

FORBIDDEN ORIGINS PRESENTS

THE OLD
UNIVERSE

Book TWO

STORY BY
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Forbidden Origins LLC

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The Old Universe: Book Two

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TIME DELIVERS WHAT MUST BE DONE.
SPACE DELIVERS WHAT CAN BE DONE.

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THE OLD
UNIVERSE

Book TWO

THE END OF THE LONG SLEEP

Year - 800,025 ATLS Cycle 9: Five months after the birth of Corrin.

“My beautiful creations. Your Father is here!”

The All Father’s words echoed out into the vastness of space. All ears across the universe listened as his booming voice filtered into every planet, every atmosphere, every city, village, forest, and home. His words reached Itarus, where the current Itarian emperor lived.

“Impossible,” uttered out a Scribe of Noplia.

Several other Scribes followed him. Their red eyes glistened as the Itarian sun began to set. Their blue skin was loosely covered by long drapes that slithered across the palace floors.

“It can’t be him,” another Scribe whispered as the doors to the emperor’s chambers opened.

Military advisors and other Scribes were already there. They chattered amongst themselves, their eyes expressing mortal fear. One Scribe gathered everyone together.

“Only two beings have the power to do that. No one has ever seen the one called ‘The Time Keeper’ and the other has been gone for over Eight Cycles!”

The Scribe looked around as everyone thought to themselves.

Another Scribe chimed in.

“All we know of him is from legend. There’s no real proof of him ever having existed. Never mind existing now!”

“Other than the voice we all just heard come from the sky,” an older man said, mocking the Scribe.

Bickering amongst the Scribes and military advisors broke out. This sort of in-fighting was rampant across the Itarian Empire. Ruling for four Cycles now, the last four hundred thousand years have seen the Itarians go from scattered kingdoms on Itarus, to the first multi-planetary empire. With thousands of years in power, the mighty Itarian Empire was in decline. And the constant squabbling of old men was a clear sign of that.

“Enough,” a young Scribe yelled. “If it is who we think it is, why would he come back now? And would he come to Itarus?”

Silence fell upon the room as the Itarian men felt a cold chill run up their spine. The silence was broken as the emperor entered the room.

“I see you’re all shaken by what has recently occurred,” the emperor proclaimed, letting out a slight laugh.

The current Itarian emperor was Emperor Forzan XXVII. He ascended to the throne at a young age after his father was killed during a reconquest of Fargulk. Apart from his below-average height, inability to properly ride on a dragon, and obsession with Spear

Energy gladiatorial matches, his arrogance made him unsuitable for the throne.

“My emperor,” a Scribe started, “we urge you to take this matter seriously.”

“The only thing I don’t take seriously, Scribe, is you! You all bore me with your fear-mongering and chatter about timekeepers, myths, and legends,” the emperor sternly said.

“But emperor, if it is The All...” a military advisor started but was cut off.

“So be it! I am of the Blood of Vorza! My kin have conquered and ruled these stars for over Four Cycles! No being can challenge me! Or my army! Now disperse from here, you cowards!”

Emperor Forzan turned to leave but was stopped in his tracks as yelling from down in the courtyard could be heard.

The Scribes and military advisors rushed to the windows to see what the commotion was.

“What’re you all looking at?” Emperor Forzan annoyingly asked as he pushed his way to the window.

Below, Italian soldiers were all looking up to the clouds as a silhouette hovered in the sky. Two white glowing eyes could be seen shining from the low haze of the setting Italian sun.

“He’s..he’s real!” A military advisor nervously mumbled out.

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“And he’s here,” the young Scribe from earlier bluntly said.

Emperor Forzan glared into the sky and gripped the window sill.

“My emperor, what must we do?” A Scribe impatiently asked.

Emperor Forzan continued to glare into the clouds.

Some military advisors and Scribes began to silently leave while others nervously spoke amongst themselves. Below in the courtyard, more Itarians began gathering. Out in the capital city, citizens were exiting their homes to peer up at the being floating above them.

“Emperor,” a Scribe uttered, breaking Emperor Forzan out of his trance. “Your orders?”

Emperor Forzan gripped the window sill tighter before releasing it.

“Call on the army!” Emperor Forzan decreed.

He began walking out of his chambers as military advisors started sending out word. Scribes followed him.

“Have INFERNO meet me at the city gates. Order all citizens to remain indoors until further notice. I want my wife and daughter escorted out of Itarus immediately.”

Emperor Forzan reached his room, and his wards immediately began to put on his armor.

“Every Itarian soldier on Itarus must be ready within the next five minutes. We will show this being who the Itarians are!”

The Scribes rushed out to get to work. Military leaders were calling upon every soldier to get armed and meet at the city gates.

Although the Itarian Empire was in decline, its military might was still powerful. Emperor Forzan approached the city gates with his army, Carrier ships, and INFERNO behind him. The INFERNO division was known for its ferocity, and although the empire was in decline, the soldiers in this division were no less ferocious. INFERNO riders floated above the army on Itarian cosmic dragons, ready to fight and die for their emperor.

Emperor Forzan called to the sky.

“Who are you?” Emperor Forzan yelled.

The winds of Itarus halted as The All Father descended through the clouds. His black cloak flowed behind him as he glared at the Itarian forces. His white, glowing eyes glimmered as he scanned the ground.

Itarian soldiers’ eyes widened at the sight of him. The cosmic dragons growled as some became uneasy. The All Father hovered above them still, making his presence known without a word.

Emperor Forzan drew his sword and pointed it to the sky.

“I asked, who are you?”

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The Italian sun glowed behind The All Father as it nearly faded away beyond the horizon. Soldiers, Generals, and INFERNO riders held their breath as The All Father finally spoke.

“I’ve been known by many names,” he said softly, his voice almost trembling the trees.

The All Father descended even more, but slowly.

“High One, Bringer of Life...some have called me The Beginning, others have called me The End.”

“Should I give the order to attack, my emperor?” A general whispered to Emperor Forzan.

“Not yet,” Emperor Forzan sternly replied.

“I have been called The Creator.”

Emperor Forzan lifted his hand to signal INFERNO.

“But you can call me...The All Father!”

“NOW,” Emperor Forzan yelled.

The entire might of the Italian military was unleashed on The All Father. Carrier ships unloaded their blasters as soldiers on the ground fired their weapons. INFERNO riders sped at The All Father with their cosmic dragons. The dragons shot out powerful celestial flames from their mouths, blasts that could level an entire city. As the smoke from the blasts cleared and the Carrier ships recharged, the cosmic dragons hovered above where The All Father floated.

“Impossible,” Emperor Forzan whispered to himself as The All Father appeared through the smoke, unfazed.

“My children, you all will know who I am,” The All Father said as he extended his hand to the sky. The Italian atmosphere cracked, and the clouds split as the Spear of Space zoomed into The All Father’s hand.

“FIRE AT WILL,” Emperor Forzan yelled.

The All Father’s eyes exploded with energy as he zoomed to the nearest cosmic dragon. He struck its skull with the Spear of Space while using his free hand to grab the rider and launch him to the ground. He spun quickly as another INFERNO rider raced towards him. The dragon he struck with the Spear hurled to the ground as The All Father evaded cosmic blasts all around him. He ripped through the clouds, with four INFERNO riders tailing him. Below, Emperor Forzan watched nervously.

“We must get him off-world,” a military advisor yelled.

The emperor stared with his red eyes as his INFERNO riders sped up to The All Father. Cheers erupted on the ground as one of the dragons latched its jaws to The All Father’s foot and spun him around, flinging him across the sky. Another INFERNO rider took the opportunity to chase after him, making his dragon clench its teeth around The All Father’s waist.

