



# The Purge of the Gods

*A World of Darkness and Absolute Power*

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### Synopsis:

In a distant future, humanity has been reduced to its bare minimum by an immortal elite that has transformed nanotechnology and biotechnology into magical powers. Amidst this dark setting, Zevid Rokchild, the last remnant of a disgraced family, devises a plan to purge the world and establish himself as the sole absolute ruler.

A world where there is no redemption or justice, only absolute power and total submission. Who will survive the silence of the gods?

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## Chapter 1: Ashes of the Empire

The air smelled of ashes and death as Zevid Rokchild moved with calm strides through the ruins of what was once a capital of the Eternals. The towers, once imposing symbols of his caste's absolute power, now stood like deformed skeletons, consumed by fire. Yet there was no glory in the destruction. Not for him. All of this was nothing more than a chessboard, and each step brought him closer to his victory.

His feet, light as shadows, moved with precision through the devastated streets, where the bodies of the fallen lay scattered among the debris. Soldiers of the Earthborn, the ignorant who had been manipulated into believing in a false cause, lay mixed with the warriors of the Eternals, those self-proclaimed gods who had ruled the world for a thousand years. A world he was about to shape to his will.

Chaos reigned everywhere. The battles between the Earthborn and the Eternals, amid dust and flames, consumed the last forces of both sides. But for Zevid, it was just the background noise of a master plan. Each explosion, each attack, each death... everything was calculated. And soon, the board would be empty, ready to be dominated.

As he advanced, a patrol of Earthborn soldiers ran past in the distance. They shouted for victory, convinced they were about to destroy the Eternals, those beings they believed to be invincible. Zevid did not stop them nor cast them a glance. He knew their fate was already sealed. They were nothing but disposable tools, pawns in a much larger game.

He crossed under a collapsed arch, once the entrance to the Great Twilight Plaza, where the Dark Tower stood, a vestige of the Eternals' power. The Arcontes, the lowest among them, had been responsible for managing the Earth-

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born, while the most powerful families maintained control from above. What few knew was that beneath the worn stone facade, the tower housed the laboratory where the secrets of magic, biotechnology, and nanotechnology that kept the Eternals eternally young and powerful were stored. Zevid did not need to be warned. He had known those secrets for a long time, because he was not an ordinary Arconte: his family was once one of the ten great ones, and those secrets had been his inheritance. Now, he was about to claim what was rightfully his.

He looked at the partially collapsed tower, the structure still intact at its base. "Soon," he thought coldly. "All of this will be mine." His breathing remained steady, and his heart showed no emotion. Emptiness was all he felt. There was no pleasure in conquest, only the cold precision of calculation.

A sound behind him made him turn his head. A thin, bloodied figure was staggering toward him. It was one of his followers, a young Earthborn whom he had "instructed" himself in the rudiments of magic—or rather, technology—which to the ignorant was nothing more than sorcery. His face reflected a mix of desperation and fear.

"Master?" he asked with a trembling voice. "What do we do now? The city... is collapsing. Our people are dying..."

Zevid looked at him, not with compassion, but with a disdain hidden beneath a mask of calm. This young man still served him. For now.

"Everything is going according to plan," he said in a soft, assured tone. "The Eternals are losing ground. Our moment will come soon. You just need to trust me."

The young man nodded frantically, as if Zevid's words were an anchor in the midst of a storm. Like many Earth-

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born, he believed in the myth of the Hero that Zevid had meticulously crafted. He did not realize that he was not in front of a savior but the architect of his own destruction.

“Go and gather the others,” Zevid ordered, pointing north. “Lead our men to the second line. Make sure they hold until I give the signal.”

The young man nodded once more and ran toward the battlefield, without hesitation, without question. He believed he was fighting for a just cause, but Zevid knew the signal he awaited would never come. At least, not for him.

Once alone again, Zevid advanced toward the hidden doors of the Dark Tower. His fingers traced the smooth surface of what appeared to be stone but was in fact a much more advanced material, a biotechnological safeguard that only those with the proper knowledge could pass. A slight smile crossed his lips. He had awaited this moment all his life.

Before him was the laboratory where the Eternals kept the true power. The guardians of biotechnology and nanotechnology, those who kept the families immortal and capable of feats the Earthborn could only dream of, did not know their downfall was near. While outside the war continued to ravage the city, within these walls lay the future Zevid would shape.

He tapped an ancient code into a hidden panel, and the doors emitted a soft hum before slowly opening, revealing a dark and gleaming corridor where biotechnology intertwined with memories of a lost past. Zevid stepped forward, leaving behind the chaos and ashes of a burning empire.

Within those walls, the real game was just beginning. And he had already won.

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## Chapter 2: The Last of the Rokchilds

The days in the Lower City were shrouded in a layer of gray smoke that obscured the sky. Zevid Rokchild, with his small and slender figure, walked the dusty streets, always in the shadows, never drawing attention. The fate of his family had condemned him to live among the Terrestrials, those who barely understood their place in the world, and for someone like Zevid, it was a constant torment.

The people around him, as always, ignored him. Why wouldn't they? Zevid was neither tall, nor strong, nor charismatic. He didn't possess the commanding features of the heroes the Terrestrials admired, those perfect warriors who dominated the tales and legends still circulating in the taverns. His face, thin and devoid of any striking features, inspired neither respect nor admiration. If they looked at him, they only saw an insignificant man, one of many in the crowd.

And that gave him an absolute advantage.

Zevid didn't need to be seen. He didn't need to be adored. All he needed was the ignorance of others, which turned him into an invisible spectator and allowed him to see people's true selves. His talent, his only advantage, was his ability to see beyond appearances, to decipher the true thoughts, hidden desires, and deepest fears of those around him. He knew exactly what people wanted, what they feared to say, what they would never admit even to themselves. And with that information, he pulled the strings from the shadows.

The Terrestrials that surrounded him were like open books to him. Their gestures, their looks, their barely perceptible murmurs, all told him more than any words could express. He knew they despised or ignored him for his ap-

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pearance, but he also knew that allowed him to manipulate them effortlessly.

He passed by a group of men gathered outside a tavern, talking about the uprising. The town's "hero," the charismatic and brave figure everyone believed was leading them to freedom, was just a façade. A myth created by Zevid. No one suspected that this hero, so perfect, existed only in the Terrestrials' imagination. The real strategist, the true architect of the uprising, was Zevid, who had crafted the hero from the shadows, allowing himself to be seen only as his lieutenant.

No one wanted to follow someone like him, but a hero, a savior with a perfect smile and overflowing charisma... yes. That was the role he played, and he did it flawlessly.

A burly man with a scarred face saw him and approached with determined steps. It was Talen, a blacksmith who had believed in the cause with all his heart. Zevid had deliberately chosen him, knowing that his blind faith in a leader would make him a loyal but also predictable follower.

"Master Rokchild," Talen said in a deep voice, slightly bowing his head in respect. "The men are beginning to murmur. They think the war is too big for us. That the Hero won't be able to defeat the Eternals. What do we do?"

Zevid let his gaze rest on Talen for a moment. He knew that behind the façade of loyalty, fear and doubt had already taken root in the blacksmith's heart. He noticed it in his eyes, in the tightness of his jaw. He had anticipated it long before Talen himself knew it. It was one of his virtues: seeing fear before it fully manifested.

"The Hero always knows what he's doing," Zevid replied coldly, keeping the myth alive. "If some men doubt, it's because they don't understand the greatness of what we

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are building. Don't worry about them. Doubt is a poison not everyone can resist. Only the strong will follow to the end."

Talen nodded, although Zevid could see he wasn't completely convinced. Still, the man trusted the Hero more than his own doubts. Zevid had created that image of perfection precisely for these situations, so that his faith would be unshakable. Talen only needed to hear the Hero's name to keep going, even if there was no clear proof of his existence.

When the blacksmith walked away, Zevid continued on his path, lost in his thoughts. Each step brought him closer to his goal, but the key to everything was to remain invisible. People like Talen had no idea that Zevid Rokchild, the insignificant lieutenant, was the one truly pulling the strings. And that was his advantage. From the shadows, he could move the pieces on the board without anyone suspecting his true intentions.

A tall, handsome man full of charisma would have been the object of attention, of scrutiny. But not him. No one noticed Zevid. And that was his true power.

As he approached the borders of the Lower City, his eyes rose to the high towers of the Eternals, those towers that seemed to touch the sky, unreachable for most Terrestrials. He knew that for many, those towers represented the invincible fortress of the living gods. For Zevid, they were just another part of the game.

Soon, those towers would fall, and with them, both the Eternals and the Terrestrials. No one was prepared for what he planned. Not even the false Hero everyone believed they were following.

Zevid barely smiled, a thin, cold smile, and continued on his way.



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## Chapter 3: Gods and Monsters

Dawn was just beginning to paint the sky as Zevid Rokchild watched the Dark Tower from the shadows. The structure rose imposingly in the Great Twilight Plaza, a fortress at the heart of the City of the Eternals. To most Earthlings, it was a symbol of immeasurable power, a relic of the gods who had reigned for a thousand years. To Zevid, it was something else: the last obstacle between him and the absolute control of the power that had allowed the Eternals to rule for so long.

But the Dark Tower was not unprotected. Zevid knew that the **Sentinels of Dawn** resided there, the ten most powerful warriors of the Eternals, each from one of the main families. These warriors had been shaped by centuries of evolution, their bodies perfected by the nanotechnology and biotechnology that the rest of the world believed to be magic. Their speed, their strength, their combat skills were unmatched. And most importantly: they protected the Dark Tower with such ferocity that any attempt to enter without their permission was suicide.

The Sentinels of Dawn were not just soldiers; they were legends. Each possessed specific powers that made the Earthlings tremble, and for generations, no one had dared to challenge them. But that was the key. No one had challenged them because no one knew how. Zevid did.

For years, he had planned this moment. He knew that the Sentinels would never leave the tower without a threat large enough. A threat that could not be ignored or delegated. That was why he had orchestrated the revolution, why he had carefully built the image of the Hero, the perfect leader who would inspire the Earthlings to believe they could face the gods.

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And now, thanks to that illusion, the Sentinels were distracted. The war raging in the streets was not just a revolt; it was the perfect decoy. The Earthlings, guided by the false promise of magic and freedom, were fighting in the city like never before. The chaos he had unleashed was nothing more than a maneuver to clear the path to the tower.

Zevid crouched in the shadow of a nearby building and watched the great plaza. He knew he couldn't move forward until he was sure the Sentinels were occupied, and now, thanks to the war, they were. The Earthlings had achieved something that seemed impossible: forcing the Sentinels of Dawn to leave their post at the Dark Tower to defend their own.

