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Prologue – A Brief History of the Aeons

*In the beginning there was only three essences,
There was peace, possibility, and nothingness.
At some point peace and possibility collided,
They created the first two beings,
They created Kainalan and Kyora.*

-From the creation story of the Old Faith -

Chapter 1

May 1st, 2019 C.E. / Finoras 2nd, 6015 N.F.K. – A Forward by Calen Aeézanak

The Old Faith teaches us that in the beginning there was nothing but three essences, Peace, Possibility, and Nothingness. It claims that peace and possibility collided creating the first Taar Jydeon, known as Kainalan; and the first existence, known as Kyora. Kyora and Kainalan worked together in an attempt to destroy nothingness, but instead shattered it into the Taar Jydeon Voids. The legends speak that other Taar Jydeon soon came about via various methods. These 20 beings would become known as the Old Gods.

The Old Faith speaks of a great war between these Taar Jydeon, resulting in the destruction of Kyora and the birth of new existences. One of these existences was our own, known to believers as Préssérvium Alunas. This Taar Jydeon war was said to be started by an upstart Void Taar known as Alvaranatis in an attempt to once again bring about Nothingness.

Yet this tells a distorted picture of the whole, a whole I will not get into great detail here for it could fill a thousand volumes. All I will say was Kyora was not the first existence, and the Taar Jydeon were not the first beings. In truth existences have existed for untold ages before them. Also, many more Taar Jydeon existed than the ones known to the Old Faith, but most were either forgotten about, or forbidden from ever existing. It is these forbidden Taar, that are the reason the Alénarian exist, for every Alénarian is a mortal who in truth is a dormant, once dead, forbidden, or lost Taar Jydeon or other powerful beings from the ancient past seeking to awaken.

In all truth a war between the Taar did break out, and Kyora was close to slain, resulting in her expelling all Taar Jydeon from her and purging everything else. This resulted in an end of the war. After that, the children of Kyora became existences just like their mother, as was normal. Many of these young existences became allies of the surviving Taar Jydeon. One joined with Kainalan, one of the two surviving Taar Ieraisaral out of four, and became Aeka Jydeon. Another allied with Alvaranatis the first Void Taar, and the other surviving Taar Ieraisaral, this became simply known as the Void Lands, or its proper name: Zakivorzoth Viazra. Another sided with Althalnas the Taar Jydeon of Death, and this became known as Aizainalax: The Great Abyss. However, one of these young existences refused to bend

the knee and instead worked with all the surviving Taar Jydeon to help her shape herself to her whims. This was our existence of Préssérvium Alunas.

Peace existed for a long time after that, for untold billions of years. In most existences ruled over by the Taar, beings known as Jydeon came about to protect their homes. These immortal, slow aging, winged humanoid, energy beings were made of essence, a type of material that was completely different from matter. The primitive peoples of Earth, my homeworld, call this material Dark Matter and Dark Energy, and the reason it can not be seen is due to being in a higher phase of our existence.

Even Préssérvium Alunas had Jydeon guardians given to her by Kainalan from his Kitorian Jydeon transformed by her power into other types of Jydeon. However eventually a group of Kitorian rebelled against Kainalan due to Alvaranatis' influence and became known as Misarian. After being banished to Préssérvium Alunas, these Misarian set to work corrupting the great existence and her wonders. They started with early humans on a world that has long since been lost.

Humanity had been created as caretakers of a meeting place for Taar Jydeon. These humans were not like the humans now, they were a different species. Corrupting them proved simple, and soon they were cast out from this place. Humans became a fascination of the Misarian and they began breeding with them to produce the Nephilim, giant beings made of a mixture of essence and matter, the conflict between the two making them powerful yet highly unstable.

These Nephilim took control of their world and began ruling over the regular humans. Soon the Nephilim proved too dangerous, developing new technologies in a few generations to the point of space travel. They had goals to conquer all of existence and expand even to other existences. With their extreme short gestation period, and extremely short time it took to maturity, they could easily expand to conquer everything. Before they could escape their home system the Pure Jydeon decided they needed to be wiped out. In a metaphorical flood of death, they were wiped out, with only small pockets of non Nephilim humans remaining.

Each of these surviving humans had Nephilim ancestry, and would go on to gain strange powers. These powers were able to be passed from one person to another willingly or stolen from a corpse after death. These were the post Nephilim Humans. These humans, though not truly immortal could only die due to being murdered since, disease and old age did not exist yet within the existence.