“Once they get him off-world, I want air defenses doubled across the planet. He will not re-enter Itarus,” Forzan declared, watching as the INFERNO rider and his dragon flew into the atmosphere.

The All Father tried releasing himself from the dragon’s jaws, but its teeth were dug deep into his skin. Two more INFERNO riders followed behind as they broke through the atmosphere and into open space. The dragon flung The All Father away from the planet, and as it did so, the other two riders lined up and their dragons shot their cosmic blasts at The All Father.

On the ground, Italian soldiers could see the powerful blasts from space. More cheers erupted. Civilians peered out their windows and looked up to the sky. They clamored amongst themselves, wondering if the battle was over.

“No one could survive that,” a military advisor said to another.

As cheers rang throughout the military, the sound barrier broke above them. Italian soldiers broke formation to greet the INFERNO riders returning. But a chill ran down Emperor Forzan’s neck.

“Our heroes have returned,” yelled one Italian soldier.

Cheers began withering out, and smiles turned to blank expressions as the breaking of the sound barrier was of the INFERNO riders returning, but not alive.

Emperor Forzan watched in anguish as one of the dragons crash-landed on the ground. Yelling broke out all around Forzan. He was quickly losing control of his men's morale. Whatever courage the Italian soldiers had left was shattered as the sound barrier broke again. Everyone looked up as another dragon came zooming through the clouds. A trail of blood spewing out from its body followed the cosmic entity as it rapidly descended. Before Forzan could react, the sound barrier broke again.

"He killed them all," a military advisor whispered.

All eyes were up in the sky as another dragon came spiraling down. Behind it, The All Father followed, with the Spear of Space lodged into the dragon's head. Forzan's eyes widened.

"GET BACK NOW. BREAK FORMA-," but before Forzan could finish his sentence, The All Father landed directly in the middle of the soldiers with the cosmic dragon's body still attached to the Spear.

Soldiers were launched back by the impact. Emperor Forzan was quickly covered by military advisors and guards. A sea of dust consumed the surrounding area. Soldiers tried recovering their senses, but the screams and groans from injured Italians were deafening.

"Where is he?" Emperor Forzan asked.

His vision was blurred. The sound of the impact popped his eardrums. Blood leaked out of his head.

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Soldiers encircled him, but the looks on their faces were as if they were the ones who needed to be protected.

“Where is HE?” Forzan yelled.

The dust was thick. Seeing in front was barely possible.

“What is that?” one soldier yelled.

Emperor Forzan quickly turned his head. Quick swooshes could be heard all around. Emperor Forzan turned his head again. And again. And again. Soldiers were screaming, then going silent immediately.

Above the cloud of dust, Italian soldiers inside the Carrier ships struggled to communicate with their officers on the ground.

“Should we intervene?” one soldier asked.

He looked with his red eyes through the glass at the ground below him.

“We can try to clear the dust. Give them some sort of visibility,” another Italian, who appeared to be in a position of leadership, answered.

He gave the order for the Carrier ships to descend. But as they did, The All Father shot up from the dust and ripped through a Carrier ship with the Spear of Space. It exploded as The All Father targeted another ship. His speed was exquisite, yet terrifying. His ferocity was that of a god of myth and legend. He tore through the metal Carrier ships as if they were dead leaves from the tallest tree on Kaasiar.

Above the cloud of dirt, Emperor Forzan could hear his Carrier ships exploding. Balls of flaming metal came crashing down, crushing Itarians around him. He ran through the dirt, trying not to get hit by the falling debris. As he sprinted through the commotion, he could see quick flashes of The All Father tearing through Carrier ships. Up ahead, a clearing to escape the dust bowl was visible.

Forzan ran faster. Around him laid lifeless the bodies of his men. Men who trusted Emperor Forzan to keep Itarus safe. The weight of the Itarian legacy slowed Forzan, but he pushed through. As he reached the clearing, The All Father floated above.

“Why?” Forzan uttered.

His face was covered in blood, dirt, and sweat. His majestic Itarian armor was filthy. All semblance of an emperor who came from a long bloodline of royalty was gone. In front of The All Father, he felt small. All his life, he was held to a status of divinity, but for the first time, he felt mortality itself. In the presence of The All Father, Forzan now knew true power.

“There is no need for you to ponder on the why. You are insignificant. A plague. My creations have suffered under Itarian rule,” The All Father said.

Behind him, Carrier ships were still crashing to the ground. Dust began to clear as he descended. His dark blue feet touched the ground softly, but still gushing out

a gust of wind. His cloak dragged along the dirt, brushing against the bodies of fallen soldiers.

“But you have shown me something useful. You’ve shown me what can be created by creation itself. Your metal ships, your weapons, your talent to control is what I admire.”

The Spear of Space radiated gracefully. Its light illuminated The All Father’s white eyes.

“Embrace me, Itarian. Creation, embrace your father.”

Emperor Forzan couldn’t believe what he was hearing. The shock had taken control of his body and mind. He tried to speak, but nothing came out.

Scribes and civilians watched from the city gates as The All Father towered above Emperor Forzan.

“Get up,” one citizen whispered.

Forzan’s red eyes were staring into the dirt now. The All Father’s shadow consumed him. He looked up, terrified to make eye contact.

“Itarus...is yours,” Forzan mumbled out.

“Speak louder so they can hear you,” The All Father said to Forzan, pointing the Spear at the crowd of Itarians watching.

Forzan gathered up his strength and swallowed hard.

“Itarus,” Forzan said, stuttering, “is yours!”

The All Father looked around. Itarians cut their eyes away, terrified of him. He noticed larger beings in the background, chained.

“You, Fargulkian, step forward,” The All Father demanded.

A large Fargulkian stepped forward. He was wearing drapes and had chains around his neck, arms, and feet. Forzan watched in terror and confusion.

“Why are you bound like this?” The All Father asked.

The Fargulkian answered, unsure whether to look The All Father in the eyes or not.

“I am a slave, All Father,” the Fargulkian answered.

“Slave?” The All Father asked.

The Fargulkian looked around. His master was visibly angry.

“Yes, All Father. I am owned and bound to servitude for life,” the Fargulkian replied.

This concept was new to The All Father. Before he fell into The Long Sleep, there was no concept of slavery. Forced servitude wasn’t something The All Father had ever experienced.

“Fargulkians are one of my first creations. You are not a slave,” The All Father said, floating into the sky. His eyes were glowing now.

“Fargulkians, step forward,” he decreed.

The Fargulkian slaves stepped forward. They all towered over their Itarian masters.

“Free yourselves. Join me. Reclaim your pride,” The All Father decreed.

Silence took hold for a moment, but was broken by the sound of chains falling to the ground. The sound of more chains hitting the ground followed as the Fargulkians gazed upon their liberator. Some dropped to their knees, praising The All Father and the Spear of Space. Tears from the giants hit the ground like boulders, tears that were filled with four Cycles of captivity.

“Take the city. It’s yours. Once you have had your fill of vengeance, follow me to a better future. You will help me reclaim this universe. I will free my creations, and The Black Palace will defend all my children,” The All Father proclaimed.

The Fargulkians turned to their former masters with countless centuries of bottled-up anger and pain in their eyes. Screams rang out as they charged at Itarian citizens.

“Judge him as you see fit,” The All Father said, pointing the Spear of Space at Emperor Forzan.

“But, but I embraced you. I gave you Itarus,” Forzan spewed out as two Fargulkians approached him and picked him up. Fear and tears filtered out of his eyes.