An explosion echoed in the distance, and Zevid smiled. The chaos was reaching its peak. He had trained a small group of Earthlings to master fragments of the "magic" he himself had deciphered. They weren't as powerful as the Sentinels, but they were strong enough to appear as a real threat. That group, whom the other Earthlings called **The Bearers of the Flame**, was fighting in the city, using their rudimentary powers to confront the Eternals and their guardians.

The purpose of The Bearers of the Flame was not to win the war but to prolong it long enough for the Sentinels to believe the threat was real. And it seemed to be working. Zevid watched two of the Sentinels, recognizable by their gleaming armor, moving away from the tower towards the battle lines. Two fewer to guard the entrance.

The plan was working perfectly.

Zevid descended from his hidden position and began moving through the alleys surrounding the plaza. He knew that, even with most of the Sentinels distracted, a few still remained inside. Entering would not be easy. But he had calculated every detail, every variable. The Earthlings

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thought they were fighting for their freedom, the Eternals believed they were defending their dominion, but neither knew the truth. This war had no winners, only victims. And Zevid was neither. He was beyond both sides, using the war as his tool.

With quick and silent steps, Zevid approached the Dark Tower. The doors, gigantic and engraved with ancient inscriptions that the Earthlings believed mystical, loomed before him. He knew he couldn't enter without triggering the security mechanisms. However, he had anticipated that too.

In the preceding months, he had bribed and manipulated one of the few Eternals with limited access to the tower, a member of a lesser family that had fallen from grace. This Eternal, seduced by the promise of an impossible redemption, had given Zevid the access codes for the lower levels. It wouldn't be enough to reach the core of the laboratory, but it would allow him to enter and move to where he needed.

Zevid approached the hidden panel, a piece of technology camouflaged in the stone of the door. With precise movements, he entered the code. The door emitted a soft hum and opened slowly, revealing the dark interior of the tower. There was no time to lose. He entered without a sound and let the doors close behind him.

The interior of the Dark Tower was everything Zevid expected and more. Columns of metal and glass ran along the walls, connected to life support systems that maintained the biotechnological experiments that fed the Eternals. The technology here was so advanced that to the Earthlings it would be indistinguishable from magic, but to him, it was just another tool in his plan. He knew how it worked, and soon he would control every aspect of it.

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He moved through the dark corridors, avoiding the few surveillance cameras that were still active. The Sentinels had reduced security, relying too much on their power. Zevvid knew that arrogance would be their downfall. As he advanced toward the central laboratory, where the secrets of the Eternals' biotechnology were kept, he heard the echoes of battle in the distance. The Bearers of the Flame were still fighting, buying him the time he needed.

Every step brought him closer to his goal. And when he reached the laboratory, nothing and no one could stop him.

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## Chapter 4: The Birth of the Myth

Zevid had always understood a fundamental truth about the Earthbound: they didn't need a real savior, just the illusion of one. During his time among them, he realized that the only thing more powerful than reality was perception. People believed what they wanted to believe, and the Earthbound, trapped in their despair, longed for something that made them feel change was possible. Zevid wasn't charismatic or imposing; he didn't have the qualities of an inspiring leader, but he did possess the most dangerous skill of all: he could understand people better than they understood themselves.

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He spent months observing from the shadows. The resistance cells were small and fragmented, each led by a leader with their own agenda, grievances, and methods. They all believed they were heroes, fighting for a greater cause, but in reality, they were just children playing at war, with no idea of what it took to overthrow the Eternals. Their attacks were uncoordinated and mostly insignificant. But what Zevid saw was potential, not in their strength, but in their desperation.

The first group he manipulated was a small cell operating on the outskirts of an industrial city. He didn't approach them as a leader or a savior. Instead, he infiltrated as an advisor, someone who knew how to survive in the oppressive world they lived in. At first, he only offered small suggestions, observing how each member reacted, how they followed orders without even realizing it. Zevid noticed the hidden fears, buried ambitions, and most importantly, the insecurities of those who believed themselves leaders.

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It didn't take long for him to see the perfect crack to begin shaping the myth. He knew he couldn't be the one to lead, not with his lack of charisma or physical presence. But that didn't worry him because true power didn't lie in being at the center of the action, but in controlling what happened on the fringes.

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One night, during a clandestine meeting of the resistance cell, Zevid began to plant the seeds of the myth.

"I've heard rumors of a warrior, a man who fights beyond the limits of the capital," he whispered to the group's leader, a man he had already studied thoroughly and who desperately craved a victory.

The man, intrigued, looked up. "Who is this warrior?"

Zevid looked at him cautiously, knowing exactly what to say to ignite the spark of imagination. "No one knows for sure. He moves in the shadows, strikes only when necessary. He doesn't seek glory or recognition, just justice for the Earthbound. Some say he possesses a magic even the Eternals cannot stop."

The words had the effect Zevid expected. There was no need to present evidence or detail stories. People, especially the desperate, filled in the gaps with their own desires. And so, the myth began to grow.

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What followed was a masterful act of manipulation. Zevid never presented concrete evidence of this Hero's existence, nor did he bother to do so. On the contrary, he mentioned it casually, letting the rumors spread on their own.

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In every resistance cell he visited, he dropped the idea of the Hero, knowing that the Earthbound, eager to believe in something, would take that idea and make it their own.

As the legend of the Hero spread, Zevid stayed on the sidelines, watching as the different cells began to coordinate more ambitious attacks, believing they were following the steps of this mythical warrior. And the brilliance of his strategy was that he didn't need to do anything heroic or rise on any front. The myth of the Hero took on a life of its own, fueled by the desperation of the Earthbound and their desire for hope.

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Zevid had created a phantom, a shadow that could never be captured or confirmed, and precisely because of that, it was perfect. The Eternals, though unaware of the Earthbound's resistance, began to hear the rumors. The legend of an unstoppable warrior who could unleash chaos among the ranks of the Eternals started to reach even the capitals.

But while everyone looked toward that mythical figure, believing salvation came from a warrior in the shadows, Zevid continued working from the fringes. He used the illusion of the Hero to unite the resistance cells, coordinating attacks with precision, but never taking the credit. What no one understood was that there wasn't a single man behind the attacks. The Hero was just a disguise, a tool.

Zevid didn't have the charisma or the ability to be the Hero the Earthbound longed for, but he didn't need to be. All he needed was the ability to understand what others wanted to believe. And that was his true magic: the ability to manipulate the hearts and minds of those around him without them realizing they were being manipulated.

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The myth grew, and the Earthbound began to fight with more strength, convinced they were being guided by someone greater than themselves. Meanwhile, Zevid was preparing his final move. He knew that, at the right moment, he could use that myth to unleash a war that would force the Sentinels to move and clear his path to the Dark Tower. Everything was aligning, and neither the Eternals nor the Earthbound had any idea they had fallen into Zevid's game.



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## Chapter 5: The Price of Power

Zevid always knew that accessing the Dark Tower wouldn't be a matter of mere strength or physical skill. Despite his ability to manipulate both the Mortals and the Eternals, he understood that the true key to his plan did not lie in political games or war. What he needed was access to the codes that controlled the Tower, the biotechnological fortress that fueled the power of the Eternals. These codes were not just the key to entry but the means to modify the biotech network that kept the eternal families in their state of perfection.

Zevid was neither a Mortal nor an outsider to power. His family was once one of the ten great houses, the architects of the world they now ruled. However, due to the mistakes of past generations, his lineage had fallen from grace, reduced to the lowest position among the Eternals: the Arcontes, tasked with managing the Mortals. But Zevid refused to accept this degradation. He knew that to claim his rightful place and dismantle the current order, he needed more than ambition: he needed knowledge.

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For years, Zevid studied biotech programming, not because he was particularly talented or inclined towards science, but because he understood it was the only path to power. He couldn't become a master, but he didn't need to. His goal wasn't to control the entire system, just to make the necessary changes to dismantle the network that sustained the immortality of the Eternals. Zevid studied enough to reach that minimum level, spending endless hours reviewing fragments of information about the biotechnology that sustained his own class.

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There was a vulnerability in the network: if he could obtain the right access and programming codes, he could modify the network to gradually weaken the Eternals. It wouldn't be a direct hit, but precise enough to start making their immortality system fail. The real challenge lay not in executing this programming but in acquiring those codes.

That's when he found **Ghedar**, a low-ranking Eternal. Ghedar wasn't just anyone: he was an engineer responsible for maintaining the biotech infrastructure, a technically important position but lacking glory within the great houses. Although immortal and powerful compared to the Mortals, Ghedar had been relegated to a life of insignificance within the Eternal hierarchy, making him vulnerable. Zevid saw an opportunity in him.

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Manipulating Ghedar wasn't a quick or easy task. The Eternals, even the most discontented, were cautious. But Zevid didn't need to rush. He knew that dissatisfaction was like a slow wound, and if handled well, it could be used to his advantage. For months, Zevid wove a web of intrigue and rumors, making Ghedar start to doubt his place in the power structure. He spoke to him of the myth of the Hero who, in the shadows, was beginning to pull the strings of a revolution among the Mortals. Although Ghedar was hesitant at first, the promise of change intrigued him.

Zevid didn't need Ghedar to openly betray the Eternals, just to provide him with the access codes. He knew it wouldn't be an easy task, but he played on Ghedar's latent ambition. He hinted that with those codes, Ghedar could position himself better in the new power structure that would emerge from the chaos Zevid was about to unleash. He offered him the possibility of having a more prominent role, of regaining the status he so desired.

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In the end, Ghedar relented. He did so not out of loyalty to Zevid, but for his ambition. The access codes, hidden deep within the biotech network, were handed over to Zevid, with Ghedar believing that if he played his cards right, he could gain something in the process. He didn't suspect that by giving those codes, he was sealing his own fate and that of all the Eternals.

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With the codes in his possession, Zevid now had the access he needed. The years of study would now bear fruit. He knew he wasn't a programming genius or a master in biotechnology, but he didn't need to be. All he required was the minimum to input the correct commands and execute the modifications that would weaken the system keeping the Eternals alive. The biotechnological network that sustained them could be altered to gradually start breaking down. It wouldn't be an instant strike, but over time, the effects would be devastating.

Zevid's plan was not only to eliminate the Eternals but to initiate a new purge, more efficient than the last. This time, not only the Mortals he despised would fall, but also the very immortals who had degraded him. And when it was all over, only those he deemed worthy of his new order would remain. Ghedar and the other Eternals would never see what was coming, and when they did, it would already be too late.

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## Chapter 6: The War Board

The roar of battle echoed in the distance, muffled by the thick walls of the Dark Tower. Zevid Rokchild walked calmly through the corridors, his small and slender figure moving unseen, as everything he had planned began to fall into place. The Sentinels of the Dawn, the ten most powerful warriors of the Eternals, were out fighting against the Flame Bearers, the group of “magical” Earthlings he had trained to appear as a real threat. Of the ten Sentinels, only two remained in the Tower, guarding the last vestige of the Eternals’ absolute power.