After many generations, humans began reverse engineering Nephilim technology and soon were in the star themselves. However, before that happened a great leader came about to conquer the world of humanity, this man was the first known Alénarian. He was a tyrant. However soon he wouldn't be alone, over the next few hundred years hundreds of Alénarian would be born and a war would break out.

Over the next millennia humanity spread out throughout the stars, and began delving into other realms and sub realms of the existences, four main factions of humans began forming. The first was the Fallen Empire which laid claim to humanity's home world. The second was the Eternal Empire led by the first rebels of the Fallen Empire. The third was the Blood Talon group who were pirates, thieves, and assassins, praying of the rich and powerful to give back to the poor. Last there was the Kira Ardorri, the self-proclaimed guardians of the other realms with their capital within the realm of life itself.

For ten billion years these humans fought each other, evolving through use of technology, and through natural selection, yet due to their immortal nature humanity stayed roughly the same. The same was true for most animals and other creatures. Viruses and Bacteria were eventually created as biological weapons, tools, and materials to be used in things like war, cooking, and construction. Countless strange and wild creatures began forming as well. And death outside of murder began being a thing. Soon even old age would start to happen in the more evolved humans.

Soon after ten billion years of fighting each other, many of the Alénarian began to awaken to their true selves below, however soon a darkness would spread over all existences. This was the Oblivion Sickness, something that could corrupt everything from person, to rock, to world, to existence, to Taar Jydeon. This sapient Sickness came from beyond our existence and sought to conquer everything. Those claimed by it became machines in its great plan, devoid of all things that made them who they were.

After a few million years Préssérvium Alunas was losing badly. Only the Eternal Empire still stood strong. A plan was created to give them a second chance at winning this war. Time itself was reset, not only for Préssérvium Alunas, but for every existence, going back to the time right before the Nephilim's fall. Yet due to the Eternal Empire not wanting to end themselves, they made it imperfect.

Chapter 2

This new version of the past was broken. Countless parts of the existence were a mix of future and past. Countless types of Jydeon Guardians were converted into more primitive essence beings and found themselves in great number in the Essence Universe, a sub realm of the Realm of War.

The home world of Humanity and its Nephilim overlords were quickly dealt with, and the world was merged through a ritual with several other worlds from before the great reset. This led to the planet we know as Earth, and due to a strange mixture of past a future, the fossil records showed the history of the human race, as well as all other creatures chosen to inhabit it. The humans and creatures on it were the most evolved versions from before the reset, and as such none were immortal. This world would remain hidden in the depths of the essence universe which contained ninety five percent essence as opposed to matter.

The Eternal Empire became the Temporal Empire and remained hidden from others using their newfound time powers to control the flow of history. All people who existed before the Great Reset would eventually be reborn, and those who had willingly given into the Oblivion Sickness would be reborn with the Oblivion Sickness still in them. In order to protect against the Oblivion Sickness, Earth was converted into a quarantine zone where reborn oblivion sick would be intentionally reborn in a place where the sickness could not affect them.

The great and mighty Earth Wards were made around the star system, keeping everything inside in, and keeping everything else out. Only the temporal Empire would be allowed in, and they would regularly run experiments on those within to determine the state of the sickness. Earth would remain cut off from that beyond for the rest of its existence, even now it is still mostly cut off. Though beings like Kainalan would touch the primitive minds of the humans within, humanity would never be able to know the full truth until certain Alénarian were born within.

As for the rest of existence, a war broke out between the Kira Ardorri who had also barely survived the great reset, and the Misarian. Wars broke out between the Pure Jydeon and the Bevorian, corrupted pure Jydeon under the control of their leader Seid-Zaxia who had been possessed by Alvaranatis. This era would become known as the Old Wars.

Eventually after two to four thousand years the Old Wars Era ended, and the reign of the Kii Alliance began. Unlike other members of the temporal Empire, these various groups had decided to settle down in the actual existence as opposed to the secret vaults they had so long lived in. However this led to the machinations of the Temporal Throne having an influence on the history of the Kii. They disliked their history continuously being messed with, and decided to rebel a thousand years after they settled down.

Unlike humans of Earth, the human of the Kii Alliance were the pure humans that were immortal and did not die of age. Their rebellion against the Temporal Empire lasted for a whole thousand years before for some reason the Temporal Throne finally decided to send the whole force of the Temporal Empire down upon them. That resulted in the Kii being wiped out, and the Préssérvium Universe where they once dwelt being temporally scarred.