“You cannot give me what has always been mine,” The All Father stated.

Emperor Forzan screamed and yelled as the Fargulkians took him into the city. Pillaging could be heard. The Fargulkian from earlier approached The All Father.

“You have saved us,” he said.

The All Father looked down at him.

“I will save all of you,” The All Father replied.

The Fargulkian dropped to his knees and praised The All Father.

“I pledge myself to you and The Black Palace. For The Spear. For The Father. For The Universe.”

“For The Spear. For The Father. For The Universe,” The All Father said to himself.

He grinned, drowning in thoughts of envisioning that for The Black Palace military slogan.

“What is your name, Fargulkian?”

The Fargulkian looked up. His dark skin and maroon eyes earlier told a story of someone without meaning, but now they glistened with purpose.

“Syeron, All Father.”

The All Father gripped the Spear of Space.

“We spread all the glory The Black Palace has to offer starting today, Syeron. This universe will know who their father is.”

In the distance, the mighty capital of Itarus was in ruins. Fargulkians were slaughtering their former masters and taking everything of value. Children ran through the streets, looking for their mothers. Syeron

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watched as The All Father hovered above him. The Spear of Space radiated softly as The All Father's white eyes reflected the burning end of the Itarian Empire.

CHAPTER 1

OVASERYN

Word rapidly spread across the stars of the creatures that had decimated Kaasiar and descended upon Kkooddrmaa. No one blamed The Allegiance leadership for allowing fear to force a retreat, but the absence of Corrin and the brave women and men who started the rebellion against The Black Palace was felt. Under the command of General Nafu-Veguz, The Black Palace Fleet closed down more safe passageways to planets and trading outposts. Since Kaasiar's destruction, battles and skirmishes against Black Palace troops and those who pledged themselves to The Allegiance were still happening, but the tides were slowly changing back in favor of The All Father.

Corrin knew this. He flew through space, heading to Ovaseryn. It had been three days since he last saw Morgana, Zhao-Lan, and the other members of The Allegiance. He needed to find the answers to what The All Father had unleashed, but he couldn't stop thinking of the people he felt he had let down. Every world had fighters waving The Allegiance banner. It was because of his decision to stand up to his father that countless lives had now been lost. He still questioned whether or

not this was the right decision. To him, the universe needed a change. He knew The All Father had become a tyrant like the Italian emperors of the past. But he still couldn't help but wonder if rebellion and open war were the way to pursue a better future.

On his way to Ovaseryn, he made sure to stay clear of Black Palace patrols. A year of war against his father had gone by, but being a wanted man by the empire was still new to him. It still felt strange to be an enemy to one of the most powerful beings in the universe. It still did not feel normal to consider his father a foe. Corrin wasn't sure it would ever feel normal.

Ovaseryn was located in the Zamox System. Ovaseryn was the second planet directly created by The All Father and the Spear of Space. The system was named after its sun, Zamox. The sun was named after Zaman and Nox and was the first sun and the first light to illuminate the universe on its own.

The Zamox System was far away from Kkooddraraa. Corrin could have channeled more Spear Energy to get there faster, but that much energy exhausted into space would have brought him unwanted attention. Instead, he slithered through the stars, using asteroid fields and the natural darkness of space as cover.

Another three days or so went by of cautiously making his way to Ovaseryn. Food and water was not an option. Resting was out of the picture. He'd never flown this long in open space before, and the effects of

using Spear Energy for a long period were starting to take their toll. His eyes were sunken, and his beard was dry. Evrii and his children were on his mind. Maybe, he thought to himself, they could disappear. Go far away to where The All Father couldn't reach them and his influence was non-existent. Corrin daydreamed of this as he flew through space, but deep down, he knew no such place existed.

The journey to Ovaseryn began to seem like it was on its final legs as the glow from a nearby star danced on Corrin's face. He had finally arrived in the Zamox system. The warm rays filtered some life back into Corrin as he forced his body to move forward. If he kept his pace, he would arrive at Ovaseryn in a few hours. His energy levels were beginning to waver, but nothing was going to stop him from finding the answers he needed. Nothing was going to stand in his way of stopping the creatures The All Father had unleashed. But, The All Father has eyes and ears everywhere.

The Zamox system is not only home to Ovaseryn, it is also home to the planet Di. With their scaly skin, conniving ways, and ambitious political goals, the reptilians of Di are staunch allies to The Black Palace.

Di was the fourth planet directly created by The All Father and the Spear of Space, and the reptilians that inhabit the swamp planet envision a universe where every world is covered in the murky waters of their desolate home.

As Corrin continued on his path to Ovaseryn, something caught his eye. He quickly barrel-rolled to the right as a blast nearly hit his face. The blast ripped past him, hitting an asteroid and causing it to explode. Corrin stopped flying and turned to where the blast came from. In the distance, four ships slowly emerged out of the darkness of space. They were from Di.

“We’ve located Corrin,” a tall, dark orange figure uttered as he gripped a radio with his scaly hand.

Inside one of the ships, the reptilians watched in anticipation while Corrin considered what their next move would be. The ship’s interior was dark and warm. It was equipped to be habitable for the reptilians and morphed into a suitable environment for long periods of space travel.

“Corrin of Arcadia. Son of Helena. Son of The All Father. You are wanted by The Black Palace and are hereby ordered to be turned over to the appropriate authorities,” a reptilian said over the intercom. His voice was raspy and low.

Corrin watched as the ships moved to tighten him in. He responded.

“And the appropriate authorities. Is that you?”

Corrin could hear the ship’s blasters gearing up to shoot again. He readied himself to escape.

“We have been sanctioned to bring you in on crimes of sedition, malcontent, and rebellion. You can come

alive, or we can deliver your lifeless body to the feet of your father!”

Corrin took off. He used whatever energy he had left to make his daring escape.

“What are you doing?” the reptilian yelled to his ship gunner. “Shoot him down!”

The ships began shooting at Corrin as they followed him. Corrin flew into an asteroid field, trying to lose the ships in the process. But the reptilians from Di were as smart as they were ruthless. They built their ships to be small and fast, which allowed them to quickly maneuver through the asteroid field and gain on Corrin. Their blasters hit asteroids in front, beside, and behind Corrin, causing debris to fly into his face.

Corrin maneuvered through the asteroid field, trying to evade every blast coming his way. But the ships were gaining on him, and as he made a sharp left, a blast struck him in the back, causing him to crash land hard onto one of the asteroids. He quickly got up as the reptilian ships encircled him.

“Bring me back alive, huh?” Corrin uttered as the reptilian ships unleashed more shots at him.

He formed an energy shield around himself, using up more energy than he had. The blasts bounced off his circular shield, but it wasn’t going to hold. Suddenly, the blasts stopped. Smoke filled the darkness of space as the ships descended onto the asteroid.

Covered by the smoke, Corrin thought to himself. He could fly away and risk being shot down again, or he could use whatever energy he had left to finish the reptilians here and now.

As the exterior door of the ships opened, six reptilians made their way towards Corrin. They were wearing space suits made during the Italian era. Space suits that enabled the reptilians to breathe on the asteroid. The smoke from the blasts painted the area in a thick layer of invisibility. Their face masks made it hard for them to see.

“Do you think he’s still alive?” a reptilian asked another, his words hissing from behind the mask.

Before the reptilian could answer, he was snatched into the thickness of the smoke. The other reptilian abruptly turned and began shooting, then stopped. The other four came running over.

“What happened?” one asked.

Before anyone could reply, another reptilian was snatched into the smoke. The remaining four began shooting aimlessly. As their blasters took a second to recharge, Corrin burst through the smoke and struck a reptilian with his sword, splitting the face mask open. The reptilian gasped for air before he collapsed onto the rocky ground of the asteroid.