But Zevid didn’t need more than two.

The Sentinels of the Dawn were not mere soldiers. They were the pinnacle of evolution and nanotechnology, their minds connected through quantum links. This connection allowed them to operate as a single entity, anticipating movements, reacting in perfect sync. That’s why no one had been able to challenge them for a thousand years. But it was also why Zevid knew exactly how to destroy them.

The Sentinels received their information and energy from the intertwined quantum links that connected them not only to each other but to the biotechnological network that sustained them. However, Zevid had discovered a key vulnerability: if one of those intertwined links was altered, it wouldn’t collapse the entire system, but it would trigger quantum decoherence that he could manipulate. This decoherence would force one of the Sentinels to act unpredictably. For his plan to work, he needed to reduce the number of active Sentinels to just two, so that the alteration of the link would pit them against each other in a chaotic state.

This had not been an easy task. Just obtaining an **entangled quantum** with one of the Sentinels had required

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sacrifices that still burned deep in his mind. His own parents, former members of the elite who had fallen from grace along with the Rokchilds, still carried in their bodies the encoded information of the Sentinels, a legacy from when their family had been one of the most powerful among the Eternals. But giving up that information was something they would never have done voluntarily.

Zevid had to torture them, forcing them to yield the secrets that clung to their bodies as the last proof of their former glory. His father had resisted to the end, clinging to the illusion that they would one day regain their status. His mother had pleaded, trying to appeal to the little humanity that remained in him. But Zevid felt no compassion. Only power. And so, when both broke, when they had nothing left to give, he killed them. Not because he hated them, but because they were no longer useful.

That entangled quantum he had extracted from their bodies now allowed him to manipulate the Sentinels remaining in the tower. But there was something else that made him even more lethal: using that quantum, Zevid could induce **quantum decoherence**, a collapse of the infinite possibilities that kept the Sentinels in perfect sync. By forcing this collapse, Zevid could push them into one of the infinite possible states where the two remaining Sentinels would see each other as a threat.

It was a huge risk. But Zevid knew that, with only two active Sentinels, he could force that outcome.

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He reached a large sealed door. He knew that behind it lay the central laboratory of the Dark Tower, the heart of the biotechnological network that had kept the Eternals in power for centuries. The remaining Sentinels were inside,

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guarding what they believed was an inviolable secret. But Zevid had already dismantled their defenses without them even knowing it.

He approached the control panel next to the door and, with a precise movement, entered the code he had obtained through carefully orchestrated bribes and manipulations over months. The door emitted a soft hum and slid aside, revealing a bright room, filled with the most advanced machinery that Earthlings could never understand. There, in the center of the room, stood the two remaining Sentinels.

One of them, a tall man with golden hair and sparkling eyes, looked at him with a mixture of surprise and disdain. Beside him, a woman with silver hair raised her hand, as if she were about to disintegrate him on the spot. Both Sentinels still felt invulnerable, trusting in their perfection and quantum connection.

“Rokchild,” the man said in a deep voice. “You cannot be here.”

Zevid was unfazed. He knew he had no chance of confronting them physically, but he didn’t need to.

“Oh, I most certainly can,” he replied, his voice as cold as steel. “And, in fact, I’m here to stay.”

The Sentinels exchanged a glance, sensing the strange calm in Zevid. They didn’t know that, at that very moment, the entangled quantum he had obtained from his parents was already in action. Zevid activated the device hidden in his hand, channeling the quantum decoherence he had been manipulating for months.

What happened next was almost imperceptible. A slight fluctuation in the air, a moment where reality seemed to waver. The Sentinels moved in unison, but something had changed. Zevid had collapsed the infinite possibilities of the Rokchild Sentinel’s quantum link, forcing him into

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one of the many possible states in which he perceived the Morguhn Sentinel as a mortal threat. While the Morguhn Sentinel remained aware and in control, his companion now saw him as an enemy.

The silver-haired woman turned her face towards her companion, her eyes glowing with distrust. The golden-haired man stepped back, his hand clenching into a fist, as if trying to contain a sudden impulse. Within seconds, the quantum symbiosis that had kept them synchronized for centuries was broken.

“Traitor,” the woman whispered, and before she could stop herself, she launched a strike at her companion.

The man dodged it by pure reaction, and at that moment, chaos erupted. Both Sentinels, now unable to understand why, began attacking each other. Their powers, which had protected the tower for centuries, unleashed in a deadly dance of pure energy. The laboratory filled with explosions of light and force as the two fought fiercely, completely unaware of the true cause of their conflict.

Zevid took a step back, watching coldly as the two most powerful warriors of the Eternals destroyed each other. He didn’t need to fight. The chaos he had unleashed was enough to clear his path.

As the Sentinels battled, Zevid headed towards the core of the laboratory. There it was, the source of the power that for a thousand years had kept the Eternals as gods on earth. With a swift movement, he entered the commands he had memorized, and the system began to deactivate the protections.

The power of the Eternals, their “magic,” was now within his reach.

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## Chapter 7: The Price of Blood

The cold filled the air in the dark room, not just from the low temperature, but from the void of humanity that occupied it. Zevid looked at his parents, chained in front of him, their bodies weak, their skin pale, faces that were once powerful, now reduced to the misery they had spawned with their decadence. The only sound breaking the silence was their labored, ragged breathing as they waited for something, anything, to end the suffering.

Zevid, however, was in no rush.

He had spent his entire life waiting for this moment, not because he sought revenge or had scores to settle with them. In fact, he felt nothing towards his parents. No hatred, no resentment, not even the cold detachment that sometimes arises from family fractures. The only drive was his need for control, and they, his own parents, were just another obstacle between him and the absolute power he craved.

"You could have avoided this," Zevid whispered flatly as he surveyed the instruments he had arranged on the table beside him. He didn't say it as a threat, nor as a condemnation. It was simply a fact. For him, all of this had been inevitable.

His mother looked at him with narrowed eyes, unable to fully comprehend how they had ended up here. Confusion still etched on her aged features. How could her own son have betrayed them? But even at that moment, denial gripped her. **No, my son is not this**, her gaze seemed to convey, as the pain slowly tore her apart.

His father, on the other hand, knew exactly who Zevid was. He knew the cold calculator they had created was capable of anything. He had watched him grow, had seen him transform his silent hatred into insatiable ambition. He



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knew this day would come, but had foolishly hoped that perhaps love for his parents might stop him. **What a pathetic mistake.**

Zevid chose a small device from the table, a fine needle that gleamed under the dim light. He didn't bother to explain what it was or what it was for. There was no need for empty words. The silence between them was the only language that mattered now.

He approached his mother first. The needle pierced her skin gently, and the device began to release a current of electricity that activated the nerve receptors of her dormant biotechnology. It wasn't physical pain, but something deeper, something that connected with every cell in her body. She began to scream, not with the clamor of someone suffering a superficial wound, but with the echo of someone feeling their entire being breaking from within.

"Give me the codes for the entangled quantum," Zevid said, devoid of emotion, watching as his mother's body shook violently. Her screams echoed in the room, but to him, they were nothing more than background noise.

His father could not look away. He was aware that he would be next, and although he prepared to resist, he knew Zevid would not stop until he got what he wanted. The entangled quantum of the Rokchild Sentinel was the last key he needed for his plan. If he gained access to that quantum entanglement, he could manipulate the Sentinels from within. And Zevid had no intention of failing in this.

"Please..." his mother moaned between spasms, unable to continue resisting. Tears streamed down her cheeks, and the plea in her eyes found no response in her son.

Zevid kept the needle in place for a few more minutes, until his mother could barely keep screaming. When silence finally filled the room again, Zevid turned to his fa-

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ther.

“You’re next.”

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The torture was not quick, nor was it for spectacle. Zevid didn’t enjoy the pain he inflicted, but neither did he avoid it. To him, it was simply a tool, just like any other means of control. He knew exactly how much to press and when to stop. He knew it wasn’t a question of if he would get what he wanted, but when.

His father tried to resist. He tried to use the same psychological tactics that Zevid had learned from him in years of silent observation. But his son had surpassed his master long ago. Every blow, every shock, every moment of suffering was calculated with precision to push him to the limit and beyond. There was no hope or escape. There was no redemption.

Finally, when his father’s will broke like glass, Zevid got what he needed: access to the entangled quantum of the Rokchild Sentinel. That critical piece of information his family had protected for generations now belonged to him. No matter the cost. Zevid had achieved it.

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As his parents lay on the ground, unable to move, their bodies turned to wreckage by pain, Zevid looked at them one last time. But not with rancor, not with satisfaction. Only with absolute indifference.

“I don’t care if they hate me,” he murmured, more to himself than to them. His voice echoed like a cold reverberation in the empty room. “They never did.”

He turned away, leaving behind the bodies of those who once raised him. He didn’t look back. He felt no remorse, no pain, no guilt. It didn’t matter if they were his

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parents. It didn't matter if they once shared more than blood. To Zevid, the only thing that mattered was control. And that control was finally in his hands.

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This chapter is the definitive breaking point. Zevid tortures his own parents without feeling compassion or malice, only the need for power. There is no emotional justification or revenge, just the cold ambition of someone willing to destroy everything, even those who should have meant something to him, for absolute control.

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## Chapter 8: The Knife in the Shadow

The roar of battle continued to echo within the Dark Tower, the clash of the two Sentinels filling the air with flashes of energy and explosions of biotechnological power. Zevid Rokchild's plan had worked perfectly, at least partially: the Rokchild Sentinel, trapped in the quantum decoherence that Zevid had provoked with the entangled quantum particle, now saw the other Sentinel as a mortal threat. However, the other warrior, belonging to the Morguhn house, remained fully aware and in control of his faculties. He had not been affected by Zevid's manipulation.

It was a risk Zevid had accepted from the start. He had only been able to entangle a quantum particle with the Sentinel of his own house, using the encoded information he had extracted from his parents' bodies. The quantum technology that kept the Sentinels synchronized was nearly invulnerable, and the mere fact of having manipulated one was already a monumental feat. But that left the other, the Morguhn Sentinel, completely untouched.

He watched from the shadows as the two warriors fought, the Rokchild Sentinel attacking with blind fury, while the Morguhn blocked each blow, still confused by his comrade's betrayal. Both were equally powerful, two beings perfected by centuries of biotechnological manipulation, and in any other situation, this fight would have no clear winner. But Zevid needed them to destroy each other. That was the only way.