This scarring had caused rifts in time to open up as the universe was being torn apart by time itself. From one of these rifts came people that would form the Silíre. The Silíre quickly found themselves under attack by the Tirrorinsin empire, a group of the Temporal Empire left behind to guard the universe from any surviving Kii. However, nine heroes, all children of the leaders of the Kii Alliance came to the aid of the Silíre, and together they ended not only the Tirrorinsin Empire, but a good part of the temporal Instability of the universe, at the cost of the lives of the nine heroes.

Eventually the Silíre split off into three main factions and claimed various other parts of the existence. The first was the Értikonothiy Empire who claimed one half of the Préssérvium Universe. The second was the Sībro Empire who claimed the other half of that universe. The third was the Xrantor Empire that claimed the Xtanosan universe, a sub realm of the Realm of War linked to the Realm of Logic and Order. These empires would become known as the Three Empires. And as time went on, they expanded throughout their territories, for the Sībros and Értikonothiy this was aided by the lingering Temporal instability that led to population growth and expansion at a rate a thousand times what it should have been.

The tales in this book are what happens starting in the year 2691 Neir Fara Kii. It is 2691 standard years, based off of the Temporal Empire Year, after the start of the Kii. It is 689 years after the fall of the Kii and the start of the Silíre. And it is 391 years after the dissolution of the Silíre. Most people of this time do not know of the Temporal Empire, nor do they know the truth about what the Kii Alliance was. The Old Faith is the predominant religion, even if there is parts of it wrong. And peace has ruled the existence for a long time. However, all of it is about to change. Behold now, the Legends of War, the start of the Great War that has lasted three thousand years, ending only in 6004 N.F.K. This is more than a story; it is a history of events that have shaped everything to come. Welcome to my reality.

Part 1

Curse of Eternity

2691 N.F.K. – 2983 N.F.K.

Codex 1 – Curse of the Wicked

*In Void Do We Dwell,
In Shadow Do We Serve,
In Oblivion Do We Take Them,
The Shadowed One Guide Us.*

-From a Chant of the Servants of the Shadowed One-

Chapter 1

Linarrilka 5th, 2691 N.F.K. – Planet Onar'Kasana

Liría looked at the five individuals before her in disgust. Who did they think they were, offering her this kind of deal? She would never do what they were asking. Even if she was a Misarian, a Pure Jydeon who had been corrupted by the void, she would never turn against the Serresims. No price was enough to make her betray them, not again.

“I refuse your offer,” she growled, her black energy feathered wings taking on a position of strength and authority. “I will never do as you ask!”

“Are you serious mother?” Liría’s daughter Athā said from beside her. The teenage Misarian Queen of Lust stood there with her twin sister Lilé, the Misarian Queen of Incest, with much of her pale white essence skin showing through her revealing clothing, its glimmering energy almost made Liría reconsider the offer. Almost.

“Children, you both have to understand, what they ask could end all things. We can not allow that,” Liría sighed, shaking her head.

“But think about what their offering us!” Laan, the Misarian King of Pride exclaimed, his fiery energy bladed wing expanding in excitement, “Who cares if everything’s gone!”

“And all the treasure their offering us!” Mige, Misarian King of Greed cried out, “We could have anything we ever wanted!”

“What part of the end of all things don’t you two understand! Their will be no treasure, and their will be no *us*! I have *seen* things! My sight has seen things! We can’t do this!” Liría shouted at them, pointing at them with her finger, her wings billowing out behind her.

“Destruction is what I live for,” Tosdé, the Misarian Queen of Destruction said holding her fiery black great sword in front of her.

“I agree with Liría, this doesn’t seem right. They are plotting something, the rewards are too great,” Mávj, Emissary King of Death said coldly. He was a Death Jydeon of the type known as Akraiz’Zar from the Great Abyss and not an actual Misarian.

“Seid-Zaxia does not approve of this,” Seid-Lia, the Emissary Queen of Blood shook her head. She was also not a Misarian and was instead a Bevorian, Blood Jydeon who served the great Seid-Zaxia.

“Neither does Alvaranatis,” Vantuulia, the Emissary Queen of the Void said. She was a Taiz-Misarian, or rather a ‘true’ Misarian, meaning she was the direct creation of Alvaranatis the God of Void. She looked rather more insectoid than standard Misarian.

“I’m glad someone agrees with me,” Liría sighed, “But my decision still stands.” She looked at the last two members of her group. All of them together were known as the Protectors of Préssérvium to themselves, but to all others they were simply called the Destroyers. “What do you two have to say.”

The mortal looking bird woman called Vaintai, who was the Emissary Queen of the Axis, the immortal empress of her people, spoke up in a chirping voice, “I do not care either way.”