The other reptilians began shooting at Corrin, but he was too fast. He reached two of them and smashed their heads together, before backflipping to evade

another blast. As Corrin landed on the ground, he spun and threw his sword into the chest of one of the enemy combatants. As the reptilian struggled to react and yelled in pain, Corrin sprinted to him and pulled his sword out quickly. A shot from a blaster struck him in the arm, making Corrin grab the reptilian in front of him to use as a shield. The other unloaded his blaster into his comrade as Corrin made his way to him. When he got close enough, he tossed the dead reptilian he was using as a body shield into the shooter and shoved his sword into both their bodies.

As the reptilians slumped to the ground, a large blast from one of the ships tore through the smoke and launched Corrin off the asteroid and into space. His body crashed through one, two, three, or even four asteroids before roughly tumbling onto the surface of a larger asteroid nearby. The reptilian ships quickly hovered above him. Corrin was breathing heavily, injured from the blasts.

“Kill him,” a reptilian from inside one of the ships uttered. A grin spread across his face, revealing sharp jagged teeth.

As the ships prepared to fire, Corrin channeled the remaining Spear Energy inside of him and launched into space. His white eye was glowing now, and his fist was consumed with energy.

“Enough!” he yelled as he flew towards the ship.

With the amount of Spear Energy he was channeling, he ripped through one of the reptilian ships. He quickly turned, his white glowing eye glaring at the leader giving the orders to kill him.

“Get us out of here now,” the reptilian demanded. Fear danced on his face.

Corrin quickly sped to one of the other ships and shot it down with his open hand. Anger was radiating from his body. He was trying to save this universe from whatever creatures his father unleashed, and these reptilians were in his way. Evrii, his children, Morgana, and the Warrior Priests all depended on him.

He zoomed to the ship where the reptilian giving orders was cowardly hiding. Corrin burst through the glass of the ship’s cockpit. The reptilians inside quickly stumbled to get their breathers on as the vacuum of space swallowed everything out. Some were sucked out through the hole in the glass as others gripped onto anything they could. Finally, one of the reptilians hit a big green button, sealing off the cockpit.

Corrin pointed his sword at the reptilian leader. His white eye was glowing with rage.

“Trying to kill me has cost the lives of your men. You fool!”

Corrin’s voice was deep and angry. It was a side of Corrin rarely anyone had ever seen. It was a side of him only enemies of the Black Palace witnessed during his time as herald to The All Father.

“We are only following orders, Corrin,” a reptilian hiding in the corner said.

Corrin gave him a sharp glare. As he did so, the reptilian leader slowly reached for a blaster.

“So, this is the Shepard of Fire we’ve all heard so much about,” the reptilian leader said.

He was still reaching for the blaster.

“You think you’re different than The All Father,” the reptilian continued. He let out a raspy laugh.

“Look at you. Your ferocity. Your willingness to take a life. That white glow in your eye. You are his son. A killer!”

The reptilian quickly grabbed the blaster and aimed it at Corrin. As he pulled the trigger, Corrin reached him in the blink of an eye and uppercutted him, sending his body through the roof of the ship.

As the new hole began to suck everything out again, another reptilian hiding in the corner rushed to the dashboard and pressed a button. Corrin turned abruptly.

“Burn with us,” the reptilian said through his jagged teeth as the ship exploded.

The explosion consumed the entire ship instantly. The last remaining reptilian ship watched as their brethren burned.

“We must report this back to Di and The Black Palace immediately,” a reptilian on board said. The ship

quickly turned and flew away, leaving the devastation behind them.

As the reptilian ship raced through the stars to give word of what had happened, more events further away were unfolding. With The Allegiance leaders dispersing and news traveling quickly of mysterious creatures consuming worlds, Black Palace counsel and ministers began a propaganda campaign to discredit Corrin amongst the planetary kingdom. They were calling his war a sham rebellion and a weak attempt to overthrow The All Father, who they propped up as a ‘just and gracious God’.

Most of the planets didn’t listen to the propaganda. Those loyal to Corrin’s cause still fought hard on their worlds. The core might of The Allegiance might have fallen apart, but people were still taking up the mantle themselves. On Rashalon, old blood crept in the shadows, lurking and waiting.

“Thank you, magistrate,” Tirus said to an elderly man who was leaving his chambers.

Tirus was readying Rashalon for the coming months. The war had paused all trade throughout the universe, and resources dedicated to the upkeep and survival of the planet were low. Rations across the world were being put in place to withstand any storm, natural or manmade, that might affect the people of Rashalon.

As the magistrate left Tirus's chambers, Jahgros walked in, an aura of mischief surrounding him.

"The people of Rashalon must be grateful for your tireless efforts," Jahgros said, standing at the doorway.

Tirus was startled by Jahgros. He wasn't expecting an audience with anyone for the remainder of the evening. He looked at Jahgros, suspiciously.

"I only work for the best interest of the people of Rashalon," Tirus replied, not moving from where he stood.

Jahgros chuckled as he began pacing around the room.

"Best interest you say. A gutter rat from the ruins of Old Vasalen has the power to dictate how Rashalon survives," Jahgros mockingly stated, picking up a book from Tirus's table and dropping it to the ground.

"Your prejudice towards me has blinded you to what's best for Rashalon," Tirus responded, not phased by Jahgros' blatant disrespect.

The tension in the room was thick.

"This character you've created that revolves around piety and selflessness is going to get us killed," Jahgros yelled. "When my ancestors ruled Rashalon, they bent the knee to the Itarians. Do you think you're better than the kings of old? Better than the rightful rulers of Rashalon? Better than the ones who made it possible for you to call yourself Viceroy?"

“The people of Rashalon call me Viceroy! Elected by them to do what is right! You see humility as a sign of weakness. You see me standing tall in the face of tyranny as me not thinking about the people of Rashalon. You are so clouded by bloodlines and titles, that you can’t see your own treason,” Tirus answered back.

His old age was beginning to show from the stress.

“The only treason on Rashalon is your daughter marrying a rebellious boy. Tell me Tirus, when Corrin comes here, again, asking for advice, will the people of Rashalon still respect and love their dear Viceroy?”

Tirus was taken aback. Jahgros knew about his meeting with Corrin and Morgana. He glared at Jahgros.

“Good evening, Viceroy,” Jahgros said, before leaving.

Tirus stood in his chambers concerned about Jahgros’ intentions and the events that were going to unfold.

The Rashalon sun was beginning to set, but on Arcadia, the day was just beginning.

Warrior Priests surrounded Evrii. She was armed with swords in both hands and was wearing her armor from her time as commander of Rashalon’s Security

Forces. Zhao-Lan watched from afar with Lynn and Kale as the Warrior Priests charged up their energy. Evrii was outnumbered, but made the first move, charging at two of the Warrior Priests. One from behind tried to bear hug her, but she hip-tossed them, following the motion and rolling into two other Warrior Priests.

The roll gave her the momentum to swipe them off their feet. Only two remained as they hurled beams of Spear Energy at her. She blocked the attacks with her swords, ducking and weaving closer and closer to them. Kale watched in excitement as his mother swiftly moved and countered each attack that was thrown at her. Lynn was mimicking her mother's movements, trying to learn from her.

As Evrii reached the last two standing Warrior Priests, the three of them engaged each other before Evrii was able to take them both down.

"Good," said Zhao-Lan, approaching Evrii who was barely breaking a sweat. "You still got it."

The Warrior Priests stood up from the ground, congratulating Evrii.

