Mortalis: Immortals The Void The Anubis Chronicles of Shinnok Onaga

The Oblivion

The Mortal Wake The Mortal Reach The Uprising

Neou Khor Spore-Master Nova Decider Prime Good-Seed Modilius Neron Wind-Maker Logos Xexek Crys Warpath Eras Cors Midas Ars

Reality-Maker Verse-Maker Creator Coremaster Spell-Master Xixoth

The Ram – The Witness (Tiamat)

Sidious Wharath Selectus(moon warrior) Deceiver Selector Phantomaas Reverser Mauler Rain-Maker Anti Obliterator Xelectus Demolisher Razzor Spor Challenger Goremaster Xinthoth Destructor Collector The Interpreter Attacker Destroyer

Geed The Animus (Hunter Warrior) Darkseiid -Stalker -Harmer -Riser Domiinus

Dreamsrim Chaosrim Mega Moon

Shunoba Sintaka Soul-Defender

Guild of Heroes Raiden Sword-Fighter Fujin Sound-Awake Mist Echo Storm-Raiser

Raven Liu Kang Rednode

Serpent 16 Kung Lao 3 more

Ryu Saan Forga 4 more

Wrath

Chairmen - Lars Shao Khan

Titans - Sandstorm

Rain Sub-Zero Clone-Cloaker

Quei-Jin Ermac Scorpion

War-Track Warpath Liberator Sandman Furion Red-Beetle

The Nine Ruins

Diabolos Tiamat The Horde

Entity Sunobis clan

Altverse Warmongers Xenomorphs Mimic

Alt-Life Half-Life Afterlife

Internal (0.7)

Ether 40% 30 titans (28% overall)

Nether 25% 150 titans (17.5% overall)

Red Coats 15% 200 titans (10.5% overall)

Various forces 10% 200 titans

External (0.3)

Various forces 50% 300 titans

Shinnok 20% (6% overall)

Red Coats 20% 100 titans (6% overall)

Mortalis

# Chronicles

In the present, there is The Void, the vast space of emptiness, empty from all reality, matter, physical, spirit and everything in between.

Contained within the void are several realities that consist within them verses of matter accommodating numerous forms of life, either physical or spiritual.

Each realm is designated for the dwelling of mortal life, or spirit.

The void – the vast space between realms – on the other hand remains unsafe to mortals or most other forms of beings.

Due to the void encompassing unnaturally crazed massive power-hungry spirits. These vile spirits persist in consistent accumulation & absorption of firstly – their familiars, then eventually anything at all.

In result, they scale in strength, power & size (in their spiritual forms).

Over time they've become the ultimate liability to the entirety of life as we know it.

These ancient & powerful spirits are commonly termed as Beasts.

It is unknown nowadays what spirit hybrids inhabit the void or how many or what strengths & sizes they maintain, But what is known is they all carry one common interest, an endless hunger for power; Attempting to seek out any form of matter as prey, doing anything in their capacity to devour us, absorbing our energy & strength, transforming the physical energy into spiritual forms of power to benefit their growth.

There was at once one large reality, the Universe. Holding two realms equally vast: A mortal realm and a spirit realm, both infinit-like in size. Both at peace & internal balance with themselves & eachother.

Later in time, as a result of a mortal, seemingly by accident, coincidentally interloping between both realms – the physical and the spiritual, the once pure and vast reality had been led astray into its complete & utter demise.

This once-mortal is now recognized as Soul-Eater, the strongest titan[[1]](#footnote-0) to walk amongst the living.

But even he must be cautious of the vile spirit beasts channeling the void.

Before the inevitable destruction[[2]](#footnote-1) of the once perfect & pure reality – Soul-Eater along with his apprentices took action & recreated a number of modular sized forms of realities detached from the original, preserving life to a reduced scale (in comparison to the universe).

After the mass destruction, there were 6 essential realities Soul-Eater & his apprentices established, each containing a separate mortal realm & spirit realm (sorta).

Nowadays the six realities compile themselves through many kingdoms usually, and the number of realms has risen (at first being one physical & one spirit per reality).

A kingdom depending on its strength and size can contain the man-power between the worth of a planet to 10 suns. A zone carrying the strength of over 10 suns breaks the encryption of the spell cast over the zone, which was hiding it from the massive beasts wandering the void.

The scale of a beast could vary in size & strength, starting from the size of a kingdom carrying the weight of 3 suns in manpower, to sometimes that kingdom only reaching the size of a beast's toenail (scaled in power), depending on the beast.

In other words, outside a hidden zone carrying mortal civilization, i.e the void, is a giant arena of enormous powerful beasts. A constant large-scale spirit massacre is what reality has become.

What is the story of Soul-Eater? How did this become the natural state?

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## Moon Warriors

Mortalis legend claims the Imbalance starts with Soul-Eater, The first mortal to discover the spirit realm.

At first a simple being, a foot soldier in fact, fighting in a war, moments later finding himself stabbed in the back by sword, breaching his lungs, defeated, losing breath, on the brink of death.

Before passing, he happens to gaze upon the battlefield as he breathes his last few breaths, although as the battle went on, he noticed the souls of fallen soldiers becoming visible to his eyes, realizing himself on the border between both worlds before his passing, the spirit and the physical.

He took advantage of his sightings, doing what he could clinging to life, crawling close to one of the souls, he tried grabbing it by the calve, as a result only causing it to evaporate.

He then looked at the blade sticking out of his chest, covered in his blood, he stood up, came forth to a second soul he’d spotted, this time he delved straight into the soul with his chest, out from it sticking the blade, stabbing the soul with the blade from his chest.

Upon coming to contact, the blade containing his blood, with the soul, this time, instead of the soul evaporating – as the sharp end of the sword carrying his blood cut into the soul, while simultaneously grabbing the soul by both arms with all his might, attempting to prevent the soul from evaporating, the soul opened its mouth, shouting in pain, instead of evaporating, it began twitching around the edges of its appearance, in a rigid manner, causing the appearance of the dying mortal to follow suit, twitching in a crazed rigid form, the soul eventually brightened from gray to glowing white, absorbing itself into the tip of the sword, causing the sword’s color to transition into a bright white starting from the tip working its way to the rest of the blade, then, having the effect spread from the sword to his chest, and from there so to the rest of his body.

Soon after, completely glowing in white.

Moments after – the white glow vanished, and as it did, so did his wound in the chest.

But even though now recovered and healthy, the rest of the souls were still visible.

He retreated from battle, taking his time to digest, then approached trying to understand how to make use of this phenomenon, a mutation, an ability at his disposal.

At first he took great time to study the souls in the mortal realm, dissecting souls from fresh corpses, killing mortals, devouring their souls, consuming the spiritual forces the souls relinquished upon absorption.

Eventually he became so powerful he was unstoppable in the eyes of the mortals; once the local authorities couldn’t maintain his wrath, the ruling provinces (holding a populative sum of 200,000 each) of the area attempted to shut him down, sending their militia after him; with the power of the souls he cleansed – he burned every last soldier sent at him. The authorities kept attempting to tame this monstrous being. A few years of this constant friction led the official authorities to recognizing his greatness, offering him leadership over their lands, presuming the chaos of his genocides as revolt driven.

He rejected their offers, telling them to continue on with the order that was established.

He continued with his feedings, the ruling powers had come to terms with his biddings, despite his monstrosity. They had no choice but to accept this blood thirsty divinity.

As he’d reach a village, the citizens would all scatter in fear for their lives, bringing the world back to times without order, at least until he would finish his duties and leave & let everyone get back to their matters.

Once the mortal realm wasn’t enough for him he taught himself Along his studies of the souls, he eventually unlocked the keys to traveling between realms, reaching the spirit realm, his presumed destination of the soul upon leaving the body.

When he arrived at the spirit realm, he saw there was peace, complete zen amongst the spirits.

But, as the power hungry, not so very mortal, came clear of mind, cleansing the first spirit he came across, absorbing its powers, just as before with the souls in the mortal realm – immediate chaos breaks loose, all spirits began spiraling out of control, each attempting to consume the other, suddenly there was a constant chaotic rat-race for power seeping into madness throughout the whole realm of the spirits.

At first Soul-Eater played along with the madness & devoured as many spirits as he could.

But soon enough he realized he was becoming outpaced by the spirits with their rate of consuming each other at a far more efficient scale.

He realized the spirits around him were outpacing him, realizing eventually they’d become more powerful than him, despite all the time he’d spent in the mortal realm, conducting his cleansings, gaining power.

Soul-Eater stayed within the spirit realm as long as he could before endangering himself as they absorbed each other far faster, perhaps soon enough they could even absorb him.

The spirit realm suddenly became dangerous even for the mighty Soul-Eater, as the chaotic spirits are constantly consuming others seeking to become stronger and stronger by game of selection. He then made his escape returning to the mortal realm.

After discovering the spirit realm, and after now realizing the dangers he’d created, he realized he needs to be stronger in order to compete in the spirit realm confidently[[3]](#footnote-2).

And also manpower in order to strategically distract potential threats & stand defense, protecting him with his feed.

So He decides to seek out those worthy of his training, the study of the soul and the spirit realm. Besides devouring souls, he developed ways of turning that spiritual energy into physical auras, transforming the souls & spirits into large masses of energy dealing surprising amounts of damage.

He created other tactics as well, taming these spirit powers.

He decides to gather war heroes, those with courage and strength.

He did bring other personalities to his crew as well, priests to the high temples along with his brother as well.

Altogether he trained 19 allies to serve him in his campaign. 12 war veterans, as he saw strength within them, his brother along with 6 high priests.

He recruited priests intending that they would help him diversify his powers, help evolve his skills using their spiritual knowledge they claim hold to.

The apprentice Soul-Eater was most enthusiastic for bringing along was Zion, a priest who had initially assisted Soul-Eater in his earlier days studying the souls.

Zion was also widely known to the public for his wisdom & tactical expertise. Considered by some the wisest of the lands.

He firstly introduced his brother to his discoveries, assigning him his role along their journey to the spirit realm, his role being to keep order within the group along with assuring everyone’s loyalty.

He then moved on to recruiting the rest.

Throughout the priestly temples, there were essentially two schools of conflicting thought underlying the temples across the lands, all temples worshiping anything that had association to the spirit realm, but the shift in view takes place regarding the role of the spirit realm relative to the mortal realm.

One view being that mortality is but a pathway to the spirit realm, therefore the sole purpose of the mortals is to serve the spirits.

The other view being that each, the mortal and the spirit realm, even though they are separate realms, each maintains independent purpose, one is not to become prone to the other.

Once he finished training everyone with keeping the most important skills he’d discovered to himself, they all set off together for a mass cleansing around the lands in order to amass in power to fight later in the spirit realm, since the spirit realm must be swarming with even stronger crazed spirits by now.

As the group wreaked havoc across the lands, Soul-Eater’s brother did not attack a soul.

Within 5 days time Soul-Eater felt they’d accumulated enough to take on the spirits, he looked at them with pride as they gathered, facing him as he spoke “We now hold the strength between us to elevate our hunting and enter a place above the physical, we are now to conquer the world of the spirits”

Soul-Eater now prepared himself to access the gateway to the spirit realm as he did before. He would stretch his hands out attempting to transfer energy into a specific placement to unleash a portal, only this time he was unsuccessful.

After a number of tries to open the portal to the spirit realm – Zion, one of the priests, claimed that due to the havoc that had been caused earlier within the spirit realm – the spirits had caused a rift with the boundaries of the spirit realm, keeping its structure intact.. “The spirit realm has shattered, for the beasts have escaped..” Zion spoke.

Soul-Eater valued Zion’s input and opened a different form of portal instead, this one leading to the void – the massive emptiness between realms.

As he stepped through the portal into the void the clan followed.

Once Soul-Eater entered, a spirit rage (– a small body of spirits with one dominant spirit that had successfully absorbed the others - usually no more than 15 spirits worth of power mass) lunged at him, he was pushed back by the attack, but not roughly harmed, as the spirit rage came at him a second time – he raised his hand forward at the rage and absorbed it as it bolted at him. The crew had now stepped into the void after Soul-Eater as he saw the void filled with spirits masses (all sorts of hybrid spirit beings that have now come into being due to the constant chaos) all clashing with rage at one another, Soul-Eater witnessed from afar 3 massive embodiments of spirits much much larger, clashing with each other.

Every time one of the 3 would strike the other - massive waves of energy would migrate throughout the void emitting currents of spirit energies.

Soul-Eater and the clan would withstand the spiritual radiation for the time being..

Meanwhile Soul-Eater and his crew were devouring anything in their path.

But they had to be cautious of the dangerous, more developed spirits leaking around since the spirits when put in this spiraling seep of madness - absorb each other at a much higher rate compared to Soul-Eater and his crew. Despite Soul-Eater being the first to consume a spiritual being, he is not the strongest being to exist anymore - for the spirits have outpaced his methods of consumption.

Eventually, as the warriors of the clan continued devouring their prey - Soul-Eater, his brother, Zion, Kermec and 2 other priests Wharhath & Sidious began assessing the situation, observing what they can learn and research of the void and the breach of the spirit realm.

As the clans’ barbaric feedings kept on going, the clan started catching more and more attention, and gradually, the number of spirit beings lunging at them would increase.

At first this eased and improved their rate of consumption, but shortly it became a challenge withstanding the spirit hordes continuously emerging towards them.

As the situation kept worsening - some of the warriors called out for Soul-Eater to channel them back into the mortal realm..

“Soul-Eater! We are to be abolished if we do not end our feast soon!”

As Soul-Eater finished gazing upon the 3 beasts, he gathered the priests and explained what must be done.

“There is no escaping my contamination.. Once the beasts strengthen to the point where the smaller spirits are of no means to them, they will recognize the energy contain within the physical & abolish the mortal realm.. We must maintain what we can of the mortals before we reach true destruction”.

Zion elaborated explaining what must be done “if we are to avoid the beasts – we must create a model containing both the mortal and spirit realms of this universe if we are to have any hopes of preservation despite the beasts”

Sidious held a negating notion implying “Soul-Eater, feel no shame for your actions, as this is the cycle of life, every action has its cause, you acted for the destruction of the spirits - the spirit realm acts in return, there can be no sound reality in the hands of constant conflict between us and the spirits, so there will be no reality at all. The spirits by nature will stop at nothing to abolish the living. As for preservation, hiding within the void - you are prolonging the inevitable. This is the fate we’ve created, we must embrace it”

Zion replied “We live through the eyes of mortals Sidious, not the spirits”

Soul-Eater concluded “The mortal realm is too massive to be detached & hidden from the void, what must be done is accumulate populations and create alternative realities for each, each reality hidden in the void, from the void”

Wharhath questioned Soul-Eater “what is the fate of the mortal realm of our concern? we may feed off of them – or the spirits, if the living must be abolished - may it be so,

either way - our fate remains undetermined”

Soul-Eater replied “We dwell in the shallow waters, we will drown if we attempt the ways of the spirits, causing us to delve deeper than we can apprehend, we must remain on both worlds"

Sidious attempted to react but was immediately interrupted by Soul-Eater

"My word has been spoken, if I am opposed once more I will relinquish you all from this duty and this reality" he said subtly while glaring at Sidious.

The original mortal realm was infinite, at least to the eyes of Soul-Eater.

His prediction would be same (in spiritual form) for the now broken Spirit realm.

Now that the madness of the spirits is increasing, in order to preserve at least some remainder of mortal presence before the spirits obliterate the living, he endeavors to recreate a mortal realm, lands for the mortals.

To walk in the shadows of the vile spirit beasts.

The only real reason a power hungry tyrant such as Soul-Eater would care for the weakly mortals would be to create an endless supply of mortal feed, as he fears that if he were to solely feed off the spiraling spirits, the spirit beasts that have evolved & already outpaced Soul-Eater within the spirit cleansing rat race, establishing boundless powers posing as a threat, but also he fears that a being, even half mortal, so long as he is physical, maintains an extent of selfness, free will, opposed to the spirits, as they seem of other nature caring out their cleansing as they must, assuming the logic of ‘the more spirits absorbed, the more spirit-like you become’. Soul-Eater recognizes the importance of selfness & fears of losing it, becoming selfless as the spirits, a lost soul floating in the void regardless of any means aside from the madness concealed in the spirits he'd consumed.

Now Soul-Eater prepares his doings..

He raised his hand towards the 12 warriors who have been doing most of his biddings, collecting spirits from throughout the void, accumulating mass amounts of power. he raised his hand towards the warriors, consuming all the hard-earned energy they'd accumelated and stripping them completely of their powers.

Then he opened a portal teleporting back to the mortal realm, sending them and the priests back, but keeps the four priests Zion, Kermec, Earth & Khorgoth in the void to remain with him and his brother, as all the remaining warriors and priests were teleported from the void back to the mortal realm, he closed the portal and turned to the priests, raises his hand towards them dispersing sums of energy to the four.

Soul-Eater ordered “the four of you will follow my lead, and do as I do. You four have been distributed massive amounts of power, you four must channel the collective sum of 250 million mortals from our realm to each reality I will soon generate before you.

The realities will be cast invisibility in the eyes of these beasts,

but the spell cast will only apply and remain so long as the reality does not exceed the power of 10 suns (a lot).

As the priests carried away with their tasks - his brother was sent on seperate quest..

Soul-Eater would generate new mortal realms as an escape for the original mortal realm from the uprising spirit horrors that are likely to breach the physical borders separating the mortal reality from the void, in order to keep on surviving, fleeing the beasts, he, Khorgoth, Kermec & Earth were channeling mortals into those realms. He created separate spirit realms to co-exist alongside each of those mortal realms, in order to salvage the souls and spirits naturally fleeting the physical realm hence a mortal’s expiration. Soul-Eater himself, Earth, Zion, Kermec & Khorgoth would make sure to channel 250 million beings into each reality before moving to the next. They would shift the souls from reality to reality by portaling into the one reality (their original realm), cleansing the amount of souls they could (due to the sheer power Soul-Eater has acquired and shared a sum with the three Priests, they would raise their hands above the selected masses of beings - completely abolishing the physical structures, absorbing their habitats, vacuuming anything carrying a soul, transforming them into spiritual energy) then physically rebirthing them in the new reality they’ve generated.

Altogether Soul-Eater formed 6 realities, meaning 6 mortal realms, but was only able to generate 5 spirit realms before choosing to maintain the rest of his power.

If Soul-Easter would have generated 6 spirit realms, each reality was to be completely separated from the other, disallowing any interlinking from one reality to the other, unless of course you knew the ways of the void, as these 20 men did.

But as there are 5 spirit realms, and in order to maintain the releasing souls of physical deterioration from the 6th realm - there must be a chain connection between each spirit realm, connected to two mortal realms (as the connection of a pentagon inside a hexagon, each pentagon vertex touching each side of the hexagon). Because one spirit realm alone isn’t strong enough to hold a connection to two mortal realms on its own.

His brother attempted to create a separate spirit realm to be as the current spirit realm in its original form.

As Soul-Eater said - before wreaking havoc upon the spirits, the spirit realm and the spirits - in their original state of zen & peace, had hold of an aspect that had fleated once he rest his impure hands upon them, there was an essence of perfection, absolute purity, a limitless supply of a higher state of reality.

That essence has fleated, and the only recollection he had of it was that single - first spirit he had lunged into and absorbed, when the spirit realm was still in complete zen. That spirit still holds that original state of peace & purity.

They thought if they recreate a realm for the spirits, planting that first spirit in their newly generated spirit realm as its' new habitat – they could lead more spirits into that realm, having the latter spirits follow pursuit of the original spirit, recreating a realm of collective spiritual peace and enlightenment as before.

But upon completion of the realm, once fitting in the pure spirit, the realm came to life, swallowing him up then dispersing into nothingness.

The priests witnessing the occurrence brought their realization to the distress laid upon Soul-Eater, Presumably for losing the pure spirit, lesly his brother.

Zion, realizing the importance of the dispersing of the one & only source of purity, quickly took action.

He presumed Soul-Eater’s brother along with the realm he created might still be intact, just somewhere far out of reach.

Zion channeled back into the universe (the original vast and single version of reality containing the mortal and spirit realm), cleansing small quantities of mortals, in groupings, each of two, man and woman. He then left the universe channeling back into the void, traveling far out of range – where he would then generate small fields of matter, miniature realities, each as a haven for the couple of mortals, he would rebirth. Not big enough to be taken into notice by effectively threatening spirit beings but big enough to hold a future version of that reality after its habitats would have reproduced, & become large in number.

Before moving on generating the next habitat for another grouping of mortals – he would leave the two mortals he had just rebirthed with the commandment assigning them procreation "Populate these lands with yourselves for that is the one task I give you" Zion would then drift above the reality, and cast the reality into a giant orb casting invisibility among anything inside it. Then travel afar across the void to nest another population.

These realities he had created weren't the same as the realities he and the other priests created alongside Soul-Eater. These fields of matter were not bounded with borders between the physical and spiritual, there were no divisions between realms, between the mortal realm and the spirit realm, as these miniature realities weren’t structured with realms, these realities were only physical, borderless between themselves and the void. With the expiration of a mortal within these realities, the mortal’s soul would travel across the void assigning itself a destination to dwell. If the reality had a spirit realm assigned to it, the soul would be linked to the coherent spirit realm and travel there, but since there was no spirit realm, the soul would wander across the void in search for a haven to dwell in.

Kermec hoped that by spawning all these realities, some souls could eventually find the lost spirit realm containing the one pure spirit along with Soul-Eater’s brother, and as more & more souls reach the lost realm, the realm will grow bigger, and the realm could scale into the respectable size as Soul-Eater & his brother intended.

As Zion was busy with his doings the other two priests carried on with other tasks;

As the mortal realms were now filled with the requested masses as Soul-Eater commanded, the priests presumed to do the same to the corresponding spirit realms, and fill them up with spirits & souls.. The priests asked Soul-Eater "Sorcerer, shall we carry on with our cleansing & the construction of the spirit realms?"

Soul-Eater raised his hand towards them once again dispersing respective amounts of energy to the two.

Soul-Eater replied “We go to the universe and relinquish souls to savore before the beasts break the physical boundaries & liquify the lands. Once that happens, our main source of power will be spirits”.

The 3 teleported into the universe, Khorgoth asked Soul-Eater “How long do you think it will take for the spirits to breach the realm?”, Soul-Eater answered “A few years at most”.

They now bidded to their purposes, wreaking havoc across the realm, together going from village to village, state to state, cleansing the living standing in their path & those attempting to flee alike. Every now and then the 4 crusaders would run into wreckages & signs of recently ravaged villages, presumably caused by the 12 warriors & the 2 priests Wharhath & Sidious.

Khorgoth asked out of confusion “We are finding signs of our familiars across the realm, yet I can’t feel their presence”, Soul-Eater suggested “Let us make sure they haven’t contaminated our realms”.

They then teleported to the 6 realms, transitioning between each checking if any suspicious activity took place. Each seemed untouched until reaching the 5th.

Once reaching the fifth realm – the four witnessed complete & utter annihilation. corpses floating in thin air due to dilution between the physical dimension and the spiritual. Massive amounts of raging spirits imported to the realm. Those mortals that survived the chaos were left insane through fear & shock.

They questioned one of the survivors what happened, his answer was “The Moon Warriors have come for our cleansing, they seek unity with the above”

Soul-Eater commanded "They must be in the sixth circle, we must make sure the neighboring realms are untouched before stopping them. The two of you must seek out and destroy any spirit hybrids contaminating the other realms, destroy any mortal that comes in contact with the spirits. Then reach me in the sixth realm".

Soul-Eater now entered the sixth circle, witnessing the warriors along with Wharhath & Sidious slaughtering the dwelling mortals, causing fear to scatter throughout the realm.

Also he noticed a severed body outstretched by its arms & legs, floating in the sky.

Once they took notice of Soul-Eater's entry – they tauntingly walked up to him for his greeting.

Wharhath raised his hand upward with the palm open, spawning a portal above his hand, dropping the head of Zion, falling into his palm, now holding the head with his arm stretched forward at Soul-Eater to his disgrace.

Sidious now says “We welcome you - master - to your world. We mean for the common good of reality, these pesky attempts to preserve mortality when it is already lost is senseless, a waste of time. We wish you could see things through our eyes and forfeit to the spirits, let them diminish all forms of matter so we can find peace in the next phase of reality. Instead of creating a pointless prolonging of the unchangeable fate you’ve created.”

As Sidious finished his speech Soul-Eater raised his fist, teleporting the clan and himself (–excluding Zion’s head) into a dark mysterious abyss reality, seemingly one that he had created in earlier days, and announced “You are all fools for attempting to destroy my constructions, my visions and my faith – let me now explain what I will do to all of you in return –” Warhath interrupted “No matter what you do to us Soul-Eater, we have already destructed your worlds - as well the universe.. The beasts will reign down upon them shortly – the mortals becoming one with the spirits. Give-in to your fate" – Soul-Eater continued – "I'll explain now what I'm about to make of you all as my vengeance against the foul filth you've all become..” he raised his hand – consuming all the powers and energy they’ve accumulated and continued – “Killing you all off would be no less than bliss, a painful but yet a momentary escape. Instead, I created a place for those who disrupt my peace in such manners leaving me with infinite hate upon them, calling my desire for their constant torment. I call this reality The Oblivion, the funny part is, this isn’t a reality at all, you are all situated in a timeless boundless 'abyss', here you all are boxed out of time & matter, not even a milenia in here would surpass a moment in the true reality up above. Down here you are all deemed to spend the rest of eternity. Here you can all become one with nothingness, here you can all sit reminiscing your defiances against my will” Soul-Eater then vanished back into reality – leaving the thirteen warriors, Sidious & Warhath in the Oblivion.

As Soul-Eater re-entered the 6th circle, the three priests greeted his presence & informed “The Warriors teleported one of the spirit beasts into the 5th circle, causing the physical boundaries to collapse. The beast itself was unaware of its processing of physical matter, but its presence left behind giant masses of self-aware raging spirits leaving behind their beastly predecessor, attacking the living in the realm – essentially leading to the realm's utter devastation. The problem with this is that some of the spirits embodied the mortals, generating hybrids of both the physical and spirit-rage, these hybrids are self-aware & act as any mortal, but they have the knowledge as the spirits, we executed a few of these hybrid forms of beings, but some were smart & knew to avoid us, escaping our vision. We suspect these beings managed to enter the spirit realms, and channel between the 6 realms”

Soul-Eater implied “This complicates our plans, perhaps we can demolish our creation and create a new, although I suspect it being too late, as Wharhath claimed the universe will be destroyed shortly.. They must’ve gotten the beasts’ attention & led them to the universe”.

Soul-Eater raised his hand transitioning Zion’s severed body & head on the ground in front of them, & commanding the body’s disposal, as he remained cautious for the warriors casting some curse upon Zion’s corpse, creating a link between the body’s revivers and those trapped in the oblivion.

As the three priests used their powers to extinguish the body they remained unsuccessful.

The corpse seemed to be impenetrable, as every power ability casted upon it with an attempt of its riddance shared no effect, the body would be flung from one place to the other, but it would bare no scratch. As they kept attempting to at least leave a scratch on the corpse, attacking it, nothing seemed to be working. Then Kermec started chanting a spell, & as he was doing so, the priests noticed the corpse to start gaining scars across its chest, the scars were spreading as Kermec kept chanting, but then the scars came to a halt as Kermec paused. He then started to feel enormous amounts of pain, screaming, falling to the floor shouting “Take it out of me! remove their souls! I can feel them! I see them!”. The two looked up to Soul-Eater as they were not sure what to do.. Soul-Eater then outstretched his arms towards Kermec, relinquished a sinister looking soul from within Kermec, then transferring that soul back into the corpse right away as the spirit form was transferred back into the corpse – it would suddenly start to twitch consistently every few moments.

To Soul-Eater’s praise, the corpse truly seemed to be intertwined with the warriors, possibly linked to them, creating an inconsistency between a realm of matter and the Oblivion. Anything that gets in between this chained link will endure sheer amounts of pain, as they are entering a radius containing constant friction between all physical matter & nothingness all at once, channeling within this friction can cause tremendous inconsistencies within the materialistic aspects of the traveler causing severe frictions of the inconsistencies of reality causing a ripple in reality tearing apart the object standing in between the link.

Kermec then questioned “What have you done to them?! Whatever it was they have done, it would never add up to the amount of pain they’re being put through, I just experienced a glance of the eternal pain they’ve been put through” – Soul-Eater then said “Let this be a warning to all those who oppose me”.

As the four now stood, deciding what to do with the corpse & the mess the warriors have left behind (the fifth realm had now been basically completely annihilated, and the warriors had the same intention for the sixth realm, but they had only begun their cleansing, creating a deadly massacre in the area, hence the dead bodies), they suddenly started to hear loud screeching from deep pitched to high pitched, then the ground started to shake, they then witnessed different coloured auras beaming passed them from up above in the sky, supposedly coming from the void outside the realm.

Then they realized the collapse of the universe was about to take place, as the spirits would devour through the mortal realm’s borders dividing between the physical and spiritual.

Earth asked “Should we transition our worlds further away from the universe? In-order to prevent unwanted visitors”

Kermec answered “We are already so far away it wouldn’t change our fate, it is inevitable that some spirits will run into our realities as they embark on their journeys towards the universe. Whether those spirits will be spirit-rages or massive spirit beasts is the risk we have no choice but to take”.

Soul-Eater floated upward into the sky, scaling out of his 6 worlds - entering the void, keeping a lookout on one hand, to see if any beasts come their way, on the other to observe the end of the universe, the ancient and mythical land that once laid as dwelling for the entirety of reality.

As the universe had dispersed, as the mighty & foul beasts absorbed every last soul on the land, every physical form of matter – Soul-Eater looked back down at his reality – cloaked, hidden away from the events taken place, hidden from the eyes of the beasts, halfly ruined at the hands of the warriors. He decided to restore his model of the universe, making a pledge to survive as long as possible against the odds of the powerful beasts.. Willing to do whatever it takes to out-live, to supersede the beasts. Opposed to the warriors, who held the faith of serving the needs of the spirits.

Soul-Eater now returned to the sixth realm, to the presence of the three priests and spoke “I have decided we must reimburse the restoration of our realms, it is of no use to waste any more power on a new model”, Kermec implied “In that case we must rid of any contamination caused by the warriors” – Khorgoth spoke “As of the 4 standing realities – Me ane Earth have done our best, but there are still many spirit hybrids that remain, hidden, lurking the realms” Soul-Eater then said “Leave them be for now, we have more important matters on our hands in the meantime, we must demolish the 5th reality & extinguish the survivors, as the 5th reality is still connected to the chain of realms (the chain holding the 6 circles together, sharing bridges between the 6 mortal realms via the 5 spirit realms), as it is a cavern of death and tired spirits, it constantly leaves the potential of mortals coming in contact of the spirits, ultimately giving them access to channeling between realms through the spirit realms. As for this reality (the 6th circle), we must investigate, find out what external forces the warriors left behind in this realm and decide this realm’s fate after its purification”.

Khorgoth & Earth explored the 6th mortal realm along with its respected spirit realms carrying out inspections for any major disasters left unfolded. Soul-Eater & Kermec disconnected the 5th and 6th mortal realms, along with the 5th spirit realm connected to those two mortal realms from the 4 remaining realities (as of now the 4 realities are 4 mortal realms and 4 spirit realms).

Once the two had completed the 5th mortal realm's demise they came forth to Khorgoth & Earth to hear what they found in the sixth realm. Khorgoth then told them “We haven’t come across anything strange, but our senses become disrupted upon reach of certain sectors of the realm.

Soul-Eater decided "We will keep this realm apart from the rest for now, as we will see its fate through time".

As they returned to the 4 circles they attempted to spot the hybrids hiding throughout the realms, but they only caught one attempting to escape the realms. Soul-Eater chased after the hybrid – only catching up to it far out in the void.

Before consuming the hybrid as he had it trapped in an orb of his energy - he questioned the hybrid analyzing it "To where must you flee confused one?" – the hybrid answered "I answer to my master's calling" Soul-Eater continues to hassle the hybrid "Whichever beast it was you have fallen from – you will be abolished the moment you engage its vision.. Does this not entrigue the mortal in you?"

the hybrid answered without hesitation "That is my only wish".

Soul-Eater stretched out his arm towards the orb containing the hybrid & obsorbed it, transforming it into energy.

Soul-Eater returned to his allies & informed "We must cloak the realms with a field to stand guard & prevent the hybrids from escaping, if this one would've escaped – it would've led its beast towards us bringing us to our utter demise".

The four now finished casting the field made of powerful energy preventing anything from entering or exiting unless you knew the spells or had the privileges to bypass its effect.

The three priests now faced Soul-Eater & asked "What now?" – Soul-Eater replied “Now we rest, we let our worlds populate, and feed off of the corresponding spirit realms we’ve created[[4]](#footnote-3) as they obtain the souls of the expired mortals".

So rest they had..

Over the next few centuries the priests would patrol across the 4 realms & occasionally come across a hybrid overstaying its welcome, absorbing souls, gaining power. Never would they stand a chance against the overpowered priests, as they've amassed in power, scaling over time through the souls the spirit realms would grant them.

Also if a hybrid, would gain access to a spirit realm and start absorbing souls for himself – the priests would take notice & neutralize the problem.

Aside from certain checkups and occasional patrols, what the four would usually do was slay spirits reminiscing throughout the void while also remaining secure of the beasts, and elapse through time through meditation.

The power distribution decided upon amongst the four to be relinquished from the spirit realms was divided – 55% spirit power to Soul-Eater & 15% to the three priests respectively.

as the next few centuries have gone by hybrids would show up every once in awhile, start causing trouble, either by gaining too much power by cleansing many souls, causing widespread commotion hence being noticed by the priests or also sometimes there would be friction between the hybrids themselves, fighting between each other, due to greed for power & territory – ultimately leading themselves to their execution for being noticed by the priests.

But to the contrary – as the years would go by instead of the hybrids slowly becoming extinct – more & more would seem to pop up as the years pass.

Soon enough Kermec took notice of their accelerating populations.

With the approval of his mentor and his two companions – he set out to recruit a handful of spies to scout the lands to help eradicate the hybrid infestation.

He enlightened them, brought them to the awakening knowledge of the spirits, taught them basic skills needed to hunt the hybrids, or if the hybrid's exceedingly powerful – to at least defend against them.

At first he recruited 4, 1 for each reality. He requested they keep their powers hidden as they investigate the realms so they don't seem suspicious to the hybrids lurking the lands, that way they can uncover their growth in numbers.

Three of the spies took pursuit in a slower paced – sleeper spy-like fashion, opposed to the fourth scout – Gorak – who took initiative a little more seriously..

By the end of the 5th day since Kermec sent them off each to the corresponding realm to excavate the hidden horrors lurking the realms, Gorak returned to Kermec, holding a severed head, oozing with a green mystic aura surrounding it.

He now stood in front of his master Kermec & spoke "I hold before you the head of the hybrid who sat on the throne of The Faceless, a secret legion of awakened mercenaries who have ascended the physical, learning the ways of the spirits, twisting & reshaping & unraveling the dark arts of the spirits. They have been thriving throughout the last five centuries, since the rebirth. This legion would master the dark arts in the shadows, eliminate any threats without care of implicating pain or suffrage upon the weak, as only strength rules the lands. While in society they've mastered the skills of trade, ruling the markets with an iron fist. As such, they have achieved notable ranks within society. They've poisoned this realm with greed & suffrage. This hybrid was an original of the fallen spirits of Chaosrim – the beast led here by the Moon Warriors, diminishing the fifth realm; these fallen spirits have incorporated mortal bodies, but they define themselves as spirits. The awakened mortals, who were taught the ways of the spirits call themselves Spirit Warriors[[5]](#footnote-4), despite coming across as hybrids, as they yield spiritual strengths & skills, they have been nurtured those abilities, same as I've been mentored by you. These awakened mortals, spirit warriors, are the form of the common foe you've been entangled with recently, and their kind are growing as they teach each other the ways of the spirits. There are many more hybrids of the fallen, most of the smart ones have developed guilds & armies in order to consistently gain power under your radar[[6]](#footnote-5). I know of many more sources of hybrids swarming the realm, but there was one most notable, consisting of 30 hybrids that would travel the realms, in a pack, as a tribe. The Forsaken they would call themselves, in the shadows they would unravel depths of evils you wouldn't have thought would come to be. They joined forces with the former leader of the Faceless I hold before you, he had them teach him their discoveries, that is how the Faceless became familiar with the dark arts. they have dispersed from the realm as far as I could tell. I have destroyed every number from the Faceless who I suspected correlation with the dark arts, or of spirit knowledge at all, I have reformed the Faceless, they still hold strength upon every market of the realm, but without hold of dark magics, their tyranny in the realm will at the very least be natural"

Kermec responded "You have done well Gorak, you definitely fit to stand by my side as we reconstruct the realms. These Forsaken you speak of, keep searching for them, return to me when you find them".