The Morguhn Sentinel began to counterattack, using his superhuman speed to move with lethal precision, while the Rokchild Sentinel delivered more erratic blows, driven by the altered perception Zevid had unleashed. The conflict, though balanced, could not last forever. The Rokchild

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Sentinel's fury made him vulnerable, and in his state of confusion, he was making mistakes. Small, but significant.

Zevid knew then that he had to tip the scales.

As the two Sentinels continued to fight, Zevid slipped toward the core of the laboratory. The tower's systems, although still operational, were no longer fully protected. The chaos of the battle was distracting both warriors, but it had also destabilized part of the quantum system that powered their synchronization. Zevid knew he couldn't wait much longer. If the Morguhn Sentinel managed to defeat his comrade without succumbing in the process, the entire plan would fall apart.

He reached the core, a control console surrounded by a complex network of biological cables and pulsating lights. He entered the commands he had memorized. The code, obtained through bribes and manipulation, began to disable the system's defenses.

As the console's lights flickered, Zevid saw the opportunity to turn the battle in his favor. With one last command, he sent a small overload to the quantum network that controlled the lines of information between the Sentinels. It wasn't enough to completely destabilize the Morguhn Sentinel, but it did create a brief moment of hesitation, an instant where his internal synchronization failed.

The Rokchild Sentinel, in his unleashed fury, did not miss that opportunity. With a wild cry, he delivered a blow with all his might, striking the Morguhn Sentinel in the torso and sending him backward. It was a devastating but not lethal blow.

Zevid smiled, but only for a second. The Morguhn Sentinel was still standing, gravely wounded but not defeated. And what was worse: now he knew it wasn't his comrade who had betrayed him. He knew there was some-

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thing else, something in the shadows that was manipulating the situation.

The Morguhn Sentinel briefly looked at his comrade and then at the laboratory, as if sensing Zevid's presence. In a moment of desperation, with his last strength, he raised his hand and began to charge a final attack. If that attack reached the core, the entire laboratory would collapse, and with it, the control Zevid was about to obtain.

He couldn't allow it.

"Finish him!" whispered Zevid, although he knew the Rokchild Sentinel could neither hear nor consciously obey him.

But at that moment, the Rokchild Sentinel, still trapped in quantum decoherence, launched one final brutal attack. A ray of pure energy shot through the air and struck the Morguhn Sentinel squarely before he could release his final attack. The explosion of energy filled the room, and for a moment, everything fell silent.

When the smoke cleared, Zevid advanced slowly. Both Sentinels lay on the ground, their bodies broken by the intensity of the battle. The room was destroyed, but the laboratory's core remained intact, glowing with a dim but stable light.

Zevid approached the core calmly, his heart as cold as ever. It had been a risky move, but it had worked. He entered the last command into the console, and the remaining system defenses collapsed. The biotechnological technology that had kept the Eternals in power for centuries was now at his disposal.

Absolute power.

As the room returned to normal and the echo of battle faded, Zevid looked at the fallen Sentinels' bodies. For a thousand years, these warriors had protected the Eternals'

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power, believing their perfection made them invincible. But even gods could fall. It only took a man clever enough, ruthless enough, to find their weaknesses.

Without wasting any more time, Zevid began transferring the system's data to the device he had brought with him. It was the end of an era and the beginning of another. A new purge loomed, one he himself would orchestrate. He would select those who were worthy, those who deserved to survive, and eliminate the rest, just as he had done with his own family.

The gods were dead. And in their place stood Zevid Rokchild, the true master of the board.

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## Chapter 9: The War of Hidden Science

On the outskirts of what was once a thriving city, a resistance cell composed of a thousand trained Terrenals awaited their fate. They were disciplined fighters, pushed to the limits of their physical and mental capacities, and all knew their goal was to challenge the control of the Eternals. But although they had courage, they had no idea what was coming.

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The Sentinel, a solitary warrior, moved through the shadows like a god of destruction. His body was not only strong and agile but also driven by a biotechnological network that connected him to a quantum system beyond the Terrenals' understanding. His eyes, modified to see beyond the visible spectrum, glowed like beacons as he located his prey, and his movements were so swift they seemed to blur before one's eyes.

To the Terrenals, his attacks seemed like pure magic. The Sentinel could create invisible barriers around him that stopped any projectile before it touched his skin. He launched energy bolts from his hands that pulverized the ground around him, and with a single blow, he could dismember several men at once. There were no bullets or human weapons that could even slow him down.

What the Terrenals didn't know was that everything the Sentinel did was science, not magic. The energy bolts were the result of biotechnological micro-generators implanted in his body, capable of channeling large amounts of energy stored in his enhanced biology. The invisible barriers were a force field created by advanced nanotechnology, able to manipulate molecules around him to deflect physical attacks.



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His entire being was designed to be the ultimate weapon, a creation of biotechnological engineering that the Terrenals could never aspire to.

And so, in a matter of minutes, the resistance cell, composed of a thousand trained men and women, was annihilated. There was no trace of their existence, except for the smoking ruins and dismembered bodies on the ground.

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Zevid watched from afar, hidden in the shadows. He had no interest in those Terrenals. He knew they were necessary sacrifices in his plan. The real struggle was not between them and the Eternals, but between him and the Sentinels. However, what he had learned in these months of observation was crucial: although the Terrenals could not match the power of the Sentinels or the Eternals, they could become useful tools for his plans.

The key was in the illusion of magic.

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Zevid had begun training small groups of Terrenals in what they believed was “magic,” but which was nothing more than a diluted, accessible version of the biotechnology the Eternals used. While observing the Sentinels fight, Zevid had learned the patterns, understood how the technology that made them seem invincible worked. He couldn’t replicate their power, but he could teach the Terrenals to use small doses of that science for their own benefit.

He didn’t explain that what he was teaching them wasn’t magic, but a rudimentary form of advanced technology. That didn’t matter. What mattered was that they could channel that energy enough to create small defensive barriers, to launch small bursts of energy. He knew they could

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never defeat a Sentinel in direct combat, but they didn't need to. If he managed to gather enough groups of well-trained Terrenals in the use of this "magic," they could form a powerful distraction, enough for him to reach his true goal: total control of the biotechnological network.

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Zevid began with small cells, from one hundred to two hundred Terrenals. He trained them without ever showing his true face or identity. To them, he was just an emissary of the Hero, a mythical figure that never existed but that they longed for. Zevid knew they didn't need to understand what they were doing, just to follow the instructions he gave them precisely.

The magic he was teaching wasn't powerful, but it was enough. They could deflect minor attacks, launch small energy rays that damaged structures, but most importantly, they could coordinate to create chaos. A group of two hundred Terrenals armed with this "magic" could cause enough destruction to force the Sentinels to disperse and focus on multiple fronts. And in that chaos, Zevid could act undetected.

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Zevid watched as his small armies grew in number and confidence. He knew they were nothing but pawns, but useful pawns. The Sentinels would see them as a growing threat, enough to mobilize their forces and leave their key points vulnerable. Zevid only needed an opening, a distraction big enough to enter the Dark Tower and complete his plan.

The Terrenals didn't know they were being used, didn't know they would never truly be able to defeat the Eternals.

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But that didn't matter. The key was in the chaos, and Zevid knew how to sow enough chaos for his plan to work.

While the Terrenals believed they were learning to fight against their oppressors, Zevid continued preparing his final move, one in which only he would emerge victorious.

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## Chapter 6: The False Crown

The echoes of the battle between the Sentinels faded in the Dark Tower. Zevid Rokchild stood motionless, contemplating the lifeless bodies of the most powerful warriors the Eternals had created. His cold eyes scanned the scene, not with awe or satisfaction, but with the same indifference with which he had manipulated everyone to reach this point. The Sentinels, protectors of the Eternals' biotechnological power, were mere obstacles he had eliminated on his path to total control. There was no glory in what he had done. Only efficiency.

Zevid felt no pride or triumph, only an unyielding calm. The Eternals were nothing but a set of tools he had manipulated, just like the Terrestrials. He hated them both. The Eternals, for their false superiority and arrogance, and the Terrestrials, for their pathetic weakness and ease of manipulation. He had no intention of redeeming either of them, nor was he seeking revenge for the fall of his family. The idea of justice was irrelevant to someone like him.

The only thing that mattered was power.

With a firm step, he approached the bodies of the fallen Sentinels, but spared them only a vacant glance. These perfect warriors, who for centuries had maintained the Eternals' dominion, had been defeated by mere manipulation of quantum links and desperation. Not because they were fragile, but because they were predictable. And that predictability had destroyed them.

Zevid always knew that brute force would not lead him to control. From his childhood, he had observed how people, whether Eternals or Terrestrials, followed the same predictable patterns of behavior. The Eternals toyed with the lives of the Terrestrials for entertainment, while the Ter-

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restrials clung to the hope of being saved by some hero. Both groups were easy to manipulate because they all believed the world operated according to rules of morality and justice.

Zevid did not.

Morality was an illusion. Justice was a joke. He did not seek to restore his family's honor or overthrow the monsters ruling the world. He wanted to destroy everything he couldn't control. And then, build a world where every being, every life, was at his disposal, submissive and manipulable.

He had played with the Terrestrials' hope by creating the **Hero**, a fictional figure that existed only in the myths he himself had spread. The Terrestrials needed to believe someone would come to save them, someone who would destroy the Eternals and free the world from their tyranny. Zevid had given them exactly what they wanted: an illusion. Meanwhile, he moved them like pieces on his own board, creating enough chaos to divert attention from his true objective: taking control of the biotechnology that governed the Eternals.

While the Terrestrials shouted the Hero's name in the streets, fighting and dying for a cause that never existed, Zevid moved in the shadows, manipulating both the Eternals and their followers to achieve his sole aim: eliminating all those who were not useful or submissive to his power.

He approached the laboratory's console, where the source of the Eternals' biotechnological power awaited him. The lights flickered as he entered the commands he had memorized. Each line of code he activated brought him closer to total control. The room filled with a cold light as the Eternals' security network dismantled. The systems that had kept the Eternals immortal and in control of the world for

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centuries were now in his hands.

Zevid felt no euphoria or excitement. Only calm. It was what he had always sought since he understood that the only truth in this world was power. There was no other reason for doing what he did. The Terrestrials, who saw him as their leader, were nothing more than disposable pawns, tools he used to sow chaos and distract the Eternals while he took what was rightfully his.

His mind briefly returned to the afternoon he decided to destroy his own family. He was fifteen when his father, blinded by pride and nostalgia, refused to give him the key to manipulate the entangled quantum of the Sentinels. He did not do it for a noble cause, but because he still harbored the hope of restoring his position among the Eternals. His mother, though more pragmatic, shared the same empty dream of honor and redemption. They did not understand that power was not regained by following the rules but by breaking them.

Zevid tortured them mercilessly, extracting the information he needed without feeling a trace of compassion. In the end, when their bodies were no longer useful, he killed them. Not out of hatred, nor revenge. Simply because they no longer had value.

