

GOD ASH: REMNANTS OF THE FALLEN.

Chapter 1: Prologue: The Thousand Millennium War... (2)

The Second part of the Thousand Millennium War...

"If a cycle is not created, then all that remains in stagnancy. It begins to stink and rot, making decay and poison the norm. Therefore, a cycle must be produced. As such, with every act of creation, an equal, yet opposite act of destruction must be performed.

Good and Evil, Light and Dark, Life and Death..."

—Book 999 of The Records of Akasha, Chapter 999: Whispers before Creation, Nomad...

Perhaps due to the willful and chaotic nature of the one who controlled the strings of fate, the Nomad, who didn't interfere with the activities of his creations, usually wandering around in the void planes, suddenly vanished.

In but a split second, all high-level existences became aware of the absence of their supreme creator.

Both his presence and influence abruptly disappeared from the universe. Even though he wasn't involved in the affairs of his creations, his presence made it so that a full-fledged war was always avoided.

News of this spread like wildfire in the Celestial planes, causing a lot of Celestial deities, Heavenly beasts, and many other creatures that had begun to populate the vast universe, to panic and worry as the absence of the Nomad would mean the beginning of a new era.

An Era of War...

Tian, in his infinite madness, saw this as the opportunity he had been waiting for to declare war on the Heavenly beasts. He decided to act as fast as possible, as he had no idea if or when the Nomad would reappear.

At first, Skyrim saw no point in needless fighting, but Tian, determined to see to it that all that opposed him was wiped, hatched a sinister plot to send his plans into motion.

He murdered the daughter of Skyrim, his soon-to-be bride, causing Skyrim who had no idea he had delivered his beloved into the hands of a madman, to lose his mind in his sadness, rage, and madness.

Skyrim then declared war immediately upon Tian and the deities. This was the beginning of the greatest war between the first of civilizations, and the first of species. It lasted a million years and would later be referred to as the 'Thousand Millennium War' by the history books...

The divine golden blood of both gods and Heavenly beasts flowed across the starry river and drenched various worlds with the flames of battle and destruction.

About 40 percent of the entire celestial race was wiped out, which led to the rise in power of the many lesser races the humans, demons, angels, and, mutant beasts.

Many great and powerful beasts fell that day, which included most of the Celestial Cosmic dragons. Almost all the dragons, including the powerful yet young Celestial Golden dragon.

Overcome by rage and anger over the death of his mother, the dragon swore by his sacred flame, to avenge her by taking the head of Tian and making it her gravestone.

Throughout the thousand-year war, he managed to gather many devoted followers who would lay their own lives down for him.

Together with his army, he would go on to lead devastating attacks on the armies of Tian, allowing the war to tilt in favor of the Celestial beasts.

However, as Tian was determined to pull this thorn in his side out, nothing was going to change the wheels of fate from spinning in the direction no one wanted them to...

The fateful battle had taken place on a dead planet, one of the many victims of the millennia-long war.

As Ashur chased down a group of escaping heavenly warriors, the main fighting force of the Heavenly Emperor, he was ambushed by a large portion of Tian's army, as well as the Heavenly Emperor himself.

"My Lord, we have been surrounded by the armies of Tian. Please make your escape. We, your men will protect the rear. We will gladly give our lives for you my Lord!" Tiamal, one of the commanders of Ashur's army, a beastkin of high rank cried out.

"Calm down, Tiamal! You need to set an example for the lower ranks in a situation like this." Ashur replied calmly, as though he was not fazed by the numbers gathered against him across the starry sky.

The armies of Tian littered the void, as innumerable as the stars in the night sky. Those with weak hearts would have faltered already, but Ashur's will was unshakable.

"As for running away, that is something I cannot do, as the target of my vengeance has finally prepared himself for me today.

If I do not claim at least a limb of his before I descend into the yellow river, my soul will not be at rest when I get to my grave." Ashur said in a voice so calm, he nearly scared the fur off the poor beastkin.

The beastkin had never heard him sound so calm, yet he could see the visible waves of pure rage in his eyes, rolling like a dense malevolent river of boiling blood.

"Alright, gather the troops. Tell them to get ready, we are going to break through to Tian, and have him submit his head!" Ashur said in a low sinister voice.

"HOORAH!"

Immediately, Ashur had his men, whose hearts were devoid of any fear, gather together to launch an attack on Tian's army.

As soon as the two armies clashed, it was absolute carnage...

Arrows, spells, and even bullets of energy were exchanged between both sides. The melee combatants drew blood, and every second, bodies fell never to rise again.

"TIAN! GIVE ME YOUR HEAD!" World-shaking words erupted from the void, as the figure of a giant golden dragon clashed against his eternal foe and father.

"Ashur... You have finally come."

Ashur immediately spotted his target standing above the battlefield, looking down at the carnage he had caused...

"This day is finally here. You have a lot of sins, and today, I shall purge you of them by depriving you of life."

The golden dragon charged at the heavenly dragon, Tian with claws stretched, the aura of death following behind him...

"Seed of my loins... Do you wish to fight against the heavens themselves?" Tian asked in a condescending tone, his cloud-like eyes staring at the ascending golden dragon right in his monochrome eyes, trying to decipher his emotions.

"With all of my existence. With my flesh, my blood, my bones, even my SOUL! This isn't just about vengeance, Tian. If you do not die today, the celestial race will never know peace.

I will bear the burden of sacrificing you for the future of this race."

"Hahaha... I see... In that case, let us begin!" The eyes of the Emperor of all the heavens lit up with a glorious yet complicated light as he descended towards the charging dragon, the crushing weight of the heavens bearing down from above...

"Ha... ha... ha..."

Heavy breaths echoed across a deserted battlefield...

A whirlpool of grey ashes could be seen forming in the distance, being carried away by cosmic currents.

An epic battle had just taken place. And like all battles, there could be only one true victor.

The golden heavenly emperor stood above the broken body of his son, covered in wounds that he could never heal from. The Golden Heelavely Emperor, ruler of the gods struggled to stand on his feet as he stared at the foe he had to risk his very life to defeat.

"You've lost."

Most of Ashur's golden scales had either been broken off or deformed and a stream of golden blood pooled beneath his enormous body. Yet, he maintained his glorious image even till the end. He stood on his feet, staring his father straight in the eye even though he was fast approaching death.

"I know..." Ashur said with a careless grin.

"Will you like me to do it, or will you do it yourself?" Tian decided to display a final show of pity.

"Hahaha... I'll do it myself." Ashur looked his father straight in the eyes. In his eyes, there was no regret, only hatred, and rage. He faced his death with just a single thought.

'Had I been stronger...'

'He truly is my son. Not a single thread of fear within them... If he wasn't such a threat, he would have made a great general under my command.' Tian thought regretfully.

"Ha... Fine." Tian let out a sigh as he watched his son take his own life.

The golden dragon instantly let himself go, as his sacred flames began consuming his entire existence down to his very soul.

'Will it work?' Ashur thought to himself. Unbeknownst to Tian, within his eyes was another emotion hidden so well, even a powerful god-like Tian couldn't detect it.

It was hope...

He placed his giant claws on his heart and temple...

'Only one way to find out!'

BOOM!

The golden dragon, Ashur was finally dead, and his body shattered into a billion pieces... but his soul?

Let's just say fate wasn't done telling this story...