Kermec was suspicious of the Forsaken, as it seemed unnatural for 30 hybrids to be systematically organized with one agenda when up until now the hybrids would be very unorganized and distinct from one another, he suspected those 30 hybrids could be some form of remnant of the warriors Soul-Eater had banished.

Before Garok set off in search of the Forsaken – Kermec told him to navigate the location of the Forsaken and return without the Forsaken noticing, without attempting to dismantle the clan. As it is unknown what wretched horrors they’re capable of unleashing upon the lands.

But Garok asked before leaving “What of the remaining hybrids & their awakening followers?”

Kermec replied “Your news gives me great relief, these problematic beings I’ve been dealing with are in fact just mortals, & not actual hybrids of the fallen beast, as for mortals, in order for them to progress truly achieve great powers of the spirits & overlive their lifespan they must overcome natural traits concealed within them, which in likely odds are to hold them back from achieving actual transcendence” Garok then asked again “What about those who do succeed?” Kermec replied “Those that succeed will be small in number, and dealt with”.

Kermec despite coming to light of a better understanding of the true forms of the recurring spiritual beings, and now knowing there is not a need to worry as much for the need of ridding them, he still kept the remaining 3 spies to their tasks, scouting the realms they’ve been assigned to.

Only 20 years later did Garok find success in his search for the Forsaken.

A few years prior to that – Xeon, the 2nd spy Kermec sent out to scout one of the realms returned with valuable knowledge of the hybrids.

Once Xeon returned to Kermec, he spoke “The power of the hybrids are vast, they rule the mortals in the shadows, they remain hidden from your sight but they multiply at untold rates. By the next 3 centuries if they are not stopped every mortal upon the realms will be bound to their crea. I have discovered only a few guilds walking the shadows in the footsteps of the hybrid kind. There are dozens more where as for their whereabouts remain untold. There are hybrid armies small and vast, the small ones are meaningless, but the vast ones have an unhinged pact with each other, a unity against the skies. I’m unsure who united the hybrid forces, but I caught hear of preparation to undertake the skies. I came to you now to send a warning for something about to occur”

Kermec held disbelief in how crucial Xeon’s concern really was & said tauntingly “I’m sure they’ll have their fun until they come in contact with a true force. Their creators”

Xeon then confirmed his knowledge of his master’s strength, & yet still advised much concern – “I understand your strengths master, the powers you obtain through mortal extinction, the souls you have obtained throughout the years through the spirit realms. But there is one exceptional hybrid, the strongest of the rest walking these realms. When the beast Chaosrim lost control leading to the scattering of a portion of it’s contained spirits (caused by the Moon Warriors) the particular spirit maintaining the conscience of Chaosrim, the spirit that was in control of the beast was ejected from it's seat, separated from the spirit mass as well, which is probably the reason the beast fled the realms instead of absorbing them, as it was dazed & momentarily lost control. This spirit embodied mortals as its vessels, but it took control not just of one mortal, reenacting the fate of a portionally sentient being, it took control of numerous mortals – becoming a sentinel being. It probably managed to acquire transcendence into sentinel as it accumulated many of the lost spirits in the 5th realm before venturing to the other realms. This spirit was careful as it grew powerful enough to be noticed as each of its vessels grew in strength by cleansing mortal souls traveling the lands. It fled to the spirit realms & remained there, unnoticed, as a sentinel, embodying the forms of numerous spirits, as it is easier to remain hidden as numerous clustered spirits. It would then divide itself into many smaller spirits, dispersing many back into the mortal realms forming back into mortals, embodied by the sentinel spirit, & they would continue captivating souls unnoticed as it left it’s main sources of power in the spirit realms, knowing they will remain hidden as it maintained the form of numerous small spirits which are less suspicious to your eyes. As it would continue to consume souls – it would return to the respective masses it would store in the realms of the spirits. As you own the spirit realms, and as the realms relinquish their souls to you, this spirit being decides which souls enter the spirit realm & which it gets to consume, & this spirit has been scaling in size possibly just as much as Soul-Eater himself. As this spirit remains right now in the spirit realm it is powerful enough to consume every last soul across all four spirit realms”

Kermec, now slightly shaken asks “Why am I only being told of this creature now?”

Xeon responds "Once I uncovered this spirit's well-being, its dwelling throughout the spirit realms – I came forth right away, as for at first, I did not suspect the hybrid forces to match your strength, but if they are to combine their powers with this spirit – the outcome could be horrid if the priests remain unprepared".

Kermec then asked out of curiosity "How could you have come across this spirit without being abolished?", Xeon answered "I firstly came across the spirit amidst entering a well populated town, upon entering their state everything seemed normal, but once delving further into the village, suddenly becoming crowded by the villagers. They seemed abnormally synchronized as one entity, the settlers then collectively attempted for my cleansing but they didn't realize my strength kept me capable of their defiance, they were all rather weak, I upheld my grounds & absorbed them all. Later as I traveled the spirit realm I was capable of sensing the same entity of the mortals but in spirit form dwelling the spirit corridors, I remained discrete, before attempting to rid the habitant, but as I traveled further along I ultimately came to realization of this spirit dwelling in all four spirit realms, and also that it is taking up at least 40 percent of the entirety of the collective spirits in each realm. I then came to you".

Kermec remained suspicious of the fact that Xeon’s life was spared by the spirit, despite Xeon’s awareness of the creature. Kermec thought either the spirit intended to confront the priests, which is unlikely, because the longer he’d remain unaware – the stronger it would grow, as it would consume souls at a higher rate then the priests. Or – Xeon is attempting something suspicious.

Kermec then said “I approve of your service Xeon, we will handle the spirit. Now I want you to seek out reliable candidates to serve me, only the fittest of mortals".

Xeon left in search of proper mortals to serve Kermec in his bindings. Kermec went to validate Xeon's input, and indeed found his words to be true. He then called Khorgoth, Earth & Soul-Eater to his aid in ridding of the spirit.

As the three transitioned into his reality, coming forth to his presence – Kermec announced "It has come to light that we have a parasite in our midst, it dwells throughout the spirit realms, it is a sentinel spirit being, it embodies numerous mortals in the mortal realms, then channels the cleansed mortals into the spirit realms in order to remain hidden from our vision as it transforms the mortals into spirits, dwelling in the spirit realm in large quantities of smaller spirits. It contains the power capita of Soul-Eater, perhaps slightly less. I have called the three of you here to help me eliminate this being with minimal casualties to our intake. As it dwells the spirit realms – it contains enough spirits in each realm to cause them all to collapse[[7]](#footnote-6). In order for us to prevent a mass destruction to our model – we must each enter one of the 4 spirit realms & destroy any remnants of the sentinel spirit. By pursuing the spirit it will either attempt to fight us, but as its mass is divided up between the 4 spirit realms, each of us will be strong enough to hold our ground against the spirit & defeat it. Or – as it comes in contact with us, it will attempt to escape our presence, fleeing into the mortal realms. You must chase it down & destroy it no matter the lengths it puts you through. Ultimately it will realize it’s trapped, as the field surrounding the realities is impenetrable, & it will tire of its inevitable defeat as it will come short of realizing it lives as a rat in a cage”. Kermec sighed then added “I apologize for the inconvenience. The remaining hybrids we left aside are growing in number, that is because they contaminate the mortals, leading them astray, entangling them with the use of the spirit powers, teaching them to twist the ways of the spirits. Inconveniences such as this spirit taking over our model is the outcome of our ignorance towards the hybrids. But, on the other hand, this is a war belonging to the mortals, we can't go by foot turning over rocks seeking out each hybrid. These matters aren’t of use to us, yet necessary to keep the mortals in line” Once we rid of this spirit – I will construct a kingdom, an official force consisting of mortals who will stand worthy to fight our fights for us, them serving the skies, to instruct the lands to oppose the hybrid way, to enforce order in defiance of the hybrids –” Soul-Eater interrupted “One thing at a time, let’s deal with this sentinel – then figure out what to do with the mortals”.

They now prepared to face the sentinel spirit, the four each opened up a portal, each leading to one of the four spirit realms, they then all entered a spirit realm, having the portal close as they went through. Now each of them present in each spirit realm, they each began to absorb every soul dwelling the realms, Soul-Eater would absorb in a much faster pace then the priests, as he finished cleansing about half the spirit realm – the sentinel spirit then decided to act.

In the other three spirit realms, where the priests were carrying out their cleansing, the souls belonging to the sentinel quickly fled each of those realms, channeling into the mortal realm. The priests tried grasping the souls in their midst using their spirit energy, they tried to trap the souls in their energy fields, but there were too many souls, the spirit held too much strength for the priests to contain it. The spirit fled to the respective mortal realm that the spirit realm would lead to, in order to then channel from that mortal realm into the spirit realm which Soul-Eater was in, consuming souls.

As Soul-Eater was consuming souls he noticed the spirit’s other three masses channeling into the spirit realm, rejoicing with the forth mass of souls belonging to the spirit. The four masses clustered up into one mighty mass of souls containing an eerie green color. The priests channeled into that spirit realm, to aid Soul-Eater. The spirit hoard then swarmed – all souls at once straight toward Soul-Eater. All the souls were beaming straight towards him. Soul-Eater then raised his arm towards the swarm flying towards him. As the mighty swarming cluster of souls would reach Soul-Eater, the souls would then get devoured up by Soul-Eater, in a line the souls becoming absorbed into his arm, but that didn't stop the long train of souls from swarming straight towards him, the souls kept coming, one long beam of souls, all getting devoured until there was none left. The priest stared at Soul-Eater in awe of his powers, the fact that he could withstand such quantities of strengths.

But Soul-Eater then turned around towards the priests, then looked at his hands, starting to transition a green glow, then looked back at the priests, with a worrisome look on his face. The glow started to brighten, then started to spread to his arms, then to his chest & on to the rest of his body, at a certain point the glow became too bright to withstand, the priests would cover their view with their arms, seeing nothing but beams of light. Kermec then yelled “Quickly measure out to the void, make sure the force-field doesn’t disarm!” – Khorgoth & Earth channeled into the mortal realm they suspected Soul-Eater to collapse & cause a massive explosion of energy, Khorgoth overwatched the realities to make sure the forcefield doesn’t disarm, Earth channeled between the mortal realms to see what is to become. Kermec remained in the spirit realm, remaining a witness of the events about to unfold.

The unbarring brightness coming from Soul-Eater came to a halt, by quickly transforming into that same eerie green glow the swarm would transmit. That change in color was followed right after by a massive explosion, a huge scattering of souls, halfly green, belonging to the wild spirit & halfly white, belonging to Soul-Eater.

The now weakened & tired souls belonging to the spirit quickly attempted to flee to the mortal realm, as they noticed Kermec's presence, Kermec tried to consume as many of those souls as possible, but his efforts barely made a dent in the sheer quantity of souls it held.

As Earth patrolled the mortal realm he saw four massive portals in the sky opening up, causing the whole sky to turn green, as four separate hordes of souls belonging to the spirit started swarming out in trails, all leading to somewhere, Kermec then transitioned into the realm, trying to cleanse as many souls as he could while following the swarm, not to lose sight of it, Earth followed suit.

As the two priests followed the trail of souls, the green in the skies began to fade back to blue. After following the swarm long enough they reached its end, where they would see the river of souls fading into different physical aspects of reality, absorbing itself into bodyments of birds, bugs & other mobile forms. The priests only then accepted their defeat in terms of the being's extermination. Because unless they were to tear apart every stone in their model, destroying every last living thing they've built – there will be no way of completely ridding the spirit, as it is now on the brink of embodying their entire reality[[8]](#footnote-7). The spirit had successfully escaped.

Legend calls this creature The Lost Spirit. The externals call it The Spirit of The Locusts, as the spirit would often encompass itself through the locusts. Legend holds that the creature remains hidden to this day amongst the mortal realms, clustered densely together in the form of its souls. As its soul count remains so vast – upon mortal expiration, sometimes the mortal souls on their journey to the spirit realm would travel to the presence of the creature mistaking it for the spirit realm because of its vast number of souls it possesses, allowing the spirit to maintain consumption despite the priests' efforts.

Earth now turned to Kermec asking "What of Soul-Eater?"

Then suddenly tens of thousands of bright portals started to appear all over the area where they had first been, right before they started to chase the spirit. Kermec & Earth came forth to see what was going on for they sensed Soul-Eater's presence. They then saw from afar bright forms of beings exiting each portal. As they drifted closer to the area – Kermec then told Earth "That is Soul-Eater, The spirit attempted to embody Soul-Eater, but as it realized he was too powerful – it broke out of his body dividing his inner unity keeping him in tact, united, physically, along with all the spirit power he possesses as one being. The spirit caused him to become sentinel, all those beings coming through the portals are Soul-Eater, all sharing one entity, one conscious mind belonging to our master. I assume this effect to be permanent, he won't be able to reunite himself into one being as before, he will have to carry out his biddings as an entity. An entity encompassing a horde of 100,000 beings classifying themselves as Soul-Eater. This will probably be permanent because in order for that spirit to have broken free after absorbing itself into Soul-Eater's body – it needed to carry enough power within itself to break Soul-Eater's unity. Then, the inner imbalance would cause him to erupt, dividing up into numerous vessels until the power division is concealable by the vessel (one of the divided bodies), halting further divisions".

As the two had reached Soul-Eater, they came up to one of his clones. Earth asked "What are you to do, master?" – Soul-Eater replied "I am to grasp the ways of the spirits, in order to mitigate this sentinel effect cast upon me. I am to become one with the spirits, becoming familiar & closer to their ways, until I gain balance once again. Until then, despite me being torn into thousands of clones, if my soul consumption rate is to be changed at all I will reign my terror upon you and stop at nothing from placing you along with the Warriors in the oblivion".

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## One Kingdom

When Kermec witnessed Soul-Eater absorb the entirety of the sentinel spirit horde he internally rationalized, if Soul-Eater were to come out victorious from this encounter, He must be crowned the eternal, undisputed, master and decider, no matter what problems they face in the future they can trust in the power of his might, however if Soul-Eater were to come out defeated, even in the slightest sense, he cannot be relied upon. He is undeniably the strongest, and also their mentor, but the mortal lands cannot solely rely upon his strength, therefore Kermec must figure out proper ways to handle future errors.

As Soul-Eater cast off into the void, Kermec, realizing Soul-Eater's presence to be distant for the near future – starts to plan out his structure. A kingdom to stand defiant against the hybrids throughout the four realms, carried out by mortals. In order to neutralize the hybrids’ dominance over the mortals, and also to create a more involved stance of defiance, to stand ground upon the realms. Instead of the priests standing as the soul pursuers, chasing the hybrids – they will train the mortals (to a certain extent) to fend off the hybrids themselves, creating a constant threat to any hybrid lurking the lands. Passing the war of the skies against the hybrids to the mortals. Structuring a ruling class within the mortals, establishing mortal dominance to rule the realms in the name of the priests as a force led to neutralize the hybrids, bringing the hybrids to their demise. Ultimately easing their fight against the hybrids by bringing the fight to the hands of the mortals.

Kermec started to form his kingdom by gaining manpower, recruits, by the hands of the 4 spies he had trained & ordered to scout the lands earlier. As he later requested they must also gather the mortals they find only to be most fitting in order to later become selected in joining him in his cause.

When Kermec sent Garok to recruit mortals to form a force to later serve Kermec in his construction of a kingdom representing the skies to fend off the hybrids, Garok also stood close to his earlier task Kermec had assigned him with, to uncover the whereabouts of the Forsaken.

Garok also found Xeon’s discovery of the profound sentinel spirit to be slightly unusual.

If Xeon was to have come across this spirit on mortal lands, & indeed absorbed the spirit’s vessels, the mortals it embodied (consuming a part of the spirit as well), the spirit would have noticed Xeon’s presence in the spirit realm – as he was aware of its', & therefore would have eradicated him immediately.

So Garok concluded, either the spirit wanted to be found, which by the aftermath of the friction they all shared didn’t seem wise as now the spirit had to hide somewhere else, resulting in a lower rate of consumption. Also, spirits usually don't miscalculate events meant to take place, so most likely Xeon coming in contact with the spirit wasn’t intended. Or Xeon consumed fake samples of the sentinel, forged by some mischievous form of being, with the intention to bring down the sentinel for some reason.

Garok recognized this kind of behavior suitable to the Forsaken.

Despite taking charge of a massive guild of mortals he had recruited, prepared to serve him & his master Kermec, he went alone to the land where Xeon stated the village embodied by the spirit once dwelled, before he consumed them all.

As he reached the abandoned village, he started to look for clues of the Forsaken, investigating numerous structures. He then entered a seemingly large & central structure. Upon entering, he engaged with a sinister looking statue standing in the end of the room, facing the entrance.

The statue was wearing a hooded cloak, with its hands forward face up, holding Kermec’s severed head in one, & a head of some other figure in the other (Zion).

As Garok examined the statue, he heard his name called out from behind, Garok with sudden shock looked behind quickly to see a figure. The figure's skin was dark grey, its body carried no hair, it started to walk back & forth vertically as it continued “We know what you seek but your choices remain undecided.. Your options are to turn us over to Kermec, allowing him to use our knowledge to his advantage, to annihilate us without regard to his request, leading to your demise, or to let us serve you". The figure awaited a response from Garok. As a few seconds went by as Garok examined the statue, Garok spoke – "All your mischief & treachery led you to this moment, my upcoming decision is what grants the fate of all the evil the Forsaken plagued this land with. My decision is what will decide whether causing harm to the sentinel spirit had purpose or not. But before I give my crea I must ask, why me & not Xeon?" The figure answered "We both know you are most qualified of the four spies, your knowledge of the spirits ascends above theirs. Also, you've witnessed our ways. Perhaps only you truly know the true value of our companionship, our true powers". Garok patrolled the room vertically in front of the figure, hesitantly, staring at the ground, then stopped & turned facing the statue once again, then moments later he asked "Who does this statue represent, might I ask?" – the figure walked up beside Garok in front of the statue & spoke "This is our savior, the identity remains undecided". The two remained silent for a few moments, then the figure spoke again, revealing partially the identity of the Forsaken – “Before the Moon Warriors were banished, they realized the spirit beast they've summoned forth upon the lands of Soul-Eater couldn't obliterate his realms, so as they realized they were running out of time, they dissected 30 spirit rages from the beast, Chaosrim, before it fled, then each of the warriors transferred their conscience (their original soul) into two of the spirit rages. They kept most of the power they consumed on their original bodies, to prevent any suspicion. Their bodies & powers have been banished but we carry their mind soul, we also carry their pain & suffrage of the oblivion, as our entities are intertwined, each of us to each warrior, we go through the same non-stop shreds of harrowing pain & torment, just as the warriors themselves are going through in the oblivion[[9]](#footnote-8), causing us to change appearances, losing hair, change in skin color. At first due to such pains we were as corpses, lying on the ground, twitching out of sheer pain, but as the years passed by – we gained control over the constant torment, we believe the pain makes us stronger, physically & mentally, it sharpens our gaze & clarity. You will witness the benefits we have gained of such suffrage soon enough"

Garok spoke “I will indeed witness something, if your kind succeed to withstand Kermec’s reign as he haunts the lands with his new empire – you will have gained my interest, until then you are of no worth to me”.

Garok then turned around & left, with a smirk of disbelief & disregard.

Right before exiting the structure – the figure claimed "Listen closely – through the passing centuries you will grow in power, you will ascend in the dark arts like no one before, you will break free of your allegiance to Kermec, becoming independent of his empire, yet they will remain dependant on you. You will only achieve this greatness through trust in your adversary Onaga. If you lay astray of his advice you will end up brought down to oblivion as our predecessors".

Garok, once leaving the village, went to his master to inform him of the presence of the Forsaken.

Kermec bestowed much gratitude toward Garok's discovery & made it clear he was the favored of the four spies.

As Kermec left to search for the Forsaken Garok went back to his task & kept focus on increasing the numbers to his guild, forming the largest of the 4 armies assembled by each spy.

Kermec then went forth in search of his reincarnated rivals in mind of ridding every last shred of them, He reached the sinister statue, but soon enough realizing he came short of finding any hints to their location.

The other two spies forming mortal armies to serve Kermec were Nova & Tiamat.

Their discoveries from scouting were ordinary, finding multiple hybrid forces, but what Nova was to come short of unraveling would share an eternal impact on the chain of command between the priests & their master, Soul-Eater.

Nova was aware of the true master, despite his idling, as he was dealing with his own issues,

Learning the ways of the spirits. Training to become fierce as the spirit rages, synchronizing himself as he now embodies the masses of thousands, clones of himself.

Nova & one of his adversaries by the name of Xerak formalized this discovery, figured out how to apply it, then came forth to Kermec.

As Nova & Xerak reached Kermec’s presence he witnessed the construction of ginormous structures, 3 statues.

He also saw Kermec alongside two other figures gazing upon the construction, presumably the remaining priests. He then approached Kermec, as he faced their backs as they were overseeing mortals building the structures, by the edge of a higher ground.

Nova walked forth & asked “Shouldn’t there be 4?”

Kermec & the two others turned around. Kermec wore a smirk & welcomed him “You do not disappoint the ranks I’ve granted you my young apprentice.. What brings you here criticizing my fine art?” He asked. Nova responded “I come to promote your fine art, great ruler.. Nonetheless, to promote your messages these structures convey”.

The two figures then glanced at Kermec momentarily, then Kermec asked “young apprentice, what might I be conveying?”

Nova answered “I do believe if my masters were to truly rule the realms, it would be beneficial to the mortals, as you are the only ones claiming any sense of passion for the struggles with the hybrids”

Nova elaborated “I worry about the horrors travelling the void. I wish for the greatness of the mortal realms. I believe the mortal lands must claim the truest strength throughout the void. Why must we be survivors when we can be rulers?

Kermec then said “The multiverse is much greater than just the mortal realms, if you cling so radically to power you should have left for the void, you could then encounter justice, see the true effects the search for power wreaks upon the pure”

Nova then argued “I am aware of the infinite spectrum of power the beasts withhold, I understand trying to overcome them is a lost cause, as their number is almost infinite, also they vary nearly infinitely in strength & size, it would be an endless journey for power. But what I do see possible, is preventing the unnatural threats from occurring, avoiding threats such as your former colleagues, the warriors, when they led a beast towards the realms for their destruction. If we were to acquire extra strength & power, we could neutralize any forthcoming events preparing to unfold. I seek safety, the well-being of the mortal lands, power is just a stepping stone compared to the true goal”.

Kermec then asked “And what is the problem with the current rate of soul consumption? The power we gain from mortal expiration is phenomenal, no sentient being stands a chance”

Nova looked out at the structures & answered “Why are you building only 3 statues? What of the fourth? What of the sentient being who has become many? The one who overrules the three of you & beyond? Does it not please you to hear I have discovered ways to secure strength above his?”

Kermec sighed then said “Enlighten us young apprentice, how can you strengthen our build, so long as our master won’t notice and destroy us all?”

Nova added “I do not promote treason, I’ve simply discovered another way to gain power at a rate similar to the scale to that of the four of you combined. If you wish to share my discovery with your master and split the splendor between him then go ahead, I am just here to share what I’ve found and help you utilize it to your benefit”.

The three stood still waiting for Nova to elaborate, after a few moments Kermec spoke "As I said, enlighten us with your discoveries".

Nova looked to Xerak then continued "Me and Xerak figured out a way to implement large scale consumption by the size of the four mortal realms combined, a bodyment of that size consisting of constant consumption. You could reach crazed heights of power.. The way to keep a constant rate of consumption is to teleport the realms into areas surrounded by vast masses of spirit, and create a force spread across the outer layers of the realms. Those forces will perform constant absorption of the surrounding spirits, transforming the spirits they’ve accumulated into your properties” One of the figures beside Kermec then asked “Where can you find such vast sources of spirit? You don’t intend to disturb the beasts themselves do you?!” Nova continued “Yes, We must teleport into coordinates consisting of the presence of beasts - but simultaneously succeed in maintaining discretion. Teleporting inside of the beast embodiments. There we can perform excavation of the spirits connected to the beast, using the forces we spread around the outer rim of the realms. They will consume the spirits. As consumption remains upon the outer rim of the realms, in the void, within the beasts – order will be maintained within the lands, and we will also transfer the accumulated spirits into your hands.

Also, I don't suspect your master attempting to reach the inside of any beasts at least within the near future. I've uncovered how to track down coordinates of beasts of proper size, and Xerak has the knowledge to create the proper forms of beings to stand force in order to consume the beast’s spirits causing consumption in the highest quantities possible, whilst simultaneously maintaining discretion from the beasts".

Kermec then asked “And what is stopping us from tracking down the beasts ourselves?”

Nova responded “All due respect, you will notice to the contrary, it being exceedingly difficult to simply track down the required beast, I have come up with a formula allowing me to locate a beast of any specific size upon request”

Kermec asked “What will you two need in order to apply your ideas?” Nova replied “That depends on the size beast you intend to locate” Nova continued “But I suggest before tracking down beasts of ideal sizes, we locate a spirit wrath (miniature beasts) in the void for Xerak and I to finalize our forces in order to perform ideal spirit dissection”.

One of the figures then asked “What is there to finalize? How tough can it be to organize an army to stand guard throughout the borders of the realms cleansing the rightful spirits?”

Nova looked to Xerak, indicating approval to speak, Xerak then responded "One of our goals is to provide long term dissection of the beast, which is ideally done through keeping the beast unaware of our presence, with the proper resources we intend to create an army that will cleanse spirits from great beasts With minimal interaction with the beast spirits, allowing us to remain with one beast until completely diluted into nothingness, all while it remaining unaware of our presence. If we were to only momentarily cleanse the beast's spirits until being noticed by enough friction between us and its spirit forces we wouldn't profit as much as it is expensive to relocate beasts of such size, let alone relocate ourselves, teleporting the realm.

But yes we could perhaps apply such practices upon wraths or beings which we can defeat with certainty inorder to finalize the project".

Kermec looked to his companions standing to each of his sides then said “You both have us intrigued.. Go for now, expand your army. When we can afford acting as such, in drastic measures as those which might raise conflict between us and Soul-Eater we will consider your strategies”.

Years later Kermec called forth the four factions introducing himself as their great master, with intent of uniting the four armies, proceeding to construct his definitive kingdom as intended, to rule all four realms by the hands of mortals all alongside Earth & Khorgoth’s approval.

The four armies came forth to the crater canyon facing the cliff where Kermec stood. The armies underneath the same cliff Kermec spoke to Nova, only now this area containing 4 statues, one of Kermec, one of Earth, one of Khorgoth & one more still under construction as it hasn't been identified as someone yet. As Well as a large kingdom situated at the top of the cliff behind

where Kermec stood.

As it seems, Kermec held a minor force of his own in order to maintain such constructions, definitely a minor force compared to his now four large armies, as Xeon’s army held the man power of 225,000, Garok with 350,000, Nova with 150,000 & Tiamat with 175,000.

Kermec now spoke from the cliff down to the four brute forces “Welcome mortals to a new phase to your salvation. As you will all be trained & educated, you will become the liberators of your realms, the fate of hybrid demise will be dependent on all of you. As we begin, let us commence through a game, a tournament, giving the respectful leader of the four to be the one carved upon this forth statue, to be named as my second in command throughout this everlasting kingdom, and to lead the three remaining.

Each of the four armies dispensed 50,000 soldiers, conversing a war between two armies at a time, each war consisted of no weapons besides fists & feet & the war only ended as the last soldier was executed or unconscious. The winning team happened to be Xeon’s granting him overruling leadership above the remaining three leaders, Tiamat, Garok & Nova & their armies, as he now carried the title as Kermec’s second in command.

Average deaths to each army were 5,000.

Firstly as Kermec unites the four armies he puts them through many different phases of training.

Firstly Kermec would arrange large scale ladder tournaments (prohibiting any use of weaponry, only bodily combat was permitted) amongst all 890,000 of the soldiers, alongside he would assign judges in order to spectate the matches speculating each of the combatants, assigning each to specific combat roles (a certain combat class, division).

In the big picture there were two main combat divisions, there were the Brutes, those who deal the damage, they partaken the empire's service in any physical form necessary, meaning most subdivisions within the Brutes use strictly physical force, no spiritual powers, spells or other powers.

The 2nd generic class are the Protectors, Their task is to prevent any spiritual forces from harming the brutes as they carry out their mission, the Protectors defend the Brutes, allowing them to enforce physical combat without being compromised by the use of external powers. Contrary to the Brutes, the Protectors mostly rely upon the use of spiritual forces. Using spiritual powers to defend the Brutes as they patrol the lands, in search of hybrids to defile.

Xerak - Nova’s adviser, realized he could implement his model of spiritual warriors he intended to create for accumulating powers of beasts as he & Nova explained to the priests earlier in place of the Protectors, as he saw greater potential in his model of forces.

So Xerak came to Kermec with his proposition of Creating & training Spores (what he calls the warriors of his spirit cleansing force) to carry out the task of the Protectors. At first Kermec was negligent, as he wasn't ready to invest even indirectly into something that might lead him to opposing Soul-Eater later on. So at first he constructed a minor subclass division of the Protectors. At a very minor quantity, considering how high up the chain of command Xerak probably stood as he was in close communications with Nova, leader of one of the four former armies now united as one, taking part in the creation of this united kingdom, creating strategic classes of forces.

The creation of a Spore was not cheap, essentially a Spore is an enhanced warrior with respect to its immediate capacity of spirit intake and withdrawal. A Spore is born through the fusion of mortal & Spirealite crystal. The crystal's enfusion would identify itself upon the forehead of the Spore in the shape of a diamond.

Xerak identified Spirealite crystals through researching mass populations, placing them through various scenarios, with one crowd within the midst of the crystals, after exterminating the entire population he realized the souls were shortly & compactfully absorbed within the crystals. Through this discovery he had learned to utilize the stones however he saw fit.

He later learned to unite a sentient being with the crystal, allowing the being to stand as a unit of extreme spirit count. As the stones are capable of mass spirit absorption – alternatively the being can export the spirit powers within extreme measures as well, allowing it to cause massive outbursts of spirit energy.

Ofcourse since the Spirealite crystals were Xerak's discovery, he naturally had the most knowledge of the subject, even as the years would surpass till now. His most relevant key knowledge with the stones, keeping ties between him & Kermec so long as he would use the Spores to aid his empire, would be learning to control the Spores & their spirit capacity through the stones, how much spirit power it can choose to utilize at a given time, through these enhanced beings. he decided to proceed with his ambitions & help Nova with his own projects.

As the Spores would continuously prove their outstanding efficiency, gradually Xerak's invention – the Spores, would become the dominant class within the Protectors division, putting Xerak at an upstanding position within Kermec's 'advisers'. But he wouldn't surpass Xeon & Garok as they were the two official leaders of Kermec's Great Army[[10]](#footnote-9). Garok being more of a tactical strategist behind the battles & wars taken place, while Xeon being the one carrying out the wars first handedly, the one who lead the army to victory.

Xeon was definitely the leader of the two that was praised & cherished for all the empire's victories against the hybrids, of which there were many, as they were gruesome.

Through the leadership of Xeon The trained forces of Kermec sent off across the four realms exterminating any hybrid forces they would come in contact with, completely immobilizing their dominance they used to carry out across the lands.

The hybrids would now seem to hide in the shadows, fending off of Kermec's kingdom by cleansing weakened & lost mortals unluckily finding themselves crossing their paths.

Xeon truly fought well & deserved most of the credit for the wellbeing of the empire. Although despite his success eradicating the hybrid hordes, he never gained footing within Kermec's closer advisers, the inner circle to the empire's true royalty. Those who Kermec considered to be truly loyal & faithful to the empire, those who had power of persuasion over Kermec in one way or another. Before the empire's Great Reform There were at most 30 in total of those who held such power to the throne.

The inner circle can be defined by categorizing it into two types of members. One being those who are an elemental factor to the support of the empire, for example Garok, despite his status ultimately based off of Kermec selecting him to be one of the four spies, Garok has proven himself worthy throughout his career carrying out as one of the leaders to the Great Army (he would also be of much greater purpose as the centuries surpass). So to list down the outstanding forces belonging to this group we would name Garok, Spore-Master, Nova, Prime & more.

The second group can be categorized as those more directly relevant to the personal service of Kermec, those who Kermec personally selected to fulfill certain necessary roles as needed, considering Kermec partaking in such a massive task, ruling the four realms through his kingdom, it is expected that he may need an extra few hands of aid. To name a few of those who've been selected to carry out relevant roles by Kermec's side we can include Creator, Decider, Xixoc Beholder of Unity & others.

Within this minimalist group of 30 who control the fate of the empire, the dominant figures were Garok, Xerak, Nova, Prime, Verse-Maker, Creator, Xixoc, Decider & a few more. There are two forms of members within this circle.

The first type – the Independents, are the members who already maintain a substantial role within the build of the kingdom to the extent that they hold a sense of power, or leverage to the extent that they operate by their own means on behalf of serving the kingdom. For example Xerak, Kermec needed Xerak in order to utilize the Spirealite crystals & the Spores properly, Xerak had no need for a pledged allegiance towards Kermec, yet of course he along with the rest of the Independanta would bow down to the empire's royalty & continue serving Kermec as they all stood no chance against the priest.

The second type of members – The Loyals were simply those who luckily by selection managed to rise the ranks & obtain a specific role to personally serve Kermec in his endeavors, appointing them to manage certain roles, these members were united creating a form of alliance in order to maintain a form of leverage over the Independants, because the Independents held more substantial roles, hence they maintained more power. But because the Loyals were closer to Kermec, they had a better chance at shifting political decisions according to their agendas.

Amongst the elite, the inner circle, there was a majority of Loyals.

The second grouping – The Loyals were much more devoted to Kermec's service & were a lot more involved with his biddings. So they were in a sense capable of more influence towards Kermec. Yet Kermec held equal respect towards both sides of the circle, as there was no official division, this is more a way to simplify the understanding of the relevant distinctions between Kermec's influencers – the empire's royals. But the division indeed existed in the eyes of the influencers themselves, only to Kermec was it of no interest, as currently no being of the empire was close, not even slightly, to Kermec's league, in terms of power. His reasoning for the construction of the empire was to ease the ridding of the hybrids, as it would be of a challenge for him to personally single out the hybrids from throughout the realms without exterminating innocent bystanding mortals.

We will now go through the order of how a few of the main characters of the 30 came about reaching such positions.

So as of now we have Kermec along with a few of his personal advisers[[11]](#footnote-10) leading the empire through its cause, Xeon as the successful warlord, leader of the Great Army, Garok being the other leader & also being the one behind the curtains deciding many of the game changing strategies the Great Army were to uphold throughout its various battles against the hybrid forces, also officially being titled as Kermec's right hand to the throne. But that wouldn't prevent Xeon from being the one cherished & loved by the soldiers & the common folk amongst the mortal lands opposed to Garok, even though they both ruled & ranked equally as leaders to the Great Army.

Despite Xeon's success, he was greatly neglected by Garok. Xeon also never fully regained Kermec's trust thanks to Xeon's odd report of his run-in with The Spirit of The Locusts. Nova, Xerak & Tiamat being the rulers one rank below, Nova being head of construction for all Brute forces, along with fighting in the war by Xeon's side, being his replacement when necessary.

Tiamat being the former head of constructing all Protector subdivisions, until being replaced by Xerak due to Kermec preferring utilizing the Spores in most Protector subdivisions. By becoming Xeon's 2nd in command alongside Nova, only Tiamat was to be more involved in the battles as Nova was busy with finalizing formalities within Brute subdivision technicalities.