That was the first purge.

The next one would be much larger.

He had planned everything with precision. The chaos now reigning in the cities of the Eternals was just the first step. A necessary distraction. While the Terrestrials believed they were fighting for their freedom, Zevid prepared the stage for what truly lay ahead. The Hero they had followed would disappear, vanishing like a myth that never was real. The Terrestrials, confused and defeated, would fall before him just as the Eternals had.

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The biotechnological control he now possessed would allow him to carry out a definitive purge. He would decide who would live and who would die. Not based on justice or morality, but on submission. Only the obedient, the submissive, those who posed no threat to his power, would have a place in the world he was going to build. The rest would be eliminated, discarded like the errors they were.

The console flickered, indicating that the process was complete. Zevid observed the data on the screen, the lines of code representing centuries of control over life and death. Now, all that power was his.

He walked towards the exit of the laboratory without looking back. There was no reason to contemplate what he had already achieved. The only thing that mattered now was what he would do with it.

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## Chapter 11: The Final Game

The city of the Eternals burned beneath a crimson sky. Flames ravaged the majestic buildings, while chaos and confusion spread through the streets. The Mortals, believing victory was within their grasp, advanced with blind fervor, driven by the illusion of the Hero who never existed. Amidst this turmoil, Zevid Rokchild watched from atop a ruined tower, his cold eyes analyzing every movement, every cry, every spark of despair and hope that flickered out.

The time had come to execute the next phase of his plan.

With absolute control over the Eternals' biotechnology, Zevid held in his hands the power to alter the very essence of life. The systems that once served to maintain the Eternals in their immortality and dominion were now tools he could shape to his will. The "magic" others feared or revered was nothing more than pure science, and he was its sole master.

He descended from the tower and moved into the streets, with the same invisibility that had always characterized him. The Mortals around him were too busy celebrating hollow victories or fighting the last remnants of Eternal resistance. No one noticed his presence, and that was just how he preferred it.

He arrived at a central square where a crowd of Mortals had gathered. They had captured a small group of Eternals, who now knelt, wounded and humiliated. The Mortals' shouts demanded justice, vengeance, freedom. Empty words that Zevid found unbearably predictable.

One of the Mortals' leaders, a burly man with a powerful voice named Talen, climbed onto an improvised platform. Zevid recognized him; he had been one of the first



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to be manipulated, a particularly useful pawn in spreading the myth of the Hero.

“Brothers!” Talen shouted, raising a fist in the air. “Today is the day we take what is ours! The Eternals have fallen, and our Hero has led us to victory!”

The crowd roared in approval. Zevid watched coldly, analyzing every face, every gesture. He knew this was the perfect moment to introduce doubt, to begin dismantling the illusion he had created.

He approached Talen, moving through the crowd unnoticed until he was just a few meters from the platform. Then, with a calm but firm voice, he spoke:

“Where is the Hero?”

The murmur spread quickly. Some turned to look at him, others began whispering among themselves. Talen frowned, searching for the owner of that voice.

“Who spoke?” he demanded.

Zevid stepped forward, allowing the light to reveal his face. Some in the crowd recognized him as the Hero’s lieutenant, the one who was always near but never at the forefront.

“It is I, Zevid,” he said calmly. “And I ask again: where is the Hero?”

Talen looked at him in confusion.

“He is...” he hesitated. “He is fighting for us, securing our victory.”

Zevid gave a cold smile.

“Has anyone here seen him? Can anyone tell me where our great leader is at this decisive moment?”

The crowd began to stir. The murmurs grew in intensity. Some nodded, others looked around, seeking a confirmation that did not come.

“What are you trying to say, Zevid?” Talen asked,

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with a tone of suspicion.

Zevid raised his voice, ensuring everyone could hear him.

“What I’m saying is that we have been deceived. That the Hero we have followed is nothing but a ghost. An illusion created to manipulate us.”

The commotion was immediate. Shouts of surprise and anger filled the air. Talen stepped down from the platform, approaching Zevid with fury in his eyes.

“This is treason!” he exclaimed. “How dare you say such things?”

Zevid looked directly into his eyes, without a trace of emotion.

“It is not treason if it’s the truth. While you fought and died for a myth, others have seized true control.”

Confusion turned to panic. Some in the crowd began to shout, others to question aloud. Zevid knew that chaos was the perfect breeding ground for what was to come next.

At that moment, a sharp sound cut through the air. From above, small devices began to descend, spreading throughout the square. They were biotechnological drones, designed to release a nano-cloud that would affect everyone present.

People looked to the sky, pointing with fear and curiosity. Talen stepped back, alarmed.

“What is this?” he asked with a trembling voice.

Zevid took a few steps back, stepping out of the center of the square.

“It is the beginning of a new order,” he replied coldly.

The drones released the nano-cloud, and within seconds, it began to take effect. People started to feel a strange heaviness, their movements slowed, their thoughts became muddled. It wasn’t painful, but it was paralyzing.

“What are you doing to us?” Talen shouted, trying

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unsuccessfully to move.

Zevid watched impassively.

"I am selecting," he said. "Separating the useful from the useless. The obedient from the rebellious."

The crowd, now unable to move, began to panic. Some tried to scream, but their voices were mere whispers. Zevid walked among them, studying their faces, seeing the fear and incomprehension in their eyes.

"You were never more than pawns," he continued. "Tools for a greater purpose. Your role has ended."

Talen, with his last ounce of strength, whispered:

"Why... are you doing this?"

Zevid leaned in, looking directly into his eyes.

"Because I can. Because the world does not need the weak or the deluded. Only those who serve a purpose."

He straightened up and turned his back on the immobile crowd. The drones continued their work, spreading beyond the square, reaching other parts of the city. Zevid had programmed the nano-cloud to identify certain genetic and neurological patterns, eliminating those who did not meet his criteria of submission and utility.

As he walked through the deserted streets, the silence was interrupted only by the hum of the drones and the whisper of the wind. The Mortals and the Eternals would fall alike. Their origin or loyalty did not matter. Only those who could be controlled would survive.

Zevid knew that in other parts of the world, the same process was occurring. He had prepared everything for the purge to be global, using the Eternals' biotechnological infrastructure and the Mortals' naivety. In a matter of hours, the world would be stripped of those who did not fit into his vision.

He stopped at a crossroads, contemplating the ruins

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of the civilization he had manipulated and destroyed. He felt no remorse or satisfaction, only absolute calm.

The game was over. And he was the only victor.

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## Chapter 12: The Silence of the World

The sun rose over a new world, but there was no light of hope in its glow. The cities, once full of life and chaos, now lay in an unsettling silence. The cries of the Mortals and the commands of the Eternals were no longer heard. The only sound was the soft hum of drones still patrolling the sky, completing the final remnants of the purge.

Zevid Rokchild walked among the remnants of humanity with the same indifference with which he had planned every step of his rise to power. Bodies lay in the streets, some still with eyes open in a mixture of surprise and terror. There was no war, no explosions, no violent destruction. Everything had ended with an almost peaceful calm, a blot in history written with the blood of those who had believed in justice, freedom, or eternal power.

There was nothing to justify what he had done, nor was it necessary to justify it. For Zevid, the world required no reason beyond control. All that mattered was his vision of a perfect order: a world where only those who were useful, submissive, and controllable could exist. The rest had no place in his future.

The empty streets and the crumbling buildings were silent witnesses to what remained. Zevid did not need to admire the devastation. He knew what he had done was only the first step. Now, the real work began: consolidating his power, ensuring that what remained of the world responded solely to his will. But for that, he first needed to finish eliminating any trace of resistance.

The Eternals, the false gods that had dominated for a thousand years, no longer existed. The families that had ruled with an iron fist over the Mortals were dead, eliminated by their own arrogance and the biotechnology net-

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work they thought they controlled. Now, that very network was completely under his command, shaped by his orders.

Zevid reached a small hill overlooking what remained of the Great Twilight Plaza, where the Eternals once held their power ceremonies, observing from above as the Mortals bowed before them. Now, the plaza was deserted, the towers destroyed, their symbols of authority reduced to dust. The perfect architecture, designed to intimidate and awe, was nothing but rubble. The illusion of power the Eternals had built over a thousand years had crumbled in a matter of days.

There was something ironic about it, but Zevid did not bother to savor it.

As he contemplated the destruction, he felt the slight hum of a drone approaching. The device stopped beside him, its biotechnological structure glowing with a dim light as it awaited his orders.

Zevid raised his hand, touching the drone's interface. Data began to flow across the screen projected before him. The figures were clear: 95% of the population had been eliminated. The purge, his purge, was almost complete. Only the submissive remained, those who, through the genetic and neurological patterns he had programmed, fit his vision of what the future should be. A future without resistance, without chaos, without freedom.

At that moment, a sound broke the silence. It was faint, barely a murmur in the wind, but enough for Zevid to hear. He turned slowly, directing his gaze toward the ruins of what was once a great administrative building. Among the debris, a figure emerged with difficulty, staggering.

Zevid watched calmly as the figure slowly advanced, stumbling over the remains of the collapsed walls. It was a young man, dressed in tattered clothes, his face covered

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in dust and dried blood. Despite everything, he was still breathing. He had survived the purge.

The man finally collapsed a few meters from Zevid, raising his head just enough to look him in the eyes. He was trembling, his lips moving in an attempt to speak, but only weak whispers emerged.

—Why...?

Zevid looked at him without blinking. There was no rage or compassion in his gaze, only a distant curiosity.

—Because you have no purpose—he replied coldly—. You are not useful. You serve no end.

The man tried to rise again, his body shaken by pain and despair. But before he could do so, one of the drones accompanying Zevid hovered over him, releasing a small burst of the nano-cloud that had annihilated so many others.

The man collapsed immediately, his body stiff and lifeless.

Zevid watched in silence for a moment before turning away. There was no satisfaction in seeing that man die. It was not a matter of pleasure or justice. It was simply the natural order he had decided to impose. And there were more like him. Survivors scattered among the ruins, those who had not yet been reached by the purge, but who would soon be eliminated.

He continued walking through the empty streets, accompanied only by the drones' hums. As he moved forward, his mind already began to chart the next step. Eliminating the last vestiges of resistance was just the first item on his agenda. Now he had to begin building the new world he had envisioned.

A world where Zevid Rokchild's will was the only law.

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In this new world, there would be no gods or heroes. There would be no freedom, no hope, no rebellion. There would only be submission. Those who remained alive would do so because he had allowed it, because they were useful, because they bowed to his power without questioning it. And when they were no longer useful, they too would be eliminated.