"Now Lynn," Zhao-Lan asked, "what did you learn from watching your mother train?"

Lynn pondered on the question before answering. A year had gone by since she last saw her father. Her hair was longer, she stood taller from the ground now, and her purple eyes glistened under the Arcadian sun.

“She never took her eyes off her opponent and managed to use their weight in her favor,” Lynn said, smiling.

Evrii winked at her, proud of her answer.

“Mother also used her swords as extensions of her body. When her body moved, the swords moved with her. She flowed like water,” Kale added, admiring his mother’s skill.

Kale was starting to look more and more like Corrin. He was much taller now, ready to pass his father in height very soon.

“You two make me blush,” Evrii giggled, walking up to embrace her children. “Now, go get dressed, Zhao-Lan is going to put you through some more mock fights soon.”

“But mother,” both Lynn and Kale cried out.

“Ah, I don’t want to hear it,” Evrii said, handing her swords to an attendant. “There’s going to be a day where your father and I won’t be around, and you two will need to protect each other. Now go.”

She kissed them both on the forehead as they ran off to get ready for training. She watched them fade into the distance, the sun of Arcadia making their silhouettes disappear. As they vanished from eye view, she turned to Zhao-Lan.

“Any news?” she asked, taking off pieces of her armor.

“The All Father is ramping up his inquisition of those loyal to The Allegiance. There are reports of some scoundrels from Di giving Vaxlier trouble. That team of outcasts from Kkooddraraa are en route to meet General Gaffen on Yres.”

“Outcasts? Don’t you mean outlaws?” Evrii said, chuckling.

Zhao-Lan rolled his eyes.

“Outcasts, outlaws, at least they’re doing something. The Black Palace sent reinforcements that destroyed more than half of Yres’ navy,” Zhao-Lan told her sadly.

“And the creatures that took Kaasiar and Kkooddraraa?” Evrii asked.

“They move quickly. We have scouts tracking their movements, but we’ve lost many Warrior Priests already trying to stay on them. Ra-Lin sent word yesterday that he has an ally on Myero who possibly can help track the creatures more effectively,” Zhao-Lan responded.

Evrii finished taking off her chest piece.

“And Corrin?” Evrii asked, looking up at the clouds.

“Nothing,” Zhao-Lan said, swallowing hard.

“Is there any good news, Zhao-Lan,” Evrii said, not asking a question, but more of looking for hope within herself.

“Your children are becoming skilled warriors,” Zhao-Lan responded, trying to reassure her.

“But is that enough,” Evrii said to herself.

After the war started and Corrin left with The Allegiance, Evrii solidified her role on Arcadia. She worked on fortifying defenses, learning about planetary countermeasures, and studying Itarian military tactics. Her time as commander of Rashalon's Security Forces taught her quite a lot, but it didn't prepare her for an all-out war against The Black Palace. She wanted to be ready for anything.

As the day continued on Arcadia, Evrii made her way through the streets. Drisa-Yun accompanied her with two other Warrior Priests.

"Drisa, you know you don't have to come with me every time," Evrii said playfully.

Drisa kept a watchful eye and responded.

"We're just here to make sure nothing happens. Until The A.R.C. is completed and all refugees are fully vetted, we need to take precautions," Drisa said, her eyes scanning the area.

Plans for The A.R.C. were created a few months after the war started. The A.R.C., Arcadian Refugee Center, was put into effect by Evrii, serving as a haven for those displaced by the war. Engineers and constructors from Allegiance-aligned planets worked tirelessly to quickly put it together. The A.R.C. floats above the Arcadian upper atmosphere, screening

refugees and scanning for potential threats before allowing anyone to seek asylum on Arcadia.

Evrii waved to a couple walking down the city streets. She turned to Drisa and laughed.

“I’m safe here. None of these people will harm me,” Evrii said, looking around.

Even though a war was raging on, the Arcadian people still had smiles on their faces. Evrii made it a mission to not let what was going on above them in the stars disrupt daily life on the ground.

“It’s not them we have to worry about,” Drisa replied. “The All Father has spies everywhere and we, we...never mind.”

Drisa stopped what she was about to say. Evrii looked her in the eyes.

“Say what you want to say Drisa.”

Drisa looked at her. Her pink hair gently flowed in the wind. Her striking blue eyes had a hint of fear in them.

“We can’t keep letting more people arrive on Arcadia,” Drisa uttered.

Evrii let out a regretful sigh and turned to keep walking. Drisa caught up with her.

“I know Arcadia is a beacon for the universe. I know this place is meant to be a home for all who want to start anew, but Evrii, we are in the middle of a war!”

Evrii abruptly stopped and glared at Drisa.

“Don’t you think I know that? My husband is out there fighting right now. I don’t know if he’s alive. I don’t know if he’s dead. I fear every day for my father. For my children. My children, Drisa. They have The All Father’s blood inside of them. What if he wants to claim them? I know we are at war every day!”

Evrii was visibly distraught and on the verge of tears. After Corrin left, she held her emotions in check for the sake of Arcadia and her children, but even the strongest reach a breaking point. Drisa was about to respond, but Zhao-Lan came rushing through the streets. Evrii and Drisa both looked at him with concerned eyes.

Inside her home, Evrii was surrounded by Zhao-Lan, Drisa-Yun, Wi-Lao, and several other Warrior Priests. A hologram showing the Zamox System was on screen.

“Are you sure?” Evrii asked.

“We received word that ships from Di were in the area. A few Allegiance cruisers were nearby and were on their way to intercept. By the time they got there, the ships were destroyed,” Zhao-Lan stated.

“Destroyed? How?” Evrii asked.

“There was no trail of other ships in the area. It was definitely Spear Energy. Lots of it,” Zhao-Lan said.

“Corrin,” Evrii whispered to herself.

“They recovered this.”

Evrii looked over. Two men approached her. They appeared to be from Vaxlier with their small size. They unwrapped an item. It was Corrin’s sword.

Drisa-Yun bowed her head. Evrii looked at it. She didn’t know what to say.

“This doesn’t mean he’s...” Zhao-Lan started to say, but Evrii cut him off.

“He’s not dead,” Evrii quickly said.

She picked up the sword. The blade was broken and the mantle was badly burnt. Tears tried to force their way out of her eyes but she held them back. She dropped the sword to the ground and looked around at all the faces in the room.

“He’s not dead,” she exclaimed.

Zhao-Lan tried to comfort her but she left the room. As she turned the corner, she let the tears race down her face. She didn’t want to let anyone see her break.

As Evrii shed tears for Corrin, sentiments in the Rayon Prime System were different.

“You said the ship exploded?” Dyerian asked.

The reptilians who escaped the battle with Corrin were now on a Black Palace Carrier Ship. Their yellow eyes reflected off the metallic walls. Their massive tails rested on the floor behind them. They stood eye to eye with Dyerian, almost passing the Fargulkian in height.

Dyerian looked at them. He was reading them with his eyes, searching for any disloyalty. Dyerian was now stationed in the Rayon Prime System under General Teren. He was given command of the First Infantry Division and intercepted the reptilian ship heading towards The Black Palace.

“Is this an interrogation?” A reptilian asked, annoyed.

“We did what we were told and were giving The Black Palace the courtesy of reporting back,” the other reptilian added.

“Yea. We lost our entire crew. Four ships were trailing him, and only one escaped. Us!”

Dyerian was unamused and unimpressed.

“Am I supposed to care how many worthless swamp cretins died,” Dyerian stated.

The reptilians looked at each other. Anger was filling the commander’s quarters. Dyerian looked back at them, unafraid and unmoved by their scaly features.

