augustus is dead, and I fear that he might influence the experiment with those outside forces."The hooded figure growled in annoyance.

"There are only thirty soldiers with their commander being a Rift State Dominator, I hardly see what effect even a thousand of those would have." The Third Prince muttered.

"You are still missing the bigger picture." The hooded figure snapped. "We are supposed to leave this continent the moment we killed Augustus, for that blasted Rune Ship would tear apart the entire continent to find his killer, and since all manner of information is blocked from entering or exiting the Mirage World, we have lost contact with the outside world far beyond the eight hours we initially planned to spend within it. "

"When your plans do not go the way you want them to, you tend to panic and forget some simple facts." The Third prince said, "I did not forget about the Rune ship or his soldiers inside the Nexus. But you have clearly forgotten that we are at war, and the Rune Ship would never leave the border of the Continent except for apocalyptic emergencies, so tell me, is the death of Augustus going to warrant such a drastic response from it."

The hooded figure sighed, "At the very least, I won't be settled until we are far from here, we now know the Singularity could allow the host to access that location. This is a new development after ten thousand years of being studied."

"I understand your issues. If that is the case, let us quickly destroy this Mirage World and clean up the Nexus because unlike you, my fear stems towards my son."

## Chapter 89: Know Thy Fear (3)

Rowan wondered what she might think, if she also knew his Soul was not from this universe, he had many secrets that he intended to keep safe, else with his weakened state, he was doomed.

"I do not know what you are." Lamia said, "But we can work together, and as a show of good faith, I will tell you how to free yourself from the chains that bind you."

"From where I'm standing, it is clear that it's only you who is bound by chains, Lamia." Rowan gestured to the field surrounding her, "It is my help you require, for even though I'm inside a cage, I'm not chained."

Lamia smiled, "Oh, you are so very wrong, Rowan Kuranos. The children you killed were mine, and their death hurt me. No one can understand the depth of a mother's love, but their minds have been stolen from me, and my love for them has been turned into my chains. Same as you."

Rowan frowned, his mind running through the meaning of her words, as a growing fear dawned on him. With his Spirit, it was laughable that he had ignored this problem right in front of his eyes.

"Surely, you should have realized it by now because you are perceptive enough to see it." Lamia gestured to her body where he could perceive dozens of strings intertwined with her hair, those strings were placed inside the spikes that were stabbed at the many closed eyes she had in her hair. He could see that she had managed to destroy about seventy percent of the spikes.

Lamia pointed at him. "I have done what I must to free myself, but tell me, Rowan Kuranos, why have you never tried cutting the strings bounding you?"

A deep chill settled over Rowan Spirit, and his mind raced through many possibilities and the decisions he had been making.

Why had he not really cut the strings when he knew he could have?

At first, he wanted to truly confirm what it was made of, and he did. They were Sigils. He had once thought Sigils were only made for defense, but he was mistaken.

He had managed to become accustomed to the hellish screams emanating from the Sigils in a suspiciously short time, you would think something so irritating would be cut off from his body at the first chance he got.

The second reason he did not cut the strings was that he did not want to alert anyone that he was now capable of cutting through them, but that was now a moot point, for they knew he was trying to break out, and they must have sensed that he could touch the strings, in fact, that was the only reason they assembled an army against him because he had touched the Sigils—His leash.

Logically, he should cut out the one thing that was bounding his greatest weapon in this world—. Yet, he kept giving excuses and when he had the chances to cut them, he put them behind him to first fight the Abominations.

"So Rowan Kuranos, you are beginning to understand, I am not the only one in chains."

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Two men battled on a field of bone and blood. They were absolute specimens of manliness, each of them standing more than eight feet tall, with a thin waist and broad shoulders, and their frames were packed with layers of muscles covered in numerous scar tissues. These men were warriors.

They were bald, and had War Tattoos on their skin that resembled a horned Demon. They clashed with a crazed fury that was absolutely terrifying to witness because of the sheer preciseness of their blows, they kept every unnecessary movement to a minimum.

At their feet were the broken bodies of other massive men, but the corpses were all conspicuously missing any War Tattoo, and they appeared strangely shrivelled as if they had been dead for weeks.

Their weapons clashed and sparks flew, one held a Zweihänder, this massive weapon was wielded with both hands, dealing massive blows to his opponent, who had a round shield and a long spear.

The wielder of the Zweihänder saw an opening and gave a mighty kick, which was blocked by the other with his shield, but he lost his footing and fell.

Knowing his opponent was charging towards him for the kill, the spear wielder hurriedly got to his knees as he twirled his spear and set the shaft against the ground. The Zweihänder wielder momentum was too great, and he impaled himself on the spear.