In the meantime as the wars against the hybrids would continue, thanks to the empire & a more widespread & consistent friction between them & the hybrids, there would be a universal acknowledgment of the spiritual forces to the public throughout the four realms – Kermec ensured he would encounter most if not – all spiritual talents discovered amongst the mortals, if any mortal discovered a new aspect to the way of the spirits, Kermec would be sure to come across their path, greeting them & rewarding the mortal for his talents, sometimes even granting a few a seat amongst his trusted advisers if they showed potential & he deemed them fit. One of his ways he would perceive those mortals would be by supporting the endeavor of uncovering new features, new aspects the spirit realm hasn't presented before. Kermec would give mortals the option to occasionally present to him their discoveries, insight, or even strategic advice within various fields of wisdom. So long as their insight is firstly accepted & within accordance with the local representatives which Kermec had placed throughout the lands.

One of the most notable of mortals Kermec had risen from the commonfolk to sit aside him on the throne would be a mortal by the name of Khelgore. Khelgore had an approach offering a new intelligent method to consuming energy produced by the mortals. Khelgore's notion is given much credit to his awareness of the sentinel trait used by The Locusts Spirit, Khelgore understood that The Locusts Spirit had inevitably spread throughout all physical aspects of the realm, leaving a small spiritual trace of itself by embodying a certain portion of almost any physical object existing within the four realms. Even a field of crops would withhold a small percentage (close to nothing) of the Locusts’ spirit energy[[12]](#footnote-11).

By seizing the spiritual essence of a resource, whilst maintaining its physical aspect in its place, for example a tree, one could redirect the tree's 'essence' – it's total energy to himself, while choosing to leave its physical bodyment on the ground, gaining full control over the physical tree. This is a tool to gain complete control over entire elements to the physical realms themselves once one would choose to repeat this step enough times.

But in order to cleanse an object's spiritual matter (enabling that resource's physical authority) it costs spiritual energy, which is extremely expensive if practiced in a wide scale format with the attempt at dominating an entire element (for example trying to gain complete control over water within the mortal realms – giving one the powers to control all the waters of the mortal realms).

In theory, once completely spreading throughout a certain element of the physical realm inhabiting the spiritual essence of that physical element one would be able to clench that entire element and control it by his will. Gaining absolute elemental powers to that specific element, becoming a Prime Elemental (the title presented to those who grasp complete control of an element existing upon the lands, for example one who controls the water across the entirety of the realms).

Khelgore understood the possibility of gaining control over numerous resources & elements of the physical realm certainly existed, but his valuable insight of worth to Kermec was his plan on how to abuse this power, the control over elements. In The big picture his goal would be to gain absolute dominance over an element, then relinquishing his elemental powers in small amounts throughout the lands to the mortals for a price in one form or another. For example trading a limited extent of elemental powers in return for the service to the empire's Brute subdivisions, serving in battle for a period of time by threat of losing their newborn powers.

But all this was only possible to carry out safely if there were a way to distribute the elemental powers in a manner where the original owner would still have indirect control over those powers distributed, having the capacity to regain, to undo his transactions, to consume all elemental powers distributed throughout the realms within the blink of an eye if he see fit & demanded it be done so.

Khelgore had developed a way to distribute these elemental powers to various carriers with the capability of retracting those powers back to himself with effective ease. The way he figured out how to link the elemental powers he'd distribute back to himself is similar to Xerak's discovery of the Spirealite crystals.. Khelgore stumbled across a whole new discovery, a certain substance which would link any form of spiritual energy deposited into the substance to the designer of the substance, or to the being the designer so chooses. Once the powers are linked to its designer, no matter how many vessels carry that energy from then on, the one depositor linked to those energies via the substance can retract those powers at any point no matter who currently carries them. When Khelgore would finalize the physical attributes to this substance he would shape it into an orb, this substance was a solid material of a glowing colore, the actual colore would depend on its use & the resource the substance has linked. Thereby calling this substance an Orb. Khelgore kept this discovery a secret when presenting his notion to Kermec, claiming to be gifted with divine powers.

So Khelgore with Kermec's approval began his campaign, pursuing the captivation of all elements of reality, placing them in his hands.

The reason Kermec accepted Khelgore's vision was to keep everything more organized, also if he has all the physical elements in the palms of one being, that being would still not be strong enough to withstand Kermec's strength, let alone Kermec and the other two priests, Earth & Khorgoth, so there was no risk of losing control.

Khelgore carried out his wide scale conquest by enrolling most of the high ranking officers to the empire, usually specifically associating himself to those serving in The Great Army. As the warlords were those who wielded most of the plunder (the spirit powers) they would cleanse off of the hybrids. And it takes spiritual energy to embody the elements.

Khelgore had assigned a few officers at start, convincing them to do his biddings, taught them to embody objects by adding artificialized spiritual energy into the natural resource's 'essence', thereby claiming control over the resource.

He made sure to align each of the captivators so they don't run into conflict with one another, he did so by assigning each to captivate resources of different elements, the original four elements were water, fire, lightning & wind, and for those assigned the same element would do so in separate realms, and if there were multiple captivators of the same element in the same realm, Khelgore would have them do their biddings far away from one another. trying to sustain friction between them. But say if two captivators of a mutual element got into conflict, there aren't jurisdictions to their elemental powers, it's not as such where if one captivator embodied the waters on a specific space the second captivator would have no control over those waters, they would both have equal authorities, the only difference between the two is dependent on their rate of consumption, if one elemental absorbed a much higher quantity of resources, his share to the total pot of that element's powers is at a higher percentage compared to the second elemental. Increasing his elemental abilities further than the other, having more extreme abilities etc.

In order to keep all the elementals linked together, so they carry a shared collective of the accumulated powers he implemented a few changes to the strongest captivators of each element to be in charge of accumulating the sum of the powers, & distributing the powers in a fair manner to the rest of the elementals. Khelgore implemented a few new inventions through the orb, He discovered how to create a reverse orb – which does the opposite, whatever resource gets linked to a reverse orb automatically transfers that resource's authority to the designer of that orb. So Khelgore created a chain reaction of the reverse orb, obligating all prime elementals to transfer their powers to the orbs that link those powers to him, and the primes would do so to their subsidiaries. These dominant captivators are called prime elementals. Khelgore later managed to remove the need of more than one orb, leaving only one orb in use, giving it multiple tasks at once, also linking its designer to any substance put through it giving the designer full capability of retracting all distributed powers, placing them back into the hands of the designer, and also to distribute any ammount to any and as many beings as desired.

He would explain to each of them that this conquest is authorized by Kermec himself, therefore these biddings can only be beneficial, long term, the more element raw power gained, the more control and footing those may have with the kingdom & perhaps even Kermec himself.

Khelgore would link himself to all primary captivators using the orb, (giving him retractable powers & distribution abilities like no other elemental). He would task the prime captivators to distribute their elemental powers properly to their respectful disciples. Within a few years Khelgore would achieve total control over the four elemental fabrics in their entirety, water, fire, lightning & wind[[13]](#footnote-12). The beginning state of elemental domination had still consisted of multiple prime elementals within each element, only after

Kermec had now attained full control over the four elements through the hands of Khelgore who had done so by anointing numerous others amongst them appointing prime captivators to lead & accumulate the splendor relinquishing the powers to him through the orb. Upon his success, there were various prime elementals taking charge upon their designated jurisdictions, soon enough a number of primes from multiple elements attempted to ambush Khelgore in order to attain control over the four elements themselves, by capturing the orb, they underestimated the amount of power Khelgore kept to himself via the orb, Khelgore had destroyed them & forth onward designated one prime to each element who he would link his powers through, from him to the prime & from the prime to the rest of the elementals of his element. Khelgore then changed his title to Prime. For the rest of the reign of Kermec's empire Prime was respected & firmly seated within the kingdom's inner circle. He was one of the strongest, even with his current power estimate, considering there is a respectful percentage lended to all the elementals patrolling the realms throughout, maintaining mortal balance & upholding kingdom reign.

So there were four primes, Aqua, prime to the waters, Nova, who took advantage of his position achieving the status of lightning prime, Wind-maker, prime of the winds & Xeon prime to the fires, also utilizing his position as war general, but also much deserved for his aid to Prime in battle against the fire primes.

After Khelgore being attacked by the fire primes – he deemed the ones deserving to be prime should only be those who have nothing to lose without it, granting the powers to those already firmly seated within the chairs of power.

Another notable member of the elite was Verse-Maker.

The first to discover the existence of multiple verses within a realm.

He also was the first to develop techniques of generating artificial verses.

A verse is an alternated version of a physical reality, a physical realm (opposed to the spirit realm) consists of numerous verses.

Naturally developed verses occur rarely, they usually inhabit abnormal creatures with unusual strengths & abilities.

Since this was a massive discovery with a broad range of activity, Creator & Modilius took the initiative extending development & research of the realms & verses doing what they could to bind the field to Kermec's control & gaining control over certain aspects along the way yet remaining with the Loyals. Verse-Maker had far too much on his platter to care for the Loyals, also he gained enough leverage to be considered an Independent.

So aside from Kermec, it was the Loyals as a party who had control over the kingdom, there was a majority of Independents within the circle, but they weren't united, so when decisions were being made – the Loyals were the ones shifting the table. For the most part the decisions weren't so crucial, so none of the Independents cared enough to band together to mitigate the Loyals.

But keep in mind, even when singled out, the Loyals weren't completely useless, as they did carry out important roles – broadly speaking, not as major as the Independents, but still worthwhile nonetheless.

If mayhem were to break loose, if the Loyals remained united, they would pose a threat to the Independents if they remained Independent of one another. United they would be stronger than a single Independent.

Decider was allegedly the one who formed the alliance, he was also one of Kermec's closest advisers. Kermec considered him the smartest tactical adviser to the kingdom.

He was one of the dominant figures amongst the Loyals therefore labeled as one of the most influential members of the elite.

Yes the Independants maintained more of an iconic gesture, shaping the image of the kingdom, so naturally they were respected & made few choices on behalf of the circle, but most decisions were made by Decider hence the name perhaps.

Upon the empire's initial success, wiping out all major hybrid hordes off the face of the realms Garok & Xeon were the two strongest beings to rule the empire by title, aside Kermec. Because Xeon was never welcomed into the inner circle, Garok was the one to wield political control within the circle. The Loyals were within sync within themselves, but their power even when aligned together were in the minority when decisions were being made at large when most members of the inner circle (both Externals & Loyals) were present.

Another theory as to why Xeon was outcast from kingship politics was simply because he was most active with the hybrid wars, he took no pause to glance at his earnings, nor gave much care as to the development of the empire aside from its offensive. Realistically he trusted the hands handling the kingdom, he was too busy at war to get involved, so too was he oblivious of apparent political competition between him & Garok. Kermec definitely gave notice to Xeon's sweat & hardship put into battle, his earnings towards the kingdom. Despite Xeon's work, it gave him no aid when pinned against the deceit of the inner Circle.

Soon after spores began being mobilized into pretty much all combat units utilized in the hybrid wars, the spores proved promising results, no enemy forces stood a chance. Kermec noticed. As a result, Xerak was given permission to expand spore forces into most aspects of the kingdom. Xerak had now risen to power within the inner circle, Garok still maintaining control, although realistically he was only stronger by a margin.

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## The Uprising

Witnessing Xerak's success, Nova wanted to pursue his ambitions & make use of his discovery as well. Nova knew that utilizing his technique for soul consumption would obligate Kermec to gain Soul-Eater's approval for such a shift in consumption dynamics. Otherwise Kermec must do so without Soul-Eater's awareness, which would in other words be a means of committing treason. But on second hand, considering Soul-Eater's absence for as long as it has been, it may be worth committing, in order to gain a sense of leverage[[14]](#footnote-13) over Soul-Eater.

Therefore Nova presumed that even if ultimately he managed to utilize his technique, there is a chance Kermec would leave the situation as is, and eventually participate in the intake.

Nova planned to execute his plan gradually.

Ultimately what Nova needs is permission to channel the realms to a coordination located within the beast (specifically right under the outer layer of the beast). From which point Xerak will post spores on the frontlines of the realms in the void where they will then begin cleansing spirits off the beast.

As of the current, Kermec is not committed to Nova's ambitions and not necessarily is Xerak Either, given his relative success & positioning of power, making him independant of Nova compared to before when he was simply another alternate of Nova's.

First Nova contacts Xerak Who is now Spore-Master.

After the regular meeting amongst numerous members of the inner circle (including Nova & Xerak) & other superiors, Nova requested of Xerak to accompany him, He agreed, they both channeled the Hall - the original location where the four legions of the spies united into the Great Army. Specifically above the cliff looking down towards the now complete statues, each statue representing each of the three priests.

The two gazed off into the distance at the statues. After a few moments of silence passed by Nova spoke "The reason only three have been built is the same reason you should be my of aid"

Spore-Master smirked & added "I will aid you regardless.. As I've been under your reign I understood who you are, and I've recently come to realize we both have similar interests. You will be a strong ally, and we will have a long future ahead of us, where we both will have chances to benifit off of eachother".

The two then grabbed armes as Nova responded "I'm glad we have an understanding..".

Nova then continued "I need you to gradually enforce spore engagement to the point where it would be possible to station the spores on the borders of the realms, in the void. By then I will approach Kermec requesting permission to do so in order to enhance spirit intake. As the spores will apprehend all woundering spirits entering our radius"

Spore-Master did just as Nova requested.

Firstly nova had chased numerous rivals of the kingdom, mainly hybrid hordes, to the skies, allowing Spore-Master to fabricate the notion that the skies contain potential threats, further leading to the legitimacy of stationing spores patrolling the skies.

As the spores in general got engaged in more widespread roles, aside from just the offense, it wouldn't seem so shocking to make such a request - to permit the use of spores outside the borders of the realms, in the void.

Soon enough Nova indeed approached Kermec making the request.

Nova entered Kermec's chamber, few of the Loyals would be present, Nova then came forth, front to the throne, bowed down on his hands & knees towards Kermec as he sat in his throne.

As he stood back up he said "Lord Kermec, am I not grateful for your wonders" He now pointed at those present in the throne "are we not all grateful to Kermec and his kingdom?" Kermec responded in a playful manner "Nova the elder.. what is it you need? Even I know praise doesn't come out of you for free" – Nova responded "A request for a change in policy.. Nothing drastic.. I see a way of increasing spirit consumption. It is not much, but an increase nonetheless. It is not as drastic as you might expect, all that is required is to station Spore forces on the external borders of the realms, on the verge of the void. There the Spores will hunt wandering spirits within a permitted radius around the realms" Nova then stood in silence with his head face downwards at the ground knowing there are two possible outcomes. One, Kermec maintains obedience between himself and Soul-Eater, also maintaining control with ease as his power is more than the kingdom itself combined ten fold. Currently the mortals, including the elites are as ants to the three priests. If Kermec were to accept a new policy of spirit intake it may be an exponentially higher rate of consumption, but the intake will be shared with his familiars, those are the unarguable terms Nova will inevitably provide. This choice will result in Kermec demoting Nova & Blacklisting him from any further activities of the kingdom.

The second possible outcome would be Kermec being willing to weaken his grip on the realms by sharing the future intake via his new technique, with the familiars, for the sake of broadly speaking, strengthening himself and everyone siding him, by increasing the rate of spirit intake.

As there was silence, Nova with his head to the ground awaiting his fate, suddenly one of the Loyals present responded turning to Kermec & saying "He is clearly building to impose his navigating techniques upon the realms, attempting to grant himself a higher form dominance upon the lands, this is a mere attempt to the throne" then other Loyals followed suit starting to throw negative claims at Nova.

Nova definitely expected some lashback simply by the sake of their presence, but them disregarding his respect to point where every being in the room began to shout at him was above expectation, as Nova was yet still one of the stronger units to grasp power in the kingdom, for he was one of the firstly chosen to serve Kermec.

As the fury in the room kept growing, Nova looked up subtly, first at the audience, left to right, then to the center towards Kermec, staring at Nova with a smirk as the Loyals continued roaring. Nova then shouted "Silence!" The audience toned down then Nova continued subtly "most of us, if not all, are survivors one and the same, obviously it is in good merit for the Loyals to maintain power firmly grasped within their one distributor of power who gives them matter within the kingdom, their master, who happens to be my master alike. Yes my ambitions may lower his grip, and maybe my intentions are no less then to better my stance, but my discovery must be judged for what it is regardless of the intent of the offer. Objectively, the use of my navigation will better the throne, the intake will be at least tenfold what it is now". The crowd started to noisen again by the Loyals, chatter started & began to rise. Then Kermec raised his hand, resulting in complete silence. He stared at Nova for a moment, then spoke "I admire your courage… I have considered your offer before, what makes you think you will receive a different response out of me now?" Nova responded "I have made ramifications to my plans.. I won't have to teleport the realms, instead I could channel Spore forces to the desired locations and they will carry out the cleansing, and they will return the spirit splendor to us" Kermec gave Nova a glare with sincerity for a few moments, then asked of the crowd present "Leave the room for the two of us" as all those present left the room leaving the two alone Nova spoke "Permitting me to execute my biddings shouldn't define treason, Soul-Eater's absence is what should be the cause to excluding him of the extra intake" Kermec channeled Nova & himself to a platform outside the realms within the void, Kermec stood firmly & spoke "You will express your notion to the two titans standing behind you, their decisions will be your fate" Nova turned around noticing Earth & Khorgoth standing side to side.

He then shared with them his techniques of navigating beasts & extracting their spirits whilst maintaining suppression.

Earth responded to Kermec after hearing what Nova had to say "You are allowing the mortals to get involved, this will be our undoing", Khorgoth on the other hand objected to Earth stating "This mortal will bring us much larger intakes.. you cannot admit that you are not at the least intrigued.. I am willing to see where this leads us.. But what of our master?" – Kermec replied "As we have set aside his earnings since his absence till this day, we will continue to do so, he will be given majority earnings from Nova's beast cleansings, and we will split the remaining intake equally between us four".

Earth seemed to subside & follow suit yet he gave a warning "I will side with your choice Kermec, but know there will be no going back, we may be titans, but the more you involve the mortals – the more you weaken our reign"

Kermec responded "I understand the penalty, and that it affects you both as well, but I believe it is a necessity to increase our chances of surviving the beasts, our overall power will increase dramatically"

Earth faded away, channeling elsewhere returning to his biddings, Kermec nodded at Nova, Nova, understanding he had done his part, also teleported back to his whereabouts.

Kermec walked closer to Khorgoth & spoke "I do apologize, getting the mortals involved definitely has an effect on you both as well, but when the upside grants us extraordinarily more intake, I am willing to sacrifice a hair off of our tyranny, if it has the means, even just partially or slightly, of becoming stronger in order to hopefully one day fend off the beasts ourselves, and it is a sacrifice I am willing to repeat"

Khorgoth responded "Before taking action, you came to us in order to gain our approval, that is all we ask of you"

Khorgoth then teleported away, carrying on with his personal endeavors.

Moving forward, as Nova along with Spore-Master had initiated their plan, sending off groupings of spores to coordinations containing beastly presence, they began accumulating power in rates above the rest, as Nova split his income with Spore-Master. Even Garok had to begin strategizing a way to gain leverage over the two.

Garok eventually experienced strange visions of massacre across the four realms, by the hands of a shaded figure striking fear in the eyes of anyone he passed, the shaded figure would be accompanied by 30 other figures of which he recognized were members of the Forsaken.

When Garok arose from his trance he then had interest in hearing what the Forsaken had to say.

He teleported to the place where the statue stood, where he had met with them once before. The village had still been abandoned as before, in-fact, not any changes had taken effect to the scorched village.

Garok walked forth, entering the same structure & standing in front of the statue as before. Three figures shortly appeared, transitioned into existence from thin air, two by the sides of the room and one directly behind Garok by the wall.

The middle figure spoke – "I am glad you have come to your senses, mighty one, we do not operate in order to deceive you, you will be victorious if you let us assist you. Our request in return is that you bring us the body of Zion" Garok responded "I know why you want Zion's corpse.. You seek the Arsenal.. What you want is to rid us all" The middle figure reacted & said "We fight a bigger war Garok. We came to you because we know of your glory. But despite your might, we expect you to understand that we know of the imbalance that is soon to take place due to the rise of Nova & Xerak. if the inner circle don't act soon, once parties take action – there will be no telling who will come out on top, and who will perish" the figure to Garok's right added "This isn't your time to be a hero.. We know you have larger concerns right now, opposed to fighting for a battle you won't live to be part of much longer if you don't act in your best interests"

The third figure finished & said "You aren't just a pawn in Kermec's grasp, you're a survivor, don't be stubborn"

Moments of contemplation passed, then Garok gave a grin, this time knowing he has little choice if he wants to remain superior to his competitors & said "where do we get started?"

The 3 grinned alike, then teleported Garok along with them to the peak (the famous peak of which Kermec would gaze down from watching the construction of the statues).

As the three Forsaken gazed off into the horizon Garok hesitating as he didnt want to be seen around with them, but joined in, realizing no one would recognize the figures anyways. The central figure of the Forsaken then spoke "I presume the army will be in our favor moving forwards…"

Garok explained "The army belongs to me. Yet their loyalty remains with Xeon"

The figure responded "We will neutralize Xeon and you will then dismantle this kingdom by the grasp of your palm"

Garok responded "The kingdom, its army, all are worthless – ten fold – if put against Kermec… Before I cause a chain reaction of chaos I must ensure superiority"

The figure replied "We have lived far longer than you Garok, we had plenty of time to make calculations,

we know if we do not meet your expectations you can end everything. Your victory is crucial for ours. You will be feared and depended on more than Kermec at his finest, moreover there will be times Kermec will come to you – requesting of your aid"

The 2nd figure standing by Garok's side mentioned "Spread you guild throughout the underskirts of society so they can later rise to your favor"

The third figure added "Once Xeon is dealt with, you must control the chaos & lead the army in your favor" The middle figure continued "We will fight by your side fending off the Loyals or any other competition"

Garok asked “And what of Kermec?”

The middle figure went on "You must retrieve the Arsenal, which is located close to Soul-Eater's accumulated intake, Kermec will react by taking the souls for himself fearing it will reach the wrong hands – resulting in a feud between him & the two priests"

A year had gone by, allowing Garok to prepare for the war to come.. By then he was approached by the Forsaken signaling it was time.

Garok then teleported himself to Xeon, Xeon being surprised by Garok's presence asked "What brings you here Garok?"

Garok responded as the Forsaken transitioned into appearance around them "You have done too well a job my friend, I'm sorry but in times like these it is each man to himself, the plates of power are shifting underneath us and we all must play along in order to maintain balance"

Xeon signed "You've disappointed me Garok, I believed you and I as warriors fighting for ideals beyond the moment. You have failed the Kingdom and perhaps the fate of the realms"

The Forsaken then pursued Xeon expecting Garok to follow suit, which he eventually did, they all fought hard.

Xeon was strong & fought fiercely, but eventually lost in combat & was executed.

Shortly after, Garok accessed the priests' hidden cavern where they supposedly stored various valuables, Garok only extracted the Arsenal.

After doing so, he kept it with himself until his demands were met, only then will he fulfill his end of the bargain with the Forsaken, handing it to them.

The Forsaken then hid Garok out of Kermec's vision. Shortly after searching for Garok, Kermec indeed consumed Soul-Eater's souls. Garok then contacted the two remaining priests, Earth & Khorgoth, explaining what Kermec had done, stating that Kermec had gone berserk, power hungry. The two furious priests confronted Kermec, questioning his decisions, but before explaining the situation to the priests, he decided he might be better off handling things on his own moving forward, Earth & Khorgoth weren't of much use to his ambitions anyways.

So he then faced off the two priests.. Because of all the extra souls he recently consumed – he defeated them with relative ease.

As the rivalry between the priests had unraveled – Garok began manipulating the army & the elite, trying to gain as much support as possible, explaining to them how Kermec had turned, supporting his claim by showing him fighting the priests.

Garok utilized his guild; they had discretely taken control over most societies within the realms, aside from capital states to the kingdom and the few existing verses[[15]](#footnote-14) where the kingdom had begun populating. Whilst secretly maintaining control, within each of their local states they've promoted agendas in support of Garok in his attempt at saving the kingdom from the hands of Kermec who had gone mad, challenging his former allied priests & presumably eliminated Xeon along the way…

Meanwhile, The Loyals took advantage of this short period of uncertainty, while Kermec was busy dealing with the priests & everyone else trying to insure where they stand regarding Garok – by banning together all their members & systematically targeting members of the elite, mostly the Independents or others standing separate from their party, targeting those prone to their might eliminating them, minimizing any opposing powers standing in their way replacing their roles of the kingdom if necessary.

Only after they've done enough damage becoming the majority within the inner-circle did Nova realize what they were up to, taking control of the situation, gathering few of the dominant Independants remaining, overpowering them putting a stop to the bloodshed. Given that the Independants, despite being fewer, were larger in power, they managed to merge themselves uniting with the Loyals, breaking the division, taking control of the newly united circle of elites with the more outstanding figures (which would usually be the Independents) at the steering wheel while most of the Loyals in the back seat.

Nova & Spore-Master were currently the strongest of the elite (Garok had branched apart & Xeon was no more), they would be at the head of everything along with Decider & Verse-Maker.

There was no more division between the two forms of elites.

In the wider spectrum of events – a rift had formed within the kingdom.

On one side were militia loyal to Garok, along with the local mobs convinced by the guild secretly spreading misinformation across the lands, Garok and the Forsaken.

On the other side was Kermec, the new alliance of the elite, the spores and a third of the kingdom's militia with all the kingdom's remaining departments.

Nova took the initiative leading the battle against Garok.

Just as Kermec came out on top from the fight between him and the two priests, as he radically grew in strength after cleansing Soul-Eater's accumulated share of spirit intake he hadn't come back for – Garok fended off the Kingdom & their elite as well. Firstly because he had the majority of the militia on his side, but secondly, the Forsaken had strengths beyond anyone's expectations, and they too assisted Garok in his revolt against the kingdom.

Kermec hadn't participated in the war for two reasons, one being that he was busy digesting his victory over the two priests, realizing he now has complete control over the realms to do as he pleases, without worrying of the consent of his familiars as they now must bend to his will.

Secondly, Kermec uses most cases he can in order to study his creation (the kingdom) watching how it operates when oppressed in order to fix its defaults.

A case of a civil war is a significant one, he'd prefer studying its arts rather than interfere.

As a result of Garok's victory, he now had to flee the scene before Kermec indeed decided to take things into his own hands.

He, along with a good portion of his army and the Forsaken[[16]](#footnote-15) had now traveled to the abandoned realm (the sixth realm) partially destroyed by the Moon Warriors.

Upon reaching, the Forsaken utilized few of their many mysterious techniques – generating a unique verse within the fifth realm hiding themselves from Kermec and the rest of the kingdom allowing Garok and his army to begin anew without needing to worry for the time being of any intruders or attacks from the Kingdom.

The sixth realm as of now was a mortal wasteland, many hybrids developed forms of tribalistic civilizations[[17]](#footnote-16) of their own through the course of time.

But overall between the hybrids there was more chaos than peace.

There were few larger bodyments of hybrid spirits maintaining a higher level of discression from the public.

Garok and his fleet was far larger, more organized & advanced through their training & experience, so it won't be a challenge sustaining & growing in the given circumstances.

Garok only managed to bring with him half of his army, his guild maintained in the four realms & maintained their discression. The other half of his army eventually escaped to the sixth realm or otherwise hunted down till extinction. Till then they would be labelled as Raiders, causung trouble across the lands creating many tribalistic forces within themselves, taking control over lands creating clans within themselves. They were either persued or persueing till extinction. But because of how many they were, it took a while to deal with them. Even though they were locally divided, they would unite when under attack by the kingdom, maintaining for force to be reckoned with.

So first the kingdom had to rebuild itself, later did they have the capacity to tackle them head on.

For the first few years of Garok's reign within the sixth realm creating his own empire, venturing the lands of the realm, eliminating hybrid forces he'd come across, studying their developed techniques of the spirits they've spun up throughout their untouched years on the lands.

The Forsaken would stand as his advisers along with a few others.

Garok would attempt to study their ways of the dark arts as much as he could, but the Forsaken were very much introverted keeping their techniques to themselves for the most part.

Once his kingdom was well seated & established within the realm despite being contained within a number of mysterious verses hidden from Kermec and his kingdom, the Forsaken reminded Garok of their deal, requesting that he holds his end of the bargain.

And Garok did just that.

He handed them the Arsenal[[18]](#footnote-17).

As he handed the Arsenal to the Forsaken, they sent one of their own to the four realms, Garok tagged along with him out of curiosity.

The two travelled back to the abandoned village entering the schorched structure containing the sinister statue of a hooded figure with both its arms stretched outwards holding the two heads in each arm.

The head to the left was of Kermec, the head to the right was of Zion.

The figure, now facing the statue, walked up to it, reached his arms out to Zion's head & caused a glowing aura to appear around the head, the stone texter of the head faded away leaving the head to appear genuine.

The figure now grabbed the head, Garok then asked with a smirk "What do you intend to do with the corpse?" The figure responded "This is the head to the wisest of all mortals… With wisdom comes power"

The figure then teleported Garok & himself back to the sixth realm.

They entered a cave secure from the public eye where the rest of the Forsaken had already gathered, surrounding the Arsenal. Garok watched from the side as the figure came up to the body holding its head, all the Forsaken were with their arms out, palms open towards the center – applying sinister auras of energy around the Arsenal, the body began to float in a standing position, the figure holding the head with his arms outwards upwards toward the body let go of the head as it began to hover towards the body ultimately reaching its ideal position on top of the neck, recapitating itself to the body.

Once the process was complete, all the energies & auras disappeared and the body landed hard on the floor on its feet, standing completely still in silence.

The figure in the middle, facing the standing body now raised his arm upwards making a movement with his hand causing a portal to open behind the body he was facing.

This portal was making an intense sound, creating a subtle vacuum effect sucking inwards certain particles. The figure facing the body was then handed a knife, the figure then slit his own throat.

There was no blood as the nature of the existence of the Forsaken was a mystery. But the figure's soul was intensely visible as it was being pulled towards the portal, as the soul reached the Arsenal, it naturally absorbed the soul giving life once again to the fallen titan. The figure's body turned to dust evaporating in the wind. The forsaken closed the portal just as the titan began to wake.

One of the Forsaken then gave the titan a greeting "Welcome Zion. Welcome to the lands of Garok… It is of our great honor to finally be given the opportunity to relive the great days of the titans – where they could breathe-in the same air as you, walk in your footsteps, follow your wise words"

As the titan stared at the figure who spoke, he glared some more, he then glanced at the rest of the room, seeing the Forsaken with sinister smiles, pride of victory.

He then said "My name is Onaga[[19]](#footnote-18)"

He then outreached his right arm to the figure who greeted him, widening his palm, immediately consuming the figure. He then continued speaking as he walked forward "I've come to realize the purest of heroes fall the furthest"

One of the Forsaken quickly said with fear & hesitation "Garok has come to welcome you as well"

Onaga responded "Show me to him"

The Forsaken made way, stepping aside forming a path to where Garok stood.

Garok walked towards him as he came close – he bowed down to honor him, then spoke "I offer myself of service, I am weak now, but I share vast knowledge of the spirit – you have yet to discover"

Garok stood there and said "Rise, I am told you will make for an outstanding asset to this kingdom, you need not prove me further"

As Onaga stood up he said "I must dine with my familiars as they unwind the foreseen events since my demise"

Garok left the cave carrying on with his duties.

As Garok left the cave, Onaga was standing at the entrance of the cave, he turned around facing the Forsaken, he quickly began devouring each of them, cleansing their souls, from one moving on to the next.

## Dominion

After the Kingdom’s defeat by Garok's revolt, Kermec's Loyals were outraged & desperate to find Garok putting an end to any future threats, sending out initiatives on hunting him down; they were all unsuccessful.

Kermec on the other hand was busy reconstructing the kingdom.

One of the substantial changes he made was to the role of the elites of the kingdom.

Kermec was now much more involved with everything in the kingdom. He was much less dependent on his Loyals and where the independents were needed, he would grant them their moments but he would be much more conservative with sharing opportunities with the mortals now. He is much more skeptical now because he is alone. Before, he knew if the mortals were to somehow overthrow him through power or deception, he would have Earth & Khorgoth to stand up to his aid. That wasn't an option anymore since he was now the strongest being (aside from Soul-Eater who isn't around) of the realms, he had to be extra cautious with his decisions & not let any mortals deceive him, tricking him into giving them power & leverage over him. Every small opportunity Kermec may grant someone which raises their income of power makes them powerful in the span of a very long time, that is why it can be dangerous.

He reframed the inner circle into just another department of the kingdom, humbling them, implementing his might, giving the impression that they were just another screw in the works of his creation.

He labeled their department as The King's Quarters.

When he'd require their wisdom, he would be open to hear their words of advice.

Yes they've been set aside from the spotlight by Kermec, clumped into the corner into a less enticing, less royal, perhaps even a less respectful seating amongst the kingdom, but they were ruthless just the same, perhaps by being suppressed by Kermec's restructuring, they've built a need to overcompensate in order to maintain the self respect they once claimed themselves due through scheming more ways of gaining dominance, power & leverage than ever before.

Along with reshaping the kingdom, he also renamed his empire The Crown.

Kermec's priority essentially throughout the entire span of his kingdom was the elevation of the skills of combat. He would host major combat tournaments, deploy deadly games, weapons' races, basically anything remotely related to physical combat or included combat, at first he would hold the games with the reason to elevate his militia, but once there was no more wide-scale competition for mainland power (because his kingdom had successfully ridden the hybrid hordes nearly completely), he still maintained the games partially for his entertainment, but he also held raw combat with high regard.

It would impose dignity & heroism to those who came victorious in his games. If the spirit forces were to be omitted from reality, what else would be a factor to power besides fists & feet.

As the kingdom became more settled (after the many ripples it had fighting hybrid hordes), the games became more centralized within the kingdom and only grew more & more essential to the culture.

Kermec's mission was to breed combat perfection.

He'd construct the light temples, structures dedicated solely for combat training, breeding combat warriors to serve the kingdom at the highest level throughout the realms.

There would be a number of factions created, in dedication to elevating combat in support of the kingdom, but those at the highest level were the light temples.

Because of Kermec's large appetite for combat & competition, through time & game his title became Play-Maker.

Play-Maker grasped the kingdom and the elite with a firm grip, his dominance & control was unquestioned & unchallenged.

Within Play-Maker's remodeled kingdom, it was much harder for external powers to co-exist within the kingdom, compared to the first model where if a being would gain power or find technique, elevating himself above the common rest, usually if noticed by the authorities, the being would eventually join arms with the kingdom, earning a modest ranking for his high expectations.

But in the new kingdom, Play-Maker took all precautions into account, taking a stance against allowing the powerful to simply join powers with the kingdom, with the threat of such beings backfiring, instead those beings would be pursued until their threat is dealt with. Because of Play-Maker's strict ruling, thanks to the development of the verses, this field of practice was still very new & untouched, some beings would succeed escaping Play-Maker's wrath, allowing them to live in harmony, yet discreetly, on an unknown verse, away from the kingdom's view. Such verses would usually be called Nomad Verses,

Play-Maker anointed a few more beings to authoritative powers, adding members to The King's Quarters.

One specifically, by the title Wind-Maker, master of the Light Temple. Given approval to run his guild however he deemed fit, independent to the decisions of any authorities.

Play-Maker anointed heads of other guilds as well, but through time they've become corrupt, hungry for power, perishing over time or becoming one with the leading authority of that time, leaving the guild to rot away.

Another major improvement he made, in order to prevent possible uprisings in any revolting powers, overall easing & mitigating control over the kingdom – would be the Rebirth.

After a long period of time He'd initiate a Rebirth, a form of mass scale scrambling of the souls of every being walking the mortal realms besides certain beings He'd hand-pick to remain in-tact as the Rebirth took place.

The King's Quarters and a few other high-end members of relevant departments knew to remain safe independently, but for the beings of lesser authority & power, Kermec would make sure to preserve handfuls of them in-tact as well. Most of those beings would be top performing members of various combat temples of different techniques, most prominently – the Light Temple.

The technique he'd use in order to initiate a rebirth was discovered through Nova & Spore-Master.

As they'd cleanse spirits off the beasts via the Spores, their original method would be to teleport the entirety of the realms (including the sixth realm) to the desired location within the beast, then the Spores would stand outside the perimeter i.e the invisibility force-field, & commence the cleansing.

If anything went wrong, for example the spores being overwhelmed & outmatched by spirits, the stone out of one of every few spores would implode causing a massive explosion within a wide radius. These explosions would eliminate any being it comes in contact with, but these stones would have a special effect as well, the spirits intertwined within the explosion would get pulled into the radius of the explosion, ultimately absorbed by spores from far out within the borders of the force-field.