He arrived at the remnants of a fortress, once a bastion of the Eternals. Its doors were open, and inside, the biotechnological systems still functioned, glowing with a constant light. Here would be where the new order would begin. Here, in these ruins, he would reconstruct the world in his image.

Zevid stopped in front of a console, watching the data flowing across the screen. Everything was in place. The control was his, complete and absolute.

He placed his hand on the panel, activating the systems that would begin to reorganize society, that would select the submissive and destroy any trace of those who did not meet the new standards. It was the beginning of his reign.

Finally, in the deepest silence, Zevid smiled. Not for triumph, not for glory. Only for the cold certainty that everything he had desired from the start was now under his control.

The world was his. And there was no one left who could oppose him.



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## Chapter 13: Shadows of the Past

Zevid was alone in the fortress, amidst the ruins of a world that now belonged solely to him. Outside, the moon cast its pale light over the destroyed structures, and inside, the constant hum of biotechnological systems filled the air with a monotonous rhythm. But the silence surrounding him, that calm he had fought so hard to achieve, brought him something unexpected: memories.

He closed his eyes, and the present faded away. In its place, the past emerged like an inevitable shadow, a shadow that had always been behind every decision, every step. Although he wouldn't admit it, although he rejected any vestige of humanity in his actions, the key moments that shaped him began to surface.

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He was ten years old when he first saw an Eternal destroy a Mortal for no reason. They were in the Great Twilight Plaza, in what was then the heart of the civilized world, and his family was still part of the ruling class, though they were beginning to fall from grace. He had gone with his father to witness one of the many power ceremonies the Eternals held to reinforce their control. In the distance, the figure of a famished Mortal crawled toward the center of the plaza, pleading for mercy, begging for a pardon that would never come.

One of the Dawn Sentinels, as immobile as a statue, watched him expressionlessly. And without warning, he extended his hand, releasing a burst of energy that pulverized the man in seconds. The plaza remained silent, as if nothing had happened, as if the life of that Mortal held no value.

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For all present, it was a reminder of the supremacy of the Eternals. For Zevid, it was the first spark of a different thought: the Eternals were not gods. They were human, mortal, limited by their arrogance and false illusion of absolute control. That scene did not cause him horror or rage, only a deep understanding: power does not reside in force, but in absolute control over the destiny of others. The man who died did not matter. What mattered was who decided he would die.

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The next memory took him to when he was 25. His family, the Rokchilds, had completely collapsed. They were no longer part of the Eternals but shadows of what they once were, relegated to living among the Mortals. His father, a former member of the elite, still clung to the hope of regaining his position. His mother, more resigned, supported him silently, but over time had lost the will to fight.

Zevid, however, had reached a different conclusion. There was no return for the Rokchilds, no redemption, no path back to glory. The only thing that mattered was to destroy the system that had left them behind and rebuild it from the shadows. He was not seeking justice or revenge; those were weak emotions, useless for someone like him. Only control mattered. Not over the Eternals, nor over the Mortals, but over destiny itself.

One afternoon, after days of tense silence, Zevid confronted his father in the basement of their modest home. It was a conversation that would have no return.

"Are you still clinging to that useless dream?" he said, his voice laden with disdain.

His father looked at him, tired but firm.

"What you call a dream is our heritage. Our blood is noble. We belong among the Eternals."

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Zevid laughed with a coldness that still surprised his own father.

"We belong. We belonged. Don't you see? The world has no place for us anymore. But there is something I can take, and I will."

"What are you saying, Zevid?" his father asked, visibly bewildered.

"I'm going to do something you never had the courage to do. I don't want to restore the Rokchilds. I want to destroy everything. And for that, I need what you're hiding."

Silence filled the basement. His father finally understood what his son was asking. The genetic code, the quantum secrets their family still held. The key to manipulating the Sentinels, the key Zevid needed for his plan. He knew his father would never give it voluntarily.

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Zevid observed his father's face, the tension in his eyes, the way his mother, silent until then, tried to intercede with pleading looks. It was a moment loaded with meaning, one in which anyone else might have reconsidered, might have felt the weight of what they were about to do. But for Zevid, there was no room for hesitation. In his mind, the course of action was already decided.

There were no more words between them. What followed was a sequence of inevitable events, coldly calculated. He knew his father would never willingly give up those secrets. He had known it from the first moment. And, in that moment, Zevid began to manage what he had to do next. It wasn't hatred that moved him, it wasn't rage or revenge. Just a cold need for power.

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The next leap in his mind took him to the last years of preparation. While the Eternals continued with their power games, and the Mortals remained oppressed by their control, Zevid had begun to build his myth. The myth of the Hero. That was his most brilliant move. He had observed how the Mortals needed a figure to believe in, someone to lead them. Someone who represented hope.

Zevid created that figure, not as a symbol of liberation, but as a distraction. He knew that as long as the Mortals followed the trail of that fictitious hero, he would have time to execute his real plan: the purge. For years, he carefully built the rebellion, convincing the Mortals that they could win. He trained them in the arts of “magic,” gave them enough power to challenge the Eternals, but never enough to overthrow them without him.

And when chaos erupted, Zevid already had control of the true systems of power. The Mortals were pawns, just like the Eternals. None of them had seen what he was really doing until it was too late.

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He returned to the present, opening his eyes, now filled with the absolute certainty of what he had achieved. The shadows of the past did not haunt him. He felt no guilt or remorse. Everything he had done, he had done for one simple reason: control.

Zevid stood and walked toward the console that still blinked with data. The selected cities survived under his orders, the useful humans continued to exist. Only those who served a purpose remained standing. The rest, both Eternals and Mortals, no longer mattered.

With a simple touch on the panel, he activated the next phase. Reconstruction would begin immediately. A

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world designed to serve him, a society perfectly orchestrated to respond only to his will. There would be no more gods. There would be no more heroes. Only Zevid and those who lived to obey him.

The shadows of the past completely vanished. Now, there was only room for the future he himself had created.

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## Chapter 14: Purging the World

Zevid watched the world through the countless eyes he had planted within it. These weren't human eyes, nor even physical ones. They were the network of biotechnological drones now patrolling every corner of the Earth, dispersing the nano-cloud, that invisible but lethal tool he had designed to execute his purge. From the heights of his fortress, he could see how the process unfolded—methodical, relentless, eliminating the undesirables.

The survivors numbered in the thousands, but only those thousands would remain. He had precisely calculated how many he needed to sustain the world he was building. The others, the millions who still existed, did not serve his purpose. They were too free, too unpredictable. They did not fit into the perfect structure he had created. Zevid's world had no place for those who thought for themselves.

The purge was being carried out in all the capitals, in small towns, and in cities forgotten by the Eternals. The nano-cloud infiltrated every home, every building, moving like a harmless breeze, identifying those who did not meet the utility criteria Zevid had defined. It wasn't just about genetics; it was their capacity to obey without question, to follow orders without rebelling, that determined their fate.

Zevid had perfected the process. The drones were efficient and precise. The technology of the Eternals, once used for control, now became the means of their destruction. Those who did not meet the criteria simply fell to the ground, their lives extinguished in seconds, without pain, without drama, as if switched off. No trace of suffering remained. Only swift, efficient, cold death.

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From the grand control room of his fortress, Zevid could observe the world map, with small red dots flashing each time a new elimination was completed. It was a map of his own creation, where every life was controlled by his will. No other human had that capability; no Eternal had been so absolute in their power. And for Zevid, that was the only truth that mattered.

He looked at one of the screens, which showed a group of Earthlings in a small settlement near what had once been a major city. The drones were beginning their work, and Zevid saw the inhabitants freeze as the cloud enveloped them. Some staggered, others tried to run, but none managed to escape. In a matter of minutes, the small settlement was empty. The bodies lay inert, lined up on the ground like extinguished figures.

Zevid felt nothing. There was no pleasure in what he did, but neither was there remorse. Those who had fallen simply had no place in his new order. They had not been selected for their ability to follow orders, to be useful. They could not be controlled, and therefore, they had no value.

There was something in that simplicity that had always resonated with Zevid. The world the Eternals had maintained for centuries was based on a false superiority, one that depended on brute force and fear. But true power, as he had understood from a young age, was not about being stronger, but about being smarter, about manipulating others to follow your will without even knowing it.

The Earthlings believed they followed a Hero. The Eternals thought their Sentinels would protect them. But all had been tools on Zevid's board. And now, in this final phase of his plan, only the purge remained. Eliminating those who did not align with his vision.

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He had spent weeks watching the execution of his plan, each day closer to completing the global elimination. And finally, the last day arrived. The purge was nearly complete. The red dots on the map had dwindled to a few. Zevid approached the central console and gave the final command: release the last wave of drones to eliminate the remaining pockets of resistance.

The last cities, the last towns, all were reached by the nano-cloud, and within hours, only the selected remained. Those who survived did not do so because they were special, nor because they were strong or intelligent. They survived because they fit the standards Zevid had imposed: submission, obedience, utility.

Zevid walked to a large window overlooking the city nearest the fortress. The city was silent, its selected population moving through the streets in complete stillness, with no signs of rebellion, no displays of defiance. They had been reduced to what Zevid had always wanted: tools. Useful humans, incapable of thinking beyond what he ordered them.

The purge had cleansed the world of the imperfections that had plagued it. The Eternals and their arrogance. The Earthlings and their weakness. Now, only those who lived to serve him remained.

In that moment, Zevid knew he had achieved what he had set out to do from the beginning. There was no resistance. No conflict. Only absolute control.

With a slight gesture of his hand, he turned off the control room's screens. The drones, having completed their task, shut down one by one, descending gently to the earth like shadows fading at dawn. He no longer needed them. The world was now under his total dominion.



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Zevid turned and walked to the center of the room, his steps echoing in the silence. The world map was devoid of activity, a vast territory of obedience, shaped exactly as he had planned. There was nothing more to do. His vision had been fully realized.

The purge was complete. The world belonged solely to Zevid Rokchild.

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## Chapter 15: The Game of War

Zevid's present was sealed, but his rise to absolute power hadn't been a mere stroke of luck or a series of spontaneous decisions. It had taken decades of meticulous planning, calculated manipulations, and above all, an absolute mastery over human weaknesses. His climb to control the Dark Tower and eventually the entire world was not a feat of physical strength, but a precise execution of the chaos he himself had sown.

The Eternals' system of wars had been created as a tool for entertainment. The most powerful families controlled entire regions, and to prevent boredom from corroding their long lives, they organized wars among themselves. These were controlled conflicts, a sort of human chess where each family sent their best warriors, imbued with the power of biotechnological "magic", to conquer and occupy cities. Each conquest shifted the balance of power among the families, and the Emperor, always the dominant figure, ensured that no family attained too much power. The wars, though destructive, never reached a point where they threatened the power structure of the Eternals.

Zevid, however, saw in this system of controlled wars a perfect vulnerability.