“You say a ship that had Corrin aboard exploded. You claim he died. But yet, you bring no body with you. And what? Do you expect some sort of praise? A pat on the back? Your mission was a complete FAILURE!”

Dyerian signaled for a few Black Palace soldiers to move in. They raised their blasters.

“Execute them. Send their heads back to Di,” Dyerian ordered.

The reptilians began protesting as they were escorted out at gunpoint. As they were leaving, Grater walked in.

“Shut the doors behind you,” Dyerian yelled.

Grater turned and closed the doors. He made his way to Dyerian’s table. He could tell he was bothered.

“You summoned me, sir,” Grater said through his teeth.

The Battle of the New Worlds was still fresh on Grater’s mind. Even more so, he hadn’t forgotten about Dyerian threatening his life. His loyalties to The Black Palace and Corrin still troubled him.

“How much time have you spent on Arcadia?” Dyerian asked.

Grater was taken aback by the question.

“Not much. I barely know of that world,” Grater said, lying.

“And Corrin’s wife? The woman from Rashalon. How well does she know you?”

Grater was concerned with these questions. He began to worry about what Dyerian was planning.

“I, uh, we’ve communicated a few times over the years. To talk about the children, and to see how things were. What is this about?”

Grater feared for what Dyerian was going to say.

“It’s time I put you to use,” Dyerian said, his thick Fargulkian brow burrowed.

While Grater listened to Dyerian unfold his plan on one side of the universe, on the other side of it, within the Sanctuary of Time, Zaman paced apprehensively. In front of him, the Book of Time recorded new events in its countless pages of history. The Spear of Time radiated softly in its glass case. The urge to look ahead tempted Zaman. He fought with himself to not break his paramount rule.

“What lies ahead of time is not for us to know,” Zaman recited to himself.

He continued pacing back and forth. He knew this war would lead only to chaos, and if he intervened, two Spear Holders battling would mean total destruction of the universe.

He pondered on what to do. His time as the wielder of the Spear of Time was long and tested. He watched planets form and end. He witnessed suns have their first spark, and was saddened when they shined for the last time. He sat by while the Italian Empire consolidated all the worlds under one banner. He listened as countless souls begged every night for someone to end their misery and save them. He could have intervened when Vorza rode into the forgotten planet of Epau on the cosmic dragon Moordenaar and eradicated all life there. He could have stopped the asteroid from destroying the planet Jargun-Ba. So much he has seen, and so much he has let happen.

He continued to pace around the Sanctuary of Time, reflecting on his life. The Spear of Time began radiating a bit stronger. Zaman stared at it, then at the Book of Time. Its pages fluttered softly, almost calling for him to look ahead. The temptation to break his most important rule was stronger than ever. But he resisted.

“What are you doing Corrin?” Zaman whispered.

Corrin abruptly woke up in a field. The sun was shining bright and the weather was warm. Four moons could be seen in the light blue atmosphere of this planet. But Corrin didn't know what planet he was on. His armor was gone and his wounds were healed.

“Where am I?” he asked himself.

“You're awake!”

Corrin turned quickly to the voice. He was startled at first, then his eyes burrowed and glared. In front of him was The All Father.

“Where am I?” Corrin demanded.

The All Father hovered above him. His black cloak flowed in the air. His white eyes radiated softly as he looked down at his son.

“Why do you fight, my son?” The All Father asked. His voice echoed through the field they were in.

Corrin's white eye began to glow with rage.

“You ask me why I fight?”

Corrin hovered into the sky to face his father.

“What is this? Where am I?” Corrin asked.

The sky began to darken as the sun faded away.

“This is where your rebellion will lead everyone you care about,” The All Father chillingly said.

As the sky darkened, the winds picked up speed. Corrin struggled to hold his position but the winds were powerful. The All Father moved towards him, unaffected by the turbulence around them.

“You think your war will change anything? Look at you, my son. This is what you are causing. Your rage. Your anger. This storm is of your making!”

Corrin began yelling. He tried to hold back the winds but they were getting stronger.

“The devastation that follows will be on you!”

The Spear of Space came zooming to The All Father’s hand as he rushed towards Corrin. As he struck, they both let out a powerful yell that shook the planet they were on. As they clashed, Corrin abruptly shot up, truly escaping sleep this time.

It was dark out. He was wearing his armor and could feel the wounds from his battle with the reptilians slowly creep around his body. He looked around and noticed he was not in space anymore. The ground beneath him was glowing and had a blue aura. As he stood, his wounds began to disappear. The cuts and scratches on his hands faded away. The hunger and thirst that plagued him dissipated.

The sky above him was purple and had translucent streaks of light blue, red, and green streaming through it. The air was fresh and Corrin could feel his energy levels rising. As he looked around, beings began to appear. They approached him.

“Welcome back to Ovaseryn, Lord Corrin,” one of the beings said.

CHAPTER 2

FIRST CREATION

The Ovaseryn sun barely filtered through the purple atmosphere. The landscape was light blue with trees appearing luminescent and alive. The waters radiated pure energy, flowing through the planet in a single stream. Corrin had been to Ovaseryn before, but something about the planet seemed different this time. The natural Spear Energy was radiating more than ever. The Ovaseryns in front of him spoke again.

“Welcome back to Ovaseryn.”

The beings were translucent. They looked almost like the creatures that destroyed Kaasiar and Kkooddraraa, but not as undefined and malignant.

“It’s been a while since you’ve journeyed here,” another being added.

They were much taller than Corrin. Almost as tall as a Fargulkian, but as thin as a twig.

Corrin looked at them, his mind racing. He had just abruptly woken up from a dream, or vision, that felt very real. He looked at all the Ovaseryns, his eyes showing a hint of confusion.

“I need answers,” Corrin replied quickly.

More beings began appearing from the tree line and out of thin air. The Ovaseryns were one of the first beings to be created by The All Father and the Spear of

Space. Their bodies and planet were a source of pure energy. Over the Cycles of the universe, they mastered how to channel the Spear Energy that flowed from inside of them.

“Haven’t we taught you all you needed to know?” one of the beings said, approaching Corrin.

It looked a little different than the others. It had a scar across its face. The being circled him, creating an aura that engulfed Corrin.

“Creatures are roaming the universe now that I fear are from the Spears,” Corrin answered, looking at the aura.

“You are in a state of doubt and confusion, Corrin. This mindset blocks your power. It makes you weak,” the Ovaseryn with the scar said, placing its hand on Corrin’s forehead.

This sent Corrin into a state of trance. His memories began appearing in the aura encircling him. It showed his life as a young boy, Halvodon, the rebel battle on Pugart, his memories of Evrii, his children, Morgana, The Allegiance forming, the last time he saw Dalire alive, and finally the creatures.

The Ovaseryns quickly moved in closer, looking at the memory of the creatures. The scarred being released Corrin from his state of trance.

“Impossible,” one Ovaseryn uttered out.

Corrin looked at all their translucent faces. A shred of fear and concern was written.

“What are they?” Corrin asked.

The beings all looked at each other, debating amongst themselves silently. Corrin could tell they knew what they were.

“Well?” Corrin asked, agitated.

“Follow us,” the Ovaseryn with the scar replied.

The Ovaseryns took off into the sky. Corrin followed them.

As they flew across the planet, Corrin could feel his body feeding off the energy. His bones felt stronger. He felt faster. Below him, he could see more Ovaseryns peering up at him as he flew by. The entire planet was covered in a translucent aura. There were no buildings or cities. There was only energy.

“Where are we going?” Corrin asked, flying faster to catch up with one of the Ovaseryns.