But what would occur often enough was a chain reaction in the consumption process of the spirits due to the explosion, reaching into the perimeter & even within the realms. Within the explosions would be a wide scrambling of all the spirits within the explosion, a mixture of both the spirits from the beast within the radius of the destruction, and the spirits of any nearby beings.

The scrambled spirits combining with each other would result in obscure combinations of hybrids.

When the consumption phase of the explosion would reach far into the realm, sometimes the chain effect would wipe out a large portion of the living contained within, when the phase is kept from further wiping the rest of the life in the realms, the consumption phase would reach far out into the lands sometimes unnoticed.

Because unnoticed & uncleansed by the spores or other authorities, these mixtures of spirits would intertwine within the dwellers of the realms, creating odd & sometimes very powerful beings, having extra amounts of odd breedings of spirits mixed together with the physical aspects of the realms.

Through time, these events would reoccur, and somehow by managing to remain hidden long enough – these forms of beings would eventually form alliances with one another, ultimately uniting & creating a force to be reckoned, firstly known as The Externals, later as The Nether.

Partaking as the official rivaling force of the authorities, being the cause of a constant war for control over the realms, throughout numerous verses simultaneously.

But they only appear & become relevant far into the future, as of now the ruling powers were oblivious to their existence.

So it was through the chain effect of the absorption phase from the crystalite explosions Kermec would scramble the souls of the realms' beings every long period of time, that way mitigating an uprising in any potential revolting forces. Although few of the targeted audiences (the Externals & Garok's empire) managed to evade the rebirths.

The entire nature of their come to power seemed mysterious, as they were systematically professional to an unnatural extent & immune to all obstacles any authorities would plant with intent on preventing any uprisings, they must've had some form of aid from an unknown source.

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## The Third Force

Within Garok's new kingdom, firstly as Onaga returned to sentient form, Garok took him as his head advisor.

As Garok started initiating his various ambitions Onaga would prove himself of much use, very much improving everything he got involved in.

Even though Garok was very much incharge, Garok would look up to Onaga, with much respect.

Garok knew to be cautious of the Forsaken, all the more so their successor.

He would look up to Onaga with attempt to learning all he can, Onaga’s wisdom was very much realized by the naked eye, he was well respected by all others within Garok’s kingdom, to the point of being undoubtedly & unchallenged as second in command, but Onaga remained absolutely loyal & submissive towards Garok, Garok realizing this, had no worry, even though standing as a slim tree to a very wide shadow.

Meanwhile, along one of Garok’s quests, diminishing old hybrid tribes from his land, Onaga by his side asked him “Have you maintained royalty with your guild left behind in the four realms?”

Garok answered “I expect them to remain loyal even if I seem absent. But I am not certain of them”

Onaga responded “Do you not care much for them anymore?”

Garok replied “I care very much, I’ve been caught up with the mess I’ve been making here in this realm”

Onaga continued “That guild has vast potential, make sure to keep them in order before they become noticed & dismantled by authorities”

Garok then commanded Onaga “Go, make sure they remain loyal”

Once they finished with their cleansing of the lowland hybrids, Onaga went off to fulfill his duty.

Onaga channeled to the four realms, reaching a central marketplace in a region once heavily grounded with raiders. Eventually after causing shifts within the market, making certain stores overcome various monopolies, certain folk started to pay attention to Onaga, one night, which is when the market is empty, as Onaga was strolling the marketplace, a number of masked, hooded figures began pursuing him, at first he acted as though trying to evade them, but eventually getting caught, they took him in, underground to one of their lairs, taking him to a royal room to one of their leading figures. Onaga was brought to his knees with his hands chained together behind his back held captive by two of the hooded figures. In front was a statue of a hooded figure leaning with both hands on a sword facing the ground. Then appeared a higher ranking hooded figure seeming to be of a local leader.

The leader then spoke “Welcome to the real world.. In the real world, there are consequences. There are rules you must obey. You can’t shift things against our favor without firstly gaining our consent, usually we execute those who cause such a mess, but I deem you worthy to this clan, you are given the choice to continue with your biddings under our reign or join us & benefit us with your talents and perhaps eventually be gifted with splendors much larger than that which you have intended to take from us”

Onaga responded “I will join your force –”

The leader then said “Good” and turned walking away.

But Onaga then continued “– And reform the entirety of this lost guild into an unbreakable legion that will stand a threat to any other authority till I deem it’s cause to have had its share of light”

The leading figure stopped & looked back at Onaga as he spoke.

Once Onaga finished, he then quickly stood up despite the two figures pressing down with force, Onaga then broke loose from the chain with ease by pulling his hands forward, then quickly backwards bashing the two figures to the ground.

The two figures seemed astonished, the leading figure alike, Onaga then continued to speak “I wish to walk with you to wherever it is you seem to be rushing off to as I learn of what this guild has become”

The two figures were alarmed & about to attack Onaga. The leading figure signaled for them to leave him be – for the sake of their own good will of course. The leading figure then removed his helmet face mask revealing his face & said with a smile “Then walk with me you shall”

As the two walked along the underground passages The figure said "I am Legos… We usually do not come across beings of higher form such as yourself, I am a mere mortal, and so are the rest of us, so we cling to your mercy as of this moment, but we do stand for a higher purpose aside from our well being, so even at the risk of my life, I must be given the permission of my superiors before granting you with their presence or giving any information"

Onaga then responded "Do you wish to be more than but a mere mortal?"

They continued to walking in silence, Onaga then said "I expect you to return to me shortly with all the correct answers" Onaga then raised his arm upwards towards above his Legos's head, spawning a portal underneath Legos's feet causing him to fall into it, the portal closing after he fell through appearing in the middle of the room of front of the council of the guild, the superiors of which he needed to request permission from.

Once he realized Onaga knew of the whereabouts of the council (by teleporting him to their exact location), he realized Onaga was far superior than any member of the guild and that a much larger play was at hand, plates were being shifted right underneath his feet and the one causing it happened to approach his clan out of all the clans out there belonging to the guild amongst the realms.

Legos right away changed his initiative to benefiting Onaga in any way required.

The council members were seated around him expecting him to explain his presence.

He then responded "Greetings my lirds.." He paused for a moment thi king what to say instead.. "I've foreseen a future where we were more than just a bunch of dictating bandits hidden & spread throughout the financial underskirts of the lowlands[[20]](#footnote-19). I've inherited a vision of a legion of titans bound to Play-Maker no longer"

The councilmen snirkingly looked at eachother then asking "Dear Legos the prophet, is there anything of relevence you have to share with us?"

Legos then left the room, quite embarrased by his act.

As he left & the doors shut, mid-walk he was teleported back to Onaga's presence where he was seen sitting on a large rock of the tomb of Legos's clan.

Legos first stood still in front of him, then he went down on his arms & knees stating "I am at your deposal, I am here to serve you, mighty one, what ever you request, I will do anything on by behalf in order to fulfill your wish"

As Onaga sat, he smirked, then said "As you humble yourself towards me, the council will humble themselves towards you"

He continued "Rise, you have a task at hand"

As Legos rised, he asked "What must be done?"

Onaga responded "I see you as a people who have great influence, but it can only be inplemwnted upon the lowlifes of these realms, mortals can only play with mortals. I also see that you are a wide spread guild required to maintain complete anonamousity in order to ensure survival.

You are talented at trade, but weak at everything else, I presume your system remains in tact thanks to Garok, and you lived long before his interference simply because Play-Maker hadn't yet become involved with the lands, but you stand no chance the moment authorities catch eyes on you. Despite these defaults, I find potential in you. I propose we unite.

I will make you a legion of titans and your presence will be known and feared by the leading authorities"

Legos then said "I will do what it takes in order to commence our uniting"

Onaga added "I will share with you the new ways of the spirits, you will have the powers to steer this guild to the path of immortality"

Once Legos was gifted with Onaga's teachings, he shared it with his clan, they became ruthless and skillful.

Legos and his clan began spreading throughout the local clans of the guild apprehending leadership & taking control, overseeing the operations of the clans from a distance but not before overthrowing the governing bodiment of the guild, the council.

Legos channeled back to the room he was once portaled in by Onaga, only this time he teleported to there himself. Standing in front of the council once more, in silence, coated & hooded in the black traditional robe of the guild.

The room was typically crowded with heading members of the guild, lobbyists, leaders, overseers, in the front center sitting the councilmen, everyone in awkward silence, one of the councilmen then spoke "What wisdom has our prophet come forth to gift us with now?"

Legos spoke "I've come to grant you the gift of change"

Legos then outreached his right arm towards the audience to his right cleansing their souls within the span of moments, then clumping his hands together generating a surge of energy opening his hands and arms towards his left, obliterating anything that stood to his left, turning them all to dust.

The councilmen quickly got out of their seats & on their hands and knees begging for mercy.

As Legos stood rulingly, staring at the weaping leaders, Onaga appeared standing silently behind Legos, Legos sensing his presence asked "What should be of the remnants?"

Onaga answered "You do as you please"

Legos responded "It pleases me to express the vitality of this alliance.. I will sacrifice the leaders of my guild in your honor"

Legos then pulled out the traditional sword of his guild and severed the heads of all the councilmen in front of Onaga as he watched. When Legos complet the beheadings, Onaga raised a sinister grin & vanished.

Now that the council has been eliminated, Legos slowly grabbed hold of all the clans, one by one, with the help of his clanmates – his apprentices, developing a new chain of command ending with Legos and his apprentices at the top.

They hadn't interfered with the dynamics of any of the local clans, they stood as overseers watching the clans, and their lands, waiting for the day a figure of abnormal strength posing a threat would enter their radar.

For the first era of Legos's leadership over the guild, they would be considered the guild's defenders

Gone were the days where the Faceless would hide in the shadows as the mutants, hybrids or other powerful beings would Carry out their biddings within the districts of the Faceless, the Faceless were a hidden force, when threatening powers would enter their sight, their leaders would exterminate & absorb such powers, accumulating large quantities of power over time. Despite their new strengths, the leaders of the Faceless never lost touch with their origin, the powers of trade.

The Faceless would be experts of trade, they would monopolize all sorts of substantial markets, gaining massive monetary profits,

After the transcendence of the new leaders of the Faceless, their experty of trade along with all their spirit force allowed them to elevate their trade to the next level.

Once they've accumulated enough power, they began a number of ploys, they'd accumulate enough power to generate artificial verses hidden from the kingdom, various forms of beings would flock to such verses in order to be independent from the kingdom, since the kingdom would prohibit practicing spiritual powers.

They would target greedy officials of the kingdom enticing them with offers of substantial powers in return for relevant prescriptions or turning a blind eye allowing them to conduct activities otherwise putting them in trouble.

For example they would bribe one of the commanding officers to one of the kingdom's legions commencing an attack upon the Externals (The Nether) to share the plans intended to be executed, the Faceless would then sell such information to the Externals for a lucrative return. Or as another example, they would buy and sell various verses they would attain, & exchange for certain quantities of souls/spirit or other forms of matter.

Over the years their notoriety became noticed, but they were untouchable, even the mortal members to the guild were hidden better than their earlier days. Of the guild, Legos and his clan made up around 25 members who had elevated from reality, out of originally nearly a thousand ordinary members making up the rest of the guild who had slowly diminished over time to extinction. Legos & the clan saw no use of trading plain goods, they operated on a whole other league, trading for spiritual powers, political advantages & elements yielding the power of shifting the very plates of the various realities they once just dwelled on as mere ordinary settlers.

When a cunning few individuals that happened to also be of great strengths somehow managed to get hold of the whereabouts of those 25, they immediately took advantage of the scenario offering their allegiance to Legos and his clan, offering to join forces. Wishing to operate by exactly the same means as they did till present day, drifting anonymously through the lands & skies, hooded & with a means to bargain for great profits.

By now came a turning point for the guild…

Legos decided to add a petition of recruitment to the guild, accepting those of efficient power capacities, talents of the trade and overall seemingly fitting to stand hand in hand within their clan's operations.

Over the years as the clan grew again through all the recruits, elevating their trade capacity allowing them to reach even higher in power & impact, besides being hooded, a complete dress policy was assigned to those recruited, red robes & fabrics as dress code, varying in design depending on the ranks of the individuals, assigned weapons & tools. Such as a bow, a spear, a unique sword branding the clan, various daggers etc.

The Faceless had become a full pledged society of over the top deadly spirit warriors initiating trade throughout the lands.

When Onaga returned to Garok, he told Garok the guild was still loyal to his throne, which was true, even though the council members were exterminated, the remainders still operated in the same code as before, only difference being Legos and his clan also loyal to Onaga as well.

## Spell-Maker

Onaga's outlook upon Garok had changed once Onaga returned, he was in fact impressed by Garok, for how he shaped his hierarchy within the standard of the Faceless so perfectly that it lasted unchallenged.

At first Onaga hadn't given Garok's character much thought, simply that he was the current ruler of the tactical landscape he's been restored in.

But now he maintained a level of respect towards the ruler, understanding there was a reason his predecessors (The Forsaken) chose to poison Garok with fear of defeat steering him away from Kermec & his force, Garok would've stood as a grave obstacle in future endeavors.

Onaga, realizing Garok's capability when wielding large forces, structuring his continuity within the masses, decided to share some of his teachings to the ruler in hopes of such wisdom reaching the public, infecting large portions of common folk, separating them from the proper ways instructed by Kermec.

Further causing a rift in Kermec's iron fist amongst the mortals.

Garok set off on a mission to spy on the Spores & overall operations of Kermec's kingdom around the rim of the forcefield captivating the realms & everyone within.

Garok himself, Onaga, a group of strategic advisers & spies all set off, analyzing the operations of The Crown, gazing from a distance.

Then after moments of the group speculating – Garok signaled a few of the members, which presumably was a signal to go ahead and capture a number of spores to bring back in order to conduct further investigations & research on their stone & how to utilize it.

Being quick with action (perhaps being cautious of the idea of Garok making an official offense to Play-Maker's operations, placing him back on Play-Maker's radar, threatening further progression on behalf of Garok's Kingdom) Onaga commented as Garok's troops were about to set off but paused for him to finish speaking first "The stones provide minimal use your highness"

The troops looked at Garok to see if there may be a change in plan, but Garok didn't flinch, as the troops set off Onaga continued "May it be wise in the master's eyes in maintaining discretion opposed to igniting a fire of bloodshed between a titan and his former adviser?"

Garok irritably questioned "Do you have a substitute for their greatness to provide me with instead?"

Onaga then gazed at the wilderness outside the forcefield for a moment and answered "The will of the beasts are prone to even the tongue of a mortal"[[21]](#footnote-20)

Garok satisfied to finally being granted a smidge of Onaga's knowledge of the spirits replied – "Do elaborate wise one"

Onaga then straightened his back, tilted his head slightly upwards, his eyes white – controlled one of the Spores from afar entering the forcefield returning with spirit plundered from the beasts – causing the Spore to come forward & stand in front of Garok and his crew, hypnotized unaware of its surroundings. Onaga then came forward facing the Spore, whispered a few words causing the Spore to unleash the spirits contained within.

As the spirits Swarmed out above the Spore, Onaga raised his arm reaching out with an open palm above the Spore causing the fleeting spirit mass to accumulate within the defined space above the Spore.

Once all the spirit intake left the Spore’s body Onaga waved his hand in front of the Spore, casting the command to return to its designated placement.

Now with the spirit mass held by Onaga in front of Garok and his crew, Onaga elaborated “You can bind the will of the beast with minimal effort. The illusion of control tends to blind the common mortal, convinced that the possibility of attaining control requires assertion of dominance, sovereignty, but in reality, the beasts can be tamed just the same despite not having the upper hand.

You can gain control over their spirit by gaining their trust. I speak to the spirit and the spirit acts accordingly. Not because I reign over them, but because I am their owner’s vessel. Since we share a common will – their spirits, despite being disconnected, cooperate with my endeavors[[22]](#footnote-21)”

One from Garok’s crew shouted “He lies! The beasts share no care for mortals!”

Onaga responded “He who shouts must have reason to believe what he shouts.. But one must also be aware of the ways of the spirits.. In my practices a spirit may only grant permission to one vessel at a time.. Only such a vessel may manually grant another that access to another vessel capable of gaining such powers”

Onaga then whispered a few words (the first official casting of a spell to be on historical record, causing the spirit mass to descend downwards towards him, fading & absorbing into his body.

Garok looked downwards, discontent despite Onaga’s words of wisdom, contemplating what to do. Onaga then said to him as the others were busy with other matters “It isn’t time to face Kermec’s army. They will overwhelm us, you are yet to achieve superiority over his kingdom”

Garok and his crew then withdrew from the scene, back to their realm.

Garok took Onaga’s words into account, studying them vigorously through trial & error, putting the words to the test.

Firsty Garok required a spirit of independent will, because he can't control those clinged to the beast, nor the spirits compiled by the kingdom because the kingdom's spirit masses have been compiled into forms[[23]](#footnote-22) of energy without an identity. So now instead of consuming the spirits belonging to the few remaining hybrids[[24]](#footnote-23) of the lands, Garok ordered detainment of the hybrids, holding them captive conducting various forms of research with their spirits.

What Garok ended up creating turned out to be his key to power, which also ended up being the definitive tool for sorcery – the essential taboo of Play-Maker’s lands, simply because of it's easy and powerful uses, a simple cause to overwhelming the local authoritative powers exhausting the kingdom.

Garok forged a bond between numerous small spirits while maintaining full access to each of them, Garok formed a mass of synchronized spirits essentially turning themselves into one spirit being, yet not functional without Garok’s lead due to them being many in number. Because of how minimalized each singular entity of this cluster of spirits was, This artificial mass of spirit could surpass Play-Maker’s kingdom’s spirit compression & extraction processes, usually if a spirit becomes absorbed by a Spore or the spirit is stored in a physical formed object (specific various orbs usually, usually for the sake of storage) the spirit’s identity becomes lost and it's spirit energy laid behind is turned into pure spirit matter without a host, awaiting its use by the next user to extract its mass. But Garok’s newly created cluster of spirits would remain sentient through such extractive & compressive processes, because of how complex & minimized each spirit of the cluster is – the mass is rendered as though the host has been scrambled & compromised even though in reality the mass remains fully sentient.

Besides figuring out a way to breach the spirit storage confines, Garok refined the cluster’s ability to consume the pure spirit energies whilst maintaining discretion, preventing detection as a threatening consuming force, What Garok changed with the cluster was it’s process of spirit mass consumption, making it so the cluster maintains consumption at a balanced manner so the stored spirit masses absorbed by the clustered spirits are distributed equally amongst the various spirits – maintaining internal equality amongst the spirits, because the consumption of the stored spirit masses are distributed amongst numerous spirits within the cluster, the cluster doesn't become rendered as a colonizing force preventing it from being detected.

Garok created three of these monstrous spirit colonizers.

The process leading to Garok’s creation took the span of many generations.

And once Garok came to throughition, he had to maintain generations more, waiting for an opportunity of weakness to cease.

Theoughout numerous generations, Play-Maker slowly shifted his attentions outside of the Crown, outside of the four realms…

Play-Maker began many expeditions, conducting various forms of research of his own.

One of which, was the creation of a new form of realm, consisting of a combination of both, the physical and spiritual aspects of reality, this was a new and unnatural phenomenon, within such a gagidy strange reality, untapped opportunities of discovery would arise.

Play-Maker called this realm Sky Verse.

Play-Maker along with a number of his high-ranking advocates, including a few members of the King’s Quarters including Verse-Maker, Creator, Xixoth & others. Eventually, Play-Maker became nearly fully devoted to research external to the kingdom & Sky Verse. Treating the empire as secondary in importance.

Once Play-Maker indeed became distant to the empire and the mortal realms and the King’s Quarters were essentially running the Crown themselves, Garok initiated his plan, using his creation, the ever absorbing clusters of spirits, commanding them to consume any dependent[[25]](#footnote-24) mass of spirit, either contained within a user, or stored in an orb or stone.

Slowly but surely Garok’s three spirits captivated most of the spirit stored throughout Play-Maker’s kingdom distributing the power equally amongst the three.

The other key to how Garok maintained discretion throughout his campaign was by making sure the captivation process would be conducted in a passive aggressive manner.

Once Garok’s spirits would abduct the spirit masses of the kingdom, the now captured spirit masses in reality loyal to Garok would remain under-cover, acting as pure stored spirit, allowing itself to be used in the same fashion as it would if untouched by Garok. The reason Garok’s spirits were usable as normal pure spirit mass would be because of how complex & numerous (with various sentient spirits) they were, because of their many hosts, they were extremely flexible, capable of carrying out any forces commanded by their “user”.

Garok forged a spiritual weapon that allowed him to hold nearly the entirety of Play-Maker’s staff with an iron fist because he wielded their spiritual powers. Play-Maker had much more of his own spirit masses stored safely un-contaminated by Garok, so Garok had no upper-hand against Play-Maker, nor did his spirits have an affect on Prime and his elementals, but the rest of those who depended on their spiritual abilities unknowingly ultimately became prone to Garok.

The spirits within the clusters were broken down to an extreme measure allowing such a large quantity of independent spirits to fit in together disguised as small portions of spirit mass, so small that the spirit masses seemed to be worth in power as fragmentations of spirits, allowing the clusters to bypass the compiling and extracting processes whenever spirits were stored into orbs, or extracted into the users hands – usually causing a typical spirit to break down into spiritual fragments of itself, losing its identity, but since the clusters contained such a vast amount of sentient spirits, when the clusters were broken down, those fragments of the spirit clusters would still consist of numerous sentient spirits which also exists in other portions of that spirit cluster embedded somewhere else in the lands, allowing the cluster to maintain its identity.

Those unknowingly wielding the consumed spirit masses which are in Garok’s control – still have control over the spirit mass, but Garok or anyone else who ever complete gains access (via Garok) to the spirit cluster embodying the user’s spirit mass can revoke it from being use at any given time.

When Garok was still conducting his research, creating the soon to be monstrosity, he applied a number of traits to the spirits, granting him multiple tools easening .their deployment.

Firstly he achieved the loyalty of every single strand to the clustered spirits, making him the first source to controlling the spirits.

Only through the original chosen being can control of the spirits be granted, only through Garok giving permission to a specific being can that being command the will of the spirits given permission to wield.

So Garok had complete control of the spirit clusters, and he got to choose who to grant what level of control to the spirits, perhaps only control to certain strands, or a limit of spiritual power to one of the three clusters.

Another element Garok added to his creation was the use of spells.

Garok watched Onaga’s every word when he chose to grant him his knowledge.. As he said: “the will of the beast can be binded to even the tongue of a mortal”

Controling the clusters, as an artificial host to an artificial spirit being would turn out to be more complex than simply wielding spirit powers, or even[[26]](#footnote-25) consentualy controling the spirits of the beast as Onaga.

Therefore Garok had to map out a spiritual path, unscrambling the clusters’ maze placing order, to choose which specific spirit strand to deploy, or which group of spirits and with how much power to relinquish to the artificial user.

Garok organized a spiritual chain of command by firstly dividing up within each of the three clusters a number of domains which contain within each a large number of spirits, he divided each domain by a spell, upon performing the spell the domain is put in placement ready to relinquish the spirits it contains into the users hands.

Within each domain Garok organized a subset of spirit groupings, he assigned to each grouping a separate spell for its deployment

Within each subset of spirit groupings Garok binded various spells, each spell

characterizing the grouping in a more refined manner making a more noticeable difference in traits belonging to the various divisions of spirits.

After nearly the entirety of Play-Maker’s lands were secretly replaced by Garok’s spirit clusters, Garok had the power now to establish security from Play-Maker’s Kingdom. Play-Maker himself was untouched by the contamination of the clusters, and thereby unaffected by Garok, therefore had the capability to wipe out Garok and his kingdom within an instant, but now Garok had a deterrent to negotiate with: if he or his kingdom were to be wiped out, Garok could threaten to destroy Play-Maker’s empire a moment before, putting an end to his project as-well.

So Garok now gained confidence and stepped out of the shadows to display his power.

So he recruited a number of members to partake in his voyage within Play-Maker’s realms.

Garok gave each of his members access to a specific defined subset within the three spirit clusters’ domains, granting them access to the use of those subset’s defined spells categorizing those subsets into separate task oriented spirit groupings. These members would turn out stronger than most of Play-Maker’s elite.

Garok and his apprentices sent off to Centar, one of Play-Maker’s capitals, where the many royals to the throne dwell and conduct combat tournaments, their muse to the senses.

Garok, with his crew walking in front, came towards the royal colosseum since it was active & with a large crowd present.

Garok’s men quickly neutralized the entrance guards and any other opposing security forces until they breached into the center of the colosseum where many competitors were fighting. Garok’s men began neutralizing the competitors, as Garok stood in the middle watching the crowd cheer.

Once all neutralized he began elevating upwards into the air, once he was higher than the colosseum he glared at the crowd for a few moments as they began to quiet down. He then reached out with his right arm towards a section of the crowd to his right,nas he opened his right palm that section of the crowd burst up into pink flames immediately dispersing into ashes & smoke.

Garok immediately generated a green force field surrounding the crowd, impenetrable, preventing them from escaping as they broke out into panic attempting to leave the colosseum.

The more capable, the elite members, those with spirit powers tried attacking Garok only to realize their powers being revoked from them, since Garok ultimately controlled their powers.

Garok then partially pointed upwards with his left palm open, restraining those who attempted attacking him, freezing them in place.

As he slowly raised his arm upwards he shifted all the restrained attackers into the air towards him until they were all floating in the air grouping into a circle above the crowd but underneath Garok in the center.

Garok then spoke out to the crowd “I welcome you all to a new era… An era where sorcery reigns dominant upon the spirit, where spells speak louder than souls… You will all bear witness to the greatness I speak of, and after, I will grant you all the opportunity of a new fate”

Garok then closed his palm into a fist, then immediately – each of the detained attackers in the circle were executed in various ways, each killed by a different combination of strands of spirits within the clusters, representing different traits. Some burned to an eerie flame till evaporating to ashes, others mutilated & dismembered etc’.

Moments later, as the ceremony concluded, Garok elaborated “These subjects were the best of you, but you could all be much stronger”

Garok could sense who amongst the crowd wanted to partake in his offer and who not, those who shared interest would then glow with an aura around their body in a varying color[[27]](#footnote-26) depending on their location within the colosseum, and then teleported to Garok’s realm, where they would begin the process of gaining such powers as offered.

Not only didn't Garok intend to show a display of strength to Play-Maker and his empire, Garok also needed to expand the size of his kingdom in terms of manpower in order to stand a chance against Play-Maker’s massive army.

Garok sent out his apprentices to ambush a number of populated areas in order to collect potential sorcerers.

Singled out, they were stronger than most units, most elites, but those who had exponentially large sums of spirit mass were way stronger than any of them[[28]](#footnote-27). weren't necessarily strong enough to attack central areas without being detained by elite warriors, but together they could get the job done if executed quickly & efficiently, before stronger units of the empire would begin to appear.

As Garok’s kingdom grew in number and maintained sorcery (Garok’s control over the spirit clusters) as their prime source of power, a hierarchical structure began to form within Garok’s kingdom based on proximity to the source.

Garok would grant access to specific subsets within domains of the spirit clusters to certain members, those members are sometimes capable of granting access to up to their portion to others, so forth the proximity weakens, and so does their value within the hierarchy.

Initially, Spell-Casters were those who were given access to an entire subset, such as those Garok firstly recruited.

Throughout the years they’ve gained access to more than just their original subset through other Spell-Casters granting them access to their subsets.

To a point things have gotten out of control, where the majority of them were cutting deals with one another sharing access to each other's subsets, resulting in a massive interconnection of the combined subsets with the many Spell-Casters. But because the subsets were linked to so many users, the subsets’ efficiency deteriorated due to being overused & outstretched. The subsets became weak to the extent that users who remained distant to the unification & maintained exclusivity within their subset were stronger than those who had access to the combined powers.

Once their decrease in powers came to notice, most of the Spell-Casters began revoking access to their subsets, causing a major decline in the size of this unification of powers & quantity of its participants.

While the decline took place, many Spell-Casters studied the ideal quantity of combined subsets to form the highest combined strength before causing loss in strength to the connected subsets relative to exclusive subsets connected to single Spell-Casters.

Once they’ve come to a conclusion upon a certain number – they grouped together & formed a miniature alliance amongst themselves, disconnecting themselves from the rest. This became a wide-scale phenomenon amongst many of the Spell-Casters forming a tribalistic state amongst the various groups of Spell-Casters throughout Garok’s Kingdom.

Although besides the many groups of Spell-Casters branching out of the kingdom’s social structure during the decline of the great unification, forming their own sovereignties – a number of single Spell-Casters through diplomacy & other means managed to maintain many connections to subsets allowing them to rise far above the rest because with the decline – those connections regained their original strengths.

Those exceptional Spell-Casters were Spell-Master, Peace-Maker & Man of Ender.

After the disperse of the great unification, the three Spell-Casters who’ve maintained access to the subsets, rising in power above the rest, along with their peer Spell-Casters supporting them after the disperse of the great unification – stood as the dominant force amongst all the other tribalistic forces that formed.

Those three – with Garok’s blessing – enforced authority of the kingdom across the rest of the scrambled forces of Spell-Casters, which essentially became the kingdom as a whole.

Each of them gained essential roles within the kingdom through time.

At first their main job was to rule order over the tribalistic forces (and the supportive Spell-Casters as well), prevent wars between them & utilize them in various ways when their powers & support were needed.

Garok became Spell-Maker

Once Spell-Maker's kingdom fully adapted sorcery & grew large enough it turned into a deadly force, striking fear into the common folk of the Crown.

Also, many of the tribalistic forces of Spell-Casters returned to Play-Maker’s realms, infecting his lands with sorcery, recruiting new sorcerers in the masses across the realms overtime, causing the empire to struggle with maintaining authority. This is because mastering sorcery is way less difficult compared to mastering the use of spirit powers. Sorcery does require certain skills, but it is also a matter of being granted access to powers, once granted, the steps left required to fill in, in order to reach greatness, are much simpler compared to training in order to improve with the normal use of the spirits.

The average sorcerer would outmatch the average warrior of Play-Maker’s kingdom.

As a result, Play-Maker’s empire had to give up territory, removing authority over many verses within the four realms. Only to reorganize and retaliate, systematically removing any force of sorcery standing a threat to their rule, regaining control over most of the abandoned verses.

With a number of those abandoned verses, the sorcerers of those lands that had taken control modified their verse relocating it somewhere else throughout the four realms & keeping it undetected from the empire, granting them absolute liberty from any stronger forces[[29]](#footnote-28).

While Play-Maker’s kingdom withdrew from many of the contaminated verses, Spell-Maker made use of the opportunity & recruited many of the dwellers of such verses into his kingdom, expanding his kingdom even more.

Besides Spell-Maker, the priests, Earth & Khelgore have taken notice to Play-Maker’s absence within the empire as-well.

During the crisis, the King’s Quarters were unsure how to come up with a deterrent preventing Spell-Maker from interrupting their recovery of the verses. The longer they don't have control, the stronger Spell-Maker’s kingdom becomes, the weaker they become & the harder it gets to recaptivate those lost lands.

As many of the essential members of the department discussed, they were suddenly struck with the presence of two figures by the names Earth & Khorgoth, who unexpectedly spawned into the room.

The members present were Spore-Master, Nova, Prime, The Decider & Modilius.

Nova recognized them & greeted them with utmost respect “Companions! Welcome to our ownerless kingdom… I presume you are aware of our current state…” Nova then faced his members & continued “These two beings are no less in value then Play-Maker himself, these two titans were before us, they created us, and they have the strength to rule us no less than Play-Maker”

Khorgoth spoke “You all are on the verge of Immortality. But you haven’t reached just yet… You all may feel very much in control, which you are, but it isn’t fully yours… Which makes this illusion of power an empty notion. We have waited our turn of use, and it has presented itself to us recently, which brings us to you.

We see a nation on the brink of two possible outcomes… One being overrun by nomadic scum who call themselves experts of the spirit. Two, taking rule over the thrown upon which you already sit”

Spore-Master responded “No one can replace the tyrant, He exceeds all of us combined”

Khorgoth responded “You are correct on both claims, no one can replace him, and he exceeds us even with all our powers put together. But we don't intend on replacing him… He will replace himself in due time. And yes, he will perhaps always be the strongest between us. But in due time, we will forge a power like no other that ever walked the lands”

Khorgoth paused and examined the members.

He then continued “This can become a reality if you all maintain your positions and upkeep this empire which is now either to reach its peak, or surpass just a small step of a much larger regime. Your fate is in your own hands”

All the members then looked to Nova as he then responded “Then let us combine forces and grow ever stronger”

Before Play-Maker’s empire began retaking the lands they’ve lost to the sorcerers, Play-Maker’s officials met with Spell-Maker in order to come to an agreement, ensuring there won't be any further oppressions, at least while recovering the lost lands.

Prime, along with Earth & Khelgore met with Spell-Maker. Prime spoke “We expect no further disturbances on your behalf, in return, we won't issue yours and your kingdom's demise”

Spell-Maker responded “By mentioning kingdom I presume you must be referring to my empire, your equal. I have no quarrel with the riddance of my deserters. But I am hurt to see your elders siding with their betrayer, rather than the enemy of their betrayer.

Prime spoke again “It is not them siding with their betrayer, it is their betrayer’s officials siding with them”

Khorgoth added “I would expect you to understand by now revenge is no more than than a fool’s errand”

As the time went by Spell-Maker continued conducting research of all sorts, especially beneficial to his work was his grip on essentially the entirety of the realms (aside from Prime and the elementals, and other dominant powers such as Play-Maker, the priests & others) via the spirit clusters, all at his disposal for personal use, usually to conduct tests & experimentation.

Slowly Spell-Maker followed in Play-Maker’s footsteps, becoming less & less involved with his empire & more invested in outer worldly activities[[30]](#footnote-29). Many Spell-Casters followed his ambitions, leaving the empire behind, namely Spell-Master as his right hand.

Through time, Man of Ender gradually gained more & more authority to run the kingdom. Eventually Spell-Maker nominated Man of Ender to king of the empire. Still having ultimate superiority although allowing him to run the kingdom as the supreme ruler.

The empire was very successful under the reign of Enderman, expanding way beyond expectations. The Ender Kingdom became superior over the Crown for a period.

Peace-Keeper maintained a middle ground between Spell-Maker’s external initiatives and the Ender Kingdom, but Enderman was the clear heir, Peace-Keeper was more of a secondary official.

One of Spell-Maker’s greatest inventions throughout his external endeavors was the creation of a format similar to Play-Maker’s Sky Verse, the Mirror Realm. Also an unhinged reality attempting to contain both the physical and the spiritual granting access to unprecedented discoveries due to the mobility such realities permit, when shifting multiple forms of matter together (physical & spirit).

The difference between these two broken realities is their eventual uses they offered to the masses.

Sky Verse stood as a headquarters for the Crown, weaponizing & mobilizing the empire with the spirit powers with higher effectivity, and as a safe haven if ever relevant. It had other uses utilized by Play-Maker and his advisors of course.

The Mirror Realm to the contrary wasn't a format for tactical use for some empire.

As time went on, many independent forces arose within the empires and external throughout the void alike.

Too many forces for the Crown or the Ender kingdom to contain, as the various forces spread out across many hidden or artificially generated verses across the realms.

The Mirror Realm became the central outpost, a marketplace for warriors of all various forces across the lands, from far & near. A universal format for the elite of all forces to stand upon the same lands together under the protection of Spell-Maker’s artificial lands with generated unbound rules of conduct that cannot be broken from within, because of the various powers Spell-Maker used to generate to uphold the authority. If chaos were to break loose, Spell-Maker would be granted powers to remove or punish the individuals causing the havoc while mitigating their powers simultaneously, with the help of the binding rules of the realm.

Through time, Play-Maker eventually combined forces with Spell-Maker together improving the Mirror Realm, commencing further research leading to groundbreaking discoveries.

## Survivors

As the Crown began reclaiming their lost verses, eradicating spell-caster forces captivating those lands, as they searched for hidden verses, they came across many of those they had lost, and also many verses they hadn't known of before. But out of all the forces dwelling within those hidden & lost lands, the most significant discovery was that of a vast organized kingdom of deadly beings that formed over time, secretly, on hidden artificially generated verses. They were all linked together despite being on separate verses. They were too vast for the empire to focus on while carrying out the original task of reclaiming their lost lands simultaneously, but the King’s Quarters noted their existence for future endeavors.