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The flashback took him to the early days of his plan, when the Eternals didn't even know his name and the Earthlings still lived under oppression without even conceiving the idea of a true rebellion. In those days, Zevid had begun to sow the seeds of chaos. He didn't do it like others, who sought to overthrow the Eternals out of vengeance or a distorted sense of justice. No. Zevid knew that a frontal uprising against the Eternals was doomed to fail. They were too

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powerful, and their Sentinels, the perfect warriors, would never allow a large-scale rebellion.

Instead, Zevid focused on the war.

First, he identified the most radical factions within the Earthlings. Guerrillas that opposed both the Eternals and each other, small resistance groups fighting among themselves for insignificant territories, without a true strategy. For years, Zevid infiltrated these groups, not presenting himself as a leader, but as an advisor, a shadowy ally. He earned their trust with promises of power and freedom, feeding their hatreds and grudges, but never revealing his true agenda.

Gradually, he began to coordinate attacks. He provided them with weapons and technology stolen from the Eternals themselves, small amounts of biotechnological “magic” that the Earthlings had never dreamed of using. He made them believe they were gaining an advantage in their struggle against the oppressors. However, each terrorist cell was being manipulated for a much greater purpose.

The goal was not the victory of the Earthlings. It was chaos.

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The Eternals’ war system was designed to maintain order, but Zevid understood that if he managed to provoke enough external conflicts, if he succeeded in escalating the guerrilla fights to a regional scale, he could break that fragile balance. The Eternals were used to controlled wars, but not to a rebellion without rules, without limits, without a single front they could attack. He manipulated the leaders of the guerrillas to attack not only the Eternals but also other Earthling factions, keeping them divided, without the possibility of forming a true alliance.

Every attack Zevid orchestrated, every strike a terrorist cell made, was designed to make the Eternals believe

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the war was escalating beyond their control. Over time, he achieved his goal: the Eternals began to mobilize their armies away from the capital, away from the Dark Tower, to combat the threat of the “rebels” on the borders. The Emperor and his advisers could not allow the insurgency to grow too large. They were too blinded by their arrogance to realize they were being manipulated.

Zevid knew the Dawn Sentinels, the protectors of the Dark Tower, would not abandon their posts as long as the capital was safe. Therefore, his next step was to make the threat appear larger than it was. He used his network of spies and contacts to spread rumors of a massive uprising. The guerrillas, now armed and trained by him, began attacking peripheral cities, making it seem as if a rebel army was approaching the capital.

The key to all this was making the Eternals believe they were losing control when in fact they were merely playing into Zevid’s hands.

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The decisive moment came when the rumors reached the Emperor. The war council, composed of the most powerful families, panicked. The news of coordinated terrorist cells attacking from multiple fronts made the leaders of the great families demand more protection for their territories, further weakening the defense of the capital. Zevid had created the perfect storm: the war the Eternals thought they controlled had exploded in their own faces.

The final move was to activate the false “Hero’s Revolution,” a myth he had woven himself. By planting the idea of a Hero leading the rebellion, Zevid managed to unify the guerrillas under a common banner, at least temporarily. The Eternals did not know that the Hero did not exist,

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but they acted as if it were a real threat. The armies of the Eternals dispersed, mobilized in all directions to face this supposed figure of liberation.

It was at that moment that the Sentinels, those almost immortal beings protecting the Dark Tower, received the order to abandon their posts to face the crisis. The threat seemed too great to ignore.

And so, while the armies moved away from the capital, and the Sentinels moved to the borders to protect the empire, Zevid walked towards the Dark Tower, without resistance, without opposition. He had won without having fought, without having lifted a single weapon.

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The flashback ended, and Zevid opened his eyes. He was back in the present, in his fortress, where his dominion over the world was now absolute. That system of wars, which the Eternals had believed indestructible, had been destroyed from within by his meticulous manipulation. The Earthlings, the guerrillas, the Eternals, all had been pieces on his board, and now, there was nothing left but his reign.

The Sentinels, the invincible warriors, had been forced to abandon the Dark Tower to protect an empire that was already doomed. The false revolution had worked perfectly. And now, the world was exactly as he had planned: devoid of rebellion, devoid of hope, under his total control.

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## Chapter 16: The Invisible Thread

Long before Zevid became a visible threat, before his name echoed in the circles of power, he was already moving in the shadows, manipulating people who never realized they were being used. What set Zevid apart from any other ambitious mind was not his physical power nor his overwhelming charisma. What made him unique was his ability to see beyond words, beyond visible actions, and penetrate directly into the hidden motivations of those around him.

It was a gift he perfected over time, but its origins were already manifesting in his youth. The key to his power lay in his deep understanding of people, in how to predict their movements, anticipate their decisions, and manipulate them with surgical precision.

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There was a time when his influence was barely perceptible. When the Eternals openly dominated, and the Earthly lived as servants under their yoke, Zevid found himself in an apparently desperate situation, degraded and without resources. No one saw him as a threat, and that, for him, was his greatest strength.

Back then, still under the tutelage of his disgraced family, Zevid was ignored by others, a young man without shine or promise. He blended in with the other Earthly without drawing attention. Yet, it was in that invisibility where Zevid found his true power. He observed, with infinite patience, each member of the elite surrounding him, absorbing every gesture, every word spoken and unspoken, until their patterns revealed themselves to him.

One such moment occurred when a noble Eternal named **Malkoth**, one of the most influential subordinates in the hierarchy, began to show vulnerability. Malkoth didn't know

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that his internal fears, his eagerness to rise within the power structure, made him more predictable than he imagined. To everyone, he remained a strong and calculating leader, but to Zevid, he was already ensnared.

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For weeks, Zevid subtly infiltrated his environment, not approaching directly, but manipulating those around Malkoth, planting small ideas, small rumors that seemed innocuous. He knew he couldn't confront Malkoth head-on, not at that moment. But he could control the pawns on the board.

One night, during a clandestine meeting among the Earthly, Zevid observed one of Malkoth's subordinates, **Thalvin**, a shrewd but insecure man, always seeking the approval of his superior. Zevid, aware of Thalvin's ambitions, began to press right into the cracks of his confidence.

—I've heard rumors —Zevid said quietly, just loud enough to be heard—. They say Malkoth doesn't trust you as he used to.

Thalvin looked at him, suspicious at first, but unable to ignore the idea that Zevid had planted in his mind. That seed of doubt began to quickly germinate. For days, Thalvin started to see signs where there were none, small gestures from Malkoth that had previously gone unnoticed, now interpreted as proof of an imminent betrayal.

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In less than a week, the balance of power had begun to waver. Thalvin, gripped by paranoia, initiated a series of political maneuvers to secure his position, convinced that Malkoth would betray him at any moment. But what he

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didn't know was that all those moves were being carefully orchestrated by Zevid, who was pulling the strings from the shadows.

In the end, Malkoth, baffled by his subordinate's sudden behavioral changes, began to make mistakes. Zevid didn't need to lift another finger. Thalvin's actions, combined with the distrust he had sown, caused Malkoth to make impulsive decisions, losing the trust of other Eternals in his circle.

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But Zevid's true masterstroke wasn't making Malkoth fall, but rather predicting how others would react to his downfall. While the Eternals fought amongst themselves, the chaos allowed Zevid to advance his own plans. He knew that the Earthly would see Malkoth as a betrayed leader, and his fall would serve as an example for those who wished to rebel against the system. But he also knew that those same Earthly would need a hero, someone to place their hopes in.

Zevid, patient and meticulous, didn't rush to fill that role. He knew that true control wasn't visible. Through Thalvin, other Eternals fell into his trap, and while the pawns eliminated each other, Zevid had already shaped the narrative that would position him as the mastermind behind the Hero's myth.

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When Malkoth finally fell and Thalvin temporarily assumed control, Zevid had already prepared his next move. None of them knew they had been pawns in his game. In the eyes of all, Zevid was an insignificant young man, a fallen son from a forgotten family. But what they never saw was



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how, on the surface of the mind of each person he interacted with, Zevid was weaving the invisible threads of control.

He didn't need to impose his will with force. He only needed to plant the right idea at the right moment, make others act according to their own desires, and those desires, previously manipulated, always led to an outcome that favored Zevid.

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That night, after Malkoth's fall, Zevid watched the consequences of his work from afar, without intervening. He knew it wasn't yet the time to reveal himself. Patience was his greatest weapon, and the human mind, his most powerful tool.

Zevid's power didn't reside in his physical strength, nor in his leadership ability. His true power lay in his intimate understanding of human motivations, in his ability to predict every move before it even happened. And when the time came, when all the players were in their places, Zevid would be the only one standing, having moved each piece with deadly precision.

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## Final Chapter: The Silence of the Gods

The world was silent.

Zevid Rokchild stood atop the Dark Tower, the fortress that had been a symbol of power for a thousand years. Now, it was the throne of his absolute dominion. The wars that had ravaged the planet, the battles orchestrated between the Eternals and the Earthlings, had ceased. There was nothing left of the rebellion, nor the chaos he himself had instigated. The purge, cold and calculated, had eliminated any spark of defiance. All that remained was his will, singular and incontestable.

The wind blew softly through the ruins of what were once the great capitals of the Eternals, carrying with it the echoes of screams, the roar of armies, and the pleas of the defeated. The Sentinels had fallen, the invincible warriors no longer patrolled the borders of this world. The gods, those who once walked among men, had been silenced forever.

Zevid gazed at the horizon, knowing the entire world now belonged to him. The cities, the lands, and every living being were under his total control. Everything he had done, from the first murder to the final purge, had led him to this moment. To this calm. There were no heroes to challenge him, no gods descending from the heavens to punish him. There was no redemption, neither for him nor for anyone else. The silence was absolute, and that silence was his final victory.

But unlike others who would have felt euphoria or satisfaction at this moment, Zevid felt nothing. Neither pleasure nor triumph. Only calm. A cold calm, the same that had guided him from the beginning. Because Zevid had never fought for glory, nor for vengeance. He never wanted to free the Earthlings, nor destroy the Eternals out of hatred.

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Everything he had done was for one simple reason: control. To control life, to control destiny, to control the world.

He had understood from a very young age that morality was an illusion, that power did not lie in brute force or loyalty, but in the ability to manipulate, to make others follow his will without even knowing it. And now, the last act of that manipulation had come to an end. There was no one left who could challenge him, no one to oppose his reign. Everything that had ever existed, from gods to mortals, was under his command.

He walked slowly towards the center of the control room, where the screens projected data from the entire world. The drones, the biotechnological systems, the controlled cities. Everything was functioning perfectly. The purge had eliminated those who did not meet his criteria, and only the submissive, the obedient, remained to rebuild civilization under his rule. The new order Zevid had designed was beginning to take shape, not through freedom or justice, but through submission and absolute control.