“We are almost there,” the being with the scar replied.

They flew faster. There was no wind on Ovaseryn. The gravity was minimal. Corrin tore through the skies without breaking a sweat.

Up ahead, mountains appeared. They were large and light blue. A powerful amount of Spear Energy radiated from the tip of the highest peak. As they neared it, one of the Ovaseryns turned to Corrin.

“We are here!”

Corrin and the beings of Ovaseryn descended on top of the mountain. There was a clearing in the center of the peak. Large imposing statues of The All Father formed a circle. Corrin glared at them.

The statues surrounded what looked like a glowing orb. The orb was very small, but the energy it filtered out was massive. The heat was intense. Corrin was captivated by its power, drawn to it like a moth to a flame. His moment of admiring the orb was broken.

“You asked what those creatures are,” the Ovaseryn with the scar said.

Corrin turned around.

“Yes.”

“The Accursed,” the Ovaseryn answered.

“The what?” Corrin asked, never before hearing that name.

“The Accursed,” the Ovaseryn repeated. It floated into the air and created another aura, this time projecting the history of the universe.

“When The All Father used the Spear of Space to create life, there were many attempts. There were us, the Ovaseryns. There were the original giants of Fargulk, the reptilians of Di, the Itarians, and the elves of Aoweii. As he perfected his creation, man was born, who now populate most of the planets today. But before all of us, there were The Accursed.”

The aura showed The All Father using the Spear of Space to create all the beings the Ovaseryn mentioned.

It portrayed The All Father as a god playing with a toy, deciding the fate of trillions.

“The Accursed were the first to be created by The All Father. They were mindless, aggressive creatures, feeding off the cores of planets. Each planet has a dense amount of Spear Energy in its center, and The Accursed were attracted to it. The All Father thought they could just roam the universe, but when they began devouring worlds, he used us to help subdue them. We Ovaseryns argued with The All Father to destroy them, but instead, he locked them away using a dangerous amount of power inside him. This is why he rested for all those Cycles. This caused The Long Sleep.”

Corrin was bewildered that he never learned about any of this in his studies. Not even Zaman told him.

“I’ve been a herald for my father. Studied across the known worlds and even spoke with Zaman about the creation of this Universe. But was never told about any of this,” Corrin said, taken aback about just how little he knew.

The Ovaseryns watched and listened as Corrin paced back and forth.

“Can they be stopped?” Corrin asked.

“They can be, but The All Father used the Spear of Space to stop them,” the Ovaseryn with the scar said, vanishing the aura once more.

“If I channel enough Spear Energy, can I defeat them?” Corrin asked.

His mind raced. He peered into the sky, realizing there was much to learn.

“In theory, yes. But that amount of Spear Energy would destroy your body. The All Father had the Spear. You need something to use as a conduit. A tool that can be used to filter the power inside of you,” the Ovaseryn stated.

The others turned their heads towards the orb. Corrin followed their gaze.

“What is that?” Corrin asked. He stepped toward it.

As he got a closer look, he noticed a small fragment in the direct center of the glowing orb.

“In the center? It’s a fragment of the Spear of Space,” the scarred Ovaseryn answered.

The Ovaseryn stepped forward and scooped the orb into its palm. Corrin peered into the orb, his white eye began glowing.

“We call it Euzuer. It splintered from the Spear a long time ago, landing here. We have safeguarded it ever since.”

Corrin still peered into the broken fragment. Even with its minuscule size, the power it radiated was beyond belief.

“I don’t understand. This is just a fragment of the Spear of Space. How would this help me defeat The Accursed?” Corrin asked, finally breaking his gaze away from the fragment.

The Ovaseryns looked at each other in silence. Corrin noticed they weren't telling him something. The scarred Ovaseryn placed the fragment back down.

"What aren't you telling me?" Corrin asked.

He looked at their faces.

"There is something," the scarred Ovaseryn said.

The others looked at the scarred Ovaseryn speaking. Their expressions shifted.

"Prusar, no," one of the Ovaseryns uttered.

"He must know," the scarred Ovaseryn named Prusar said, looking around.

"Tell him," one of the beings added.

Corrin looked around. The Ovaseryns had a hint of fear on their faces.

"During the Fifth Cycle, when the Emperor Vorza formed the Itarian empire and set his gaze upon the stars, he came to Ovaseryn."

The air fluctuated. The fragment glowed stronger at the name of Vorza. Prusar continued.

"Every child across the universe knows the story of Vorza, and his cosmic dragon, Moordenaar. What the Scribes of Noplia keep out of their diaries and histories is that Vorza came to Ovaseryn seeking power."

Corrin looked at the fragment. Prusar sighed.

"We feared what Vorza was capable of. Moordenaar was the largest cosmic dragon in all Itarian history. Its name translates to 'planet killer'. We did not want war,

or battles on Ovaseryn. Vorza wasn't able to manipulate Spear Energy himself, so we made him a weapon."

The other Ovaseryns bowed their heads. The fragment flared even brighter.

"We took the fragment, larger back then, and chipped away at it. We forged it into a sword. A weapon Vorza used to lay waste to the worlds that challenged him. We didn't know he would cause such chaos with a weapon we made. Our weakness to say no sparked four hundred thousand years of Itarian rule."

Corrin could feel the regret and distress fuming from the Ovaseryns.

"And the sword? After Vorza's death, where did it go?" Corrin asked.

The beings looked at each other, concerned if they should keep telling this dark story of the past. Prusar continued.

"Vorza grew paranoid in his old age. He did not trust anyone. Not his advisors. Not his family. The harpy planet of Epau paid for Vorza's paranoia. Another event in history eradicated from Itarian archives. The inhabitants of Epau were massacred for the planet to become a fortress for Vorza. The planet was so small it passed for a moon. Even then, Vorza didn't care that the inhabitants posed no threat to him or his empire. Every single mother, father, and child was killed. He renamed the planet to Vor Ran'du."

Corrin closed his eyes. All his studies, all his travels, and still there was so much he didn't know. So much he felt had been kept from him.

"We speculate the sword is still on Vor Ran'du. In his fits of paranoia, Vorza made sure to retain as much power as he could. He wouldn't want the sword to fall into the hands of anyone else, even after his death. There is no telling where the Blade of Euzuer is now. Vorza has been dead for over three hundred thousand years. It can be anywhere."

Corrin looked at Prusar as he mentioned the name of the blade.

"The Blade of Euzuer. What does any of this have to do with The Accursed?" Corrin asked. His voice was raised.

"If you are to defeat The Accursed, you need something capable of channeling your Spear Energy. Since the Blade of Euzuer is a piece of the Spear of Space, in theory, you can use the blade to defeat The Accursed. Just as The All Father used the Spear of Space so long ago, you can do the same with the Blade of Euzuer."

While Corrin listened as the beings of Ovaseryn explained to him the Blade of Euzuer, Zaman floated quickly through the Sanctuary of Time. Immense amounts of Spear Energy filtered throughout the

sanctuary, drawing Zaman to its source, the Book of Time.

The Book flipped rapidly, its pages moving faster than the speed of light. Zaman's eyes zoomed from left to right, left to right, left to right just as fast. He read along as the Book transcribed events happening across the universe.

"Planets being devoured. Worlds under siege. Creatures coming from the sky. Purple skinned, charred and abrasive-."

Zaman stopped the pages immediately. He lifted his hand, Spear Energy forming at the tips of his fingers. He swayed the pages backward, his white eyes glowing as he searched for specific words.

"Creatures. Purple. Malignant. Abrasive."