But when those future endeavors came to practice, the mysterious organization was nowhere to be found.

These beings evaded the Crown, but their identity was uncovered. The King’s Quarters realized these beings originated from the outbursts of Spores that self-destruct while performing spirit extraction off the beast, causing massive explosions upon the perimeters of the force-field hiding the realms, these explosions – scattering huge masses of external spirits across the perimeter, sometimes the foreign spirit rages that were recently contained within a Spore – now broken free – manage to embody the Spores & take control over them – causing the Spore to turn, break their loyalty for the empire, embodying a new cause – these turned Spores were called Ruins.

They would rarely form, and when they did, rarely would they maintain proper sentiency, usually a turned Spore would act in rage, attack it's surroundings, immediately become suppressed by familiar Spores within the area, if the turned Spore is Stronger than average, it has a better chance of maintaining discretion of its turned state.

These explosions would also sometimes scatter these external spirit masses within the boundaries of the force-field, allowing the spirits to create a physical form out of the physical contents within the mortal realms for them to embody, creating a creature of external nature. Very much like hybrids of old time, but without an independent spirit identity clinging to their sentiency, rather a being closer to mortal sentiency, but with the strive for power inconsistent to the Crown, this is because the hybrids of old times came directly from the beasts, but here, these creatures formed from masses that were partially broken down by being stored within the Spore.

Such Spores are caused to self-destruct for safety measures when cultivating spirits off the beast and various defaults occur, for example being detained or fatally wounded by such spirits, it is preferred the Spore eradicate its evident presence over being captured or detained long enough to cause some form of awareness to form within the beast itself, of the presence of the Spores.

Moving forward The Crown changed their method of extracting spirit powers from the beasts. Instead of teleporting the entirety of the five realms towards coordinates of where beasts may lie, they sent out legions of Spores who they would teleport to those coordinates, and then return them to the realms once the spirit extraction came to fruition.

This change in policy prevented these beings from growing larger & stronger since the main source of their formation was put to a halt.

These beings later titled as Externals seemingly combined powers with nearby Spell-Caster forces or gained assistance from the Ender Kingdom. Since later in time they were inherited with traits of sorcery, and their lands acted as a safe haven for sorcerers. Although they also carried a unified identity with certain regards.

The active theory as to how the Externals evaded the Crown empire was that Spell-Maker aided in their escape by fabricating a whole new realm for these external beings to dwell in & prosper as they grew larger & stronger, remaining hidden from the Crown.

As the Crown was recovering & the Ender Kingdom was strengthening, the Crown empire posed many challenges for the Ender Kingdom to overcome with the hopes of dismantling them once & for all.

But every time the Ender Kingdom was put into crises to which even The King of Ender had no solution, Onaga would be there to save them. Usually The Crown’s officials would cast a being far stronger than what the Ender Kingdom could handle, and if Man of Ender found himself and his kingdom put in a corner he would call for Onaga to defeat the enemy.

Onaga stood as the kingdom’s guardian, putting to rest even the finest of the Crown’s attempts at crippling the Ender Kingdom.

The fascinating thing about Onaga’s contributions to the empire was that he saved the Ender kingdom time and time again, but he did so with discretion, he did so I'm manners hiding his true capabilities, making it seem as though he was just another pawn of Enderman.

Onaga maintained humblety to the extent that the rulers undermined him and had no fear of being overthrown by him, or to the least, giving any thought of it. He was treated as just another official in the eyes of Enderman and his empire, and that was indeed what he intended.

Ruling Spell-Maker’s kingdom was beneath him and a waste of his time.

Onaga made great contributions to the prolonging of the empire, even if it didn't seem like it externally.

Play-Maker, unaware of Onaga’s existence, was impressed with Spell-Maker, that he managed to elevate in the various complex fields of the spirits throughout the void, whilst not only preserving, but gruesomely expanding his empire, despite Play-Maker’s officials’ efforts to destroy the Ender Kingdom, or at least mitigate its growth.

Once Spell-Maker finalized the creation of the Mirror Realm, Peace-Keeper came to him informing him “Officials of Play-Maker came to me stating that he wishes to have a word with you”

Spell-Maker complied & came forth to the throne of the Crown. Accompanied by many of his officials, passing by many of the Crown’s officials as well. Once they reached the door to Play-Maker’s royal chambers – Spell-Maker entered alone. As he entered and the door shut behind him, the room was empty as well with only Play-Maker sitting at the edge of the room in his royal seat.

Spell-Maker walked forward, then stood in front of the king. He didn't bow or show any sign of submission.

Play-Maker then stood up and began walking towards Spell-Maker, as he was walking he spoke “Garok my chosen warrior… You have grown strong, you managed to become no less than my equal”

Spell-Maker questioned Play-Maker “To what do I owe such humility?”

Play-Maker responded as he came close & reached out with his arm with an open palm greeting with a handshake “I was given word you achieved success generating a broken realm as I…” he paused for a moment, then went on “This reality is ever-changing… It is already out of control… We are but the first of many intellects”

Spell-Maker added “Even the first we are not”

Play-Maker continued “I have the means to secure a definite future to this uncertain reality. I believe if you and I united forces we could achieve such a means”

Spell-Maker argued “Why the suspicions lerd Kermec? We all cause chaos but only for a means of survival”

Play-Maker answered back “You are mistaken Garok… The survivor may overcome the hero, but there is a rare breed far more destructive, one that overcomes the survivor. An ideology far stranger than what we know of, an ideology that manifests & multiplies far greater than any virus. This breed tempts the survivor with momentary advantage, but ultimately seeks no less than the complete eradication of all mortality. Such beings were thought to have been erased long ago, but they left behind remnants to scavenge the realms for a solution. Such remnants were the Forsaken. Remnants of which I weary of. Of which you had taken assistance from, in return prolonging their wrath upon me, upon us”

Spell-Maker looked to the ground with hesitation, pausing for a moment, then mentioned “They are all gone but one”

Play-Maker stared at him for a moment, then Spell-Maker continued “But the nature of this one is unknown to me, I question his powers before I dare endure the wrath”

Play-Maker then replied “send me to it”

Spell-Maker warned “This being is a rebirth of Zion”

Play-Maker then stared at Spell-Maker some more before responding “Will you be of aid to me with his riddance?”

Spell-Maker answered “I sense there is still night before the dawn, hence must I refrain this time from opposing him… I fear of their prophecy. But I will equally refrain from preventing you and your forces from doing away with his riddance”

Play-Maker was infuriated & Spell-Maker could sense it. After an inte sr moment of silence, Spell-Maker assured him “If you fail or if he flees, I will be of your aid once again, and we will construct a beacon to the realms and verses like no other before, a superior format for civilization promising the certainty the future of this reality”

Play-Maker settled after the minimal assurance he was granted & replied “It will be a land of titans & strength” and immediately had the guards from outside open the doors signaling he was done with him for now. Spell-Maker left the room accordingly respectfully. Leaving the realm with his close advisers & warriors.

Spell-Maker ordered Enderman’s compliance when Play-Maker and his forces were to come to the Ender Kingdom in pursuit of Onaga.

Because Enderman & his officials had no fear of Onaga, and also a sense of distance & distaste for his over-achievement status, belittling the rest of the officials including Enderman himself, even though realistically Onaga was just doing what was necessary for the preservation of the kingdom, allowing it to withstand all the fatal threats that arose, Enderman and the elite gladly cooperated & sought after Onaga themselves in order to hunt him down even before Play-Maker and his forces arrived.

Enderman and his kingdom were successful in capturing Onaga, they ended up placing him in their dungeon where he was held captive.

Onaga was maintained for a number of days until Play-Maker made his way to the Ender Kingdom. But near the time of his arrival Onaga managed to break loose.

As he was in his cell, when a patrolling guard passed by, he reached out with his arms then clenched his palm into a fist and made an inward pulling motion with his arm causing the guard to get pulled toward his cell, when the guard reached the bars securing the cell the guard’s body divided up into a number of slabs of meat in order to bypass the bars & reach Onaga. After passing the bars, Onaga opened up his palm again, facing the slabs of meat, causing them to forge together again, recreating the guard, returning him to the former conscious state as before.

Only the guard was sort of conscious, he seemed little different, his eyes had no pupils, and he seemed to be in dazes state of motion.

While Onaga was conducting one of his rituals preparing for a next action presumably to break out of the chamber – the guard spoke in a dazed manner “I have seen life” pausing for a moment – “And I have seen death”.

Onaga then responded as he carried on with his duties “Your time is near my son, don't worry”

Then moments later Onaga made sudden movements shifting his arms relative to the dazed mortal, then suddenly as he simultaneously shiftes one arm towards the wall behind him and pulled his other arm away from the mortal, the mortals soul was separated from the body & pulles directly towards the wall in a fast motion & once reaching the wall transforming into a strange dark aura ultimately forming into a sinister portal leading to somewhere external, presumably the void, upon which Onaga stepped through as it closed upon entrance.

The formation of the portal caused an explosive noise gaining attention of others within the chamber causing guards to inspect the noise reaching Onaga’s chamber only to find a corpse and a missing captive.

Onaga’s escape was announced to Enderman, ultimately reaching Spell-Maker & eventually Play-Maker.

Play-Maker & Spell maker soon after embarked on a journey of firstly refining the Mirror Realm originally created by Spell-Maker, but then dually owned by him and Play-Maker together as the remodeled it in its entirety shifting its whole purpose into a whole new creation. Ultimately becoming an untouchable haven for those privileged to walk its lands.

The remodeling of the Mirror Realm took a vast amount of time. Within the remodeling period many local forces arose on neighboring verses hidden from the Crown & the Ender Kingdom.

Most notably were the Externals, the vast species who’ve earlier evaded the Crown when recovering many lost verses. But besides the Externals were many smaller forces dwelling within newly artificially generated verses, also hidden from the two large empires, the Crown and the Ender Kingdom. Many talents have populated the lands. The hidden uncolonized verses. Because of the vast population of newly skilled beings knowing the ways of the spirits, partially due to the local sorcery tribes that also evaded the Crown in its recovery, but also thanks to raw talented beings who knew the ways of the spirits through various official clans & temples of the Crown who taught combat along with spirit uses, a large rift was created between the Externals with the other powerful growing forces and the two official kingdoms, because of the vast amount of verses, it began to be more difficult for the two empires to locate the ever growing forces, the verses were too vast in number for the empires to spread across & take control, because of the numerous external forces that existed that would overcome & outnumber the empires if they took control over too many verses, so gradually the Crown would send troops to scavenge the verses in order to locate forces to dismantle & take over. And the lands that werent occupied by major threatening forces would be left alone for the time being, allowing individuals to dwell there in relative peace, so long as they were capable of hiding or eventually growing large & strong enough as a nation in order to their ground against potential invading forces, external to the two empires who might be more dangerous & careless to the locals dwelling within the uncolonized verses. The most promising verses were those secretly hidden from all forces, big or small, allowing relative peace to populate the lands.

The Externals eventually united with most of the other relatively developed forces that stood against the Crown[[31]](#footnote-30), so despite still being weaker than the two empires, they were more of a substantial force now, the wars between the two would be less one sided, less cat & mouse, and now more of a real battle, both sides confronting each other with full force.

As the Externals united with other negating parties, Play-Maker and Spell-Maker and their advisors now finalized the relevant aspects of the Mirror Realm in order to host a first competition of combat on specified lands of the realm, between selected elite ranked warriors of both empires.

Play-Maker gave a speech to the high ranking officials and those who were eligible to attend before the game began “I welcome you all today as I am to announce the creation of a new world. The mortal realms are your land, but evidently our species are beyond the physical… We have no limits, we wander beyond the gates of the reality defined to us. But what I have created here today is an everlasting land for all wanderers to rejoice, compare, compete and elevate. All those deemed fit will be granted access to this playground, and will have access to keys leading to places beyond the two realms, the mortal and spirit. This will be a land of prosperity and diplomacy for the leaders of the surrounding nations”

The mirror realm was far beyond just a meeting ground for leaders of various parties, but at first this was the essential purpose granted to the public by Play-Maker & Spell-Maker. A meeting ground where safety is secured, due to the complex rules grounded in this broken reality.

The Externals and their new allies intended to utilize the Mirror Realm for diplomatic purposes, so they united and identified themselves firstly as The Externals, but later through time they reformed as The Nether Force.

Play-Maker had multiple responsibilities now, also leading the Crown empire, and also to maintain and improve and finish creating the Mirror Realm, so the King’s Quarters were essentially the ones running the Crown until now.

Play-Maker announced the creation of a new order essentially in charge of any internal and external activity that happens within the confines of the five realms, and outside, in the void, even though rarely was there any activity outside the force-field, since it wasn't exactly habitable due to the beasts or other unknown entities lurking around, seeking matter to devour.

This new order was called The Council. In practice they were basically a higher authority to the King’s Quarters, indirectly leading the Crown conducting all the decision making.

The Council did not have authority over the Ender Kingdom, since Spell-Maker remained independent, choosing not to partake in the formation of The Council or be a member of The Council, but his high advisor Spell-Master did become a member of The Council, standing as his representative, and the representative of the Ender Kingdom. But The Council were in charge of all the essential aspects of the Mirror Realm relevant for other beings (places where beings could be in the realm). And indeed in charge of all external activity outside of the force-field; the Ender Kingdom had no means of traveling the void.

The Council had authoritative consent over any existing power, otherwise those powers had no diplomatic purposes, isolating themselves from the rest, shortly meeting their demise.

Over time numerous powers began to sprout, yes the Crown and the Ender Kingdom were the two dominant parties, and third The Externals, but various powers began to exist, and because The Council had authority over them, the Council began to be not just an authoritative department over the King’s Quarters, being their proxy to leading the Crown, instead, the Crown was just a piece of their power, a major piece of course, but The Council was not only authoritative towards The King’s Quarters through legislation, The Council was significantly strong as a body of itself with all the numerous powers under its control.

To Play-Maker’s profound, wide-spread superiority across the numerous forces[[32]](#footnote-31) he then changed his name to Reality-Maker.

Amongst the members of The Council stood Verse-Maker, Creator, Spell-Master, Xixoth Beholder of Unity, Coremaster & others.

Throughout Reality-Maker’s time focusing on matters external to the Crown, the King’s Quarters were the ones to seize authority & lead the empire for Reality-Maker.

The two priests Earth & Khorgoth seized the moment when their presence was needed & joined the King’s Quarters department earlier, when the Crown was under attack after Spell-Maker overpowered them when he gained control over most of their spirit powers via the spirit clusters.

The priests could stand strong since they weren’t affected by the clusters, and pose a threat to Spell-Maker.

The priests were much stronger than the rest of the department’s members, they gained the loyalty of the rest of the members, as dangerous and tactical as the rest of the members may have been, simply because they realized the two priests were also wise with their decisions, they also knew the right choices to make at the right time, they accepted them and they all united under the same objective, power and strength, no matter the cost.

As the time passed the Externals eventually changed their name to The Nether Force.

Neron, who’s origin starts at the Light Temple, trained, becoming a fierce warrior eventually sent away assigned with tasks of support within various battles against the externals, the Nether force. Then choosing to remain in the field of war, gradually rising within the ranks eventually becoming the head general to the Crown’s military, with Reality-Maker’s fading presence & with the King’s Quarters blessing, looking to reform the empire, Neron took the initiative renaming the empire’s military sector as The Ether – which eventually became the name to the empire.

Neron took this initiative without consulting Reality-Maker, and Reality-Maker gave no response to his actions.

Moving forward, Neron continued to take actions without verifying consent of The Council, for example eradicating various foreign nations efficiently situated within diplomatic ties in the Mirror Realm.

The significance of Neron’s actions signaled to the unofficial leaders of the empire – The King’s Quarters, that the idea breaking free from the reign of the Council may eventually be a reality.

The King’s Quarters interpreted Reality-Maker lack of response as weakness, when in reality he was simply busy with more important matters, and also, the purpose of The Council was not to hold the Crown back with a leash, preventing it from eliminating various competing nations all just because they situated themselves in the Mirror Realm. The purpose of the Mirror Realm was to allow nations to interact with each other, & perhaps act as a defense for the survival of the mortal reality, if a wider threat were to appear.

Neron’s actions gave confidence to the King’s Quarters to follow suit, with the disregard of The Council, & the disregard of Reality-Maker more precisely.

As a result, Nova, unanimous with the rest of the members of the King’s Quarters, discretely & gradually raised the rate of spirit intake via the Spores. The rate was raised slightly, but throughout time, the rate became much higher relative to the original.

The raise in rate remained secret from Reality-Maker because as the intake increased, Nova decreased the percentage of Reality-Maker’s share that way his intake remained the same, while the rest of the members began to have a higher share of intake.

Neron was an outstanding strategist, his involvement in practically anything became beneficial to the Crown’s rulers. He had a high position as leader of the empire’s army, head decider regarding all warfronts etc..

Neron’s success eventually granted him the King’s Quarters approval, eventually becoming a member of their cabinet.

Gradually through time the field looked as such:

On one end were the four Realms to the Crown, within the mortal realms existed numerous verses of reality, to one end were the Homelands, the verses loyal to the empire and in their control, on the other end was The Nether Force, numerous verses verified to be in Nether control.

Because of the vastness of the Nether, the empire could only afford to attack so many verses at once, so a number of The Nether verses were a global war front, but there were also many verses of the Nether that functioned without oppression by the empire.

Constant friction, constant battle took place between the two forces. The designated verses upon which wars took place were called the Warfront.

Within the Homelands there were verses more heavily occupied by the empire, and those more loosely under their rule, yet enough to deter any external forces from attempting to take control.

In between both the Nether & the Crown were where a majority of the verses stood, uncolonized, passive lands, where small populations grew at ease not unaffected by either of the forces of both ends, these were called the Mainlands.

Eventually a new force called The Red Knights or The Settlers came to power, these beings were hooded warriors, uniformed in red robes covering themselves from the bottom to top masking their faces, they were a limited number of members, but these select few were powerful and fierce like no other, there were no foot-soldiers, pawns, these were all warriors with the powers of the strongest within the elites of any nation. But these hooded warriors were usually not busy with combat.

These Settlers were a diplomatic organization, each of the members were busy with diplomatic conflict, rather than physical battle, occasionally they would be opposed by un-educated unaware beings, and swiftly strike them down, but these hooded figures were more traders than warriors, they gradually gained control of most of the Mainlands, and dismantled most of the smaller forces existing then. Through negotiation & persuasion they traded various elements, for example ownership over certain verses, souls & spirits, sensitive information & more. Gradually making profits & growing in power, and slightly in size, but only a select few could become part of this syndicate, if they met certain requirements in combat skill & spirit power, they may have a chance in joining.

The Settlers never opposed any of the empires, but they managed to maintain their powers, authority over many of the verses within the Mainland by hiding those verses through sorcery or other means, preventing or making it harder for larger powers to locate the whereabouts of most of the verses. But if ever put in direct conflict with the empire or the Ender kingdom, or the Nether, they would relinquish whatever they were required to in order to evade further conflict, but usually they maintained their ground because they always had a tempting counter offer or a deal to make when put under fire.

The Ender Kingdom slowly drifted apart from the rest of the nations, slowly isolating itself from the rest, they were less involved with external nations that grew out into recognizable forces because the Ender Kingdom was situated within a single mortal realm, and they had full control of that realm, and because early on the witnessed the chaos taking place within the four realms of the empire, they knew to secure their single realm and prevent any foreign powers from entering early on.

Besides inside the confines of the four realms, outside the realms, within and eventually also outside the forcefield – the void, more nations arose, the forcefield stopped acting as a mechanic for preventing singular being’s from entering & exiting the realms, the nations that began to exist outside the forcefield would never reach a size substantial enough to gain the attention of the beasts, so their out spreading was no worry to Reality-Maker or the priests.

If they ever grew large enough, they would either abandon them & teleport somewhere else, or if they were of value to them, then bring them inside the forcefield.

This constant friction with foreign forces beginning to sprout & the empire cutting the hedges, preventing nations to become of concerning size, and the ongoing wars between the Ether and the Nether went on for a large span of time.

Within that period of time, Reality-Maker became even less involved with the Ether kingdom, and so, The Council had less authoritative display over the King’s Quarters & over the Crown as a whole.

Gradually through time the King’s Quarters grew strong & became less & less prone to the words of The Council, up to a point where The Council’s mandates would be taken as nothing more than advisements.

The Empire officially broke off the chain of command of The Council when the King’s Quarters renamed themselves as The Immortals. Immediately after, The Ether officially became the name of the empire, opposed to before just being the name of the empire’s military sector, and the four realms were now known as the lands of the Immortals.

The Immortals still maintained Reality-Maker’s share of intake with regards to spirit intake from the spirit realms as before, between the three priests, and the beast spirit intake between the three priests & Nova.

For the time being, Reality-Maker allowed the Immortals to have their fun, besides, The Council was still strong and still a necessary diplomatic tool for the Immortals in order

to negotiate with the Nether or any other relevant nation. The Council still had authority over all other nations besides the Mirror Realm.

But as the time passed, the possibility of him retaking control over the Ether became slimmer and slimmer without him even knowing.

This is because the Immortals secretly raised their rate of spirit intake via the Spores, through the beasts.

They raised their rate much higher than Reality-Maker could've anticipated.

Because of his miscalculation, the Immortals soon enough became truly dominant over the rest of the nations.

Reality-Maker was still the strongest titan of them all, but he wasn't stronger than all the Immortals combined.

The Council was the most developed organization, yet no longer the strongest, but their existence remained a necessity for all nations.

Soon enough the Immortals began implementing ways of interacting with external matters themselves, they began sending patrols of Immortals, equipped with huge storages of power to scavenge the void in search of creatures not as massive as beasts, yet large enough to be worth the hunt, rewarding intake of it's spirit powers upon extermination.

There were numerous nations across the forcefield & beyond, which means there were many titans in existence, the lobbies within the Mirror Realm were always busy with powerful beings present. But the Immortals stood out from the crowd, when they were present within the Mirror Realm, they were the definitive dominant power known to exist. Perhaps there were a few single titans that were stronger, but the Immortals were many in number, no force could withstand their wrath. The Council’s say regarding any diplomatic matters between nations were important, but eventually even they became secondary to the say of the Immortals. The Immortals essentially became the rulers of the lands at whole.

Amongst the Immortals were Earthstone & Khor at the head, after them stood Nova, Spore-Master, Decider, Prime, Simitar, Good-Seed, Modilius, Wind-Maker, Neron & Logos.

They still maintained respect and kept their distance from Reality-Maker, since he was after all the strongest of the titans, and even though they would out-match him in a fight with all their powers combined, he would still disrupt them and weaken them to the point they become prone to the outer nations for example the Nether.

With a long period of prosperity amongst the Immortals & the nations throughout, the identity of the Immortals matured over time aside from growing in power.

At first they had a single mission, growing beyond the large shadow of Reality-Maker.

But immediately after they acquired independence, the task at hand would turn out to be much larger. The securing of the prolonging of mortal existence despite the beasts.

And the only form of elevating such a task was to grow stronger to avoid stronger threats.

Of course they couldn’t outrun or even catch up to the pace of beast consumption, but at the least they could mitigate threats at a smaller scale.

Amongst the Immortals there were two approaches to elevation in strength.

The first approach, and the current in practice, was maintaining compact size, preventing beast awareness or accidental friction with beasts in motion passing through the same coordination as the realms, also compiling extra intake (raising elevation even more) through the maintenance of current size, preventing outreach in growth by selective extermination via wars & friction between nations[[33]](#footnote-32).

The second school of thought, with Earthstone claiming this approach superior, being the support for mortal expansion. So long as an expiration exists, the larger the quantity, the higher the output, since soul intake is larger.

This never caused conflict aside from occasional discourse upon policy. Also, Earthstone was essentially the only member in support of expansion.

As time passed on, everything remained in order with the strong forces, the smaller ones grew large or fell & dispersed, replaced by new contenders..

## The Sith

At a certain point in time, during the Immortals reign, an explosion occurred within the homelands, spreading a golden aura across the verse, an aura of bliss. A portal appeared as the explosion cleared, golden in color alike. From this portal, a figure came out levitating off the ground. A figure in robes, eyes too bright to look at directly.

This figure analyzed the lands until he reached the Immortals, as intrigued as they were.

Once he came across the leaders, they all could sense his unique strengths & powers. Pure powers. Not powers that were taken through conflict, instead, powers granted by a higher order.

Earthstone & Khor, the strongest of the group, bowed down to this figure. The others immediately followed suit. Khorgoth asked after getting up “What brings you to us? mighty warrior”

The figure answered “I greet you all, I am Neou, I am tasked – uniting of Souls. My presence has been called upon by some unrecognized source, I believe you all to be the leaders of the lands, but I see it be not you for my calling. I will investigate further… If I don't find an answer I will have no choice but to interfere with the order of the lands to further clear my uncertainties”

Khorgoth responded humurously “Uncertainties you will find many in our lands, but it seems your matter has to do with our foreign policy experts, perhaps Kermec or Spell-Maker of the Mirror Realm have answers to clear your mind”

Earthstone & Khor escorted Neou to Reality-Maker in the Mirror Realm.

The Immortals recognized this being was not like any other. They could also sense his strength was like no other, even stronger than Reality-Maker, two fold, explaining the Immortals’ submissive behavior.

Once the three titans reached Reality-Maker’s lair within the Mirror Realm, Reality-Maker immediately rose from his throne to greet them…

After being welcomed to the realm & the lands, Neou stated his business “I have been summoned by a strange entity swarming the proximity of these lands… I intend to identify my caller & clear this uncertainty”

Reality-Maker responded “I do not know of any being or entity holding such capacities, also if there were any potential suspects, I would expect them to have been chased out of our perimeters… But I grant you my permission to patrol these lands in search of an answer”

Neou bowed in respect as he & the two titans left the lair.

Neou then said to Khor & Earthstone “I must remain in these lands, in return I offer allegiance to your mortal cause”

The two titans & as a result – the rest of the Immortals, accepted Neou’s offer & embraced his presence with gratitude.

Neou ended up becoming a permanent member of the rule.

He usually stood as a passive member to the throne, he conducted his personal activities across the lands, occasionally made policy changes, which would become unanimously accepted by all the Immortals, since such changes were only for the improvement of the lands & the cause, and his actions were always supported by all the members since he was a highly valuable member. Because of his strengths, he would benefit them in many aspects throughout the lands with his assistance in ways others could not.

As time went on, Neou was essentially the leader of the Immortals. Always making the proper notions regarding policy, when taking action – being the most beneficial to the cause, so through time he gained the trust of the Immortals and took an essential role amongst them. Yet he still maintained a passive role in his daily practice, busy with personal endeavors or minimal activities such as guarding verses or places & icons within verses, a job that could be filled out by lower ranking soldiers of the Ether.

Suddenly at a later point in time, The Ender Kingdom and its entire realm vanished from existence.

Most sorcerers lost their powers since their source, their superiors who granted them their powers were of the Ender Kingdom.

Various schools of sorcery survived, but the majority of sorcerers lost their powers.

Spell-Maker & his high second Spell-Master remained within the Mirror Realm, undamaged by the occurrence.

Upon hearing of the occurrence, the Immortals came to Neou questioning him how to respond to such an event.

The Immortals with Neou at the head along with Reality-Maker and his council and Spell-Maker with his advisors, together went to where the earlier confines of the Ender Kingdom once lay to investigate.

They sensed an eerie entity underlying the empty space where the kingdom once lay, the entirety of the realm had vanished.

Reality-Maker looked to Neou & said to him “This looks to be doing of your caller”

Neou then raised his arm with an open palm, then began rotating his hand – attempting to uncover a trace of the realm. What suddenly came to appear was a shattered reality the size of the former realm, only this reality seemed to have been shattered & broken down across a nearly infinite quantity of versions of matter, the realm was channeled across an absurd number of realities breaking the whole realm down causing it to collapse internally, losing touch of it's physical confines & borders of physical matter. This shattered realm was unredeemable, it would be unsafe to enter it as well, because of its broken laws of reality.

Subsequently, upon a short period after the shattering of the Ender realm, a green eerie aura covered the entirety of a certain verse within the Mainlands, with a vast sinister-green portal appearing immediately after.

Out of this enormous portal came marching out large quantities of plain warriors with skin of pure white, hairless, with numerous varying tattoos of various colors, shapes, writings & markings, across their bodies. These figures were equipped with weapons of war, swords, shields, spears etc. Massive amounts of these figures came through the portal, legions, armies.

Slowly but surely these figures obliterated the verse, they left no survivors, then moved on to neighboring verses. Any nation dwelling within the verses stood no chance against these warriors, besides physical combat expertise, these warriors were profound with the powers of the spirits, more precisely, the powers of the dark arts.

The Ether & other strong nations sent legions to battle this growing force of white warriors, and all armies failed to stand against these beings.

This force of destruction began to spread out of control into far too many verses, beginning to become a serious matter to the leaders of various nations, and the Immortals as well, the leaders of the realms.

No matter how stretched out these unusual forces spread across the verses, they would continue to multiply in number, more & more of them would march out of the portals amongst the verses.

Various leaders turned to Spell-Maker for help, advice, perhaps he had knowledge of the dark arts unlike others, maybe he could share insight to stopping this entity of supreme beings that others hadn't had.

Spell-Maker came with a number of leaders from various nations following him, to one of the verses upon which battle took place between armies of local nations defending the verse and the undefeatable white warriors.

They stood on the top of a cliff, where they could watch the battle taking place from afar down below.

Spell-Maker gazed upon the white creatures for a while. He then raised his arm & clenched his fist, teleporting three of the white creatures from battle down below up to him. They simultaneously charged at him to attack, he swiped both arms exterminating two of them, then raised his hand again this time capturing the third, lifting him in the air unwillingly as it struggled to break loose.

Spell-Maker analyzed the white being for a while longer, then stating “A remarkable design… Yet predictable nonetheless” he then clenched his fist causing the being to scorch into flames then disperse into ashes.

Reality-Maker then appeared into the verse next to Spell-Maker & asked “Have you any cure to this infestation”

Spell-Maker responded as he returned his gaze to the ongoing battle down below “Their code is foreign to me, this looks like the works of your rare breed you speak of”

Reality-Maker looked to the ground, seeming overwhelmed.

One of Spell-Maker’s assistants then appeared through a portal with a young woman and a rope around her neck, handing her to Spell-Maker. Spell-maker then raised his arm towards the ledge of the cliff spawning a specific breed tree, the tree outgrew within moments to the size of two bodies tall on the ledge of the cliff.

The assistant then tied the rope to one of the branches with the girl on the other end hanging in the air strangled. As soon as her life left the body the monstrous beings down below stopped their fighting & stared up at the hanging corpse. Then after moments of silence, the white creatures began screaming in a crazed fashion, spiraling out of control, chaos broke loose as the creatures went on a rampage, screaming & massacring anything in their sight of vision, mostly their familiars, killing off anything within their proximity, as a result the white creatures began killing each other to the point where they all ended up slaughtered.

The portals closed & dispersed, along with the green aura within the skies fading back to normal.

This all happened within the span of a few days.

As the chaos began, breaking the silence, Spell-Maker spoke to Reality-Maker with a smirk “Perhaps this rare breed underestimates his prey?”

The verses that remained after being captivated by the white creatures were rotten to the core, uninhabitable or capable of raising new life, these verses were used for beings & creatures to flee, hiding from forces pursuing them, not that these verses acted as a safe haven, since anyone could enter these lost lands, only usually the authoritative forces chose not to enter those abandoned lands since there were various foreign disasters that remained even after the savage beings were exterminated.

Gradually through time, the external forces dwelling outward of the forcefield began disappearing as well. This phenomenon gradually moved from the outer nations closing in to the nations dwelling closer inwards to the forcefield, up to the point where most of the nations outside the forcefield perimeters disappeared.

The remaining nations began being overrun by some external force unlike any of the neighboring nations before. The beings of this colonizing force dressed in black robes, hooded, usually covering their face. But if their identity would be physically shown, their skin tone would usually be of a varying vague color, usually hairless, sometimes with strange writings & symbols scarred to their skin.

Soon enough these beings began making an appearance within the Mirror Realm.

They were seen inspecting the confines of the realm, when they were greeted by various leaders asking for their origin, they would respond by saying “from the ruins of the void”

They inspected the combat tournaments being held, analyzing the strength of the strongest the realms had to offer.

They didn’t seem too worried when gazing upon the combat taking place. In fact it seemed to share a smirk here & there.

Because of their sinister attire & attitude, along with the obvious notion that they were the cause to the gradual disappearance & eradication of neighboring nations outside of the forcefield, the leaders of the realms would call such a being a Sith.

Aside from the Immortals, other titans walked the lands, and many of them were amongst those who stood on the side of the Immortals, such as the secondary generals to the Ether battalions & legions, and other high ranking officials within the Ether.

One of those titans who were supreme to most beings, yet not quite relevant enough to become one of the Immortals – was Shinnok, Chief commander of Spore operations, who usually took part in the spirit consumption process himself, promising successful extractions, where fighting off hordes of wild spirits defending the beast took place.

There were other commanders in charge of Spore operations, since most operations are so vast, as they take place far away within the void. But Shinnok was the most prominent of them all, the most well known & well seated amongst the others, politically speaking. Shinnok was a Spore himself. Like most beings correlated to Spore activity.

As mighty & profound the Immortals were, there was one from them who stood out – Earthstone. Always the heroic, standing out from the rest of the Immortals, he was the icon of the Immortals. He was considered the leader, despite his equal – Khor, and Neou – his superior, at least in power. That is because Neou was very passive in his manor of duty, and Khor was more careful & made sure to stay politically passive, securing acceptance & seating amongst his familiars, opposed to Earthstone who was focused on rationales, being the loud one, participating in war against the Nether. Earthstone was the symbol of hope & heroism to the mortals of the realms.

Among the many interactions between familiar beings from across the realms and the Siths within the Mirror Realm was one moment that stood out, when one of the Siths’ supposed commanding members made an appearance along with a number of other strong members of theirs, in the training grounds of the Mirror Realm, a place for various combat training at the highest of levels.

A group of these beings observed the combat duels as they patrolled through the various fights taking place.

They were then called upon by a number of the fighters challenging them to a duel.

The high ranking member within the group looked at the challengers with a smirk, then looked towards one of the members & spoke “Razzor, they summon you”

The Sith then came forward commencing a combat duel with one of the provokers.

The rules to the specific duel was ‘pure-combat’ (no weapons, no spirit matter, pure physical combat of the body).

Razor stood strong in the duel, in fact had the upper hand and was close to victory, he was landing his final few blows upon his opponent, eventually he gave a unique punch so strong making the opponents body react like liquid. His fist went straight through his chest, also a glowing aura appeared around the edges of his fist cutting through the other side of the body.

The observers of the match began chanting “Rule breaker!” Claiming his assistance of the dark arts, against the rules of the duel. Eventually the Siths were banned from participating or even observing combat duels or other matches of the sort.

The Siths were unanimously categorized as notorious & dangerous, all leaders of the lands kept their distance from them.

And the Siths seemed to not mind their outcasting, they seemed to intentionally play their role as instigators.

The Siths were at everyone’s attention, they were the new threat all nations feared to enter the sphere of power & diplomacy, eventually allowing them to neutralize one powering nation at a time.

But the Siths were rather neutral, they hadn’t gotten involved or provoked any nations of the lands since they’ve made their official appearance within the Mirror Realm.

Over time the nations turned their focus back to their ordinary duties. The Immortals moved their full focus to war with the Ether, and the Ether alike towards the Immortals. And the other minor nations carried on with their usual ongoing complications with each other.

The Immortals knew the siths were waiting for the right moment to attack, their moment of weakness. But for the time being, not even we're the siths disrupting their conducting of spore operations extracting spirits from the beasts, returning to the realms. Or at least for the most part…

Shinnok, head of his sector of spore operations while returning from his recent conquests with one of his squadrons of spores, returning to the realms with their captured spirit splendor, ran into a sinister figure within the void, hooded & covered in a black robe.

Few of Shinnok’s warriors questioned Shinnok whether to take action or not. The figure, with a pale gray skin tone, then raised his fist causing Shinnok's entire legion of spores to evaporate to dust, leaving the figure alone with Shinnok.

