

Astrael vs Nyxar

The ruins of Elarion crack and crumble, flames licking the fallen stone as smoke coils through the air. Ash darkens the sky, and broken spires litter the ground, like bones jutting from the rubble. Nyxar and Astrael approach the center—Nyxar clad in armor etched with runes of darkness and eternal night, glowing with a fierce, violent purple, his form flickering between visible and transparent; Astrael encased in radiant plate inscribed with runes of everlasting sunshine and light. Astrael wields Dawnpiercer, a sword forged from pure starlight, while Nyxar grips Gravebind, a blade born from the darkness of eternal night.

Nyxar's voice booms across the shattered ruins.

"You cling to light as if it could save you from the eternal night."

The earth trembles beneath the weight of his words.

Astrael retorts, "I stand for those who have fallen, the forgotten ones."

Dawnpiercer glows brighter at his words.

Nyxar sneers, his voice dripping with contempt.

“You wield light like a child waves a torch in a tempest. It will do nothing but burn your fingers.”

Astrael meets his gaze, unyielding.

“Better to burn bright for a moment than to live forever in darkness.”

They rush towards each other, blades colliding in a dazzling storm of light and darkness. Lightning strikes the ruins, causing them to collapse in a deafening crack. As their swords clash again, the impact throws out a shockwave that pushes them both back, crumbled ruins tossed as if they were made of paper. Suddenly, Nyxar vanishes and appears behind Astrael. Astrael pivots just in time to block the strike, their clash sending up a shower of starfire.

Ghostly echoes ripple through the air — faint whispers of the past, the ones forgotten in the bloody massacres of war, whispers of the blood shed and lives forgotten on these stones.

Astrael says defiantly, “I carry every name you’ve tried to bury. And I burn brighter with each one.”

Nyxar sneers, voice low and deadly, “Names are ashes beneath my feet. Your fire is a fleeting flare—soon swallowed by the eternal dark I command. Burn all you want. I will be the shadow that snuffs you out.”

Nyxar swings his sword, unleashing dark shrieking echoes of daggers flying at Astrael. She retaliates with a blinding slash of piercing light, they collide in a blinding storm of light and darkness. A rift rips open during the chaos, shattering the smoke-filled sky, light bending around it, almost like it’s getting sucked in. A tremendous claw reaches through the rupture, scales clashing in hues of blood red and midnight black. Through the rift, black, churning skies are visible, crackling with storms of crimson and black thunder.

The claw digs into the sky itself, dragging the rift wider with a shriek like splitting metal and screaming wind. Cracks splinter across the heavens.

Then, it begins to emerge.

One head pushes through first, head wreathed in a glowing inferno, eyes burning like coal, smoke trailing from his nostrils. It lets out a cacophonous roar, flames lashing across the smoky clouds.

Another follows, slick and serpentine, scales the color of midnight blue, water dripping from her fangs. Rain begins to pour from the sky.

The third bursts through the rift, its maw filled with vibrant lightning, arcs of electricity dancing between his sharp, jagged horns. Thunder cracks and lightning begins to strike the ground.

Stone comes next, rough-hewn and ancient, crowned with spires of crumbling rock, his eyes reflecting times long past.

And last, wind emerges, almost translucent, invisible head, swirling with the untamed power of the storm, its roar shaking the sky, sending debris spiraling up into the air.

The body follows, vast and coiled, scales flickering with elemental chaos. It doesn't simply enter this realm, it

claims it. Nature itself bending to its will, as if it recognizes its dominion.

Drakaris speaks in a slow, deep, and chillingly calm voice,

“I was not summoned. I was not born.

I am the storm that devours stars, the fire that consumes worlds,

the abyss where light dies.

You built your fragile realm on borrowed time and hollow hope.

Now the reckoning comes, etched in flame and shadow.

Do not mistake me for wrath.

I do not rage. I am the cold inevitability that crushes beneath thunder and scorched earth.

Each head breathes ruin—fire that melts your bones, storms that shatter skies, seas that drown all memory, stone that buries hope, and void that swallows souls.

I am the convergence of endings, the death of every element you hold dear.

I carry no hatred. That would imply you mattered.
You are nothing but ash and echoes beneath my claws.

This is not war.

This is unmaking—
the final unravelling of all you cherish.

Stand against me, and I will tear your world apart,
breathing ruin in every gust, scorching every heartbeat,
until not even the faintest whisper of your existence
remains.”

Drakaris lets out a cacophonous roar, heads overlapping
in a horrific, strident shriek. Then everything goes black.