The impaled warrior showed no sign of pain as he held the shaft of the spear to stop it from being drawn out of his body, and with a yell, beheaded the kneeling warrior with a swing from his Zweihänder.

He slowly pulled the spear from his body, finally gasping in pain. He held the head of the fallen warrior and thrust it at the skies, yelling words in an old tongue that held clear meaning: See me, I stand victorious.

The War Tattoo on the beheaded warrior peeled away from his skin and floated to the exultant warrior, where it merged with his Tattoo. His War Tattoo became richer in depth, and the face of the Demon seemed to come to life.

The warrior's face was turned to the skies, where a Colossus whose size covered half of the horizon hovered and watched.

Where Absomet watched.

The battle below had been fought in a walled off arena, where a hundred warriors had battled until there was only one left. The trace of a Noble Bloodline in each of their bodies was stimulated during the death battle.

During the fight, the bloodline traces in the fallen warriors were absorbed by their killers, which fed and boosted the potency of their Noble bloodline.

This grim process was repeated until there was only a single warrior left, and by this time, the last warrior would have fully inherited all the bloodline inheritance of this noble's blood and crossed the threshold of being a Dominator.

Absomet had been perfecting this technique for centuries, it was one of her latest breeding programs that had shown promise. This bloodline was from a Great Demon from the Abyss, she had been cultivating his bloodline for centuries.

From her viewpoint far above in the sky, there was not only a single arena, but three thousand, within were intense death battles.

"This batch of seedlings is passable. Ooohhh, and they all look so yummy too" Absomet gaze swept through all three thousand arenas at a glance, she began readying the next batch of mortal warriors for the process.

She felt a twinge inside the Hall of Souls in her core, every child of Tiberius in the second Great Circle had their Soul fluxes kept here, in the shape of a burning silver flame.

This was the latest practice initiated by the current Tiberius, personally Absomet thought he was too soft. She could not wait for his five thousand year tenure to run out, then she would tear off the ears of the God of War about whom he allows using his name for the next five millennia.

Turning her gaze inside, she saw the Soul Flame of Augustus. It was shuddering and slowly getting dim.

"A little fool that fears death, just as much as he fears living, he finally had his choice picked for him. If I am right and Absomet is always right. He dies in the next blink of my eyes. Like a whiny little bit\*h"

The Soul Flame went out, and Absomet smirked. There would be searches and queries. Augustus was not just a Dominator at the peak of the second circle, he was also one of the candidates for the position of head of the family.

The Tiberius family would tear the world apart looking for the killer of their heir, even one not in favor.

Although she had dismissed the kid as unworthy of the big seat, killing a Tiberius Dominator that was half a step into Ascendant was... difficult. But not necessarily impossible, and over the millennia she had seen her fair share.

The shifty little prick was an eyesore, and although she would not kill him, she would certainly not go out of her way to save him.

"Little bugger got what he deserves, wasted centuries of work and beauty for some silly contrivance. I shall laugh at his..."

Absomet suddenly paused as the Soul Flame of Augustus reignited, though it was feeble and seemed about to go out.

## **Chapter 90: Know Thy Fear (final)**

"Now, this is interesting... What was that burst of laws? Time? A spark of Origin? Hmm... This is getting fascinating, what is that bastard up to? Time to shake up your waist, old girl, while it's still fresh, let's find that little bastard and tear his memory open."

Absomet would never leave her position to find out the cause of death of the current General that she had to house for the next century, but if she sees any indicator of a Spark of Origin, she would chase after it.

Did Augustus know about this change when he made his plans?

The Enormous shape of Absomet shuddered, and the clouds for countless miles evaporated into steam around the continent.

Absomet drew in a long breath and cloaked herself in red shadows and purple lightning.

A lady never goes out without looking her best.

For the First time in Four thousand three hundred and twenty-eight years. Absomet moved.

Countless hidden eyes watched and noted this change, and like the flap of a butterfly's wing that causes a hurricane, countless changes began to take place.

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The armored hoofs of the Runethors hit the ground with a heavy, rhythmic beat. The clatter was like a pounding of drums, almost pleasant. This was the reason they were favored above most creatures, when it came to Warfare and general movement of troops and goods.

Runethors move in sync.

There were usually two leaders of a Runethor horde—The Alpha and Omega. The Alpha runs ahead of the horde, his pace determines the movement speed of the hordes, every step he takes, the horde waits for half a heartbeat and follows.

There could be only one Alpha in the horde, if it dies, it is replaced by the Omega, and another Runethor would grow to become the new Omega. Becoming an Alpha or Omega did not depend on sex, as the Alpha could be either male or female.