Zaman's eyes stopped glowing. His face tensed as he turned and headed towards his library. As he entered the room, he lifted his hands again, pulling hundreds of books from their shelves. His Spear Energy radiated softly as the books encircled him, their pages flipping as he moved his hands.

"These creatures being mentioned, it can't be them," Zaman whispered to himself.

The Spear of Time rested in its glass case, its aura thickening as Zaman searched through his library. In the distance, the Book of Time began flipping again. Zaman turned his head rapidly and flew across the room to see what was being transcribed. It was Corrin

on Ovaseryn. The Book of Time was recording the conversation between the beings of Ovaseryn and Corrin. Zaman read, his eyes widening in terror.

“The Accursed,” the Book read, recording the conversation that was held on Ovaseryn.

Zaman stepped back from the Book, fear written on his face.

“Impossible,” Zaman said aloud.

His fingertips began forming with Spear Energy again as he stepped closer to the Book. His white eyes started glowing as he flipped the pages backward. The pages moved quickly, wind forming due to the speed.

The pages were moving to the beginning of the Book of Time, filtering through trillions of pages of events, conversations, history, and life.

As the pages neared the beginning of the Book, it stopped. The Spear Energy around Zaman’s fingertips dissipated as the glow coming from his eyes faded away. He skimmed his hand over the words and was transported back to the early days of the universe.

Zaman watched as a young Nox, The All Father, gripped the Spear of Space with both hands.

The amount of Spear Energy radiating from the Spear and The All Father’s body was colossal, illuminating the darkness of the universe.

Zaman’s hand was still placed on the Book of Time as he continued to watch.

The All Father extended the Spear of Space above him, exerting the energy into the universe. As the energy exploded out, it consumed the area, beautiful in its power. The energy dissipated, and beings began to form. The natural blue glow of Spear Energy began to turn into orbs of pure light, elegant and captivating.

Zaman's hand began to shake as he continued to skim across the words.

The orbs shifted, arms forming, legs and torsos appearing, and finally heads. The All Father watched as the light morphed into beings. He floated into the center, engulfing himself in his first creation, The Accursed.

Zaman continued to brush his hand across the pages.

The Accursed zoomed across the stars, The All Father leading them. Their unified light was exquisite, moving as one. The Accursed hovered and watched as The All Father created the first Sun. They followed him like children as the Spear of Space created Ovaseryn, Di, Fargulk, Itarus, and Aoweii.

Zaman stopped his hand, breathing softly before continuing.

The All Father hovered amid the universe, extending the Spear of Space. The energy slithered out, and another planet formed. The All Father turned to The Accursed, telling them that this was now their home. They were confused, unsure why The All Father was leaving them. They felt abandoned, and betrayed by their creator.

Zaman continued to skim the pages.

The Accursed, beautiful in their essence, roamed the planet. Separated from their Father, they became angry. Alone on their new home, they became infused with rage. The Accursed bickered with one another, feeding off each other's negativity. As their anger grew, their Spear Energy changed. It became a malignant purple with a black aura. Their skin changed as well, burning with passion and hatred. The Accursed felt the Spear Energy in the core of their home and collectively dug into it. As they reached the core and consumed its energy, the planet exploded!

Zaman continued to skim the pages as he was transported to the Sanctuary of Time.

He watched as his younger self felt the explosion. He watched as his younger self called to the Spear of Time and left for the site. The All Father was already there, watching in horror as remnants of the planet floated in space.

"I...don't know what caused this," The All Father said to young Zaman.

As the words escaped his mouth, they both heard a low growl. Out of the destruction, The Accursed flew at Zaman and The All Father. Both Spear Holders jolted out of the way as thousands of The Accursed flew across the stars.

"What did you do?" young Zaman asked The All Father.

Both of them followed The Accursed as they traveled to another planet, consuming it in their rage.

The Accursed flew out of the planet, Spear Energy from its core growing out of control before it exploded.

"Help me, brother," The All Father pleaded, extending his hand out to Zaman.

The Spear of Time radiated softly, gripped in Zamans hand. He thought to himself, before floating away from The All Father.

“No,” Zaman said. “I cannot, must not, intervene.”

The All Father’s face dropped.

Zaman continued to skim through the pages, his face in a state of tension and pain.

The All Father battled The Accursed on his own, eradicating as many as he could, but there were too many. As they approached Ovaseryn, the Ovaseryns flew above their atmosphere and fought alongside The All Father.

Zaman stood in his sanctuary, his hand still placed on the Book of Time. He watched as the battle ensued.

Many Ovaseryns fell, devoured by The Accursed. They were ripped apart and their energy consumed, being churned out to form another Accursed. The Accursed numbers multiplied as they consumed Spear Energy, making it impossible to stop them.

“They are unstoppable,” an Ovaseryn being yelled to The All Father.

It was Prusar. As it looked at The All Father, one of The Accursed flew and slashed Prusar’s face, giving it the scar it now had.

The All Father blasted The Accursed being away, watching as more formed. He gripped the Spear of Space, thinking about what to do. He took a deep breath and held the Spear above his head. Dangerous amounts of Spear Energy began to spew out, attracting The Accursed to it. Their malignant purple eyes began to shimmer blue as they hovered over The All Father.

“Destroy them,” Prusar yelled.

The All Father gripped the Spear of Space tightly, his white eyes erupting. He yelled out as all of The Accursed were near him. He watched as his first creations were once again calmed in his presence.

“Destroy them,” Prusar yelled again.

Zaman continued to skim the pages, his eyes closed as he reached a pivotal moment that changed everything.

Instead of destroying The Accursed, The All Father pointed the Spear of Space in front of him. A tear in the universe, a portal of sorts, began to open. Consumed with the illuminating light of the Spear, and the amounts of energy radiating from The All Father, The Accursed followed The All Father through the portal. The Spear of Space was exerting unmeasurable amounts of energy, shaking.

Once all of The Accursed were inside, The All Father slithered out, his white eyes still glowing, his power still strong. As he began to close the portal, the calmness of The Accursed began to fade. Their malignant purple color began to resurface. Their growling ensued. They shot towards the entrance of the portal before The All Father closed it.

As the energy from the Spear of Space began dissipating, a piece of it chipped off and fell towards Ovaseryn. The All Father’s glowing eyes stopped as he took a deep breath.

“What did you do?” Prusar asked. “Why didn’t you destroy them?” It continued.

The All Father looked at Prusar with weary eyes before floating off into the darkness of the universe.

Zaman continued to brush his hand across the pages, feeling the history flow through his palms.

The All Father arrived at the Black Palace, his body weakened. He placed the Spear of Space on its pedestal and sat down. He looked out to the stars, feeling tired for the first time in his existence. As he closed his eyes, energy slithered out from the Spear, consuming the Black Palace, and shielding The All Father away as he fell into The Long Sleep.

Zaman slowly pulled his hand away from the pages, opening his eyes. He had just revisited the past, reliving events he could have once again stopped. He looked over at the Spear of Time, consumed with guilt. As he stared at the Spear, his brow burrowed. He had decided that it was time for him to intervene. He couldn't sit by anymore as the universe fell into chaos. He couldn't allow The Accursed to once again roam free. Corrin needed his help and he was going to give it.

As he readied himself to leave, he extended his hand to the Spear of Time, but it didn't go to him.

Zaman stopped in his tracks. He extended his hand again, but nothing. The Spear of Time didn't budge. Confusion painted Zaman's face. He extended both hands this time, but the Spear still didn't move. As he floated into the air of his sanctuary, the Spear exploded with energy, shooting Zaman across the room.

Zaman hit the walls of his sanctuary hard, before falling to the ground unconscious.