The figure then spoke “You sweat as the centuries pass, yet an indestructible wall stands strong between you and the true leadership of the people… It will soon be in your hands to break down this wall, and from underneath it's rubble, you will rise above & beyond its constructors”

Shinnok questioned the mysterious being “When will you attack?” trying to gain sensitive information he could give the Immortals.

The sith answered “When your time comes it will be known to all”

The figure paused for a moment then continued “Your stubborness I translate to strength. I offer you a seat amongst us in the afterlife, an offer I don't usually grant to even the best of my warriors, that is how valuable of an asset you are to me”

The figure then raised his hand a second time, this time with an open palm, then closed it into a fist, causing Shinnok’s army of spores to reappear out of thin air. Shinnok glanced behind at the resurrecting of his legion, then looked at the front realising the sith’s disappearance, later realising his warriors lost track of their encounter with the sith.

## The Mortal Reach

Although Earthstone was a minority regarding his expansionist ideologies amongst the Immortals, he had essential control over the Ether as a whole. He was the renowned hero everyone looked up to with highest regards. He was the kingdom's symbol of heroism & fate.

He knew whatever he would do, he would always have substantial support from the empire one way or another.

Because of his unanimous support, he gained confidence to branch off from the Immortals in pursuit of constructing a new reality in accordance with his expansionist methods of income.

But before doing so he made sure to offer his familiars & colleagues to join him. Which he was slightly successful in doing, surprisingly enough.

Before officially stating his plans to the Immortals he made one last offer as he ordered a meeting with the collective leadership, the Immortals.

As they all got together, Earthstone spoke “I plan to part ways in the near future, to build a product of the superior methodology to my view, humbly speaking. I make my request clear, and final”

The Immortals were all silent for a moment, then Nova responded “Earthstone our hero, I believe your views stand in the minority of this room. You know we conduct democracy in this high order we stand in, we are equals. Our views of policy do not shift due to rhetoric, no matter the speaker”

The room paused again with silence, then Earthstone responded “I respect the confines of this order, but I must acquit myself from the methodology implemented”

Khor then spoke to Earthstone “You have permission to use your share of this empire as you deem just, it may as well be justice for you to implement your methods with your share”

Spore-Master added “And this shan't be considered a schism, your methods can be implemented and you can remain immortal”

And by that Earthstone was off to recreating the empire in his eyes, using methods he considered superior, which were neglected by the Immortals.

Amongst the Immortals, Simitar and Neron became involved with Earthstone eventually to the point of officially joining forces. Taking part within the Mortal Reach.

A large portion of important members to the Ether gave hand to Earthstone’s ambitions, many others left the Ether to join his new project, one of many, yet the biggest name to have left the Ether for Earthstone’s movement was Shinnok, who was one of the most important members to support his cause, promising an early high rate of spirit income,Shinnok also took initiative leading other sectors to Earthstone's regime.

Earthstone called his regime “The Mortal Reach”, representing the substantial difference between him & the Immortals.

Earthstone branching off from the Immortals, taking a portion of resources from the Ether creating his own kingdom was definitely an expense to the Immortals & the Ether, but more to the Ether than to the Immortals.

This splitting was less immense & damaging than as would seem, since most of the power is held in the hands of the Immortals anyways, the resources utilized to fabricate their kingdom was a small percentage of their collective sum of power they’ve accumulated over time, therefore, the Immortals had little to bother for the occurring, they simply reconstructed the elements that have been removed mostly with ease, few missing figures were irreplaceable in terms of their efficiency they’ve come to adapt over time, for example Shinnok being the most prominent leader of his sector with the highest profits, no other could match his achievements & skill, yet he was now part of a new cause, The Mortal Reach.

It was odd to Earthstone that neither Khor, nor Neou, took a stance in his support, which would grant a shift in policy to his favor, which realistically was the ideal change to make, perhaps just not the right time in their view. There would be a higher intake overall, yet they chose to remain with the current state.

Earthstone’s regime firstly situated within the four realms, they’ve simply separated off various verses originally part of Ether control, becoming part of Earthstone’s new kingdom.

In order to implement parts of the expansionist tactics they eventually needed to spread, so later

They broke out of the confines of the four realms since they were occupied by threatening forces within the plains[[34]](#footnote-33) which would slow down growth & expansion.

So Earth and his followers settled outside the realms in the void.

It was only a matter of time before Earthstone and his movement were noticed by the Siths lurking the void. And once both sides came into contact, chaos shortly broke loose.

The Siths firstly began dismantling various operations executed by the Mortal Reach,

and once they’ve crippled Earth’s kingdom in various aspects, they assembled a full scale attack upon Earth and his kingdom. An all out war. The various titans of the realms observed the chaos from afar, including the Immortals, analyzing the mysterious dark warriors and their ways. All this at the expense of their former leader, Earthstone, and his regime which was funded by large amounts of materials to the Ether.

Earth’s regime was short lived, obliterated by the siths.

Earth underestimated the sith force, and was defeated and executed, along with most of his companions. Simitar eventually fell to the siths, Neron survived and remained leader to the Ether military sectors and stood strong being accepted back into the leadership attaining once again the status of Immortal.

## Shinnok

Shinnok along with few others survived the massacre & fled back to the realms. They formed an alliance amongst themselves, The Survivors. preserving a small force sufficient enough to survive amongst the large nations swarming the plains. Shinnok was the head of the alliance. They were considered renegades and acted as such. But despite being pursued by all corners, they succeeded in preserving their strength.

Shinnok was offered a seat within the elite of the Ether, but refused since he knew because of his actions there was no option for him to progress high within the ranks.

Whatever seat he would be offered would be nothing compared to his previous position in the Ether, and even then, he was planning for much more.

Most of the others weren’t even given a chance of redemption, instead pursued to be executed, treated as a foreign force, a threat to the empire.

At first the renegades were just coping to survive, but the more they were pursued by the Ether, and perhaps any other nation as well, the more fierce & stronger they became & desperate for expansion, as their hate grew strong towards the Ether.

Shinnok's renegade army were nomadic, they weren't strong enough to establish an official stronghold, otherwise they would get run down by a stronger power looking for prey.

What they did was travel from verse to verse, attack small but large enough kingdoms or villages to bigger nations yet were big enough to be worth the effort.

It was at this point Shinnok was confronted again by the sith he encountered before. While Shinnok was scouting out pieces of land to plunder.

This time Shinnok was alone patrolling the wilderness in the verse, looking for an opportunity.

The figure questioned Shinnok “Do you still refrain from joining us?”

Shinnok then responded to the figure wearing black robes “It astonishes me that you still consider me an asset even after being stripped of my powers”

The figure then responded “Your journey is yet to begin Shinnok, the Afterlife has deemed you for greatness. The fate of the Sith and the fate of the Ether is soon to rest in the palms of your hands”

Because Shinnok was a spore, he had a diamond shaped stone of crystallite attached to his forehead like the rest. So long as this stone would be attached to the spore, they were bound to the authority of the owner of the stone, being Spore-Master, since the owner can choose to exterminate the user of the stone at any given instance, through his link to the stone.

The figure after saying his piece walked towards Shinnok, reaching out with his hand. When the figure got close enough the sith opened his palm in front of Shinnok's stone, turning firstly gray, then transitioning to losing its color completely.

The figure then swiftly threw his hand downwards causing the stone to leave Shinnok's forehead to fall with a strong pulse to the ground & shatter.

Shinnok’s neutrality represented his acceptance of the offer, joining the sith force.

Shinnok quickly began describing various advantageous strategies on ground levels to fight Ether forces. Sharing valuable & sensitive information.

Shinnok then showed the figure a number of valuable items he had kept for himself from the time he served as head of spore operations in the Ether. Few of those items were rare orbs of a fine stone different but close to spyralite allowing for similar executions of spirit mass transfer.

After Shinnok’s introduction, the figure then removed his hood covering his head, introducing himself “I am Onaga, head commander to the sith legion” he then stretched his arm out towards the ground between them, then widened his palm forming a circle beginning to emerge around the two on the ground, the frame of the circle began glowing dark purple.

The figure then continued “We have much to show you before you return to your biddings”

A portal then emerged, immersing the two within.

Shinnok then found himself in a different reality, dark and bright in a different manor, he was being escorted by Onaga, both following a royal trail, on the sides were other various siths, all in black clothing, usually hooded.

Those who would reveal their faces were of pale vague color of skin, accompanied by scars displaying symbols & writings.

As the two were walking on the trail, Shinnok stopped and asked one of the many siths his identity “What is your rank and what is your origin?”

The sith answered partially uncovering his hood revealing his face “I am Mongrok, Warmonger of the north, my origin is of the ruins of Dreamsrim[[35]](#footnote-34)”

Onaga then slowed down for Shinnok to catch up, Onaga then spoke “Many of the sith force are forged from the fusion of beasts and matter of the physical realms”

Shinnok then asked “Is such a phenomenon a result of your actions?”

The two then reached the destination the trail led to, reaching a throne, with an audience of siths surrounding them and the throne. The figure seated upon the throne was pale gray in color, with four tall straight sharp horns coming out of each corner of his head with an abnormal monstrous face of a creature of another kind. Four more of this form of creature were standing below, white in color with eyes of a red glow.

As the two stood in front of the throne, Onaga then bowed down & spoke “Lurd Sidious (then rose & continued) I bring you the one who holds the keys to the four realms. (He then faced the sith audience of siths seated, surrounding them & continued) This one was close to becoming one of the Immortals, but then chose a separate path. A path for just. He was then betrayed by his superiors which led to him furthering himself from an ideology for the common, coming closer to a faith in something else, something different, a prophecy lesser known to the mortal.

(He then faced Shinnok & spoke) I welcome you to the true fate, the pure form of justice, the belief in the will of the spirit, and the spirit alone.

I hereby renounce your former title of Renegade to Sith Lurd[[36]](#footnote-35), as Sith Lurd the sith force will recognize your authority and by Sith Lurd you will recognize the authority of the sith force”

The two then left the altar back down the path. As they walked, Shinnok asked “How could one resurrect from the oblivion?”

The figure responded “We haven't yet called upon those of the oblivion, it is a heavy & long task at hand. We call the one sitting upon the throne The Interpreter, one of its kind, a species of creatures with the capability to bind a link between multiple beings granting it complete comprehension of the linked being’s presence, generating an exact mirror of the being’s response”

Shinnok continued to ask “Where could it have attained a sample to create its mirror?”

The figure answered “The oblivion[[37]](#footnote-36)”

From that point Shinnok began taking part in the siths’ cause, participating in their schemes, being a relevant pawn to their various plans & attacks within the four realms.

The way the siths' would conduct their operations would be through a cabinet of sith lurds, there were around a total of 50 sith lurds, some were more privileged than others.. The more recent their title, the less influence and the lower they are taken into regard. Not to be mistaken, sith lurd is the highest status within the sith force, but when it comes to making decisions within the cabinet, the hierarchy is even thinner and only a handful of sith lurds amongst others would usually take a seat within the cabinet.

Even though Shinnok was rather new & only recently recruited to the highest status amongst the siths, he usually had a seat in the cabinet.

In the cabinet meetings, Shinnok’s role was supervisor, & occasionally to give intel on relevant groundworks within the realms & around. Shinnok did just that, and he did it with excellence, he had proven himself worthy and talented in the eyes of Onaga, and that would suffice to give the siths faith in Shinnok, despite their agitation towards his easy invitation into the sith legion[[38]](#footnote-37), and sudden access to the cabinet all the more so.

There were only but a select few to have been directly recruited into the sith wrath without being required to undergo the overwhelming procedure of convertion in order to be fully assimilated.

Another one of those exceptions would seem to be one of the elder sith lurds Reverser who seemed to be of mortal realm origin as him only with a dark green facemask/armour covering his face,

The recent cabinet meeting Shinnok attended seemed to include most of the major players, the key benefactors to the sith cause.

Among those seated were Deceiver, Selector, Phantomaas, Reverser, The Interpreter (representing those captive in the oblivion, namely Sidious, Wharhath, Selectus, etc..), Rain-Maker, Xelectus, Challenger, Maler, Xinthoth, Demolisher, Destructor, Obliterator, Goremaster and others.

Shinnok understood that something substantial was to take place.

As they all seated & prepared to begin, Deceiver spoke “We have become capable of war with the Immortals, or so they call themselves… We hold them by the neck, it is of our decision when to snap it in half” Rain-Maker negated with caution “We have gained the upper hand upon the Ether and its rulers, but we are still unaware of certain elements, I suggest we still fear, or at the least remain weary of Neou”

Selector responded “And remain weary we will, yet his mysteries a deterrence for war shall be no longer, They grow stronger the longer we remain patient, we have Chaos, Moon and Mega at our disposal”

Shinnok responded “They will evade the beasts through various channeling techniques”

Few of the siths looked at him, as he spoke with disdain as though he didn’t gain the privilege to participate in the meeting, before returning focus on discourse.

The room began filling with discourse between one another, most voices in favor of the war’s commence, the room was loud, then Onaga spoke and the room settled down “We will begin the cleansing of the mortal realms and it’s immortal inhabitants”

Neron besides being head general to the Ether army, managed to come up with various innovations to improve & strengthen their grip of power, despite them being the strongest empire known, after the fall of Earthstone, the siths' put fear & doubt into the realms.

Neron suggested a new strategic change to the power distribution policy of the Immortals.

Until now distribution of the total spirit intake would be essentially distributed equally between the Immortals, which remained unchanged, but what Neron suggested was to expand, not the capacity of mortals, but the Immortals.

With more Immortals, more beings maintaining large sums of powers, each individual can be of huge support in various elements. One of the most relevant aspects being spirit income, with more Immortals scavenging the void for scorches, wraths or any form of essential masses of spirit, the more spirit mass the Immortals accumulate, since this was one of the most impactful options for spirit intake, because of the large beings the Immortals run into, the intake is quick and large, and if the spirit creature be too large & dangerous, usually the scavenger can evade & flee, or be reinforced with a few extra handa if applicable.

The other relevant sector to the empire this has an effect on would be overall strength & defense.

With more powerful beings taking part in battle, the stronger & more dynamic they become.

It goes without saying the more individuals granted share in spirit intake, the weaker each individual becomes, but overall there was a sweet-spot between quantity and quality that was yet to be discovered.

Neron wasn't suggesting sharing overall intake with every soldier to the Ether, but he was saying there should be an extra handful of powered beings taking part in the various tasks at hand.

Upon the Immortals’ accepting of Neron’s notion of change in policy, They began offering potential nominees to anointment.

Even with these decisions, Neron succeeded to convince enough Immortals to accept his standards of recruitment, which were essentially according to combat efficiency.

Neron held a combat tournament, the victor was to achieve Immortality, the participants had to have proven proper in other relevant fields as well, and to be involved with the empire in one way or another, the more involved, hifher the rank, the better suited for the job, but ultimately, it came down to who won the tournament of combat.

Most of the suitable contendants were of the Light Temple, since they were the strongest & most highly skilled in combat and loyal to the empire.

The victor of Neron’s tournament arose, Xexek, a member of the Light Temple who was now a successful commander in the northern front to the war with the Nether.

A second tournament was held, this time as well the victor was a warrior of the Light Temple, Crys. Now a high ranking official to the Ether.

And a third tournament took place, leading to a third member of the Light Temple to join the Immortals, this one by the name of Ars. Also currently a high ranking official of the Ether.

Now with the few extra members, who are also extremely efficient in combat, the Immortals began deploying shifts of patrolling the void, in search of spirit creatures to cleanse.

They would scavenge the void before, but now they scaled their rate to an intense level in comparison.

The newer members were more involved in patrolling the void, relative to the ancients[[39]](#footnote-38).

The Immortals began recruiting more members regardless of the tournaments, titans to stand out from the rest who promised loyalty.

The Immortals were 23 in number as the war broke out between them and the Siths.

This was the largest war to have ever taken place in the history of the realms.

Among the many sith army units, the most common one was of siths 1.5 times larger than the average mortal, brutes & mutants alike. All uniform in black, and masters of the dark arts as well.

Few of the sith lurds including Onaga & Shinnok gazed upon the war from above a highland, likewise for the ancients of the Immortals.

The war took place upon several verses at once. The two Highlands of both sides were across from each other, in between the war.

One of the sith high ranking officers standing upon the highland began stretching out his arm towards the sky above the war intending to generate some form of danger to those of the Ether fighting in the war, the clouds and sky began rumbling with thunder and bolts of purple color began appearing within the clouds.

Neou immediately raised his hand to the clouds causing them to soothe and turn bright yellow. The opposing sith returned his arm immediately suddenly wounded in the arm with his intentions backfiring, attacking him in return.

The sith legions were eventually overwhelming the Ether, the remaining Immortals had no choice but to intervene and assist in the battle.

Neou eventually elevated himself upwards towards the warfront, then landed in the battle fending off the sith horses, diminishing any threat in sight.

He then generated multiple points with a glowing bright light in the air deep within the sith hordes, these lights would consume at a mass scale any organism within its radius.

Within moments the entire sith horde of that verse began to disperse as more were consumed by the lights.

The sith lurds at the hilltop began looking at each other in puzzlement.

Onaga then spoke “The Immortals are strong. It is time we transition this war to a higher order”

The siths on the hilltop began forming obscure portals leading to mysterious places.

They all began to disperse leaving only Onaga and Shinnok remaining on the cliff.

Onaga gazing at the crumbling sith legions down below spoke to Shinnok standing behind “The Anubis is coming, and you will stand as it’s messenger”

An extra sith was there, holding a chain to a mortal, latched around the mortal’s neck.

After Onaga spoke to Shinnok, he turned around facing the sith with the mortal, Onaga signaled the sith as he walked towards him, the sith then whipped the chain causing the dazed mortal to fall to its knees, when Onaga came closer he then outreached his arm towards the mortal, absorbing the mortal’s soul, then raising his arm towards his front, then widened his palm, forming a unique portal unlike one Shinnok has ever seen, Onaga entered the portal with the sith following suit with the portal closing behind.

Slowly the siths began to disappear until they were no more.

Shinnok through his journey maintained the army of renegades he lead before his entanglement with the siths, now that the siths were gone, he suddenly returned to the renegade army he once led, while he was with the siths, he slowly became an overshadowing figure overseeing operations of the renegades, attaining more of a passive role while others took direct charge of matters.

Shinnok’s return was agitating the handful of leaders who have been handling things since he was gone.

As Shinnok recently began making decisions for them, the leaders began speaking with each other trying to figure out a way to prevent him from interfering with the routine they’ve already constructed.

They decided to assassinate him in spontaneous fashion when least expected. They hired a large unit within the army to ambush him at a certain point while in the middle of besieging a certain village they’ve planned an attack on.

Only problem with the plan was that they underestimated Shinnok’s strength, even though just one, he had mastered many forms of fighting throughout his career, whether it be fighting spirit wraths of beasts or mortals trained to be warriors in battle. Either way, he was strong enough to escape the unit of soldiers they’ve sent to assassinate him, he fended a few off, then fled.

Although the other leaders gathered a military unit prepared to betray Shinnok, he still managed to maintain loyalty within the majority of the military.

Shinnok immediately upon return from whence he fled gathered enough power to exterminate the members hired for his assassination, then had the rest of the leaders killed as well.

Securing his unquestioned rule over the renegades at whole, once again, removing all potential contestants.

Gradually Shinnok shaped his small kingdom to a machine ready for offense.

They jumped between various lands in various verses, plundering smaller kingdoms unprepared for battle at proper scale.

As they continued their attacks, they grew in power & strength, as Shinnok and his kingdom grew, they scaled their battles, fighting stronger & larger nations.

Through time Shinnok raised a nation that took all minor nations for prey, a nation that struck fear into the hearts of all external nations, forming order throughout the nations like never before through peace treaties and threats alike. Sometimes absorbing various kingdoms of great power through negotiations alone, his excellency.

Slowly Shinnok created more & more ties amongst the strong nations of the realms, uniting arms becoming one, with him at the head. Shinnok’s empire eventually became one large mass of many smaller nations tied up under his rule, The Underverse, an empire of impeccable strength, striking fear into the eyes of any smaller force.

All this he had accomplished through the ashes and rubble of The Mortal Reach, Earth’s failed attempt at generating a separate force to the Immortals, but of a more efficient system of function.

The Underverse had become the fifth strongest power amongst the realms, following the East Spirit Bound, the third being the Red Coats, behind the Nether, and the Nether second to the Immortals.

The East Spirit Bound is the banding of all the nomad nations surrounding the Underverse, uniting together as a counter, forging a power strong enough to negate & contain the Underverse, Shinnok – from growing larger & spreading beyond his current reach.

The nations external to the Immortals or the Nether were relatively small with an average power range of one or two titans, but these nations were many, through time, after they witnessed the Underverse grow large enough, they began worrying & understood that something had to be done.

In order to prevent Shinnok from gradually absorbing them all, one at a time, enough of them banded together forming a strong alliance, standing defense stopping at nothing to prevent Shinnok’s offense.

After the Sith army was defeated by the Immortals, the outside of the rim of the forcefield to the four realms was again considered a safe habitat for external nations. So not only did Shinnok grow, but so did the number of external nations.

After victory against the siths at the hand of the Immortals, they realized the acceleration in strength they could achieve by distributing their power between multiple users, which is what led them to victory against the siths, they continued to expand their member count far after the war was over, in search of an ideal proportion of users relative to their power.

Throughout the century they conducted various forms of tests & searches to find ideal members to join them, worthy of carrying the title as an Immortal.

Usually the accepted candidates would be either known titans from kingdoms across the realms, and of course those who already served under the Ether, but not necessarily only those who were of high rank in power were accepted, but also those who were best suited in other respects, such as loyalty, combat, diplomacy & knowledge of the spirits.

It was indeed advantageous to recruit those already entitled with power, that way they dont inflate their power as much by all the distribution to the newcomers, but there was enough to spare.

In times of idle, piece, most of the newcomers would be sent to the void to increase spirit intake off of the beasts, side by side with the spores.

With an Immortal at hand, the intake rates would increase dramatically.

within the span of a century the Immortals reached a member count of nearly 40.

The Ancients, the original Immortals, maintained superiority within the now larger group of superiors reigning over the four realms.

There was a bit of wiggle space between those underneath the ancients, those who were well situated within the group could have a larger impact on the overall decisions being taken, but it was clear that the original 10 members, the Ancients, had the final say.

Because of this new rise of opportunity to achieving nearly absolute control over the realms, granted to those who luckily managed to be taken into evaluation as best suited by those at power to sit aside them, motivation was set off to many throughout the realms to do what they could at whatever the price may be, to attempt their chances at attaining a chair amongst the Immortals.

Whether it be through selection by:

1) combat tournament (the format at highest risk, since defeat would usually mean death at higher tiers), the most talented would be worthy and beneficial to the Ether as one of its leaders.

2) innovation (those who would prove talent and knowledge would be a righteous choice to lead the realms & improve overall performance in various fields)

3) sometimes just loyalty & recognition & overall appeasing the Immortals would suffice for them to consider one for recruitment

Many amongst the realms joined the race for ‘Immortality’.

The title of Immortal was a privilege even amongst titans, only few have been chosen, since the Immortals logically prefer loyalty and quality over sheer power already equipped to the candidate, since loyalty & quality would be more beneficial long-term, rather than one who could potentially assist in treason if given the opportunity to overthrow the current reign, plus as mentioned earlier, the up-side of mitigating power reduction by recruiting those who already contain power is relatively pointless since there was indeed enough power to go around, in relation to the small amount of recruits.

Overall, those most efficient at maximizing their chances to becoming Immortals were those Who implemented all 3 of those aspects.

Usually those closest to them & involved with them most, those who could benefit them, those with a form of leverage, capable of supplying various demands that arose amongst the Immortals were those who practiced whatever techniques they could to please their heirs in hopes of elevating themselves & reach closer to them until hopefully becoming one of them.

Those who were practicing all these key aspects mentioned in hopes of attaining the hearts of the Immortals, and had taken their biddings seriously, and hence their success, had already situated themselves in close proximity to them, or simply succeeded at created numerous ties at high places making them relevant enough to be taken into account, essentially those who were at the top of the game, regarding achieving Immortality were called the Taskmasters.

Those who were capable of toppling over the rest due to sufficient skills at all relevant fields, diplomacy, creating ties, being strong and capable of delivering for their various & numerous tasks at hand.

When referring to a Taskmaster, not necessarily would that only take one being into account, Usually, even though yes, there is usually one being as the head, they usually consist of squads of crafty affiliates, or sometimes even clans, guilds or syndicates, all serving mutual objectives of their leaders.

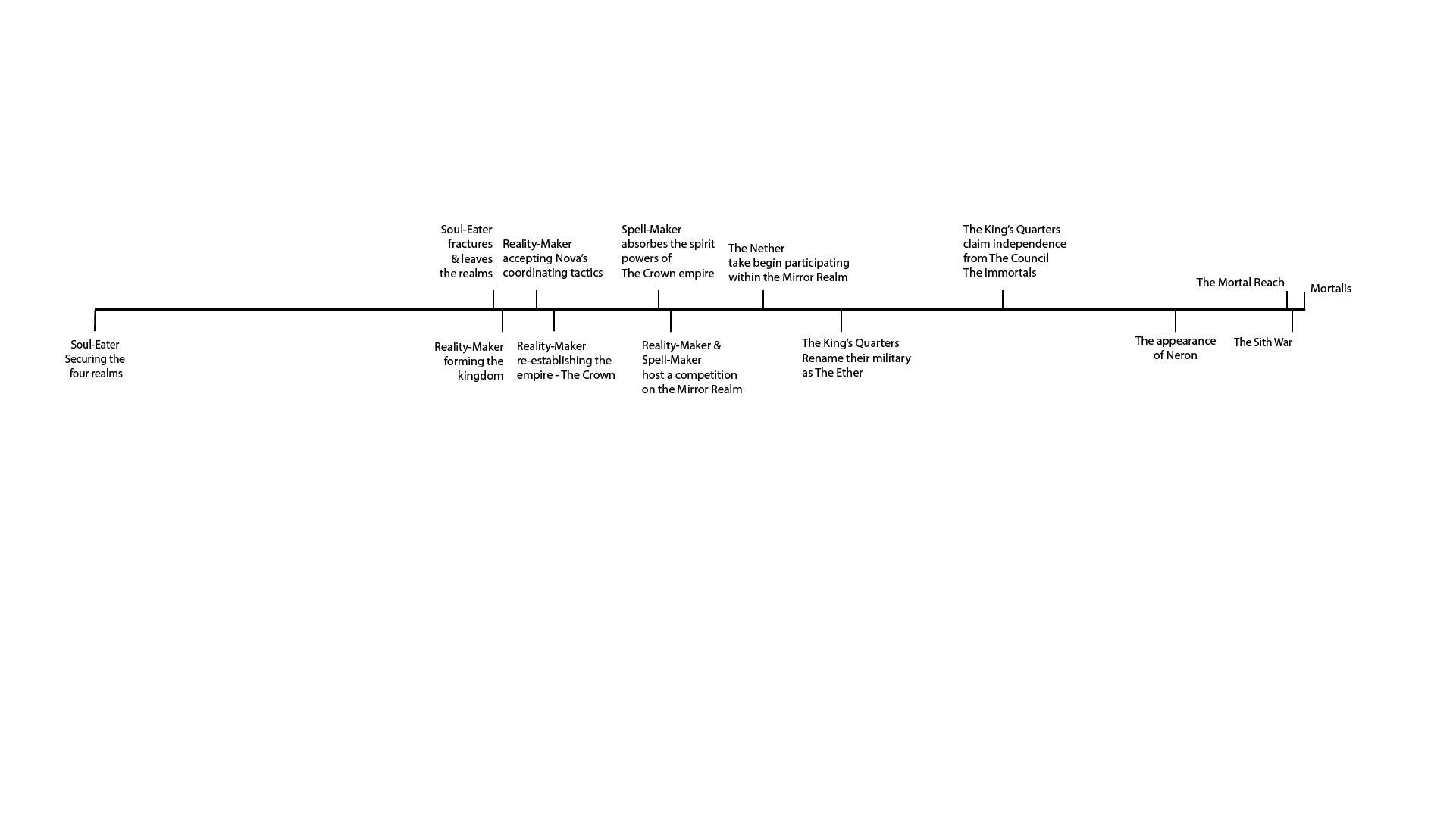
The competition amongst Taskmasters would be gruesome, the most rigorous fighting would take place on that stage, one must be highly proficient at all fields, and sometimes one must steep low to deceit & deception in order to outperform or survive & progress amongst the others. The competition created between Taskmasters would be the source of roughly 50% of the total chaos overall throughout the realms.

The reason that the Taskmasters are a key factor to half the friction taking place amongst the realms is because of how vague the term was…

Basically nearly all beings wanted to take part in reigning over the Ether, Only those who were devoted to a negating force at a high enough level weren’t interested.

There are around 1000 titans, aside from high performers of the Nether and their rulers (~150 titans), the Red Coats (~300), Shinnok and the Underverse (~50), all the rest, which is 500 titans alone, have dearing interest in competing for the title of Immortal, so the sheer quantity of competitors is massive, even if the title Taskmaster only applies to those at the top of the game, besides the titans, that would still include all those who have relevant impact on the realms which is in the hundreds of thousands.

As of now, the Immortals, growing in number & size with constant shifts & improving their grip on the lands along and Shinnok on the other hand, with his ever growing empire of chaos – The Underverse, becoming the center point of conflict amongst the realms & kingdoms, a point of conflict awaits as Shinnok becomes greedy for expansion while maintaining ignorance towards the Immortals and their policies of the realms.



As of now, the Immortals with their constant shifts in improving their grip on the lands and Shinnok with his evergrowing empire of chaos – The Underverse, became the center point of conflict amongst the realms & kingdoms.

Soul-Eater spirit cleansing with warriors took longer orbs Onaga prisoned for longer

Cavern of Souls

s to recruit train an army of warriors who could protect him as he feeds, - moon warriors perh

The molding of the definitive authority of the realms at whole – the Immortals, and a brief history of the world before

"Your reality is but a fabrication, physical & spiritual alike. The only truth remaining is the void and the creatures lurking it.

If you seek truth you must side the will of the beasts"

“Before you go off to your feedings, listen to my single warning.. If you spread my teachings or attempt spiritual manners beyond my guidance I will send you to the oblivion. But if I dont send you down there, you will live long enough to see your feed outgrow you, you will glance back to your earlier self, supreme and unmatched, finding your present self, prone to their demands, forced to compete for power”.

Kermec to Khorgoth:

"I advise you to get involved, Earth is correct, we must maintain order, the mortals have much to offer, but it all comes at the cost of their involvement, I need you to mitigate their outburst"

Play-Maker to Spell-Maker:

“I find it humorous that the same purpose for constructing the kingdom, the same reason I gave power to my civil servants is the same cause that ultimately stripped me of my powers, my kingdom has failed me, it has failed its single purpose”

To raiden

Fujin responded “There has been another breakage, but I fear we’ve missed our chance, the black hole effect has already taken form, reaching an extreme traction rate, armies of strengths beyond our capacity are dying in the dozens around the breakage. And even if you succeed, we won't be able to afford the exposure”

Raiden said without hesitation “Let us not forget we are the masters of play Fujin… All it takes is coordination, body mass & strength is irrelevant” Raiden continued after a few moments of walking with a question “Where was the breakage?” Fujin answered “The Chasm”

Raiden followed up, asking “What are your estimates?” Fujin revealed a light grin of disbelief in Raiden’s will to participate in the breakage but answered “We must act now in that case”

Raiden asked “Can I have two days?” Fujin sighed then replied “

Kintarri

A bit of context..

There are in general two types of realms: mortal realms, land of the physical & spirit realms, where spirits dwell.

Emagine the universe, each realm as a planet, some planets for mortals, some for spirits, only in our case the planets (the realms) are more accessible, just as there is space between planets – there is a space between realms, hereby named The void. Certain beings have access to the void. So there are multiple realms, realms of the same resources, meaning there are multiple mortal realms, there used to be 3 essential realms, each dominated by a kingdom, ruling over its inhabitants. One known as The Ender Kingdom, following in power to the main realm controlled by the strongest kingdom – The Crown. The third was a realm laid waste for millions of years, a land of nondetermination, yet a place to flee for those who've gained access to the void. In our story The Ender Kingdom was recently & strangely completely annihilated in extinguishing fashion, along with all its dwelling beings, seemingly caused by a higher form of sorcery. We focus on one of the realms, the strongest of all realms known to exist controlled by a dynamic group of beings labeled as The Immortals. The Crown kingdom was reformed into its military bodyment, The Ether, labeled as the anti to the kingdom's inevitably constant existing rivaling forces called The Externals, now called The Nether – who are basically ancient forces of beings who were laid trapped within the realm eventually banning together as an alliance to stand against the kingdom trapping them within the realm in order to destroy them, gaining their spirits, a manna, a currency or resource of which the titans utilize to gain power.

Within each realm exist many 'verses' – a sort of 'alternate' version of the realm. Currently in the realms of the Immortals there are 351 known versus with an average population count of 300 million each. In the big picture the Ether is the party with control over the most verses. The Nether have control over a respectable amount, but at least a third of the total verses are unconquered due to the constant friction between the two forces, constant war, if either side were to spread too quickly reigning over the uncontaminated verses, the opposing force would overwhelm the spreading power as it dwindles.

The unconquered lands are defined as The Nomads, since there is no clear permanent recognized force to stand in control over the verse.

# Immortals

# The Council

Reality-Maker, creator of the Mirror Realm, head of The Council, the strongest of the titans, most respected, most feared across the realms.

Despite his strengths & powers, the titans eventually became many. Slowly as time drifted, maintaining sovereignty across the realms with an iron fist became a challenging task…

As the realms populated its habitants & reproduced numerous verses within, there was more power to be shared, more users rose to power, usually maintained by the superior Reality-Maker, but inevitably, eventually the numerous broke through & overcame their tyrannical containment, power had to be shared.

With that followed the generating of numerous independent sovereignties, which had started much before the tyranny’s breaking, firstly in discretion, usually outside the realms, out in the Void, dwelling in artificial verses generated by mortals. But eventually once tyranny rule had been compromised their presence became clear, coming out from the shadows of the void.

With the amassment of independent powers rising to the scene, Reality-Maker set aside his ambitions for restoring order under his reign & left his grip of power leaving the chair to his throne to his successors, the Immortals.

Reality-Maker gathered the most capable of titans & formed a council to stand above the rest of the nations to prevent an all out abomination, creating the Mirror Realm as a forum for diplomacy between the titans and high standing officials throughout. With the hopes of maintaining the realms united, allowing coexistence without tearing the fabrics of the reality holding the realms together.

The Council maintains peace between the nations, and when the peace is disrupted, The Council is there to solve the disruption.

But competition for power between titans is constant, everlasting. Each forever hungry for expansion.

The Council steps in, gets involved when they see a disruption in the current order, and by disruption meaning change in powers.

their policy negates change.

Currently, there is only a small number of major powers, the rest relatively nonexistent, but the stronger powers cannot afford to absorb them, otherwise they spread too thin, dispersing their power, something a competing power at a similar calibre will surely take advantage of.

When one from the smaller forces begins accelerating, becoming eventually a competitor between the relevant powers, or when there is sight of one attaining such capabilities, The Council takes the stage & neutralizes the sprouting threat.

The reason for antagonizing success is due to the mess caused as result… Once becoming recognized as a competitor, the lust for expansion doesn't stop there, only now the attempts come at the cost of the serious powers, and in this sphere of friction lies long lasting sanctified policies of war between the brute forces, established long ago.

For the sake of maintaining such policies, newer competition should be prevented from accessing their sphere of strength, because the policies may not be of mutual interest to younger forces who are unaware of the mutual benefits of the policies.

In recent years a former official to the Ether, Shinnok, turned merchant, recently turned enslavor of the outskirts to the realms, aggressively expanding his nation into a wide empire, had been raising an alarm in the midst of the Mirror Realm.

The Council had ordered his containment prior, by uniting the Northern Wing of the Spirit Horde to contain Shinnok and his army from spreading further. Only recently, Shinnok seems to have been infecting other parts along the realms’ perimeters.

The renowned Council of the realms held a meeting with the Immortals, calling for their assistance in this case, for them to take action in the abolishment of Shinnok.