The Omega follows behind the horde, making sure there were no stragglers and keeping an eye out for opportunistic predators who might want to snag any Runethors who were lagging.

Horses were to Runethors as Cats were to Lions. Runethors were fierce and mighty, the Alpha standing up to thirteen feet tall, they had hides that could withstand arrows and blades. They could run for hundreds of miles without tiring and were heavily muscled. A Runethor Horde at full charge could shatter their way through a forest of Oaks.

Their most important trait, however, that set them above most creatures utilized by Dominators, was that they were an open container for Aether. Aether could only be wielded by Dominators of the Rift state and above, and was the true benchmark when it came to power.

Aether in its dormant state was mild, and could even nourish everything it touches, either living or nonliving, but Aether wielded actively does not mix well with living tissue. The normal reaction was spontaneous combustion or uncontrolled mutation. Also, Aether from different Paths of Dominion would have varying effects on living beings.

Runethors could accept all Aethers and they were a great conduit of that mysterious energy. Making them a fearsome combo with a skilled rider.

The perfect synergy were Dominators at the Rift state riding a Runethor. A Rift state Dominator on the Pathway Of The Adept from the Kuran's bloodline could transform the Runethor into a giant of molten flame and rock, destroying everything in his path.

Perhaps in special circumstances, with the right weapons and location, a mortal could kill a Dominator of the legendary state. But it was impossible for a mortal, no matter the situation or opportunity given, to kill a Dominator at the Rift state.

With Aether empowering the actions of Rift State Dominators, a mortal would face unknown peril, just being close to a Dominator of that State.

Legendary Dominators had bodies that contained Aether, but they could not control it. They could only express it via their Legendary Abilities granted by their bloodlines.

Elias Tiberius was a Rift State Dominator. And the Runethor he rode was an Alpha, behind him were fifty Runethors. The rhythmic thumping of the hooves behind him was the only thing quelling his irritation.

He was a stickler for rules, and always followed the plan handed to him to the last line. He recalled the plan laid down to him, although he knew it was all an elaborate ruse for the mindless politics his superiors play, he stuck with the plan, which was supposed to be about investigating a failed Abomination attack a year from now.

Furthermore, he would use the opportunity to reach the ground zero inside the Nexus, and wait for any orders his superior might give him.

The General had told him that he was not welcomed inside the Nexus, but they were running a delicate charade with one of the experiments within, and if he barged into the scenario they were playing, they would have to accept his presence and create a role that would fit him.

This would allow the General to have a firmer grip on the projects, beyond what was first allocated to him.

He had been willing to give up decades of his life for this project, because of the promises of wealth and a guarantee that every step in the process taken had been vetted and repeated multiple times, to avoid any errors and if it was not possible to avoid blunders, reduce the problems to its barest minimum.

They were to lie low and not cause any stir or interfere with whatever happens inside the Nexus unless they were given direct orders. As a precaution, they were placed at the edge of the Nexus, far away from the Control Hub.

The General usually gave his orders with a spectral missive that was conjured in front of Elias, and he hated the unnecessary theatricalities of this, he had no doubt the other conspirators knew they were hidden inside the Nexus, they just chose to ignore them.

An hour ago, a spectral missive came to Elias, his orders were to hurry to the town, where he was to locate the Central Hub of the Nexus, if it was done, he was to wait for his next orders. He did not like any of this plan.

"Any break in plans was a problem, a little problem can lead to a disaster, and after a disaster, what do we have left but our di\*ks waving in the wind. Sword... Sword waving in the wind. Godda\*ned, is Absomet near me? I only get this cranky anytime she is

around." Elias Tiberius muttered to himself, while hoping none of his soldiers heard his rants.

Of course, he had no inkling he just received orders from a supposed dead man, else, his curses would be more vicious.

The previous plan was that he was to assist the young prince in his minor affairs, and slowly, over time, become his confidant. He would slowly deliver prey to the prince, by weakening Abominations and other demonic beasts. Apparently, whatever ritual they were doing required lots of Abomination spawn.

The tip of the Misty Mountains appeared over the horizon. He poured a bit of Aether into the Alpha Runethor, making its eyes blaze with purple fire, it let out a long neigh and proceeded a bit faster, constantly accelerating and the horde behind increased their speed as well.

He had kept the two missives inside a Space treasure that resembled a bracelet around his wrist. These were forbidden treasures from those Mages in the North, but everyone had one of these, it was only a problem if you were caught with them.

Inside the Space treasure, the two missives suddenly combust into red flames, which transform into a pair of blazing golden eyes.