Zevid looked at the screen one last time. There was nothing more to do. The world was exactly as he wanted it.

For a moment, his thoughts returned to the days when he was still young, to the first times he had contemplated what he would do. He had had no doubts then, nor did he now. He knew that those who considered him evil would never understand what he had truly done. They would never understand that his evil was not born of hatred, nor of vengeance, but of a cold and logical conviction: the world did not need heroes. It did not need saviors. It only needed control.

He approached the large window overlooking the city below the Dark Tower. The city lights shone dimly in the distance, the few inhabitants left following their routines, completely unaware that their lives were designed not to

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stray from the lines he had drawn. There were no uprisings, no dissidents. All those who did not fit had been eliminated.

Zevид smiled, though it was not a smile of satisfaction. It was the smile of someone who knew he had achieved what he had set out to do from the beginning, without ever straying from his path. Everything he had destroyed, he had destroyed to gain total control. Everything he had created, he had done so that chaos and rebellion would never exist again.

The wind blew once more, bringing with it the echo of a world empty of gods and heroes.

Zevид turned away from the window. His gaze, as cold and calculating as ever, now turned to the future. He knew there were no more wars to wage, no more enemies to defeat. He had reached the pinnacle of his power. And in that power, in that total control, he found the only truth he had always known:

There was no redemption. There was no justice. Only power. And now, all the power in the world belonged to him.

In the silence of the gods, Zevид was the only one left.

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**End**

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## Epilogue: The Beginning of the End

The world had not always been under the absolute control of a single man. Before Zevid Rokchild manipulated the Earthlings and dismantled the empire of the Eternals from the shadows, there was a time when the fate of humanity was shaped by the decisions of others. Powerful families, whose legacies spanned generations, charted the path toward destruction and control long before Zevid ascended to the dark throne of the world.

It all began with a dream of perfection.

At the start of the 22nd century, the planet's most powerful elites began using robots and advanced artificial intelligence as tools to free humanity from manual labor and the most arduous responsibilities. **The Ten Great Families**—the Morguhns, the Varlets, the Hyndels, the Rokchilds, the Balforts, the Severins, the Lormaks, the Emsorts, the Valdures, and the Korraks—ruled over vast corporate empires. Their ultimate goal was to create a society where they, the elite, could live eternally in a state of pure opulence, free from human needs, without the burden of a massive population requiring care, resources, or consideration.

The initial attempts were successful, or so they thought. Factories, services, and global infrastructures fell into the hands of robots and advanced AI systems. Human labor became obsolete. The working class, however, did not disappear as many in the elite expected. Instead of becoming a useless burden, humans began to adapt, working alongside AIs and robots. They became managers, technicians, and creators, and thus a new balance emerged. The system, far from collapsing, evolved. The working class, instead of being relegated, thrived by seamlessly integrating with the new technologies.

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This new balance frustrated the families' plans. Humans were still necessary. They couldn't simply dispose of the population and enjoy a carefree paradise. The elite remained dependent on those who knew how to manage the technology they had designed to eliminate that need.

**The failure of AI control** prompted the families to take a much darker next step. It was then that the elite turned to the corruption and extortion of the world's best scientists. The Ten Great Families secretly planned a new technological revolution, one that would not only improve the world but elevate them completely above the rest of humanity.

Through bribes, manipulations, and in some cases, direct coercion, they ensured that advances in nanotechnology and biotechnology served exclusively their class. It wasn't simply about improving quality of life or increasing longevity; the elite wanted perfection. They wanted to be invulnerable, eternal, and superior to any other human being. The plan was simple: while AI and robots worked in harmony with the Earthlings, the elite would use these advances to become something more than human.

But they couldn't allow the population to keep growing. The resources, though immense, were finite. **The First Purge** was designed as a final solution to eliminate the "non-useful," those whose existence did not directly contribute to maintaining the empire the families controlled.

The purge began with the development of a sophisticated nanotechnological virus, a weapon capable of selectively eliminating those who did not meet the genetic and neurological requirements the families deemed essential. It was a silent process, and during its execution, the most vulnerable populations disappeared over the course of months. For many, it was as if the world gradually faded away.

Only 5% of humans remained, those whom the fam-

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ilies had deemed necessary for the planet's minimal operation. The selected were not the strongest or the smartest but the most submissive, those who would never challenge the supremacy of the families and were willing to work to keep their empire running. In the end, the elite's dream had come true. The planet was cleansed of the "undesirables." Now they were perfect in body and mind, biotechnologically superior, capable of living indefinitely, and without the burden of a working class that represented a threat.

But like all great civilizations that once existed, their success was not absolute. The purge brought peace to the families for a time, but as centuries passed, that peace became boring. Without a massive population to control and without great conflicts to entertain themselves, the families turned inward, generating rivalries and power struggles. They had perfected their bodies but had not managed to perfect their souls. The need for conflict was embedded in their nature, and internal struggles became the new entertainment.

Thus was born the system of wars among the families, a brutal game where capitals were conquered, and hierarchy was redefined every decade. The Eternals, as they came to be known, lived in a self-imposed medieval fantasy, recreating a world of "magic" and combat, where their own warriors led armies of Earthlings into conflicts that meant nothing more than a power game among the immortals.

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Over the thousand years following the purge, the planet adapted to this new order. The remaining humanity lived in a fantasy, completely forgetting the technologies that once dominated their lives. The few who survived the original purge now believed in gods and magical warriors, not un-

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derstanding that it was all the result of the biotechnology and nanotechnology of the families that controlled them.

The Ten Great Families had achieved their goal. They were eternal, powerful, and completely separated from the rest of humanity. They had built a world where they could play with the lives of the Earthlings without consequences, a human chessboard where wars and conquests were their only entertainment.

But while the families reveled in their perfect world, resentment, though small, continued to smolder in the darkest corners of society. **Zevid Rokchild**, born of a family fallen from grace, saw that weakness, that arrogance, as the perfect opportunity to dismantle everything they had built. His goal was not to restore his family nor to save the Earthlings. He saw no difference between the Eternals and the slaves they ruled. Both were tools, and both were destined to be purged once more.

What the families did not understand was that the cycle they had started with the first purge was only setting the stage for the next. And in that next purge, they would not be the ones deciding who would live and who would die. That power no longer belonged to them. It was now Zevid's.



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## Final Note: The Classes of the New Order

The world of Zevid Rokchild is divided into a strict hierarchy of power and submission, a system created through centuries of biotechnological and nanotechnological manipulation. The social structure of this dystopia consists of several well-defined classes, each with its purpose and fate, all under Zevid's control. Below is a detailed description of the class structure, including the particular situation of the Archons, which frames the story of Zevid's family.

1. The Eternals The Eternals are the descendants of the Ten Great Families who, after the first purge, achieved a state of biotechnological perfection. Thanks to advances in nanotechnology, they have extended their lives almost indefinitely and possess superhuman abilities that the Earthbound perceive as "magic."

These abilities include speed, strength, regeneration, and even control over energy and matter, allowing them to rule the world unopposed. Their status places them above any other being on the planet. However, the arrogance and tedium of immortality have led them to compete among themselves in a constant war for control of the capitals, in which the hierarchy is continuously redefined.

Each of the Eternal families controls a Sentinel, a perfect warrior created through biotechnological engineering, tasked with protecting their family's interests. However, if a family falls from grace, their Sentinel is transferred to another family.

Position: Absolute rulers, divided among the most powerful families, each controlling territories and resources with total authority.

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2. **The Archons** The Archons are the lowest link within the Eternals, relegated to the management and direct supervision of the Earthbound. These families may once have been part of the ten great ruling houses, but due to mistakes, incompetence, or internal betrayals, they fell from grace and were demoted. The Archons handle the mundane tasks of managing cities and resources, being below the senior Eternals, and constantly subjected to the will of the high lords.

Zevid Rokchild's family was once one of the most powerful but fell to the level of the Archons due to the incompetence of their ancestors. Upon falling from grace, their place in the hierarchy was taken by another family, which inherited their resources, including their Sentinel. The Rokchild family was relegated to the shadows of what they once were, condemned to serve as Archons, far from the real power they once held.

Zevid was raised with hatred for his own class and the desire not only to restore their status but to destroy the entire system that had condemned his family. His rise to power begins precisely from this low position within the Eternals.

**Position:** The lowest among the Eternals, tasked with managing the affairs of the Earthbound and maintaining order on behalf of the ruling families.

3. **The Offspring** The Offspring are the elite of the Earthbound, direct descendants of those who survived the first purge. Although they have not been genetically enhanced like the Eternals, they enjoy certain privileges due to their lineage. They are often given leadership roles among the Earthbound, administering the regions and armies under the control of the Eternals.

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They consider themselves superior to common Earthbound and, although still subordinate to the Archons and Eternals, their position allows them to enjoy a higher standard of living. Their loyalty to the Eternals ensures them privileged survival, but always under surveillance to prevent any attempt at rebellion.

Position: Leaders of the Earthbound, with limited access to certain privileges, but always subordinate to the Archons and Eternals.

4. The Earthbound The Earthbound are the descendants of those who survived the initial purge. They are the lowest class of society, tasked with working in the factories, agriculture, and the armies of the Eternals. They lack access to the advanced biotechnology that the Eternals possess and have been relegated to living in ignorance of their true past.

To the Earthbound, the technology that governs their lives is seen as “magic,” and the Eternals as unattainable gods. They fulfill their role in this hierarchical society with no possibility of advancement. However, they are essential to keeping the system running, and their submission ensures them, at least, existence.

Position: Workforce and soldiers in the armies of the Eternals, completely submissive and unaware of the truth of their history.

5. The Inherents The Inherents are a direct creation of Zevid Rokchild in his new order. They have been selected not for their intelligence or strength but for their capacity for obedience and submission. These individuals were modified through nanotechnology to have no desires for rebellion or aspirations beyond what Zevid allows them.

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They live in a strictly controlled society, completely unaware of their manipulation, and with no understanding of the world before Zevid. They represent the culmination of his plan: a group of humans unable to challenge him, specifically designed to serve and maintain the order he has imposed.

Position: Humans designed for total submission, with no awareness of their true nature, blindly obeying Zevid's orders.

6. The Chosen The Chosen are the final working class, selected by Zevid during the purge for meeting specific criteria of obedience and utility. These humans are not as unaware as the Inherents, but they have been modified to have no independent thoughts that could lead to rebellion.

Zevid uses them for the most mundane tasks of his new order, and although they have no access to power or special privileges, they are aware of their role in society. However, their own genetic modification prevents them from challenging or even desiring anything beyond what they are allowed.

Position: Working class, selected by Zevid to keep the system operational, but with no possibility of change or advancement.