Reality-Maker, Xixoth, Spell-Master, Creator and Coremaster, members of The Council, Immortals Wind-Maker, Good-Seed & Logos. Along with them also representatives of the Northern Horde, and of the Nether.

Xixoth, Speaker of The Council opened “It is a rare occasion when your engagement is required, but when such times come to pass, the assistance is a vital measurement to what’s at task… In the north eastern perimeter of the realms spreads an infection, swaying large armies to unite under a foreign assimilation, this foreign identity stands strong & grows exponentially, we’ve initiated operations to stop this collector, but all attempts came to no prevail. Soon enough the threat became large enough to engage in kingdom wars, in those, this Shinnok claimed victorious consistently. Not only fending off all attacks, but maintaining growth at an even rate as to prior. Soon enough the only option left was to unite an initiative of our own, bordering off this sickening swarm by gathering the various armies & titans at risk, preventing Shinnok’s reach on all fronts.

This containment was a temporary success. But as of recent, there have been rumors of collusion by nefarious members from the Nether, the outskirts and the Ether alike.

If this disease of a nation breaches our hold, it’s uprising will be inevitable, or at best, a painstaking task to deal with”

Good-Seed reacted out of hesitation “As a first call for our assistance, I must admit, to my disappointment, this is a minor disturbance at most. Turning to us for aid interprets to me as a wasteful use of resource. If it weren't for our kinship & obligation, I’d deem this bodiment of supposed authority unfit, unreliable and unworthy of our alliance”

Xixoth responded “Speak at will, but know that the consequences of such ignorance may lead to your parel”

Xixoth continued “I will go further to say that since this Shinnok seems puny & irrelevant, I expect you not need waste much resources for this Shinnok’s ridding, it could very well be an easy task. But I warn you once more, this individual happened to slip from our grip more than once. More, various inconveniences to us unmask themselves in the most critical of times, seeming as though the multiverse bends to the will of this inferiority”

One of the representatives of the horde spoke “His army is unmatched, we only contain the Underverse by number, but even that is begging to fade into yet another defeat in the midst of his fury…”

A second of the hordes representatives added “The benefit of our loyalty to the Council is slowly becoming unclear opposed to siding with this brute, uniting powers.

Shinnok is seductive with his persuasive offers no less than he is feared throughout the outskirts of the realms”

When the meeting concluded the Immortals accepted the task of dealing with Shinnok.

The Council made sure the Immortals would be able to transition their powers respectfully without disturbances from the Nether or other forces attacking the Ether in their weak points opened up because of their transitioning of forces, taking care of Shinnok.

The Immortals mobilized the relevant units necessary, sending an overwhelming offense Shinnok’s direction.

## Abduction

As Raiden & Ryu walked side by side, Ryu asked “What can a mortal like me be of use to a lightning elemental such as yourself?” Raiden then laughed & responded “ Don’t belittle yourself Warrior, you and I both know the value of combat alone is costly within the nomads. What I find most confusing is the rash decision of the Light Temple, sending you two to collect the Maiden”

Ryu waited for a moment, then responded by questioning “I'm confused where this eagerness comes from, I can't but remain hesitant until clear of your agenda” Raiden then paused as they walked for a moment, then gestured with a whiff “I guess it’s only fair I share with you my vision.. I have been loved by the public, as well as hated & chased, I’ve been announced Head Guardian of the Light Temple years back, yet I’ve also played with the dark arts..

The values you hold dear, as praise to the system are rightly so, but only to such extent.

I believe in our rulers, in our ‘system’, but I demand adjustments as well..

As you are aware of the wars carried out by the Ether, by the Immortals, the constant friction between us and the externals, the Nether, a never-ending plot for victory.

Involving constant cries of pain & agony. Before my awakening I served as a soldier with the Ether, years upon years, rising through the ranks as I’ve evolved my understanding of the empire, reaching my peak as third chain to Warpath of the third trail. During my service I found a consistency of a systematic sacrifice of the masses between both sides of the war, I came to a better understanding of the agenda to the Immortals, these wars, the sacrifice, the pain, the spill of mortal blood, there is no indention of victory over the other, the Immortals, they care to gain strength & power, that is the purpose of these battles. And this purpose is objective to the costs, this constant chaos is beneficial, they cleanse the souls of the fallen, we are just as much their source of power as the defeat of the externals, if not, then mortal blood could perhaps be their prior source of strength.

Yes, they need power to defend against the unknown, the Externals & whichever horrid beasts that lay threat, but to my humble ideals, it should not be on account of the well-being of the mortals. Even if it comes at the price of deceleration to the pace strength, if it ultimately leads to peace among mortals.

I have been high within the ranks, and in my time, never has there been a sense of intermediate danger to the realms”

Ryu then asked “It is no secret Immortals don’t think favor their feed over themselves, but the elevation of the Immortals is the sole key of survival. They are the ones who brought us to being and protect us”

Ryu paused for a moment then continued “But yes, as you say, if there is no worry of any threats then perhaps the Immortals could think of the well-being of the mortals. But how do you intend on causing such change?”

Raiden answered with a slight smirk “I have gained the knowledge & the companionships necessary to achieve great things Ryu, all you must do is be there when I need you. I must become recognized by the Immortals, gain their respect, surpass their expectations. To do that we must become favored upon the rest, eliminate our competitors, climb the ladder of strength as we surpass our competition, while also remaining compact in size & number, otherwise too many forces will take notice & neutralize us faster than we can respond"

Ryu clarified "You want to become an Immortal"

Raiden answered "It is the efficient way of changing the reform. Rather than destroy the system from the core, become part of it, change it for the better".

Ryu was hesitant of Raiden's motives underneath his claims he presented before him, also did he doubt whether Raiden could maintain such responsibility if he were to succeed with his plans. But Ryu expressed his support & approval, willing to help if he were to be called upon. Ryu then said "Raiden, I know people look up to you in this verse, you are well known to them as their savior, but you have yet to convince me of your loyalty to the cause, but despite my hesitance, I will be of aid to your purpose" – Raiden responded "your support gives me great honor, I thank you, and you are yet to be proven of my will to the cause, as such, I will also pay you in return for your respects".

Raiden then raised his arm to the skies shouting out a word calling out the powers of his element, then causing large lightning bolts to shoot out from the sky down to him transitioning his presence, teleporting him elsewhere simultaneously as the bolts hit the ground.

The reason Ryu chose to join Raiden on his quest was not from his own decision, his Master from the Light Temple (where he was raised & trained, becoming one of the strongest forms of soldiers to walk most verses) before sending him and his brother to silence the Maiden & keep them stationed there until called upon, told him secretly that if approached by a lightning elemental by the name of Raiden, to support him on his journey if he happens to request of aid.

As Luke arrived at the fort of his clan along with his other clan members, bringing the spoils of their victory, Luke set off again with two members to their campground, where they were holding their hostage, Quei-Jin who happened to be a highly skilled sorcerer and a former leader of Wrath as well.

When Luke & his men arrived, they witnessed the campground essentially set on fire, corpses on the ground, half of them burnt, half seemingly tortured in numerous other ways of sorcery. They then saw Quei-Jin from afar, lifting one of the camp guards in the air, choking him by simply lifting his hand into the air facing the guard.

As Luke looked upon the sorcerer he shouted "Release him!"

Luke and his men then the three came charging at the sorcerer with their swords out & their gold plated armor equipped.

Quei-Jin then looked towards his pursuers, then back at his victim held choking in the air with a smirk, the guard choking in the air tried warning the three to flee, but shortly after – the sorcerer shifted his (left) wrist pointed in the air towards the guard counter clockwise, then pulled back his outstretched arm, then made a sudden movement with his hand causing the guard held in the air to burst into flames, mainly shooting out of his mouth & eyes, moments later completely turning into ashes. The sorcerer then turned towards the three pursuers charging at him, he outstretched his arm towards the three, with his hand open, then clenched his hand into a fist, causing the golden armor worn by the two attackers (aside from Luke) to break down & completely clamp down into itself causing the two to gorely explode, being torn apart limb by limb as they were completely covered in golden armor.

Luke didn't stop his charge despite the occurrence to his peers, quickly unraveling himself from the gold then throwing his spear straight for Quei-Jin's head, but without the sorcerer flinching, as the spear came inches to his forehead it faded to dust scrambling into the wind.

Immediately, Luke came charging at the sorcerer, as he got closer Quei-Jin raised his arm – causing Luke to be risen from the ground being strangled with use of his sorcery, Quei-Jin then spoke “You don't seem to be blessed by the Immortals as your brother”’ Luke replied “He’ll be here shortly” barely making out the sentence as he was being choked. The sorcerer then reacted “Yes I’m sure he will – but I won’t..” He hesitated for a moment, then continued “And neither will you”. Quei-Jin then closed his eyes, spawning a scorching sinister portal on the floor underneath where Luke was being risen, the sorcerer then relieved his choke on Luke dropping him into the portal, closing up right after. Then, the sorcerer shut his eyes once more, creating a second portal underneath himself to drop into, shutting after entrance.

A portal had suddenly appeared at the bottom of chamber 164 of the eastern nether trail. Of which Luke dropped out of, landing on the ground of the bottom floor of the chamber. Rubble of dark red color, puddles & oceans of lava spread out across. A ceiling of the same dark red texture instead of a sky.

The ceiling containing lava spills falling in a consistent flow downward.

Most chambers have a number of floors (each the scale in length of major landscapes) with a pitfall in the middle of all floors starting from the top all the way to the bottom floor & further down. Each floor presenting a form of stage, the higher the floor the tougher competitors you face. All competing to reach the top, some believing it leading to freedom & others simply looking to find opponents worthy of their time to lash out on.

But as a whole, the chambers contain constant chaos. Generating a good income of energy (to benefit the owners of the chambers). Either from the souls & spirits of the expired, or from shards of energy let off due to frictions between opponents in battle.

The energy is essentially collected by the constructors of the chambers. Those constructors are a few of the various tyrannical rulers of different sectors of the Nether.

Within each chamber is a champion, the strongest of the beings trapped in the chamber, he is given a share of the energy income produced by his chamber as reward for his victory. The champion is granted the ability & permission to leave (& enter) the chamber at any time. But that is to say at the risk of losing his title, a rivaling competitor can take the title to himself at ease. If a competitor chooses to challenge his seat, the former champion will then have to return & fend off any attackers to his throne, once he is victorious, only then will he be granted once again a share to the chamber's income.

As Luke fell through the portal yet somehow managed to fall on his feet in a crouched position, he looked around, trying to figure out where he was. He found himself being with the presence of many weaklings, those who have no hope, nor faith of escaping, those who have given-in to the nether chaos, waiting to be swept away in due time by whatever havok may weap the area.

As he glanced at the masses of bodies lying about on the grounds, or walking slowly by wound or fear & disbelief, he walked up towards one of the half-lifes, as he approaches, he glances face to face, then grabs the being by the neck, raising him from the ground, analyzing him, as the mortal begins to squeal. He then lets go, leaving the being to fall to the ground.

He quickly understood exactly where he was, thanks to the education from his years spent as a pupil to the Light Temple. He realized he rests within the slums of a Netherite dungeon.

After moments of Luke wandering around the slums, a group of seven daring mortals, who the weaklings seemed to fear most, as they would all seem to try avoiding their presence, escaping their confrontation, called out to Luke "Who do you claim to be?! Get rid of those fancy clothes you wear! Otherwise we'll make you bleed!"

Luke then came walking forward towards the fools, as the group looked at him with slight aw for his courage, opposed to the rest of the habitants of the slums, as he walked forward, and them following suit, marching towards him, they said to each other in a mocking manner "Look at this scum, such courage gone to waste"

As Luke got close enough he jabbed the mortal in the front in the neck with an open palm causing him to fall to the ground choking, as the two beside the front came forth trying to land a hit of their own, Luke ducked their attack as he moved closer towards them sticking multiple punches on each accompanied by an upper-cut to both mortals respectively, causing them to fall to the floor unconscious, the fourth figure attempted to kick Luke, Luke grabbed his leg, smashed it by the side with his arm causing the bone to break ripping the leg into a 90° angle, he then ripped the bent piece of the leg entirely apart of the remaining leg and shoved it into the stomach of the fifth member as a spear, using the sharp part of the broken bone of the torn leg. Two figures remained, he walked forward giving a left punch to the face of the one standing on the right – knocking him to the floor unconscious as well. Luke grabbed the seventh member by the neck, lifting him into the air, glaring at him, striking fear into his eyes, גwetting his garments & ultimately having Luke choke him to death, only after the death twitching did he let go allowing the corpse to fall to the ground.

Luke then turned his head to look behind at the crowd witnessing, but as he glanced, they all began to flee out of fear.

Luke went off exploring the dungeon, pursuing those who taunted him, lashing his anger out on whoever he deemed fit, wreaking absolute havoc on the first floor.

Luke then reached an area where the ground level consistency seemed more uneven than usual, leading to an overall uphill direction with the angle increasing upward the further he went.

Once continuing the uphill climb long enough he reached a flat surface once again.

Once proceeding long enough on the flat surface he began to hear constant warcries of battle from afar, as though there was a nation-wide war afoot. Once journeying long enough, as the shoutings became louder, he found a large-scale dip in the surface, from that point onward there was a downhill until the bottom of the dip, and from then the surface maintained its level at that low point onward.

What he also witnessed were large masses of bodyments at war, he didn't seem to find any order but rather a complete mess, constant friction between any & every bodyment a free for all, there were no sides to this mess, one big clump of chaos of every being to himself fighting whoever he could.

Whilst gazing off to the distance in amusement he felt a tapping on his right shoulder, as he was turning around to see who was tapping he was immediately kicked with much force before being given the chance to respond, causing him to tumble downward all the way to the bottom of the dip. But he managed to catch a glimpse of a figure in a red suit matching the style worn by members of Wrath, the clan he had recently raided.

Once Luke finally reached the bottom, he happened to fall right in between an ongoing duel between two barbaric warriors, as he fell right on top of one of them, they both focused their attention on him, they swung their swords at him, but Luke dodged their attacks. After avoiding enough swings he eventually grabbed one of the swords swung at him & pushed the opponent back with his second hand, not that he needed to use a weapon, but he slashed their heads off & then slashed each head rolling on the floor in half.

Once done with his biddings, as he was about to move on to his next targets, the red figure appeared behind him calling him out to battle "Hey!" Luke then turned around.

As he saw the figure in red – he smiled & exhaled a sigh of laughter for this figure's audacity, thinking of the things he will do to him.

They then charged at each other giving off blows to one another, but it was quickly clear Luke was stronger, as the figure tried his best to withstand Luke, the figure soon had enough, as he was kicked & as a result being flung into a structure, smashing it apart, now lying on the rubble, as Luke jumped up into the air intending to land with a fist into the figure, the figure quickly & unexpectedly teleported a few meters away from where Luke landed, & quickly landed a surprises Luke a few powerful punches, as Luke intended to recover by punishing with a few throws, the figure quickly vanished again only to pop up behind Luke's back, this time the figure stretched his hand towards Luke's bottom spine, igniting a pink bolt of energy tossing Luke into the barracks himself, Luke laid there for a few moments before regaining his stamina, but as he did, the figure had vanished.

As Quei-Jin channeled Luke to the nether – Ryu immediately sensed the vacancy of his brother's presence within the verse. He set off back to one of the camps. After a day's journey Ryu made it back to camp, scorched & filled with corpses, uncovering the massacre that took place during his absence.

Ryu left off uncovering the location of the nearest fort belonging to Wrath[[40]](#footnote-39).

As he was wandering in the forest he ended up coming across one of Wrath's temples, one of their largest havens.

As Ryu stood between the trees in the forest gazing off to the distance examining the fort, a figure appeared standing next to him by his side facing the temple, giving his position to Ryu by asking "What's the plan here? Are we going to barge in or play this smart?"

Ryu with sudden movement glanced immediately at the figure as he began speaking.

Ryu then responded giving a sigh of grief facing the ground. Moments passed & Ryu questioned "Is this Raiden's form of compensation?" He finished the question with a frustrated stare.

The figure immediately showed grief for Ryu’s brother being taken, with his head facing the ground in shame.

The figure then asked "Is there any way I can be of service?"

Ryu hadn’t the care to respond, barging off in direction to the temple fortress

As Ryu began barging towards the temple, the figure quickly generated a strong blue aura around himself causing his body to evaporate, teleporting to Ryu, then quickly creating the aura around both Ryu and himself suddenly teleporting the two up right outside the walls of the temple, maintaining discretion from those within the fortress.

He then said to Ryu "Where do you want me to teleport you within these walls?"

Ryu stared at him moments more, shook his head in a shaming manner then faced the wall. Ryu got to a half crouched position, half kneeling towards the wall as though leaning towards it, placed his left hand outward on the wall then with much force punched the wall with his right hand demolishing a whole section of the wall, of course causing a loud noise as well. Ryu then charged through the opening.

Patrolling Wrath soldiers immediately spotted Ryu barging in, tens of soldiers charging at him only to be taken out, even though they would attack him with weapons, Ryu would dismantle them all with his arms. As Ryu continued his march toward the pyramid temple, he was continuously attacked by soldiers attempting to dissolve the threat, and he would take out anyone who dared pursue him with ease, his mind focused on finding vengeance & perhaps locate his brother through interrogation while his arms calmly dismantling any attack coming his direction.

The temple was a large structure, a large & wide rectangular building which its top laid the foundation for a pyramid shaped structure even larger in height then that of the building underneath. The pyramid only laid on part of the roof of the building, the rest of the plain was used as a playing field, a training ground where the toughest classes of the guild would practice combatting each other.

Ryu made his way to the building. Defeating the guards with equal ease to their predecessors.

He made his way to the roof of the building. Ryu in the meantime left a trail of slaughter behind him, guards who had their limbs torn apart, bodies forced into concrete & stone etc..

Once Ryu made it to the top, he saw a bunch of figures in various colored uniforms, between him & the pyramid was the training field. On the pyramid steps were the observers, perhaps the rulers of the guild's local faction. In the middle Ryu spotted a figure in a green colored uniform, Clone-Cloaker, the individual Luke ran into in the Dragon’s tournament. Amongst others seated on the pyramid steps was a giant, two-fold Ryu’s size. All the individuals now stared at Ryu with fury realizing he had the audacity to attack the heart of the faction, the leading class & the foolish intent of thinking he could defeat them too.

As Ryu walked towards the pyramid two of the nearby figures charged towards him only to be stricken down immediately upon reach.

As he got closer 10 more figures came forward, and despite the efforts of the ten members of the faction's elite, they were neutralized within moments nearly effortlessly by the white clothed pursuer.

Clone-Cloaker and the rest of the bystanders watched with much entertainment, interpreting the recurring defeat as playful banter.

Ryu faced groups upon groups, waves of attackers, coming out on top again and again.

Each wave with moderate improvement in skill, in combat, yet not nearly a match.

Once reaching nearly the end, defeating all figures daring to challenge him – the giant Zerus had risen & came forth fighting Ryu.

Zerus was a different opponent compared to the rest, because he actually managed to subdue Ryu.

Ryu did a spectacular job dodging & countering his attacks, but he couldn't maintain his sheer strength, Zerus even though very large, was just as swift, quick and mobile as his predecessors, this gave him a number of advantages, his range, his strength & the prevention of a rival self-shielding with his arms, and Ryu after his long tiring journey of combat with all the wrath members may have worn him down a tad.

The two fought for a few moments, Zeros managed to lay in a first attack, a combination of punches ending with a kick, causing him to fly back a few meters due to the impact of the kick, as the giant jumped in the air to land with a finishing attack where Ryu lay, Ryu quickly evaded his landing continuing the fight only to be soon kicked again, this time in the stomach shifting him a few meters in the air before falling to the ground, he got back up, crouching, staring at his foe in disbelief & fury combined, as Ryu delayed the few seconds he needed to recover from the blow, Clone-Cloaker had risen, slow clapping Ryu’s performance commenting “Very impressive for an elite warrior of the light.. But I expected more..”

Clone-Cloaker then threw a double edged spear/staff towards Ryu’s radius, perhaps to even out the battle, till now they both fought by fist & foot.

The bystanders looked at Clone-Cloaker to much disdain by him prolonging the chaos, they all feared the white warrior, they never witnessed combat of such greatness before, the defeat of every challenger in the playground.

Ryu now used the spear, having an advantage against the mutant, with his skills combined with the weapon.

Within moments of combat, Ryu thrust the spear straight through the giant’s head, neutralizing him immediately.

As Zeros fell to the ground, Ryu removed the spear from the corpse, throwing it straight towards the crowd of observers, killing one of them. The rest of the crowd got up & began scrambling, running away from the warrior, fearing for their lives. Eventually the area emptied out, leaving Clone-Cloaker standing near his seat & Ryu, both alone.

Clone-Cloaker spoke “You may have talent, beside your training, but what you don’t have is experience within the wilderness of these lands”

As Ryu began walking towards Clone-Cloaker, he immediately teleported right in front of Ryu landing a critical punch in the face, slowly the shadow of his last appearance near his seat began fading away as dust.

The Cloaker was walking subtly with his hands behind his back with a grin on his face.

As Ryu recovered from the blow, he charged at the figure, attempting to lay an attack, yet the figure’s appearance dispersed into thin air once again leaving a fake image of his former appearance that was as punching dust upon Ryu’s contact, The figure appeared immediately behind him laying a second punch on Ryu.  
This time Ryu quickly responded after being hit, trying to lay a second attack on the cloaker, yet again the same occurrence, with the cloaker appearing from the side attacking Ryu once more.

This routine remained for many moments until Ryu began learning the cloaker’s predictability, after a few more missed blows, Ryu finally landed a kick on the mutant appearing behind him.

Now the cloaker raised his offense, laying many attacks within a shorter period of time, each attack from a separate clone from a different position around Ryu.

Ryu managed to fend off many of the attacks, as he was slowly learning to counter the mutant.

Slowly their manner of combat became of cat and mouse, where they would have a sequence of combat before the mutant would cloak, teleporting into a separate location within the ruins of the building as Ryu chased him down again and again.

After enough relapses of the same routine, Ryu eventually wounded the figure enough to the point of causing him to fall to the ground slightly dazed. Ryu then grabbed him by his armor near his neck, lifting him slightly & spoke “You are a child taunting an elder… I will spare your life as I would a child so long as you grant me honesty”

Clone-Cloaker tried speaking but only blood managed to gush out of his mouth, Ryu then continued “Where have they taken the leader of the golden crest?”

The figure tried speaking yet he could hardly get words out.

Ryu then grabbed his hand & broke one of his fingers, the figure screamed then yelled “I don’t know! Probably dead!”

The figure earlier attempting to aid Ryu upon entering the fort appeared again & said to him “The Wrath are many in this verse, your brother could have attacked any of their numerous temples mistaking it for this”

Rain then walked into the now broken building, he first glanced towards the supposed assistant of Ryu’s greeting him by mentioning his name “Kung Lao” nodding his head, meanwhile walking towards Ryu, then stopped & spoke “Luke was sent to the nether nodes[[41]](#footnote-40)”

Ryu then left the wounded mutant on the floor & raised, facing Rain.

Rain then lent out his left arm to ground to his left, opening his palm generating a portal to the specific node in the nether, containing Luke.

Kung Lao was beside Rain behind him, signaling to Ryu that he could be trusted, nodding his head.

Ryu also had an instinct allowing him to trust Rain in this case.

Ryu then walked forward towards the portal about to jump in, Kung Lao was about to follow suit walking towards the portal, Ryu then stopped him “I can take care of this”

Right before Ryu was to enter the portal, Rain told him “ I’ve observed you and your clan during the Dragon’s tournament. Your brother is unlike you, he is stubborn in nature. He will not return until attaining equivalence to the sorcery sending him down there, you are wasting time”

Ryu ignored him jumping into the portal landing on the hard red rocks of the nether node, the same material upon which Luke stepped on before.

Rain teleported Ryu to the top floor of the node, the Champions Lair, the battlefield for the toughest of the beings contained within the node.

The floor beneath was where more intermingling took place, between the champion warriors, but the floor above was where they entered for battle.

Ryu was spawned in the center of the battlegrounds, where there was usual silence, until enough warriors ran into each other battling to the death.

When a warrior in the top floor kills off enough warriors, the Gladiator gets called upon, as though being challenged for his title.

The Gladiator being the head champion to the node, the strongest being of the node.

The Gladiator gets a share of the total soul intake of the node, the gladiator is given the same status as the demons, devils or other forms of beings that are considered part of the nether.

Most of the beings within the nodes are considered prisoners, although the gladiator is considered the watcher of the node, an authoritative status relative to the node, and to the nether as well.

As Ryu wandered the head floor to the node, as he was attacked, he handled, neutralizing all attackers, asking them for Luke’s whereabouts, and coming short handed time and time again.

Many of them mentioned the name Scorpion. But that was of no help to Ryu upon his quest for his brother.

After enough chaos, Ryu found his way to the floor underneath, where he realized this was the preparation floor for the one above, those he came across weren’t in a fighting stance. When he came across a group of warriors settled resting, he gave no bother & acted as though on the floor above & began fighting the shocked warriors, neutralizing one after the other.

Eventually after enough action he came across one warrior, who after asking him for the whereabouts of Luke, responded “you must be the provoker, and by Luke you must mean Scorpion”

Ryu then questioned “Who is this Scorpion I keep hearing?!”

The warrior responded “The gladiator to this dungeon. If he is who you seek, you are soon to cross his path”

Then a crowd of warriors appeared in the distance, coming towards Ryu, calling out to him as “The provoker”

Once the crowd got close enough, a figure gold crested all along his body, including a gold crested helmet walked to the front.

Ryu then reacted “You must be Scorpion”

The figure then questioned Ryu “What is it you seek?”

Ryu then responded “I seek a warrior of the light by the name of Luke”

The figure then removed his helmet revealing himself to Ryu, indeed identifying as Ryu’s brother, Luke.

Luke then asked Ryu “What is it you seek I ask?”

Ryu then answered “You have steeped low brother, this is a fool’s errand you carry”

Scorpion then responded “The upper hand is with the sorcerers”

Ryu replied “The dark arts is an endless journey”

Scorpion spoke “The same journey the Immortals themselves have taken”

Scorpion then continued with the protocol “Do you revoke your offense?”

A few moments of silence passed as the two brothers starred eachother down, as the rest of Scorpion’s crew surrounded Ryu.

Suddenly Scorpion charged Ryu with a headbutt, Ryu evaded the attack slamming Scorpion’s side of the neck with an elbow punch, the rest of the audience began sending attacks Ryu’s way, but he mitigated them all, subsequently countering all his attackers, then dealing a few more blows to Scorpion laying him on the ground.

A few devils then began appearing to maintain order within the chaos, as the devils approached Ryu to subdue him, Ryu evaded them as well, attacking them & neutralizing any force standing in his path.

More and more creatures of the nether began appearing, they became many, now Ryu changed his route in a direction fleeing the creatures, fighting off any that got close.

Eventually Ryu was overwhelmed by the quantity of attackers with a few managing to contain him, multiple creatures grabbing each of his arms, then eventually more and more creatures piling on top of him.

As Ryu was contained, held by the many creatures, one of the creatures standing in front then spoke to him, saying “Did you expect anything less than witnessing the fury of the nether? Fierce one?”

The creatures holding him then spoke to the creature facing Ryu “Warmonger! Send this one to the wastelands!”

The creature then reached his arm out towards Ryu, opened his palm generating a large portal underneath causing Ryu and all the creatures holding him & surrounding him to fall in.

As Ryu fell through the portal along with the numerous creatures containing him, ever after entering the portal, they continued to fall down a long wide chasm of the nether.

The creatures lost grip of Ryu while falling. Most of the creatures began fading to ashes drifting away.

Ryu caught grip of one of the creatures before it transitioned to particles of ash as well. As Ryu was holding onto it in front, facing the fall in order to decrease the landing impact, the creature said “You can gain your fame in the wastelands, no one will care and you will rot”

The creature then drifted away turning to ash

Ryu realized his unchangeable fate, soon becoming one with the floor to the chasm.

He then closed his eyes, meditating during the fall.

While meditating, Ryu began glowing white.

Shortly after, Ryu made contact with the bottom, the bottom was an ocean of corpses and blood.

He shortly dug his way to the top of the mass after falling deep underneath. A nearly impossible task for a mere mortal, to uncover oneself from the thick layer of bodiment by the impact of the fall.

As he walked above the masses, in direction to some other form of land, he came across various forces posing as a threat, he fended them off, but these consistent interactions were ultimately tiresome for a mere mortal.

Yet again, Ryu overcame his mortal boundaries & reached shore after a night long journey of hiking through masses as though they were quicksand.

When Ryu got close to firm ground, he heard the sound of war from the distance, the war cries & voices increased as he came closer to shore.

As he approached the end of the masses, he realized he had entered yet again, another battlefield, the action was less frequent, less compiled into a small area, yet there was action nonetheless.

The opposing forces stood no chance of course, up against Ryu, but the constant friction was tiresome for the mortal.

Ryu seemed fully equipped to handle the situation he was in, he was now searching for specific creatures or before executing his rivals, questioning them for if they shared certain elemental or spiritual skill sets.

A crew came charging at Ryu, he neutralized each at a time, he then grabbed the last surviving member by the throat as he was laying on the ground, before knocking his fist through his skull he questioned “Are you of warmonger nature?” the figure answered “No”, Ryu then raised his fist finishing his business, about to complete the execution, the figure then interrupted “But I am a fire elemental, I can offer you my powers in exchange for my life”

Ryu then chuckled & said “Half the nether horde are fire elementals”

The figure then cried out again “Yes but I hold the order of 50 souls”

Ryu sighed, then punched the ground near the figure's head, creating rubble from the nether rock. He grabbed a small piece from the rubble & handed it to the figure, then said to the figure “relinquish your powers into this stone”

The figure did just that, Ryu then took the stone placing it in the pockets to his garments & knocked the figure unconscious.

This went on, Ryu hopping from figure to figure also in search off particular creatures, gathering enchanted or unique resources he could eventually use for various purposes.

Ryu then continued on his path, collecting more valuables from those he spared.

After enough encounters, he reached the center of the sector of the pit he was in, where the keeper of that section of the pit kept watch.

While Ryu was busy fighting down below, The keeper gazed upon him from afar, sitting on a form of throne, on top of a cliff, the high point gazing down upon the nearby land with all the chaos taking place down below.

The keeper maintained focus on Ryu’s fighting, the keeper then raised his hand, signaling to send out reinforcements towards Ryu’s location.

Slowly as Ryu fended odd more attackers, the reinforcements kept growing larger in number eventually changing the momentum of Ryu’s fighting with the creatures of the nether to become of the form of cat and mouse, Ryu running away from the center, and the creatures charging at him chasing after him.

Ryu then got close to the form of ground shaped as an obelisk upon which the keeper sat, as Ryu paused his momentum upon reaching the bottom of the obelisk, he turned around quickly, noticing the creatures closing in on him, as the nearest one charging at him got close enough, Ryu punched the creature dazing it, then an elbow punch to the face knocking it unconscious, as the creature was falling to the ground, Ryu jabbed his open palm into the creatures neck, grabbing a part of it's arteries, then removing from its body.

As the rest of the creatures were nearing, Ryu quickly reached for one of his powered stones with his other hand, upon grabbing the stone he slammed both his hands together, each holding the separate particles, upon collision, the bloody arteries combined with the stone generated a glowing aura around the fusion, Ryu held the fusion in one hand then threw it on the wall of the obelisk.

As the creatures were about to attack Ryu as they got close enough, the fusion thrown on the wall turned into a form of portal, Ryu dived into the portal with it closing behind him.

The creatures of the area pursuing him were confused as to where the portal led to.

The keeper was confused as well, as he scanned the area looking at the grounds down below, then one of his close guards was suddenly dismantled, causing the keeper to look behind, seeing Ryu neutralize the second guard immediately after.

Three more guards charged at Ryu, he dismantled the three instantly as well. The rest of the beings standing on the keeper’s floor halted their attacks as Ryu & the keeper now starred each other down.

The keeper then questioned Ryu “What is it you seek mighty traveler?”

Ryu stayed silent.

Moments passed then the keeper spoke “I am Liu Kang renowned keeper of sector 411, I have been only recently placed under the task of keeper, yet I stand greater then my predecessor and as the greatest of the keepers.

Since I was placed here under the title of keeepr, soul output of the pit has tripled. Do you truly believe I haven't encountered scenarios as this or that I haven't prepared for such cases as this?”

Ryu responded “Keepers are a dynamic piece to nether operations, they are interchangable and none essential to overall output”

Liu Kang then poaitioned himself prepared for combat.

Ryu followed suit

Liu Kang then lifted his right arm, turning the ground underneath Ryu into a platform of flame.

Ryu consequently jumped up into the air early enough preventing himself from taking damage.

The two got closer now initiating hand to hand combat.

Each layed punches on eachother, the keeper maintained physical combat, despite being at the rank that he was, maintaining various forms of power at his disposal.

As the two engaged in combat, Ryu was surprised at how balanced of a match the keeper was, Ryu was was expecting to take him down within moments, yet they each had their share of blows and counters, eventually how a long enough entanglement Ryu began landing punches & kicks in more frequently, gaining the upper hand in the duel. But Liu Kang right away responded with his spirit powers, teleporting away from Ryu’s attacks, leaving a trace of flames whenever he teleported. Then waving his hands, spawning flames of fire or orbs of energy shooting towards Ryu, eventually Liu Kang overwhelmed Ryu with all the powers, Eventually knocking Ryu to the ground. The keeper then blasted him with a nether orb knocking him unconscious.

Despite Scorpion’s encounter with Ryu, he maintained his status as Gladiator to Node 116.

He gained multiple companions to accompany him in his journey as he traveled from node to node, defeating various gladiators gaining their title, achieving more sources of income from each node he’d acquire. The more he conquered the more valuable companions he attained, he learned much from them, learning ways of the nether, attaining strong ranking within the fire elemental ladder.

Soon enough, after gaining control over enough nodes, the journey becomes more political, since the rivals become strong enough it’d be wise to avoid conflict for everyone’s interest, then it becomes a matter of territory.

Also, once reaching such a title, you become more involved in the works of the nether. Offered other opportunities to serve the nether cause, having an effect at a larger scale.

The nether hierarchy recognized Scorpion, & offered him various challenging tasks.

Eventually Scorpion was accepted & converted within the demons.

As Scorpion was traveling the nether, looking to take upon himself his next opponent standing in his way of acquiring another node, he spawned into the node, along with his crew of warriors & spirit fighters, who fight, advise and teach him the ways of the nether, as they began slaughtering those in the node, a number of devils and higher members of the nether who were involved with Scorpion political or other external matters he had with the nether, intervened calling them out.

They then spoke to Scorpion “This node is held by Liu Kang, Keeper in the pit, it is unwise to challenge him, his origin is unclear, as is his strength”

Scorpion then answered back in fury “You suspect my strength?!”

Then a voice called out “Know your boundaries Scorpion”

A familiar voice he recollected from time before.

Scorpion then commanded “Step forth he who spoke!”

Then amongst a number of bystanders, an old figure, familiar with the dark arts stepped forth in front of the crowd, revealing his identity, Quei-Jin the sorcerer who slaughtered Scorpion’s entire clan & sent him down to the nether.

The figure then spoke “Do you recognize me Scorpion?”

Scorpion then twisted his wrist in anger, opening his palm with fury, generating elements of flame around his palm.

Scorpion then answered “You are the one who’s blood I seek”

Scorpion continued “Step forward and kneel and accept your fate”

Quei-Jin then stepped forth as instructed, and nealed in front of Scorpion, bending his head to the ground granting his neck to Scorpion.

Scorpion then prepared his strike, finally delivering his sought after revenge.

Moments of silence passed as Scorpion stared down at the clenched sorcerer.

The sorcerer then asked, wondering “What is it? mighty warrior”

The sorcerer raised his head, facing Scorpion, then continued “Is it something you see?”

Quei-Jin then continued, tauntingly “Could it be only now you’ve realized my intentions?”

Before the sorcerer could continue, Scorpion immediately stretched his arm out towards Quei-Jin, generating a scorching portal beneath each, him and the jester, teleporting them above grounds, to a verse in the vanilla.

Scorpion then questioned the sorcerer with fury “What is your purpose?!”

Quei-Jin responded with a whiff of satisfaction “Vengeance is beneath you Scorpion, you have created a warrior with the will of an Immortal and the fury of a titan.