The last one, a Dark Chaos Jydeon, that looked like a purplish nightmare version of a regular Misarian looked and Liría spitefully. She was Kaxilia the Emissary Queen of Dark Chaos. The two of them hated each other, and they were the only ones who knew why. It was the same reason she refused to go along with this deal.

“I say you’re weak to refuse such a generous offer. You know full well how I feel about the Serresims. Ruining the next one’s family would be wonderful!” Kaxilia cooed, her nightmarish wings spreading out showing countless eyes looking right at Liría.

“As I said, my decision still stands,” Liría slammed the tip of her fiery black long sword into the ground, “As the leader of the Destroyers I make the final call! And I say no! Let these scum go back into the hole they crawled out of. We have better things to do!”

The lead man of the five figures making the deal laughed a deep ominous laugh, “We knew full well you would not accept Liría. However, refusing a Taar Jydeon is something you don’t want to do, especially not five of us!”

“Let us reveal who we are!” a woman beside the man said, stepping forward.

The lead man pulled off his cloak to reveal a majestic but terrifying figure underneath, perfect in every way and shining in light, “I am Vaidairos, the once forbidden God of Purity. However I was once known as Nī Sarran, the Eagle of Kii.”

The woman who spoke previously removed her hood, revealing a figure of light “I am Vadairis, the previously forbidden Goddess of Truth. Long ago you knew me as Aeyaina Aelrain, supreme leader of the Kii Alliance.”

Though the other members of the Destroyers seemed surprised, Liría was not, she could see the future and knew about this meeting hundreds of years before. She had long since gotten over the feeling of surprise that the Alénarian leaders of the Kii Alliance had awakened the Taar Jydeon within them.

Another man stepped forward and removed his cloak, revealing a powerful and menacing figure, “Behold I am Nvarcasantiran, God of Drugs! I was once forbidden but by my power I have returned. I too was someone from the Kii Alliance! Forsīnak Sarran was my name!”

After him, a woman stepped forward revealing an imposing broken form, “Look upon me and be broken! I was once Alanria Sarran, but now I am Kazivra, once Forbidden Goddess of Ruin.”

The last man stepped forward revealing a form that looked tortured beyond belief yet at the same time terrifying to behold, "I was once Ankorrian of the Silver Wolf, but now I have awoken, now I am Kothvreko, the once forbidden God of Torture."

Liría felt disgust at these beings before her once again. They had led the Kii Alliance to a civil war with their parent empire, known simply as the Temporal Empire. As a member of the Temporal Empire, Liría was called in to put an end to their uprising. Thus, she and her Destroyers created the Tirrorinsin Misarian worshiper group to stand against them. In the end, when the Tirrorinsin and the Destroyers were close to winning, the Alénarian of the Kii chose to save themselves instead of their people.

"Do you dare still question us, Jydeon filth?" Vaidairos shouted in a deep booming voice. "Or do we have to make you listen?"

Liría knew what would happen this day, but that didn't mean she couldn't defy them until the end, "What happened to Kor'San'Da? Or what about Rae'anara?" she shouted, "Oh right, you turned on Rae'anara and left her to die, then Kor'San'Da left you all in disgust! You may be Taar Jydeon, but you were all forbidden for a reason! I will not give in to the demands of you or your master, wherever that traitor may be!"

"I always speak the truth Liría," Vadairis called out, "And the truth I now speak is that the Destroyers will serve. But first we will make a sacrifice, to bind you to the pact. The Shadowed One demands it."

"The Shadowed One will rue the day she messed with a servant of the Five!" Liría yelled back in pure anger. So rarely did she call upon the secret power of her birthright, but in times like this it was necessary. "By the Five you will not hold us forever! You may hold us for a time, but we will be free!"

"The Five?" Vaidairos laughed, "What are they? More Impurities that must be purged?"

"Let us begin!" Vadairis cried out, slamming a golden staff onto the ground, "All people on this world, hear my words! Take up your arms and rise against your neighbors. Kill any living thing you see. And once there is nothing left to kill, kill yourselves. For a Sacrifice to the Shadowed One must occur!"

Vaidairos cried out next, slamming a massive golden bladed hammer down onto the ground, "Let the impure be cleansed in the blood of the innocent! Let these fiends serve the true master of the Shadowed One!"

"Let ruin come to this world in the name of the Shadowed One, let this offering please her!" Kazivra called out, adding her own power to it.

"You won't win!" Liría shouted clenching her fists and wings tightly as the ground began to shake.