I have long awaited your acquaintance. And when you finally arrived, I spared no expense in granting you a proper motive, creating the ideal drive a mortal can achieve.

And with your skills, you have proven yourself worthy, no less than your brother”

Scorpion repeated with anger “Again. What is your purpose?!”

The sorcerer replied “My purpose is a humble one… When the realms seek refuge, may their savior be of my pupils”

Scorpion starred Quei-Jin down moments more, then generated a portal of flames beneath teleporting himself back to the nether returning to matters of the nether.

As Scorpion left, A gradual grin began appearing on the sorcerer’s face.

As time passed, Scorpion progressed with his endeavors in the nether. Eventually the red suited figure from his earlier days he’d continually encountered crossed his path once more.

The figure told Scorpion “Your trainer awaits your acquaintance”

Scorpion recognizing the figure followed along smirkingly.

Scorpion walked towards the figure, as he got close enough, the figure reach out his hand, teleporting them both to another verse.

They transitioned in the middle of a colloceum in the middle of a tournament.

The announcer sat in a throne, calling “Next opponent, Wrath – Scorpion” naming the clan first, then the name.

Scorpion looked ahead, acknowledging the opponent, then looked to the elites within the crowd observing the match, spotting Quei-Jin amongst them. Scorpion then looked up at the announcer, spotting a large built figure wearing a helmet & minimal armor, as though to be so e form of leader, sitting upon the Throne.

The enemy then charged at Scorpion lunging for an attack, Scorpion quickly teleported underground, then above, behind the enemy’s back, the enemy quickly back kicked, Scorpion punching the kick away, then both engaged in physical combat, Scorpion then used a few abilities of the nether, after knocking enough hits, dazing the enemy, he shot a beam of flames at the enemy, igniting him burning him alive.

The announcer then called out “Scorpion wins!” The crowd then cheered.

As the cheering went on, Scorpion generated a flaming portal underneath, teleporting to the platform above amongst the elites, spawning behind Quei-Jin’s back as he was observing the colosseum.

Few of the elites within the panel were shocked by his sudden arrival, but most of those standing amongst the sorcerer were great warriors of Wrath, or other strong allies.

Amongst those standing on the observing platform of the elite with Quei-Jin was the red suited figure.

As the sorcerer continued to gaze upon the battlefield of the colosseum, he spoke “Scorpion, the warrior standing to your left is Ermac, the finest of sorcerers to walk amidst the Wrath consul”

Scorpion looked at Ermac, then back at the sorcerer.

Quei-Jin continued “I have a proposition to offer you, mighty one…”

Scorpion vulgarly responded “Out with it then”

The sorcerer then spoke “I want to grant you my teachings as I have Ermac, I will show you the wonders of the Sunobis strand, I can make you the strongest of those to ever wield such powers”

Scorpion then said to the sorcerer “Name your terms..”

The sorcerer replied “Those are are my terms”

After a few moments of silence Ermac elaborated “For a master sorcerer there is no greater achievement than preserving continuity to one’s guild”

Another one from the Wrath officials standing on the platform spoke “And not to forget Sunobis prophecy’s claim of the eventual attainment of the long lost locusts’ spirit by the hands of one from the Sunobis”

Quei-Jin then added “It is not the spirit that is lost, it is us… Once the spirit finds us we will elevate above the realms with an iron-fist”

Scorpion then questioned “What different are you from the rest of the sorcery and usery?”

Another one from the group spoke “You are given the privilege to be part of something that most of us can only fantasize of”

Quei-Jin then answered “The only other member to the Sunobis is Ermac, my grandest student”

One from the group tauntingly added “His only student”

The sorcerer then looked back to see who spoke, after a few moments he turned back to Scorpion & continued “We are an unorganized clan, but there is plenty of strength to go around”

The sorcerer then went up to the fence gazing to the arena.

Scorpion followed suit.

The sorcerer then mentioned pointing to the announcer “He the announcer is a member to our guild as well. This verse itself struggles to secure a single dominant entity, but Wrath currently holds control over this verse, Xenoverse, land of ten billion souls.

Scorpion asked “Is he Wrath’s leadership?”

Quei-Jin smirked & said “Wrath leadership is a scrambled democracy between its various forces. He, Shao Khan is but one of the numerous members who construct Wrath’s leadership, and a minor part at that. There are higher titles amongst the throne, the highest of them now is Rain, Head-Master to the council and leader of operations”

## Extraction

Ryu woke up laying on the floor all bruised & scarred in a small room closed off from the outside, noticing Raven’s appearance within the room, sitting waiting for him to wake, as Ryu then gruntled a little beginning to move, Raven got up grabbing a few edible resources to offer Ryu as he began sitting up after his wake, as Ryu denied his offer, Raven said to him “I’m not going to even ask what you’ve been through, but I have a few errands to run before I can return you to Verus”

Ryu grunted some more before Raven returned his arm adding “I suggest you eat some minerals before we get going”

Ryu then looked up at Raven, staring at him for a moment before grabbing the food.

Between bites Ryu inferred “I expect you feel in your element journeying the Nether..”

Since he could tell Raven was a demon as his eyes were completely white (pupiless) (a tell of a demon).

Raven responded with a slight smirk “I have betrayed my kind a while back, I am as unwelcome here as any mortal above”

Ryu nodded & added “So now you cater to Raiden, running around as his errand boy”

Raven answered “Pretty much”

Once Ryu finished eating stood up, slightly regenerated & asked “So where are we going?”

Raven followed suit & got up & made sure “You’re ready?” & continued “We’re actually leaving the Nether, we have to reach Veron in Venus, somewhere there we need to extract a flame warrior by the name of San”

Raven removed debris blocking entrance to the room hidden within the walls of a nether fortress.

They covered themselves with robes hiding their identity as they joined within the crowds entering the gates within the fortress.

As they passed by the guards, Raven handed one of them a rare blue stone, seeming to be of value, bribing off the guards letting them pass.

They then reached a specific gutter between structures & stood at the entrance across each other, each leaning on the wall across.

The gutter was empty yet visible to the frequent passengers walking along the public passageway vertically-adjacent to the gutter.

As they both stood there for a few moments Ryu wondered “I wouldn’t have thought there to be any flame temples within the Veron regions”

Raven elaborated “He is some stationed warrior, tasked to stand within the verse to maintain order & prevent outburst[[42]](#footnote-41) from the tribes[[43]](#footnote-42). They should overwhelm him soon, he’ll be in need of support”

Soon after a figure came turning into the gutter, nodding to them signaling to follow him.

The two followed the figure for a while within the fortress, eventually they reached a secure enclosed space, a hidden cave within a cavern within giant nether rocks standing as a base to one of the sides of the fortress’ structure design.

As the three stood, Raven handed the figure two more of the same rare blue stone & told him “Take us to Veron of Venus”

The figure then reached his arms out towards the Ryu & Raven, teleporting them to the verse as requested.

As they spawned in the verse, they found themselves under a bright sky standing in the desert, yet they could spot a city in the distance.

As they headed towards the city Ryu asked Raven “Do you know where we are headed?”

Raven answered “The warrior was stationed between the two tribes Astroth & Sintroth, we’ll ask around for their whereabouts”

Raven then continued “Sorcery is the one undetained force to withstand the temples, those assigned such tasks are usually sent to be exterminated”

Ryu asked “In that case, what use does the gratitude or loyalty of a discarded warrior thrown out for execution by his guild have that serves Raiden?”

Raven answered “We aren’t seeking out to build relationships between nations & forces, at least not here & now, I’ve been tasked to extract the warrior alone, nothing else is of relevance”

Raven continued “Lately these special rescue missions are of higher importance to Raiden & assigned more frequently. I suppose he thinks now is time to act”

Ryu continued to ask “What use does a disposed warrior have to Raiden?”

Raven elaborated “It is usually those who are a threat to the structure of the leadership of the temple who are thrown out. Those with much strength who aren’t meant to attain leadership are very often the ones sent off by the temple to fill out countless missions while the temple indirectly intends to rid itself of the warrior.. Raiden seeks those who are overwhelming with strength, yet obey with loyalty no matter the consequence”

Raven continued “In your case it was different I expect, someone within the light temple left you in the nomads on purpose, but not with the intent of harming you, some other reason perhaps”

Upon reaching the city Raven began questioning settlers for the whereabouts of either tribes,

But as the names of those tribes were mentioned, the dwellers of the city rushed away with haste & fear.

Eventually one of them shouted as he fled after question “Do not speak to me of sorcery demon!”

Raven then realized “This warrior seems to have restructured the entire area, ridding it of sorcery”

Ryu responded “Seems there’s no need for saving”

Raven shook his head & said “Raiden does his research before assigning us, we should keep digging”

The two then changed their direction in search of the flame warrior himself.

After asking around they uncovered approximate whereabouts of the warrior, where he resides, what city, what section, etc’.

Turns out he created a vast & powerful guild of warriors to handle various cities and rid them of sorcery.

Raven & Ryu tracked down a number of locations to the largest bases & fortresses to the guild.

They found a common ground in close range to three of the largest forts & settled down there for the night, hidden on a hillside.

As they rested in the mid of night, stealthily keeping an eye out to the distance, they suddenly witnessed an unnantural light in the distance growing heavier slowly, eventually the two realized there was an ambush at play, a full out attack from an odd nation, coming for San and his guild, to sack the fortresses.

Raven & Ryu hid, maintaining their positions, as the marching attackers came closer, the two recognized the common uniform code of the warriors wasn’t unified, rather a combined attack of numerous tribes (of sorcery) & camps (of other forms of clans & guilds) presumably united together to rid of their oppressors.

Many of them wore robes associated to their respective tribe & rank, along with others wearing heavy armor carrying out the role of soldier.

As the massive crusade of clans & tribes marched by Raven & Ryu, continuing on their direction towards the three forts, a small group of 15 from the marching wave of attackers passed by closer to where Raven & Ryu were situated, As the group came closer the two came out of hiding, ambushing the group, neutralizing each knocking them to the ground unconscious efficiently whilst maintaining discretion from the rest of the marching mob.

The two were on a hillside, the group passing by were slightly lower, Ryu pounced at them, landing on the back of one of the soldiers, pummeling him to the group, Immediately grabbing the laying soldier by the head, twisting his neck, neutralizing the first soldier, As one of the guards was about to shout out to the crowd down below a sharp dagger was shot passed the second soldier slitting his throat, leaving him grabbing his neck with both hands clinging to life before falling to the ground bleeding out. Consequently Ryu handled 5 of the immediate soldiers charging at him, Raven suddenly appeared out of thin air, attacking 3 soldiers in close proximity, using small daggers sharp as a fine blade, slicing two in the throats, the third stabbing him straight in the forehead, removing the knife with the corpse falling to the ground.

The two charged at the remaining 5, Raven slicing with his daggers in each of his hands, Ryu knocking them unconscious with his capable fists & combat training.

The two then removed the armor of their fallen foes, wearing their uniforms instead as disguise, then quickly assimilated into the marching crowd.

As they were marching along within the crowd towards the forts, Raven said to Ryu “We must wait for them to capture the warrior, we want this to be a rescue mission, not a massacre –” Ryu interrupted saying “You left a pretty nasty mess behind us, speaking of massacre”

Raven continued “I assume you have the capability & strength to raise this whole army off the ground, but we want to be subtle, not raise any attention amongst other task masters, scanning obscure behaviors to investigate.

Eventually the mob broke through the gates to the first fortress, simultaneously breaking into the second fort as well.

Those of the two forts were slaughtered relatively quickly, the latter fort held its position, fending off the mob, once the two forts were dealt with, the mob centralized its position towards the third fort preparing for attack, meanwhile Ryu & Raven were standing as part of the attacking mob gazing affront.

The mob then centralized its attack towards the gates of the third fort, eventually breaking it down, this fight was more brutal with far more casualties on both ends, eventually the mob breaking down the powers of the fort, causing the remaining members of San’s guild to surrender, with the mob taking San captive for the time being until they decide what to do with him.

The mob was pretty organized, yet a mob it still was.

Eventually the mob began heading back the way it came, with many tribes of sorcerers branching off into various cities & villages causing destruction & chaos implementing their dominance, showing a display of new authority over the land.

Slowly the mob broke down into smaller & smaller chunks, all the while Ryu & Raven remained intact within the mob, following it along with the captive wherever they went.

Eventually the remainder of the mob which was still at decent size decided to cut through a city, further embarking on their quest, spreading word of their control, slaughtering the dwellers of the city.

As the mob entered the city beginning their cleansing, their captive, San, was located within the center of the mob, but since the mob had to maneuver throughout the curves & turns between structures, creating slim corridors for the everyone to move between, there were various sections & curves where San would be cut off from the rest of the mob, handled between a minor number of members, Ryu and Raven took advantage of this, Raven told Ryu to maintain even closer proximity to San while he went ahead.

Raven took a number of turns within the structures until disconnecting from the mob, he then climbed up above the buildings, he scanned the area from above as he walked above the structures, figuring out the route the mob was taking and how to take advantage of the terrain.

Raven eventually got back to Ryu as they continued the march through the city.

As the mob took a turn at an intersection, cutting them off from visual view of the rest of the mob behind, The two immediately acted, Raven gave Ryu a sign, they then dismantled the few soldiers escorting the captive, immediately throwing dismantled bodies through the openings of the adjacent building, after dealing with the immediate soldiers, they quickly took San along with them & barged into the building, containing corpses of earlier targets of the mob, since the building had already been dealt with earlier by the swarming hoard of sorcerers.

As Raven & Ryu, along with San being carried by Ryu, entered the building, They took cover behind various debris nearing the other end of the building, Ryu then placed San on the ground, Raven cut off the ropes that were subduing the captive, San then sighed & asked “And what now? We have but only moments before the rest come barging in”

As the three stood there for a moment, Raven signaled to Ryu the wall behind them, he then told San “Your journey hasn’t even begun” as Ryu smashed an opening to the wall for them to escape.

Raven then exited through the opening, Ryu glanced at San for a moment before following suit, with San right behind him.

The three found themselves in another corridor between structures, Raven then continued his escape, taking a right turn upon exiting the building, the two followed, Raven eventually turned left to one of the buildings, kicking down the door.

As the two entered after him, Ryu smashed down the wall to their right, making an opening for them to escape through, they entered a number of rooms within a sequence of structures, smashing down walls when necessary, passing through a straight line.

Eventually they found themselves a secure spot on the outskirts of the city where they can remain until nightfall.

Eventually the mob had scrambled its forces in panic throughout the city in search of San, they searched everywhere they could, slaughtering the dwellers of the city, even placing patrols to stand guard alongside the perimeter of the city.

As nightfall struck, the three got out of hiding & headed outward, they came across a soldier standing guard along that section of the perimeter, as the three charged outward, Raven swiftly thot a small dagger straight into the head of the guard, having the guard fall to the ground.

As the two passed by the fallen corpse, San stretched out his arm towards the corpse, as he opened his palm he burst out a blast of flame towards the corpse, igniting it instantly, turning the body to ashes within seconds.

The three evaded confronting the mob of sorcerers & fled to the neighboring city.

They tried to remain discrete as they stayed post in one of the public lounging structures for a number of hours, waiting for a figure to show up & teleport them back to Vianne, their home verse in the southern realm, Raven planned the scheduling in advance with a traveler he came across while he and Ryu combed the prior cities in search of Saan’s whereabouts.

As the three stood by the high table facing the merchant on the other side of the table, they keept an eye behind their backs towards the entrance of the structure, checking for when the traveler eventually makes an entrance.

Finally a figure entered and stood at the entrance of the structure placing his arm horizontally on one of the entrance pillars, leaning on it as he waited for the three to get up & follow him outside.

The figure was in a black robe with orange cryptic symbols along the entirety of it's facing, including the hood, although, along with other designs contained within other parts of the robe, the chest, the back, etc,.. the traveler seemed slim & fit despite having a long grey beard.

He exited immediately as the three got up directing themselves outward alike.

They exited the building & turned left as they saw the figure up ahead the walkway looking back then turning left walking into a corridor between buildings.

Once they reached the corridor they saw the figure standing in the space, facing them with his hands clenched together, as the three faced him, San asked satirically “Are you sending us on a treasure hunt?” for acting precautiously discrete leading them to the corridor.

The figure stared at San then responded “If it's treasure you’re after, I have plenty to offer..”

Raven immediately engaged, familiar with the traveler mentality, greedy always looking for an opportunity to earn a little more & spoke “We really have to be on our way, we’ve endured these lands to the best of their capacity”

The figure reacted “You as a demon must know, once you endure something to the point of underworld reach, you then understand how little exposure is granted by the pillars below to us leymen standing above”

Raven began pinching the bridge of his nose in disappointment for the traveler’s prolonging.

The figure then looked to Raven & continued “I would consider this fruitless journey an expensive waste of resource to your taskmaster…”

After a few moments of maintaining his physical position of disappointment although slightly enticed, Raven replied “I will raise your offer to my superiors if relevant”

Raven understood this traveler was different, playing a higher game, aiming for reaching the heart of Raven’s master, offering him various tasks in exchange for a cut of the resulting loot.

Which can be a practical tool to keep in the side pocket.

The traveler then reached out his arm widening his palm facing the three warriors, releasing auras of sorts, returning them to Vianne.

As the three touched base with their homeverse, Ryu went his direction, while Raven went with San to one of Raiden’s camps to concentrate San & further assimilate him into their team.

Upon reaching the camp, Raven tuned in with a magnetic stone the size of a pebble placed on the side of the head (the Temple, to be more exact), transmitting magnetic waves to the receivers end, in this case Raiden, sending him a simple message of affirmation ~”Extraction complete, awaiting further instructions”~

# Day of a Taskmaster

Raiden received the transmission, along with Sword-Fighter his adviser, Raiden was finishing off a party of rivals, a group called The Children of Zeron, their elimination was a fortunate opportunity to come across.

When Storm-Raiser, one of Raiden’s strong-hands heard of their whereabouts, he didn't hesitate to bring his men & call Raiden for their offense, to attack & neutralize this party of foes.

Raiden brought a handful of his warriors as well, Sword-Fighter his right-hand adviser, Storm-Raiser a strong force and muscle backing Raiden's and his cause standing as support, along with his team of a dozen warriors all set out to ambush the opposing group of taskmasters, large in number, each core member strong in their element, smart and cunning nonetheless with their tactical endeavors as well. More often than not standing in Raiden's way engaging in various tasks mitigating opportunities that would have benefited Raiden, a major inconvenience. Removing them from the board is nothing but beneficial to Raiden, especially long-term, numerous plans & stages ahead.

Raiden stood tall above the final member of the rivaling party, yet to meet his destiny, lying fatally wounded on the ground, letting out his final words “War-Track will not forgive you when he hears of our absence”

Raiden then received Raven’s transmission, then responded to his rival “He won't” as he slammed a pole-shaped piece of debris into the dying figure’s head leaving it stuck in the side of his skull.

Sword-Fighter, receiving Raven’s transmission as well, said to Raiden “It’s a shame he is a layman. He would’ve made a valuable asset”

Raiden responded as he looks up from the corpse mid-sentence “Do not mistake heroism with laymency my friend, his contribution to the cause exceeded well beyond ours, we will be forever grateful”

Sword-Fighter responded “I just mean… well.. He isn’t of our caliber”

Raiden let out a sigh followed by a smirk turning his head facing the ground responding “That is because this isn’t a hero’s world Kenshi… A fact most heroes can’t digest. But those who do, understand. And he does, which is what leads him here, to us, realizing there is no easy way to fight for justice aside from participating in the endless games the playmakers place in front of us”

Storm-Raiser asked in response with a hint of satire “If Raven is a hero, what does that make us?”

Raven paused for a moment then answered “What we <will be is survivors in a hero’s world, but until then, we are the closest thing to a hero that remains in the sphere of a survivor”

Storm-Raiser added “You can say ‘survivors’ next time Raiden, no need to add rhetoric into every response” the group then let out a short chuckle in response

Raided replied “I say what I mean wholeheartedly my brother, persuading you would translate on my behalf as delusion, since you are no less than part of me & my identity”

Raiden continued “One who outpaces a survivor is he who knows himself a survivor”

Raiden then signed “Well my brethren, the day is nearly done, and the work ahead is short from plentiful. Your find has saved us from plenty of unnecessary conflict and friction Storm-Raiser, You will be highly commended. And so too as for all of us who fought here today, our reapings are getting close, I can smell our destiny,

awaiting our arrival” Raiden then faced Sword-Fighter & nodded his head signaling his leave. Raiden’s squad then scrambled each with their respective subgroupings, as Raiden left with Sword-Fighter.

As the two were walking away, Raiden preparing to channel between verses, turned to his shoulder & asked Sword-Fighter following behind, “Is this meeting truly time-sensitive?”

Sword-Fighter responds “This is a strong move, your presence will give the proper impression. With every moment passing their confidence rapidly destabilizes. We cannot afford to lose their loyalty with our close projections. We need to apply all our assets in order to strong-arm the Kikos from invoking titan forces”

Raiden then raised his arm to the skies, resulting in the skies lending a bolt of lighting shooting back down at them in return, teleporting them both to Kiromon’s Landing, a verse in the vanillas located in the northern center of the realm.

Raiden organized a meeting with the Warro, a revolting sect that broke out, igniting a civil war within one of the dominant empires of the verse, the Karkilas. Lately the Warro have been overwhelmed by the hellfire the Karkilas have been raining down on them, but Raiden sees potential in the sect, and prefers to aid them in achieving dominance, or at least stability, for various reasons he has planned.

The two walked on a bridge leading to a large kingdom structure & eventually came close to one of the entrances. Fujin, Raiden’s second adviser, or to some, his first, came walking out from the building to greet Raiden & Sword-Fighter.

Raiden then asked “Do you have everyone ready?” Asking if the relevant allies to assist the sect in fending off the Karkilas had arrived. With Fujin giving the affirmative the three went inside, eventually reaching one of the high towers containing the allies, greeting them all before the leaders of the Warro joined soon after. All representatives of the various ally forces promised assistance & positive outcomes of their alliance, everyone doing all they could to leave the Warro with confidence at the end of the meeting.

Raiden brought together representatives & leaders from various sources. Some, neighboring forces aware of the situation locally & ready to give support to the revolt in return for various conditions & rewards, others purely ready to support the cause, other forces from further away yet still effected & have forms of gains from the Warro’s success, other forces have come to give support in return for various reasons disclosed between them and Raiden, with his many ways capable of returning the favor. Others showing up as a favor they already owe him.

The meeting went well, the Warro were pleased & their confidence, replenished.

Raiden only had one immediate term for his assistance, which was for the Warro to impose his ‘Policy of the Mortals’ onto their citizens granting them relatively positive conditions compared to the other neighboring kingdoms.

Raiden gave the Warro only words of uplift & support until he and his advisers were the last remaining in the room, aside from irrelevant place hosts organizing the palace and the room.

Fujin let out a remark, fascinated by Raiden’s talent of speech, as though it were his first time hearing his speeches “At this rate they will be calling you The Diplomat” Raiden showed a smile & began his exit along with his advisers following behind.

As Raiden exited the kingdom, he asked Fujin walking by his side “Any emergencies?”

Fujin answered “The Barnakens decreed war against the Shunakri” Fujin took a moment’s break then continued “There has been a minor disturbance in schedule as well, I suspended the Forger Initiative, I suspect observers watching us. Once my suspicions are settled operations will resume”

Raiden affirmed “My old friend, I trust your instincts as my own” Raiden eventually halted his walk & signed “Keep me updated if anything comes to light”

Fujin then parted ways from Raiden and his remaining crew with them continuing their walk to the distance.

## 

## The Anubis

In Genoverse 11, 5th mainland to the Ether, eerie green beams suddenly out of nowhere – shot up from the ground causing massive disasters. The skies suddenly shifted into sinister green, sinister voices & deep undergrowling roars began to spin, as of the Spores (The official guardians of most Ether Verses, a superior form of being compared to most Ether warriors, easily identified with a diamond shaped stone placed in the center of their forehead usually in the colors blue or pink) of the land, their stones faded into strong bright green, same with their pupils. They quickly turned against their heirs & allied combatants. Slaughtering whoever they could find, in a crazed yet somewhat organized fashion, as if loyal to an entity above, indirectly controlling their loyalty.

Strange white colored figures filled with strange symbols & scripts on their skin would fade into existence out of thin air, immediately beginning to cause havoc, attacking anyone they see. Also loyal warriors to the throne would suddenly transition into white, becoming crazed and one with the white colored figures.

Some mortals of the land would be unwillingly shifted towards one another, through a strange force pulling them together, and once they got close enough, a weird eerie purple colored aura would appear between them, as they were pulled together, being physically forced into one another, a larger dark purple sinister being, with one head, yet two faces on each side would become of them.

Those stretching their arms out creating a portal to leave the verse ended up accidentally creating a mysterious portal of an eerie green hue, the being generating the portal, with the arm stretched would also then transition into a crazed white figure, starting with his hands & arms, moving on to the rest of the body until completely white, becoming one with the chaos, devoting oneself to the cause.

Only few beings escaped the verse through various complex techniques.

Word eventually reached the Immortals of the attack.

Immortal ancients Nova, Spore-Master, Prime and Modilius discussed matters of the empire upon hear of the news.

As the four stood present along numerous Ether officials, Nova verified as he faced Prime “This can’t be the Nether correct?”

As they both looked out to the distance Prime responded by nodding his head in affirmation.

Nova continued “The Siths are gone, what other forces could maintain capacity of such an attack?”

The two turned around as one of the spores in the room spoke “To my knowledge, the attackers were of similar form as to that of the white warrior infestation prior to the siths”

Modilius responded to Nova “The Sith force was never fully executed, they were neutralized as a threat, yet their core function may remain a thorn beneath our feet until we fully commit to their eradication”

Then commented Modilius “An inadvisable proposition from a material perspective”

After a moment of digestion Spore-Master clarified “We won't waste resources conducting man-hunts in search of these mystic clowns of the dark arts. But for those that fall into our grasp, we will be sure to make use of”

Prime then continued “The task at hand here is uncovering those responsible for the destruction of Genoverse 15, whether associated with the siths or not… We must find and uncover the identity of these beings behind the attack. The longer we remain uncertain – the longer we roam in the shadows”

Modilius then asked his familiars “Should we perhaps seek out Spell-Maker as before?”

Nova responded “Spell-Maker granted his aid not to us but to Reality-Maker, and now it is us who claim rule over the realms, and we as the new reform to the old kingdom have only one objective, at all times at all costs.. preservation of the realms.

We constitute how to preserve the realms, and as we’ve established a strict policy against outsourcing – contrary to all other nations bound to our rule, we must maintain a firm grip with our independence, even in times of uncertainty and not rely upon others, requesting of their aid”

A number of high ranking officials present went off to conduct their duties with respect to the commands of the Immortals.

1. A title given to the most powerful of sentient beings, the current average power balance to a Titan is half a sun [↑](#footnote-ref-0)
2. The destruction refers to the destruction of the structure of the original reality; The Universe; a vast reality consisting a mortal and spirit realm. This doesn't include complete annihilation of the inhabitants. The boundaries of the realms have been breached by the spirit beasts and the mass-population was mostly absorbed by the beasts & transformed into other forms of matter the beasts could utilize, but those transformed forms of energy can still potentially be returned to their original state, birthing a mortal a new. [↑](#footnote-ref-1)
3. The spirits were larger in number, and the spirit realm was overtly condense with far greater numbers of spirit presence, opposed to souls in the mortal realm. [↑](#footnote-ref-2)
4. At first the titans would enter the spirit realms and cleanse their feed, but after reformatting the realms – there would be an automatic transfer of a percentage of souls, transformed into energy, then transferred to the proper verses of reality entitled to the corresponding titans which then, the energy would be held & transferred to them upon request. [↑](#footnote-ref-3)
5. In present time -- the definition of a spirit warrior is one who has can access the spirit realm, opposed to here, where upon spiritual awakening they define as spirit warriors. [↑](#footnote-ref-4)
6. If a hybrid was to single handedly consume the realm Kermec would easily notice the singular embodiment of that much power, so there are ways around that, there are ways to hide, either by storing your feed in numerous bodies - strategically also having them join forces with you, or by adapting the sentinel trait, something ancient spirits can easily do is maintain a conscience of a singular entity while embodying numerous physical bodies of matter (or spirit), for example a whole city of seemingly mortals, but the mortals are all part of one entity, so forth holding one collective conscience mind, and possibly storing power between the bodyments. [↑](#footnote-ref-5)
7. If the spirit realms were to collapse - there would be no intake of souls for the four, and they would need to reconstruct new spirit realms, which drains a lot of strength & power. [↑](#footnote-ref-6)
8. The hybrid doesn't control what it embodies, as it only left small aspects of itself within the various forms it absorbed itself into, but since the hybrid's essence is linked to almost everything in the realms, the priests can't signal where the source of the hybrid remains intact. [↑](#footnote-ref-7)
9. This pain & suffrage comes from the existance of an intertwining conscience living in both, the reality of matter & time alongside the reality blocked outside of time, space & matter - a neutral ground that is infinit yet motionless simultaniously, a place of nothingness in all its aspects. [↑](#footnote-ref-8)
10. Kermec's empire entitled itself to one army (containing many divisions within of cours), it was called by the title of Kermec's Great Army or The Great Army. [↑](#footnote-ref-9)
11. When Nova came to speak to Kermec upon the cliff gazing off to the statues being constructed, the two other figures by Kermec werent the priests Earth & Khorgoth, it was two of his loyal adversaries. [↑](#footnote-ref-10)
12. Most of the Locusts Spirit's spirit mass is hidden somewhere amongst the four realms which all forces had embarked on uncovering its whereabouts, even the empire. The spirit had embodied most of all physical aspects to the physical realm, even by just a minor percent with most cases, simply to hide itself from the priests' radar, as they can detect spiritual energy, but if the whole reality is cloaked by the locusts scent, the priests are to be blinded of its whereabouts. The locusts Spirit encompasses a very minor aspect in most physical bodyments, a tree, or a person's soul wouldn't notice any change amongst themselves, only now in the eyes of the priests, there is a complete scent of the Locusts spirit preventing them from identifying the spirit's actual location it stores its mass. [↑](#footnote-ref-11)
13. He had managed to gain complete control over the spiritual essence of the entirety of those 4 elements. [↑](#footnote-ref-12)
14. Nova's newly discovered technique of spirit consumption is emmensly superior to the current rate, which is relying on mortal extinction, then cleansing the exiting soul. Nova's improvising instead to proactively cleanse spirits from the bodies of the beasts whilst maintaining discretion. [↑](#footnote-ref-13)
15. The development of the verses had just recently begun, there is much to unravel in the future. [↑](#footnote-ref-14)
16. Both realms were within the same radius of the forcefield containing the realms, hiding them from the eyes of the beasts. The Forsaken couldn't escape the forcefield. There was an additional forcefield containing the four realms preventing any beings from leaving, Garok had access to the additional forcefield around the four realms, only through Garok could the Forsaken access the fifth realm. [↑](#footnote-ref-15)
17. A hybrid would gather mortals creating a tribe, teaching them its ways forming a threatening force of power, further attempting to reach greater dominance until finding friction between oneself and a rivaling force of hybrid powers. [↑](#footnote-ref-16)
18. Zion's corpse (with a missing head) [↑](#footnote-ref-17)
19. They called his body the Arsenal because the Moon Warriors brought part of Zion's soul with them as they were sent to the Oblivion. They also kept Zion's other part locked in his body, he too suffered just as much as the Forsaken, given they had to withstand the constant friction between reality and the Oblivion, matter & anti-matter, these ripples of pain granted Zion a similar form of 'enlightenment', despite it being against his will (since his soul was trapped in a dead body, he hadn't the capacity to reject their doings).

    The Moon Warriors knew he would change, they didn't know exact results but they knew for sure he would be on their ideological side of the spectrum after being torn apart in every aspect. [↑](#footnote-ref-18)
20. Lands of the common folk, away from the kingdom's detection [↑](#footnote-ref-19)
21. The Spyraelite crystals had many uses, mainly for storing and transferring large amounts of spirit between different forms & vessels, which would in practice via the spores upon commencing transaction seem as taking spirits of the beast & then immediately using the stolen powers to fend off out-bursting spirits defending the beast.

    Which is why Onaga offered a separate possibility as to controlling spirit of the beast. [↑](#footnote-ref-20)
22. The spirit intake from the Spore hasn't yet been compiled within the kingdom's storage facilities which is done in a fashion causing the beast to lose it's grip over the stolen spirit mass giving the owner complete control over the spirit mass, before the Spore compiles the stolen spirit mass into the kingdom - the spirit still has a connected link with its respective beast. [↑](#footnote-ref-21)
23. Spirits lose their identity once being absorbed by a sentient being [↑](#footnote-ref-22)
24. Hybrids are the fusion of mortal and spirit, in our case most of the hybrids were formed when spirit beast Moon broke into the lands, causing chaos, infusing the physical with its spirit, causing the creation of the hybrids.

    The spirits infused within the hybrids don't necessarily correlate themselves to their source - Moon, some spirits do, but usually the fusion of the hybrid generates a change within the spirit causing it to stand as an independent spirit with a new identity, a new cause. [↑](#footnote-ref-23)
25. Spirits without an identity that have been completely turned into masses of spiritual energy to be used as a force, a tool for it's user [↑](#footnote-ref-24)
26. Onaga gaining the beast's acceptance allowing him to control certain aspects would consider him an artificial host, but the beast would be very much not artificial [↑](#footnote-ref-25)
27. Different colors represented different groupings of strands within the spirit clusters, depending on the color, that being would be transferred to a separate location relevant for recruiting schools of sorcery related to that specific set of spirits. [↑](#footnote-ref-26)
28. A spell-Caster, such as Garok's first recruits to sorcery only had access to subsets of the spirit clusters, meaning they couldn't revoke a large portion of the spirit mass owned by beings with large quantities of spirit mass, since they only own a small portion of it. [↑](#footnote-ref-27)
29. They are protected from threatening forces lurking the Void, and they are hidden from the eyes of Play-Maker's & Spell-Maker's kingdoms [↑](#footnote-ref-28)
30. Reaching outside the force-field shielding & containing both empires [↑](#footnote-ref-29)
31. Through time the Ender Kingdom lost interest in pursuing external forces [↑](#footnote-ref-30)
32. His superiority was never questioned before the formation of The Council, but now, as the time passed, because the mortal realms had populated to a wider scale, the superiority seemed greater [↑](#footnote-ref-31)
33. Friction generates extra energy, not just the death of battle, providing souls for consumption, the passion and courage etc of a warrior generates a fuller soul, collectively generating a larger amount of spirit intake. [↑](#footnote-ref-32)
34. The unoccupied verses within the realms between the territories of the Ether, and on the other end of the isle - the Nether. [↑](#footnote-ref-33)
35. One of the many beasts lurking the void [↑](#footnote-ref-34)
36. The highest level of authority to be granted to individuals, this signals no sith should have hesitation regarding Shinnok's validity as a sith, and also his high acceptance within the hierarchy. [↑](#footnote-ref-35)
37. The Interpreter was of a distinct species of creatures called Mimics that are to have gone extinct long ago being the last of its kind. The Interpreter absorbs a relatively small piece of its soul within the targeted being it wishes to mirror, apprehending its consciousness, the creature would place part of its soul into the oblivion, there it could apprehend a mirror of the habitants trapped there within. [↑](#footnote-ref-36)
38. Beings aren't usually simply welcomed into the sith force, the conversion process usually requires the being to indure an exponential amount of pain, by splitting his soul sending its half to the oblivion, and a meager number of years of training the use of the dark arts. [↑](#footnote-ref-37)
39. The earlier Immortals, namely Neou, Khor, Spore-Master, Nova, Prime, Decider [↑](#footnote-ref-38)
40. Wrath was the largest clan within the verse, they had numerous forts throughout the verse [↑](#footnote-ref-39)
41. Nodes were the massive nether chambers containing chaotic friction between beings within, with various floors containing separate levels of skilled warriors in each. [↑](#footnote-ref-40)
42. meaning, not letting one of the tribes burst into control, eventually growing into a dominating power, seizing control over the verse, eventually becoming capable to detach itself from the reign of the Immortals. [↑](#footnote-ref-41)
43. tribes refer to schools of sorcery [↑](#footnote-ref-42)