"Let the people of this world be fuelled to violence by my gift, let their minds be altered by the Drugs of the Taar!" Nvarcasantilran rasped.

"Let this world be tortured by the will of the Shadowed one! Let it leave a mark on history that will last eternity!" Kothvreko screamed.

"You will not bind us!" Liría began to cry, "Five Protect your servant. Protect my family."

“Let the truth of this day be forever hidden! And let the truth of our origins remain a secret for all eternity! Let the future remember the Kii as the side of good! May the long years of temporal instability finally be at an End!” Vadairis raised her hand to the sky. “Let the Shadowed One bind these fiends to her will! Let the family of the next Serresim suffer! Let all related to her be cursed! Make these fiends carry out this curse! Until she deems to release them!”

Everywhere around Liría, in the lower phases where the mortals dwelt, violence erupted in the streets. Anyone who had a gun was shooting at any living thing they saw. They seemed as if in a drug fuelled rage, turning on friend and family. Even the children were not spared. The blood began filling the streets, and Liría could feel the curse already binding her. Nobody but the Destroyers and these Taar Jydeon would ever know what truly happened here. The people of the Préssérvium Alunas would forever wonder what happened.

Liría screamed at the Taar Jydeon as they vanished and gnashed her teeth after they were gone. As the curse finally took hold, Liría looked at the others. Many of them seemed to delight in what was happening around them. Others like her daughters seemed a bit put off by all the senseless violence.

All of them had murdered innocents before. Each had undoubtably sinned in countless ways. Yet this bloodbath was something else entirely. Most likely the mortals would blame the Misarian. Most likely they would see this as an attack.

Each of them would play a part to play in this curse. Most of them would most likely enjoy their roles. Liría however knew her true masters would be angry at her for this. To be used to hurt her own gods was an affront to everything she secretly was. And as the Misarian Queen of Curses, nobody would believe her, that she herself had fallen to someone else’s curse. Thus, she was doomed.

Chapter 2

Linarrilka 20th, 2691 N.F.K. – Planet Sīkor’Farra

The crowd watched in solemn silence as Queen Tarrionria Ālérórín stepped up to the stage with tears in her eyes. The Queen looked out at the people, everyone here had heard the news of the tragedy of the Planet Onar’Kasana. Rumors were starting to fly around about the reason of the self slaughter, ranging from Misarian, to the Old God Alvaranatis coming down to the world to incite the hearts to murder. By the time anyone had found out, the last survivors had already bled out and died.

The Queen began speaking, “As all of you are aware, the tragedy of Onar’Kasana has shaken everyone to the core. However, after working with the other Universal Powers, we have determined the cause. It was quite simple. It started as a noble house dispute.

“As many people are aware Onar’Kasana was one of the most populated planets in the universe that was not an original homeworld of a pre-existing civilization. It was a jointly claimed planet by both our Sībro Empire, and our ally Érthkonothiy Empire. However, the planet’s seven noble houses were at odds with each other.

“Our investigation shows, that the massacre started with one noble house launching a planet wide attack on the others with gun fire in the streets. They fought back. But due to it being in the

streets, other people got out their weapons to defend themselves and their families. This just led to more people flying to a rage seeing their friends and family get shot down. And led to people being killed in their own homes.”

“Because this incident could have easily been lessened, or outright avoided if nobody owned a gun, I as queen after talking to my advisors have decided to outlaw the use of handheld firearms in all things, military included. Firearms are a curse upon the universe, long have we suffered from unneeded violence due to them, but that ends today. The Értikonothiy royalty have also decided to ban the use of guns in all areas, other than their black ops division, however that division is made up of the most well trained and well-disciplined soldiers in their empire. From this day forward we will return to using tradition weapons, such as the sword and bow, to fight our wars and defend our people. For this tragedy has shown us the evil of the firearms, and the need for us to remove them.

“No doubt however terrorist factions and lesser empires will continue to use such weapons, but that is why we must improve our defensive equipment to defend against such weapons. Though we go backwards to traditional weapons for combat, we will go forwards with advanced armor to defend ourselves. In this way we will protect ourselves from the dangers of those who wield the cursed weapons.

“Let it be known on this day, that the Sībro Empire will cast down our firearms, and return to weapons of honor and grace! Let it be known on this day we will forever honor the memory of those on planet Onar’Kasana by refusing to carry a gun either in war or at home. Let it be known that we will remain strong, yet we will not lose our honor in the process. For we are the Sībro Empire! And we will reclaim our honor!”